

Our Contributors.

MONOTONY OF MANNER

BY KNOXIAN.

Dr. Ormiston used to say that to him one of the most mysterious things in this world was how a man could speak in public for half an hour in exactly the same tone. The Doctor could not have done it. When in good form it would have puzzled him greatly to speak one minute in the same key. Speaking monotonously was not the Doctor's forte. There are men, however, who can speak for any given time in precisely the same tone. They never rise. They never fall. They never put on more emphasis. They never take any off. From the first word to the last amen the sound never varies. Some people think the sound is very solemn. So it is. It is also sad. Some think a continuous sound of this kind is undoubted evidence of great learning—of high philosophy. Probably. Others believe that monotony of voice is evidence of superior piety. They have a suspicion that a man who goes up and down the scale when he speaks is not converted. To speak continuously on Do is with them evidence of regeneration and high spiritual attainments, but if the preacher goes up the scale occasionally and comes down again to Do they hint that he is theatrical—that he is a play-actor, and probably not converted. Monotony, however, is not a good thing even if some people do admire it. Monotony brings on the soporific, empties the church, drives away the young people, spoils the collections, injures the throat and does several other bad things.

Monotony of voice is of several kinds and every kind is bad. One of the worst kinds is what may be called *low* monotony. By *low* we don't mean morally low; for monotony, though it often makes people feel wicked, has no moral qualities in itself. By *low* we simply mean low on the scale. The speaker begins on Do and he sticks to Do until he finishes. His introduction is on Do, his arguments are on Do, his illustrations are on Do, and his final appeals close on Do. He sticks to Do with as much tenacity as Winnipeg mud sticks to one's boots on a wet day. Now Do is a very good, respectable note, but nobody wants to hear a whole service or a long speech on one note. Oatmeal is a splendid article of food and has done much for Scotland and Presbyterianism, but nobody wants to live on oatmeal all the time. Continuous speaking on Do has just one redeeming quality, it helps you to go quietly asleep.

Loud monotony is not any better than its twin brother, *low* monotony. The speaker afflicted with this kind of monotony goes right up the scale on the first sentence, and never comes down until he is done. He went up there perhaps to avoid *low* monotony, utterly forgetful of the fact that *loud* monotony is not any better than *low*. In fact, it is worse, for you cannot go to sleep and escape it. One of the worst mistakes a speaker ever makes is to suppose that to be forcible, pathetic, or eloquent, he must be very loud. Were this true a fog-horn would be eloquent. The eloquence is in the thought and the feeling with which the thought is expressed—not in a continuous bawl.

One of the most soporific forms of monotony is caused by putting the same amount of stress on every word in a sentence, and the same amount on each sentence. It is utterly impossible to avoid monotony of the most doleful kind if this is done. There can be no variety if every word is uttered with the same force. The same emphasis on every word means no emphasis on any.

Another very unpleasant kind is what might be called the fluent variety of monotony. The speaker stands composedly, and with great fluency utters words, words, words in a smooth, continuous, never-ending stream. For a good illustration of what we mean, stand beside your water-barrel or cistern on a rainy day and listen to the water flow into it from the pipe. There is no change, no variety, nothing but one quiet, smooth, continued flow. This is, perhaps, the most soporific of all kinds of monotony. One of the worst things about it is that the orator hardly ever stops. There is no reason why he should. He has the faculty for uttering a continuous stream of words, and as there are thousands of words there is no reason why he should not go on all day.

The sing-song variety of monotony is very common, and would be very distasteful were it not so common.

The speaker starts every sentence or paragraph on the same key, and comes down at regular intervals. No matter what kind of thought he is uttering—no matter what emotions it should awaken—he must have his little slide down the scale at the regular time. To one who never learned to do this thing it is a mystery how the man can come down with such amazing uniformity. Another form of sing-song is that in which the speaker always slides up and then down. Up and down he goes with the regularity of a machine, and those accustomed to hear him can tell without much trouble the number of upward and downward inflections that must take place in a given time. There is one variety sing-song which is slightly comic. The speaker gives the tail-end of his sentence an upward slide and leaves it in the air. He winds regularly up on the rising inflection. A very respectable English writer recommends this method of reading and speaking on the ground that it is lively. He says many of the French read and speak in this way. That may all be, but an Englishman who ends his sentences in the air is almost certain to make people smile at first and then grow weary. Monotony of any kind grows wearisome, and brings on the soporific.

Closely allied to monotony of voice is monotony in gesture. This contributor does not dare to enter upon the profound question of gesture. On general principles, however, it may be said that if it is necessary to saw the air the sawing should not always be done in the same way. If the text must be pounded to take the meaning out of it there should be some variety in the pounding. As a rule, the greatest speakers have few gestures, and the few are of the simplest kind. D'Arcy McGee rarely made any gestures. Edward Blake never saws the air. George Brown used to make somewhat forcible gestures at times, but they were in keeping with his intensely vigorous style. Perhaps the best rule is never to make any gestures if you now you are making them. Spurgeon has an admirable lecture on gesture, illustrated by drawings, which contains all that most speakers need to read on the subject. If an examination of the models makes one feel that he is looking into a looking-glass it will do all the more good.

