

A Song of Snow Time.

Sing a song of snow-time
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky,
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house,
Drawing on their slates,
Pictures of the coasting-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and cloaks and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hill-top,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall,
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

LESSON NOTES.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 10.
THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

Acts 2, 1-13. Study also verses 14-31.
GOLDEN TEXT.

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

Time.—Our Lord's final appearance and his ascension are usually dated on Thursday, May 18, A.D. 30. The Holy Spirit was given ten days later—on Sunday, May 28, A.D. 30, as we believe. Concerning the Feast of Pentecost, see note on verse 1.

Place.—An "upper room" in Jerusalem; probably the same in which the last passover was eaten, and which seems to have continued a Christian headquarters. It was very likely recognized as one of the "Galilean synagogues." Here it was that, divinely guided, they had chosen Matthias to be the twelfth apostle in the place of Judas. The Christians were now "about one hundred and twenty in number," men and women, whose great business it had become to wait in earnest, united prayer for the gift of power. At the hours of morning and evening sacrifice they were habitually at the temple, but the upper room was their place of supplication for the Comforter.

The Gift of Tongues.—Great misconception prevails respecting these "other tongues." The common idea is that the apostles needed a miraculous power of understanding and speaking foreign languages, in order to be able to preach the Gospel to all nations; that this power was given at Pentecost, and was afterward used by them; and that they did actually preach the Gospel in various dialects to the assembled crowds on the day of Pentecost. But observe—

1. No such power was needed. True, if any of the apostles went to very remote lands—India, for instance—then the power would be useful, and it may have been bestowed. But of this there is no Scripture evidence. In all the countries which we read of as visited by Paul or others, Greek was generally understood; and the wide spread of this language is justly regarded as one way in which God prepared the world for the Gospel. Of course the various languages existed, but they were not necessary to intercourse.

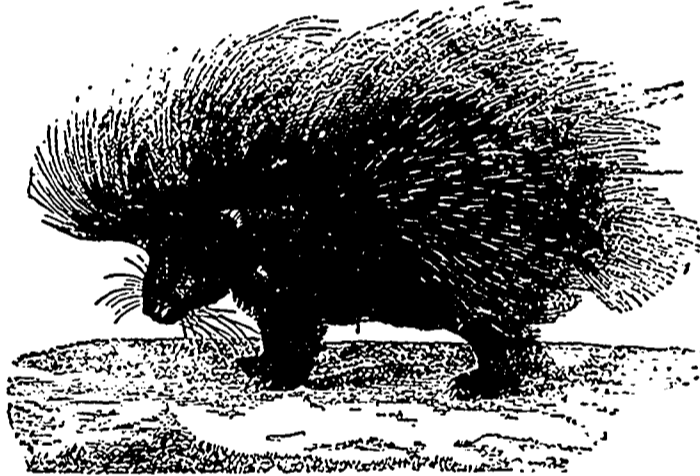
2. In the Acts we never afterwards find the apostles using a foreign language. And the Epistles are all written in Greek.

3. Our chapter does not say that the apostles preached in foreign tongues to the crowd. It was not preaching, but praise (compare verse 11 with chapter 10, 46) and it began before the crowds came together. When the amazed people began to question and to mock, Peter stood up and addressed them, and he spoke in Greek, which they all understood. What, then, was the gift of tongues? It was an inspiration, not unlike those prophetic impulses we read of in the Old Testament. The apostles did on the day of Pentecost speak intelligibly in actual languages, and their words were understood by those who knew the languages; but it is not implied that a permanent knowledge of any foreign tongue was given, of which they could avail themselves at pleasure; they only spoke as the Spirit "gave them

utterance." The power, very likely, recurred on other occasions, but it was not one to be used at the will of the individual. It was given afterward to converts at various places who had no special commission to go to distant lands to preach the Gospel, as at Caesarea, Ephesus, Corinth. See Acts 10, 46; 19, 6; 1 Cor. 12 and 14. At Corinth those so inspired spoke not to men, but to God; not edifying their brethren, for they could not understand them, but edifying themselves by the utterance in any way of their hearts' feelings. Hence prophesying, or preaching, was a nobler gift, because it was understood, and so edified the church. See 1 Cor. 14, 2-4, 18, 19, 39. Then what was the use of the gift of tongues? See 1 Cor. 14, 22; it was "a sign to those who believed not." It answered a purpose similar to that of miracles; it compelled attention, and made men feel that "this was the finger of God," and so it opened the way for the preaching of the Gospel.

THE PORCUPINE.

The best known species is the Canada porcupine, about two and a half feet long, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. It is an excellent, though a slow climber; it is not able to escape its enemies by flight, but cannot be attacked even by the largest carnivora with impunity; dogs, wolves, the lynx, and the cougar have been known to die from the inflammation produced by its quills; these are loosely attached to the skin and barbed at the point, so that they easily penetrate, retain their hold, and tend continually to become more deeply inserted; when irritated it erects its quills, and by a quick lateral movement of the tail strikes its enemy, leaving the nose, mouth, and tongue beset with its darts; it has no power of shooting the quills.



THE PORCUPINE.

