

dropped into the water into the space we had the moment before occupied, our gunwales almost touching.

We drifted away easily as the oars were got out and headed directly away from the ship. The crew seemed to me to be mostly cooks in white jackets, two to an oar, with a stoker at the tiller. There was a certain amount of shouting from one end of the boat to the other and discussion as to which way we should go, but finally it was decided to elect the stoker who was steering captain, and for all to obey his orders.

He set to work at once to get into touch with the other boats, calling to them and getting as close as seemed wise so that when the search boats came in the morning to look for us there would be more chance for all to be rescued by keeping together.

THE SERENE HEAVEN.

It was now about 1 a.m.; a beautiful starlight night with no moon and so not very light. The sea was as calm as a pond, just a gentle heave as the boat dipped up and down in the swell; an ideal night except for the bitter cold for anyone who had to be out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat, and if ever there was a time when such a night was needed surely it was now with hundreds of people, mostly women and children, afloat hundreds of miles from land.

The captain stoker told us that he had been at sea twenty-six years and had never yet seen such a calm night on the Atlantic.

As we rowed away from the "Titanic" we looked back from time to time to watch it, and a more striking spectacle it was not possible for anyone to see.

In the distance the "Titanic" looked an enormous length, its great bulk outlined in black against the starry sky, every porthole and saloon blazing with light. It was impossible to think anything could be wrong with such a leviathan were it not for that ominous tilt downward in the bows, where the water was by now up to the lowest row of portholes.

Presently about 2 a.m., as near as I can remember, we observed it settling rapidly, with the bows and the bridge completely under water, and concluded it was now only a question of minutes before it went; and so it proved.

HOW THE END CAME.

The "Titanic" slowly tilted straight on end with the stern vertically upward, and as it did the lights in the cabins and saloons, which had not flickered for a moment since we left, died out, came on again for a single flash, and finally went out altogether.

At the same time the machinery roared down through the vessel with a rattle and a groaning that could be heard for miles, the weirdest sound surely that could be heard in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles away from land. But this was not yet quite the end.

To our amazement it remained in that upright position for a time which I estimate as five minutes; others in the boat say less, but it was certainly some minutes, while we watched at least one hundred and fifty feet of the "Titanic" towering above the level of the sea and looming against the sky.

Then with a quiet, slanting dive it disappeared beneath the waters, and our eyes had looked for the last time on the gigantic vessel we had set out on from Southampton last Wednesday.

And there was left to us the gently heaving sea, the boat filled to standing room with men and women in every conceivable condition of dress and undress, above the perfect sky of brilliant stars with not a cloud in the sky, all tempered

with a bitter cold that made us all long to be one of the crew who toiled away with the oars and kept themselves warm thereby—a curious, deadening, bitter cold unlike anything we had felt before.

A TRAGIC MEMORY.

And then with all these, there fell on the ear the most appalling noise that human being ever listened to—the cries of hundreds of our fellow being strug-

gle will be one of the things the rescued will find it difficult to efface from memory. We are all trying hard not to think of it.

We kept a lookout for lights, and several times it was shouted that steamers' lights were seen, but they turned out to be either a light from another small boat or a star low down on the horizon.

About 3 a.m. we saw faint lights showing on the sky and all rejoiced to see

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Lines on the loss of the steamship "Titanic," with sixteen hundred souls on board.

FRED CLARE BALDWIN, D.D.

Who was to blame?

Pray, do not charge this monstrous tragedy to God.

He made the icebergs? Well, what then?

He also made the human mind;

And He hath taught our ever curious ken

How best the ways of safety we may find,

And how to shun the paths by danger trod—

God will not take the blame!

Who was to blame?

His head the captain cannot raise

To answer us or shield his name

From censure or from praise.

Beneath two miles of ocean depth he sleeps

With that grave throng for whom the world weeps.

Great names adorned that good bark's list;

Great deeds relieve that sickening mist;

Great men were there; when came the time

That human nature shows its best or worst,

They measured up to all that greatness durst

Expect of them—in death all were sublime.

Who was to blame?

In part the spirit of this prideful age—

Our blind, insatiate lust of luxury;

Our false disdain of all simplicity;

Our wild and senseless rage for speed;

Our maddening haste

That will not pause to reckon up the waste;

Nor least of all—our gluttonous greed!

Where were the lifeboats? Answer ye

Who cannot forfeit for a single hour

The warm and genial hospitality

Of palace life. What though the treacherous sea

Stands ready to reveal its ruthless power—

The Public was to blame!

So ancient Rome went down—

And other empires of renown!

And so, God grant we may not do,

And will not if our sordid ears will hear

The message these calamities make clear:

We must return again to simpler ways—

And be content oftentimes to sacrifice

Our self-indulgent pleasures and our ease.

Our earth will lose what heaven has learned to prize;

And we shall surely fall on darker days—

Yea, darker days than these!

—In Christian Advocate.

gling in the icy cold water, crying for help with a cry that we knew could not be answered. We longed to return and pick up some of those swimming, but this would have meant swamping our boat, and, further, loss of the lives of all of us.

We tried to sing to keep the women from hearing the cries, and rowed hard to get away from the scene of the wreck, but I think the memory of those sounds

what we expected was the coming dawn, but after watching for half an hour and seeing no change in the intensity of the light, realized that it was the Northern Lights.

DELIVERANCE AT HAND.

Presently low down on the horizon we saw a light which slowly resolved itself
(Continued on page 143.)