

do know something about the methods of procedure, and this should give you confidence in me,—as some of the other candidates have already done." He paused for a moment and then proceeded.

"When you have well warmed up your subject, and see that your audience is wrapped up in your eloquence, fire a round shot at the Pope of Rome. Don't wait to see the effect, but follow it up with a charge of grape-shot at Catholics in general, and another at my parishioners in particular. Then load again,—with a bullet only—and take a shot—a wild one, mind you,—at their parish priest, and—the battle is won."

As Father Robert spoke his friend's face slightly flushed. There was a pause. They looked into each other's eyes and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"I see, my dear Bob, that you have lost none of your old-time humor," said the young minister. Then seriously he continued, "I never have done, and never shall do anything of the kind."

"Then your chances of success are materially lessened, Jim," rejoined Father Robert.

"It is no joke I assure you Bob," said the Rev. James Bamford pathetically. "There are contingencies in it that are beyond your calculation altogether. It means a lot to me, You see, if I got the call I could marry Jessie Baker,—you remember Jessie Baker, Bob?—and settle down comfortably."

"Jessie Baker is a nice girl, Jim," put in Father Bob sweetly and temptingly, "and I advise you to go in for all you are worth and win both the call and the girl. Well?" after a pause, during which the candidate seemed to be thinking desperately hard, "what do you say, Jim."

"I couldn't do it."

"Why not? Your cannon-ball could not possibly injure His Holiness, the Pope. He's too far away."

"But what would your people think of me?" queried the Rev. James, half seriously.

"My dear Jim, they would never notice you. They are too strongly armed 'in ignorance' you see, for your grape-shot to scratch them, even, besides, they are used to it. And as for myself, you would fire wildly and, of course, miss me. Finally if you made one great attack on us, all round, perhaps, they wouldn't expect you to do it again." The young minister listened, looked at the priest,—and laughed. The matter put in this way seemed so utterly ridiculous.

"Personally, Jim, I assure you," continued Father Robert, placidly, "I should like to see you, above all men, get the place. The minister who is leaving this church has just been a little,—well, I do not quite like his methods. He has made a big effort to undo the work which I have been trying to do, namely, to live together,—since we have to live together anyway—in peace and good will. And," with a smile half humor, half earnestness, "I think, Jim, you and I would pull together admirably. To use a common expression we could 'run the show' to our mutual satisfaction."

"Well?" Said Father Robert to his friend, who had risen and was walking to and fro, thoughtfully, across the room, "what do you think of it?"

"I am thinking how very ridiculous and at the same time how very serious this simple thing is."

"Think of it only as ridiculous, and go in and win."

"I'll leave it over for consideration until Sunday and,—we shall