

everything betokened the man of God, who was dealing with interests that outreached to the immortal.

I marvel to think of the responsibilities which were laid upon him at the early age of twenty-seven, when he was entrusted with the task of leading the educational work of the Methodist Church of this Dominion.

A great cloud of educated and Christian men throughout this country, who were trained at his feet, attest how grandly he performed his life-work, for the extended period of thirty-seven years. The exalted Christian character of Dr. Nelles was the crowning secret of his power. The transparent rectitude, the singlemindedness of the man, inspired confidence wherever he was known. His charity was all comprehending, and resembled the verse of Faber's, he so much loved :

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
That is more than charity."

I have said that I first met the departed at the sunrise end of Lake Ontario, in the early summer of his life. I parted from him at the sunset end of the same lake. The apples had goldened in the orchards ; the grain had bowed its head, prophetic of an early fall ; the oriole, fulfilling its mission, was pluming its wings for other skies, when on the veranda of a large hotel we sat, on a serene August morn, looking out on the placid waters as they heaved their breast of unrest and sang their far-away requiem along the distant shore.

His long life battle had left its marks. The brow was furrowed, the eye was dimmed, the face was sallowed and worn, exhaustion was in every movement, a pensive pathetic sadness wore itself into every tone. Scenes of the past, troubles of the present, perplexities as to the future, with scintillations of hopeful expectancy supplied the topics of our converse. With warm affection, little boding it was for evermore on earth, we clasped hands and parted. The lapse of but a few weeks brought tidings of his peril, and then, all too swiftly, the announcement of his demise. The end was worthy of the man. Intellect, scholarship, and wide experience of life, all bowed in sweet resignation to the will divine.

The spirit of the dying Chancellor was kindled, for, but a little. He would have the students of his love sing to him "of