

but the soldiers acted according to discipline, stood in their ranks, and the men undisciplined joined with them, and after the women and children were practically saved, went down to the depths singing "God Save the Queen."

Only a week ago there was collected on one of the greatest ships that ever sailed the seas all sorts and conditions of men. The rich and the high, the poor and the lowly, nearly 3000 souls were full of happiness and pride, the greater part of the voyage over, looking forward to the time they should seek the haven ahead of them, meet their friends and relatives; and that ship that was passing in the night, was suddenly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, swallowed up by the sea. But the majority on board that ship were sprung from a great and proud race; the majority on that ship have preserved loyally the best traditions of the British race—the Anglo-Saxon race—and through all the different reports we are bound to believe—we will believe till stronger proof to the contrary is vouchsafed—that the order from the Captain to those British sailors was obeyed to the letter, that they should "Be British, and British to the last!" British they were, British they died, and in that night, that awful night, they gave us this melancholy comfort, that the spirit that made this nation great, and that preserves it is still alive, though they who were a testimony to the fact are now gone.

It was an awful night. We need no interviews, we need no telegrams to bring home to us the dreadful and awful conditions that existed. We have had prayers today, and songs of praise to the Almighty; the world stands aghast at this terrible calamity, and you and I have gathered together with-

in these walls for a solemn purpose, believing still in the infinite mercy of the Almighty, embarrassed and bewildered as we are at this awful stroke: because we are told and we know that the Almighty rides in the whirlwinds, the Almighty governs and controls all these terrible and awful conditions that confront us. It is not for me today to attempt to justify the ways of God to man, but I know, or else you would not be here, that we bow in all submission to His rule: we bow to those whose life is gone. And what remains, what is there for us to do? There is some lesson, there must be some tremendous purpose behind this awful catastrophe, and the simplest of us may get, perhaps, some melancholy comfort out of it all. Brave hearts and gallant souls have disappeared. Widows and orphans are left on our hands; thank God on the hands of two nations well able to look after them, and ready, I believe, to do it. ("Hear, hear!")

But what ray of comfort, what consolation can we poor mortals draw from all this awful accident? Several things we know that may have much behind them. The two greatest nations in the world are undoubtedly drawn together, knit together, by this common woe, as they were not a fortnight ago. Together we weep, together we mourn, together we suffer; and in that common misery perhaps the great cause of peace, so essential at this crisis of the world's history, may be better served than we wot of; and while our own great nation and great Empire has been forging ahead, indulging in luxury and extravagance, criticised and discussed from time to time with reference to the possible effect that may have upon our manhood, that may have upon the permanency of