

uncouth with vulgarity. How delightfully it lends itself to the expression of culture and refinement, and how wofully it becomes discordant when traits and tempers are unlovely. It divulges ambition, betrays weaknesses, hints at what one is, and what one may be.

There are voices honest but gruff, it is true, voices with a decided ring of truth that are graceless; but truth and refinement are eventually wont to find expression in words intonated with a gracious charm.

What an endless variety of voices one's memory can conjure up—voices sweet and low, like Annie Laurie's, that fall on a tired humanity like a benediction, and voices harsh and shrill, that inspire no tender emotion in poet or sentimentalist. Some are a monotonous succession of head notes, while others in not unpleasant contrast issue *de profundis*. The distinct, unmistakable notes of the scold, whose disembodied spirit Burns described as "aloft and imitating thunder," are happily heard as a rarity, and occasionally only one is startled by what suggests the going off of a non-intermittent alarm. There are rasping voices and rollicking voices, squeaky voices and squalling voices, wiry voices and witching voices, stentorian tones that are repellant, and voices full of music that fascinate one to attention.

Perhaps the most disagreeable trait of which the human voice is susceptible is what has been called in musical critique "strenuous blatancy," as if one conscious of the inadequacy of one's words to influence made effort to add to their weight by an accompaniment of physical force, thrusting them out as it were with main strength. Voices may be varied with a pleasing variety of inflection, warmed by a genial sympathy, rounded out with intensity of feeling, magnetic with thought, musical with meaning, and still agreeably free from the effort which so detracts from artistic effect. The art of expressing what one feels and