

FAITHFUL PHILIP.

(By *Mercutio.*)

Faithful Philip came from Somewhere, in the
spring of Eighty-three,
With a carpet-bag and promise of a future
fair and free,
Came to take a junior clerkship in the inside
P. L. D.

Born of wise and thrifty parents, he had
learned the simple rule;
To be watchful, patient, sober, whether on a
throne or stool,
Far outweighs the merchant's silver and the
wisdom of the school.

Yet he knew the need of money, thought
about the rainy day,
Knew the need of knowledge also, sought
for it in law and lay,
Using both the sense God gave him and the
cents received as pay.

Thus equipped he started bravely, each day
finding something new,
Holding fast the facts he conquered, proving
one and one makes two,
Always ready with his data when a case was
in review.

Seven years he toiled and waited, like as
Jacob did of yore;
Then he made an application for promotion
on the score
Of efficient service only.—Seven years he
waited more.

Cabinets appeared and vanished, headmen
came and headmen went;
Faithful Philip saw the changes, yet no
change he underwent,
Save a trifle as to eyesight, and his back
was slightly bent.

Forty youngsters came behind him, thirty of
them went ahead,
Cousins of the mighty living nephews of the
mighty dead;
Philip bit his lip and murmured, "He will
see his sparrows fed."

Fourteen years of faithful service saw him in
the same old place,
With his pride a little weakened, found him
asking as a grace
What he asked before as justice.—Answer?
See preceding case.

Never after that did Philip seek a favour,
claim his due.

Time had taught the dogged lesson that it
teaches me and you:—

When a blockhead dubs you blockhead, best
accept the blockhead's view.

Respite came at length one winter, and the
long release from pain.

"Just," said one, "a general breakup; one
said, "Mortgage on the brain,"

As we journeyed off to Beechwood in the
slow and solemn train.

Now in Philip's chair is sitting Mr. Reginald
de Bluff,

Has a staff and secretary, is considered up
to snuff,

Handy also with the bellows when he needs
a little puff.

"Ah," he says, "my predecessor was a care-
ful man you know,

Kept affairs in first class order, but he some-
how lacked the Go;

I have made this work important, as the
pay-lists clearly show."

R. de Bluff is never grander than when
Acting-Deputy.

Loves to flourish off his letters "A. D. M. of
P. L. D."

While old Philip down at Beechwood is con-
tent with "R. I. P."

Moral? There is none, my youngster; quite
immoral, I should say,

That a man who does his utmost should
receive a sluggard's pay.

That was years ago, however; no one can
complain to-day.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SER-
VICE.

By John S. Ewart, K.C.

Recent changes indicate the prob-
ability that merit will count for more
than influence in future promotions.
In the past there has been, I am
afraid, too little incentive to efficiency,
too little hope of reward of capabil-
ity and usefulness, and consequently
too little real ambition. If, now, we
are to have a service in which the