

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE,"

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded.)

The lines faded off from Mr. Goldwin's forehead, and light as from some new revelation paled the shadows on his face.

"You are leading me into the thought of new and better things," he said. "I see a divine philosophy never understood before. God has given me great possessions, and laid on me at the same time great responsibilities. How shall I meet these responsibilities?"

"Not by shifting them off on another, my friend. If any wrong is done in the administration of your trust, it will avail nothing when your final accounts are settled to say—'Mr. Orton is my agent. Go to him.'"

Mr. Goldwin gave a start. A slight pallor overspread his face.

"You have a novel way of putting things, my friend," he remarked, a huskiness in his voice.

"Ah, I'm pleased to hear that. I hope your present agent has a heart of flesh, and not of stone."

"He is at least trying to administer with judgment and justice."

"Tempered with humanity, I hope?" said Mr. Latimer.

"I hope so. I am my own agent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and the result is a loss of income for the last year of over four thousand pounds as compared with the previous year."

"And the gain? What of that?"

"I am not able to count the gain, it is so large." The voice that said this was clear of utterance and full of satisfaction.

"Of what does it consist?"

"Of so many things that I fail to make the enumeration."

"Mention a few. I am deeply interested."

"I have quietude of mind instead of the old, restless, dissatisfied states that often made my days and nights a burden. The hours I devote each day to a careful ad-

ministration of my affairs give my thoughts a healthy activity; and the knowledge I get of the men to whom my property is leased, and the nature and condition of their business, enables me to be considerate and just; and this brings its own reward, deep and pure."

"Above all that can be counted in bank notes or gold?"

"Yes, far above. I think now of two men who, if Orton had remained my agent, would have gone into bankruptcy. They are out of danger to-day. They were tardy in paying their rent. I asked an interview, and kindly invited their confidence, for I believed them to be honest. They showed me their business. It had been prudently conducted, but was not large enough to justify the rent they were paying. Two or three losses had embarrassed them. They were disheartened. I pitied them, and losing sight for the time of my own interests, thought only of theirs. I put myself temporarily in their place, and considered their affairs as if they were my own. The rent, as I have said, was too high; it had been paying me a very large percentage on the value of the property. I made it lower.

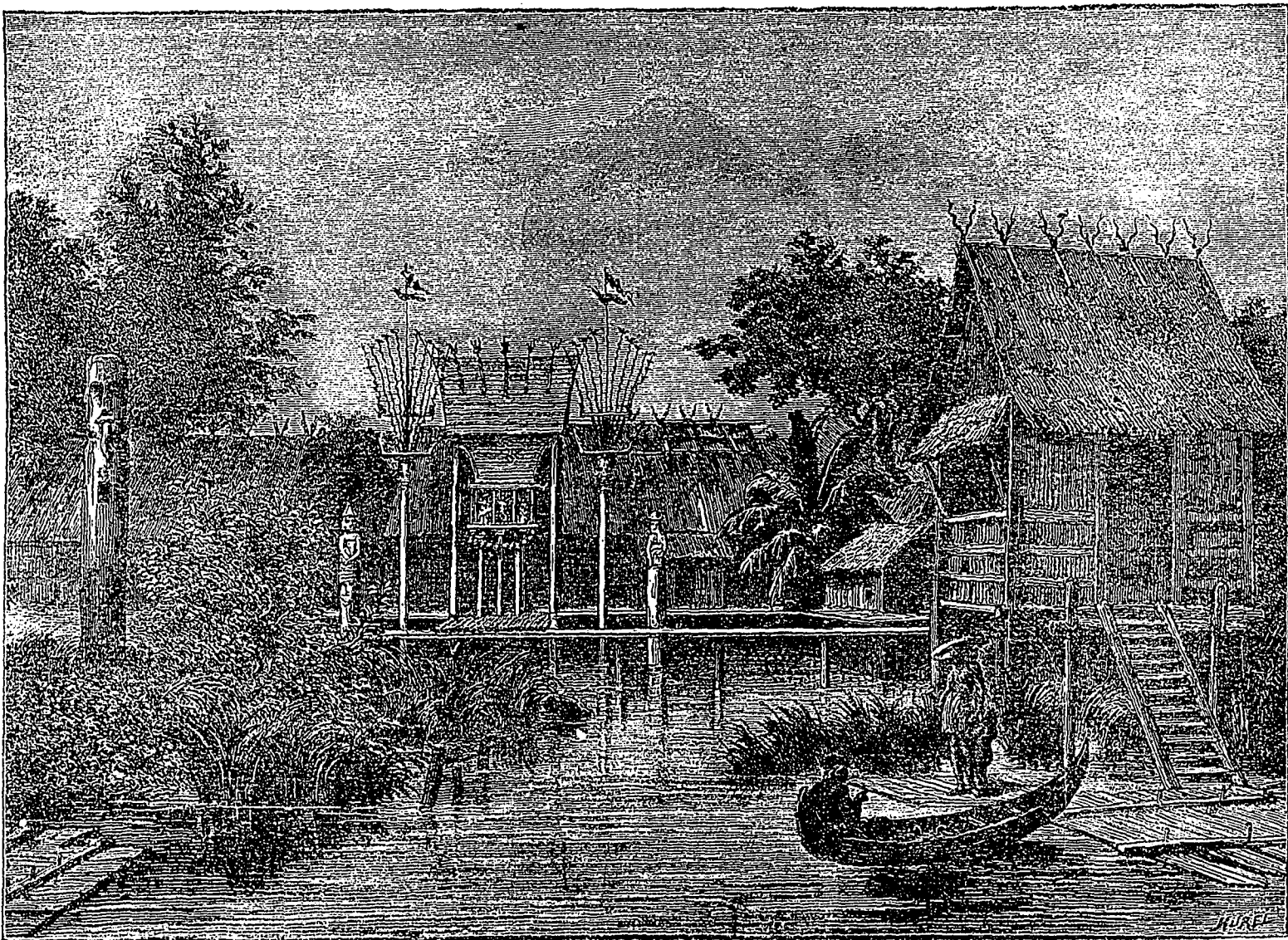
"The memory of a good deed is a perpetual delight. It is a treasure laid up in the heaven of our minds, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. Oh, my friend, what golden opportunities the good Father has placed in your way! You have gold and silver in lavish abundance, and God is showing you how it may be transmuted into imperishable riches."

