



"One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

THE  
**Canadian Independent.**

NOVEMBER, 1869.

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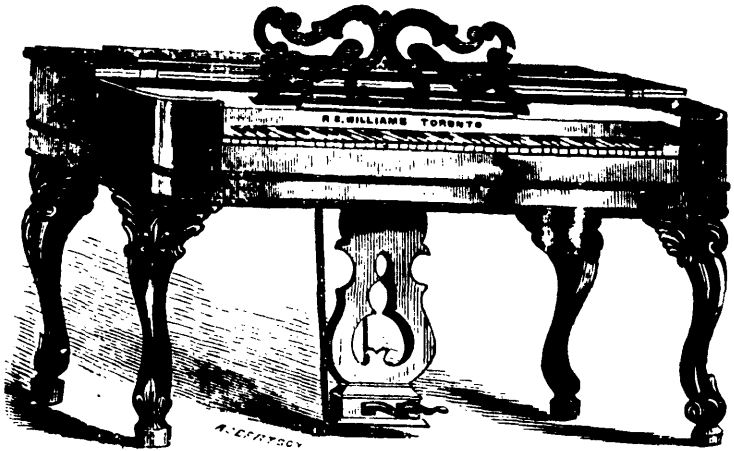
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THE

# Canadian Independent.

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VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1869.

No. 5.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

Most of our readers have already learned through other sources, the mournful event which we have to-day to chronicle. Dr. Lillie, the beloved and revered Principal of our College, the Father and friend, as well as instructor of our Canadian-trained Ministry, is gone! We have looked upon his face, placid and peaceful in death, and shall see it again no more!

Scarcely a week had elapsed after we had read the account of the opening of the College, at which Dr. Lillie had delivered the inaugural address, when we were shocked at reading, in the same telegraphic columns, the announcement of his death, and of the intention to bring his remains to Toronto for interment.

Hastening thither, we learned the following particulars: Dr. Lillie left his home for Montreal on Tuesday, the 12th October, and on Wednesday formally commenced the work of the session. The next day he spent an hour with Professor Cornish, in conference concerning the affairs of the College, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. That night, however, he was seized at his temporary lodging, at Mr. John Leeming's, with violent internal inflammation, but although suffering great agony, his well-known disinclination to put any one to trouble, would not permit him to disturb his host, or ask for medical aid. Immediately on his illness being made known, of course, everything was done that loving attention and professional skill could do to relieve him, and for a time with much apparent success. On Monday, however, the symptoms being less favourable, Mr. Leeming telegraphed for Mrs. Lillie, and on the following morning informed him what had been done, Dr. Lillie assured him it was entirely unnecessary, alleging that he should shortly be quite recovered, and, on Mr. Leeming retiring from

the chamber, rose from his bed and attempted to dress ; but fifteen minutes afterwards, Mr. Leeming returned, and found him dead in his chair ! He had fallen asleep with “ the sleep that knows no waking ; ” the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the spirit had returned to God who gave it ! And the anxious and sorrowing partner of his toils and trials, arrived only to learn that she was a widow, and her children fatherless.

On Wednesday morning, after a brief service at the house, Mrs. Lillie, accompanied by Professor Cornish, (in the absence of Dr. Wilkes, who, misled by Dr. Lillie's repeated assurance that he was improving, had left the city,) started, with the remains, for Toronto by Grand Trunk Railway, and after a sad and wearisome journey of twenty-eight hours, reached the city shortly before the hour appointed for the funeral. At three o'clock the body was conveyed to the Bond Street Congregational Church, where a large concourse of friends and citizens, including many of the ministers from the surrounding country, assembled to pay their last tribute of affection and respect to the departed. The Rev. Mr. Manly read selections from the Old Testament Scriptures ; the Rev. Dr. Wickson led in prayer, and the Rev. James Porter read from the New Testament, after which the Rev. Thomas Baker, his fellow student at Gosport, and for forty-five years Dr. Lillie's attached and intimate friend, by request of the family, delivered an address, founded on the words of the 24th verse of the 11th chapter of the Acts,—“ He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith ; and much people was added unto the Lord.” Commencing with a brief sketch of his early history, Mr. Baker portrayed, with a loving hand, Dr. Lillie's unaffected piety, and the eminent services he had rendered to the denomination.

Professor Cornish added a few words regarding the circumstances and manner of his death, and bearing ample testimony from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, to the truth of all that the previous speaker had said. The Rev. Mr. Thomas announced the hymn, commencing,—

“ Give me the wings of faith to rise,” &c.

The Rev. Mr. Marling then concluded the service with prayer and the benediction. and the funeral cortege, headed by the Rev. Drs. McCaul, Willis, Richardson, and Jennings, the Rev. J. Gemley, the Hon. G. W. Allan, J. Roaf, Esq., Q. C., and Mr. John Nasmith, as Pall bearers, moved slowly forward to the Necropolis, where after prayer by the Rev.

W. F. Clarke, the body was committed to its kindred dust, "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

Interesting sketches of Dr. Lillie's life and ministry, by Revs. T. Baker and Dr. Wilkes, will be found in their appropriate place; but we feel that we should be most remiss and ungrateful, as one of his students, did we not bear our testimony to the truly paternal affection cherished by him towards his pupils; his entire devotion to our interests, and those of the College, and to the loving and almost filial regard in which as a consequence, he was uniformly held by us. Our memories of the class-room are all of the pleasantest character. His estimate of our productions and exercises was always generous. often more so, perhaps, than they deserved, and his criticisms were offered in so kindly a manner that we do not recall a single instance in which he ever wounded the feelings of one of his pupils. He was not blind, of course, to the diverseness of their gifts and qualifications for the work for which they were preparing, but he ever looked hopefully upon them, and spoke of their excellencies rather than of their defects. No man had a higher estimate than Dr. Lillie of the requirements of the Christian ministry, in respect to intellectual endowment and culture, and never was Theological Professor more faithful or laborious in his preparation to meet his class. His reading was prodigious, and his memory most retentive and accurate, and as a consequence he was continually *revising* his courses of lectures, in order that he might lay before his students the very latest and choicest fruits of his own reflection and research. But yet, while thus anxious to do the very best for his classes, and to send forth workmen of whom the churches needed not to be ashamed, he judged—and rightly so, we think—that in a new country like Canada, there is room for talent of various orders, and that men of very moderate abilities and attainments, may be made exceedingly useful, if only their hearts beat in living sympathy with the message of Divine mercy they are sent to proclaim. Hence he loved them all, impartially, and watched their subsequent career with all the interest of a father, rejoicing with them in their successes, and sympathizing with them in their discouragements and trials, to the last hour of his life.

His decease, just at the commencement of the session, and without any premonition either to himself or his friends, has, of course, thrown the plans of the College Board all into confusion. A new Principal cannot be chosen, according to the constitution, except at an annual or special general meeting of the Corporation. But the Board has been already

summoned to make temporary arrangements for the present session, and we earnestly bespeak on their behalf, and on behalf of the Corporation, when they shall be called together, the united prayers of all the friends of the College for Divine direction in regard to the filling of the vacant Chair. It is, we need scarcely say, a *crisis* in the history of the denomination no less than of the College, of the very gravest importance. The only wise God our Saviour give us grace to meet it!

Dr. Lillie leaves behind him a widow and eight children, to whom we offer, in common with the entire community, our tenderest sympathies and condolence. The Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, comfort them under their heavy bereavement! It is a source of great gratification to us to know that public sympathy is taking a practical shape, and that an effort is already being made to secure that provision for those who are still dependent, which the deceased felt himself unable to make. The response to any such appeal will, we are sure, be both prompt and liberal.

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#### CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having just returned from meetings of the Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and having been requested to draw up a *sketch of proceedings* for publication in the *Canadian Independent*, I beg to submit the following:—

##### PLACE OF MEETING.

The Union met this year at the town of Yarmouth, N. S., a place which, if it were brought more within the line of travel by railway communication, as it is expected it will be very shortly, would become a favorite place of resort for tourists through the Lower Provinces. The town is situated on the west coast of Nova Scotia, about twelve hours sail south west from St. John, N. B. It numbers about 7,000 inhabitants, and presents every appearance of thrift and enterprise. It is somewhat scattered, stretching in length over a distance of probably  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. There are seven churches in the town, all of them substantial and commodious buildings. The Congregational Church where our Union met is, internally, one of the finest buildings belonging to our Body in the Dominion; built in the Gothic style, with open roof, supported by two rows of lofty pillars. The church is at present occupied by our esteemed brother, the Rev. A. Burpee. Yarmouth has several handsome private residences, some of them built on an extensive scale, surrounded by grounds laid out with great care and taste. The love of flowers is manifest here as in all other places through these Provinces, the gardens and windows being filled with them, presenting in some cases a choice display. Yarmouth is, probably, ahead of any other

place in the Dominion of its size as regards schools. It is divided into three districts, each having its substantial school-house. The central or high school, a very fine building indeed, with all the modern improvements, has been built for the most part by private subscription. Yarmouth is emphatically a *ship-owning* town, and to this owes its wealth. It is said to possess 30 tons of shipping to every man, woman and child in the place, a larger proportion than can be shewn by any other sea port in the world.

#### MEETING DELAYED.

The meeting of the Union was called for Saturday, 11th inst., but owing to the detention of the steamer "*Linda*," plying between Boston, Yarmouth and St. John, the brethren from New Brunswick could not be at Yarmouth at that time. The detention necessitated for these brethren a Sabbath day's journey across the Bay of Fundy, the steamer leaving St. John at seven o'clock on Sabbath morning. The weather was beautifully fine, (as indeed it proved to be all through the meetings), the sea calm, much to the comfort of those not good sailors. At 10.30 a.m., service was held on board ship, at which there was a full attendance of passengers and officers of the boat. Our friend, the Rev. Robt. Wilson, of Sheffield, preached an earnest and practical discourse on the words, "*What think ye of Christ?*" We had on board a captain who had lost his vessel, a small schooner, in the severe gale which raged along the coast a few days since, doing much damage. Besides the vessel, one man had been lost. The captain was carrying the sad tidings to the wife and six children of the deceased, left by their loss entirely without support. He spoke of the lost man as having been an earnest christian, the only one, as he said, of the crew prepared for death. He seemed much affected by the calamity, spoke of it as a warning from heaven which he hoped to profit by. The morning sermon had evidently made an impression upon him. After a most delightful sail, we reached Yarmouth about 9.30 p.m., and found many friends waiting to welcome us, and conduct us to our several abodes for the time being.

#### OPENING SESSION.

On Monday morning, 13th inst., after the usual devotional exercises, the Union came to order, the Rev. J. G. Baylis, of St. John, being appointed Minute Secretary. The Secretary, (the Rev. R. Wilson), called the roll with the following response:—

*Present.—Personal Members.*—Revs. A. Burpee, J. R. Kean, R. K. Black, C. Duff, S. Sykes, Robt. Wilson, J. G. Baylis.

*Delegates.*—Yarmouth—Deacons Balcomb and Horton. Chebogue—Deacon Hilton and Mr. Hiram Denis. Milton—Hon. Freeman Tupper and Mr. W. H. Freeman. Liverpool—Messrs. Jonathan Crowell and George McLeod. Cornwallis—Mr. Abraham Bigelow. Margaree—Mr. Nighswander. Sheffield—Deacon Burpee and Mr. A. Harrison.

During the Session the following gentlemen were invited to sit as **Honorary Members**:—The Rev. J. Howell, of Granby, Q.; Rev. J. Elliot, of Halifax; Revs. Joseph Hart and Job Shenton, Wesleyan ministers, stationed at Yarmouth; and Rev. Jacob Whitman.

Subsequently the Rev. J. Elliot and the church at Halifax were, on



recommendation of Business Committee, unanimously received into the Union.

After the election, by unanimous vote, of the Rev. Chas. Duff, of Liverpool, N. S., as Chairman for the ensuing year, the retiring Chairman, the Rev. S. Sykes, delivered his address.\*

During the Session, the Rev. J. Howell presented letter as delegate from the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, and addressed the Union.

#### MISSIONARY MEETING.

This meeting took place on Monday evening, and was attended by a large number of people of our own and other denominations, giving a full house. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Elliot, J. R. Kean, S. Sykes and Mr. Nighswander.

Mr. Elliot gave a most interesting account of his labors in Halifax. The Lord has been prospering him largely both in the Church and Sabbath School. At the present time the church numbers more members than it ever did during the period of its existence in former years. The Sabbath School is rapidly increasing in numbers through the interest awakened in the breasts of scholars to bring others into the school by their own individual efforts. One case referred to was very pleasing, namely, that of a little girl who had brought in from 20 to 25 new scholars. There is much promise that under its present efficient pastoral care, the Church at Halifax will become what all desire to see it, a strong and flourishing cause.

Our brother, the Rev. J. R. Kean has been called during the past year to pass through severe domestic affliction in the loss of his wife. The cloud occasioned by this loss seems still to rest upon him to some extent. The affliction has not been however without fruit, as several, according to brother Kean's testimony, have been awakened by it and through grace brought into the Church.

