

Evening Parties in Term Time.

As a rule parents are reasonable in the matter of adjusting home affairs so as to promote wholesome and harmonious conditions for pupils in school; but sometimes parents are as thoughtless in this respect as are those teachers who impose too great a burden in the home work, that is, the school study to be done at home, which they require of pupils. Parents' and teachers' clubs are a valuable medium, when rightly used, for bringing about a rational adjustment of the pupils' programme throughout the twenty-four hours.

One principal accomplished great good by calling a meeting of parents, in which the correlation of school and home was talked over informally by parents and teachers. This resulted in the publication of the following suggestions to parents concerning a subject which at certain seasons is of great importance. Regulation at two points was advised: First, as to the number of evenings out; second, as to lateness of hours. (Regulation of study work at home to be demanded by the school was discussed in a similar note to the teachers). To the parents, the principal said:

"There are no parents who desire their children to be out oftener than one night a week—even this is too often during term time. But grant that you want your children out once a week, why not arrange to have all parties on Friday evenings so as not to interfere with their school duties? If parents will give no parties except on Friday evenings and will not allow their children to attend any except on Friday evenings, the conditions for good school work will be immeasurably improved."

"Every party that counts students among its members should close at a reasonable hour. The object of parties is to cultivate the social amenities, and to afford recreation and relaxation. When, however, the hour for breaking is beyond ten or eleven, the party brings dissipation and exhaustion, rather than recreation and relaxation. The high nervous strain required to banish sleep until a late hour brings in its reaction disastrous results.—*The Western Teacher*.

There are places where "social distractions" are carried to such an extent that school children attend parties nearly every evening and remain out of bed until well on to midnight. There is no good school work done under such conditions, and the attempt by conscientious children to do it ends in failure and loss of health. Yet there are parents who expect their children to grade under such circumstances, stand high in their classes, and retain the bloom of youth. It is impossible. Teachers gather in groups and talk and scold about the carelessness of home training. Why not call the parents together, or go to them if they will not be called together, and show them that parties and late hours seriously interfere with the school work and health of their children. Parents are reasonable if approached in the right way.—EDITOR.

The Old Country Road.

Where did it come from, and where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river—the old country road.

We stood with our hair sticking up thro' the crown
Of our hats, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts, as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old country road.

We remember the peddler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway, and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road.

We remember the stage-driver's look of delight,
And the crack of his whip as he whirled into sight,
And we thought we could read in each glance he bestowed,
A tale of strange life up the old country road.

And the gypsies—how well we remember the week
They camped by the old covered bridge, on the creek—
How the neighbours quit work, and the crops were unhoed
Till the wagons drove off down the old country road.

Oh, the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old country road.

The old country road! I can see it still flow
Down the hill of my dreams, as it did long ago,
And I wish even now I could lay off my load,
And rest by the side of that old country road.

James Newton Matthews.

The School Grounds.

Our school is a country one, and we are fortunate in having large grounds but unfortunate in the fact that the school board does not pay for the care of them. After many years of neglect we made a start in beautifying our surroundings. One half the grounds were given to the girls, the other half to the boys. Then prizes for the best looking side were offered. Should the girls win, a chair swing was to be placed on their side; if the boys were successful, a baseball, bat and catcher's glove became theirs. Hours of patient toil and numerous gifts of plants, shrubs, trees, and grass seed have worked wonders. The work which was begun largely for the prizes has been continued through real love and pride in their efforts. The rivalry still continues though two years have passed, and woe betide the thoughtless first year tot who scatters a bit of paper on the grounds in sight of the older pupils.—*Selected*.