

Tardiness.

No greater moral wrong can be done a child than permitting him to habituate himself to dilatory and irregular practices. No business plant can be operated successfully when its employees report to work at any hour they please. No employer would continue on his pay roll men who are persistently guilty of such practices. And no less can the school, nor should it be expected of it, inasmuch as it is the most important manufacturing plant in the world. If its output is to control the commercial, political and social interests of this country, there must have been instilled into the life of its product, by rigid enforcement of rules, those virtues which establish beyond question habits of regularity and promptness. It is no more the teacher's duty to be at school day after day than it is the child's. Neither can be excused except in case of sickness or some pressing necessity. Irregularity of attendance and lateness at school are the breeders of contempt for law and order.

The appended clipping from an unknown author shows the social necessity for the early inculcation of these virtues. It reads: "The best laid plans; the most important affairs; the fortunes of individuals; the weal of nations, honour, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is 'behind time.' There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are 'behind time.' There are others who put off reformation year after year till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever 'behind time.' Five minutes in a crisis is worth five years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error, that should be avoided, it is being 'behind time.'"—*Selected.*

Ask a teacher of any high school in a town where country pupils are enrolled and he will tell you instantly that the country scholars outstrip all the rest. Many think it is because of the healthful exercise and rugged lives these boys and girls lead, but in a great measure they owe their mental grasp to the fact that their teachers never aimed too high. What they know, they know well, and the extra things that are essential, they can pick up in a short time. I have seen country pupils enter the higher

grades just below the high school without the slightest knowledge of physiology, or grammar, or music, and graduate with honours some years later, while those who have had all the frills and long terms fell far behind them.

There are a few bright children in every class who can master most of the studies, and it would seem the course of instruction in many places is designed for them instead of the common everyday pupils. In your own little domain strive to keep simplicity and thoroughness ever before you, for you can accomplish very little by aiming too high. Give the boys and girls enough work to keep them busy, but do not overload them.—*Popular Educator.*

A Lesson for Teachers.

Homer was a bright boy, but he would idle away his time or work so slowly that he seldom had the whole of his arithmetic lesson. Reproof, keeping after school to do his work, and other things did no good. One morning I called him to me before school, and told him that I was going to require of him only half as many examples as the rest of the class. His paper, I said, would be marked *Good* if he had the first half of each lesson. I explained that I did not wish to require of a pupil more than he could do. His bright eyes gave me a searching glance. "I can do as many as anyone in the class," he said.

"Yes," said I, "if you work after school hours; but I don't want you to do that."

"I'll bet you," he insisted emphatically, "that I can do more examples in one period than any other boy or girl in the class."

He was told that he might try the full lesson that day. When his paper came in he had worked every example, and added a few of his own making. Homer always had his lesson after that.—*Popular Educator.*

He called for a city beautiful;
He shouted it day by day;
He wanted a city where noise was not,
Where the spirit of art should sway;
He wanted a city that should be fair,
Where filth might never be seen,
And forgot, in spite of the zeal he had,
To keep his back yard clean.

—*The Congregationalist.*