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School Room Experiences.

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

The importance of the co-operation of parents and teacher came very forcibly under my notice one day. At the same time I had occasion to realize to the fullest extent, how utterly necessary it is for adults, particularly such as are clothed with some authority, to be careful of what they say in the presence of children.

A couple of years ago there was in my school a little boy of whom I was very fond. He was a handsome little boy, bright and extremely sensitive. It was a custom with him to come to me during recesses, and tell me about his little adventures. Sometimes he had met a gopher coming to school, which was an event of no small consequence, or had detected a bird's nest; again he might have been presented with a new pencil or some other article equally invaluable. One day he brought a picture of some angels, evidently a great treasure. We discussed this work of art thoroughly, agreeing that the angels were decidedly pretty, and doubtless very very good. This however was almost self-evident, but it was wonderful that the real angels should be able to see and hear children, while children could not see or hear them, and that they should be very fond of the little people.

The day after this talk was a fine one, and the whole school was sent out to play during intermission. I had taken my usual place on the steps and was watching the game and listening to chattering, when suddenly I was startled by some words not very proper in a child's mouth, and sure enough they were uttered by my little friend. Calling him into the school room, I told him gently how sorry I was that he should be guilty of such a transgression, and added that doubtless the little angels were in the same frame of mind. This made him very serious, and I was gratified in seeing from his expression that he was determined not to be guilty of such an offence again.

Some two or three weeks later my favorite was going around on the farm with his father, when the latter suddenly became vexed at something, and to the horror of the former gave utterance to an oath. The child at once set to work to explain to his father that he should never use bad language, for such wickedness would surely make the angels sorry. What a shock it was to him when the reply came—this reply: "What do I care about the angels."

The lad said nothing, and it was not until somewhat later that I found out about this incident. I also became aware that the rude answer had not been forgotten, but had been making confusion in the child's mind. He had too great trust in his father, to disregard that gentleman's opinions, while he was evidently loath to doubt what I had told him, and to give up his ideal. I set forth my best effort to set him at ease again, by restoring his confidence without throwing any shadow on his parents--which was no easy task—but this is sure that he never felt such keen delight in trying to please his little friends the angels, as he had done before.