

And loving hands his early death-bed tend,
And home's kind eyes above his pillow bend;
Strike light, O, Death!

There is a white form now
Kissing the death-damp from the pallid brow,
Propping with tender arm the drooping head,
Wooing the last sweet light the dim eyes shed,
Whispering sweet words—such as Ilissus' tide
Heard nightly by the flower-crowned altar's side.
Earnest to wake with love's impassion'd breath,
Some lingering echo in the ear of death.
A chord is touched—and with some transient might
The eye's last warmth of evenescent light
Shines forth, and fades,—and as the eternal trance
Chills the faint heart and clouds the adoring glance
Slow on the white arm droops the youthful head,
The soldier sleeps—the living clasps the dead!

The right has been conferred by Royal warrant on Judges of the County Courts in England and Wales to retain the style and title of "His Honour" before their names on their retirement from the Bench; it being deemed a fitting recognition of the importance of the office which they hold. In former days County Court Judges in England do not seem to have occupied as important a position as they now hold, the jurisdiction of the Court having been greatly increased of late years. No such right exists in this country.

Notwithstanding some impression to the contrary, the Judges of our Superior Courts have no right to retain the style of "Honourable" on their retirement; though, as a matter of courtesy, they are often thus styled. There is one exception, and so far as we know only one, and that is Hon. Featherston Osler, on whom this complimentary title was conferred by special warrant, and a very fitting recognition it was of his invaluable services to the country, as one of the best of our Judges.