

and hope. A few hours before his death, when he was already far down the dark valley, he sent back a message to the students as they were about to assemble for college prayers,—“Give the boys my love, and thank them for having been so thoughtful and so kind.” He also asked them to sing the first five verses of Cowper’s familiar hymn,

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

It is known to us all, and we may now remember it as his dying *credo*—his last act of faith and hope and love.*

Amongst the requests he made in view of his departure was this one, that on his tomb should be inscribed the 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*.

And now, if I indeed knew his inner life, and these words are uttered because he said I knew it, and he desired that I should so speak, once more I give the boys his love; to the students of Victoria University, to the graduates, who came up to pay the last act of reverence to the silent form of their academic father, to all *the old boys* who may hear or read the words—once more I give you all his love. I thank you for every kind word and deed, and I pray you, as though our dead Chancellor did speak to you through me, I pray you to look away from him, to see what he saw through the glass darkly, and to have and hold his faith, his hope, his love.

“There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.

E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream

Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I’ll sing Thy power to save;

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue

Lies silent in the grave.”

* Dr. Nelles died October 17th, 1887, in his 64th birthday.