

to see the teachers of the country holding such a position as is warranted by the importance and value of their work. — *Ibid.*

Labourers in the Vineyard.

(By a Female National Teacher in *The Irish Teachers' Journal*.)

Ho! ye who truly labour to educate the mind,
To make its secret breathings exalted and refined,
While striving to awaken the dull and torpid brain,
May hope and smiling patience your weary arms sustain,
And lead you through the windings where ignorance would reign.

Ho! ye who by the meadows where wild flowers spread their sweets,
Or where cathedral spires tower up the city's streets,
Have gleaned the page of knowledge, to God's young children bright
Unfold the lore ye gathered, oft in the silent night,
And smooth for them the passes of learning's mazy height.

Ho! ye whose understandings are lit by wisdom's lamp,
Whose love for education no selfish motives cramp,
Relax not in your efforts, it envious tongues assail,
The might of rightful motives will in the end prevail,
And send all party clamour like chaff before the gale.

Ho! ye small few, who deem not a drudgery is the task,
The reasoning powers of children all slowly to unmask,
When ye are doomed to witness small fruits your cares repay,
Look from the gloomy present to some bright future day,
And sweet hope undaunted in cheering accents say—

O labour for the future, O labour to instil
The rightful train of thinking, the pure unselfish will:
This noble seed will flourish when years have passed away,
Bearing your mortal body back to its kindred clay,
To wait the glorious dawning of the eternal day.

Ho! all who use your talents in learning's sacred cause,
Whether unknown and humble, or winning just applause,
The greatness of your calling most fully recognise,
In all its solemn import, its high ennobling ties,
And yours will be the guerdon, the never-failing prize.

Thirty-Five Pounds Per Annum.

Why should I blush to own I love to fare
On somewhat more substantial food than air?
Like Woodsworth's heroine, not too bright and good
For raiment, shelter, and for daily food.
But tell me, Stuart Mill, can I contrive
To get all these for Thirty-Five?

Why should I blush to own I love to be
Among my peers, in mind and action free?
Accused, why are those rights to me denied
For which our common ancestors have died?
Spirit of Sidney, then, can I afford
To be the vassal of a Board?

Why should I blush to own I love to rear
The tender thought—to me vocation dear?
But be my spirits crushed, and all the day
Let cankering care assert its baneful sway:
Tell me, philosophers, is this the plan
To make each youth a noble man?

Why should I blush to own I love to try
My art upon the dull, the backward, shy?
Such shine not in the school, but, tended well,
In life's great battle oftentimes excel,—
But payment for results, our modern cry,
Shouts sternly—Dunces, Dullards, die!

Scottish Journal of Education.

The Work of the Incendiary in Paris.

(Compiled from English and Irish Papers.)

The following sketch of the principal buildings sacrificed to the monstrous vengeance of the Commune, will be read with a melancholy interest:

THE TUILERIES.

The Tuileries is now but "a mass of smouldering ashes." A short time ago it was the principal State residence in Paris. The ground on which it stood was once a tile-yard, and was bought by Francis I. to please his mother, Louise de Savoie, who thought the air better than that at the Palais des Tournelles. Catherine de Medicis, with Delorme for the architect, began the new edifice; Henri IV. built the large wing towards the Quai, Louis XIV. the corresponding one on the Rue de Rivoli and Louis Philippe that part which is on the right of the centre. Until late years the Tuileries was seldom used as a Royal residence. Neither Catherine de Medicis nor her sons lived there, Henry IV. only as a visitor, Louis XIV. on occasions of banquets, Louis XV. as a minor, and Louis XVI. as a prisoner. Our readers are familiar with the part played by the Tuileries in the great revolution from the day of October 1795, the day of the Sections, when Bonaparte delivered his whiff of grapeshot in defence of the Convention, then sitting in the Salle des Machines. Soon afterwards the First Consul was installed there, and from his time to the present the palace has been inhabited by the monarchs of France. In the revolution of 1830 the Tuileries was sacked, and the furniture plundered or destroyed; it was restored to its splendour by Louis Philippe and here lived the Citizen King until the 24th of February, 1848, when with the Queen and his family he fled along the river terrace of the garden to the Place de la Concorde, where he entered a carriage and escaped to the coast. The mob broke into the palace, carrying away the throne, which they burnt in the Place de la Bastille, and doing other damage. A party of Ruffians established themselves in the Royal apartments, drinking from the cellars for ten days. The Tuileries then became an hospital for the wounded, an Exhibition of Pictures, and, since 1851, the home of Napoleon III. The flight of the Empress, the finding of the Secret Papers, and the concerts given by the Commune are its last historical episodes before the recent catastrophe.

The façade of the Tuileries was nearly 1000 ft. long, irregular in architecture, but picturesque and imposing from its mass. The centre, and the north and south wings, were called respectively the Pavillon de l'Horloge, the Pavillon de Flore, and the Pavillon Marsan. Under the late Empire, the Tuileries was shown to visitors. The State staircase led to the Salle de la Paix, a white and gold ball-room, which in its turn led to the Salle des Maréchaux, which extended the whole depth of the Palace and the height of two floors, and was one of the most splendid and gorgeously-decorated halls in Paris. Doors led from the Salle des Maréchaux, on the right, to the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress, on the left, through the Salle du Premier Consul, used as a card-room; the Salle d'Apollon; the Salle du Trône, where a new throne replaced that which was burnt by the mob in 1848, and the Galerie de Diane, the Imperial dining-room.

THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre consists of an old and new Louvre. The old Louvre forms nearly a square 576 feet long and 538 wide, enclosing a quadrangle of 400 feet square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art. The eastern façade is a colonnade of 28 coupled Corinthian columns, and is one of the finest works of architecture of any age or country. The new Louvre was inaugurated August 17, 1857, and consists of two lateral piles of buildings projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries which join the old Louvre to the Tuileries. These present on the east side a frontage of nearly 300 feet intersected by three grand pavilions, containing space for Government offices, the library, and exhibition of fine arts. On the other side of the square are galleries set apart for periodical exhibitions of the works of living artists. Napoleon I. converted the place into a national museum, into which he gathered both the art treasures of France and all the spoils of his early victorious campaigns. At the Restoration most of these spoils were returned to the countries who owned them; but the treasures which remained and those which have since been added make the Louvre one of the first museums and galleries in the world. As regards numbers of works of fine arts it is certainly the largest, and many persons have thought it on the whole the finest. Under the late Emperor the whole collection was re-arranged, excellent catalogues were published, and very great additions made in every department. The magnificent collections of the Marquess Campana, of Rome, were purchased in 1861 for nearly £200,000, and form the most important portion of the Musée Napoleon III.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The Hotel de Ville, a magnificent structure, dated in part from 1628. The additions of 1842 to this municipal palace cost £640,000, and some of the saloons were the most gorgeous in Paris, perhaps in the world. Here in the days gone by the Prefect of the Seine was wont to entertain