

WORDS OF SYMPATHY, OF SOLACE AND COMFORT FOR A BEREFT AND GRIEF-SMITTEN PEOPLE.

The Daily Mail

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., APRIL 4, 1914.

THE VICTIMS DIED

CHRISTIAN HEROES.

WE stand aghast in the face of an unparalleled sealing disaster. Eighty of the crew of the "Newfoundland" have been frozen to death on the open ice-pans, trapped in an unexpected blizzard. The mind reels in panic dizziness at reception of the appalling news. Our thoughts fly out to those so suddenly plunged in unpeakable distress, and our prayers on their behalf ascend in solemn reverence to the all-loving Father.

What consoling thoughts can we suggest, or comforting words utter, that shall not jar upon the too sensitive minds or further disturb the too troubled hearts of the grief-stricken widows and parents? Be our sympathy real and telling though but poorly spoken, and our community of grief sincere and pervasive however blunderingly expressed.

Beloved, you who knew them best, seeing them in the clear light of love, know that those men were at heart Christian heroes. They were your breadwinners and for you they risked their lives.

Bravely they bore the agony of suspense and the pain of frost-bite, age and experience alleviating the fears of youth, and strength ministering with wondrous tenderness to the weaker and less hardy. As the freezing numbness crept heart-wards, who can doubt but that they accepted their doom with patient resignation, and earnest prayer to God for themselves and those who called them husband and son?

Be it your consolation that they died as heroes, while diligently pursuing their dangerous calling, and after valiantly fighting fearful odds. Though dead, they still speak and still live. Anticipate the Easter message and, already ready to participate in its comforting significance. He died and rose and all they who die in Him shall rise.

"His love, unseen but felt, o'er-shadow you,
Till God's love set you at their side again."

—W. HENRY THOMAS.

NEWFOUNDLAND MOURNS THE HEROIC.

ALL Newfoundlanders naturally take a deep interest in our seal-fishery, but few of us appreciate or realize the hazardous risk that is run by our hardy sealers in the pursuit of this avocation, and it is only when a disaster occurs, as in the present case—that of the sealing steamer "Newfoundland"—that it is shown up in all its grim reality.

We can picture the happy face—the cheerful manner, of each of the crew when he had succeeded in securing his "berth," and was ready for his perilous voyage, and we can also picture the good-bye to father, mother, wife and little ones, but can we form any imaginary picture of the grief of the dear ones who are now anxiously awaiting, in vain, the return of the breadwinner who left them such a short time since with bright prospects and happy anticipations of a

HE HEALETH THE BROKEN HEART.

THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown:
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too.
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

—THOMAS MOORE.

successful voyage and glad home-coming? I fear we cannot. We mourn to-day—Newfoundland mourns the death of her heroic sons, and the sympathy of every one who has a tittle of human kindness in him will go out to the bereaved families of those who met their death under such sad circumstances.

In a general way I know their family conditions, and consequently I am at a loss to find words to express my personal sympathy to those who now find themselves deprived of their breadwinners.

—SYDNEY D. BLANDFORD.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD SYMPATHY FOR LIVING.

PERMIT me to join the universal sorrow that overshadows the land and the sympathy that goes forth to the sufferers in the terrible disaster which has overtaken so many of our sealers.

Let us hope the worst is already known and that henceforth every hour will bring consoling news to those who wait.

—J. M. KENT.

CALAMITY KNITS CLOSER HOME TIES.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The tide may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the Bar.

In life little things loom large and obstruct our spiritual vision; in death the great realities of the Eternity, of which these years are a brief moment, and the illimitable space, of which our Earth is but a speck of matter, force themselves upon them.

The dust of life's conflict is so often permitted to obscure the window of the soul that nothing but a tragedy can clear our sight, and as the truth of eternity filters into our consciousness we perceive in the glimmering light of the Infinite that all men are brothers.

While the "Titanic" calamity wrought havoc in so many homes and struck terror in the commerce of the world, yet that one disaster did more to unite the nations of the earth in bonds of brotherhood and herald the dawn of Peace than the sacrifice of battalions of armed men. The Dead March from Saul pealing from the organs of the world was far more potent than would be the booming of its cannon.

And so in the light of our sealing disaster, a tragedy greater far to our Island than the loss of the "Titanic" was to England and the United States, every Newfoundland must feel his pulse throb in unison with every heart, realize the equality of birth and death, and feel a sense of fraternity in which the inequalities and wrongs of the intermediate struggle are seen to be but the vanishing ice-floe on the surging sea of life.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance
This present, thou, forsooth,
Wouldest fain arrest.

