

genuine Wesleyan loyalty and catholicity; the clear perception of, and unwavering faith in, the providential mission of Methodism, and its blessed future, if faithful to, and wholly intent upon the fulfilment of its grand vocation. The like broad-breasted, big-hearted catholicity rang out in every syllable of his reply to Mr. Dale's ever-memorable address at the Conference of 1879.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." But charity was the very inspiration of Morley Punshon's eloquence. After all, his truest greatness was his character. His soul seemed as translucent as the ether on Alpine summits, to which no fog or mist can ever rise. Guileless and trustful as an infant; *in malice a child*, howbeit *in understanding a man*; he was eagerly appreciative of ability in others, whilst ever inclined to under-estimate his own. Wherever any sign of any sort of excellence could be discovered, in a candidate for the Ministry, in senior or in co-eval minister, Dr. Punshon was sure to find it out, to give to it and to claim for it the fullest recognition. His slowness to detect or to admit a failing in any brother, and his leniency towards it when it could not be questioned any longer, were equally remarkable. He was the sure advocate of merciful dealing with the faulty. He *hated putting away*.

His bearing in society was so winning, that in hundreds of homes, doubtless on both sides of the Atlantic, his removal will be felt, not only as an irreparable public loss, but as a real personal bereavement. The utter absence of self-consciousness, the easy affability, the decorous pleasantry, and dignified playfulness—all this was most attractive and endearing. Tenderness and affectionateness were amongst his strongest characteristics. In his most magnificent recitations he never was so powerful as in his rendering of passages of the simplest pathos. We can never forget his giving out of the hymn: "Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow"—the last time we heard him preach, at Dalkey, on the Sunday evening of the Irish Conference. Nothing could be suer, more subduing, or more healing. Alas! he had been schooled in sorrow. The secret of the premature break-down of his powerful physique lies in three words: strain, sorrow, sensibility. Twenty years ago, as early as 1861, when