

certain giant majesty of movement, he reached an altitude and amplitude of power that placed him side by side with the noblest of his time."

In the character of the one whose loss we mourn there was a rare combination of qualities. His broad and generous sympathies gave him a loving nearness to everybody. He saw good in everything. Inspiration flowed with his kindness, which lifted the troubled into peace. The experiences of life seldom give a friend more noble and generous, more confiding and enduring. His acquirements were most extensive in several departments; his general reading remarkable. "Often, too, he loved to roam those fields of literature and philosophy thought, whose broad tracts have been marred by no sectarian fences." Ruskin compares mind to a river which has a shallow side on which to shingle and sun itself, and a deep side through which the weight of waters flow with ever increasing power. Our departed brother enjoyed the double blessing of the sunny side for play, and the profound side for labor and achievement. There was a sparkling of humor which flashed on the surface, and obscured for the moment the depths of thought that lay beneath. His fancy made him a man of wit; his force of character a man of weight, and worth, and work. "Many could see the readiness with which he passed from grave to gay, but not so many seemed to know that he passed with even greater readiness from gay to grave, and that the fountain of his laughter was hard by the source of tears." Indeed, the keen insight which he had of truth, and that hush of spirit, as if the unseen was upon him, is the best evidence that his mind was habitually fixed upon high and sacred things.

The principles which enabled him to build up such a life stand out in clearer light than ever in his last short illness and death. How buoyant, how trustful, how loving. On his deathbed 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." When far down the valley his spirit was kindled for a little, and he sent a message to the students of his love, who were about to assemble for college prayers—"Give the boys my love, and thank them for having been so thoughtful and kind." He also asked them to sing Cowper's familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." We may now remember this beautiful hymn as the dying *credo* of Chancellor Nelles.

"Amongst the requests he made in view of his departure was this one, that on his tomb should be inscribed nothing but these words, 'Now we see through a glass, darkly.' To us there is here no treason against Christian theology. Others may think they have in their divinity a clearer spirit of divination. Saint Paul had not. Our sainted friend and brother and father was of the school of Paul, and he is not ashamed to have it so marked where his body is to be laid to rest. But, be it noted well, he was not in the dark. He saw through the glass darkly, it is true, but he saw."

May we all look away from him to see what he saw through the glass darkly, and to have and hold his faith, his hope, his love!

His mortal remains rest in the Cobourg cemetery, awaiting the resurrection.

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

In preparing the above, the Committee make free use of the Calendar Memorial, Prof. Reynar's address, and Rev. H. Pedley's tribute to the late Chancellor.

QUESTION
ensuing

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