

—and I found myself walking in a great vineyard flooded with sunshine and filled with vines laden down with luscious fruit. Afar off in this vineyard I saw men and women walking, some enjoying simply strolling in and out between the laden rows, with the warmth of the sunshine about them; others picking and eating the purple clusters all regardless of some tiny hungry-eyed children holding out to them empty hands. Still others were busily packing their clusters in huge baskets ready for the market, so busy with thoughts of the profit that they did not heed the sunshine nor the summer air.

But these were not near me, for all around me were the vines of my own goodly vineyard. As I turned to pick a cluster of grapes, lo, a miracle! for instead of the clusters of purple fruit were huge bunches of golden coins. Oh, how they gleamed and glittered in the sunlight! Half idly I counted the number of golden discs in a bunch near at hand, and found fifteen. Just the number of yards of material that I wanted for my new spring suit, and each coin was the price of a yard. Surely this was most fortunate, and, going on from cluster to cluster, I found in one the price of a new hat; near at hand, a set of longed-for books; tickets for the lectures and concerts of the season; subscriptions for magazines; many needed conveniences or long-desired luxuries about my home; gifts for dear friends (for I was not wholly selfish); and, in an especially luxuriant corner, so many golden clusters hung together that I felt sure that at last my coveted European journey was not far distant. So I walked throughout all my vineyard until I had numbered all the coins and each bunch was marked, as you have seen a gardener mark different varieties with a tiny label, setting it apart for some specific purpose.

As I passed along the last row, I was conscious of One walking at my side; and as I raised my eyes to his face I knew him indeed to be the Lord of the vineyard. Gladly I greeted him, for I knew that from him had come the vineyard and the rich harvest found therein.

'Hast thou aught of the fruits of thy vineyard for me, my child?' he asked, and I answered quickly—

'Surely, O Master, all that I have is thine, and to thee belong the first fruits of my vineyard.'

Yet as he stretched out his hand to gather but one of my golden bunches, I cried, 'Nay, dear Lord; not that one!'

But as he turned to the second, I said, 'Spare me this one also, dear Lord.'

'Is this one then for me, daughter?' he said, with sadness on his face, touching a tiny bunch with but three golden grapes upon it; but, alas, one of those golden grapes was to take me on a pleasure trip, the second to a fine concert, and the third was a year's subscription to a current magazine. So I answered once again, half guiltily, 'Not this little one, dear Master, but over yonder, in that shady corner, I think may be found some which I will give gladly.'

Then the Master turned from me, with the sadness deepened on his face, and went toward the shady side, where the grapes hung in poor and scattered bunches, while I stood alone in the sunshine with my golden harvest glittering around me.

Suddenly the sunshine faded, and I found myself again in my library, with the wintry twilight darkening fast.

It was but a dream, yet the words which had lulled me to dreamland sounded now with a clearer meaning. 'Five rows of grapes from the "sunny" side of my vineyard.' My vineyard was a large one, I know, and although the golden grapes of

my dream were not very plentiful in reality, yet I knew full well that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. If here and there were shady corners, yet I was not often called to walk therein, and the greater part of my vineyard was sunny indeed.

The vividness of my dream set me to thinking. Was I indeed, gathering all the fruit of the vineyard into my own barns and storehouses, without giving to the Lord of the first fruits of all my increase? If my golden dream had been true, it would have been worth while to deny myself and give to the Master the fruits. 'Five rows' of such golden fruit would be a worthy gift, and one whereof the glory would atone for no small amount of self-denial.

If I could send the five hundred dollars needed for that little church in Armenia; could add the thousand dollars wanted to complete the publication of the new dialect bible of which I had heard that day; could give thousands here and hundreds there, and a quarter of a hundred with a few strokes of my pen—would I not give gladly? But of what account was it to give, by utmost endeavor, a dollar or two more to the Lord's treasury. If it were a question of giving up an illustrated, morocco-bound volume of poems in silken case, that I would gladly have done; but of what use was it to give up buying the ten-cent illustrated paper on the train? Worth while, perhaps, to put the price of a five-pound box of Huyler's into the thank-offering envelope, but what about giving up the quarter of a pound of chocolates I so often bought down town? 'Dear Lord,' I said, 'if thou hadst given me great riches, and hadst bidden me do some great thing for thee, how gladly would I have done it.'

