

The entire subject is earnestly commended to the attention of teachers, with the hope that some method of "keeping accounts" with pupils may be adopted in every school. Not that every portion of school routine should be tested by the application of dry statistics, but that the general principle of personal responsibility be impressed upon every pupil, and be exacted by every teacher. Due allowance must of course be made for temperament and ability. The same rigid rule will not ap-

ply in every case. Effort and intention must always be taken into account, and upon these the teacher's judgment must be formed. But apart from these considerations, there must be no departure from inflexible impartiality. The pupil who enjoys the teacher's favor must have earned it. Any inclination to favor unduly this trustee's daughter, or that gentleman's son, will destroy public confidence, and make the teacher's book-keeping a jest and a reproach.

GLIMPSES OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

BY JOHN CAMERON, LONDON, ONTARIO.

We enter France by way of Dieppe, from whence we push on to Paris. The French are an exceedingly affable and polite people, whether as hotel-keepers, cab-drivers, porters, policemen, railway conductors, or customs examiners. This is a decidedly attractive trait of character, and one which can wonderfully smooth down the jolts of life. It is pleasanter to be refused by a polite man than obliged in a surly manner. It is but fair to say here, that there are kind-hearted people in plenty all over the world. My own experience in mixing with people of various nationalities was invariably this: that where I brought politeness, I received politeness in return. Is it not just possible, that in those cases in which we complain that people are impolite, and stiff, and so forth, that a portion, at least, of the fault lies with ourselves?

But here we are in the beautiful city of Paris—and a beautiful city it truly is! Its streets are wide, scrupulously clean, and lined with rows of carefully trimmed trees. Its wide avenues are sure to include in their prospect some handsome arch of triumph or commemorative statue. Its magnificent rows of buildings are white and

clean—very unlike those of London, blackened by smoke and fog. There are numerous parks, where handsome carriages dash along; where the pleasure-loving people saunter; where the bands play; where the children romp; and where white-capped dames sit under the trees at their sewing. Along the sidewalks, in front of the *cafés*, too, will be seen groups, sitting around little white tables, sipping and chatting.

Instead of attempting the task of describing the notable churches and buildings of Paris, let me with your leave conduct you to Versailles, about fourteen miles from the city. Versailles was originally a wild hunting forest, where the boar and stag furnished sport for royal lovers of the chase. Part of it was almost a quagmire. Louis the XIV., however, about two hundred years ago, made up his mind to have it transformed into a royal residence and park. The magnificent pile of palace buildings took eleven years to build. Engineering skill and taste were brought into play to drain the morass, and to furnish water for the fountains. Some £40,000,000 sterling were expended. The result was the erection of the most magnificent place of the kind ever construc-