The Rev. S. Sykes still continues his labors at Pleasant River, was able to report progress in his work, the Lord having blessed his labors during the past year, and given increase in all parts of the field.

Mr. Nighswander gave an interesting account of his labors at Margaree during the past summer. The people there seem to have thoroughly appreciated his efforts among them. Congregations have increased from small to overflowing numbers. The Church, capable of holding from 250 to 300 people, has not been able to contain all who have come to his ministry. A Sabbath School of 120 members has been organized and kept up with much spirit. It is due to Mr. Nighswander to say that a letter, addressed to the Union by the Church at Margaree, bears testimony to his faithful services among them during the past four months. He returns to College, bearing with him the affection and good wishes of all those who have come in contact with him.

The Revs. Messrs. Wilson and Black are, as I write, on their way to Margaree to counsel the people, and to receive into the Church those seeking admission. It is hoped that it may not now be long before a permanent pastor will occupy this truly interesting field.

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\* This address is in type, and will appear next month.

## ANNUAL SERMON.

This was appointed to be preached by Rev. J. G. Baylis, of St. John. Owing to the non-arrival of the New Brunswick brethren it was not delivered at the time named for it. As the assembled brethren deemed it best to have it, though out of time, it was preached on Tuesday evening, a full congregation being present. Text—*John. iiv.*, 6. "*I am the Way, and the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.*" The sermon, accompanied by the usual exercises of prayer and praise, occupied about an hour. At its close brief addresses were called for and delivered by Revs. Messrs. Duff, Howell and Wilson, pressing on all present the necessity of coming at once to Christ.

## SOCIAL GATHERING.

This was gotten up by the ladies of the Yarmouth church and congregation, and proved one of the pleasant features of the Union. A large number gathered on Wednesday evening to enjoy it in the vestry, a commodious room built in the rear of and communicating with the church. The church was thrown open for those desiring conversation or promenade. Well lighted as both church and vestry were with a good supply of gas, (of which Yarmouth can boast), the scene was a very cheerful one. During the evening the company were entertained with instrumental music, short and appropriate speeches, and abundance of refreshments. The gathering was presided over by the pastor, Rev. A. Burpee, who exercised his authority in calling on brethren to speak, *volens volens*.

## ADJOURNMENT.

At the close of the social meeting the Union held its last business Session, and adjourned to meet at St. Stephen's, or St. John, N. B., September, 1870. And thus ended what was felt by all to be a most pleasant and profitable series of meetings, characterized as they were by a spirit of cordiality and harmony throughout. The members and delegates of the Union return home, carrying with them pleasing remembrances, not only of the meetings, but of Yarmouth and its hospitable people.

The following resolutions, adopted during the Sessions of the Union, are appended to the foregoing, as they may be of interest to some of your readers:—

*Resolved*,—"That the Union, while carefully recognizing the great good effected by the various Temperance organizations, is of opinion, that while they ought not to do less, the churches of Christ ought to do more in direct effort to stem the terrible evils of inebriety. The Union, therefore, recommend to all ministers and members of our churches the hearty adoption and industrious advocacy of total abstinence principles, and that on the Sabbath immediately preceding the 25th December, the ministers of the Union be requested to preach on the subject of temperance to their respective congregations."

*Resolved*,—"That this Union desires to renew its expression of confidence in the College at Montreal, and would cordially recommend that special efforts be made to increase the contributions for its support, and would suggest the propriety of taking up subscriptions for that purpose.

This Union further recommends that the second Sabbath of October be observed as a day of special prayer on its behalf."

*Resolved*,—"That this Union most cordially recognizes the very good service rendered to our Body by the "*Canadian Independent*," and while gratified to know of the increasing esteem in which it is held by our churches, would earnestly urge upon the ministers and members of our Union, increased efforts to procure subscribers."

Yours very truly,  
St. John, N. B., 21st Sept., 1869.

J. G. B.

### AN EX-PROTESTANT'S ESTIMATE OF ROME.\*

Every one that protests against Rome ought to know what Rome is; and in order to this, he ought to know what Romanists themselves think of her. We refer, of course, to those Romanists only whose opinion is worth knowing. There are many men whose opinion is worth nothing, and it is only a waste of time to learn it; but there are others, on both sides of the question, whose opinion is momentous. The value of this pamphlet is that it not only gives us the opinion of a man of ability and culture in the clerical ranks of the Papacy, but of such a man as an ex-Protestant. This is its peculiarity and charm. Several Anglo-Episcopal clergymen have gone over to Rome. Who would not like to know their experience of the change? Why did they go? And now that they are gone, how do they think and feel? After their new love has cooled down a little, what do they think of its object; and what do they think of their old love? Happily, we are enabled to answer these questions by this extraordinary pamphlet, which deservedly appears in its "ninth thousand," though bearing the recent date of 1868.

In what temper and spirit has our author hitherto acted and spoken? The answer to this question gives complexion to the pamphlet before us, and must influence the mind of every reader. Mr. Ffoulkes, in going Romeward, followed neither Archbishop Manning nor anyone else blindly, as a party leader, but, "according to the best of his judgment, followed truth whithersoever it led him, and by whomsoever it was suggested," yet without ceasing to respect the "profound learning and honesty and piety," equally with the Archbishop's, of some he had left behind him in the Anglican Church. Unlike the Archbishop, he has acted on the principle that if the Church of Rome is infallible, "she can stand more searching criticism than the Anglican Church that claims no infallibility; and that it would be the height of disingenuousness to close his eyes to any weak points" of the former, after rigorously examining the latter, and only honest to tell his friends the result of his analysis. Since his union with the Romish Church, he has travelled largely to observe it, and for the last dozen years has been studying more fully its history and relations.

"More intimate acquaintance with the Continental Churches, and a much more searching investigation into the merits of the schism between the East and

\* THE CHURCH'S CREED OR THE CROWN'S CREED?—A letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Manning, &c. By Edmund S. Ffoulkes, B.D. Ninth thousand. London: J. T. Hayes. New York:—Pott & Amery.

the West than I had ever been able to give it before, has modified my views on the whole question considerably between England and Rome."

He declares, from his own experience, that the administration of the Christian sacraments might be frequented with profit outside the pale of the Roman communion; and that the reordination of Anglican clergymen is superfluous, except as qualifying them to undertake duty in the Church of Rome.

"My own father and mother," he says, "would have compared with the best of them (Roman Catholics) in all the virtues ordinarily possessed by Christians living in the world and discharging their duties conscientiously towards God and their neighbours, in, through, and for Christ. 'All for Jesus' was as much their motto as it could be of any parents in Christendom: and well indeed would it be for all Roman Catholic children if they were blessed with no worse fathers and mothers than mine. Then I have, or have had, relatives and friends in numbers, members of the Church of England, whose homes I will undertake to say are, to all intents and purposes, as thoroughly Christian as any to be found elsewhere." "Having been ordained priest in the Church of England, I am a priest still."

The following is the author's indictment against Rome, the indictment of a Roman Catholic Priest, once a Fellow at Oxford:—

"When I contemplate the divisions of Christendom, past and present, and search history for their origin, I find it is the conduct of the Popes, more than anything else, for the last thousand years in governing the church, which has divided the church. First of all, they allowed crowned heads to tamper with the creed of the church, if not to the unsettling of her faith, at least to the dividing of her household. Secondly, they allowed a spurious code to be brought into gradual use, without troubling themselves to refer to their own archives for proofs of its origin, and ultimately to overlay and be taken for the genuine laws of the church. Thirdly, they countenanced one part of the church [the Latin], then in a minority, making war upon and taking possession of not merely the temporalities but the ecclesiastical revenues and sees of the other part of the church [the Greek], then in a majority, to the ruin of Christianity, and triumphing of the Crescent over the Cross in those parts eventually, whence the gospel had first sped. They countenanced all this because it brought gain and aggrandizement to themselves and to their see, conformably to the maxims of the false, but in opposition to the maxims of the true code. Fourthly, as I have proved elsewhere, they put off reforming the church in their own patriarchate by fair means, till Providence permitted that it should be done by foul. Such is the verdict of history upon their conduct as church governors since they became princes. I am far from pretending to have brought to light any facts that are not well known, though I may have grouped them together in one focus."

What does the author mean by the division of Christendom through the tampering of crowned heads with its creed, under Papal allowance? He refers to the interpolation, in the Nicene creed, of the words, "and from the Son"—after the words respecting the Holy Ghost—"who proceedeth from the Father." When and whence came in the interpolation? History has but one answer, which we may well take in the words of this *quondam* Protestant priest, as he himself puts them into the mouth of an Anglican:—

"Its original introduction was due to a king named Reccared, of a barbarous and, till then, heretical race in Spain, who, A.D. 589, in the act of abjuring Arianism, promulgated the creed in question, ignorantly or wilfully, with this addition, at the head of the bishops of his dominions, many of

them neophytes from Arianism like himself. No Pope could have taken the lead more in the doctrinal as well as the disciplinary enactments of this council, the third of Toledo, than the king did then. Nobody conversant with its acts can deny this. Such was what may, therefore, be called the lay baptism of the new clause. So obscure was its origin that it was not so much as noticed at the sixth council, where the creed was once more promulgated in the exact form settled by the fourth council, as if nothing had happened. But in the eighth century, just before the seventh council met, the Emperor Charlemagne—I say Emperor by anticipation—happened to be on extremely bad terms with the Imperial Court of the East. More than this, the brother of the new Patriarch of Constantinople, S. Tarasius, who took the lead at the seventh council, was a prisoner of war in his hands, having been captured in a hostile encounter with his forces in Italy. The council, however, met A.D. 787, legislated, and was confirmed by the Pope, who forwarded its decrees, as well as his own approval of them, to Charlemagne. Charlemagne, fired with rancour against the East, immediately set about composing a work to refute them; and when it was ready for publication, summoned a council at Frankfort, of all the bishops of his dominions, at which the decrees of the seventh council were formally repudiated, and his own work which he, with the assistance of his theologians, had written against them, approved. This work he forwarded to the Pope, who had confirmed them. One of his principal charges against them was, that the council enacting them had been silent or ambiguous on a point which he deemed it his duty to prove to the Pope at great length, namely, the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son: in other words, that while it had received a profession of faith from the new Patriarch, in which procession *through* the Son was affirmed, it had said nothing at all on that subject in its own creed, with which he was therefore dissatisfied, as wanting the addition which had been made to it in Spain by King Reccared.

“What defence the Pope made for S. Tarasius we need not pause to inquire; but this is what he says in reply to the objection urged by the monarch against the creed:—‘We have already proved the divine dogmas of this council irreprehensible, as the works of the principal of the holy Fathers abundantly testify. For should anybody say that he differs from the creed of the above-named council, he risks differing (or seems to differ) with the creed of the six holy councils, inasmuch as these Fathers spake not of themselves, but according to what had been holily defined and laid down before; as it is written in the book of the sixth holy council, amongst other things, “This creed had been sufficient for the perfect knowledge and confirmation of religion . . . for concerning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, what it explicitly teaches is perfect.”’

“I ask you, my Lord, as a plain-spoken Englishman, whether it would be possible to conceive the creed of the church more deliberately impugned by the Crown in Council in the teeth of the Pope! I am persuaded, at all events, that there has been nothing approaching it in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation. Charlemagne, as the mouth-piece of the council of Frankfort, composed of his own subjects or allies, took formal objection to the creed of the church as it then stood, and had just been promulgated for the fourth time by a general council confirmed by the Pope, because in the article defining the procession of the Holy Ghost it wanted these words, ‘and from the Son;’ and the formal answer of the Pope, thus appealed to, was that its explicit teaching was perfect, though it wanted those words.

