

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Another caller was announced.

"Mr. Bacon," said a gentleman who was shown into the library, thus introducing himself. "Mr. Bacon, of the firm of Hallet and Bacon."

"Oh, yes. I've not had the pleasure of meeting you before," replied Mr. Goldwin, courteously. "Be seated."

"I have called to see you about a new lease," said the visitor, coming at once to his subject.

"My agent, Mr. Orton, will arrange that business for you." Mr. Goldwin spoke with a slight change of countenance, as though the subject were an unpleasant one.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir," replied the visitor; "but in this matter we ask, as a favor, to confer with you, as we cannot make Mr. Orton comprehend the situation of affairs. He is as inflexible as iron."

"Say on; I shall be pleased to confer with you," and Mr. Goldwin's manner softened.

"Our lease will expire in May next," said Mr. Bacon. "We have been paying three thousand pounds a year, and Mr. Orton says that the lease will not be renewed at less than five thousand. Such an advance for us is out of the question. Our business does not justify even the present rate."

"You are old tenants, and have always paid promptly," replied Mr. Goldwin. "If the case is as you say, there shall be no increase of rent."

The countenance of Mr. Bacon lightened, but a shadow still rested upon it. Mr. Goldwin observed this, and said—"Will that be satisfactory?"

"It would be entirely so if we were able to make any fair calculation in regard to business. But we are not. Everything is working downward, as you know, and next year's earnings may be far less than the poor returns of this. In that case, three thousand pounds taken out for rent would scarcely leave an amount equal to our expenses. We do not expect to make money as things are; but we wish to keep up our business connections and hold our own until affairs get into a more stable and healthy condition. Is it asking too much of our landlord that he take some share in the evil as well as the good? His real estate is sure, but our business is not. His principal cannot be touched; ours may be swept away in some sudden disaster."

"How much rent can you pay?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Two thousand is the utmost we feel that it would be safe for us to undertake."

"Suppose I will not come down? What then?"

"We shall consider the subject carefully, and decide to hold on or move, as seems best. If you will give a new lease at two thousand pounds a year, we are ready to take it; if you will not, then we must look round and see what offers."

Mr. Goldwin mused for some time.

"One thousand pounds a year for five years," he said to himself, "will be five thousand pounds. A handsome sum to throw into the street."

The sympathy he had begun to feel for the struggling merchants died out, and the old hardness of heart returned.

"I will think about it," he replied to Mr. Bacon, in a brisk and rather sharp voice.

"When shall we know about it?" asked the other.

"In a day or two; or as soon as I can confer with Mr. Orton, my agent."

Mr. Bacon arose, bowed, and silently withdrew.

"You see how it is," said Mr. Goldwin slowly to his friend.

"Yes, I see, my friend, very clearly," replied Mr. Latimer.

"They'd want my warehouse for nothing if I were weak enough to give them the rent."

"Your way of putting it," said Mr. Latimer, a smile playing about his lips.

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

The servant had opened the door for the third time.

Mr. Goldwin gave a kind of nervous start

as he took the card handed him by the servant and read the name—"Edward S. Lincoln."

"More trouble about rents," he said, aside, to his friend. "I shall put a stop to this." Then speaking to the servant, he told him to show Mr. Lincoln into the library. The visitor, with care written all over his face, entered. When seated he opened the business on which he came without circumlocution. There was a tremor of anxiety in his voice. Mr. Goldwin was right. It was another case of "trouble about rent." But the landlord felt irritated. Interrupting the speaker before he was half through, he said in a hard, impatient way—"My agent, Mr. Orton, attends to these matters, and I must beg to refer you to him."

"We can do nothing whatever with your agent," replied the visitor, in a half-dressed, half-indignant tone of voice.

"The life that seeks happiness in getting or in giving?"

A few swift changes swept over the face of Mr. Goldwin. He started from his chair and walked the floor rapidly. Then he sat down, looking thoughtful and subdued.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Mr. Latimer spoke in a low voice, and with impressive earnestness. "My dear old friend," he added, after a brief silence, "I would not urge this matter upon you if you were professedly given over to the service of self and the world. But you are not. In early childhood a pious mother stored your memory with heavenly truths, and led your feet into the ways of kindness and charity. As you grew toward manhood, the good seed thus planted sent down roots into your mind, and leaves and blossoms unfolded in the air and sunshine. After awhile you became a believer in Christ and a partaker of

spiritual finds its highest delight in giving of its good things to others. If we are born of God, we have the love of giving in our souls; but if we are not born of God, our delight is in getting and holding. Each one of us, by self examination, may know which life rules—the heavenly or the earthly."

