

PUNSHON was no more—his spirit had passed upward to the bosom of God.

For him we need shed no tears nor rend a garment in token of our grief. He has departed to be "with Christ which is far better." Gone in the maturity and plentitude of his powers—gone from his work and from us who loved him so well. In the full tide of his usefulness, when he seemed to be needed most, the Church has been bereft of its chief ornament. His sun has gone down in the splendour of high noon, and no words are more fitting and appropriate to his departure than his own eloquent reference to the sainted Alfred Cookman: "He went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted as he was stricken into victory in his prime; and he had nothing to do at last but mount into the chariot of Israel and go 'sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

The unlooked-for calamity has fallen like a thunderbolt upon the public mind. Everywhere the tidings were received with astonishment and the profoundest sorrow. His most intimate friends have been shocked at the suddenness of the stroke, and overwhelmed with grief. The mourning is universal. It is as though "one lay dead in every house." Expressions of sympathy and reverential grief have come pouring down upon the smitten household like the leaves of a forest in autumn; and a great cloud of incense is moving before the throne of God and of the Lamb, on behalf of the widow, and the fatherless, and the bereaved Church. No one can estimate the loss to the Church and to the world which the death of such a man entails; and we cannot read through our blinding tears this page in the book of God's mysterious providence; but we know that the Master he so much delighted to honour has called him home to the fullness of his vision and love in the time that He knew to be best, though to us it seems not.

His remains were laid in Norwood Cemetery :

"Hic cineres, ubique nomen"—

"His ashes here, but everywhere his name,"

—a name untarnished as the sun and resplendent with lustre, for he was the Apollos of Methodism, and of the modern pulpit the anointed *King*.

With what intensified emotions I have written these hurried