“Yet the ‘Crown in Council,’ we must conclude, was more intimately versed in theology than either the church in council or the Pope, for it carried its point after all—either this, or the Church of Rome in adopting these words submitted to its dictation, for there is no other alternative. Still for sometime matters remained as they were. Charlemagne seems to have taken

no further action in public for the moment, though he went on using the addition of King Reccared in singing the creed in his own chapel. Whether it was at his instigation or not that some monks of his empire carried it afterwards to Jerusalem, and deliberately made a parade of it in one of the Eastern Patriarchates, where they had obtained a footing, is perhaps uncertain, though far from improbable. Two things are certain:—1, that the Easterns at once detected and unanimously condemned the innovation; and second, that the monks excused themselves, as far as the creed was concerned, by pleading that it was so sung in the Imperial chapel. This had the effect of reviving the discussion, which the Emperor, if he had not contrived himself, lost no time in coming forward to settle in his own way. At the head of his bishops once more, he expounded what he considered to be the orthodox doctrine on the subject in question to the Pope, and this time it was a Pope greatly beholden to him—Leo III.—and ended by requesting to have his adopted version of the creed authorized. This time the Pope admitted his doctrine to be correct, but would have nothing at all added to the creed. ‘As I understand then,’ rejoined one of the imperial deputies, ‘your Paternity orders that the clause in question [*and from the Son*] be first ejected from the creed, and then afterwards lawfully taught and learnt by anybody, whether by singing or by oral tradition.’ ‘Doubtless that is my desire,’ returned Leo, ‘and I would persuade you by all means so to act.’ That the Pope had great misgivings as to whether his instructions would be obeyed is evidenced by his having the creed subsequently engraved in Greek and Latin, *without these words*, ‘and from the Son,’ on two silver shields, and hung up in the most conspicuous place of his church, ‘*pro cautela orthodoxæ fidei*,’ as he said himself, and not merely that the creed might remain intact. That his misgivings were well founded is proved from what Æneas, Bishop of Paris, reported about fifty years after, namely, that the whole Gallican church chanted it every Sunday in the form for which Charlemagne had contended. Previously to this, its admirers, in endeavouring to import it into Bulgaria, had elicited a much more angry protest from the East than when it was first tried at Jerusalem. But, meanwhile, the party that had twice disobeyed Rome in retaining it, had made themselves so useful to Rome in other respects that they had disarmed her opposition. Two centuries more, and Rome herself conformed to their creed, silently and clandestinely; no decretal, encyclical or synodical announcing her adhesion. The thing was done in a corner, and but for a curious liturgical writer of the western empire, who went to see his sovereign, Henry II., crowned at Rome, A.D. 1014, by the Pope, nobody could have guessed when it occurred. Berno therefore records what he witnessed with his own eyes and ears, and being engaged himself in a work on the Mass, he would naturally be very particular in his inquiries when he came to Rome, of all places, how things were done there. Now his account is that ‘up to that time the Romans,’ that is the Church of Rome generally, ‘had *in no wise* chanted the creed after the gospel; but that the Lord Emperor Henry would not desist till, with approval of all, he had persuaded the Apostolic Lord Benedict to let it be chanted at high mass.’ There has been a vast amount of learning expended on this passage, but the only creed chanted at mass in the West then being the interpolated creed adopted by Charlemagne, it stands to reason that no other could have been pressed upon the Pope by the Emperor. Hence, whether or not it had been in use there previously, it was now for the first time ordered to be chanted at high mass there after the gospel, as it had long been elsewhere throughout the West, in deference to, if not by command of the Emperor. Benedict had been restored from exile by Henry the year before, and therefore was pledged on every account to consult his wishes, yet it seems to have cost him a struggle to give way on this point.

“Thus Reccared inaugurated the addition; Charlemagne patronised it; and Henry II. got it adopted by the Popes themselves. When this had been

done, the Pontifical oath was changed. Later Popes, of course, shrank from imprecating a judgment upon themselves, according to the terms of their oath, in case they failed to keep the decrees of the general councils enumerated in it, '*usque ad unum apicem*,' when they felt they had notoriously failed to do so by the creed. That clause\* was accordingly struck out.

"How after this, the creed used by both [the Romanist and the Anglican] in their liturgy can be called the Church's creed and not the Crown's creed, I am at a loss to comprehend; how Rome can, after this, be exculpated from the charge of having succumbed to the 'Crown in Council,' infinitely more than England, I should be pleased in all honesty to learn from you. . . . I am utterly unable to see where the parallel fails in principle. Reccared, Charlemagne and Henry II. prescribed a creed for the West, at least as much as Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth prescribed one for England. Subsequent acceptance cannot alter their origin in either case; and whether one consisted in a compound word of four syllables,† and the other in thirty-nine articles, embodying six hundred propositions, the fruits were the same: a schism in each case followed, and both schisms [the Greek and the Anglican] are still in force. When the West separated from the East, the East constituted the majority of the church by far; when England separated from Rome, the majority of the West by far sided with Rome. Thus it came to pass that Rome was literally paid back in her own coin. Adding to the creed of the church produced one schism; subtracting from the creed of the church of Rome another. The Reformation was at once the avenger and the logical offspring of the schism between the East and the West."

This long quotation could not well be abridged or omitted, since it takes us behind the scenes, and illustrates two things that are prominently before the world now—the value of councils and the infallibility of the Pope. The council of Florence, to please the Pope, authorized the addition to the creed of the words, "and from the Son," though by the authority of three councils the creed had been perfect and explicit without them; as the Pope, without the authority of a council, had authorized the use of the words in conformity to the wishes of three crowns, Reccared, Charlemagne and Henry II.

"Therefore, my Lord," says our author, "with the facts of this controversy before me, I find this conclusion inevitable, that whether absolutely inerrant or not in matters of faith herself, Rome has abundantly proved during the last thousand years, that she can be a most negligent, hesitating, fickle, self-seeking, hypocritical guide to others, even where the faith is concerned."

Such is the estimate of Rome by a Romish Priest, who knows both Rome and the Reformation.

*(To be Concluded in our next.)*

#### FEMALE CHARITY.

What would become of the world but for the piety of women? "Last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre," she has been first in beginning and last in deserting every good enterprise for spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. The Marys and Dorcas of the church, though in modest retirement, may have as rich a reward as the Peters and Thomases. Few of the institutions of gospel benevolence could carry forward their operations on anything like their present scale without the prayers and sacrifices of their female friends.

\* "*Usque ad unum apicem*." † "*Filioque*," from the Son.

## The Home Department.

### THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

BY MARIE SIBREE.

(Continued from page 138.)

"It is Christ that strengthens me, that gives me everything I need. He is the beginning and end of all; and now I am going to be with him for ever! for evermore!"

"But how can you know? You cut yourself off from all hope of heaven and knowledge of Divine things, when you denied the authority of the Church, and refused to obey her ministers."

Hans's wan face was lit up by a radiant smile. "Be you enemy or friend, hear me! I am on the verge of the next world; eternity is now more real than time. In the new light, I stand and look over the way I have travelled. You think I have missed my path; but you see not the hand that has been guiding me; that has led me, through shame, and imprisonment, and torture, to the very gates of His own kingdom. Jesus is the way to heaven; and he is everywhere. He is in my heart, and you can sooner draw a veil over the sun, than you can shut Him out from me. Who taught the birds to sing, and the bees to fill their houses with honey? It was the Lord; and yet, after seeing his care for these tiny creatures, that have short lives and no immortality, you cannot believe that He cares enough for human beings—formed in His own likeness, with undying souls—to teach them anything. As if he would send down his dew and rain upon the thirsty flowers, in the far off wilderness, and forget to feed and comfort the souls of his waiting, hungry children!" In this strain Hans rambled on, in a feeble voice, until interrupted by the novice—

"Of his 'children;' but his children must all belong to the true faith."

Hans paused a little before answering: his energies were nearly expended. "There is a better way to heaven than your Church can offer; and if that were swept clean off the face of the earth, the way would be clearer and less burdensome. Do not tell the people that Christ is unapproachable, that He needs to be propitiated by your services; for He 'waits to be gracious.' Oh, precious words!" he continued, speaking to himself, "that Jesus should wait for guilty sinners to accept His love and pardon. Oh, deluded and foolish man, that with infinite labour builds up a ladder of good works, by which to reach heaven, and knows not that 'the kingdom of God is *within* us;' that seeks a Christ afar off, when He is nigh at hand; strange that we should try to purchase what is offered as a gift; that we should bring Thee every offering but the one Thou wilt accept—the contrite heart. Oh! haste Thee, my beloved; and bring on the dawn of that new morning, when I shall rise with Thee, and behold Thine unclouded glory."

When the novice next spoke, Hans did not hear; he seemed to be in happy communion with invisible beings: and the young inquisitor departed as stealthily as he had come.



The next morning, when they entered the cell, to clothe him in the hideous dress of a condemned criminal, and to lead him forth to meet his doom, they found that death had out run their vengeance, and had set the prisoner free. His spirit had "escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler."

Our readers may be quite sure that Cuthbert did not lose sight of his interesting convert. With diligence and zeal, worthy of a better cause, he applied himself to counteract the influences of Anka's Protestant education. He saw the fierce struggle going on in her mind; and the hardly-concealed scepticism with which she listened to some of his familiar lectures. Now and then she would ask a puzzling question, or presume to assert an opinion of her own; but one reproachful look from her kind teacher was sufficient to check the presumptuous spirit. Cuthbert saw the personal power he had over the maiden, and scrupled not to use it to the utmost; and at first, we believe, with a single purpose—the glory of his Church; and to the very end this was not lost sight of, even in the conflict of other motives.

Anka's mind was a chaos. Sometimes her mental anguish was very great; for secretly she still clung to her childhood's teaching; and her nights were often spent in self-reproaches and tears. If she could only have prayed *then*, all Cuthbert's influences would have gone for less than nothing. But she could not pray; she could not believe there was any pardon for such a sin as her's. Despair having convinced her that there was no way back for the wanderer, is it strange that she strayed farther and farther, and tried to forget the past? In time, her conscience became less troublesome; she rested quietly at night; she grew reconciled to much that was at first distasteful in Romanism; and only at distant intervals felt the falseness and hollowness of her profession.

In outward respect to her religious obligations, Anka gave no room for fault-finding, even from her exacting relatives; but their dislike was as great as ever; and her dependency was made most galling. She was compelled to do the most menial work, in a house where even the servants lived luxuriously. Anka's self-respect was gone, or she would have rebelled against the petty tyranny that daily embittered her life; but it made her hail the hour when she could exchange the society of the Van Hovens, for the restful atmosphere of the Church, with its exquisite music, and many other attractions that powerfully affected her imagination, if they did not touch her heart. We will not affirm how much the presence of her spiritual director added to the charm of the services. Words, that Anka would once have thought blasphemous, soon gave her no uneasiness to repeat; and as sweetly as she had in bygone times sung the Psalms with her Protestant friends, did she now join in the Catholic hymn—

"Ave Maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
Atque semper Virgo,  
Felix cœli porta."

Softly murmuring her Latin prayer, she would think meanwhile of the private instruction that was to follow; how gently Cuthbert would speak, chiding her want of entire faith; counselling her to patience under trials; ending often with a sympathetic "Poor Anka!" And if his

pity was dangerously sweet to the forlorn girl, her dependence was no less a source of pleasure to him ; and his thoughts would wander as far as his pretty disciple's, when they should have been piously occupied.

The anniversary of the famous Tierry's public entry into Bruges was again celebrated. The holiday was universal, and even Anka was to take part in the festivities, for she had been asked to join the procession of white-robed maidens, and had not dared to refuse.

A basket of fresh flowers stood by her little chamber window, and a wreath of white roses hung over the mirror, before which Anka stood arranging her spotless dress and high lace cap. Many a bright-eyed maiden in Bruges was, that afternoon, similarly employed ; but perhaps no cap border shaded so fair, and yet so troubled a face as Anka Gerhardt's. It was usual for the girls to present an offering to their favourite saint ; and this custom had given her some anxiety. Money she had none. Of the little treasured relics brought from her German home, nothing seemed of sufficient value, except a pearl necklace that had belonged to her mother. It lay on the table beside Anka, and, while she dressed, it spoke more plainly of the past than its owner liked. The memory of her early days would rise up : how she had sat upon her mother's knee and played with those pearls ; how one day, when she had playfully put them round her own neck, her mother had talked to her of Jesus, as being the priceless pearl, and had said, " I hope, however sorely my little girl is tempted, she will never sell this pearl." She had sold it, for human love and a more peaceful life,—a poor exchange—for the love was unlawful, and the peace as far off as ever. The sight of the ornament was unbearable. Anka hid it hastily away ; and, taking the long gold drops from her ears, she put them in her bosom as her first offering. She looked quite as well without the pendants, but it was the universal custom to wear them ; and Anka knew that her toilet would be considered incomplete without earrings ; but to be thought poor was more tolerable than to use those pearls for a purpose her dead mother would have abhorred.

Near sundown the crowd in the market-place made way for the white maidens, in their quaint high caps. They passed quietly and softly along, as a flock of snowy birds. All of them, except the German convert, had friends amongst the crowd, who smiled a recognition, but the stranger did not pass unnoticed : many gay young citizens begged a leaf from her basket ; and some called her " the queen of the flower girls." In their circuit of the town by torchlight, the maidens took it by turns to scatter their flowers before those who bore the relic ; and sweeter than the fragrance of the aromatic gums, wafted on the night air by the cherub-faced acolytes, came up the scent of the spring flowers, as they were pressed beneath the feet of the priests. Anka was the last, and her basket was emptied on the steps and threshold of the great church. Cuthbert, as he spread out his hands towards the kneeling spectators, and cried " Benedicite, benedicite," in his musical voice, was still watching for Anka to advance.

" For whom is my daughter's chaplet reserved ?" he asked, as she moved slowly beside him, performing her graceful task.

" For the Virgin, Father ; and here is my offering," she said, drawing

the earrings from her boddice, adding, with a blush, "I have nothing else to give."

Cuthbert glanced at her ears, and thought they looked just as well without the heavy ornaments ; but he only assured her that the Queen of Heaven would be well pleased with her gift, and still more with the love that constrained her to make a little sacrifice.

