

**Odium Theologicum.**(Christian controversy a la mode in the columns of the *Boromanville Statesman*.)

MR. PRO.

MR. EDITOR.—When I began the present discussion upon the question of Immersion, I stated that it was my firm resolve to avoid all manner of personalities, and I am not going to be diverted from this purpose by the vulgar and ignorant abuse of my opponent. His letters thus far have been utterly devoid of argument, though they have swarmed with falsehoods, calumnies and misrepresentations. He is a fair specimen of the tribe he represents, whose chief characteristic is a tendency to distort the truth. Were it not that I am above his level, I could easily call him—what I firmly believe him to be—a vile ignoramus, and a miserable poltroon, but I scorn to do so. Invective is not argument, and when my opponent resorts to mud-throwing, and to barefaced falsification of facts, he does not hurt me, but only exposes himself in his true colors as a knave and a slanderer. I repeat that it is not my intention to follow the example of the contemptible and bigoted wretch in this respect, but without noticing his unworthy personalities, I will now proceed to shew that he and the whole gang of Dippers are astray when they claim—etc., etc., etc.

MR. CON.

MR. EDITOR.—It would be a comparatively pleasant task for me to conduct the present discussion, if I had for my opponent one who had a regard—however slight—for truth. But the readers of our controversy up to the present time will bear witness that we have had absolutely nothing from his pen but a stream of the most inconsequential babble, enlivened by frequent examples of mendacity that must have shocked all who have had the misfortune to peruse them. I think I may claim to have argued this important question on its merits, and I intend to do so to the end. If my opponent prefers to indulge in fishwifery and Billingsgate, instead of logic; if he feels more at home in an atmosphere of sophistry and falsehood—as I believe he does—he may continue on in his present course. His so-called “arguments” must have convinced your readers that in talking to the pulpit, my reverend opponent deprived the world of a good third-rate police court syster. It is not my intention, however, to waste time over his insignificant personal attacks. He cannot manage to escape by throwing dust. Nor will I follow his contemptible example. Were I like minded with him, it were an easy matter to show him up in his true character as a coward, a deliberate distorter of facts, a senseless garbler of passages, and a man utterly devoid of Christian sentiment or feeling, but as in these respects he is but a fair sample of the class of anti-immersers he represents, I pass by the individual in contempt, and will, with your permission, proceed to prove that the word *baptizo*—etc., etc., etc.

**Words From Our Yorkshireman.**

MR. GRIP, ZUR.—Ah sees thou gits poems an' sic like frae Scotch chaps, but ah niver sees nowt i' GRIP frae Yorkshire foaks. That's a loss fur thee, lad, fur Yorkshire foaks has lots o' sense. Thou has summat o' sense thyself, if thou be nobbut a burd. Thou showed thy sense a bit ago when thou put i' thy little peaper that about poor GEORGE BROWN's statoo. Who'd see it i' t' Park fur six munths o' t' yeer, an' who'd tak keer o' t' thee? T'same foak, ah suppose, as taks keer o' t' volunteers' moniment. Theer's mud i' t' Park frae November ta Crismas, an' then theer's deape snaw, an' then theer's mud agean ta Maoy, an' who's agoan ta tak' walks i' t' Park through mud and snaw? Thou's hit it when thou sais the mettle statoo doant hev no hart. An' GEORGE did hev a hart, an' a warm one too. Wot's t' use o' sinkin' thoosans an'

thoosans o' dollars in a bit o' mettle or stoan as weant do nobuddy na good?

Theer's two things badly wanted i' t' city just noo, an' if ayther yan o' them was set about, an' GEORGE's neame tack't ta it, lots o' money wad flow in. I t' first place, theer's free baths wanted, sic like as they hev in New York, whear a workin' man or a workin' woman can go an' get a nice ish wash quiet an' private like fur noot. Heer a pore woman hez niver a chance at all, an' a man, if he's ivver sae mucky, an' grimy, an' hot, hez ta stay up late o' t' neet to get a dip, an' then runs the risk o' gettin' drooned. After that he canna git ta bed ta twelve, and then must jump up by five i' t' mornin'. Then theer's what ah heers my boys talkin' aboot, (theer's yan on 'em a grit scolar,) that is, a free libery for t' public. He sais they hev 'em in Boston, an' Montreal, an' Detroit, and ivvery dacentish place iv Americay, 'ceptin' Toronto. Ay, an' ah mind mysen when ah wor goan' ta sae tie tiv Canady, ah wor iv Liverpool, an' ah wanted ta see sum neams iv a book they called a directory, an' ah went tiv a fine place foaks sayed was BROWN's Free Libery, and ah axed fur t' book an' it were handit reet down ta me. Dang it, ah wor pleased! An' t' name o' t' bieldin' too soundit noan sae bad. BROWN wor a rich merchant.

