

# REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE CHANCELLOR NELLES, LL.D., D.D.\*

BY THE REV. DR. DOUGLAS.

“STILL o’er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care ;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

It was in the leafy month of June, when blossoms were on the trees, when the calyx of the lily and the begonia began to disclose their hidden charms, when the time of the singing of birds was come; it was on a steamer, threading her way through the “Thousand Isles,” where beauty, in her wild confusion, laughs at order, where romance is materialized in sunny islets—sweet as those which gem the Ægean Sea, and the vistas open into avenues of perpetual surprise; it was amid such scenes that, in 1856, I first met with Dr. Nelles, in the early summer of his life. I was at once impressed with the Shakespearian aspect of the man. There was the ample dome, as yet untouched by time’s wintry snows; the unwrinkled brow; the dark Italian eyes that told of the depth within; the finely chiselled nose; the fulness of the lower lip, sign of a warmth of nature; the muscular play around the angles of the mouth, reminding one of rippling waters seeking a quiet shore; the pale cast of thought, commingling with the shade of sadness, and the winsome smile, that like sunshine after cloud and shower makes beauteous the landscape scene; the well poised head; the fineness of the nerve expressed in every look and movement; the seemingly fragile but well knit frame—this was Dr. Nelles, as I first met him on his way to the Brockville Conference.

Through the long period of thirty years it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship—and a friend more noble and generous, more confiding and enduring, the experiences of life seldom give to man. No divergence in opinion, or apparently antagonistic interests, ever invaded the sanctity of his exalted friendship.

Unchanged on earth, we live in hope of its being perpetu-

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