

## Regular Wall Papers!

We have just received a second shipment of Regular Goods. Books will be ready for inspection on Monday the Fourth. The variety of Patterns and Colourings will fully compensate those who have so patiently waited for the arrival of this shipment. Call early if you desire to obtain a choice selection.

## MARSHALL BROS.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD AT ST. PAUL'S, HARBOR GRACE

Eloquent and Inspiring Sermon by Canon Noel, Comfort and Solace for Relatives and Friends of the Victims of the "Newfoundland" and "Southern Cross" Sealing Tragedies.

On Sunday night a special service was held in St. Paul's Church, in commemoration of those who lost their lives in the disastrous storm that swept our coast on Tuesday, March 31st, and the following day with such fatal results. There was a large congregation including the friends and relatives of those who succumbed to the icy hand of death on the ice-floe, and of those who found a watery grave in the steamer "Southern Cross."

#### Touching Service.

The touching service opened with the Burial Hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe." The two Burial Psalms xxxix and xc, took the place of Psalms appointed for the day. The first lesson was from Isaiah XL, "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people," and the second was the lesson in the Burial Office from 1 Cor. xv. After the 3rd Collect "Days and moments quickly flying," was sung slowly and mournfully. This was followed by the latter part of the Burial Service appointed to be said at the grave side, committing the departed souls to the safekeeping of the Almighty. The Anthem "I heard a voice from heaven" was sung by the choir, and the closing Collects were said. The hymn "They whose course on earth is o'er" was sung by the congregation.

#### The Sermon.

The sermon for the day—the First Sunday after Easter—was preached by Rev. Canon Noel, from St. John, xl chap, 23 verse: "Jesus said unto him, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

"Thy brother shall rise again." To say that such words, falling from the lips of the Son of God, are simply words of pure affection, in an hour of grief and broken-hearted sorrow, seems too worldly, said the preacher. There is a power in their utterance.

There is a majesty in their love. There is a tenderness which seems beyond human language to express. If they were but the messages of an Angel, or the utterances of a Prophet, they might, well engage our attention and inspire the heart and mind with a ray of hearty hope. But, coming as they do from the lips of a Being, who was Divine as well as

human, they call up to the mind a sense of awe and righteous fear.

#### Words of Affection.

So, to-night, dear sorrowing friends and Christian brethren, these same great words of power and Heavenly affection come echoing down the long ages to inspire us with a sense of the presence and majesty of God. "Thy brother shall rise again." Ah! May the same sweet voice of Him who uttered them (and uttered them with no other object but that of the deepest human consolation) speak the same deep peace to our sorrowing hearts. May that great Heart of Love, which was moved to tears at the sight of human sorrow, touch our poor, weak, faithless minds, and inspire them with Christian faith and submission to the Divine Will!

#### Divine Comfort.

May we not leave this House of God to-night, except with that Divine comfort, which He would fain impart. Look at it as you will, Death is a marvellous and solemn thing. Realize, 'as almost every week we have to do, the departure of some dear one, with friends around to smooth the dying pillow and to breathe words of love and endearment at the parting hour, or whether we conjure up in our mind the scene of the battlefield, with souls passing away amid the shouts of final triumph, or picture brave hearts sinking beneath the icy wave; Death is one and the same thing.

It is the severance of the soul and spirit from the bodily frame it has inhabited. It is the separation from companionship and brotherly ties. Death is a penalty; it is an affliction. It is unnatural, and hard for man to bear. For long ages of the world,

and to this very hour, to the mind of many millions of heathen in darkness, death is counted a loss, a misery, a ruthless invader, a robber of sweet hopes. The dead voice speaks only too truly, the heart's shuddering cry, as it explains, "Farewell, husband, brother, or child; thou art forever gone."

#### Christian Faith.

But Faith, Christian Faith, in Christ's own Resurrection, and the power it conveys to all who believe, has now robbed death, and grave, and hell, of all their terror, and excites a glorious hope of rest and immortality.

Jesus Christ by His suffering and sacrifice, has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light. But, though the bitterness of death is past, and every grave becomes a bed, yet, the red eyes of relatives and mourners testify only too truly to the love and affection that lingers within.

So it was with the family whom Jesus loved. Very beautiful is the scene around that humble home, and the rocky tomb in that garden sepulchre. True, firm family affection pervaded the whole story. The torments of death must first be tasted before the Glory of God should be shown.

