

Only fifty vessels reached Corunna, with 10,000 men stricken with fever and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces on the Irish cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and Faroes, the clansmen of the Isles, the kerns of Donegal and Galway, all had a hand in the fearful work that followed. 8000 of these poor men perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets, and on a strand near Sligo an English captain counted 1,100 corpses cast up by the sea.

The flower of the Spanish nobility, sent out on a new crusade under Alonzo de Leyva, after twice suffering shipwreck put a third time to sea and foundered on a reef near Dumblain. In all they lost 80 ships and more than 14,000 men, while the English scarcely lost a man, and but one small ship.

Yet strange to say news spread, how we cannot justly tell, not by the "lying telegraph at that time." A message reached France that the Armada had succeeded, that England was taken, that the Queen was a prisoner on her way to Rome to beg pardon barefooted while she made confession to the Pope. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris was in ecstasies, he ran to the cathedral, shouting as he went in the wildest manner, "Victory! victory!" but the next day he was in such disgrace the Parisians had to restrain him from committing suicide.

The Pope was mortified, but thankful he had not to pay; he had promised a million crowns towards the expenses "when England was taken," and you know, Mr. President, that has never been yet; he not only was but is still free. He, however, sent a letter of condolence and full of much sympathy to Phillip, who seemed rather to spurn it, for he replied that the loss concerned the Pope as much as himself, as the undertaking was at his direction and earnest importunity, but the next time the Church should move first.

Sad recriminations followed: the Admiral blamed the Duke of Parma, the Council blamed both, and the army blamed all. The priests who had so much blessed the enterprise discovered that God had frowned upon them because they had not destroyed all the Moors of Spain.

This was a great victory to the English. It was the salvation of country, of home, of the sanctuary, and above all the Bible and the Protestant religion. All saved by one of the most wonderful interpositions of Providence. This was to the English as the mutiny of India crushed, and the victory of Trafalgar and Waterloo all in one. The Queen had medals struck to commemorate the event, the motto of which was "*His winds, blew and scattered them.*"

As nothing more remains to be told let us gather the lessons.

1. We see how foolish it is to fight against God.

Here are less than four and a-half millions of people with the world in arms against them, and yet they came out victorious. Cowper says:

"His power secured them when presumptuous Spain
Baptized her fleets invincible in vain;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned
To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
Asked of the waves that broke upon his coast
What tidings, and the surge replied, 'All lost,'"

That same little nation has gone on expanding and growing till it has planted another nation on this continent second only in power, wealth and influence to itself, while its sceptre is lifted up in every part of the world; and the nation that sought to humble it has gone down, down, down with every fresh revolution until it has sunk to the lowest pitch of national weakness and degradation. The possessions of Britain now encircle the world. In Europe are Gibraltar, Heligoland, Ionian Islands, Malta and Gozo; in