

power of our country are here to give all pomp and circumstance to his funeral. But man dies not with death, and in the midst of our mourning the solemn rites of religion, tinged though they be with a human sadness, yet have an undertone of consolation, of hope, aye of triumph! The pleading tones of the "Dies Iræ" are not the wailings of despair. They are rather the expressions of confidence in an infinite mercy. And finally, before the remains are carried forth, the exultant words which contain a promise and an assurance of victory over the grave are intoned:

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live: and everyone that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever." (John xi. 25-26.)

Our sorrow, then, is not as that of those who mourn without hope, for we know that our friends, though dead to the world, live before God; and, although their bodies may be left to moulder in the tomb, we ever hear the consoling words of our Saviour spoken near the little town of Bethany, "Thy brother shall rise again." Though there be hope in our sorrow, the sorrow itself is profound and universal. For an individual loss, the regret, sincere though it be, is confined within a narrow circle. When a nation mourns we may be sure that the loss is a national one. Few indeed will deny that by the death of the Right Honourable Sir John Thompson our great mother Canada has suffered an almost irremediable loss. The reason of this is found in the qualities that were based and rooted in the character of the man as he appeared in the eyes of his fellow-citizens in the discharge of the duties of his high public station. In him, as in Samuel of