With a deep reverence she drew back, and joined her companions, and with them entered the church.

Her roses and earrings were laid on the altar, beside many other gifts ; some costly, some strange and curious, as the fancy or means of the donor might be. The cloud had disappeared from Anka's face ; everything was congenial and inspiring around, and a very earnest Catholic she appeared to be in the eyes of her fellow-worshippers, as, with her hands crossed upon her breast, and her eyes uplifted, she prayed : " O *Benigna !* O *Regina audi me !* O *Maria miserere mei !*" There seemed good cause for Cuthbert to call her "the most precious lamb in his flock."

In the mean time Cuthbert was anything but composed in his own mind. His gracious smile covered up a great deal of perplexity and uneasiness. His difficulties naturally arose out of the peculiar position in which the Romish Church places her ministers. He was human ; but was expected to disown, crush out, or smother down, as best he might, part of his human nature. He must never indulge in feelings that made other men brighter, happier, and holier. The Church, very generously and very considerately, provided abundant objects on which her sons in holy orders might lawfully bestow their love. There were St. Ursula and her thousand virgins, and a whole legion of other saints,—all proper objects of regard ; and no one would rebuke the most extravagant expressions of devotedness shown to any or all of them. It is true they were dead, and were some of them rather mythical personages ; but there was this advantage, that they could be idealized to any extent. In simple words, it was a crime for a priest to set his affections upon any living woman, though a promising candidate for saintship herself. Yet of all classes of men, that to which Cuthbert belonged was the one most exposed to this very temptation. Women might kneel before him—sweet penitents, pouring into his ear their troubles and sorrows, or, with blushes and sighs, acknowledging their shortcomings, looking prettier than ever in their humility and grief. All might draw without limit upon his sympathy and indulgence. The coquette, ready enough to win even what she could not wear : the simple devotee, venerating her priest as an angel in mortal form—these might lavish upon the handsome director undisguised tokens of admiration and fondness. But towards each he must maintain a cold reserve. To have returned a single tender glance, to have cast a partial eye on any of the winning faces, would have been a deadly sin ; while he could hardly impose a penance upon his gentle flock for their attachment to his person or office.

Cuthbert, despite his susceptible nature, had hitherto resisted any soft impressions, until he undertook the conversion of Anka Gerhardt. She used no arts to win him, for Anka had very little vanity ; but she frankly showed how grateful she was for his kindness and protection.

\* She was simply his *fate* ; only, as Cuthbert had voluntarily resigned any other fate than celibacy, it was a misfortune that they had ever met.

He really struggled honestly against his love for Anka ; but with all his efforts, it engrossed daily more and more of his thoughts. Her face haunted him everywhere ; he saw it in pictures and images ; the very bells rang out her name, until he grew nervous and restless. At one time he decided to fly from the city ; at another, he hoped something would occur to help him out of his dilemma. But nothing did occur, except that of a new torment in the shape of jealousy. Others would think her fair ; she might be wooed before his eyes ; might come to him confessing her love, and asking his blessing. In his great distress he formed a most selfish resolution : he determined to persuade Anka to become a nun. She was to be made the sacrifice. Sooner than think of her as the happy wife of another, he would consign her to the gloomy cloisters of the convent. He did not think she would have any religious scruples to deter her from the step : the voluntary display of piety at the Festival dispelled any remaining doubts.

After mass that night he gently opened the subject, and bade her consider it well. Anka was quite dismayed. Sunless as her life might be, she was not so disgusted with the world as to wish to exchange it for a living tomb. She had become reconciled in a great measure to her new religion ; but it was another thing to spend the rest of her days in a ceaseless round of such duties as it required of its devotees. She was piqued, also, that Cuthbert should want to send her from him ; and, moreover, deep down in her heart she felt that she could not set this seal upon her apostasy. All this passed rapidly through her mind as Cuthbert brought forward every reason but the true one. She only said, sadly, "Then you are tired of teaching me, Father ! I fear I have been very troublesome"—and a great tear rolled down Anka's cheek.

"No, no," interrupted Cuthbert, hurriedly. "Why should you think so ? Have I ever seemed weary of my pupil ? Do you think I should not miss you, Anka ?" He stopped, and then added in a constrained voice, "A priest's first duty is to the Church : he must win brides for her though he shuts a door between himself and his dearest friends. I do not ask your answer now ; you need not decide in haste ; we will speak of this again."

And so he dismissed her that night. Week after week, however, he renewed the subject ; but what could he do, when Anka wept, and besought him not to ask her to do this thing ? Every interview ended by his loving her more than ever, and feeling that his arguments had very little weight. He knew something must be done. He could not see Anka much longer and hide his feelings : they would betray him some day, and then disgrace would follow. He must fly from his pleasant, lucrative post, his beloved Bruges, and go far away amongst strangers.

But he thought he would make one last appeal to Anka. He could not send her to wander in the world. She was desolate enough ; but in the convent of St. Catharine, whose abbess he knew, and where he might still keep watch over her, she would be provided for for life.

The priest and his convert stood in one of the side chapels of the great church. He was leaning against an old tomb, and tried to appear at ease ; but there was light enough from the curious little window behind for Anka to have seen that he was deadly pale, as he rather sternly ask-

ed her if she really intended to withstand his earnest wishes, that could only be for her welfare?—if she really declined to be guided by him?

Anka's head was bent, and she saw nothing but the time-worn lettering on the floor. She was in no docile mood now, as the impatient movement of her foot, and her rising colour indicated. To Cuthbert's soft words she had replied by tears; but his cold, almost severe tones stung her to the quick. "It is cruel to insist upon my obedience, Father," she burst forth, with flashing eyes; "what have I done that I should spend the rest of my life in prison? The best convent must be a prison, or why do they put bolts and bars between the holy sisters and the life they have left? And if all be true that is whispered abroad, my salvation is as secure in this wicked world as beneath the black veil. Or, if a nun's life should be all that you represent, it can be but a living death. Oh, Father, you do not really care for my happiness, if you can calmly think of consigning me to such a fate, with no vocation for religion, as you call it; to pine away year by year, longing for death in reality. I know that I am poor and despised, while you are happy, honoured, and beloved; but liberty is as sweet to me as it can be to you, and sweeter, for it is the only thing I have left.

"Hush, hush! Anka—you don't know what you say," said Cuthbert, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I *must* speak, Father, whatever the penalty. Why did you make the world brighter, and then say that I must leave it for ever? It is easy to say, Go! but——"

"It is *not* easy, Anka. Would you drive me wild," exclaimed the priest, trembling with agitation. "Don't you know that you are becoming dearer to me than even my hopes of heaven itself? Can I be 'happy' when I feel that it is a sin to love you? and should I be 'honoured' if men knew that I had broken my vows? I deserve all your reproaches."

"Forgive me, Father; and, oh! forget what I have said," prayed Anka, completely subdued, and covered with confusion.

"'Tis I who should ask forgiveness. I dared not trust myself to see you much longer; and fear has made me selfish. Your admission of to-night increases the danger for us both. Yet, believe me, dear Anka, I never meant to steal your heart for myself. I desired, above all things, to see you a Catholic."

The knowledge of being beloved brought little joy to either. Even while speaking, Cuthbert had resolved to leave the city, and never look on the beautiful face of his convert again. His manner, so sorrowful and determined, frightened Anka; and, when he suddenly bent down and kissed her forehead, she burst into a passion of tears.

"I will go to St. Catharine's, Father," she said, at length; thinking only of his credit and safety. "My objections were very foolish; I was angry because I thought you did not care for me; but *now* I can go anywhere."

"No, Anka; I have done you wrong enough," cried Cuthbert; "at least you shall go free. If any knight in the kingdom had won you, he might have boasted before the world of his good fortune; but, alas! for me it is a crime. My love, instead of being a crown to you, would be a brand of shame. Holy Mother! forgive me! I never thought that I should live to curse my vows."

"Oh, do not curse," said Anka, trembling.

Cuthbert drew her towards him, and looked mournfully into her eyes.

"I must go, Father; it is late," she said, but he did not seem to hear. "Father, I must not stay longer."

"No," he replied, sighing, "or they will say evil things of my guileless Anka."

"But bless me before I go;" and releasing herself from his hold, she knelt before him.

"Bless thee! Will heaven hear me, until I have made amends for these broken vows?"

"Yes; heaven will hear and pity; for heaven means love."

"Alas! that love should not always mean heaven," groaned Cuthbert; "but if my petitions can avail for aught, they are yours." With one hand on her head, and the other laid on her clasped hands, he prayed in his native tongue—it was no time for dead forms in a dead language:—"A thousand blessings on thee! May the Lord remember thee, and give thee rest and peace; and may His love comfort thee at all times! The Lord make my daughter faithful to the Holy Catholic Church, and, at last, number her amongst the saints. Mother of Jesus! protect and shield thy chosen one; and let not my sin be visited upon this beloved head." He ceased; then added, sorrowfully, "Valere! hein valere!"

"Oh! not farewell," cried Anka, starting to her feet; but the priest was gone, and she was alone with her misery.

Cuthbert left Bruges next day. Part of his conversation with Anka had been overheard; and he received warning from a friend to depart without delay. Great and universal regret was expressed by the citizens for the loss of their favourite and popular priest; and the real cause of his departure having come to the knowledge of Van Hoven and his family, their wrath against the maiden knew no bounds. Her position soon became unendurable; and she felt that beggary was preferable to the life she was compelled to lead. And so, without a coin in her pocket, or a friend in the country, she fled from the inhospitable roof that afforded no shelter from insults and abuse, to wander abroad in the world.

(To be continued.)

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#### LYMAN BEECHER.

From a leisurely afternoon in the woods where he had been reading what he calls the "Life of Brave old Lyman Beecher," T. L. Cuyler writes to the *Evangelist*:

Some future Macaulay will find in these pages the best picture of Yankee home-life, and clerical experience which has yet been furnished. Take him for all in all, the foremost man of the American platform in this century of time was Lyman Beecher. "It takes all of us and more," said Henry Ward Beecher to me, "to make our father." The old man used words inimitably. For instance, when describing the sudden outbreak of a revival in his church, he says, "Before evening service news came to me that two of Deacon Shirrell's sons were under conviction. Oh! how I went down to the church—whether walking or flying I don't know. When I got into the Deacon's seat, oh how I preached! *I spilled over.*" But a man must have head and heart as brimful as Father

Beecher's in order to "spill over," in such appeals and arguments as ran from him. Empty buckets never spill.

Perhaps most of the world don't know how near we came to never having any Beechers. The old man, in his sententious graphic eloquence says that in his first year at Yale he was out skating, and the ice broke in. "For a moment I looked into eternity! There was an instant of despair, but the flash of hope followed, and I tried it the third time. My breast rested on the solid ice; I put out my strength, scratched with my nails and kicked—gaining, gaining, gaining—until I felt the balance on! Then I put up my hands to Heaven and gave thanks, took to my skates and went! So having obtained help of God I continue to this day."

Bravely done! But suppose that young Beecher's "nails" had *not* held on! Then the Plymouth Church, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Conflict of Ages, and innumerable eloquent sermons—to say nothing of ten thousand flashes of wit—would all have gone under water for ever. The religious history of this land would read very differently if Lyman Beecher's fiery tongue had been quenched under that ice!

Every young minister ought to peruse about once every year this autobiography of the king of American preachers. What a volume of Hermeneutics is condensed into these few sentences: "When I went to Long Island I did not attack infidelity *directly*. Not at all. That would have been cracking a whip behind a runaway team—made them run the faster. I always preached right to the conscience. Every sermon with my eye on the gun *to hit somebody*. I went through the *doctrines*; showed what they didn't mean; then what they did; then knocked away objections, and drove home on *the conscience*. When this process was over in fidelity was about ended; for it was infidelity for the most part, that had its roots in misunderstanding."

That is the secret of powerful preaching; the doctrines of God's word driven home on the conscience with an aim to *hit somebody*.