'There,' I said to myself 'is my neighbor. Surely he could give great things from his vineyard, but he does not.' And conscience straightway answered, 'What is that to thee? It is the grapes from the sunny side of your vineyard.'

Truly those grapes from that little vineyard in Asia Minor were beginning to weigh heavily on my heart. 'But,' I argued, 'must I give up all—all my pleasures, all candy, flowers, books, and music?' And my heart answered, 'Nay, for the Lord is not a hard master, nor one who claims all.' Then seeking to know what portion the Lord did claim I turned in the bible to the 'Laws of the Vineyard,' and read this verse: 'Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger.' That was all the demand of the ancient law. So rich a harvest for one's self; only the few unneeded grapes to be left. Surely that left ample for one's own needs and pleasures. 'When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow; then the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.'

I closed the bible in the gathering twilight. If this were all demanded by the stern old dispensation, what were the demands of the new? Ah! there were no demands save those made by love; love, whose standard of measure was the love of Christ—no law for tithes and offerings save this universal rule, 'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.'

Guided by this law of love, how little question there would be of duty or of tithes; for to him who loved us, how gladly would we give of our abundance from the sunniest spots in all our vineyards; give not grudgingly nor of necessity, but gladly and

freely, without weights, measures, or values, for 'love counteth not the cost.'—'Life and Light.'

The Gentle Princess.

The Princess of Wales is a great friend of dumb animals. 'All over Sandringham estate,' says a writer in 'Cassell's Family Magazine,' 'one feels the influence of the good and gracious lady. Take a stroll through the kennels, the dogs put their noses into your hand, and look for caress with mild appealing eyes. Remark to their keeper on their docility, you get the answer, 'Well, you see, sir, they are all such pets of the Princess.' Look in at the head-keeper's beautiful house, a lovely white dove flutters on to your shoulder and coos in your ear. The same sweet saying is heard 'It is the Princess's favorite dove.' Wander along the beautiful winding walks to the trimly-kept stable-yard, you shall find a knot of smart attendants grouped around a baby squirrel, a young bird, or a lost kitten which one of them has picked up in the woods, and which they must try to rear as the Princess would like it. 'She would not like anything to be hurt or to die, sir.' * * * At least, once in each week, when in residence at Sandringham, does the Princess go round the stable-stalls followed by an attendant bearing a basket of carrots, apples and similar dainties beloved of horses. Every stall does she enter, and to each horse she gives its portion with her own hands. Those who have had the pleasure of being present on these occasions always remark on the pretty picture the long row of horses' heads makes, as they turn with one accord at the sound of their mistress's voice.'

Zulu Christian's Joy in Sorrow.

An incident narrated by Mr. Dorward, of the Zulu Mission, illustrates the wonderful power of the Gospel to sustain and cheer. 'Imagine,' writes Mr. Dorward, 'a grass hut with no windows, and a door about two feet in height; the floor is of hardened earth, there is no chimney, and the roof is black with the soot of years, and there are rents in the wall. Entering, I saw, as soon as my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, a sick woman on a mat, and covered by a thin blanket. Of furniture there was none. There was not a sign of anything that would relieve her sufferings or cheer her loneliness. She had the appearance of a heathen woman, and all the discomforts, too. Though very sick, her eyes were shining, and her face bright and intelligent. It was a joy to find that she knew much about the Saviour, and that she knew him to love him. She was very destitute even for a native; and when the weather is cold she borrows blankets of others during the day, and shivers under her own single blanket during the night. Sleepless and disturbed by coughing, yet she was happy; and she wonders why she can be so happy, and yet be so ill. The joy of the Lord is her strength, and this is apparent to all beholders. It is a marvellous sight, and I thanked God and took courage.'—'Christian Herald.'

It is easy to consecrate what we don't want.

If God gives a rose, thank him for it; if a thorn, thank him for it just the same.

The sheep that has felt the tooth of the wolf ought to keep very close to the shepherd.—'Word and Work.'