

A Clergyman Who Speaks the Truth.

GRIP respects the cloth. The clergy are, *en masse*, a hard-working and ill-paid body. But they have faults; and GRIP, who has elected himself Pope of the New World, must explain them to his clergy. Their chief faults are two. They hesitate to tell their parishioners what they know, that church exemption is robbery. This recoils, for the parishioner taught to chisel his townsman will chisel his clergyman. The second is the tendency to preach the doctrine of faith alone—a doctrine GRIP tells them plainly they never found in the Bible, and which is the foundation of seven-eighths of the wickedness going. GRIP seldom copies; but he will give a short extract from a truthful sermon:—

In Harlem, U. S., the Rev. W. T. CLARKE took as a text yesterday a recent remark by Mr. Moody in Chicago: "Duty! Duty! Duty! I am tired and sick of the word."

"So are a great many of other people sick of the word," said Mr. CLARKE, "Every thief and bribe-taker in Washington, and every blatant demagogue out of it, is tired and sick of the word; every rascal and rogue is disgusted with it; Tweed in the cabin of the *Franklin*, entirely agrees with the Chicago evangelist in denouncing duty; and WOODWARD, caught while coming back to strike a corrupt bargain with some equally corrupt officer, likes duty as the murderer likes hemp. Duty is that which a man ought to do; what is best for him and everybody else. It is squaring conduct by conscience. The difficulty with much church religion is that the moral anatomy is left out of it. It is a pulpy, sloppy, gelatinous mass of useless sentimentality. It sometimes seems that popular Christianity is a religion for cowards and sneaks. It dogmatizes and dreams where it ought to do. True religion is truth applied to life. Better be an atheist with FEUERBACH, or a materialist with HUXLEY or an idealist with EMERSON, and live sweetly, generously, and honorably with all men, than a canting professor of any creed or a Christian statesman exacting tithes of poor clerks with one hand and demoralizing the nation with spoils with the other. All religion that doesn't blossom in a rich, useful, beautiful life is a lie. Duty is the only door of the one true fold, and whoever tries to climb up some other way will have his labor for his pains, and get impaled on the fence."

GRIP will close this homily by remarking that the founder of our religion left us some very plain words, among which are these, perhaps the most plain—the least doubtful—of all:—"Not every one who says, 'Lord! Lord!' but those who Do the Will of Our Father."

Curriind Evonds.

DOT 9 TIMES.

Mein Leibem Grip.

Dot TIERNEY mans vot you got dose ledders wrote alreaty fon, he vos gone oud by der Shtades a couple of weeks or two, and before he is gone he dolt me von't I dook his blaces and make some of dem Curriind Evonds like dot. Vaul, I don't blow much about id, dot I vos so bedder a writer like dot Mister TIERNEY, oder I dolt him yah, und so I dook under der jobs.

Dot Irisher he vos belong of der Conservative Pardy, dont it? Yah, vaul, I vos of der contrairie on der politics: kvestions I vos a Reform myzaulf. Bud, I o expose dot id don'd make some differenses about dot. Pollydics vos a humpugs in dis country anyhow. Ve dond got some Dictations like George BROWN in der Faderland—only just Von BISMARCK, dots all. I don'd like id, dot I put my heels under GEORGE BROWN'S back of der neck efen ven der *Globes* sots dots so. I don'd stand dot kind of piziness, adogeda. Und JOHN A., he vos der same like dot only worse, if dot is possibilities.

De Governmerdts vos pickin oudt a mans to dake der vacant pordfolio—vedder it vos Meister JOHN MACTONALD—oder Meister MILLS, I could not find me oudt, und dey dondt could dell any more as myself. Meister MAC. would be a bully mans of he knew so much about dot governmentdts as he does vom der dry goots piziness, But of he knew so mooch about der dry goots az he does about der governmentdts, he vood not pe so goot a dry goots veller dont it? but he cood lern, de same vot I lern me to spell de big vordts, vot I makes in mine labers. Meister MILLS, he vas know 2 mutch already; of he cood loose some-dings of his boldical economys he vood be mosd so goot like MACTONALTS for dot blace.

It would be an onpossibilities for him to know dot he know nodings. The sailor mens of olt, threw oud JONAH (I forgot his oder name) to save themselves; but dis wood be taking him in, a completdt take in, for Meister MACKENZIE; a dake in dot wood let him oud. But by a mercifal providence before dose free draderz vos destroyed oud dey may be loss der reason, az de olt advert says it vos so like dot, when MILLS vas dooken in, vot you say, hey? I vos a strong Reformer, Dot is, I want free drade reformd to production, Und de question voz. how can we keep MACKENZIE und got doze production. Dot voz a conundrums dont it?

