

Soon shall end the time of weeping,
 Soon the reaping time will come ;
 Heaven and earth together keeping
 God's eternal Harvest Home.
 Saints and angels !
 Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

A little Italian apple-girl came into my office one day with a basket full of red apples, and asked me to take one. I told her I did not care for it ; but she said—

“ You must take it.”

“ No, I don't wish for it,” said I.

But she insisted, and I took it.

She has come a great many times since, and she always gives me an apple ; and if I say “ No,” it makes no difference. I must take it nevertheless.

I well understand the reason. Several years ago I was sitting at the table in my private office one cold winter day, when I heard a tumult and a sudden cry in the repository, and rushing out of my room I saw the little apple-girl frantic with fear and terror. She had been standing near the red-hot stove, her clothes had taken fire, and the flames were streaming and climbing up her side and above her head. The clerks were confused and frightened, and could do nothing for her. I told her to lie down ; but she was wild with fear, and so I flung her quickly down upon the floor, wrapped a blanket around her, extinguished the flames, and saved her life. Some of the ladies in the repository went to the mission barrels, replaced her burnt-up garments with others, and sent her home in peace.

An apple is not worth much ; but when she returned a few days after, and told, in her broken English, the thanks of her father and mother, and when, day after day, she came with the apple, the biggest and best one she

could find in her basket, I could not have the heart to refuse the gift. That apple was not the price of her life. It was not to repay me for saving her from a fearful death, but it was simply to tell of the gratitude of her heart to one who had done something for her which she might never have an opportunity to repay.

Now the Lord Jesus Christ does not require great things of us. He does not ask us to repay Him for the love He has lavished on us. He does not demand of us to meet the debt which He has cancelled by His own blood ; but He does give us the privilege of showing that we have not forgotten His love, and that we appreciate the sacrifice which He has made. He does give us the privilege of showing that we have not forgotten the hand that was nailed to the cross, nor the love that throbbed within the great heart of Immanuel.—*Christian Treasury.*

LOVE TO JESUS.

In the year 1853, while travelling in Virginia, the writer spent a night at Wainsborough, and was there introduced to Mr. Waddell, then aged sixty-two, a son of the celebrated blind preacher. Among several unpublished incidents of his father's life, he related to me the following. When Dr. Waddell was preaching one Sabbath at Portsmouth, Va., a ship came into port of which the master and two of the men were Christians. Learning that the blind preacher was conducting a service at one of the churches in the