

me in heaven." One of the two sons, Morley, was with them, but the Benjamin of the household was absent, and she asked, "And Percy?" "Tell him to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." "And yourself, how do you feel?" "I FEEL THAT JESUS IS A LIVING REALITY—JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!" One heavenly smile, one rapt and upward glance, and the head dropped—there was silence broken only by the sob of a widow, and WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON was no more—his spirit had passed upward to the bosom of God.

For him we need shed no tears or rend a garment in token of our grief. He has departed to be "with Christ," which is "far better." Gone in the maturity and plenitude 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 splendor of high noon, and no words are more fitting and appropriate to his departure than his own eloquent reference to the death of 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 the 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 fell like a thunderbolt upon the public mind. Everywhere the tidings were received with astonishment and the profoundest sor-