

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

LYING.

Wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor. (Epi. of the Day.)

Of all the vicious habits into which we are prone to fall, there is none more miserable, mean and contemptible than the one of which the Apostle here speaks. There is also none about which Christians in general have so lax and careless a conscience. True, every one regards lying as in some sense at least sinful; and many would hesitate about going to Holy Communion if they had told a lie after confession. But in spite of that, when the Communion is once made, the tongue which has just received the God of Justice and truth will immediately begin again to offend Him by telling falsehoods which are too often unjust as well as untrue.

Still, when there is an injustice done by telling a lie; when some one else suffers by it in his character or his good, there are, I hope, few who do not see what a sin they have committed, and understand that they must make reparation by taking back what they have said, if they wish to be good Christians. But, for all that, how many injurious lies are told, even by those who think themselves good Christians, and never properly retracted or even thought of afterward by those who tell them! The most abominable slanders pass from mouth to mouth; they are listened to and repeated with the greatest interest and eagerness, without any trouble being taken to ascertain whether what is said is true or not. These people who are so free with their tongues never seem to imagine for a moment that, even when circumstances would justify them—and it is very seldom that they do—in telling a fact bearing against their neighbor they are under an obligation first to find out by careful examination whether it is indeed a fact; otherwise the sin of an injurious lie will rest on their souls.

There are, however, some, and indeed many, who abhor slander, and who are really careful about telling injurious lies, and who hasten to retract what they have said against others, if they find out that, after all, the fact was not as they had good ground to believe. But there are not by any means so many who are careful about the truth for its own sake, and who do not scruple to tell white lies, as they are sometimes called.

What are these white lies? They are of two kinds. The first are those which are told for some end in itself good, to get some advantage for one's self or for another, or to get one's self or some other person out of a scrape; to conceal a fault, to avoid embarrassment, or to save somebody's feelings. These are called officious lies. Then there are others, called jocose, which do no good to any one, but are told merely for fun; such as the little tricks on others which are often indulged in, or boasts made about things which one has never done. They may be taken back before long, and only meant to deceive for a moment; still they are meant to deceive, if only for a moment, and are, therefore, really lies.

Now, officious lies are really forbidden by God's law as well as injurious ones, though of course not so bad as those. And yet how few act as if they really were sins at all! People will say, "I told lies, perhaps three or four every day, but there was no harm in them." No harm! No harm to other people; no, perhaps not, except by bad example and the loss of confidence in your word and that of others; though there is great harm even in that way. But there is a greater harm than this: it is that which the liar does to the sacredness of truth itself, and, as far as he can, to God who is the eternal truth, who loves truth unspeakably, and requires that we should love it for His sake. He will not allow us to tell the most trivial falsehood, though by it we could save the whole world from destruction, or bring all the souls which have been damned out of hell and put them in heaven.

Remember this, then: there are lies which are not injurious, but there are no lies which are not harmful and sinful; no lies for which you will not have to give an account at the judgment of God. Stop, therefore, I beg you, at once, this mean, disgraceful, and dishonorable habit of falsehood; it will never be forgiven in confession unless you make a serious and solid purpose against it. Put away lying then at once and for ever, and speak the truth in simplicity. You may sometimes lose by it for the moment, but you will profit by it in the end, both in this world and in the world to come.

It is beyond all doubt that "Myrtle Navy" is the favorite tobacco with the smokers of Canada. They obtain more enjoyment from it than from any other tobacco made, and those of them who have used it long enough to test its merits never abandon it for any other brand. The reason for this preference is that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the very finest leaf which is grown and that every process of its manufacture the most vigilant care is exercised to preserve the genuine aroma of the leaf.

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DR. WOOD'S NORWAY SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis without fail.

Minard's Lintment for Rheumatism.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

LADY JANE FINDS A FRIEND.

From the first, madame had insisted that the stranger's property should not be meddled with until a certain time had passed.

"We must wait," she said to the eager and impulsive Raste, "to see if she missed, and advertised for. A person of her position must have friends somewhere, and it would be rather bad for us if she was traced here, and it was found out that she died in our house; we might even be suspected of killing her to get her money. Detectives are capable of anything, and it is not best to get in their clutches; but if we don't touch her things, they can't accuse us, and Dr. Dehrot knows she died of fever, so I would be considered a kind-hearted Christian woman, and I'd be paid well for all my trouble, if it should come out that she died here."

