

The Final Determination.

BISHOPRIC OF ST. PLUVIUS.

January 7th, 1878.

BELOVED FRIENDS—

These are sad times. Surely now the hearts of the faithful are tired, and the end draweth near. It is appalling! On every side the attacks of infidelity menace the ancient religious foundations. Nay, clergymen in their pulpits, never hitherto suspected, give forth sounds only too certain—declarations of disbelief in the most sacred and undoubted truths. Alas, the Reverend CANON FARRAR in England—our Mr. MACDONNELL here—others in the States—have declared that they do not believe—they actually doubt whether our merciful Creator intends to burn twenty five hundred thousand millions of people—the computed number—being the majority of those who have lived on earth—and we know that the broad gate receives most—in unquenchable fire for ever and ever. They doubt it—they actually doubt it. Alas, alas! my friends. There are indeed others, among whom I must say that brother in spirit though not in church—TALMAGE—is gloriously pre-eminent—who paint the red-hot mansion and the endless and horrible tortures of the twenty-five hundred thousand millions of men, women, and children, in glowing colors delightful to the true believer's contemplation. But there are few like him, and it is strange that such preaching is not popular. People do not like the idea—nay, there are those—I may say that a young lady of my congregation told me last week she had no pleasure in thinking of the torments of the damned. Sad, sad, my friends!

And now everywhere against us come on the mistaken champions of infidelity, clad in the armour of reason, attempting to prove by geology, history, and judgment that the faith is false. And people tell us, "Combat them!" But how can we combat them in those matters when we do not understand them? But they say, "Study them." They say, "Come forward, revise your creeds, teach people that you are willing to submit your doctrines to reason, reject old and unfounded dogmas, show the clear bent of the Christian faith as taught by its founder, show the good it has done where purely taught, explain the evils which infidelity would bring. You are in the right, our hearts tell us so—there must be reasonable proof; bring it forward." Alas, my friends, what would reason avail? Did we even attempt the superhuman labour of studying these matters, and expounding them, what would it avail? How little logic and proof would do, you will at once see when I tell you that we have lately ornamented the whole of our church in trefail, cinquefoil and quatrefoil; that the mullions, transoms, finials, and crockets of the structure are of the purest Early Christian style, that I have lately made additions to the reredos, and have purchased for myself a new alb, stole, and dalmatique; that we have engaged a gentleman to lead the service whose powers of imonation are almost heavenly, that our surplices and gowns are of the purest white and of the brightest black, and that our crosses, flower-stands, and carvings have lately been new gilt. What could reason, study, or logic—even did we submit to the dreadful mortification of the flesh necessary to acquire them—do when such means as these fail?

No, my brethren. Another means lies open: we will avail ourselves thereof. Disunion has weakened us; union shall strengthen us once more. The three mighty branches of the Church—the Roman, the Anglican, and the Dissenting, shall unite in one, and resist all assaults of the evil one. The points of difference are daily becoming less. Our worship is becoming grand and magnificent in its choral beauty; we sing it all. And we have added such modern flourishes, trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers, such occasional screams of rapture and mingling depths of woe, from the modern style of vocal expression, that I am exceedingly glad to remark that our congregation will soon have the inexpressible pleasure of listening to our service and not being troubled to understand a word of it! And when that is the case, why not put it in Latin? Why not, indeed?—and there is the principal difference between us and Rome abolished at once! No doubt they too would make concessions, and brotherly union would be established once more. Then the dissenters, I am happy to say, are coming nearer and nearer every day. They ornament their churches in the style of SOLOMON himself. No more Puritanic error. Their surplices, their choral services—you may see them advertised every week—their gorgeous church interiors are the wonder of the world. They would make concessions too, no doubt. Then, what a glorious thing it will be to have one original and undoubted Church, compounded of Roman, Anglican, and Dissenting, all with a glorious choral service, splendid ceremonial, surpliced priests, gowned neophytes, censers, incense, confession, wafting the loud chant of sympathy from pole to pole, and carrying captive the hearts of the whole race of man! Against such a force of ceremonial strength what will the mere geologists, historians, and rationalists avail? They will melt away as the snow in spring, and dissolve from before the vision of the Church!

Yours, hopefully,

SWITHINIBUS.

Church Railings.

Canst tell me wherefore we may deem,
(Incongruous as it may seem,) That building, where to pray we meet,
Like to a suit at cards complete?

Why, you will see, with little pains,
That each of them a (K)nave contains!

The Telegram on Theology.

The *Telegram* has gone into theology with a zeal and effect which is surprising. Really, after killing the Bonus, there is no telling what it is ready to do. It has now demolished hell at one rap. It explains to the *New York Sun*, who it appears was not satisfied without a hell, that "Christianity is not founded on the horror of brimstone; but on the all-consuming love of CHRIST." GRIP must say this is a new and astonishing explanation, and will remark that if people generally had not a different idea of the quality of our Saviour's love from that held by the *Telegram* editor, they would be apt to imagine it about as bad as the brimstone. By the way, had not the *Telegram* better devote itself to topics on which wild writing will do less harm?

The Lay of the Business Member.

I'm the man to Parliament,
By constituent wisdom sent,
What the deuce the fellows meant
Puzzles me.

Knowledge public I had none—
What should or should not be done,
I'd looked out for number one,
So, you see.

Was at business quite a dab,
Knew the way the cash to nab,
Quite a pile at last did grab,
Then a friend

Said, "You're now a leading man,
Ottawa is now your plan.
Get returned—I think you can,
If you spend."

Wife and children cried, "Oh do!"
Well, I stood, and got in too.
Cost me hundreds not a few,
Grieve to say.

Paid for it. A business man
I. What is the business plan?
Why, get what return you can
Is the way.

So, when appears the Premier free,
With, "You'll support us, Mr. B.?"
"Who will support my family?"
I mildly say.

"Oh, by the way," he says, "your son
A fat collectorship has won,
By chance, of course." The job is done.
I vote his way.

You wouldn't think that I could do
The thing; but I make speeches too,
Though I don't know, nor never knew
A blessed word

Oh what is up. I simply go
And find some fellow who *does* know,
And cram; but that *he* told me so
Is never heard.

No better speculation is
Than being member, if you're biz.
But all this patriotic fizz
Is only trash.

Folks think SIR JOHN will higher pay
This year than MAC. If that's his way,
I take this early chance to say
My terms are cash.