

DEATH OF ARCHDEACON NELLES OF BRANT.

IN our previous issue we recorded the death of the Bishop of Niagara, whose remains were not laid in the grave, before another Veteran Soldier of the Cross was called away. On Saturday, the 20th Dec., the Venerable Archdeacon Nelles, of Brantford, entered into rest. His end was like his life, very peaceful, perfectly resigned, quietly happy, and mercifully free from any suffering. Abraham Nelles was born at Grimsby in 1805, of good United Empire Loyalists stock, a member of a large family that has played no inconsiderable part in the settlement of Western Canada; there are few, if any, towns or cities in this part of Canada without one or more members of this numerous family connection occupying positions of trust and responsibility. The subject of our notice was the son of Robert Nelles, a Colonel of Militia, and a member of Parliament. He, the late Bishop Fuller, and many other Canadians, who have done noble service for religion and country, were educated under Dr. Strachan, afterwards the first Bishop of Toronto, ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Stewart, then the only Anglican Bishop this side of Nova Scotia. At the age of twenty-three Mr. Nelles was put in charge of the Six Nation Indians, and for fifty-six years continued an uninterrupted ministry to the same people.

Through his exertions, Tuscarora Church and Parsonage were erected, and later on the substantial and handsome brick church and Rectory house at Kenyegah on the Reservation. The Mohawk Institution near the City of Brantford for the education of Indian children, was built under his ministry. Without disparagement to any other, this Indian School is regarded, by those competent to judge, the most successful work of the kind in Ontario. It is now, and has been for years, under the charge of Mr. Robert Ashton, an earnest and painstaking layman. The fruits of Mr. Nelles' mission work among the Indians can only be justly estimated by those who can compare the condition of the Indian in his rude wild state, with what he actually is under the influence of civilization, Schools and missionaries. That Mr. Nelles' teaching and example have borne good fruit in the lives of many Christian Indians, none but the most prejudiced will deny; that he retained, to the last, the confidence and affection of these naturally suspicious and phlegmatic people is well known, and one venerable friend never lost his faith in this missionary work, maintaining that faithful service would tell, in good results among the Indians in equal proportions to the whites. Those who knew him felt that God had called him to this work, so peculiarly adapted was he, so unostentatiously true, so kindly and gentle, forebearing and patient, his religion evidencing itself, not so much in words as in the tone and atmosphere of his life, believed his religion, hence he won and retained the confidence and affection of his peculiar people. His Churchmanship was marked by unswerving fidelity to the teaching of his Church as embodied in the Book of Common Prayer, he would neither add to, take from, nor water down its doctrine, yet always showing the largest toleration and good will to all who differed from that teaching. He was a fair representative of the Churchmanship handed down as a goodly heritage to the Canadian Church by Bishops Stewart, Strachan, and Bethune; that he enjoyed the confidence and respect of his own successive diocesans, is evident from the fact of his

appointment, in due course, as Rural Dean, Canon, and Archdeacon. And no less did he possess the good will of his clerical brethren, for in no single instance did they fail to elect him on the standing committee of the diocese, and the delegation to Provincial Synod. Who that enjoyed the kindly hospitality of the Mohawk Parsonage could ever cease to revere its worthy host.

His pastorate extended over fifty-six years, thirty-three such pastorates would carry the Apostolic chain back to our Lord.

The late Archdeacon was twice married, first in 1831 to Hannah Macklem, by whom he had two children, now deceased. Secondly to Sarah Macklem, in 1866, who survived him with two children, Juania and Huron.

The present Mrs. Nelles is a cousin to the first, and both natives of Chippawa. During the last two weeks, the Rev. Albert Anthony, a Delaware Chief, brought up by the Archdeacon, ministered to him, with loving care, night and day. A few days before the end, on two different occasions, he summoned his friends, as many as the room would hold, to receive with him the Holy Sacrament.

