

with a rush of sound, while the last two were sung very gently, and the whole of the last stanza was breathed to the softest and tenderest music.

It was easy to see how profoundly the great congregation was impressed by the singing of this exquisite hymn. Then followed Wesley's anthem, "All go to one place," when the procession was reformed and moved to the open grave in the Poet's Corner. On the removal of the pall there was exposed a small brass plate on the yellow coffin of polished oak, with this inscription :

ROBERT BROWNING,

BORN MAY 7, 1812,

DIED DECEMBER 12, 1889.

The choristers stood about the grave, and as the coffin was lowered into it they very beautifully sang the choral part of the service.

Thus was laid to rest all that was mortal of Robert Browning among the precious dust of his compeers,—a company of poets, philosophers, orators, discoverers and divines, such as have been laid to rest in no other land since time began. His grave is close to the cenotaphs of Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Jonson and Grey; and near it is the bust of Longfellow. The space around the grave was almost covered with wreaths and garlands, the most striking of which was a wreath of laurel presented by the municipality of Venice, having the poet's name written on the silk binding. Here was a wreath also of red and evergreens "from his child friend Dorothea."

The final prayer and the collect for the dead were said by Dean Bradley, and the vast congregation joined with the choir in singing Watts' grand hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." After the benediction, while the "Dead March in Saul" thundered from the organs, the mourners and friends passed around to take a last farewell of the poet. Then the congregation filed slowly past the still open grave, and nightfall had come before the last of his admirers had left Robert Browning to his rest.

THEODORE H. RAND.