

this Empire, thank God, we can draw from the courage and the fortitude and the bravery of those men who have given their lives, sacrificed their lives, stood by their ship, preserved the best traditions of British sailors; we can draw from their courage that the spirit of Britishers is not yet dead, but is still alive. (Applause). Those are some of the consolations, others may be able to draw more; I would to God they could magnify the brighter side of the picture, but beyond all that it is clear that something remains for us, something remains for me and for you to do if we would approach the splendid position of those men who have preserved the traditions to which I have referred. The British sailor, that man with the heart of oak, all through the ages down to now, not only risks his life for you and for me, for our aggrandisement and for our prosperity, and for cementing the solidity and increasing the resources and strength of the Empire, but he has been encouraged for many a year and many a day to go forth in that venturesome calling relying on this, that even if the worst happens, and then if he has to give his life in the cause of commerce and in the calling to which he has given himself, that his widow and his children are safe in the arms of the Empire. And so, throughout the length and breadth of our Empire to-day, there are good men and women who have encouraged that thought, that are making it all the more reasonable day after day, that are indicating in the most direct manner that that reliance is well placed; and consequently those men as they answered the Captain's call, "Be British, boys, British,"—not only had the spirit to be British, but that spirit had much comfort in the fact that those who were near and dear to them, and that

were left behind would also rely on the spirit that was British, and that they would be cared for unto their dying day. That is the great charge left to us a week ago. Shall we be equal to it? Ah, Ladies and Gentlemen, the telegrams have flashed through the world that in the two nations—the Brotherhood of the British and American nation—hearts are already open. In London and New York the money is pouring in, the money that represents the sympathy, the money that represents the appreciation and the pride of those noble souls. All that is before, and it remains for us to join in that general movement, to be part and parcel of it, and to quit ourselves in that great responsibility like men.

This matter too touches us keenly, touches me, touches you acutely. If there were not a soul from Vancouver our hearts would be full. But you know that when a disaster happens and when you know someone—someone who has been your friend, someone who has been your fellow-citizen, the blow is all the keener: it is human nature. And not only did men from England and from the United States go down with that ship, but our own citizen from Vancouver and fellow-citizens throughout the Dominion of Canada shared in that awful fate, and so the calamity comes all the nearer, touches us more keenly, and yet it did not need that to spur us on. I have lived in this city for some years: I have lived in this city when it was a great deal poorer, and when there was the seriousness of war, and when the interests of our fellow citizens and our brothers were threatened and their lives imperilled: I have seen people meet just like this: on the moment, on the nonce without much advertisement and come shoulder to shoulder to do