

been buried, and certainly have yielded abundant returns. He seems to have felt the force of the poet's song :

" I gave thee of my seed to sow ;
Returns thou me an hundred fold ;
Can I look up with face aglow ;
And answer Father here is gold."

Punshon is above medium height and of full habits. He is broad-shouldered, and has a short neck, with well-developed muscles, and might be taken by a stranger for a well-to-do, healthy, prosperous, and happy farmer. His face is full and florid, yet, the facial angularities, are well defined and although rounded off, they are still prominent. The nose is thin throughout its whole extent. The nostrils are large and expansive. The eyes are small and twinkling, with an undefinable *funniness* and a *sly roguish* sparkle about them, which indicate a measure of humour running over. The brows overhang them considerably, and have appended to their lower margin eyelids thick and large. The mouth is large, but not expressive as the manner of some mouths are by nature, and the teeth — well, the day is past to characterize their beauty in *any one*. The forehead is retiring from before backwards, and it also recedes rapidly laterally towards the crown, but, it is wide at its base, and there is a considerable space from the ear to the front of it, indicating a brain above the average in the intellectual part if *bumpologists* are to be believed. The hair is slightly curly and has been auburn in earlier days. The temperament seems to be nervousanguine. He stoops slightly as too many clergymen and literary men do, from the execrable habit of crouching or stooping in writing, which many of them indulge in, and thus contract the lungs and squeeze life out in the desperate struggles to keep it in. There is nothing striking about Punshon as a whole, and yet if we met him in the street, he would catch the eye by means of the faculty which I may be allowed to call intuitive selection. His gestures in speaking are few ; consisting principally of a sudden stretching out of the right-arm, and, of a raising towards the forehead the left-hand, or occasionally a sudden elevation of both hands simultaneously, during the delivery of the pathetic and devotional passages of a lecture. He indulges in no violent gesticulation, nor in contortions of the face. He seems to eschew the power of action and trusts to the inherent work of his compositions, rather than to an animated delivery. I must not be understood as insinuating that he is destitute of vivacity in speech, or flexibility of voice in speaking, or that he is a stoic and displays no more emotion than a statue, for that is not my meaning. He has those positive qualities of speech and voice and expression so necessary to orators, but not in a superlative degree. His enunciation is distinct. Every syllable is pronounced and every word and sentence is kept apart from its fellows. The *fulcrum* words of clauses and sentences are slightly emphasized, as those which give momentum to the whole. He does not confine himself to simple Anglo-Saxon words, but seems to have a fondness for classical terms, or at least those which are Anglicised. I do not say there is a redundancy of such, but they are frequently used.