"No; how can I think, at this moment, of any transaction like that to which she refers?"

"You are learning to live, I see," said Mr. Latimer—"are finding out the secret of happiness; are truly enjoying the wealth that a year ago, like great masses of stagnant water, was filling your soul with oppression and sickening miasmas. The air, so poisonous then, is clear and wholesome to-day, and every breath of it that you inhale reddens your blood with new vitality, which is felt in pleasant thrills through every artery and vein of your moral being."

"For all of which I thank you, as a wise and faithful friend," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"Rather," was replied, "let your thanks go to Him who put it into my heart to speak words of truth and soberness, which, happily, fell like good seed into good ground, bringing forth in due season a harvest of blessings."



A DYAK VILLAGE IN BORNEO.—(See first page.)

"A true way, I hope," was the reply.

"Too true for my comfort. Your visit has not made me a happier man."

"If it help to make you a better man, then I know that you will be a happier man. Shall I not be content?"

It would weary the reader were we to put on record all the long conversation that followed. Was it fruitless? Let us see.

A year later. Time, evening. Mr. Goldwin sitting alone in his library. A visitor enters.

"Why, Latimer! I was thinking of you this moment. Glad to see you again!"

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of real friends. As they still held each other tightly by the hand, eyes reading eyes, Mr. Latimer said—"It is well with you, I see. Body and mind in better condition than they were a year ago?"

"I hope so."

"Life not worried out?"

"No," answering with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Orton saves you from that damage?"

A flash, as from some old fire of indignation, burned for a moment across Mr. Goldwin's face.

"He is no longer my agent."

ministration of my affairs give my thoughts a healthy activity; and the knowledge I get of the men to whom my property is leased, and the nature and condition of their business, enables me to be considerate and just; and this brings its own reward, deep and pure."

"Above all that can be counted in bank notes or gold?"

"Yes, far above. I think now of two men who, if Orton had remained my agent, would have gone into bankruptcy. They are out of danger to-day. They were tardy in paying their rent. I asked an interview, and kindly invited their confidence, for I believed them to be honest. They showed me their business. It had been prudently conducted, but was not large enough to justify the rent they were paying. Two or three losses had embarrassed them. They were disheartened. I pitied them, and losing sight for the time of my own interests, thought only of theirs. I put myself temporarily in their place, and considered their affairs as if they were my own. The rent, as I have said, was too high; it had been paying me a very large percentage on the value of the property. I made it lower.

A servant entered and gave Mr. Goldwin a letter. He broke the seal and read it, in silence, twice over. Mr. Latimer, who was watching his face, saw a flood of light pass over it.

"From a lady, but anonymous."

"Ah! The contents give you pleasure, I see."

"I will read it for you;" and Mr. Goldwin read:—

"DEAR AND HONORED SIR,—A grateful wife and mother writes to you in the fulness of her heart, impelled by an inner dictate which she cannot disregard. You had my husband in your power—he was legally and morally bound to you in a contract, the enforcement of which on your part would have been ruin. He stood on the edge of a gulf, and your hand could pull him back or push him in. If you had considered only yourself, as most men do, I shudder to think of how it might be with me and mine to-day. Something far worse than poverty would, I fear, be our bitter portion. May he who put it into your heart to be merciful bless you with even more abundance of this world's goods, and with the higher blessing of eternal riches in heaven! Truly yours,

"A GRATEFUL WIFE AND MOTHER."

"Do you guess the writer's name?" asked Mr. Latimer.

A FRESH ILLUSTRATION of the unique power which the Bible itself possesses over the minds and hearts of men may be seen in the following incident recently related in a periodical of the English Church Missionary Society: Six years ago a learned Persian dervish, on looking over the books in a friend's house, happened to take up a *Enjil* (New Testament) which its owner said was about the prophet Jesus, a useless book which had been presented to him by an American goldsmith. Moved with curiosity, Agha Mirza Syed Khalech glanced inside, and forming a different estimate as to the value of its contents, asked for a loan of the New Testament, and when his friend offered to give it, thankfully accepted and took the precious book home. His private study of it convinced him of the truth of what he read; and he has accepted, and openly confessed, the Lord Jesus to be his Saviour. Having previously been dissatisfied with Mohammedanism, he spent all his money in going from place to place seeking the true religion; and now, contending with poverty and proscription, he is successfully testifying for Christ in his own and adjoining village.—S. S. Times.