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## ANNIHILATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

*Translated from the "Beweis des Glaubens," Oct. 1868, for the Theological Eclectic.*

What would become of human society if the notorious Carl Vogt had his wish, who longs for "the annihilation of the Christian Church," no one acquainted with history can for a moment doubt. A new heathenism would emerge, and a moral pestilence sweep over the world. For, first, the Christian religion is *the religion of humanity*. It inculcates the duty of recognizing in every man the image of God. Materialism, one of the most anti-biblical and anti-Christian systems of the day, knows no true humanity, because it recognizes and knows no true divinity. It degrades man to a mere animal, having no free-will, and consequently irresponsible for his actions. An animal knows nothing of good and evil, of virtue and vice. Moral ruin is the inevitable consequence of Materialism. Next, Christianity is *the religion of love*, which resists and conquers selfishness. Apostacy from Christianity makes egoism the ruling principle. A furious enemy of Christianity, Max Stirner, preaches in our day this absolute egoism in a way that sinks man lower than the beasts, who at least love their kind. With the most absolute recklessness this Titan

says: "I will be and will have all which I can be and have entirely careless whether it is human or inhuman; enough that it stands in my power to will and to have. Right is for me what I make right." This is the right of the strongest. The history of mankind becomes a struggle of beasts for prey. Such phrases as "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," have no power to check the furious outbreak of these wild beasts, as the history of the French Revolution clearly shows. The "holy guillotine," the thirst for blood, the madness of rage and hate of those who would abolish Christianity, will never be forgotten. Again, the Christian religion has brought the *purest morality* into the world. Apostasy from Christianity is also a breaking loose from morality. Voltaire, whose motto was, *Ecrasez l'infame*, was a man who wallowed in the mire of sensuality. La Mettrie, who sympathized with him in his bitter hatred of Christianity, had the shamelessness to write: "God, conscience, providence, judgment, eternity, are chimeras, which terrify no truly reasonable man, \* \* \* virtue and vice are empty words. The chief care of a reasonable man should be to satisfy his desires." What will become of *marriage* and *domestic* life, if men bid farewell to Christianity, such men as *Enfantin*, *George Sand*, *Heine*, and the adherents of "Young Germany," have told us without blushing. With the utmost frivolity they repudiate the sanctity of Christian marriage; they pronounce it *Philistinism*, and preach the so-called geniality of love, *i.e.*, that man and wife should live together, so long as they are attracted towards each other, and if this ceases they should separate. \* \* \*

Christianity preaches: "they who are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." *Heine* says in conscious opposition: Away with self-denial, let us have pleasure, the dancing of nymphs, nectar ambrosia. Young Germany would be glad to rear "a new Greek Paganism," with all its goddesses and temples for lust. That *education discovered from Christianity* has no power to preserve domestic life, is illustrated by the family of *Rousseau*. This man, who in his "*Emile*" presented himself as a reformer in education, and is still regarded by many as authority in such matters, lived in concubinage, and sent four out of his five children to the foundling hospital, with no sign of recognition, and without ever caring for them again. Christianity tends to regulate the *relation of capital to labour*, in accordance with the principles of righteousness and benevolence. Let Christianity be forgotten, and egoism would become the ruling principle of both the rich and the poor, and so the disruption of society become inevitable. The egoism of the rich, wealthy manufacturers and others, seeks to reduce the working classes to mere machines, and to exact from their labour the utmost possible gain. The egoism of the working classes, in return, seeks a shelter in communism. The prophets of communism, *Fourier*, *Cabot*, *Proudhon*, who proclaim property to be theft, and declare war against all who have it, well know that Christianity is the only firm barrier against their destructive ideas. Hence the constant endeavour to make men regard it as "a pest to society." Let them succeed, and such barbarism would appear as the world has never yet seen; "lust in place of charity, might in place of right, will in place of duty, selfishness in place of love."

The Christian religion is the guardian of private life, the foundation



of civil society, the indispensable support of the public welfare. It never outlives itself, never grows old. It is the same now that it was in its early days. It preserves through all time its holy and renewing power. Would that all who bear the name of Christ sought to show more of his spirit.

*(For the Canadian Independent).*

A N A U T U M N R E V E R I E .

I saw the golden sunbeams  
Light up the land to-day;  
What was there in the sunshine  
Had been and passed away?

The woods were bright with beauty,  
The hills had a crimson crown;  
Yet the wind, with a stealthy murmur,  
Rustled a dead leaf down.

'Tis thy voice, thy touch, fair Autumn,  
Hath changed the green earth so;  
Why mingles in thy anthem  
A minor note of woe?

Thy coronals are brighter far  
Than wreaths that summers weave,  
Yet their's is the glowing noon-tide,  
Thine but the sunset eve.

There dwells in all thy beauty  
A sense of something gone,  
Like strains of vanished music,  
Like echoes of a song.

A vague pathetic sadness  
Falls where thy feet have crossed;  
The shadow of a memory,  
That we have loved and lost.

A shrinking from the future,  
The thought of what shall be;  
For the hand of death and ruin  
Lies hidden deep in thee.

I saw, in the forest path,  
A crimson leaf all gay;  
Another touched it, side by side,  
Withered and crushed and grey.

A wilted worthless thing,  
To drift on the autumn breeze;  
To whirl when the wintry tempest sweeps  
In thunder through the trees.

O! mystery of change!  
For life and death are here;  
I see them mingling sad and strange  
In the leaves of the falling year.

## Literary Notices.

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Krummacher's "Elisha the Tishbite" was so wonderfully popular a book one or two score years ago, and its author was so prominent as the eloquent Court Preacher at Berlin, for so long a time, as to induce our mention of the fact that his *Autobiography*, translated into English, has been published by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh (8 vo., with portrait, 8s. 6d.) Once, in Geneva, the writer saw and heard Krummacher—a grand-looking man, with a face like a lion's, a voice at times like a lion's roar, and shaggy grey hair, eloquent even then in spite of being stopped after every few sentences to have his German rendered into French.

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The eighth volume of Dr. W. F. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," has lately appeared,—*The Life of Cardinal Pole* (London: Bentley. 1 vol., 15s.) The whole series is of great value, as a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of England. Few Deans make so good a use of their "learned leisure" as the very reverend gentleman of Chichester is doing. His style is vigorous and flowing, his research diligent, and his spirit—especially for a High Churchman, and the man who preached the "Hear the Church" sermon before the youthful Queen—candid and fair.

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The Hulsean Lectures for 1868 were on the timely theme of *Immortality*; the preacher being the Rev. J. J. S. Perowne, B. D.

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Mr. Murray, the famous London publisher, has commenced a new literary journal, *The Academy*, to be issued monthly at 6d. a number.

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Students of the Bible will be interested in the announcement that another volume has appeared of Lange's great commentary, *The Epistle of Paul to the Romans*. In the American edition, Dr. Schaff has had the assistance of Revs. J. F. Hurst, D. D., and M. B. Riddle.

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The Ante-Nicene Christian Library, now in course of publication by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, has reached its eleventh volume in *The Writings of Tertullian*, vol. I. The remains of the early Fathers have been accessible to English readers chiefly in bits and scraps, quoted with a view to sustain the dogmas of contending schools, and it is a great service rendered to the cause of truth to put these writings in an honest translation into our own tongue, within reach of the whole reading community.

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*The Christian at Work*, a monthly newspaper of eight pages, large quarto (New York: H. W. Adams, 735 Broadway, 60 cents per annum,) has lately passed into the editorial charge of Rev. Stephen Tyng, the younger—the forbidden of Stubbs and Boggs. It was good before, as we can testify from personal experience, and it can hardly fail to be better now. It is divided into the departments of Sabbath School work, Young Men's Christian Association work, Woman's work, Parish work,

Mission School work, and so on. In short, it represents the "live" aggressive element in the modern church ; and is full of stirring incident, glowing appeal, and wise direction. Those Christians who are willing to go into the work themselves, instead of hiring some one to do it for them, will value such a paper.

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## British and Foreign Record.

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The protest of Father Hyacinthe against the doctrines which the Ecumenical Council will be asked to proclaim, is an event which may be one of the pivots of ecclesiastical history. It is to be noted that revolutions, in Church and State, generally crystallise around some one man, or a small knot of men, who represent the spirit of their time, and even stand out in advance of their fellows, while their courage and their power of inspiration mark them out for leadership. Cromwell and Luther, each in his own sphere, are examples of this. Father Hyacinthe evidently possesses many of the qualities required in such a position,—purity of life, self abnegation, love of truth, masterly eloquence, and a moral fearlessness that bids him follow the right and the true whithersoever they lead. May God take him by the hand, and bring him out into a large place. But how hard it is for a shaken, bewildered man, seeing men as trees walking, to pursue his researches after truth, and to commune with the Father of lights, in such a day as this! It is a scandal and an outrage that the prying and prurient curiosity of a gaping public, incarnated in a New York reporter, should intrude itself upon the privacy of a wounded spirit, that it may tell the world of every heart throb and every tear. Let him have leave to come and go as he will. Let him seek counsel where he may choose. Let sympathy be private and delicate ; then, as warm as you will. But as for the "interview," "delegation" and "reception" business, let that be far from him!

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When the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a reply to an address from the laymen of an ordinary parish, feels called upon to defend the connection of Church and State, it is a pretty sure sign that he considers that connection in some danger. The time for scorning all attacks has gone by. Public opinion "sets" in the contrary direction. Many things that have been accepted because they have always been so, can be no longer. The arguments of Dr. Tait, able man as he is, are singularly lame and inconsequent. They are a confession of weakness rather than a manifestation of strength. For his clients' sake, it had been better to be silent.

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Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical appointments seem to be bestowed upon the most "comprehensive" principles. Evangelicals, Broad Churchmen, and those who are High almost to Ritualism, all have their turn. Undoubtedly this is according to the correct conception of a national

institution ; but is it not a sad trifling with Truth and real Unity, to elevate to the Episcopal Bench by turns, men who have been indulging in mutual anathemas ? As a piece of policy, it seems worldly wise ; but for the religious weal of the Church, this unequal yoking together can work only evil,

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The long desired resignation of the Bishop of Exeter had not been given in, when death removed him from the seat which he had lost all power to fill. Now that the old man is dead, many tongues chant his praises ; but there are not wanting those who feel that the higher claims of truth and of a real charity demand, even at the grave, a solemn testimony against his tyranny and tergiversation. He will be remembered best, as the Bishop who obtained his mitre by writing up that Catholic Emancipation which he had been writing down with all his force, until such a prize was dangled before his eyes ; who imprisoned Rev. James Shore for preaching in a Dissenting Chapel ; who refused to institute Rev. Mr. Gorham, for disbelieving Baptismal Regeneration, and excommunicated the Archbishop of Canterbury for doing what he thus refused to do. †

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Now that the Irish Church question is settled, other establishments are being taken in hand. A popular movement has been set on foot in Wales, to relieve that principality of the incubus under which it labours. Nonconformists, with the voluntary principle, have evangelised the country more thoroughly than that work has been done in England. In short, Dissent has done the work, and the Church has received the pay. The Welshmen think it is time that this should be changed. Must we not agree with them ? There is no doubt that the turn of the Scottish establishment will come before very long.

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The *Utah Reporter* has the following, which may prove significant of revolution at Salt Lake :—

“A few days ago we mentioned the fact that William Alexander and David Hyrum, the younger sons of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, were on their way to Salt Lake City, to set up the standard of the re-organized or anti-polygamy church. A singular interest attaches to the name of David Hyrum. A few months before Joseph's death, he stated that “the man was not born who should lead this people, but of Emma Smith should be born a son who would succeed in the Presidency after a season of disturbance.” Joseph Smith was killed June 27th, 1844, and the son, named from his father's direction David Hyrum, was born at the Mansion House in Nauvoo, on the 17th of the succeeding November. This prophecy is secretly dear to thousands of Mormons who are weary of the tyranny of Brigham Young, and yet hold to their faith in Joseph Smith. A few days ago the young men reached Salt Lake City, and soon called upon Brigham Young, and announced their intention to organize their church at once, asking permission to defend their faith in the Tabernacle, proposing to argue with the Brighamites from their original Mormon books. We have but scant reports

of the interview, but it is said to have been very warm. Brigham was very angry at their presumption, and denied them the use of the Tabernacle, sending word at the same time to the bishops to shut them out of the ward meeting-houses. The brothers, at one point of the conversation, denied that their father ever practiced polygamy, citing their mother's testimony, to which Brigham retorted that their mother 'was a liar, and had been proven a thief,' with much more of the sort."

It is said that these young and daring intruders are sons of the person known in Mormon Theology as the "Elect Lady," a name very much revered among them; and if so, Brigham may have a hard battle to maintain his supremacy, especially as the sympathies of the United States Government and people will all be with the monogamists.

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## Correspondence.

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YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, SEPT. 25, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Nothing but the abiding conviction that "all things work together for good to them that love God," could reconcile me to the reputation which your reference to my resignation has of necessity given me in all the Congregational Churches of the Dominion, and wherever the magazine finds readers. You say, "The Rev. A. Burpee has resigned his charge of the church in Yarmouth, and has been on a visit to friends in Philadelphia, and rumour has it, is looking over into the green pastures of Congregationalism in the United States."

These are the facts:—An invitation to supply Plymouth Church, Philadelphia, for four Sabbaths in August, was received in February last, and subsequently accepted. My resignation—tendered July 18th, to take effect September 30th—made no change in my arrangements. I went to Philadelphia to spend my holidays, and returned to my work in Yarmouth, where I now am, waiting for Divine guidance. I may be wanting in common prudence, but up to the present moment I have purposely avoided all "looking over into the green pastures of Congregationalism in the United States," as those who are in my confidence well know.

Educated in Canada, I have, from the beginning of my ministry, felt myself under moral obligation to labour in the Dominion, perhaps overlooking, in some degree, the extent of the Master's commission, "The field is the world." But I can easily foresee that before many weeks have elapsed, I may be under the necessity of seeking a field of labour outside of the Dominion.

