

cant relation to a well-appointed teacher. I do not refer to beauty of face for sometimes upon the homeliest features there sit those qualities of soul that transfigure the person until "his face shall shine as the sun and his raiment be as white as the light." I refer rather to that personal appearance that manifests itself in tidiness of person, in neatness of dress, in grace of posture, in correctness of gait, in civility of manner, and in all those graces and amenities, whose silent influence will metamorphose character, and establish right habits in those who are to us as clay in the hands of the potter—but a teacher, I care not if his scholarship approaches perfection, who is careless of his personal appearance, slovenly in his dress, awkward in his gait, boorish in his manners, whose taste for the graceful and the beautiful has not been developed, and who forgets that the way he sits and stands and walks, the way he dresses and addresses, is having a silent and incalculable influence upon the character, life and destiny of all his pupils, is not fit to be in the schoolroom. It is no place for cranks and dudes, for people of eccentricities and idiosyncracies who take more pride in being unique and peculiar than in being civil and gracious. When one's instruction is such as to inspire confidence, then his every attitude will provoke imitation, so that the better the instructor, the more important is it that his personal appearance, his manners, his dress, his conversation, his every movement shall reflect the Christian gentleman.

Time permits me to speak of but one more essential characteristic of the real teacher, a gentle, well-trained cultivated, mellow, musical voice, a voice so attuned to pleasing harmony as to attract the listless, stir the ambitious, inspire the thoughtful. A harsh, rasping, shrieking voice, the mouthing of one's words, carelessness

and lawlessness of utterance are faults so glaring that their toleration is a constant surprise. There is no sense so acute as that of hearing, and it is through the ear rather than the eye that pupils learn the form and use of words. Poor spelling, the absurd application of technical terms, and the strange answers to questions set for an examination are often more the fault of the teacher than the pupil.

A distinct articulation, a clear enunciation, a proper pronunciation, the taking off of one's hat in respectful courtesy to every English word and to every syllable of that word is an all-important culture to one who would be an exemplar of the English language before his pupils. The reading of the English classics in our high schools is something abominable.

In our intense anxiety to teach literature we have abandoned all attention to voice culture, and while I would not sacrifice thought to utterance, they are to my mind inseparable when one is reading aloud. I am not arguing for elocution in its vicious sense, not for Delsarte in its excessive forms, but do I contend that we shall not be able to cultivate a literary sense in our pupils, unless we are able to read literature with a full application of its emotional feeling, and awaken in our pupils such an appreciation of the style as well as the content, that they will be aroused to cultivate the ability to differentiate between the pathetic and the humorous, the didactic and the descriptive, in vocal expression as well as in thought comprehension, and not read the "One Hoss Shay," the "Sermon on the Mount," "The Death of Paul Dombey," and "Rienzi to the Romans," all in the same tone, with no stirring of the passions and no change of the features. This is all out of nature. The young woman standing at the bedside of a dying mother, the young man, with all his nerves at full