The food consists of vegetable substances, especially the inner bark and tender twigs of the elm, basswood, and hemlock, it seldom quits a tree while the bark is unaten, except in cold weather, when it descends to sleep in a hollow stump or cave; as it kills the trees which it ascends, its depredations are often serious. It is often erroneously called hedgehog in New England. The nest is made in a hollow tree, and the young, generally two, are born in April or May. It is almost as large as a beaver, and is eagerly hunted by the Indians, who eat the flesh, and use the quills for ornament, often dyeing them with bright colours; it is very tenacious of life; it does not hibernate, as the European porcupine is said to do. This animal shows admirably that the quills are only modified hairs, as it presents quills on the back, spiny hairs on the sides, and coarse, bristly hairs on the under surface, passing into each other in regular gradation.

The crested or common porcupine is found in Southern Europe, where it has come from Northern and West Africa; it is about twenty-eight inches long, and tail about eight inches more; the muzzle is large and obtuse, sparingly clothed with small dusky hairs, with scattered longer and coarser ones on the upper lip; anterior and under parts and limbs, with spines not more than two inches long, with which are mixed some coarse hairs; crest of numerous, very long bristles, extending from the crown to the back, sixteen inches long, and curving backward; hind parts of the body and tail covered with quills, some slender and flexible, twelve to sixteen inches long, others shorter, stouter, and very sharp; a few on the tip of the tail are hollow, generally open and truncated at the end, and supported on a very slender stalk, about half an inch long. The prevailing colour is brownish black, with a white band on the fore part of the neck. This is the porcupine of the French, the spiny pig, so called from its heavy pig-tail look and

its grunting voice. It lives in rocky crevices or in burrows, becoming torpid in winter; the food consists of various vegetable substances, and its flesh is well flavoured; it can erect its quills at pleasure, but cannot discharge them, besides its grunts, it makes a rattling noise by shaking the tuft of hollow quills on the tail.

UNCLE JOE'S NEW YEAR'S LETTER.

Dear Boys and Girls,—The old year is past and gone forever, and a new year has dawned upon us. We are just that much older, and we are a step nearer the grave. The old year may have been for us one of pleasure and prosperity, and again it may have been one of sorrow and failure. It is but right, then, we should devote ourselves to serious meditation and perform that duty which is incumbent upon us, to examine into our lives and daily affairs, and see under which category we can place ourselves. Having examined everything carefully, we find it has been a year of happiness and prosperity, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Giver of all good things, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Gratitude compels us to do this, and hence we must give serious attention. Should we fall in thanking God, who has been so good to us, can we expect he will favour us during this new year.

You may have had great success in your studies; on account of good health, you were enabled to attend school every day. Your parents have had success in life, and, in a word, your whole family has been blessed in every manner. Upon you devolves the strict duty of thanking God for his many favours. You know not what the new year may bring to you, and hence you should ask God that it may be as successful as the past. Possibly the dying year had been one of sor-

row and complete failure. Ah, then I say to you, look to it well and see if you were to blame. Locate the cause and make the correction. Did you do your duty to God? Have you been faithful in every respect? If so, accept the cross in humble submission. Has it been your fault? Then ask God's pardon and promise to do better in the future.

Whilst this is a day of happiness, it is also a time when well meaning people will give themselves to serious consideration. Many have passed away during the last year whom we knew well, and it may be that we shall be among those selected during the year to render our account to God. Let us remember now is the acceptable time, and hence take those resolutions which present themselves and will be the means of rendering us more perfect during the new year. Your old uncle thanks God for another year that is gone, and asks for another year to be added to his life that he may continue to tell his little ones those things so necessary for a successful life. God grant you may see many more years, and in your prayers remember your old uncle. "A Happy New Year to all!"—Uncle Joe.

"Oh, Maud, I've something to tell you. You know how I've longed to go to Paris; and now I'm going with father. It's so jolly." "Isn't this rather sudden, Ethel?" "Yes; but you see he's been bitten by a mad dog, and there is no time for him to lose in getting to the Pasteur Hospital."

Editor's Wife.—"Oh, John, the baby has swallowed a button!" Editor.—"Well, let's hope it won't hurt the poor little chap; but should it happen to kill him, what a splendid alliterative headline it will make—"A Baby Bolts a Button and Becomes Breathless!" Editor's Wife.—"Oh, you brute!"

Another Year.

Another year is fading
Into the shadowy past,
What if for me, my Saviour,
This year should be the last?
Could I, with joy recalling
The hours and moments gone,
Say I had well employed them,
Nor o'er one failure mourn?

Another year is passing,
And I am passing too—
Passing from earth and earthly scenes
To those earth never know.
What shall I plead when standing
Before the "Great White Throne?"
Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,
Thy righteousness mine own.

Another year is dying,
And time is dying, too—
And all things here below, with him,
Are passing out of view.
Passing as swiftly as our thoughts,
Flit through our minds, then flee
Oh, realizing facts like these,
What ought our lives to be?

Another year is adding
To those already dead.
Dead! will they never rise again?
Where, all the actions fled?
We surely yet shall meet again,
This old year and our souls:
His deeds will greet us yet, though now
Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus
To sprinkle with his blood:
Jesus, the Loving One, who once
As our sin-bearer stood.
We leave the year with Jesus,
And thus the weight is gone,
We trust the future all to him
Who all its weight hath borne.

"JESUS, IT'S ME."

At a religious meeting in the south of London, a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please, but do not mention my name?"

In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said, "O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name to be known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!"

There was a perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it is me!"

She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me."

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