the class—first as scholar, then as teacher—may be considered, therefore, as essential.

IV.—A FAIR ENGLISH EDUCATION AND BUSINESS TRAINING.

A fair English education and business training gives a superintendent an almost inestimable advantage. Our system of education in Canada is generally conceded to be one of the best in the world. The sons and daughters of the dominion are in this respect highly privileged, and the boy or girl who at the age of twelve or fourteen is unable to speak grammatically is far behind the age.

I maintain, therefore, that the superintendent should be at least on a par with his scholars in this respect.

Instances might be adduced that would illustrate the effect of ungrammatical deliverances from the desk. A superintendent is often called upon to represent his school at public gatherings, and the character of his speech often affects the idea of those whom he addresses as to the educational standard of his teachers, and of his school.

Business habits are also prominent in the ideal superintendent, especially in his elaboration of a system, and in the conduct of teachers' meetings.

V.—PROMPTITUDE.

The fifth point, viz., ability to speak to teachers and children publicly, and the exercise of quickness, promptitude and tact in the direction of the school machinery has already been incidentally alluded to. A *slow* superintendent should not be tolerated. Probably most of us have seen superintendents *late* at school,—altogether oblivious of the clock,—ringing the order bell when it *should not be rung*, and forgetting to ring it when it *should be rung*, reading passages from God's word foreign to the subject of the lesson, and praying at inordinate length—the teachers consequently fidgety and pulling out their watches, and the little-ones playing, reading, or meditating in the land of Nod. Now all this would not *be* were the qualities of quickness, promptitude and tact possessed by the superintendent.

VI.—FIRMNESS AND KINDNESS.

Firmness of character, aimiability of temperament and kindness of heart are so necessary, that I need scracely do more than mention them. It will occur to some of the friends here, perhaps, that the ideal superintendent would always be acceptible to his teachers when free from the obligations of business life. If he had a house, he would open it to his teachers, and would encourage his teachers to open theirs to others.

VII.—SYMPATHY.

The seventh and last essential cannot be dispensed with in the ideal we have before us. He is sympathetic. He weeps at the side of the little coffin, and helps in strewing flowers over the sleeping dust. He joins in the loud and merry laughter at the picnic, and helps the fairy hands in the twining of wild flowers on the hillside.

Our ideal loves his Sabbath school with all the warmth of his heart's best love. He clings about it with ivy tenacity, and should death or circumstances sever him from it, the joy or the sorrow would reveal the proportions of his heart.

Next to the pastorate of a church, I know of no office so important and responsible as that of superintendent of a Sunday school, and as sympathy and an earnest desire to preach the Gospel are pre-eminently essentials in the former, they are certainly not less so in the latter. If our ears are attuned, we shall hear the child in innocent pleading ask,—

"A fountain to wash in," where is it? what is it? "A crop," who bore it? "Suffer little children to come unto Me," who said it? The manger cradle, the "growth in wisdom and in stature," the life of love and mercy, the tears of dark Gethsemane, the cross, the tomb, the throne, what has all this to do with me? Listen to this heart-cry, brethren, in the toiling. The ideal superintendent cannot help listening; and he tells out of the fulness of his heart the story again and again. He thinks of, prays for, dreams of his school. Songs in the night break upon his ear. "I hear thy welcome voice," and yonder, "Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole," and yet again, "Beautiful Zion built above." These are his "votes of thanks," for his life-work. Well may such a superintendent say, when his triumphs and toils here are ended: "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

We now have our ideal—the picture is before us. Let teachers help their superintendents in striving to reach the ideal, in their endeavour to copy the picture.

VICTOR HUGO'S IDEAL POPE.

A few months ago a little book in verse was published by Victor Hugo, entitled "Le Pape," of which very little has been said in America, and yet it is quite worthy of notice on account of its original conception, its life-like pictures, and its severe blows at the Papacy. It has had a wide circulation in France, where anything in this line is now eagerly sought after.

The great poet first presents to us the Pope in his bed at the Vatican, yielding to sleep. Then we are made to listen to the words uttered by the "Holy Father" in his dreams. His interview with the kings is quite characteristic. He opposes their pretensions, affirming that God has not made kings, and that man is equal to man. The kings are astonished, and ask the Pope if he is not himself a king, to which he replies, "I? to reign? Not I!" "Then what do you do?" "I *love*," answers the Roman pontiff. The next scene, for this dream is a little drama, the Pope, from the steps of the Vatican, speaks to the city of Rome and to the world:

