

at Valentia on the day before the expedition sailed, and held a religious service. It was a scene long to be remembered. There were men of the closet and men of the field, men of science and men of action, men pale with study and men bronzed by sun and storm. All was hushed and still. Not a signal gun broke the deep silence of the hour, as, with humble hearts, they bowed together before the God and Father of all. They were about to go down to the sea in ships, and they felt their dependence on a Higher Power. Their preparations were complete. All that man could do was done. They had exhausted every resource of science and skill. The issue now remained with Him who controls the winds and waves. Therefore was it most fit that, before embarking, they should thus commit themselves to Him who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and ruleth the raging of the sea.

In all this there is something of antique stamp, something which makes us think of the sublime men of an earlier and better time; of the Pilgrim Fathers kneeling on the deck of their little ship at Leyden, as they were about to seek a refuge and a home in the forests of the New World; and of Columbus and his companions, celebrating a solemn service before their departure from Spain. And so with labor and with prayer was this great expedition prepared to sail once more from the shores of Ireland, bearing the hopes of

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