

The Normal Class.

AMONG the most efficient means for increasing teaching power we are to place the normal class. Its office is especially to enlarge the field of vision, to broaden and clarify ideas, and to increase the reserved strength. The old adage, "Knowledge is power," applies well here. The studies of the normal course enrich the teacher's stock of knowledge. There are many things which the teacher should know about the Book, and about practical teaching, which the most diligent study of the successive lessons will not secure for him. To supply this lack is especially the field of the normal school. The organization of classes in all our schools should receive the fullest encouragement.

Who shall teach the normal class? is sometimes a seemingly formidable question. There should be no serious difficulty about it. Let it be done by the most competent person, whether it be the pastor, the superintendent, a teacher—gentleman or lady. The teacher need not always be thoroughly competent. It may be sufficient that he is willing simply to be the leader. The members of the class may be helpful to one another and to the teacher, as well as the teacher to them. They may each study the successive lessons, and in their meetings compare results, under the leadership rather than the instruction of the head. But the leader is likely to acquire confidence and skill as he proceeds.

Who shall enter the normal class? All the teachers of the school should be members of it; also a considerable number of persons in the classes. Some of these will soon be needed for teachers, others are frequently needed for substitutes. The teaching force of the school should be efficient and thorough. The class should meet once every week, and where two meetings cannot be held in the same week, important advantage would frequently be gained by dividing the time between the normal review and the lesson study, giving from a half to three-quarters of an hour to each.—*Bible Teacher.*

"Twelve is the Clock."

It is the cry of the drowsy old watchman whose lonely footsteps echo along the frosty pavement. The watcher within looks up and the hands of the clock seem to meet and halt a moment at twelve like soldiers on the march who, scattered during the day, rally at night-fall and then disperse to their slumbers. The journey is over. No going back to correct mistakes or to make up for squandered time. "Twelve is the clock!" Not even the mighty horses of the chariot of the sun, if hitched to the hands on Time's great unseen dial, could drag them back and give the careless and unprofitable opportunity for correction and improvement. But not yet have the clock-hands met. The hands are at eleven, near midnight but not there yet. It is December and not

January. There is time to say a word of warning to that impenitent scholar; time to say a word of strength and hope to that weak and tempted neighbor; time to recall an unjust word and repair the harm of a hasty act; time to brighten the home of the poor with charity's golden gifts; time to whisper in God's ear a word of prayer; time to make at Christ's feet a new consecration. Be quick. The days swiftly hurry away. The clock-hands will quickly meet at twelve, and from high and lonely bellies there will be slowly tolled the death of another year.—*S. S. Journal.*

The True Ring.

"WANTED, a clerk, at 65 Fleet-street."

This was the advertisement that appeared in one of the morning papers of a large city.

Many a young fellow who had been seeking employment for weeks felt his hope rise when he read it.

Fred Barker heard it at the breakfast-table, the day after it appeared. His sister Louise said, "Oh, Fred! I forgot to tell you that I saw in yesterday's paper that Mitchell and Tyler want a clerk; that will be the place above all others for you. It's a splendid store; of all courses you can get the place if you are not too late. You can take a letter from Uncle Horace; his influence and your appearance will settle the matter. I heard Mr. Mitchell was real fussy about his clerks, but I'm sure he can find nothing to object to in my handsome, well-dressed brother;" and the elder sister looked admiringly at Fred's fair face, smooth locks, and well-fitting suit.

"Perhaps I'll call there after awhile," Fred said, carelessly.

"Please hurry and go now, won't you?" his sister said; "I'm afraid somebody has snatched up the place before this time."

Fred finished his breakfast in a leisurely way, put a few extra touches to his already careful toilet, lighted a cigar, and sauntered forth.

"Better throw away your cigar before you go in—Mr. Mitchell may object to that," said Louise, who stood in the front door as he passed out.

"He'll have to take me as I am," Fred said, with a lofty air; "all gentlemen smoke. I do not propose to be a slave to him or any other man."

He called in at his uncle's office on the way, and procured a letter of recommendation. Thus equipped, he felt confident of success.

Just behind him there walked with brisk step a boy of fifteen, a year or two younger than himself. This was David Gregg. He too had seen the advertisement, and was on the way to the eldest son of a family of children whose father had died at the beginning of this long winter. David had tried hard to find employment, had improved every moment in doing odd jobs for anybody, had studied the papers and answered advertisements until he was well-nigh discouraged. The places were sure to be