

ted before or since. Here Louis the Fourteenth, surrounded by wit and beauty, held his gay and voluptuous court while his heyday of prosperity lasted. Ultimately, Louis Philippe converted the Palaces of Versailles into their present character of a great national gallery for works of art illustrative of the military glory of France. Exterior and interior are ornamented with every tasteful architectural device, while the walls and vacant spaces are crowded with paintings and statuary. The paintings are war scenes chiefly—and lovely women. The military subjects predominate also in the matchless collection of the Louvre in Paris. Such paintings are calculated to stimulate and perpetuate that diseased military vanity which has caused poor France many a will-o'-the-wisp chase, and which, in 1870, led the country into the quagmire of defeat and ruin. But how shall I describe the Versailles garden, with its hundreds of playing fountains; its velvety lawns and plots of flowers; its choice statuary; its orangery, with more than a thousand orange trees in full bloom; its winding rural walks through cool woodland glades (amid the stillness of the forest primeval), unbroken save now and then by the gentle sighing of the wind among the trees? The gardens include a river and a lake, with a miniature Swiss village on its bank; and on an island in the centre a pretty temple known as the temple of love. The circumference of the park is nearly fifty miles. If the visitor to Paris

has to miss everything else, let him see Versailles.

Let us now take our seats once more on the upper story of one of those open two-storied cars, and ride back to Paris, on our way obtaining a good passing view of the suburban fortifications of the city. A sad sight in Paris is the destruction on the Tuilleries and *Palais Royale* wrought by the Frenzied Communists—statues thrown down, and magnificent buildings half demolished, and all blackened and charred. The French have not as yet proved themselves capable of self-government; and such senseless acts as those committed by the Commune hold out little hope of early betterment. Let us hope that the lessons of the recent war may not be lost on the vanquished, and that happily the conflict may thus fulfil the office of wholesome if unpalatable medicine. The people give few evidences, however, of any subjugation of the volatile and pleasure-loving spirit. On Sundays, especially, do they give themselves full rein. A continental Sunday is a sad mixture. The people, especially the women, go faithfully to their early and later masses in the gorgeous Catholic churches, where their splendid organs and choirs make the vaulted roofs ring with harmony, and where French taste covers the altars with flowers. The rest of the day is devoted to boating, listening to the bands, horse-racing, dog fights, theatricals, and every form of amusement.

COMMON SENSE IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

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It is not the intention of the writer to treat upon this subject as a branch of metaphysical study, as elaborated in the opposing theories of Berkley, Reid and Hume, but, simply, to offer a few suggestions upon the advantages of mingling a

little common sense with the usual routine of scholastic training. For while it is true that we cannot intuitively perceive or acquire the truths of either physical or metaphysical philosophy by the exercise of common sense, yet we can, by its exercise,