It voz besser to been a drunken man at Hamilton von nights. az to been a night watchman, for der frisd shoots der second und den der bolliceman he comes und puts both in der leetle peds und tucks dem up all nice und varm, und KATRINA do me so like ven I coomz mit der pet von mine poots on. Of dot *Times* and *Speckledtater* mens wood got shot, dot wood makes me nottings tiffence. But dey vos only shot in der nick mit svi glass lager.

Dot age of progress vos got so footy gwick in Hamilton dot soon peables will got to no age at all.

Peobles want der civic franchise alderd to give dem who bay for improvement der rights to haf chief woice in der matter, dos vos not aller-right. Der goot of der greatest number is to be first consuled, der greatest number haf got not so mutch munny, and it vos for dere greacst goot dot day should haf de power to dake vor demselves de goots of de number who haf now de greacst goots.

Dot *Globe* newspaper vos feel burdy glad von GOLTWIN SMID he goes away. Der *Globe* always vos sorry of a man got wisdom or vas honest. It dondt could put up mit such foolishness like dose.

Vy dond dem free drade noozbapers dell us how it vos dot times vos besser as goot in der Unided Sdates? I dinks dot we besser go dere ox peshially as der dimes vos so pad as never vos here already, und mein vrow she feel too so like, put as I only reat der *Globe* derefore I knows noddings.

I feel me so pad dot dere voz not 4 Governot Shinerals—I to do vot de ministry vant—I to do vot de *Globe* vants—I to do vot de *Mail* vants, und de oder I to do vot de peobles vant, but de last wood be very onpopular mit de direccors of de 3 oder vons.

Vel! vel! de longer vot a veller lives, de more he finds py chimeny grashious! oud. Und in der language of der Ladin boet I wood exclaim "sick semper spirit us fument!"

Yours drooly,

YAUCUP SWACKELHAMMER.

The Future.

Four millions, with one patriotic thought,
One mighty aim—to make each dollar two,
For this our halls of learning all are sought,
This all we know, whate'er our fathers knew—
Heap up the glittering pile, and see its coinage true.

Oh, sprung from nations rich with noble men,
Who looked on life and all life brings as naught,
Compared with deeds which still should live again,
In memory's niche, by all true hearted sought.
Ill match the lives ye live with lessons these have taught.

It is but for a time—the rotting seed
Foretells the golden prime of many day
This state—perhaps a meaner state—we need,
Ere come the fires to purge the dross away,
And eyes of greed be closed, and patriot glances play.

Conversation—Globe and Mail.

GLOBE.—Ye ken, blackguard ane anther as we may, we baith up-hand the graund prenceple o' pairtyism?

MAIL.—Granted. What then? Do not let us be seen talking. Conclusion, though actual, need not be evident.

GLOBE.—Come ahint the wa'. Whatna shall be done wi' yon GRIP chiel? A 'body's subscreebin' for't. I canna manage ony sma bribery, or even broobreat a judge, but straightway a decabolic cartoon sets a' folk in convulsions.

MAIL.—I cannot myself indulge in a little innocent groundless abuse, or simply cut up a character, but some abominable satiric production sets my teeth on edge. But I pay him off. I never copy. I ignore him utterly—one lesson you have taught us, you know.

GLOBE.—Mon, I ken it. I hae, apparently, prosperit thereby. But Losh Mon! it's a maist awfu' mistak' in the upshot! Eegnorin' writers is joost pairfect throwing o' boomerangs, which, when ye ne'er think o't, are still flein back at ye're unprotectet head. Wad ye ken the truth? The writers wha I hae, in my journalistic life, eegnorit an' tried to traimp out, are noo the vara swairms wha, frae a 'corners, hae near stang me tae death. I wad abandon poletics, but there is nae ither except the moral line, which is clean out o' mine. I maun gang. I canna tell hoo tae croosh yon deevil GRIP; but this I tell ye; he wha stairts tae croosh newspapers by eegnorin' suld sit himsel' doon on a bec-hive, and eegnore the bees. Exit.

Remarkable Contribution.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Mount Forest Confederate* says:—

"Fifty odd delegates sent from France to the Exposition have arrived. Each delegate receives \$400 from his government, and is provided for by the corporation he represents."

GRIP will, when he goes to the Centennial, certainly visit the part of the exhibition wherein these odd persons are exhibited. He would have liked to have received details as to the particular oddities they were selected for, and whether they each give representations of their special oddness for the amusement of visitors.