

nues of solemn silence when the great bell proclaimed the arrival of the funeral cortege. The choristers, Dean Bradley, and the officiating clergy met the bearers of the coffin; and the procession moved slowly up the nave, chanting the processional parts of the Burial Service to the solemn and stately choral music of Croft and Purcell. The monotony of the march served to increase very greatly the impressiveness of the scene; while the echoes of the musical cadence, now faint, now strong, were thrilling and awesome.

The coffin was covered with a violet pall, borne by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, representing the Poet Laureate; Dr. Butler of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir Joshua Stephen, Sir Theodore Martin, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Masson of Edinburgh University, Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol; Sir F. Leighton, President of the Royal Academy; Sir George Grove, Professor Knight of St. Andrews, and Mr. George Smith, one of Mr. Browning's publishers,—art, music, literature, philosophy, law, and the Universities. Upon the top of the coffin were beautiful wreaths, one of white immortelles, one of violets and lilies, and a massive cross of English violets. One of these floral tributes was from his brother poet, Lord Tennyson, and another from his own sister.

Immediately behind the coffin walked the only child of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning—the young Robert Browning, sculptor and painter, and his wife, with others directly related to the poet; while a distinguished company followed. So slowly moved the procession that ten minutes passed before the open space between the choir and the altar-rails was reached under the lantern or central tower. Here the coffin was rested on tressels, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, Canons Prothero, Ducksworth, Furze, and Westcott, and Dr. Troutbeck, in full canonicals, took their places, with Capt. Walter Campbell representing the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, at the head of the coffin. On either side sat the friends just released from the pall; behind were the bereaved relatives; and near, those whom friendship entitled to a communion in sorrow.

The great bell had not ceased to toll since the cortege came in sight; but now its last peal died away as a portion of the