By giving this a place in the next issue of the *Canadian Independent*, you will confer a favour upon

Your Brother in the Christian Ministry,

A. BURPEE.

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### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM A MINISTER'S WIFE.

(Not intended for the *Canadian Independent*.)

DEAR ———, Excuse the scrawl. We are all pretty well in body, but our spirits are at the lowest point, especially ———. The people here are to blame. They leave all the praying, as well as all the preaching, to him. There is *not one* to uphold his hands, no, not one. They are a dumb

people. — told — the people seemed so kind and good to their minister. Ah! he only saw the beautiful outside: he knew nothing of the cold looks and indifferent words that make the pastor's heart sick and sore. They also keep their pockets as close as their mouths. The bills and silver might decay there, but it would never be brought out for God's use. Our church is in a most filthy state. Think of it, — all spotted over with dirt from men's heads, and the floor black with tobacco juice: it is dreadful. And they expect God to come with His Spirit into such a place! They are robbers of God; they take the Lord's money for building fine houses, and adding farm to farm. Can nothing be done? Will no man of eloquence pen something that will awaken them, for their eyes are shut, and the minister is deep in the slough. He is weary with beseeching them to "turn from the evil of their ways," and we are sinking lower and lower. Would that we only had the lucre; our church would soon be made at least clean. Tell Mr. Wood to put something into the *Independent* upon this subject. I have wanted — to write, but he does not feel like it.

Perhaps you may say, why don't you give yourselves? We do; and I am willing to live on bread and water. I can do without any new clothes. I have made my old hat and bonnet do, and am quite willing to do more if — is. We have given over \$ — since January; but who would not give to the Lord? It is all His, and He will take it if he so wills.

[The above extract is so eloquent that we have thought best to let it speak for itself. It is a striking comment on the communication from a layman, in our September number, on "Giving to the Lord." We fear that the experience which it describes is not uncommon.—Ed. C. I.]

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### WHO WILL HELP?

GARAFRAXA, October 18, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—As I am trying to get a club of seventy-eight for the *Chicago Advance*, so as to get a bell for our church in Douglas, would you be kind enough to insert a notice in the *Independent*, that any one sending me a two dollar bill will get the "Advance" for one year, and will help the Congregational Church in Douglas to get a bell!

I am, yours truly,

ANDREW LIGHTBODY.

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## News of the Churches.

**Zion Church, Toronto.**—The annual sermons were delivered on the 24th ult. The Rev. W. M. Punshon, M. A., President of the Wesleyan Conference, preached in the forenoon from 1 Cor. vi, 19, 20, developing with great clearness, comprehensiveness and force the spirit and purport of the Apostle's words. The discourse was replete with wealth and beauty; and was heard with the closest attention by a multitude that perfectly packed the building, and that evidently enjoyed the evangelical exposition and faithful appeal. The prompt and unhesitating kindness with which Mr. Punshon accepted the invitation to this service, and the ability and heartiness of the service itself must be highly appreciated by the church and congregation.

The sermon in the evening by the Rev. John Wood of Brantford, was very excellent and appropriate. He took the pitchers, lamps and trumpets of Gideon and his three hundred, for the conquest of Midian, as suggestive

of the great conflict between heaven and hell, between godliness and sin; and very clearly portrayed the forces, and prognosticated the issue. If the morning sermon related to the great foundation, the evening respected the superstructure. If the first denoted the fact of Christian activity and ardour, the second denoted the forces and the victory. Mr. Wood's discourse abounded with good thoughts, embodied in chaste and lucid language. The service was well attended, and will doubtless, by the Divine blessing, bear good fruit.

The annual soiree was held on the following Tuesday evening. It was well attended and was very satisfactory throughout. The choir sang some appropriate hymns, commencing with Longfellow's Psalm of life. The Rev. R. T. Thomas, spoke on working for Christ; the Rev. F. H. Marling on church work; the Rev. J. Gemley on inducements to earnest work; and the Rev. J. Wood made appropriate reference to Sunday-school work. The speaking was emphatically good, and every part of the evening's enjoyments was in keeping with the occasion. The Pastor, the Rev. J. G. Monly, made brief but cheerful reference to the past year, and interspersed the various addresses with appreciative and fraternal remarks.—*Com.*

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**Albion**—MR. EDITOR,—I want the *Independent* to tell a nice little story for me. It is this:—The Albion Agricultural Fair was held in the village of Bolton on Thursday last, the 14th inst., and the members of the Congregational Church had planned a "Social" for that evening, and had kept it a secret from me till the time. In the evening, a good brother came to ask me to come. I went; found our chapel filled to overflowing. It was surely "a social"—there was good singing, a great deal of friendly talk, a little "biling and cooing," and at last L. R. Bolton, Esq., the Chairman, called me to the platform, where a "bowl" was presented to me by Miss M. A. Norton and Deacon Warbrick, containing \$104.17, and Mr. Chairman called on me for a speech, which of course I made, and was followed by Mr. Oakley, one of the Primitive Methodist ministers in this place. The National Anthem was then sung, and the assembly dismissed by the benediction.

Tell the churches to "pass round the bowl."

Yours, &c.,

J. WHEELER.

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**The Western Association of Ministers and Churches** met at Burford on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of October. There was a good attendance. The pastors of the churches in Hamilton, Glanford, Paris, Burford, Scotland, Brantford and London were present. The Association being convened, the Rev. Wm. Hay was called to the chair. The afternoon session was occupied with devotional exercises and voluntary verbal reports of the spiritual condition of the churches. This was found to be a quickening exercise, the more so, that knowing the state of the churches, we could "help one another by prayer."

The evening services began at seven o'clock. The Rev. A. McGill conducted the introductory part. The Secretary preached a sermon on the words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."—Jer. 31, 3.

Immediately after the Association united with the Church in the observance of the Lord's Supper. The Revs. Wm. Hay and T. Pullar addressing the communicants, and the Rev. J. Wood engaging in prayer. This was a blessed season, full of refreshment.

On Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, the Association met for Conference. After some time had been spent in devotion and narrations of the state of religion in the churches, the Rev. T. Pullar read an essay delineating

a wonderful work of God that took place under his own preaching in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, thirty years ago. The Rev. A. McGill spoke largely in confirmation of what the essayist had said, he having been in Glasgow at the same time. The essay opened the door to a very spirited and profitable discussion of revival work.

At two o'clock p.m., the Association again assembled, when the Rev. W. H. Allworth read an essay on "The Evangelization of our own District." The essay was rich and racy, and well deserves to be put into the hands of every member of our churches throughout the Dominion. It gave rise to a discussion that proved that the hearts of the brethren were set on PROGRESS in our work in Canada. "We must *extend* our denomination. We must have more churches. We must do more around our centres than we have done. We must be more helpful to each other in special services. We must be alive." This was the feeling and the spirit of the utterances. We must "go up and possess the land." The Rev. Robert Brown, who was unable to be present in person on account of his being engaged in church building, wrote a letter to the Association, which unfortunately came too late, which breathes the same spirit. He says, "Would it not be better if there was more preconcerted effort among us? Are there not new fields which ought at once to be marked out and occupied by us? The Dominion is large and the openings are many? Are we of this generation ready to take advantage of present opportunities?"

Brethren, God is saying in every heart, "GO FORWARD!" Let us obey.

In the evening short addresses were delivered, adapted to all who were assembled, while the efficient choir of the church sang choice anthems at intervals. Altogether the meeting was a very profitable one. Many confessed to have been greatly benefited.

The next meeting will (D.V.) be held in Hamilton, in February, 1870. The following are the appointments:—Sermon—Rev. J. J. Hindley, B. A. Alternate—Rev. Wm. Hay. Essays—"The Work of the Spirit in Conversion," Revs. J. Wood and W. H. Allworth. "Individual Christian Effort," Rev. J. A. R. Dickson.

The following important motions were passed, which we recommend to the consideration of the churches in the W. District:—

1. "That members of churches in good standing in the place of meeting, or from neighbouring Congregational churches, are cordially requested to take part in the proceedings."
2. That a collection to defray the expenses of the Association be taken up in the churches, as early as possible, and remitted to the Secretary.

J. A. R. DICKSON.

Secretary.

London, Oct. 18, 1869.

**Garafraxa.**—We are glad to learn from Bro. Brown, that the new Chapel, at Douglas, is progressing rapidly towards completion, and that through the efforts of the people, and friends in other localities, the "ways and means" are coming in encouragingly. He says—"On the 7th October, the day of our Township Show, a bazaar was held, by which the sum of \$47 was added to the building fund. Last week I received an anonymous letter in which the writer says—'Having seen in the last *Canadian Independent*, that your Church is building in earnest, I desire the privilege and pleasure of helping you without asking.' Enclosed was 'help' in the shape of a ten dollar bill! Please tender him through the "*Canadian Independent*," the thanks of the Douglas Church; and tell him there was no need of an apology for "troubling" me. And should other kind friends feel disposed to 'go and do likewise,' allow me to request them to address to Garafraxa Post Office." About fifty more such letters, he thinks, would enable them to open the chapel free of debt. Who speaks next!



**Sabbath School Association of Canada.**—We had hoped to have been able to give some account of the Convention at Belleville—said to have been the best and most interesting yet held—but have been disappointed. Not having been present ourselves, we asked an occasional contributor to furnish us a sketch of the proceedings, but failed to obtain one. We must therefore refer our readers for information on the subject to the report, which will shortly be published.

**Fergus.—New Congregational Church in Fergus.**—Many of our readers will be greatly pleased to learn that the friends of the Rev. Mr. Barker have secured a site, and are about to build a new church in Fergus. This intimation will be particularly acceptable by Mr. Barker's friends and congregation, and it must be very encouraging to that gentleman himself, when it is considered that he has only been stationed here six or seven months. His congregation has been built up in that short time, and should it keep on increasing as it has been up to this date, another year will not have lapsed before a much larger building will be needed. We may here state that at the commencement of Mr. Barker's laudable and fruitful labours in Fergus, divine service was held in the Firemen's hall, and afterwards a more suitable room was secured in the Union School building. Mr. Barker's earnest and unpretending piety, and his zeal in looking after the spiritual welfare of his flock, have won for him a host of friends in Fergus and neighbourhood, and he is classed amongst the most eloquent of our preachers, while he is free from any appearance of ostentation; he may be set down as a humble, zealous, hard-working disciple of our Saviour. The site for the new church was purchased from Mr. John Jamieson, and is situated on St. Patrick street, near the Firemen's Hall. The church will be a frame building, 32 x 48 feet, with stone foundation, and will be finished by Christmas or New Year.—*Fergus News Record.*

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## Official.

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### THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF B. N. A.

*To the Editor of the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.*

MY DEAR SIR,—It was my purpose to send you a longer letter on College affairs than this can possibly be, under the mournful circumstances in which I find myself. The sudden death of our honoured Principal, Dr. Lillie, has put out of my mind for the present all the facts and thoughts I should have sent you. Of his high moral worth as a man, and of the value of his life and labours to the College and the Churches, it is only fit that other pens than mine should write.

On behalf of the Treasurer I have to acknowledge the following receipts to the College:—

Acton .....	\$18 10
South Caledon .....	3 10
Georgetown .....	9 00
Pine Grove and Thistleton .....	15 88
Keswick Ridge, N. B. ....	17 17
Stouffville .....	15 20
Unionville and Markham .....	20 50
Brantford.....	34 10

Scotland .....	\$14 75
Stratford .....	15 00
Guelph .....	34 50
Eramosa .....	22 50
Fergus, Salem and Douglas .....	8 00
Granby .....	24 00
Albion .....	2 06
	\$256 86

I have further to intimate to the friends of the College in Toronto, that the Rev. Wm. Clarke has been requested by the Board to visit Toronto during the present autumn, for the purpose of taking up collections for the College. Mr. Clarke is well known here, and has the confidence of the churches. Hence, I trust that his applications for help will meet with a generous response.

I remain, with much respect,  
Yours faithfully,

GEORGE CORNISH,  
Secretary Cong. Coll. B. N. A.

Toronto, Oct. 22, 1869.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS—WESTERN DISTRICT.

Nov. 8th, 1869.—Stratford.....	Deputation, Rev. Messrs. Durrant, McCull, Barker, Hindley.
9. Listowel .....	Snider, McCull, Barker, Hindley.
10. Molesworth .....	“ “ “ “
11. Howick .....	“ “ “ “
12. Turnberry.....	“ “ “ “
15. Fergus .....	Barker, Pullar, Hindley.
16. Garafraxa.....	“ “ “ “
17. Douglas.....	“ “ “ Brown.
18. Green's Settlement..	“ “ “ “
19. Eramosa .....	“ “ “ “
Dec. 6. Burford .....	Hay, Allworth, McCull.
7. Scotland .....	“ “ “ Snider.
8. Simcoe .....	“ “ “ “
9. Kelvin .....	“ “ “ “
10. New Durham .....	“ “ “ “
13. Southwold.....	Salmon, Hindley, Brown.
14. Watford .....	“ “ “ “
15. Warwick .....	“ “ “ “
16. Forest .....	“ “ “ “
17. Sarnia .....	“ “ “ “
13. Guelph.....	Rev. Messrs. Wood, W. F. Clarke, Dickson.
14. Hamilton.....	Rev. Messrs. Wood, W. F. Clarke, Dickson.
15. Brantford.....	Rev. Messrs. Wood, W. F. Clarke, Dickson.
16. Paris.....	
17. London .....	
Jan. 9th and 10th, 1870.—Tilbury.....	Rev. Messrs. Salmon, Allworth.