The causes that produce monotony in delivery are various. Extreme nervousness is one of the worst. No man can go up and down the scale if he is afraid. It is impossible to do so. Self-control is absolutely essential to good speaking.

An untrained voice is very likely to be monotonous. A voice that has been allowed to form bad habits in the way of sing-song is almost certain to continue in one form or another of monotony. Sometimes these habits stick to a man through life. It is almost impossible to break them up when thoroughly formed.

Sluggish thinking is responsible for a great deal of monotony. A live, active mind will usually express itself in a variety of tones unless bad habits of delivery have been formed.

There is one kind of monotony that the best preachers find much difficulty in guarding against—the kind that arises from careful verbal preparation of sermons. The more attention you give to the composition—the more you work on the words—the more you elaborate and prune and polish, the more difficulty you usually find in avoiding a stiff, monotonous delivery. The finer the composition the harder it is to deliver with a pleasing variety of tone.

How can this difficulty be avoided or lessened? To answer such questions is one of the purposes for which we have six colleges.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, D.D.

A great man has passed away. On February 13 Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, breathed his last. Devoted adherent of Presbyterianism as he was, and one of its brightest ornaments, a passing notice of his life and work may be not uninteresting to the Presbyterians of Canada. Born in 1823 near Tibbermuir, Perthshire, he received his university education at St. Andrew's, his career there being a distinguished one, especially in the classes of philosophy. At the termination of his university course, he was ordained and inducted to a charge in the city of Dundee, which he held for four years.

At this time he found opportunity to make a lengthened visit to Germany, and made himself acquainted with its language and theology. In 1849 he was appointed to the parish of Kettins, in Forfar-

shire; and there, in his retired manse, he applied himself closely to study. The most important fruit of his labours, at this period, was the publication of his treatise on "Theism," which received the second Burnett prize of £600—Mr. Thomson, of the Church of England, having obtained the first prize. In 1854 Mr. Tulloch became Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. At first great jealousy was manifested on the part of rivals at the appointment of so young a man. But this all passed away when it became known that the Principal had been successful in obtaining the Burnett prize. From this period onwards to his death, the labours of the Principal were unceasing. And, in all that he undertook, whether as professor, preacher, author or public speaker, he easily held the pre-eminence.

Principal Tulloch was one of the best pulpit orators in Scotland. From youth upwards, he had evidently made the art of speech his special study. Possessed of great natural advantages—of commanding height and fine physique, having a rich and powerful voice, he was enabled to do full justice to his subject in the pulpit. I remember well the first occasion on which I heard him preach. It was in the Town Church of St. Andrew's, a building capable of holding three thousand persons. Principal Tulloch had been asked by the students to preach the annual sermon in connection with the University Missionary Association. The evening was dark and stormy, rain falling heavily. But the church was crowded by an eager audience. Even the seats of the "faithful"—so-called because the remote occupants could with difficulty hear the preacher—were well filled. Dr. Tulloch's theme was, "Christian Unity only to be found in Christ." The preacher showed that difficulties with regard to religion had always existed; that it was hopeless to expect perfect harmony of doctrinal belief among men. Unity was only to be reached by their endeavours to forget common differences in their common faith in Christ. I was too much the raw student then to appreciate the rare ability of the sermon. But I was quite carried away with the eloquence of the preacher. "This is real eloquence," was the thought when the preacher, with a bold sweep of his arm, dashed aside doctrinal differences, and urged men of all sects to unite in common self-surrender to Christ.

This, I believe, was the central thought of the Principal's theology—Jesus Christ, the beginning and the end of religion. Not that he underrated the importance of doctrinal theology. No man perceived more clearly the need of reasoned thought in religion. No man did more to teach the true meaning and to attach due value to dogma as the result of the ratiocination of Christians upon the facts of Christianity. But, at the same time, no one saw more clearly the need of Christians rising above dogma to Jesus Christ, the source of all Christian thought.

It will be impossible, in this hasty notice, to give our readers any but the barest sketch of the literary activity of Principal Tulloch. I have already spoken of his treatise on "Theism." From his pen came in rapid succession "The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of Modern Criticism," in which the author refutes the sceptical theory of Renan as expressed in his "Life of Jesus"; "The Leaders of the Reformation"; "Puritan Leaders"; "The Christian Doctrine of Sin"; "Beginning Life—a Book for Young Men"; "Sermons Preached before the Queen"; and his greatest work: "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the 17th Century."

With regard to literary style, these works are of great merit. Some of his earlier writings, indeed, as for example, his treatise on "Theism," are rather stiff in style, as if the author had not yet become fully accustomed to his instrument. But as work after work proceeded from his pen, they became marked by the highest literary excellence. In his work, "The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of Modern Criticism," he treats his subject in periods as majestic and flaming as those of Renan himself, the cultured member of the French Academy.

If we consider the subject of his writings apart from their style, we find them to be characterized by wisdom and a rare gift of insight. Principal Tulloch looked beneath the surface of things, and laid bare the hidden springs of thought and action. He possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the faculty of interpreting history. In this respect his mind was closely akin to that of the late Dean Stanley. What was a mere col-