

thropy of the sentiments it breathed, he remarked in a deep and tremulous strain of earnest pathos, "Refuse relief to the Irish, fellow citizens! Refuse relief to suffering Ireland! when every battle field in America, from *Quebec* to *Monterey*, has been crimsoned with Irish blood?" Although the whole speech came in those thrilling tones, for which the elocution of Clay was so remarkable, these two emphasized words fell upon the hearers with the startling force of an electric shock. The people and many of the youth of Ontario have lately had many opportunities of listening to one of the great masters of vocal expression, (Wm. Morley Punshon,) and all who have observed his wonderful style of delivery will admit that one of the secrets of effect in his style lies in the musical cadence of his emphatic words. These words rivet the meaning because they always *come home*

to the heart, sometimes reminding one of winged and pointed arrows, sometimes of carrier doves, and sometimes of bombshells. True, our schoolboys may not all become Chathams, Clays or Punshons, but all would be benefited by a more intimate acquaintance with emphasis in reading. In making a special effort in this direction, care must be taken that the result be neither unnatural nor mechanical.

"All affectation but creates disgust,  
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just."

*The spirit of the composition* must always be the keynote to the style of its delivery; life, zeal, and freshness must be infused at every reading even if it be the hundredth time of selection, and if the teacher be equal to the occasion this may be done, and dullness, monotony, and rapid mechanical utterance will be driven from the field.

## TO A CHILD SLEEPING IN SCHOOL.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

How now my boy! thy books are thrown aside,  
Thy rosy cheek is bowed, and thou'rt asleep—  
Aye, fast asleep! and dreaming, it may be,  
Of pleasant pastimes in the open fields,  
Of murmuring brooks and bright-winged singing birds,  
Or happier scenes at home.

How sound he sleeps!

My fingers stray among these golden curls,  
Yet rouse him not from this serene repose  
Which wraps his senses now. One little stroke  
Of this light twig upon these finger ends,  
How quick 'twould bring the hot blood rushing up  
To these pure, lily temples! How the hands  
Would grasp half consciously the fallen book,  
And quickened thought instinctively would turn  
To the neglected lesson, dreamily  
Remembering 'twas not learned!

Poor little boy!

This shall not be. 'Tis a rude hand, methinks,  
Would dare profane such hallowed repose,  
Or call a spirit from such blissful rest  
Sooner than nature wills to this stern world—  
This world of ceaseless toil.