

spend hundreds of dollars to learn how. While our school-fellows in any other pursuit may succeed pecuniarily, we must grub through life, the very personifications of impecuniosity.

Is this a fair picture? A boy spends \$100 and six months of time at a Business College and secures a diploma, is recommended to a situation, rises steadily in the scale of clerkship, becomes a partner, head of a firm, is elected to positions of trust, dies great and has his funeral notice shaded by a line of the blackest ink half an inch in width.

Another boy of equal abilities attends a High school, spends two or three or more years and some hundreds of dollars, secures a Non-Professional Certificate, spends more time and more money in training schools, begins teaching, is knocked about the country at the instance of every whimsical bumpkin who can grumble, becomes old, is said to get behind his times, becomes the butt of all fun, figures as the most contemptible character in novels, dies a crank and his friends have great difficulty to find pall-bearers to put his carcass out of sight. Why is this?

We are fond of calling ourselves a race, and truly we are a race and the run is stretched all across the field. Those ahead are in good wind, they have plenty of time. They stop to look back, while those behind struggle laboriously and with ever-failing strength on; and as they struggle they hear a certain French phrase which, as an Irishman, I may translate "Devil take the hindmost." And among those who hear it most faintly, being farthest behind, are teachers whom the devil of Poverty takes. I am not among those who desire for the sake of money to amass money, but as money makes horses as well as mares go in this country, I should like to be able to make golden jingle sufficient to cause people to think me of some importance outside the walls of a school, and still remain in the profession.

When this country was poor, when almost everything was in an embryonic state, when a living was the great end of all labor, high salaries could not be expected, neither were they needed. Where no man is rich, poverty and affluence are terms in abeyance. Money, since there is no lock it will fit, is the key to nothing. But a country cannot remain in that state. Riches come. Classes are formed. Caste puts in an appearance. Men are divided. Employers rise. Employed remain in the old groove. Those not sufficiently cunning or grasping are left behind, while their neighbors become nabobs. A pioneer is nobody unless he relates his anecdotes in broadcloth. But there is a class between these two extremes—that which has, in a great measure, contributed to the prosperity of the one and to all the happiness of the other; that which has helped to make the one great, even famous, and has delivered the other from the canker of jealousy and the wasting discontent of ignorance; that has had part in the shaping of all the timbers of this civil, social, moral and religious fabric. And what of this class? From all the seed we sow no harvest springs that we may garner. From all the fountains our hands have set flowing is no quenching for our thirst.

But, Mr. President, I must complain no further. I have looked into the lazar-house of our profession, and must now attempt to prescribe for the alleviation of the suffering I have seen.

In all ages, men of all industries have found that by combined movement they were enabled to improve their conditions. When one class has had power which it abused over another, it has been found that by a union of all the elements of the class abused, the abusing class was forced to grant the rights denied, in order that there might remain to it a vestige of its former power and influence. Now, while I am neither an Anarchist, a Nihilist nor a Socialist; while I am prepared to admit that almost any state of order is preferable to any lasting state of confusion, I claim it is one of the common rights of humanity for a class to make such provisions for its safety as are dictated by its deserts and by its necessities, always making use of legitimate means, that the end, when attained, may not be the occasion of shame to those who profit by it. And, sir, the very people who will oppose us in the formation of anything like a union, have themselves set us the example. Farmers' Institutes, Mechanics' Institutes, Dairymen's Associations and numberless other Associations, Institutes and Unions are being formed on all sides of us, having for their object the enriching and emolument of the classes forming them. Then why should we not form such a

Union? Have we not the right? Have we not the need? But you reply the opinion of the world is against unions and combines, despite the fact of their existence. I admit it is, but I claim that our end is legitimate. I admit it is, but our object is the oppression of no man. I admit it is, but I must remember I am a human being and as such it is my duty to assert my rights. I admit it is, but I ask was not the opinion of the world against every man of every age in every movement that had for its object the improvement of the condition of a class. I admit it is, but, sir, was not the opinion of the world against the Son of God, when he dwelt among men?