GRIP, aud fren, thou's reet. If GEORGE wor livin' he'd want ta do summat good fur t' people. He wor noan fur all show. An' mind thou, if owt youseful wor got up iv his neame, t' cash wud cum in faster, and mebbe t' Government or t' Council would help a bit.

BLACK BAIRNSLA'.

**Ye Legende of Ye Governore.**

Oh listen while I sing the praise  
Of one whom politics did raise

To be a “Governore,”  
His name I scarcely need to tell,  
For long he served his party well,  
And now he's “Governore.”

He never milked the “Northern” cow,  
Nor bowed him down to Mammon low,  
That's why he's “Governore ;”  
He is not pompous, proud, or vain,  
And I will just repeat again,  
That now he's “Governore.”

He'd never take the city's pay,  
Then from his office stay away,  
And coolly ask for more;  
He'd never hire a clerk to do,  
That which the city paid him to,  
So now he's “Governore.”

His father was a doughy knight,  
(At least in this I think I'm right)  
He's honest to the core;  
When for the West he used to stand,  
He'd take the workman by the hand,  
(Though now he's “Governore.”

Whilst from his eyes the tears ran down,  
He swore he loved his native town,  
But loved the workmen more;  
And so elected soon was he,  
Pledged to support the great N. P.  
And now he's “Governore.”

An editor he'd never hurt,  
Or knock him trembling in the dirt,  
And threaten hundreds more,  
He never for this little shine,  
Was made to pay five dollars fine,  
That's why he's “Governore.”

And now triumphantly he sings,  
He wears cocked hats and other things,  
And jewelry galore;  
What if his sword between his legs,  
Threatens to knock him off his pegs?  
Ain't he a “Governore?”

Now reader if you want to shine,  
And try the legislative line  
These verses ponder o'er;  
If like this man you try to do,  
Stick to your party through and through,  
You may be a “Governore.”

A Sunday School scholar suggests that King HEROD need not have given himself dead away by sending his soldiers to kill the Bethlehem children. He might have sent along a cart-load of green apples. The “Innocents” would not have troubled him after that.

**Jokes from the Bay.**

What sort of people are all forlorn? Why, the passengers on the *Maxwell* of course.

“I suppose,” said Miss MORLEENA MCGUFFIN to the dashing young ALFRED HAWITTAUTE, of the Toronto Yacht Club, as they were standing side by side gazing at the placid waters of the bay, “I suppose you have got to be such a sailor now that you call the hum of the N. P. the main boom?” “Not so, dearest,” was the somewhat cold reply of AUGUSTUS, who is a malignant Grit, “I call it the mizzen boom.” “He he!” laughed MORLEENA, (who feared she had offended the swain.) “He he! Now, I declare, mizzen boom! *missin'* boom, of course,” and AUGUSTUS again looked pleasant, as he escorted her up town to the ice cream parlor.

**Further Strictures on Toronto Churches**

BY THE PASTOR OF BRAY-ON CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Besides the four great churches in Toronto, there are several smaller ones. Of these, the Society of Friends is the most sensational. The Free Thought Society is given to gorgeous ritual, and is running a race with the Congregationalists as to which shall have the finest church and the most fashionable congregation. None of them are sincere, they have all got scandals, lay and clerical; they are all in debt; and I, in my bluff, bragging, blustering, dictatorial manner, tell you that I know all about it. Toronto is the wickedest city in Canada.

N.B.—I hope the above will please the clique of plutocrats which keep up me and my paper. May Mammon help me!

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