

CALLED HOME.

[NORMA WILLIS, died December 14th, 1893, aged nearly five years.]

BY MRS. J. ISAAC.

Fast the snow was falling round us,
As we reached the school-room door
Steigh-bells jingled as they passed us
Surely winter's come once more?

Just inside the door stood Norma,
What cared she for frost and snow?
Much had she enjoyed the sleigh-ride,
Wrapped in mother's shawl, yor know.

Then as shawl and veil were taken
From the little form and face,
She looked like a lovely picture;
Ruddy health—and heavenly grace.

Then we gathered in the class-room,
Each one had a little chair,
Norma's close beside the teacher
For her place was always there.

Then we learned the lesson-story,
From the pretty picture-roll,
Gathered pannies; marked attendance;
Closing, sang—"Home of the soul."

Little did we think while singing
That sweet song of heaven so fair,
That before another Sabbath,
Norma would be singing—there.

Then the leader spoke of treasures,
In this world and in the next,
Asked some one in the infant-class
To repeat the "Golden Text."

Then the teacher taking Norma—
Placed her forth where all could hear
What she said about salvation,
In those accents soft and clear.

"Giving thanks unto the Father,
Who hath made us meet to be
Partakers of the inheritance
Of the saints of light," said she.

Blessed testimony, given
By our little Norma dear,
She had been made meet for heaven
And no love could keep her here.

For before the week was over
Angels whispered, "Norma, come;
Your inheritance is ready,
Welcome to your heavenly home."

So she's only been promoted
To the school where Christ doth teach.
Keep us, Lord, like little children,
Till the golden shere we reach.

Then we'll be united ever,
Father, mother, sister dear,
Teachers, scholars, not one missing,
If we love the Saviour here.
Brantford, Ont.

"AND how old are you—y little man?"
"I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

JENNIE FLINT was a little girl twelve years old; and, as she was very bright in school, she knew as much as some who are older.

Jenny's father was not rich, and, as there were four children younger than she, Jenny determined to be a teacher. About this time, an old friend of Mrs. Flint's wrote to her and invited Jenny to pass the winter in Germany at her school.

This seemed an excellent chance for Jennie. So it was decided that she should start the next week with a friend who would see her safely settled in her new home.

The day came for the boat to sail, and, with many sobs and many kisses, the last good-byes were said. As the boat was about to start, Mrs. Flint said, "Remember, my dear, one rule, the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

For the first few weeks Jennie was amused at her new life. She could not understand the girl's remarks for a long time, but at last she heard one German girl say, "I say, girls, look at that jacket, will you?"

As Jennie's jacket was rather old-fashioned, she felt hurt and angry, and was just at the point of replying, "Well, it's no worse than those slippers you wear!"

But something restrained her. Those few words, "Do unto others—" and the thought of her good mother's face came to her mind, and she did not reply to her tormentor, Retta.

But Retta kept on day after day trying to make Jenny angry. Jenny did not complain even to her teacher, who asked her very often how she enjoyed the school and her school-mates.

One morning Retta did not come to the breakfast table with the others.

"Where is Retta?" asked some of the girls.

"She has been very ill during the night," replied the teacher. "Somehow she must have caught cold."

"Oh, yes, she went down the village yesterday when she had callers, and it is against the rule to leave the school," said one girl who liked to tell tales on the others.

"We will let that pass," said the teacher, "she has been punished enough. This afternoon I hope some of you will go to see her, and perhaps read to her a little, for it is not pleasant to be in bed all day, and alone, too."

No one replied, for Retta was not a favourite. But Jennie, thinking how she would feel in Retta's place, went to her room and timidly asked—

"May I read a little to you?"

"Yes, if you want to," replied Retta, crossly.

In spite of this sullen answer Jennie commenced. At the end of half an hour Retta was sobbing. Jennie went to her bed, and putting her arm around her companion, asked her if she was in pain.

"No, no, but why are you so good to me when I have been so hateful towards you?"

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," answered Jennie quietly.

Retta embraced her and said, "I will try and follow that rule hereafter."

And, from being one of the torments of the school, Retta became one of the helpers, and all were sorry when she had to leave. Years later, when visiting Jennie in England, she said to her one day, "I never knew what happiness was until I learned and obeyed the Golden Rule."

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

(See next page.)

ABRAHAM had but one son, Isaac, whom he loved more dearly than his own life. God knew this, and knew that Abraham was a good man. To prove that this good man did not love his son more than he loved his God he was told that he must offer up his son as a sacrifice. Poor Abraham, what a hard thing that was for him to do! But he obeyed God and set out with the little lad for the place where they were to build the altar. Isaac carried the wood for the fire, but, looking all round, he saw no lamb to be slain. Looking up to his father he said, "Behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" His father told him that God would send a lamb. Then Abraham bound Isaac and laid him on the altar, but when he raised his hand to slay his dear son a voice from heaven called to him saying not to hurt the boy. In a thicket near by he saw a ram caught by its horns. Abraham knew that God had sent it for the sacrifice, so he took it and laid it on the altar instead of Isaac whom he loved so well. After this God knew that Abraham loved him above all else and he blessed Abraham. In our picture we see Isaac looking up into his father's face and asking where the lamb is, not knowing that he himself was to be the lamb. Abraham points up to heaven telling the lad that God will send the lamb.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARCH 4.

LESSON TOPIC.—Selling the Birthright—Gen. 25. 27-34.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 25. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.—Luke 12. 23

MARCH 11.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jacob at Bethel.—Gen. 28. 10-22.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 28. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28. 15.

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.