

"Grip's" Congratulations to the Presbytery.

WITH HIS FATHERLY ADVICE.

GRIP heartily congratulates the Reverend Presbytery on their course with regard to the MACDONNELL matter, and the stand they have taken concerning the Confession of Faith. That any member of the church should be allowed, for merely Scriptural reasons, to dissent therefrom, would be most monstrous. Their position is, GRIP delights to observe, exactly that taken up by the excellent Papal dignitaries, and other members of the One True Church, presided over by undoubted infallibility at Rome, when their Confessions of Faith were, for Scriptural reasons, assailed by such inconsiderate people as LUTHER, CALVIN, KNOX, and others. "No," said the learned priests, with determination worthy of Toronto Presbyters, "believe our creeds without regard to Biblical reasons, or leave the Church." One slight difficulty to-day is, however, that MACDONNELL won't exactly leave the church. On the contrary, the church—that is the new one—will leave with him. But GRIP, with a view to please all parties, suggests this: As the statements in the Confession of Faith seems more important than those in the Bible, would it not be well to abolish the latter, and thus greatly simplify the course of future Presbyteries? Before it is abolished, GRIP would quote from it one passage, "No man can serve two masters," which he recommends to their learned and reverend consideration.

SHOCKING MURDER.—It is with the deepest regret that we inform our readers of a horrible occurrence which took place yesterday. Mr. BARRETT, a newspaper proprietor, whose office is nearly opposite to our own, deliberately killed his only Sun. The unhappy parent, who has hitherto borne an excellent character, has not yet been arrested.

The Patient Fisherman.

Scene—a very muddy and stagnant river; a fisherman fishing from a rather leaky boat, with "Cabinet" painted on the stern, moored securely to the bank. Enter on bank a traveler.

TRAVELER—Bless me! Surely I cannot be mistaken. It is Mr. BLAKE. My dear sir, what are you doing?

FISHERMAN—(with annoyed dignity)—Your eyes, sir, which have informed you of my identity, cannot have left you unaware of my employment.

TRAVELER—But my nose, sir, makes me aware of something else. The stream is rank; positively a mass of corruption. And look at that abominable pig close to your boat!

FISHERMAN—Gently; though unsavory, his usefulness is undeniable. He is intelligent, and is called CAUCHON. Concerning the stream, you are exceedingly in error. This is the great Reform River—the very source of purity—the cleanser of the land.

TRAVELER—By smell and look, it might have cleansed much; and hath wondrously befouled itself in so doing. What is that vile floating thing?

FISHERMAN—A dead fish of the Grit variety. My colleagues used him for bait, and threw him away when they had taken sufficient of his flesh. He struggled much.

TRAVELER—How cruel! But how loathsome he is now!

FISHERMAN—I had once felt as you; but habit reconciles. Pray proceed on your journey. (Sleepily) I wish to fish.

TRAVELER—But allow me to undeceive you. This is not the Reform river. That great stream flows elsewhere. It passes onward through the territories of Patriotism—through the golden borders of Protection—past the colonized Saskatchewan—past the completed Pacific railway—ever tending to the shores of Honest Government. There you may catch the bright fish Honour, the flashing dolphin Fame, the great salmon Prosperity. BALDWIN in his day loved that noble river, and ELGIN delighted to float on its surface, and prophesy its course.

FISHERMAN—(with sudden enthusiasm)—That is the river! It flows through the land of Federation, rapidly, towards the country of Canadian Independence. I have dreamed of it; nay, when the bright beams of Aurora dispersed the dark visions of night, surely, I saw its illumined surface, resplendent with the rising sun.

TRAVELLER—Umhoor, and away for it! You shall not lack followers!

FISHERMAN—(timidly)—My dear sir, this boat is not mine. It belongs to a Scotch party named Mackenzie, who I fear is listening.

VOICE FROM REEDS—Blake, ye daft poetic gomeril! See ye' na what's pu'ing ye're line?

