

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The house was a marvel of architectural beauty, and its furniture the richest and most elegant that Paris could supply. All that money was able to procure for the heart's satisfaction had the princely owner of this splendid mansion gathered around him. Was he happy? We shall see.

"Is Mr. Goldwin at home?" asked a gentleman at the door of this mansion.

"Yes, sir." And the visitor was shown into the library, where Mr. Goldwin sat alone.

"Ah, Mr. Latimer! Glad to see you."

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of friends.

When they were seated, each regarding the other with a kindly interest, Mr. Latimer said familiarly and with genuine warmth—"It is pleasant to look into your face again. I could not pass through the city without seeing you."

"I should have been sorry if you had done so. Old friends are worth more than new ones. That's my experience."

"You are not looking so well as when I last saw you." And Mr. Latimer leaned closely to his friend and scanned his face narrowly. "Not as well in either mind or body I should say."

"You read the signs aright," Mr. Goldwin answered.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked his friend. "A man who counts his hundreds of thousands of pounds ought to be at ease in mind, and have full opportunity to look after his bodily condition."

"As to the ease of mind," was replied, "that is something which great wealth does not bring; but rather care, and worry, and vexation of spirit. I give you my experience, and observation tells me that it differs little from that of other men in my position."

"What are you doing with your money?" queried the friend.

"Doing as other men—seeking to make it as largely productive as possible."

"Adding bond to bond, house to house, land to land?"

"Yes."

"Are you six, or ten, or twenty percent happier every year, according to the ratio of increase in your fortune?"

Mr. Goldwin, whose eyes had been resting on the floor in a dreary kind of stare, raised them quickly to the face of his friend and looked at him curiously.

"You never thought of that?"

"No."

"What profit, then, if our gains do not add to our happiness—if we do not reap a double interest?"

"None that I can see," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"There must be a mistake somewhere in the calculation of most men who get rich. They seek wealth as above all things desirable; and yet a happy rich man is rarely, if ever, found. Some that I know are among the most miserable people to be found."

Mr. Goldwin heaved a deep sigh, but made no answer.

"There is no reason why a rich man should not be among the happiest on earth; for to him God has given the largest opportunity."

"In the means of enjoyment?"

"Yes."

"From some sad defect in the order of things, these means do not reach the end so much desired," said Mr. Goldwin.

"Our own fault is a misuse of the means."

"You were always a preaching philosopher," said Mr. Goldwin, with a forced smile. "I'm in a listening mood. Go on."

"The Being who made us," resumed his friend, "created us to be the happiest in all the wide universe. He created us for happiness, and stamped upon us His image and His likeness. The law of His happiness He made the law of our happiness. Can we be anything but miserable if we violate that law? Now what is that law?"

Mr. Goldwin did not answer.

"The Lord is a giver—never a receiver. Always and for ever He is giving to His

creatures; first life, and then everything to make life blessed. Are you a giver, my dear old friend?"

Mr. Goldwin's head dropped slowly until it rested on his bosom. Very still he sat for a long time. A dim perception of what his friend meant began to dawn upon his mind.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Latimer, "for any creature who violates the true order of his being to be happy? Let us take an illustration. Suppose the lungs, instead of giving back to the heart for distribution through the arteries and veins the blood that is constantly pouring in upon it, were selfishly to keep the rich treasure of life to themselves, would not congestion, pain, and death be the result? 'To give is to live,' is a saying full of the profoundest truth; and so is this other saying: 'We only possess what we have bestowed.' God is the great giver, and only in the degree

fruits and seeds that are for the use of man and beast. Nothing for itself—each and all for others. This is God's image and likeness in creation. But man obliterates that image and likeness, and sets at naught the Divine law. Is it any wonder that all through life his way is strewn thickly with disappointment, sorrow and pain? How could it be otherwise? If a clear stream breaks from its narrow boundary and goes wandering off into low meadow lands, where nature has made no channel for its course, shall we be surprised to find it in after years the source of poisonous miasmas and marshy wastes, full of foul and hurtful creatures? Evil is often some perverted good—the violation of some Divine law; and all mental pain has this origin, and this alone. If we seek happiness in obedience to the law of God, we shall find it—if not, not. The rule has no exception."

