

It is the public playground of all the furies or imps of passion. If you come before your pupils, after dinner, your countenance gross and stupid with animal excess, do you suppose the school will not instinctively feel the sensual oppression, and know Silenus by his looks? A teacher has only partially comprehended the familiar powers of his place who has left out the lessons of his own countenance. *There* is a perpetual picture which his pupils study as unconsciously as he exhibits it. His plans will miscarry if he expects a genial and nourishing session when he enters with a face blacker than the black-board. And very often he may fail entirely to account for a section of rapid and sympathetic progress, which was really due to the bright interpretations and conciliatory overtures glancing unconsciously from his eyes, or subtly interwoven in the lines of frankness and good-will about his lips. The eye itself alone, in its regal power and port, is the born prince of a school-room. He answers a score of questions, or anticipates them by a glance.

Another of these unconscious educatory forces is the voice; the most evanescent and fugitive of things, yet the most reliable as a revealer of moral secrets. The voice, I mean, now, not as an articulate medium of thought—that would be its *conscious* function, and that we here expressly set aside—but the voice as a simple sound, irrespective of syllables, and by its quality and volume, by tone, modulation, wave and cadence, disclosing a disposition in the heart. I have no doubt that the unexplained reason why some persons remain strangely repulsive to us, in spite of our resolute efforts to overcome the aversion, may be owing to some uncongenial quality betokened only in the tones of the voice. And it is familiar how the magic of a euphony,

made musical and gracious by pity and love, wins wonderful convictions. I remember hearing a thoughtful person, of fine moral intuitions, who had been a little tormented by the eccentricities of a man of genius, say that all his annoyances vanished before the marvelously affecting pathos with which this odd visitor spoke the single word *Good-night*.

Still another of the silent but formative agencies in education is that combination of physical signs and motions which we designate in the aggregate as *manners*. Some one has said, "A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; but a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form. It is the finest of fine arts. It abolishes all considerations of magnitude, and equals the majesty of the world." A treatise that should philosophically exhibit the relative proportion of text-books and mere manners, in their effects on the whole being of a pupil, would probably offer matter for surprise and for use. The young, quite as readily as the old, detect a sensible and kind and high-hearted nature, or its opposite, through this visible system of characters, but they draw their conclusion without knowing any such process, as unconsciously as the manner itself is worn.

Manners also react upon the mind that produces them, just as they themselves are reacted upon by the dress in which they appear. It used to be a saying among the old-school gentlemen and ladies, that a courtly bow could not be made without a handsome stocking and slipper. Then there is a connection more sacred still between the manners and the affections. They act magically on the springs of feeling. They teach us love and hate, indifference and zeal. A noble and attractive everyday bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. If lofty sen-