These arguments had their weight with Raste, who, though thoroughly unscrupulous, was careful about getting into the toils of the law, his father's fate serving as an example to him of the difficulty of escaping from those toils when they once close upon a victim.

If at that time they had noticed the advertisement in the journals signed "Blue Heron," it would have given them a terrible fright; but they seldom read the papers, and before they thought of looking for a notice of the missing woman and child, it had been withdrawn.

For several weeks Raste went regularly to the grocery on the levee, and searched over the daily papers until his eyes ached; but in vain: among all the singular advertisements and "personals," there was nothing that referred in any way to the subject that interested him.

Therefore, after some six weeks had passed, madame deemed that it was safe to begin to cover her tracks, as Raste had advised with more force than elegance. The first thing to do was to move into another neighborhood; for that reason, she selected the house in Good Children Street, it being as far away from her present residence as she could possibly get, without leaving the city altogether.

At first she was tempted to give up work, and live like a lady for a while; then she considered that her sudden wealth might arouse suspicion, and she decided to carry on her present business, with the addition of a small stock of fancy articles to sell on which she could make a snug little profit, and at the same time give greater importance and respectability to her humble calling.

Among the dead woman's effects was the pocket-book, containing five hundred dollars, which she had secreted from Raste. From the money in the travelling bag she had paid the humble funeral expenses, and Dr. Dehrot's modest bill, and there still remained some for other demands; but besides the money there were many valuables, the silver toilet articles, jewelry, lace, embroideries, and the handsome wardrobe of both mother and child. In one of the trunks she found a writing-case full of letters written in English. From these letters she could have learned all that it was necessary to know; but she could not read English readily, especially writing; she was afraid to show them, and she feared to keep them; therefore she thought it best to destroy them. So one night, when she was alone, she burned them all in the kitchen stove; not, however, without some misgivings and some qualms of conscience, for at the moment when she saw them crumbling to white ashes the gentle face of the dead woman seemed to come before her, and her blue eyes to look at her sadly and reproachfully.

Then she thought of Father Ducros, so stern and severe, he had but little mercy or charity for those who sinned deliberately and willfully as she was doing. She would never dare to go to him, and what would become of her soul? Already she was beginning to feel that the way of the transgressor is hard; but she silenced the striving of conscience with specious arguments. She had not sought the temptation—it had come to her, in the form of a dying woman; she had done her best by her, and now the child was thrown on her and must be cared for. She did not know the child's name, so she could not restore her to her friends, even if she had any; it was not likely that she had, or they would have advertised for her; and she meant to be good to the little thing. She would take care of her, and bring her up well. She should be a daughter to her. Surely that was better than sending her to a home for foundlings, as another would do. In this way she was really an honest, charitable woman, who was doing what was best for the child by appropriating her mother's property, and destroying every proof of her identity.

From the child's wardrobe she selected the plainest and most useful articles for daily wear, laying aside the finest and daintiest to dispose of as her business might offer opportunity; and from the mother's clothes she also made a selection, taking for her own use what she considered plain enough to wear with propriety, while the beautiful linen, fine laces, and pretty little trifles went a long way in furnishing her show-window handsomely.

Notwithstanding her assurance, she felt some misgivings when she placed those pretty, dainty articles in the broad light of day before an observing public—and not only the public terrified her, but the child also; suppose she should recognize her mother's property, and make a scene. Therefore it was with no little anxiety that she waited the first morning for Lady

JANE'S APPEARANCE IN THE LITTLE SHOP.

After a while she came in, heavy-eyed, pale, listless, and carelessly dressed, her long silken hair uncombed, her little feet and legs bare, and her whole manner that of a sorrowful, neglected child. She carried her bird in her arms, as usual, and was passing out of the side-door to the little yard, without as much as a glance, when madame, who was watching her furtively, said to her in rather a fretful tone:

"Come here, child, and let me button your clothes. And you haven't brushed your hair; now this won't do; you're old enough to dress yourself, and you must do it; I can't wait on you every minute, I've got something else to do." Then she asked in a softer tone, while she smoothed the golden hair, "See my pretty window. Don't you think it looks very handsome?"

Lady Jane turned her heavy eyes toward the laces and fluttering things above her, then they slowly fell to the table, and suddenly, with a piercing cry, she seized a little jewel-box, an odd, pretty silver trinket that madame had displayed among her small wares, and exclaimed passionately: "That's my mama's; it's mama's, and you shan't have it," and turning, she rushed into madame's room, leaving Tony to flutter from her arms, while she held the little box tightly clasped to her bosom.

