

but to inspire the young preachers with konfidence in mi advise wich is to follow.

Mi letters will be entitled

SUKSESS IN THE MINISTRY

OR HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS,

and will be Kopyrited in Canady and the U.S. (Any other Journal besides GRIP wanting to publish will enkleze \$100 to the Reverend Peter Puffer, Parsen at the Top-not church in Pufferville, Ont.)

Sekret No. 1.—A singel aim. Every preecher who wants to rize in his business ought to have a singel aim. When I entered the itineracy I set mi eyes on this Top-not church in Pufferville and I never lost sight of it for 15 yearz till mi name was red off to this appintment. I knew. I was adapted to this work—I felt it in mi bones—and what is more, I knew the salary was adapted to me and to mi sirkumstances in life. Its all nonsense supposing the appointment with \$2000 salary is coming to you—you must *go for* the appintment.

Lots of poor coots of preechers who might work their way to the best appintments are held back by konshienshus skruples—they have too high motives of this ministerial business and are aiming to be preechers after the Pauline stamp.

You hear them say occasionally "Paul wood never do this nor that to get the best appintments." Now Paul was undoubtedly a very good man—for his age. But he wood make a bad failure in our time—unless he looked out a little sharper for No. 1 than he appears to have done in his own day. The fact is if he were in one of our konferences now he'd get about a fourth rate country sirket. Paul stood high and made quite a prominent figure in the ministry in his own time—there wasnt much kompetition then.

The fact is I dont altogether agree with Paul in his views about ministerial work. He had too much konshiense and too little takt and too mean an opinion of himself—so that he would stand no chance whatever for the best appintments now. Now the preechers that take him for a model will never get up ahead. Ive known some ministers—a few—so carried away with these high noshuns of duty and infatuated with Paul's views that they never sought for the best salaries at all—were perfectly willing to go anywhere if they could get lots of work.

How kan such men ever rise—in this day of ministerial kompetition—to the \$2000 sirkets?

No, bretherin, if you want the tony churches and the big salaries, you must religusly cultivate a *good opinion of yourselves*; you must remember this is an age of progress and keen kompetition in ministerial merchandise; you must set your eyes on the mark and *press yourself forward in the race*, having a singel aim; you must bekum all things to all men using "takt, push and principel" and not be too squeamish about *methods*.

YANKEE CUSTOMS.

It's the traty wid the Amirikins yer talkin' about, is it? said Terence Rooney. Faith thin, thim Yankees 'll have to trate us betther nor they trated me on me visit to me childer, Barney and Kate, in Boshton the other week, av they expect to get a traty from the Canady Government. I tuk it into me head to go an' see the childer, for they haven't been home since the last time they wint away, ye see, and the woman sez to me, sez she, "Terry, I have yer valase there ready and packed for ye. There's

yer best boilt shirt, there's an illigant bit of silk for Kate for a new pollonase, and there's a butiful bit of Halifax tweed for Barney for a shute of clothes. An' mind, Terry, avick, there's some frish mackerel rowled up in paper and put on wan side of the valase, be way av a lunch loike."

All wint well, as they say on boord ship, till we come to Poortland. Bedad, sez I, whin I saw the kars, that's your style, Terry, from here to Boshton. 'Takin' me valase I stipt upon the warruf, and I sez to meself, now Terence, I belave yer in the land av fradom, an' sure enough there right forninst me, on the top of a big shtick was the bird av fradom, wid her wings stritched out, an' a purty bird she was.

At that minit, who comes up to me but a fellow wid a blue coat and brass buttons on him.

Sez he, "have you kay of that valase?" "Who else wud have it," sez I.

"Hand me over the kay of that valase thin." "Faith, its too much fradom ye have, misther, in this country, at least wid Terence Rooney," sez I.

"Its the cushmons," he sez. "Oh, I know yer cush-toms," sez I. "You want to work that sahdusht racket on me. You'll take everything that's in the valase, and lave yer sahdusht, or mebbe its a brick you'll be after laving in its place. Oh no, none o' yer thricks upon travellers," sez I to him.

Wid that he sez, "Av ye don't give me the kay of that valase I'll bust the whole show."

"Faith I'll hould an to the kay, up or down, pro or con," sez I, "an' just mind yer own business and layme to mind mine."

Wid that he tuk hould of the valase and wrinched it from me. "Hould on there," sez I, "there's nothin' in the valase but a shute of clothes that's not made up, shure that 'ud be no good to the likes of ye, for they wudn't fit ye."

While I was spakin' he tuk hould of the valase and bruk it open and run his hand through it, till me Halifax tweed and illigant bit of silk was all mixed up. At last, findin' the mackerel on wan side he held them up befor the crowd, an' sez he to me, sez he, "Be the powers I'll lave you see you're outside av the three mile limit now, me laddy buck. Come wid me!" and wid that I was tuck to his office, and had to pay dearly for me kind intintions. I for wan don't like the cushmons av that country.

TERENCE ROONEY.

THE PR—M—ER.

O, THERE once was a knowing old man—
A clever old fellow was he,
Who lived on the fat of the land
On the uppermost branch of the tree—
O, a knowing old fellow was he.

There were many who envied his lot,
And tried hard to force him away;
They declared that the old man must go,
But he rather hankered to stay,
For a clever old fellow was he.

So he stayed, and he smiled quite serene
At the impotent rage of his foes;
And he winked a sly wink as he laid
His finger aside of his nose;
O, a knowing old fellow was he.

When some tried to climb up to his perch,
He bribed hungry people below,
By a choice bit of fruit of the tree,
To down them. O, he wasn't slow,
This clever old fellow, not he!