"Rich and poor are alike bound," said

hundred pounds; and we can get two thousand just as well as not. It would cost them twice this advance to move, besides deranging their business. I'd put the rate at two thousand three hundred if I were you. They'll pay it rather than risk the loss of going into another neighborhood."

"Have you talked with them about an advance?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, talked like all the rest of them—made a dreadful poor mouth. Said their business hadn't earned a pound for the last six months. But all this goes in one ear and out the other with me. I'm used to it. The warehouse is worth to you what it will bring, and you ought to get it."

"Business has not been good for the past year," said Mr. Goldwin.

"That's nothing to us, sir. Real estate keeps up, and good business places like this one are in demand. If Hart and Wilson can't make the rent, somebody else can. Shall I give them notice of an advance?"

Mr. Goldwin did not reply immediately. A struggle to which he was wholly unused was going on in his mind.

"Three hundred pounds," he said at length, speaking in a low, reflective tone, "will not be much to me. Whether added to or taken away from my income I shall not perceive the difference. But to these men, exposed to the perils of business, safety or ruin may turn on the pivot of this sum. No, Mr. Orton, I will not advance the rent."

The agent's look of surprise was a commentary on his principal's usual determination in such cases.

"These men have you to thank," said Mr. Goldwin, as Mr. Orton retired. "But for our talk I would have raised the rent."

"And in so doing add nothing to your happiness."

"Nothing."

"Do you feel better or worse, for this human consideration of others?" asked Mr. Latimer. "Look down into your consciousness and see how the case stands. Is the sense of failure to add three hundred pounds to your income for the next year strong enough to obliterate the satisfaction that pervades your heart with the very warmth of heaven?"

"It is not strong enough," said the rich man. "Ah, my friend!" he added, with earnestness, "you have opened for me the door of a new world, and given me glimpses of a new order of life. I feel something here," and he laid his hand against his breast, "that I have never felt before—a rest, a peace, a satisfaction that no gain of money, no matter how large, ever produced."

"The reason is clear," answered his friend. "You have considered another's good rather than your own; and in so doing have turned from self to God—turned as a flower turns to the sun and receives light and warmth into its bosom."

"You speak in attractive metaphor," said Mr. Goldwin.

"No, in plain truth. We turn our souls from God when we turn our affections to self and the world; and then, of course, we are in darkness, cold, disquietude, and pain; how could it be otherwise, when God is the only source of light and warmth, of tranquility and joy? We turn ourselves toward Him when, like Him, we seek the good of others, and the blessedness of His life begins to flow into ours."

"A new Gospel," said Mr. Goldwin, with feeling.

"No. It is two thousand years old: 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.' 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them.'"

(To be Continued.)

IS IT TRUE? Is it kind? Is it necessary? These are very proper questions for one to ask and answer, when he finds himself about to speak evil of some one else. And if he answers any one of them in the negative, then he had better omit the evil speaking. The observance of this rule will save him from doing evil himself.



"ARE YOU A GIVER, MY DEAR OLD FRIEND?"

that we are like Him can we be happy. This is the burden of all preaching and the essence of all Scripture. To seek for happiness in any other way is fruitless."

Mr. Goldwin lifted his head, and looked for some moments earnestly into his friend's face.

"To give is to live." He repeated the sentence in a slow and thoughtful manner. "I have heard that saying before, but did not see its meaning. It touched my ear as an idle play upon words."

"It involves the whole philosophy of life," answered Mr. Latimer. "It expresses the law stamped on all nature, animate and inanimate. The earth gives its vitalizing force to seeds and nourishes the tender roots. The roots send up the living juices they receive, and give them to the growing stems and trunk; these in turn forward the treasures of life to the branch, leaves and flowers; and these again conspire with the whole plant or tree for the production of

Mr. Goldwin, drawing a deep breath as he spoke.

"Alike bound," answered his friend. "They who regard only themselves, be they high or low, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, will find no true peace or rest either in this world or the next."

A servant opened the door and said—"Mr. Orton is here."

"Tell him to come in," answered Mr. Goldwin, without rising. "My agent," he said, speaking to Mr. Latimer. "I will detain him only a few minutes to-day."

A small, hard-faced man of about fifty came in.

"Anything special?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"It can wait until to-morrow, I presume. I'm engaged to-day."

"Not very well, sir. It is the matter of Hart and Wilson's rent. We must give notice of an advance to-day, or they will hold over for another year at seventeen