

the time-honored perennial question, the status of the teacher. It is well known by those who value education that teachers are underpaid and undervalued. On the surface it would seem that the teacher is better paid today than five years ago. But that is not true. Five years ago \$600 would buy 500 bushels of wheat; today \$800 will buy about 350 bushels of wheat. And though some say the teacher's living doesn't depend on wheat alone, still, these figures show that things are not what they seem, and the teacher is no richer now than before. The Department of Education and the Trustees' Association, which is the power behind the throne, both see the situation, the public is being educated to the situation, and the future looks better.

Still, a person underpaid is undervalued. There are cases where teachers are taken into the councils of trustees, but these cases are all too few. There are cases where the teacher figures in the social life of the community, on boards of trade and the municipal councils, but these cases are all too rare. But is it not possible, to quote the words of a very great writer, that

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are treated thus."

Can we by higher ideals come to be worth more and appreciated more?

The question is: If the teachers are not rightly valued, should the teachers demand higher pay and recognition? There are those who want drastic action and those—conservative—who feel that

"Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent,"

and that it is dangerous to go too fast. I am a member of a club that meets once a week to discuss religious questions, and the motto of the club is: "We may not all think alike, but all must be friends." I think this a very good motto, and so if in our discussion on Thursday morning we do not all think alike, if there are differences of opinion, let us avoid all acrimonious debate.

There is a great deal of talk nowadays about reconstruction, which, as Major Newcombe says, is not reconstruction, but construction. Many have sacrificed much in the past war, many have given all, many are lying under the sod in Flanders and France, for the defence of democracy, and we should not, will not, be considered patriots because of what someone else has done, but as these others, for what we are willing to give.

In the Methodist Church, of which I am a member, there was an old man who, whenever a strange preacher came to church, used to stand up and eulogize the Methodist Church. One day when a strange minister was in the pulpit, this old man, after going

on as usual, said: "It's an economical church. I've been a member for forty years, and in all that time it has only cost me twenty-five cents." The preacher leaned out of the pulpit, looked at the man for a minute, then said "God bless your stingy old soul."

Sometimes I wonder if the blatant patriotism of some of us is not like the Methodism of that forty year member.

When I have seen what is written on reconstruction, and what this statesman and that are saying, it seems to me the only way is that of the Carpenter of Nazareth. A nation will be great according to the number of pure and noble men and women in it, and as the doctrine of the Man of Nazareth prevails.

I would beg the teacher to take humanity into the school room. I was once in a home where there was a little girl, a child surrounded by love and affection at home, and she came home broken-hearted one day because the teacher had doubted her word. The teacher had forgotten that this little tot was an atom of humanity.

At Normal I once knew a girl, a beautiful character, who told me of a sickness she had, of an infirmity caused by it, and of the persecution she endured at the hands of her high school teacher because of this infirmity. Of course, the teacher didn't know—but shouldn't she know? That is why I want humanity in the school room—to guide the teacher in her treatment of those in her charge.

I shall close this address with a quotation of Kipling's that gives a picture of the life of the worker in the next world:

"When Earth's last picture is painted and  
the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded and the  
youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—  
lie down for an aeon or two.  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall  
set us a task to do.

And those that were good shall be happy, they  
shall sit in a golden chair.  
They shall splash at a ten league canvas with  
brushes of comet's hair.  
They shall find real saints to draw from—  
Magdalen, Peter and Paul,  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and  
never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only  
the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money and no  
one shall work for fame,  
But each for the joy of working, and each in  
his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the  
God of Things as they are.