#### At Bethany.

Into the circumstances of that touching scene, when around that cold sepulchre at Bethany, Jesus wept and groaned, and with a loud voice called the dead and corrupting corpse of the friend He loved, to life and to new power of living, I shall not enter to-night. Rather, I would apply those gracious words, and the unspeakable joy that flows from them, to many a sorrow-stricken heart, for their Christian comfort, and if possible, to impress every one of us with the lesson we are so slow to learn—"Thy brother shall rise again."

But a few days ago, a sad message

of sorrow was borne over every part of this country, that seventy of our sea-faring brethren, most of them in the prime of health and manhood, had been touched by the icy hand of death, after enduring indescribable sufferings for two days and nights on the lonely ice-floe. Such a disaster has not fallen on this country within the knowledge and memory of the oldest amongst us. Hardy and enduring as such men are, trained to a life of toil and exposure, brave almost to a fault; yet flesh and blood was not able to withstand the icy grip, that demolished and overmastered them.

#### Tragedy on Tragedy.

To this sad tragedy must be added the further loss of a noble crew of 175, who probably foundered in their stalwart ship, amid the fierce rage of the elements. Near home and yet how far; buoyed up with the hope of grasping the hands of friends and relatives, they have been suddenly parted from all they loved.

Our hearts are naturally and firmly touched with the thought of their sufferings. Far from human aid, bereft of those who could have breathed words of encouragement and human sympathy, at such a moment the mind and heart flee to its true source of help and consolation.

How many an unrecorded prayer may have swept through that freezing blast and billowing storm. How many a thought turned to those they loved. Yet one eye was all along upon them, even that eye which ever beheld the little disciple-band on the stormy face of Galilee, toiling in rowing, and lonely in their solitude. Who but He could read their thoughts?

#### Unfailing Support.

Oh, is it not in such an hour that Christian Faith supports? What consolation can fill the human breast with greater power, than the hope of a future resurrection, and the knitting together at the last great day of all God's elect?

"One Family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Thou now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death."

Yes; it is only when we realize this sweet bond of Christian Union, that the unspeakable union comes. In life or in death, in safety or in danger, in security or in storm, we are all one in Christ Jesus.

In many diverse ways God calls us. Some to lay their armor by on a field of conflict; others to pass to their rest in a quiet grave.

#### Abiding Help.

Where the heart is warm with Christian love, no frost can freeze it. When faith is surely fixed, it can defy the raging tempest. Where the presence of God and Christ is, no earthly danger can alarm. We need not sorrow, therefore, as those who have no hope, for those whom we commit to a Heavenly Father's keeping. We are as near Heaven by sea as by land. The souls of the righteous are in the Hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

The great consolation from all sorrow flows from the sure hope of a final resurrection. The angel's trumpet shall sound and the last great summons will be heard.

#### Shall Come Forth.

Those that are in their grave shall rise from out of them; those whom God has buried in the fathomless deep shall join them; those bodies, likewise, which have been burnt to ashes in the flame, and those which have been blown to atoms by a sudden explosion; all, all one day shall appear glorified and immortal, quickened by the power of the Eternal Spirit of God. "Thy brother shall rise again."

To-night, then, we have piously committed them to God's guardianship, in the words of our Church's beautiful office for the Christian dead, to await the last great day. Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life. He who hath Life in Himself, hath imparted that Life to His members. No power can harm them. None can pluck them out of his hand. Stern death is now but hallowed sleep, a rest amidst the hours of gloom; a waiting to arise with gladness in the morn. Those who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him. "Thy brother shall rise again."

#### Confident Hope.

With such confident hope we go forth to-night, in expectation to commence the labors of another week, knowing that our own end draweth nigh, and looking forward to our own joyful resurrection.

Meanwhile, whilst we remember the holy dead and rejoice in faithful communion with them, let us not forget that we have one Christian duty to perform to those whom they have left behind. God is the God of the Fatherless and the God of the Widow and whilst He has promised to provide for them, yet it is to be by the hand of us His servants and children.

You, dear friends, who were so deeply touched by the news of this widespread affliction, do not let the feeling of your heart be one of mere

passing sentiment. Be true in your sorrow for them. Give more than a passing expression of your grief at the sad news. What God looks for, and what we all look for, is practical sympathy.

#### Toll of Death.

The toll of those two nights of suffering, with the howling storm singing its funeral dirge, and the snow-drift binding its icy shroud, has touched the hearts of many, both within and without our own country, and it has moved them to contribute to the relief of those who are lonely and fatherless.

The opportunity will shortly be offered of aiding that fund, according to your ability. Think of our many blessings—the manifold dangers from which we are sheltered; the numerous spiritual advantages we enjoy, and the comforts of home and family, even in the poorest and hardest of times.