W. H. ALLWORTH,  
Sec. W. D. Com.

Paris, Oct. 15, 1869.

**Canada Congregational Mission Society.**—Will the District Committees and the subscribers please take notice that the £500 grant of the Colonial Missionary Society is already expended within a very small amount, whereas this time last year nearly one-fourth of it was not drawn for. I need the treasury replenished, from the Dominion, in order to pay the quarterages due January 1st next, and unless our contributions are very much in excess of last year, we shall be brought into serious embarrassment. *Verb sat.*

HENRY WILKES,  
G. S. T.

Montreal, October 25th, 1869.

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## Obituary.

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The subjoined notices of the life and labours of the lamented Principal Lillie have been furnished at our request. The long and intimate friendship subsisting between the writers and the deceased, renders it peculiarly appropriate that they should perform this melancholy service. Some slight repetitions will be observed, each having written without conference with the other; but each also furnishes some references omitted by the other, and we therefore give their sketches entire.—[Ed. "C. I."]

### REV. DR. LILLIE.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. T. BAKER, AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

Acts xi. 24—"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord."

I could have wished that the duty devolving upon me had been committed to abler hands, but as it was the wish of the bereaved family, and of sorrowing friends, that I, from having for so long time been on terms of intimate friendship with the deceased, should address you on this solemn occasion, I have, therefore, consented to do it, as refusal would appear to be disrespectful to them, and to the memory of our departed friend.

The text selected to form the basis of our meditations, contains a description of the character of Barnabas, drawn by the Spirit of truth, and its consideration will, I trust, the better enable us to delineate that of the late Dr. Lillie.

Both, we observe were—

1. Under the influence of the Spirit of God—Full of the Holy Ghost.

Our deceased friend was a native of Glasgow, and having lost his parents in early life, "the Lord took him up," which is pleasingly evident from his conversion to God in his boyhood. This all-important event took place under the able ministration of the late Dr. Wardlaw, when the word came home with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, constraining him "to give himself unto the Lord, and to his people according to his will." For the honoured instrument of his conversion to God, he always maintained the highest respect and affection.

Soon after his reception by the Church, when about eighteen years of age, he became a candidate for missionary labours, was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and sent to the Missionary Seminary, at Gosport, then under the able superintendence of the late venerable and truly-excellent Dr.

Bogue, one of the fathers, and, as some affirm, the father of the London Missionary Society, under him to pursue the studies necessary to qualify him for missionary enterprise. There I formed my first acquaintance with him, which time and frequent intercourse ripened into firm and lasting friendship. There, in the lecture room, we sat side by side, and often he whispered in my ear something humorous, often something serious and instructive.

Our deceased friend, from his great love of learning, I was informed, not by himself, with little or no assistance from others, but by his own exertions, sustained himself at the University of Glasgow, and obtained a prize for classical erudition. He was thus enabled, with great advantage, to enter the Seminary at Gosport, where he continued to be a diligent student, and such he remained to the end of his laborious life.

Our venerable tutor died before he and others in the seminary had completed the term considered necessary for preparatory instruction to fit for missionary labour. Notwithstanding, such progress in learning had been made by him, and several others of the advanced students, that the Directors deemed them fully qualified for their work, and without delay sent them to India. I saw him at Gosport after his marriage, on his way to his appointed station, full of happiness and hopeful expectation.

India was considered the post of honour. Dr. Bogue said to a friend, from whom I received the information, that he had been disappointed with respect to the success of missions in India, that he had always sent his most talented students to India, and the results had not been such as he had expected. Probably he had been too sanguine, and underrated difficulties. Had he lived to the present time he would have hailed with delight the progress the Gospel is now making in the East—that caste is giving way, and tens of thousands of natives are being converted to Christ.

The hand of the diligent maketh rich; it was thus with our departed friend. He grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from his youth to the time of his lamented decease.

Our friend was “the man who had seen affliction.” To the ordinary trials of the pastorate, and the professor’s chair, he had to endure personal suffering and domestic bereavement. The loss of dear children was deeply felt by his gentle loving spirit, but by these “the Comforter” matured his graces, and prepared him for the land where trials are unknown—where the inhabitants shall no more say they are sick, and where the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities.

Further, we observe—

2. Both possessed strong faith in Christ.

This was very apparent in Dr. Lillie; renouncing all self-dependence, he firmly relied on the atonement of Christ. He felt that he was a sinner, and knew that salvation was only obtainable through faith in a crucified Redeemer. Not gifts, however splendid—not usefulness, however extensive—not sufferings, however protracted and severe, but reliance on a suffering Saviour can alone reconcile the transgressor to God. Of this he was fully convinced, as was his revered tutor, Dr. Bogue. When dying, a gentleman said to him, You are going, sir, to receive your reward. The departing servant of Christ replied, I am going to receive mercy, sir. This is all a sinner can hope for. Having done all, we are unprofitable servants, and can only receive mercy at the hands of the Father of mercy.

His faith was apparent in his humble acquiescence in the providential dealings of God.

He never possessed robust health, and was often the subject of indisposition; sickness and death were also frequently in his family, yet I never knew him to murmur, complain, or question the wisdom and kindness of the Divine dealings. He seemed to say, “The Judge of all the earth does right.” “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” I never more admired him than when he lost his son Adam, now a few days over a year ago,

a young man, as you are aware, of great promise, who died after a few days' illness. His heart bled, for on him he had placed great hope and affection. He bowed beneath the painful stroke submissively, not murmuringly, for he had received much of the spirit of the Saviour, which enabled him to say, The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?

Both, we observe—

### 3. Manifested enlightened and successful zeal in the cause of Christ.

Like Barnabas, our friend devoted himself to missionary labours. These, however, he could continue only for a short time. During a night journey, incautiously exposing himself, he was severely injured by the rays of the moon. His brain was so much affected that it was necessary for its restoration that he should return to England. In Scotland he became acquainted with Mr. Wilkes, now the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal. By him he was recommended to his father and family, who were then settled in Brantford, as their future minister.

In 1834, he commenced his labours in Brantford, then a village of a few hundred inhabitants. In the autumn of 1835, the year I came to Canada, he met me at Kingston, when our friendship was resumed, to be perpetuated without interruption to his death. He was then going to the United States to solicit subscriptions for erecting a church edifice. In this he was successful, a handsome building was erected, a church and congregation gathered, which has greatly increased under the pastorate of the present respected minister, the Rev. J. Wood, and now worship in a very handsome and substantially-built edifice, the former having been destroyed by an incendiary.

When he and I came to Canada, the prospects of the Denomination were not so encouraging as they now are. Then, on the North shore of the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to the head of Lake Superior, there was but one church edifice, and that was in Montreal; now there are not less than 75, with settled pastors, for the most part trained by our departed friend.

On leaving the pastorate of Brantford, after more than five years of faithful labour, he became Theological Professor of "The Congregational Theological Institute," then established for the purpose of training young men for the ministry in his own denomination. For this office, almost thirty years' experience has fully proved his fitness, and the wisdom of the choice.

Our deceased friend possessed a sound judgment—a retentive memory—a clear perception of things that differ—an eminently logical and devout mind. His prayers in the family and church of God, showed that he had largely partaken of "the Spirit of grace and of supplications." And all must have observed in intercourse with him, that he was a spiritually-minded man. Yet he was not a recluse, he was eminently social, and in his intercourse with friends, very cheerful, and to all very courteous.

He was a sound theologian, not led away by new notions; he loved the old paths. He seemed to have acted as if remembering the oft-repeated eulogy of Dr. Bogue, with reference to Mr. Whitfield, that it was to his honour that he never discovered anything new in theology; that he took up the great doctrines of the Reformation, and preached them out fully; and you see, he would say to his students, the results that followed.

His theology, sound and scriptural, was generous, imbued with love to God, to Christ, and to man; it had not the least taint of bigotry or intolerance, for he loved goodness wherever found.

We have said he was a diligent student; such was his character during life. He was constantly and laboriously adding to his stock of knowledge, that he might keep himself fully posted up to the times; that, being well informed, he might faithfully discharge the important duties devolving upon him. Thus, always well qualifying himself, and acting in the kindest manner in all his intercourse with his students, he was, as their tutor and friend, highly and deservedly respected and esteemed by them. Indeed, he always took a very lively interest in their welfare, and in after years he affectionately

remembered them, and was ever ready to do them any service in his power. And when we consider the number of faithful and able men sent forth from the Institute, who have laboured, and are still labouring, successfully in various parts of the Dominion, the United States, Australia, and other places, we may truly affirm that by their means, as taught by him, "much people was added unto the Lord."

Our departed friend lived for the Institute. He not only studied diligently the Scriptures in their original language, but read extensively theological and other works, as helps to the right understanding them. He had a facility for acquiring languages. While at Brantford, he studied the Mohawk, and was acquainted with some of the modern languages. He used to say he could not see that it was right, in an age of general information, that the Christian minister should be the only uninstructed person. In our day the Gospel preacher, by sterling piety, Scriptural theology, sound learning, extensive information, and the diligent discharge of the duties of his office, must maintain the dignity and efficiency of the pulpit, and his proper position in the church and in society.

To these labours was also added, from the commencement of the Institute up to the present year, strenuous efforts to obtain funds for its support. For this purpose he travelled widely, preached frequently, and solicited perseveringly and successfully pecuniary aid from friends of the Gospel ministry; and I feel convinced that it could not have continued in existence, had it not been for these arduous, but gratuitous labours.

Truly the churches of the Denomination throughout the Dominion are under a deep debt of gratitude to our late theological professor, which I trust they will repay by kind consideration of his family.

As a preacher, the style of his sermons was chaste, the arrangement strictly logical, the subject always scriptural, evangelical, practical. I ever heard him with pleasure and profit. I may particularize the two last delivered by him in the Northern Congregational Church, as truly excellent in all the before-mentioned properties—the first, from Rom. 8: 28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to his purpose." The second, from 1 Tim., 3: 15, "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." I think a selection from his manuscripts by some literary friend would be acceptable and useful to the churches, and tend to preserve the memory of one whose name must be fragrant wherever known.

Both, we observe—

4. Manifested great affection for all that loved Christ.

Like that of Barnabas, his spirit was eminently candid and affectionate. It was not merely denominational. He loved all "that loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." I have heard it said repeatedly, and by different persons, that Dr. Lillie never spoke evil of any one. He always put the best construction on the words and actions of every one; and when he could not justify he would endeavour to palliate; his very sensitive mind was pained at hearing censure uttered, even though justly. He had not an eye to wander through society to discover defects in moral character. He looked for goodness, and when perceived he was made happy, and rejoiced to praise it by whomsoever possessed.

Like Barnabas, he was a son of consolation or exhortation. He possessed largeness of heart. Towards his family it was shown in affectionate consideration; his sympathy was with the distressed of every creed and clime and colour. He had not, like Barnabas, an estate to dispose of for the benefit of the indigent; a comparatively small income, and a large family, precluded the possibility for him to acquire property. Yet, according to his ability, and sometimes beyond his ability, did he administer to the necessities of others. He, as opportunity offered, would present to the mourning penitent the compassionate Saviour, and direct the tried believer to the rock that was higher

than he. He had learnt of him who would "not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." To all he was accustomed to speak of the love of God in Christ Jesus—the graciousness of His promises—the riches of His grace.

I have thus endeavoured to sketch the character of our departed friend. Some who did not know him, may suspect that friendship has drawn it too favourably. I assure you this is not the case. For years he paid an almost annual visit to me when I lived out of Toronto, spending some time to our mutual pleasure and profit, as we talked over things new and old—of some who had finished their work, and gone to heaven, and of the very few that remained of the friends of our youth. Well, he was to me always pleasant in his life, and in death we shall not be long divided. I had, therefore, ample opportunity of fully knowing and appreciating his character, and know it to have been as described. Excellent as it was, it was divine grace that formed it, and to grace we give the praise. God, by the influence of His spirit, the institutes of His grace, and the dispensations of His providence, formed his character, mellowed his experience, refined this His chosen vessel of mercy for heaven, and by death placed on him the seal of His approbation.

We sorrow, but not as others which have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Our friend sleeps in Jesus, and we can say with confidence, when we commit his body to the tomb, that we do it in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life, and that when we depart hence, we may rest in Christ, as we believe this our brother doth.

