

Dead at the crest, the crown
 And blossom of his fortunes, this strong son
 Of our great realm sank down
 Beneath the load of honors scarcely won.

Windsor's Imperial towers
 Kept mournful watch above him as he lay ;
 His Sovereign lavished flowers
 In gratitude upon his honored clay.

Thro' storm and stress afar,
 He crossed once more the troubled wintry wave
 In that stout ship of war,
 By the old flag enshrouded for his grave.

Great Empire, heart and mind,
 Let Britain's sons closer and closer draw ;
 Such lives, such deaths, can bind
 Our union closer than the bonds of law.

May this career sublime—
 This honored ending of an honored life—
 Bear fruit thro' secular time
 In hearts drawn near deep peace-averted-strife.

—LEWIS MORRIS.

The circumstances connected with the death and burial of Sir John Thompson are without a parallel in British history. Having attained to the highest honor that any colonial subject can receive at the hands of his Sovereign, he is suddenly stricken down in the grand historical Castle of Windsor, almost in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen.

The subsequent events afford so grand and pathetic a display of tenderness on the part of Her Majesty, as must forever remain on the page of history as remarkable as they are unique. The most minute details by which the greatest solicitude and sympathy could be expressed were carried out carefully and completely.

The orders for the conveyance of the body on the splendid warship, the *Blenheim*, to Halifax, the transference to Portsmouth in a royal saloon carriage, and every detail of the arrangements, manifested the utmost solicitude on the part of