

ence when the startling news came that a higher summons had called him to the presence of the King of kings, and his sorrowing family and country were left to realize all the greatness of their loss.

All that queenly thoughtfulness and womanly sympathy could do to soothe the grief of those who loved him and the country which trusted him, was done by Queen Victoria who, in her respect for the religious persuasion of the dead, in her motherly tenderness towards the young daughter left fatherless far from her own home, and in her beautiful act of royal recognition of faithful service, in herself laying the victor's wreath of laurels on the coffin of the departed statesman, showed once more the secret of the power by which she has strengthened her throne and the British Constitution for well nigh sixty years.

Her government and her people caught up the note and honour after honour was offered to the remains of the late premier, and not only his own country, but every British colony throbbed responsively to this demonstration of the oneness of the British Empire and of the reality of the ties which unite all its component parts.

But when all this is said, and more than fully granted, can it be asserted that it was merely the accident of Sir John Thompson's death at Windsor Castle, and the consequences resulting therefrom, which occasioned the deep feeling perceptible amongst the crowds who attended his funeral, and which has left such a keen sense of bereavement from East to West in the wide Dominion, even after the first outburst of sorrow has spent itself?

What is the secret which has made the clergy of all denominations not only voice the sorrow of their people but hold up Sir John's life as a message to those who are left; and this, although in early manhood he had left the church of his fathers to join the Roman Catholic Communion?

What is it that makes his political foes speak as if they too have sustained a personal loss?

What is it that makes all patriotic citizens feel that they have been suddenly deprived of a national bulwark on which they depended for many years to come?

Why do those who were privileged to call him friend feel that a bright light has gone out and that a great darkness has overspread their lives?

There is but one answer to these questionings. The heart of the people is true to higher instincts when it gets a chance, and never has a man's career more exemplified the *power of character*, strong, elevated, trained *character*, than Sir John Thompson's.

He began life as a boy at Halifax, with but few advantages, saving those which lie in a public school education and in the influences of a cultured home, where all the proud traditions of mingled Irish and Scottish descent were cherished and made a means of inducing love and loyalty to the new country as well as to the old. His father, a literary man of no mean capacity, and a co-editor with Joseph Howe, was the reverse of wealthy,