The funeral took place on the 28th, first to Grace Church, the Bishop of Huron, Rev. Mr. Young, and Mackenzie, meeting the body at the door, the latter reading the Sentences, Mr. Young, the Psalms, the Bishop, the lesson, also making an appropriate address. Mr. Mackenzie said the prayers, and then to the solemn strains of the *Nunc Dimittis*, and the Dead March, the procession reformed, and proceeded to the old Mohawk Church, the oldest Anglican Church in Upper Canada; the scene of the Archdeacon's labours for over half a century, here the Indians were the pallbearers, and the boys with crape badges lined the walk on either side, to the church door. The Bishop, and Rev. Mr. Caswell of Kenyegah, conducting a short service. The soft sweet singing of the Indian children, and then the Bishop's suitable address to the pupils, respecting their old and loved pastor, was touching in the extreme. The casket was then opened, to allow the Indians to take a last look upon the face of their Reverend dead, habited in his priestly robes, with hands folded on his breast, the venerable man of God was gazed upon with sorrowing faces and weeping eyes. And then came the final "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." And a new made mound in the Mohawk Churchyard, marks the resting place of all that is mortal of the beloved and respected Archdeacon Nelles.

The Rev. Dr. Reed, of Grimsby, as an old friend was asked to preach the funeral sermon on Sunday last, in Grace Church, but a previous engagement compelled him reluctantly to decline.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THERE is no more fruitful source of error than the habit of attributing effects to causes without a reasonable sequence being traced between them. No mental process is so simple as that by which the mind connects an effect with some preceding cause. This process is instinctive, it is seen at work in the earliest infancy, it is a form of reasoning shown by the lowest forms of animal life. But while even a house fly is able to connect an effect with some cause, the tracing out of effects to just or adequate causes is the highest effort of human intelligence. The fundamental distinction between an educated mind and one untrained, is exhibited by the latter in its illogical

readiness to connect certain effects with certain supposed causes, without strict examination to test whether any such connection exists. Every popular superstition affords an illustration of the mischievous effect of too suddenly, too arbitrarily finding a cause to account for an effect. The mind dislikes a vacuum, hence this habit of thoughtlessly filling up the gap between an effect we see, and some cause, which at least seems better than ignorance of any cause.

A typical instance of this unreasoning action of the mind, is afforded by the action of persons who have abandoned the Church of England to join the Church of Rome. Very few such strayed sheep have given us a statement of their reasons for leaving the fold. The most celebrated one, Dr. Newman's apology, has been studied by us again recently to test our judgment of this work when it was issued. We then condemned the effort to be as we now judge it, inadequate, illogical, or rather non-logical, and in parts childish in its prattle about trifles of a mere personal nature. Newman tells us what disturbed his mind as an English Churchman. He does not explain why rest was only to be found in the Papal system. We can understand a man like a cowardly sailor deserting the open waters of ecclesiastical strife, but why even a coward should anchor his bark in the Dead Sea of Popery is a mystery. Newman, judging by his apology, seems to have got into an analogous state of unrest to that which found utterance in the pathetic cry: "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world." To him, Rome was a refuge from despair, just as to "one more unfortunate," the river was a refuge from misery. So far not a single work has been published by one converted to Romanism capable of being used by Romanists to undermine the confidence of any intelligent member of the Church of England. To compare such ephemeral literature with the magnificent apologies and defensive works of our divines, works directly assailing the peculiar claims and doctrines of the Roman Church, is as though we likened the popguns of children to the tremendous artillery artificed by modern science! But in all these apologies put forth by perverts to Rome, there is no foundation found for the notion that men have left the Church of England to join that of Rome, because, as some assert, they found our orderly musical service, with surpliced choirs, to work like a greased slide which shot them down the incline to Popery. The supposed connection between a surpliced choir as a cause, and accepting the claims and teaching of Rome as its effect, has no trace in the statements of Roman converts or perverts.

Persons with brains equal to the effort of distinguishing between one Church and another, would very justly regard it as an unprovoked insult to charge them with leaving the English Church to join the Roman for anything less than a deep conviction, founded upon reading, study, and instruction. To make such people rush from us to Rome on account of our surpliced Choirs, is to make a connection between cause and effect as ludicrous in its utter inadequacy, as irrational in its irrelevance, as illogical in its inconsequence, as for the savage to attribute an eclipse of the sun to the anger of a Medicine man. The ablest pervert to Rome, on this continent, recently wrote to us, saying: "I never saw a surpliced choir in an English Church in my life, the services I attended from childhood were extreme "Low Church," as you call them, that is, no music except a melancholy, Calvinistic hymn or two, and everything in Church as dreary