

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

I LIKE to think on the Lord's Day morn,
Of the hosts of children far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning, in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over with patient care,
Till by heart they know it and can repeat
The golden text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be,
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Called from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think that the children dear
Will know the truth when their heads
are gray;
That the hallowed praise their souls will
cheer,
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's Day eve,
When the golden texts have all been
said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave
Over many a small white bed.
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn,
And the sword they will carry the gold-
en text.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II. [Jan. 10.]

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

Acts 2. 1-13. Memory verses, 1-4

GOLDEN TEXT.

They were all filled with the Holy
Ghost.—Acts 2. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- How long did the disciples wait for the Holy Spirit?
What great day had now come?
What was the day of Pentecost?
When was it held?
What gave it this name?
How long was it now since Jesus rose?
Where did the believers hold an early prayer-meeting?
How many were at the meeting?
What great sound came suddenly?
What strange sight was seen?
What strange power was given to the disciples?
Why was this power given them?
Why did the people in the city come running to the house?
What did they see and hear?
What did some think?
What did some say?
What did these strange things mean?

DO NOT FORGET—

That the Holy Spirit still comes to the heart of believers.

That he comes to those who ask?
That he comes to give new light and new power to the life.

LESSON III. [Jan 17.]

A MULTITUDE CONVERTED

Acts 2. 32-47. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.—Acts 2. 39.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Who preached on the day of Pentecost?
What did he say the strange sights and sounds meant?
What prophet had foretold this?
How were John the Baptist's words fulfilled?
Whom did Peter preach to the crowd?
Why was he not afraid? He was filled with the Holy Spirit.
What great crime did he charge upon the people?
How did some feel when they heard his words?
What did they say?
What good news could Peter tell them?
Whom did Peter obey in teaching these things?
How many were baptized that day?
How did the new believers live together?

LESSONS FOR ME.

- Sin, when we see it, pricks the heart.
The way to get rid of sin is to repent and forsake it.
Those who love Jesus love one another.

ST. MARTIN.

THERE is a pretty story about a soldier named Martin. One cold night Martin had to walk up and down outside the tents for half the night.

The wind blew hard, and Martin drew his cloak around him and shivered. Presently a voice spoke to him, "I am dying of cold and hunger. Give me gold or I perish."

The soldier looked at the shivering form beside him and pitied him, but he had no gold to give.

"I am freezing," pleaded the beggar. "My rags will not cover me."

Martin stopped on his march up and down. He had nothing to give, and he could not leave his post to find anything. A blast of wind blew out the folds of his long cloak. Martin shivered and drew it closer about him.

"I have no cloak and you have one," moaned the poor beggar, as he turned away.

"Wait," cried Martin, and pulling off his cloak, he took his sword and cut it through the middle from top to bottom. "Half for you and half for me," he said. "Take this in the name of Christ."

The beggar thanked him and went away. At last Martin went to his tent to sleep. He drew the blankets around him, and in

his slumber he had a wondrous dream. A wonderful form approached the bed and said, "Martin, you gave your cloak to a beggar. I was that beggar. I was rich, but for your sake I became poor. I am your Lord and Saviour. Whatsoever you do in the name of Christ to the poorest of my children, you do it unto me."

Martin awakened then; but ever afterward he remembered the dream, and he went about seeking those who needed help. He did so many good deeds that the people called him St. Martin.

GREEDY TIP.

Two little mice came out of their snug home in the wall of Grandma Gray's cellar to ramble about by themselves. Their mother was dozing on a bed of dry leaves, and Nibble and Frisk, their two sisters, were gnawing on a dry piece of turnip.

"I say!" exclaimed Tip, "that old turnip is as dry as a bone. I wish we could find something nice to eat."

"Yes," said Tiny, "and it always seemed to me that I could if I could only roam about the cellar; but mother is afraid to let us."

"I know," said Tip, "she's afraid of a great animal she calls a cat; but she says Mrs. Gray never allows any cats in her cellar, so we don't need to fear, and anyway, we're almost as large as mother."

Tip felt very important. "All four of us put together are certainly as large," said truthful Tiny; "but she is much older and wiser than we. Oh, what a cunning box!"

The two little mice in walking on the shelf had come to something like a round, flat, wooden box with four small, round holes in its sides, and looking in at each hole, you could see a dainty piece of cheese.

"Cheese, as I live!" cried Tip, sniffing with delight. "I'll have some," and he started in at one of the holes.

"Wait!" cried Tiny. "Let's go back and tell the rest, and then we can all eat together."

"Not I!" said Tip. "Every one for himself, I say."

So, while Tiny scampered back to call the others to the feast, he went into the hole; but just as his nose touched the cheese something went "click!" and poor Tip's neck was caught fast in the mouse-trap!

"Oh, mother, do wake up!" cried Tiny, rushing into the nest. "Tip and I have found the nicest feast of cheese!"

"Oh, cheese!" cried Frisk and Nibble. "Where? Where?"

"In the 'cutest little round box. Tip's there eating now. He couldn't wait."

"Oh, my child, I'm afraid it is a trap!" said Mother Mouse, and they all rushed to the spot, but alas! when they reached it poor Tip was stone dead! "A sad lesson to you, my dears," said Mother Mouse, wiping a tear from her eyes with one little paw: but let it teach you always not only to look out for traps, but also to beware of being greedy and selfish."