

BETTER DIE THAN LIE.

Always speak the truth, whether you please the pigs or make them grunt. It is the best plan always, and nine times out of ten it is the easiest in the long run. If truth costs dear to begin with, a lie will cost more in the end. Truth may be blamed, but it cannot be shamed. For a time, people may think you a fool for being so outspoken; but before many new moons they will respect you for your honesty.

I have met with people who lie as naturally as they eat their dinners. You cannot believe anything they say. That Miss Arabella Bounce has the hump of wonder, and if she doesn't see wonders every day, she will make them up. I should say she was brought up upon Old Mother Goose, and weaned on novels. Such makers of wonderful tales are a plague in a house, and a pest to a parish: they ought to be transported to the Fool's Paradise, where they could lie on the clouds, or lie on the sea, or lie on the back of a dragon.

Some have a deep design, and lie one way to gain their end in another. Double, double; wheel within a wheel; you never know what they are at, but you are sure they are up to no good. These foxes will be trapped at last, and serve them right. A thief you may pity if he steals because of hunger, but a liar is a mean rat that every dog may hunt if it likes. But where there's one scheming liar, there are a dozen who tell falsehoods because they never learned to care about truth. They have got into a way of exaggerating, or coloring, or making up as they go along, and they never wander into truth, except it be by sheer accident. This comes on by degrees. At first they just added on a word or two, and they went on by degrees till now they can lie as fast as a horse can trot. It is a shocking habit to tell falsehoods in jest. White lies are black sins; and those who lie in fun will find it no fun to answer for it.

Above all things be true. You can cure a man of a great many faults, but it is very seldom that you can save one who is downright false. A cunning rascal is rotten at the core, and there's no doing anything with him. I have known hundreds cured of swearing; but hardly one of lying. The grace of God can conquer this habit, but it seldom does: the liar makes his

calling and election sure for hell, for he becomes by adoption the child of the father of lies. Hate the ground that a lie lies upon. The air around a falsehood is tainted with something worse than typhus fever. Flee every vice, but above all things abhor lying. Be true thyself if all around thee lie!—*Spurgeon*.

MR. SPURGEON'S STUDY.

Entering the house, and ushered into Mr. Spurgeon's large study—for he has two—we find ourselves in a noble apartment and having the whole of one side, facing the south-west, of glass. The other sides are filled with shelves of books except the spaces for the doors. One of these sides, the largest, is covered with commentaries. We question if any one has a larger collection, for Mr. Spurgeon believes he has a copy of almost every commentary published.

This fine apartment was the billiard-room of the former owner, and the gas is kept in the same position as then, for it illuminates the long, large table beneath, at the head of which Mr. Spurgeon sits with two gentlemen, who act as his secretaries, on either side. Close to his hand is a moveable electric bell, by which, when alone, or when suffering from his old enemy, rheumatic gout, he can summon his servant without rising from his chair.

The windows give access to the beautiful lawn and rosary bounded with trees; while over their wavy, tremulous tops lovely glimpses are seen of the fair land of Surrey, with its hills in the blue distance. Not far from the window the ground slopes down to the lake and the fields, which are also included in Mr. Spurgeon's grounds. Quite near is a summer house, to which he is fond of betaking himself. There are three conservatories, also in direct communication with his study, and to these he often retires; he is able to come hither when, by reason of unfavorable weather or feebleness of health—for, as is generally known, he has suffered much of late years from rheumatic gout—he could not go into the garden. The pleasant looking chairs in the first one suggest a cosy chat with a friend; and another is festooned with grapes. Between the conservatories and his study is an inner study, *sanctum sanctorum*, also with its walls covered with books; and while the larger and outer one is used more for what