"Listen! O ye men, covered with shadows, and whom servile imposture has so long led astray! the sceptre is vain, the throne is black, the purple is vile. Whoever you are, sons of the Father, listen one and all! There is under the great heavens but one purple, love; but one throne, innocence. The dawn and the dark night struggle in man as two combatants striving to kill each other; the priest is a pilot; he must accustom himself to the light, so that his soul may be illumined. All seek to grow in the sunlight, the flower, man, thought. . . . I am blind like you all, my friends! I am ignorant of man, of God and of the world. Three crowns have been placed on my brow the symbols of a three-fold ignorance. He who is called a pope is clothed with appearances. Men who are my brethren seem to be my valets; I know not why I dwell in this palace; I know not why I wear a diadem. They call me Lord of Lords, Supreme Chief, Sovereign Pontiff, King by Heaven chosen. O peoples, nations, listen! I have discovered that I am a poor man. Hence I depart from this palace, hoping that this gold will pardon me, and that this wealth and all these treasures and the frightful luxury from which I escape, will not curse me to have lived in this purple, I a phantom, who am made to dwell under the thatch. Human conscience is my sister; I am going to commune with her. . . . As Noah went out of the ark thoughtful, so I leave this palace. . . . I set out to run to the help of every mind that doubts and every heart that sinks. I go into the deserts, in the hamlets, wandering among the briars and the stones of the ravine as did Jesus, the Divine barefooted one. He who owns nothing takes possession of the world when he mingles with humanity, cheers hearts, increases faith and gives life to souls. I give up the earth to kings, I restore Rome to the Romans. . . . Let me pass, people. Adieu, Rome."

Thus the Pope takes leave of the purple of the Vatican to go on errands of beneficence to men. He soon meets the Patriarch of the Eastern Church, who does not recognize him at first in the dress of a poor pilgrim. A long conversation takes place between these two great dignitaries, from which we must quote:

The Patriarch—"It is you, Father, wrapped up in a shroud!"

The Pope—"I am sad."

The Patriarch—"You, the first on the earth!"

The Pope—"Alas!"

The Patriarch—"What makes you sad?"

The Pope—"The grief of all and thy joy."

Advancing a step and looking steadfastly at the Patriarch, he continues. "Priest, men are suffering, and odious luxury surrounds thee. Commence by throwing down thy crown. The crown spoils the halo of glory. Choose thou between the gold of earth and the splendour of heaven."

The converted Pontiff is very eloquent in denouncing the vain pomp he has forsaken, and expresses deep sympathies for the sufferings of the poor, to whom he advises the Patriarch to give his treasures. His condemnation of the gross worship of Rome is very graphic. "We, priests," he says, "we old men, wearing furbelows, more loaded with jewels than courtesans . . . we offer and show to the astonished crowds, under the purple of a dais and the folds of a camail, a little rose-coloured God with eyes of enamel! a Jesus made of pasteboard, a Jehovah of wax! We carry Him about and cause Him to glitter, while we sing, and walk slowly for fear that a jolt, in shaking the altar, might break the Most High!"

Those of our readers who have witnessed Catholic processions on great holidays will recognize this picture.

Victor Hugo goes on in his bold style to denounce the shameful perversions of Christianity, attributing some of the evils of social life to a clerical princely extravagance and imbecility. "We exhaust Golconda," he says, "to clothe nothingness, and, during that time, vice rises as a giant. . . . I repeat it; you may light up all your wax candles, go around the temple in procession two and two, you will not prevent this from being hideous!"

The subject of Infallibility has inspired the great poet with the most burning sarcasm that was ever written. After picturing the false idea of God as exhibited in the Romish Church, especially to the ignorant, he continues: "Lugubrious derision! Insult to the firmament. . . . Eternal, I am thy equal, I am the authority, I am certitude, and my isolation, O God, is worth Thy solitude. . . . I know the end of all things. I hold Thee, O God, my key opens Thee; I can thoroughly sound Thee; and my eye reaches Thy very depths. In this dark universe, I am the only one who sees. I cannot err, and Thou, O Jehovah, art bound by what I decide. When I have said, 'Here is the truth,' all is said. . . . Thou must bow Thy great forehead in the heavens! The starry car runs on two axle-trees, God and the Pope."

The ideas of Victor Hugo on war and the death penalty are successively expressed very eloquently by the dreaming Pope, who finally seeks a refuge in Jerusalem, saying, "I take Jerusalem, and leave Rome to you. I come to kneel at God's threshold. Jerusalem is the true place. I feel myself real on the austere mount. The capital has the shadow, but Calvary has the soul. Near me I feel palpitate the great heart of Jesus. O kings, I hate the purple, but I love the shroud; I inhabit life, you dwell in death."

And finally the self-styled vicar of Christ awakes from his sleep, exclaiming, "What a frightful dream I have just had!"

As in every book that Victor Hugo writes, there are strange expressions and bold applications of words that his *confreres* of the French Academy would not approve, but in spite of these peculiarities, this little book contains many original thoughts very strikingly expressed.—*Rev. Narcisse Cyr in Boston Watchman.*

WHO CAN SHOW US A PERFECT WAY?

Every mother has a theory of her own, entirely distinct from any of her associates, with reference to the mode in which she intends to bring up her children; at least every mother who gives any care or thought to the subject. There are some, we grieve to say, whose children "just come up," with no mother's hand to guide them, and if they attain to a true and noble maturity it is only because God unseen leads them safely. No thanks to the mother if the world is better or richer because they were born into it. But if through bad examples and influences they step aside from the straight and narrow path into by and forbidden ways and are ruined, woe to such mothers when they are called to give a true account of their stewardship!

But there are a large class of mothers whose earnest desire is to guide their children safely, always en-