We sympathise with his bereaved family; may they, indeed, find that God is the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless in His holy habitation. His loved partner, of whom he often spoke to me in language of most affectionate commendation, will soon rejoin him, when sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away, "and there shall be no more death." May his children fulfil the wishes of their father, and follow him as far as he followed Christ.

We sympathise with the students. They have lost an able tutor and a kind friend. May the College Board be graciously directed by the great Head of the Church in their choice of a suitable successor.

My young friends, I cannot part with you without a word. Do you desire to be respected, loved, useful and excellent as was Dr. Adam Lillie? then give your youthful hearts to Christ. Bow to the sceptre of His grace, yield yourselves body, soul and spirit to Him, which is your reasonable service. Then will your life be happy and useful and your death triumphant.

May we all seek to be ready whenever the summons for our exit from earth may come. Should it be sudden as that of our friend, may it find us like him ready, being justified by faith through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, renewed and sanctified by the Spirit of our God, and so have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into His everlasting Kingdom. Amen.

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SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABOURS, BY THE REV. H. WILKES, D.D.

"Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Words of the Lord by Zechariah, the son of Barachiah, the son of Iddo, the prophet. Apart from that reference, let us note with loving remembrance the life and death of one of them. More than a passing notice is due to the memory of one who has been from their infancy so prominent, as a workman amongst the Congregational Churches of Canada.

Adam Lillie was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in June 1803, and when about thirteen or fourteen years of age, was brought under the ministry of the late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, in that city. When only a few months beyond eighteen years of age he entered the University of Glasgow, and enjoyed its advan-

tages for two sessions, maintaining himself, it is believed by his own exertions. At nineteen he became a member of the church under Dr. Wardlaw's care; and appears to have had his thoughts turned to the field of Foreign Missions, for instead of completing a curriculum in the University, we find him, at twenty years of age, in the Theological Academy at Gosport, under the enlightened and vigorous tuition of the late Rev. Dr. Bogue, who received with others, a number of students, sent to him by the London Missionary Society. Here he had a three years' course of study, in the various departments of a Theological training, and, as was the uniform custom in that Institution, he had frequent opportunities throughout that period of preaching the Gospel at Gosport and in the neighbourhood. His estimate of Dr. Bogue was very high.

In April, 1826, only in his twenty-third year, he sailed for India, in the service of the London Missionary Society, accompanied by the partner of his life, to whom he had been just before united. His stay in the East was brief; shattered health compelled his return. But his interest in Foreign Missions, doubtless increased by a year's residence in the presence of idolatry, never left him. He would have been glad, had it been practicable, in after life, to have trained a succession of men for the Foreign Field as well as for that at home.

Returning to Great Britain in October, 1827, the writer met with him in Glasgow in the autumn of 1828, engaged in teaching Latin and Greek as a private tutor to such as desired his services. Then, as ever, blameless in life, sedulous and faithful in the performance of whatever he undertook, he secured the respect of his pupils and the confidence and affection of his fellow-christians. At length his health being sufficiently restored, he began to fulfil appointments as temporary supply of vacant pulpits in the west and east of Scotland, and to perform home Missionary work, under the auspices of the Scottish Congregational Union. In every place his intelligent ministry, pure life, modest demeanor, and true piety, gained the esteem and regard of the people among whom he laboured, and increased the affection for him of his fellow-labourers.

The year 1833 found him at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, assisting the venerable pastor the late Rev. John Watson, then Secretary of the Congregational Union. The writer having entered upon a pastoral charge in Edinburgh, in April of that year, and been applied to by friends at Brantford, Upper Canada, to obtain for them a Congregational Minister, entered into negotiations with Mr. Lillie, for the transfer of his labours to that place. The result was that at the end of March, 1834, he proceeded with his family to Canada, and took up his abode at Brantford, where he spent the next five years of his life. The church there was organized under his ministry, and the neat place of worship was erected, which a few years since was destroyed by fire. That erection cost him much labour in going forth to collect funds to aid the few who were giving liberally of their substance for that end.

Towards the close of 1838 was initiated the movement which led to the formation of a Theological Institute, and which determined the special nature of the work to which the principal part of Dr. Lillie's life was to be devoted. Mr. Ludwick Kribs, then of Guelph, was at that time put under the care of the Brantford pastor for Ministerial training, at the charge of the Colonial Missionary Society, on the recommendation of their agent, the Rev. J. Roaf. That Society, formed in 1836, from the beginning realized the importance of training a native ministry. Mr. Roaf, who was sent out by them in the spring of 1837, early discovered the fitness of Dr. Lillie for this special work. Correspondence ensued, and a beginning was thus made of a work which has from that day to this commended itself to the judgment, affections and support of the churches.

In the spring of 1839, the Tutor and his student removed to Dundas, where he remained about eighteen months, preaching at that place and at



Hamilton, teaching the first Theological class, which had been somewhat augmented in the number of its members. Proof being afforded that the gifts of the subject of our notice lay manifestly in the direction of a teacher, "committing to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also," the words of eternal truth, he was, with the approbation of the Colonial Missionary Society, formally detached from pastoral work, and installed as Tutor. In July, 1840, he came to Toronto, and on the first of September, following, the Theological Institute was formally inaugurated; he was placed at the head of it, and continued there till the day of his death.

This removal to Toronto brought Dr. Lillie into immediate contact with questions not then settled, concerning general and higher education, and also the relations of churches and religious denominations with the State, and gave him opportunity in the chief city of the Province to do needful battle in relation to them. On such subjects he was thoroughly pronounced, and was wont, with stirring eloquence, at public meetings, to denounce the wrong, and to explain and vindicate the right. Having great faith in the future of the Western Province, he looked to the foundations of the social structure, and contended that they should be laid amid right principles. Few men have been more attached to the country of his adoption than he,—so that he cast his energies freely and without stint into any measures which he thought were fitted to promote its welfare. Some years ago he published a volume full of valuable information, in regard to the condition and progress of the country.

Some time after the establishment of the Institute at Toronto, Dr. Lillie visited Great Britain, for the purpose of obtaining funds for the erection of a suitable building. His old friends throughout the country received him with manifestations of affectionate regard, and cheerfully responded to the appeal which he made, sanctioned by the Colonial Missionary Society. Though a laborious and uncongenial work to go from place to place, and from house to house, seeking money, albeit for the promotion of the cause of Christ, he yet enjoyed much the intercourse he had with brethren beloved, many of whom have preceded him to our Father's house of home and worship. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Dr. Lillie by the University of Vermont, at Burlington in the year 1854.

In the year 1863, the removal of the Institution, as the "Congregational College of British North America," to Montreal, induced Dr. Lillie to accompany it with his family; but after a short trial of the change, the domicile of the family was restored to Toronto, as the place in which they felt more at home, the husband and father spending the time of the Sessions of the College in the Eastern City, and retaining his membership with the church there. The five Sessions since the removal afforded opportunities of pleasant intercourse and co-operation with his two new colleagues, between whom and himself the happiest relations existed to the end. Having opened the 31st Session of the Institution by an address to the students, on Wednesday evening, 13th October, and on the following day united with his senior colleague and the students in a devotional service, he made his appointments of days and hours of lectures and exercises, and then went to his temporary home to lie down and die, before the first of said lectures was due, according to arrangement. Thus he fell with his harness on, sword in hand, as unexpectedly to himself as to others, yet amid cheering expressions of faith and hope in our blessed Redeemer.

Leaving to another pen to sketch the circumstances of the death and burial, the present writer may, perhaps, without intrusion, note two or three points as they have occurred to him. A man of God serves his generation not only by the work he does, but also by the manner, the spirit, the temper in which he carries it forward. A Christ-like example is a mighty blessing to any generation. It were difficult to estimate the value of the work done by one who has trained for the Christian Ministry a succession of classes during

thirty years, whose members are most of them at this present, actively engaged in the Vineyard of the Lord in many parts of the earth, the great majority in this Dominion; and that work was throughout prosecuted by one whose life was blameless. He lived in the Church and in the world, amongst friends, and foes, if he ever had any, in the family and in the class of students, a life consistent with his holy profession. His temper, naturally quick, under control,—his affections, naturally warm, exercised most unselfishly,—his time, conscientiously and laboriously given to his work,—and his whole man presented on the altar of consecration, a living sacrifice.

He was characterized by a *steady adherence to principle*. His convictions on theology, and church government and ordinances, were decided, and his advocacy of them was unfaltering. While exercising a spirit of enlarged catholicity, he maintained fearlessly what he regarded as the right, he was respected on all hands for this: he was not to be bought. He exercised *unwavering faith in God for results*. There are many who are restless for immediate and palpable effects; they cannot go on sowing and toiling unless they see very speedily the springing up, and come into rapid contact with the harvest. That is a failure in their view which is not speedy. Dr. Lillie had faith in God, and *could wait!* If he knew that he was working in his own best possible way, then he would plod patiently forward, assured that his labour would not be in vain in the Lord. This is an important lesson for a bustling, restless, impatient generation. He knew that the Lord doth not make haste, and he was ready to trust Him, labouring on in faith and with prayer. *Conscientious faithfulness to duty* was a feature in Dr. Lillie's course of life worthy of imitation; his standard was high, and his toils were therefore incessant. Instead of confining himself to past investigations and already ascertained results, in his instruction of the successive classes committed to his care, during the thirty years of his Professorship, he carefully read up to the times, and laboriously added to his stock of matter, writing, re-writing, modifying, and without any regard to the amount of labour involved, preparing himself for the special work of every year. In this conscientious faithfulness to duty, he presented a fine example to his juniors; he thought his plan of instruction the best, and though a most costly one as to toil, he carried it out; even if any one doubted whether it was the best, he must admire the indomitable perseverance with which he prosecuted what he deemed to be so.

The limits of this article do not admit of any estimate of his mental characteristics and endowments which were above the ordinary standard. In these he was an honour to the denomination to which he belonged. His godliness sprang from a clear evangelical faith, flowing out in streams of practical obedience. His modesty, caution and unobtrusiveness are not forgotten, combined as they were with a lion-like boldness in the defence and maintenance of right and truth.

Adam Lillie is gone! The friendship on earth of forty-one years duration is closed! There cometh a brighter day and a blessed reunion! The Master is with His servants on earth, as well as with those who are in heaven. In faith and hope we press forward.

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## Gleanings.

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### VOICES OF GRACE.

It is marvellous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty," says one. "Come to the waters," she cries. "I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," she says, "and

let your soul delight in fatness." "But I am poor and have nothing to buy with." "Come buy wine and milk without money and without price." "We are weary," sigh the laborers in the sun beaten fields. "Come unto Me," breathes her answer, like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway. "Behold the Fountain," she cries to the guilty; the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." To the lost she cries, "I am the Way;" to the ignorant, "I am the Truth;" to the dying, "I am the Life." How large her welcome to the sinner, how soothing her consolations to the mourner, how inspiring her tones to him that is faint of heart! There is no disease for which she has not a remedy, no want for which she has not a supply; and every one who applies to her shall confess at length, "It is enough; I am blessed, as if all the methods and riches of grace were for me alone!—*Hogr.*"

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Never purchase friends by gifts, for, if you cease to give, they will cease to love.

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It is said, that the purest diamonds, are not so much seen of *themselves* as by the light they reflect. So with the truest Christians; it is not themselves we recognize but *Christ reflected in them!*

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A young gentleman having called in his physician, said, "Now, sir, I wish no more trifling; my desire is, that you at once strike at the root of my disease." "It shall be done," replied the doctor; and lifting his cane, he smashed the wine decanter which stood on the table.

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**THE SWORD.**—Let it ever be remembered that there is no wisdom in the sword, which is the mere symbol of physical force, not of enlightened reason; of brute passion, not of solemn deliberation; of proud ambition, not of self-sacrifice and love of country.—*Thomas Clarkson.*

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The true Christian is like the living spring which is not impoverished by sending forth its grateful waters. He is not afraid to freely bestow of that which he has freely received, and the more he gives, the more abundantly does God supply him; but there are too many like stagnant pools, withholding that which tends to poverty. Like the servant with the one talent they are afraid to use their possessions for God's glory.

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**THE CASH VALUE OF "ORDINANCES."**—"I wouldn't have missed that sermon for twenty dollars!" exclaimed an enthusiastic hearer as he came out of church a few Sabbaths ago. As a matter of fact the sermon cost him just twenty-one cents and six mills and a fraction of a mill, in one way of reckoning; or two cents and sixteen one hundredths of a cent in another way of reckoning. He is the head of a family of five; pays twenty-four dollars a year church subscription; and comes once a day. The first named sum is for the family in a lump. Divide this by ten and you have cost per sermon of two sermons a week to five persons, which are furnished if they would come for them, for the sum last named! Dog cheap for a sermon worth more than "twenty dollars!" Two cents and sixteen one hundredths, taking no account of prayers, hymns and Sabbath School, which are thrown in; yes, and several "parochial" calls a year; not to mention, either, funeral service in case you die! This man has an income of from four to six, and some say eight thousand a year, and attends a church where it is difficult to meet expenses. I wonder if he ever looked at the thing in this light!

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