God rest the holy dead, and when one by one, we ourselves are summoned by Death's Angel to meet our call, may it be to commit our souls safely into the Hands of God, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in confidence of a

reasonable, religious and holy hope, in favor with our God and in perfect charity with the world. And this only can we have in sure and certain hope of a joyous resurrection.

#### Happy Circumstance.

It is not a happy circumstance, that our commemoration of those who seem to have been so ruthlessly parted from us, should fall with this holy, joyous season of Easter, when our key-note of praise is high and loud, with the song of Christ's victory over death and hell?

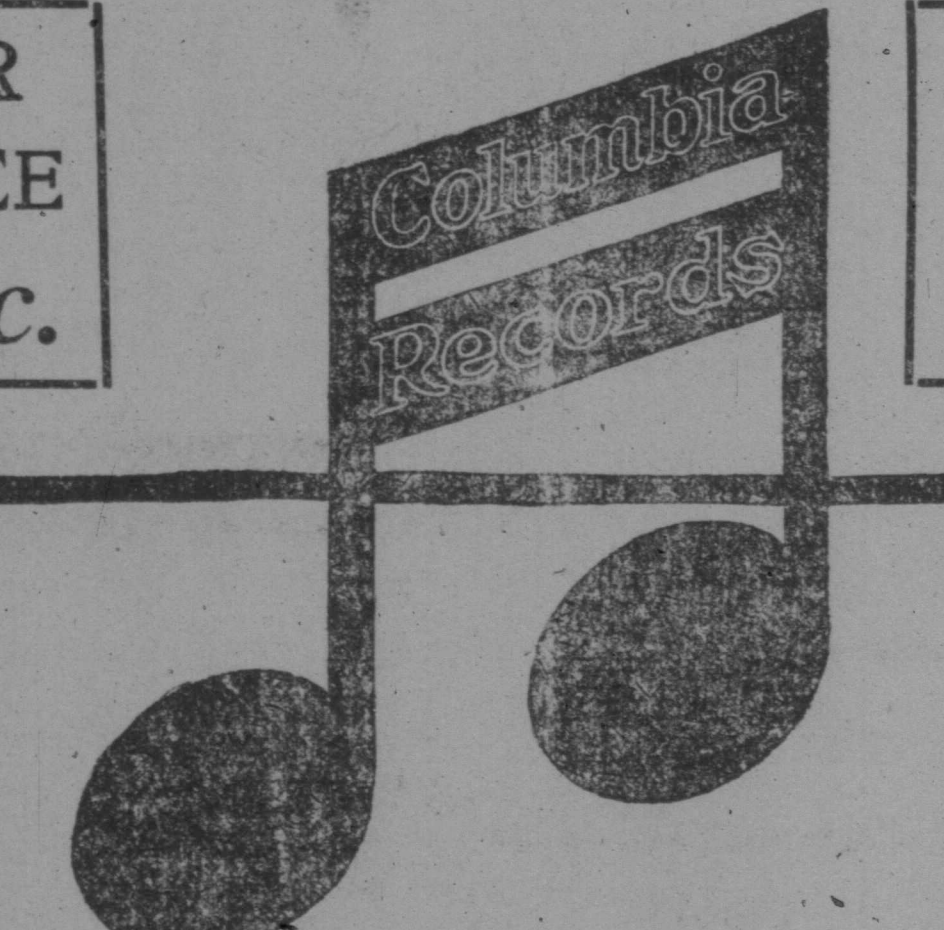
"No longer must the mourner weep,  
Nor call departed Christians dead.  
For death is hallowed into sleep,  
And every grave becomes a bed;  
It is not exile, rest on high;  
It is not sadness, peace from strife;  
To fall asleep is not to die,  
To dwell with Christ is better life."

"Our brothers shall rise again."

"Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with fear of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate."

What will the glad song of New Jerusalem be, but "Home, Sweet Home?"