Madame did not notice her outbreak, neither did she attempt to take the box from her, so she carried it about with her all day; but at night, after the little one had fallen asleep, madame unclosed the fingers that still clung to it, and without a pang consigned it to obscurity.

"I mustn't let her see that again," she said to herself. "Dear me, what should I do, if she should act like that before a customer? I'll never feel safe until everything is sold, and out of the way."

"Well, I declare, if that isn't the fifth customer Madame Joseph has had this morning," said Pepsie to Tite Souris, a few days after the new arrival. She must be doing a good business, for they all buy; at least they all come out with paper parcels."

"An' jes' see dem chil'ren crowd 'round' dat do. Lor, dey doant cum ter yer winner any mo', Miss Pepsie," said Tite, with an accent of disgust, as she brushed the pean-shell from Pepsie's table. Dey jes' stan ober dar ter git a glimpse uv' dat dar gasin' der littl' gal holes all day. Po chile! she might' lonsum setten dar all lone."

"Tite, oh, Tite, can't you coax her across the street? I want to see her near," cried Pepsie eagerly; "I want to see what kind of a bird that is."

"Dem chil'ren say how it's a herin. I doant believe dat—hit ain't no ways lak dem herin's in de sto, what dey has in pickl'. Sho! dat ain't no herin', hit's a gosl'in; I see den gosl'in's on de plantashun, an' hit's a gosl'in, shore well."

"Well, I want to see for myself, Tite. Go here to the fence, and ask her to come here; tell her I'll give her some pecans."

Tite went on her mission, and lingered so long, staring with the others, that her mistress had to call her back. She returned alone. Lady Jane declined to accept the invitation.

"Tain't no use," said Tite energetically. "She want cum. She on'y huggs dat dar long-legged bird, an' looks at yer solom, lak a owl; tain't no use, she want cum. She might' stuck up, Miss Pepsie." She said she don't want pecans. Ain't dat curious? Oh, Lor, doant want pecans! Well, white chil'ren 's der for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced using the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

Change is Welcome. GENTLEMEN.—For twenty years I suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of B. B. B. I can eat heartily of any food and am strong and smart. It is a great medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health. MRS. W. H. LEE, Harley, Ont.

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PRAISE FOR THE CHURCH.

Boston Republic.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the somewhat erratic social reformer of London and the editor and proprietor of the *Review of Reviews*, occasionally shocks the Protestant sects by his broad tolerance and liberalism in matters pertaining to religion. Just now he is engaged in promoting the interest of the workmen and middle class people by establishing halls and libraries and "exchanges" in various sections of England.

Not long ago he addressed a meeting in behalf of a People's Hall in Liverpool. In the course of his remarks he is reported to have said that he "was a Papist in disguise, but he must say that the ideal of civilization found its unique expression in the Catholic Church. In the old time, in the famous phrase of Lord Macaulay, it was the Roman Church which saved Europe from being a mere collection of beasts of burden and beasts of prey, and they, however much they might have separated themselves ecclesiastically from that Church, were its spiritual descendants and direct heirs. They had reason to be proud of what it had done for good, and whether they were proud or not, they would be arant fools if they did not try to learn all that was good, and try to appropriate it to their own use. If they looked at the present civilization of Liverpool, looked at its hospitals for the sick, its workhouses, casual wards for the accommodation of those who have nowhere to lay their heads, at the libraries—all these were provided for by the Catholic Church. Why? Because it was the only association that existed for what might be called the social amelioration of mankind. What they wanted was to gather in to the full all that had been done by that Church, without any ecclesiastical association whatever, and to realize once more in modern times what was the great central principle of the old Roman Church—that all men should work together for the benefit of mankind."

This tribute to the work of the Church in the cause of humanity loses none of its merit or force by being paid by a Protestant and a radical. We have not always agreed with Mr. Stead, but we unhesitatingly say of his present undertaking that he deserves success and hearty co-operation from all who believe in the broadest humanity in works of charity and in advancing social reforms. It must be conceded, too, that Mr. Stead had adopted a very lofty standard and set up for himself a supremely high model. He will win because he deserves to win.

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Worse and Weaker. GENTLEMEN.—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it. W. T. GLYNN, Wilford, Ont.

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced using the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

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