

As I left the room, he waved his hand and said, "*Bon voyage.*" I reached Liverpool early next morning, got on board the steamer, which soon pushed into the Mersey, and the tender, which brought the remainder of the passengers on board, brought me a message that he had passed away very suddenly at one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of April. I had only a moment to get my luggage on board the tender, and get back to the shore. Taking the first train back to London, as we sped along, my whole being overwhelmed with sorrow, in tears and prayers, I could yet hardly bring myself to believe the sad intelligence. But as I entered the shadowed home, with its breaking hearts, and stood in the silent chamber where I had so lately left him in life, I saw everywhere the mournful tokens of the solemn severance between body and spirit. *There* was the bed on which he had lain, the chair on which he had sat, the portraits he had loved to look upon, and the books he loved to read; but the brow of that massive intellect was cold, palsied the eloquent tongue, the lips so often touched with a live coal from off the altar, sealed; the eyes, those windows of the soul of the orator and faithful ambassador for Christ, closed:

" And Death upon those features pale and still  
Had laid the impress of his fingers chill.

I learned that after I left, Rev. Mr. Osborne, his associate in the Mission House, called and offered prayer, in which he most fervently joined. Shortly after midnight he had become suddenly worse, and the heart that had always rallied before refused to do its work, and he asked, "Am I going, Doctor?" His physician with a sigh, answered, "Yes." And then his heart turned to the human in love, and to the Divine in trust. His devoted wife, who had watched over him with unspeakable affection, day and night through all his illness, with breaking heart asked, "Have you a message for me, my darling?" And he said, "I have loved you fondly; love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." Morley was with them, but she thought of his absent and youngest son, and said, "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 upturned glance, and the head dropped—there was silence broken only by the sob of a widow—and WILLIAM MORLEY