FISHERMAN—(pulls in a great fish)—(to reeds)—Excuse me. (to Traveller)—You see, Sir, we do catch superb fish here. This is the Quarter Salary Gudgeon, a very valuable fish indeed. (pulls up another.) This is a Chancery Suit Mullet, almost as good as the other; no means, though, for cooking it at my house at present, so I throw it where some friends of mine—partners once—will find it. Sir, you are extremely in error. This is the true Reform river—the true fountain of political purity—the only source of political profit. Once more I beg you to leave me! I wish to fish!

[Scene closes.]

Wanted.

An independent Statesman, on his muscle, to help give a "big push" to Canadian Commerce.

A piece of the wick of the Pacific's Candle, with an estimate of its cost, and a receipt for its manufacture, in order to shew a light at the next Election.

A smart, active politician who can swallow his own or any other person's words, and turn his own or any other person's coat, and generally make himself useful.

A strong team of horses to draw the writer out of a mud puddle on Yonge street.

A corkscrew with which to trace the sinuosities homewards of the man who was detained late at his business, and dined out.

A pair of forceps with which to survey the "Achers" of mine enemies, and stub up the roots.

To know what price the man who has got the blue devils will sell them for, C.O.D., and whether they will run well in harness, and are warranted free from staggers.

N.B. An order for six weeks board and medical attention at a Lunatic Asylum will be presented as a token of respectful appreciation to any gentlemen who can furnish the above items.

The Immortality of the Soul.

BY G———N S———II, M.A.

The learned Professor wanted to descant on this subject in our columns, but, of course, we could not have him drag his length along to the extent he does in the *Canadian Monthly*. So he had to do it up short in rhyme, which we present to our readers:—

The clergy's fix is this—they must preach truth to great and small,
From creeds which don't bring any proof of being true at all.
No doubt it's clear your human's but an evolved brute;
Or will be clear, when DARWIN finds some missing links to suit.
He ought to advertise for 'em—I know if more folks don't,
There's nought will save my *Telegram*—it's plain its writers won't.
As for the soul, folks formerly did whisper that they'd none,
But now they act as if they'd not—that PATTESON for one—
Who me vituperated. Next, the Bible scribes, we find,
Were not in points of science wise as later-lived mankind.
All ghosts are humbugs; so are all the table-rapping crew.
BUTLER's Analogy's unsound, so he's a humbug too;
(Beg his ghost's pardon.) Next, is there a God; and is He good?
This some deny, who think He don't compensate as He should.
Some say, next world shall equalize. Of brutes opinions clash.
What of the horse, who bears through life unmerited the lash?
Yet there's some compensation here. I and Aeneas found—
Multo jactatus—Didos and their tributary ground.
Next comes the moral evidence—the wish we have to die
Like Christians, though we lived like Turks—a mere expiring lie.
MILL thinks the clinging love of life suggests the future state.
But MILL is wrong; these Free-Trade chaps will blunders perpetrate.
The scientific evidence of immortality
Is only this—there's nothing known that proves it could not be.
Science is evidence from sense—we've higher thoughts, you see,
Than lower animals, who can't their senses use as we.
The next world may advance us all in what we've here begun,
And even them—which gives some hope for BROWN and RYERSON.
The Pagan thought he had no hope of any future state.
Our wise men doubt the proof of it—the difference ain't great.
Yet Christians have a vital force which all depression mocks.
(This thought gives hope of better times, and of a rise in stocks.)
I'm quite prepared to evolve, and an ethereal range.
In fact, I've been most everywhere, and want another change.
To close, I'll say, don't be too sure that there's no future state.
For if you got into one your confusion might be great.
MACDONNELL, now, thinks disbelief in burning lakes no sin,
But if there is one, he may be most sadly—taken in.

Medical.

The recent alarming Epidemic commonly known by the name of "License Commissioners" has had a tremendous run among the Tavern keepers, operating principally upon the "Juglar Vein" and producing "rye" necks with such extraordinary severity that large numbers of them are completely prostrated by the suddenness of the attack, and are entirely given over by their afflicted friends. So far as is at present known no remedial "measures" even though taken by the "bottie" appear to have any effect in staying the fearful progress of this "Whiskey strain." This terrible pestilence—Did you say another glass? Certainly, with pleasure: right away I feel rather faint.