

Supposing now that any critic inquires whether teachers are really never in need of prohibitive supervision, the answer must be, "Yes, some of them are." Among teachers there are coarse, dull people—ill-bred, ill-educated, callous, and cruel. The writer has known men who had no pity in them; men to whom the sight of a child's tears brought no sorrow. Considering how teachers are often pitchforked into the profession, how they are sometimes left half-cultured, and how the discipline of their colleges tends to convert the worst of

them into overgrown charity boys, the wonder is that there are not more black sheep among them. But penal regulations should not be applied to a whole class because of the doings of a few individuals. Let the individuals who do wrong suffer. If with all the corps of inspectors and managers it is impossible to get at the delinquents, then the managers and inspectors have no reason for continuing to hold office; if they are of any use, then it should be impossible for a cruel man to hold a post in school for a single year.—J. R., in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

LETTERS FROM A CANADIAN STUDENT ABROAD.

I. PARIS.

Berlin, Oct. 23rd, 1883.

MY DEAR B.—

AFTER a short stay in England, I came to Paris in the beginning of February, and I remained there till the 4th of August. The city of Paris affords great facilities to a foreigner, not only for enjoyment but also for instruction. It is not only the pleasure-loving capital, but it is also a great centre of intellectual life. I need not tell you about the Louvre with its wondrous collections of paintings and sculptures, or the Luxembourg, the gallery which best displays the modern sensuist style both in painting and sculpture, nor will it be necessary to speak about the magnificent churches which one finds in the great metropolis. These have been so often described that you are doubtless familiar with them. Père la chaise, the great burial ground, is celebrated, but one can hardly say that it is on account of

the beauty of the graves or monuments that are to be found in it. A very few only can put forward pretensions in that respect. It is interesting, as well as conducive to much sober thinking to pass through a city containing such illustrious names which, though dead, yet seem to speak to one out of the past, as one wanders along where their mortal remains were laid. Few cities possess so many sights to interest as does Paris. Besides those I have mentioned there are the Pantheon, the Invalides with the magnificent tomb of Napoleon, the Gobelins tapestry manufacture, and outside of Paris, Versailles, with its halls, galleries of pictures, its gorgeous fountains and artistically laid out park, all speaking of the pleasure-loving age of Louis XIV., when money wrung from a luckless populace was lavished with so free a hand, Sevres, with the porcelain manufacture, St. Cloud, with its ruined palace and grounds and the