"There is no doubt in my case," said Mr. Goldwin, speaking in a firm voice. "It is the earthly and not the heavenly."

"What then?"

"Ah! that is the momentous question."

"The pivot on which all the evidence of your future turns," said Mr. Latimer.

"What shall I do?"

"Settle first, in your own mind, your true relation to God and man; and then compel yourself through divine strength which will be given if you ask for it—'Ask, and ye shall receive'—to do what you see to be right. To God your relation is that of one who receives bountifully of his natural blessings. He has intrusted you with large wealth—a thousand times more than you can use for bodily and mental well-being—intrusted it to you that you may be a free or a constrained dispenser of his bounty. If from a love of the neighbor you are a free dispenser, then your blessing is doubled; if from a love of self only a constrained dispenser, you lose the blessing of both receiver and giver. Your relation to man I need hardly state; it is involved in what I have just said."

"Then I must sell all that I have and give to the poor," said Mr. Goldwin, strong lines gathering on his forehead.

"All the riches of pride and self-love, and become poor in spirit, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."
(To be Continued.)

A HINDOO FAKIR.

A Canadian Presbyterian missionary, Mrs. Wilson of Indore, writes:—Before we had finished our inspection of the building, a fakir, a most curious specimen of degraded manhood came to the doctor for medicine. The man could not walk, having for probably many, many years, crept along in a sort of sitting position, as you occasionally see a baby do who is too independent to creep on hands and feet. His hair had never been cut, and was plaited in heavy long braids, and gathered like a huge turban about his head. As this neglecting of the hair is considered very pious, many fakirs try to impose on people by plaiting tow or jute with the real hair, so as to make it appear that they have been exceedingly religious during a long period. The nails, too, are allowed to grow as they will; and, in fact, the dirtier and more disgusting the body becomes, the better chance these men have in making their daily bread without any labor. It is incredible that some of them are not really sincere, and think to gain the only salvation they know (absorption in the Deity) the quicker by this means. But the majority take to fakirism as a refuge from any steady work. Indians are extremely lazy, and adverse to regular labor of any kind; so begging has come to be an honorable profession among them. A lady missionary told me that she had once undertaken to lecture a strong able-bodied woman who had gone to her begging for pice. "What has God given you hands and feet for?" The answer came promptly, "God gave me feet to carry me to the sahib's bungalows, and he gave me hands to hold out for pice."

THE McALL MISSION.

When Mr. McAll began his now famous work in Paris, he knew just two sentences of French. They were "God loves you," and "I love you." In them is found the key to the noteworthy fact that at present in more than thirty halls in Paris the Gospel is proclaimed every evening in the week, and in France eight hundred thousand people are brought under Protestant Christian instruction.

The way to avoid great faults is to beware of small ones.—*Spurgeon.*



"THE VISITOR, WITH CARE WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE, ENTERED."

"I'm sorry for you then, but cannot help it."

The cold indifference with which this was said sent a chill along Mr. Latimer's nerves. The voice seemed scarcely like that of his friend.

"You will not consider our case?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"No, sir; Mr. Orton is my business agent."

The merchant withdrew, anger and disappointment darkening his face.

"You see again," said Mr. Goldwin, turning slowly to his friend, with the hardness still very visible in his eye.

"Yes, I see again most clearly," was the brief answer.

"If I hadn't an agent to stand between me and these men, they would worry the life out of me."

"What life?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"I don't understand you," Mr. Goldwin looked puzzled.

the Church's ordinances. You took upon you, before men and angels, the name of Christ; and you are hoping for salvation in His name. Now Christ is the righteous One, and he has left us an example that we should walk in his footsteps; and that is by living each day in obedience to his laws. We must abide in the vine, and draw life from the Vine, or be cast off as unfruitful. We must be like our Lord, or we cannot live with him in heaven." Mr. Goldwin's head was bent again on his bosom. He sat motionless almost as a statue.

"There are two lives," continued the friend—"a natural life, into which each of us is born; and a spiritual life, into which we come through regeneration. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again. The natural loves self, and the spiritual loves the neighbor. The natural seeks to draw everything to itself; the