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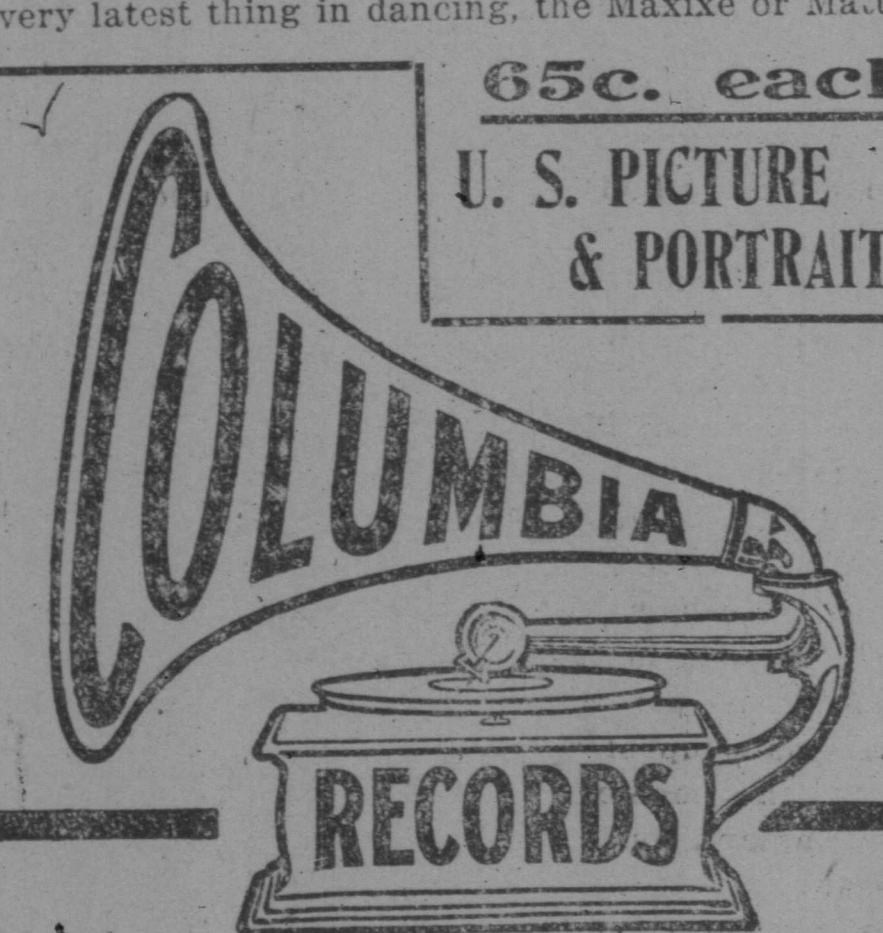
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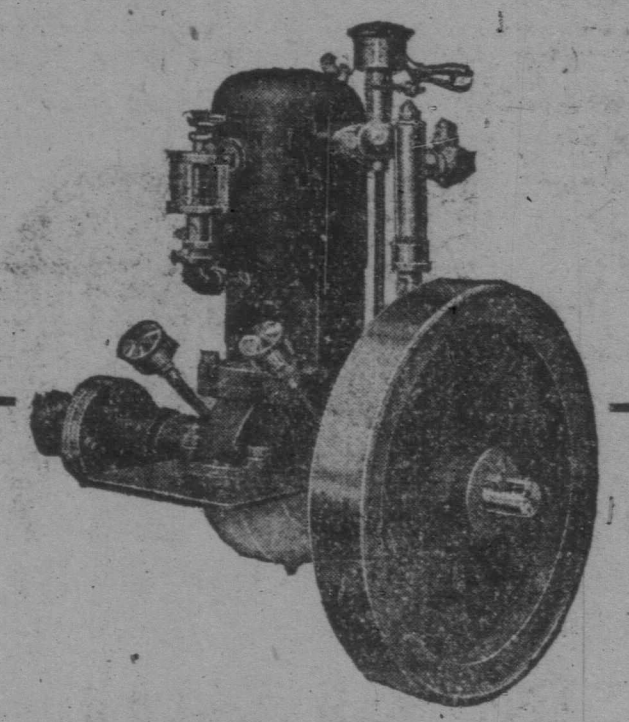
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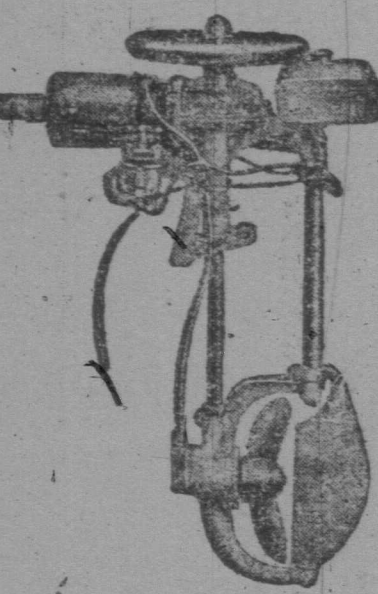
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