

composing such classes, this personal acquaintance is impossible without exhausting labor and almost entire devotion of self to the acquirement of such knowledge, the performance of which would be a wrong to the teacher and her family in nearly every case. So she has divided her school, composed of about one hundred scholars, into sixteen classes, each possessing a circular class form, and each in charge of a teacher, usually a young member of the adult classes of the main school, although Mrs. Knox says she always prefers young mothers if they can be led to take such classes in charge. It is the duty of these teachers, out of schools hours, to visit their scholars at their homes frequently, to see that proper religious influences are constantly brought to bear upon each, and in every respect to win their affection by a constant regard for their well-being. In school it is their duty to teach the lesson of the day during a period of about fifteen minutes, in such a manner as may be best suited to the individual child, to teach the words of hymns to be sung, to distribute cards and papers, and to make a record of the attendance. The duty of the superintendent, Mrs. Knox herself in the care of her school, is to conduct the opening and closing exercises, to review the school upon the lesson of the day, illustrating, as may be deemed proper, and to see that each teacher does her work well. Of course there are many details of the work, peculiar in each case, which only each teacher could name and provide for, but the above is the substantial outline of a plan, which for effectiveness and for simplicity, seems to be pre-eminent. Its chief advantages are a full knowledge of each child's character and wants, and hence a nearer approach to his heart and mind, and greater effectiveness, without extraordinary labor upon the part of any one individual. We cordially recommend her plan to those of our primary class teachers desiring a reorganization of their classes.

—S. S. Helper.



LET the mountain be ashamed of spring-tide, with its bursting leaves and rivulets, before a Christian minister or teacher is ashamed of enthusiasm!—*Beecher*.

## "I in Thee, and Thou in Me."

BY M. A. L.

IN a little village in one of the mid-  
counties of England, more than sixty years  
ago, a little child wandered away from its  
father's door down a green lane where  
stood little thatched cottages, their door-  
stones close upon the footpath. The child,  
a little lad of five or six years, following  
a childish impulse, strayed in at an open  
door. It was quiet within, and the only  
occupant of the room was a woman, lying  
pale and still on a bed in the farther  
corner. Her lips were moving, and the  
awestruck child heard her repeating the  
words, "I in thee, and thou in me? I in  
thee, and thou in me!" He was deeply  
impressed, but the words were meaningless  
to him.

When the child became a man he came  
to America and gave his heart to God;  
and after this, thinking of the old English  
village and his early childhood, the scene  
in the cottage came distinctly to his mind,  
and the words of the dying woman, re-  
membered only as words, were now first  
filled with a blessed meaning. He saw  
that long ago under that roof of thatch  
lay one who had entered into divine union  
with Christ, and was only waiting for the  
fulfilment of that prayer of Jesus for his  
own, that they might "be with me where  
I am, that they may behold my glory."

He once related, without comment,  
this little event of his childhood, as given  
above, to some friends, and his own little  
daughter was a listener. She was strongly  
touched by the simple story, though the  
words, "I in thee, and thou in me," were  
as meaningless to her as to the little boy  
who first heard them. But when she had  
grown to womanhood, and had become  
united to Christ, the story and its full  
meaning came to her at the same time.  
She had never heard it referred to since  
she first listened to it when a child, and  
she felt a reverent joy in the possession of  
those words of holy confidence from the  
lips of a dying saint coming down to her  
through half a century through minds  
that had no conception of their meaning.

If this little story—a true one—shall  
bear a message to any heart, the design