

**In the Heart of the Woods.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOON beautiful things in the heart of the woods !  
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss ;  
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,  
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss ;  
Spaces of silence, swept with song,  
Which nobody hears but the God above ;  
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,  
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,  
Far from the city's dust and din,  
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,  
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.  
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,  
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink ;  
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,  
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods !  
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,  
And over the tiny floweret broods,  
With care that for ages has never ceased.  
If he care for this, will he not for thee,—  
Thee, wherever thou art to-day ?  
Child of an infinite Father, see ;  
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

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**Home and School.**

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

**Christ Alive.**

THE first Sunday I ever spent in England was at Walthamstow, a few miles north of London. The good minister in whose house I was to pass the Sabbath was called out of the room on the Saturday evening, to see some one, and left me to amuse myself with books and magazines for half an hour. When he returned he excused himself for leaving me so long, saying I would forgive him when he told me all about it. It seemed a gentleman in the neighbourhood had been in Italy a few years before, and brought back with him an Italian body-servant. This man had duties to attend to on Sunday mornings, but was always present at public worship in the afternoons. "You will have him in your congregation to-morrow afternoon," said my friend ; for I was to take his place in the afternoon, while he should go out to preach under one of the few trees now remaining in Epping Forest to the throngs of Sabbath-idlers who came down from London.

The Italian had been thoughtful, and had finally begun to indulge a hope in Christ Jesus. He had come to the minister on that Saturday night, and in his broken English told him his tale.

"In my countree," said he, "in my Italie, the priests always show us Jesus dying ; Jesus on the cross ; Jesus in the grave. You show me Jesus alive ; Jesus in the love me ; Jesus think of me ; Jesus in heaven. And I love Jesus, and I thought I would come and tell you I love that Jesus who is alive."

It is even so. While our sins are atoned for by his sufferings and death, let us remember that Christ's death is always connected with his resurrection ; the pledge of our rising from the grave ; the evidence of the Father's acceptance of his substitution. He lives that he may love us, and we need, as the Italian did, a living Christ, to love us and think of us and reign over us.—*W. Wye Smith.*

**Methodist Missions.**

THE annual report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church just issued shows that the total income for the year amounts to \$219,480, being an increase of \$19,278 06 over the previous year. There has been an aggregate gain of 10,000 in the membership of the Church during the year. In the last fifteen years the income of the society has risen from \$108,000 to \$220,000. The report says that in Victoria, B.C., difficulties of various kinds have been encountered, but most of these have been overcome, and it is believed the mission is on the highway of success. There is "a marked improvement in the moral tone of Chinatown."

**The Angler.**

THIS extraordinary-looking fish makes his living by lying at the bottom of the water and angling for his prey. He has something that looks very like an artificial bait dangling just above his mouth, and when some curious but unwary creature proceeds to investigate what it is, he very suddenly finds out, but not quite to his satisfaction. Thus Satan angles for souls with tempting baits of pleasurable sin ; but the sinful indulgence brings with it a terrible retribution.

**Having Christ.**

I HAVE read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted, and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered, in a faint voice, "Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here," then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here," and lastly, pointing upwards, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible, as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh! stop and think before you answer this question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you, too, will be able to point up, and say, "I have Christ there."—*Selected.*



THE ANGLER.

**How to Read the Bible.**

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

You cannot be holy, my young friends, unless you in secret live upon the blessed Word of God, and you will not live on it unless it comes to you as the sacred word of his mouth. It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away. It is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter-time. A letter from the dear one at home is as music heard over the water ; but half-a-dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score of pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and tone which paper cannot carry.

Now, I want you to get the Bible to be not a book only, but a speaking trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of his voice. You must read the Word of God to this end ; for it is while reading, meditating, and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it seems suddenly to change from a written book into a talking book or phonograph. It whispers to you or thunders at you as though God had hidden himself among its leaves, and spoke to your condition—as though Jesus, who feedeth among the lilies, had made the chapter to be lily-beds, and had come to feed there. Ask Jesus to cause his word to come fresh from his own mouth to your soul ; and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, you will make good speed in your pilgrim way to the eternal city.

**Ways of Working.**

THE Metropolitan Sunday-school, Toronto, distributes a nicely printed card, like the following, with the order of service printed on the back. It works well:—

**METROPOLITAN BIBLE CLASSES.**

*Our Motto*—I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, or any word that I can speak for the good of others, let me do it now ; let me not neglect nor defer it, for I shall not pass this way again.

The fields are ripe unto harvest. Will you not help us in the reaping?

- Our Aim*—God's Glory.
- Our King*—Christ the Lord.
- Our Hope*—Eternal life.

God denies a Christian nothing but with a design to give him something better.