Let us form a Union, offensive if need be, as well as defensive, to secure to ourselves better salaries, better social standing and greater public interest. It may be argued that there are too many prejudices among ourselves. That our Toryism, our Liberalism, our Romanism, our Protestantism, our Anglicism, our Scotticism, our Hibernism, all militate against it, and I am at a loss to reply in more than one way. I have strong party prejudices, I am bigoted as most people when Church differences are discussed, I look as fondly back toward the Emerald Isle as my grandfather could wish, but in one—aye, a dozen rushes for the general good of the profession, I am content to bury all and be a teacher for teachers, a professional man for a profession, a teachers' party man to any legitimate lengths. The teachers of this Province number 8,000 to 9,000. They are strong in numbers, and if one in motive, could wield a great influence. They are ready to welcome anything that will improve their present condition with which they are discontented. Are they willing to improve it themselves, by heart and hand working in the unison that is certainty of success, instead of at the end of every year underbidding each other for the sake of a change or a paltry \$25? Are they willing to come forward in a body and demand what each one declares to be his rights? Are they willing, if persuasion be not effective, to stand out against these slow-starving salaries for one or two months, and at the end of that period return to their duties with the certainty of fuller pockets and of greater respect, interest and sympathy in consequence of those pockets' filling? However saving school boards may be in appearance, however miserly your experience has led you to believe parents, not a board and not a parent for the sake of an additional one or even two mills on the dollar, will see the children of their or his care without an education. And if none but qualified teachers are employed (and the law makes this supposition a fact), if qualified teachers refuse to work for anything less than the true value of their labor, what will these boards and these parents do? Teachers, they will pay you; they will respect you; they will look upon you as men and women like themselves; they will grant you the interest you deserve; they will help to make your duties the more pleasant; they will help to make your profession one of hope and reward. Let us see what place we hold as a class in the government of our country. If there are no others in a township capable, a school teacher is eligible for the tremendous responsibilities of a township clerk. And there we stop. Lawyers, doctors, merchants of all kinds, may remain in their professions and businesses and take part in the government of the country. But if a school teacher aspire he must first disrobe, shrive himself of the sins of pedagogy, swear never again to become a teacher, and then present himself to a people who regard him with suspicion, listen to him with little respect, vote for him with a degree of shame, and hail his defeat as a providential escape from a sky-gazer's legislative speculations.

What! you ask, would I have school teachers become law makers. Yes, I would have the class we here represent represented in Parliament as well as every other class. Laugh ye farmers, merchants, lawyers and doctors who monopolize law-making. Laugh ye members of Parliament who have made of legislation heirlooms! The man who associates with your children is to seat himself beside you—a man with designs upon your pocket—the man you have talked about as being engaged in man's noblest work—the man you have eulogised with polysyllabic words, and starved with a few grudging dollars—the man good enough to teach your children all they may ever know (perhaps supply the inadvertencies of nature), and who is yet not good enough to stand beside you in the association of honor and preferment afforded by the coun-

try. But you say we are represented, even in the Cabinet of Ontario. I deny it. The Minister of Education is no longer a teacher. He is no longer interested in us more than as the machines that do the work of which he is chief supervisor. He may do all he can for us, but he must do more for the Liberal party. He may represent us to a great extent, but he must represent the people of Middlesex to a greater. He may improve our condition within certain limits, but he must be exceedingly careful not to do so at the expense of those who elect him. In view of this we cannot claim him as our representative, and since we cannot claim from him exclusive representation we cannot claim exclusive care.

But, sir, this is scarcely pertinent. Let me go back. We want higher salaries. We want to stop the constant exodus from our ranks. We want to stop the abuse of our profession as a stepping-stone to others more lucrative. We want a social rise that will be the direct consequence of our increased prosperity and increased constancy to our profession. We want a higher standard of teaching, which will surely come, if teachers are not all novices who are every day becoming more disgusted with their novitiate. What have we to do before these ends may be accomplished? Sir, we have to help ourselves. We have to move as one man. We have to force the people to hear us. We have to form a Union that will show them how much we are in earnest in this matter. But you ask how are we to avoid oppressive taxation of the people? I answer, Public schools alone should receive Government support. All higher education is a luxury, and should be paid for by those enjoying it. As it now is the poorest ratepayer helps support an institution the benefits of which he may never hope to feel. And surely it will be admitted that when a man must expend money he should derive some profit from that expenditure.

There should be a re-distribution of Sections. As nearly as possible sections should be of the same size and value.

Or, if this latter be found impracticable, township or district boards should be established. These boards, having an eye to the interests of a number of schools, having greater responsibility, having wider fields of labor will, in their efforts for a more common good, come further toward us than a board confined to its own personal interests, and to its own petty expenditure of a few hundred dollars. In this way the richer sections could help the poorer, the standard of education might be made more uniform throughout the Province, and since our earnings would be drawn not from a few pockets but from a common treasury, believe me, sir, they would be greater and would be given us less grudgingly. These are our goals, and only by a union upon a firm and just basis can we force our way through opposition to them. Not by County Unions, not by District Unions, but by a Provincial Union made up of every teacher in the Province. Can we not form it? Have we not intelligence to keep it going when formed? Are we fit for nothing but mute acceptance of the pittance doled out to us every quarter?

I am not alone among the grumblers of our profession. I am not alone in thinking a Union the nucleus of which I hope to see formed here would be the surest and readiest means of improving our condition. I am not alone in daring the opposition of ratepayers. Will you give the movement your support? Will you unite? Will you accept what you have long desired? Will you stretch forth your hands to grasp the filling of hands that awaits you? Be true to yourselves; life lasts not forever. Every year passed is a year wasted as you now live. Every effort you make is a step toward content in your labor that is earth's truest crown. Every brave stand you make is an assurance of future prosperity, future honor, future happiness, future fulness of life.

FALSEHOOD may have its hour, but it has no future.—*Pressensé*.

ONE can not be justly expected to remember what he has never learned, and yet teachers sometimes hold students responsible for what they were never taught to learn. If the words of the book satisfy the teacher, the learner naturally infers that it is these alone which he is to acquire. Accordingly, he learns and forgets them in the same week, and what he should have acquired he has never learned.—*Hill's Elements of Psychology*.