

discovery of truth, as well as the joy of its possession. This peculiar power in the pulpit he retained undiminished to the last. It was very noticeable in his sermon before the Conference in Peterboro' last summer, so much so as to excite the surprise and admiration of those who had long known of the gift that was in him. Perhaps nothing is left to be said on this point, than when I repeat the emphatic statement of the Rev. Dr. Potts, whom no one is better entitled to speak on the point, that in the death of the late Chancellor Nelles, we had lost "the foremost Methodist preacher in the Dominion."

When I come to say something on the character of the one whose loss we mourn, I am met by the peculiarity that he had qualities that are seldom found together. His moods were as different as sunshine and shadow, and they sometimes followed one another with great rapidity; but he was always the same man at heart, as the world is the same world in dark and dawn and noon.

He was pre-eminently a thoughtful man—from first to last a *student*. As a boy on the farm, he took to work and play of mind rather than of muscle; and as a man, when he left the study and went away for rest and recreation, a book was always the first provision and the nearest companion. His reading, too, was broad as well as deep. He would often repeat the saying that the surest way to make a bad theologian was to give him a course of exclusively theological reading. He knew the infirmities with which the mind and heart of man are compassed, and could have compassion on those that are out of the way as well as sympathy with those that were in it.

It was because of these broad and generous sympathies, that he managed to lead gently into the way of truth and life some wandering spirits, that would have wandered still farther away in repulsion from a teacher of a different stamp.

Dr. Nelles was a man of many books, like John Wesley; but he was at the same time like Wesley—a man of one book. On his death-bed he said to his wife, "I have studied much and read many books, but there is no book like *The Book*, and there is no name like Jesus."

With all his reading he had not the knowledge that puffeth up. The great heathen sage and prophet, Socrates, used to say that he differed from other men in that he knew his own ignorance, but they did not know theirs. Something of the same humility of wisdom graced the learning of our lamented Chancellor.