

"Do tell me, have you got to speak on Ancient History?" said Rose, looking up.

"Of course not, child! Question reads: 'Resolved, that the fear of punishment has a better effect on mankind than the hope of reward.' I argue that it has. I think exactly the reverse, mind you; but when we make speeches, we do it for the sake of argument, you see."

"Do *you*?" laughed Rose. "Well, I suppose the fact is, you want me to help you write your speech—that is what you were going to say, is n't it?"

"Me?" said Will, in dignified amazement. "Great help you would be! You can write 'moonlight' pieces, and such nonsense, for the Lyceum paper; but what do you know about logic? Now, you see, this sort of thing just suits my turn of mind, Rose.—I'm going off into the library, and do n't you let any one disturb me till supper-time. I shall write like a telegraph, for my mind is in the potentia! mood, present tense."

Rose pressed her lips together just in time to prevent a provoking smile. She had her own private convictions as to the success Will would have in writing. She remembered certain 'compositions' which had been wrenched out of his head like sound teeth.

Will locked himself into the library and tried to collect his thoughts. In the course of an hour, the exultant expression had left his face: he began to look puzzled.

"Oh, bother this writing!" sighed he. "I can't piece the sentences together without making an ugly seam. If I could only get a start now! It's like a spool of thread; if you begin right, it will unwind ever so easy—but I can't get hold of the end!"

Two hours more. Will's speech, which he had intended should be an iron chain of argument, bedecked with flowers of rhetoric, where was it? Farther off than ever. His thoughts would not come at call; they believed in "State sovereignty," and paid no respect to the "Federal head."

"Look here, Rose," said Will, next morning, looking rather sheepish, "you girls have the knack of fixing things up. I've got ideas enough—fact is, I've got too many. All that plagues me, is what to do with 'em. Suppose I tell you what to write, and you write it? Now that's a good girl Rose. I'll do as much for you sometime."

Rose kindly refrained from saying, "Just as I expected," and only took the pencil and paper from her brother with a pleasant smile.

"Now," said Will, greatly relieved to find he was not being laughed at, "I want the speech to be real sound, you know, and sort of elegant, too. I must get in something about Demosthenes, or some of those fellows, and that golden-mouthed what's-his-name. Something about the settlement of America, and scaring the Quakers. Put in that Bible verse, 'Do n't spare the rod, or you'll spoil the child.' Say it's an awful thing to bring children up to expect presents instead of whippings—there's the point of the argument, you know,—and wind off with some poetry; it won't make much difference what."

Well, William Lawrence," said Rose, in despair, "I should think your brains had been churned! You've been chasing some great ideas about till you're dizzy, that's what it is. Now sit down, and let's talk about it awhile before we begin."

Will obeyed in a humble state of mind, very much ashamed of himself for appealing to Rose, who was only a girl and did not understand logic, yet very grateful to her, after all.

Fortunately, she seemed to understand his confused ideas far better than he did, and in due time they had together composed what Will regarded as a sensation speech, commencing with 'Mr. President,' and ending with a few deep lines from Milton.

"Now, Rose," said Will, "that's just about the thing! But I found the ideas, *did n't* I? I'll learn it by heart, and see if I do n't deliver it with a grand flourish! There's a great deal, you know, in the gestures. I's enough to make you ache to see how stiff some of the fellows stand when they speak! They get scared, I suppose."

But Will exulted too soon. People are very brave before they have ever had a tooth out, and boys are very brave before they have ever tried to speak in public.

Will thought he was not afraid of anything, but when called out to speak he felt as if the joints in his body had all turned to hard wood, and would n't bend. He supposed he was walking, but could not tell how he did it. He heard a suppressed titter from the little boys, and the eyes of the audience seemed to prick through his nerves like needles. Everybody took a savage pleasure in his misery, that was plain. Oh! to think he should ever have laughed at boys for being stiff, when they *could n't* bend!

He made his bow to the wrong side, and turned his back to the President.

"Mr. President," said he, in a whisper, wheeling right about face. "Mr. President—sir," repeated he, in a hoarse voice, that sounded to him as if it came from some other boy's throat.

"Mr. Lawrence," replied the President, smiling encouragingly. But if Will had been trying to get possession of a rainbow, or a flash of lightning, he could have caught either of them as soon as one word of his speech. Whither had it fled? Five minutes ago he had it by heart.

"Mr. President," he began again, in desperation. "I will ask to be excused," thought the poor boy, "and then rush out of the house and hide where nobody will ever set eyes on me again."

But Rose, meeting his glance, nodded with a smile that said, "Don't give up, Will." She did not seem to be ashamed of him. And Rose's friend, that wicked little Fanny Warner, was laughing and whispering to somebody, and Will was sure she was saying, "That's what I call a smart boy!" Cruel joke!

Will's pride was touched in a moment. The speech would not come back to him, to be sure; but he was determined to say something.

"The question is—ahem—Mr. President, 'Does the fear of reward have a greater effect on mankind, sir, than the hope of punishment?' I contend that it has. If I was in the army, Mr. President, I should want to be promoted, I hope, and that would help me some; but, I tell you, if I got into a fix, sir, as the men did at Pittsburgh, and wanted to back out, the *fear* of being a coward would make the fight come, and I would n't give in, no, not if I died for it! They should n't have it to say *I run!*"

"Now, Mr. President, I've forgotten my speech, and if it was n't for the fear of getting laughed at, I would n't have said a word. You might know I did n't speak for the hope of getting clapped! That's all I've got to say, sir."

But Will did get clapped most heartily. And next day, when he showed his teacher the elaborate speech which never was spoken, Mr. Garland declared that, in spite of the closing verse of Milton's, he liked the off-hand speech better, because it was a great deal more natural, and not at all far-fetched.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

## EDUCATION.

### Graduation in Teaching and Training.

(Continued from our last.)

#### § 6. The Note of Exclamation (!).

The pauses after this note are also quite indefinite as to quantity of time. And as it is of much value in fixing or determining the meaning, as well as in marking out the emotional character of parts of composition, too much attention cannot be paid to the proper reading of those parts of composition *correctly marked* by it. In reading what is marked by this note, the four following things require to be practically studied:

1. The prolonged or hurried enunciation of words noted by it.
2. The emotional tone of voice which their reading requires, as high or low, loud or soft, sharp or mellow, &c.
3. That *impassioned character of voice* requisite for giving proper effect to the words to which it is annexed.
4. The varied length of its pauses.

#### Illustrative Examples.

1. O God, who is like unto Thee! O Thou Holy One of Israel! —(Enunciation prolonged,—tone solemn, indicative of reverence.) How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! —(Enunciation slow and emphatic.)

My dear Edward, how happy I am to see you! —to see you well! —(Movement of the voice considerably quicker than in the preceding examples—tone expressive of a tender buoyant state of feeling, —pronunciation distinct—making a kind of semi-pause between each word.)

Why, here comes Charles! sprightly and gay! —(Movement of the voice quick—words *closely united* in reading them—tone lively.)

2. Awake 'arise' or be forever fallen! —(Tone high, authoritative and commanding—expressive of courage—each word pronounced with distinctive force.)