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent
Try thee, and turn thee forth
Sufficiently impressed.

I feel that no expression of sym-

pathy in either words or deeds can fill the aching void the loss of loved ones leaves, but such an expression is the only monument we can erect.

Let then the throbbing sympathy of the Country be again turned to the further perfecting and developing of the operations of the Permanent Marine Disaster Fund, and the immediate inaugura-

THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH.

When thoughts
O'er thy spirit, and sad images
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thy individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and trends upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The truth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry—slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—W. C. BRYANT.

ation of a special Sealer's Disasters Fund, so that substantial material consolation may be added to the verbal expression of our Island's sorrow.

—R. A. SQUIRES.

SON OF TERRA NOVA CABLES HIS SYMPATHY.

CONVEY to the bereaved by the great sealing disaster my condolence and sympathy; my heart bleeds for the loss of so many of my beloved countrymen.

Accept Five Hundred Dollars by mail towards the families of the bereaved and I pray the news is not so bad as to-day's despatch indicates.

—W. G. HARVEY,
Shaugh Heights, B.C.
April 3rd, 1914.

SPIRITS ARE PROUD BUT HEARTS GRIEVE.

THE members of the Government feel very deeply for those who have been so suddenly stricken, and also for those in the homes from which the breadwinner has gone out to return no more.

I desire, through the medium of your paper, to express, to the people of the North and to those living more nearly St. John's, whose breadwinners were on the S.S. "Newfoundland," the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the members

of the Government with them at this time.

While the Government and the people will, no doubt, do much in the endeavour to comfort and assist the widows and the fatherless, it is realized that nothing can take the place of the brave fellows who have gone out of their homes forever.

Our men, hardy and courageous in their calling, are continually wrestling their bread from the very jaws of Death, and occasions arise when Death conquers in the struggle. While we are proud of the intrepid spirit of our men, at such a time as this the hearts of the Government and of all the people are bowed down with grief, and all are united in expressing to the bereaved ones the fullest measure of sympathy and consolation.

May the God of the fatherless and of the widow be their helper!

—J. R. BENNETT,
Acting Premier.

PRACTICAL EXPRESSION OF DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS: the community is faced with the most appalling disaster in the history of our Marine industries so that no expression is adequate to the occasion;

AND WHEREAS: in view of this terrible disaster it is desirable at the earliest possible moment to start a fund by public subscription for relief of the relatives of the sufferers;

BE IT RESOLVED: That a public meeting be called for next Tuesday evening, (10th inst.) at 8 p.m., in the "Casino" Theatre (if available) for the purpose of appointing a Committee to receive and disburse said fund, and that in the meantime the assistance of the newspapers be invoked for receipt of subscriptions.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: That a copy of this Resolution be sent to all the newspapers.

—N.F.L.D. BOARD OF TRADE.

REV BAYLEY ANXIOUS FOR HIS FLOCK

REV Rural Dean Bayley, of Bonavista, was in touch with a gentleman in the city yesterday, who furnished him with the latest news.

Many of the Rev. gentleman's flock were on the stricken ship, and some splendid fellows have been overcome.

Their relatives, as all the others have the sympathy of the Rev. gentleman.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE."

EVENSONG at St. Thomas's Church last evening was a sad one, clergy and congregation alike feeling the disaster that has overtaken the city.

The preacher was the Rev. G. H. Hewitt, who took as his text—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." In a manner which touched the hearts of the large congregation. He referred to the terrible calamity, by which the lives of many fine fellows was snapped out.

In a most appealing manner he asked the prayers of all for the widows and orphans, and said all should contribute to the Fund. No one should abstain. Some may be able to give but little, some much, but all can find something. Let all place a value on their sympathy for many are bereft.

The sermon made a deep impression on the congregation.

SECRETARY HARCOURT CABLES HIS SYMPATHY.

I HAVE learned with great regret of disaster to ship "Newfoundland," and wish to express my sympathy with the Colony in this catastrophe.

I earnestly hope that the rest of the sealing fleet is safe. Please keep me informed fully.

—HARCOURT.

DAVIDSON LODGE L.O.B.A. SYMPATHISES.

AT the regular meeting of Davidson Lodge, held last evening in the Oddfellows Hall, all business was suspended, and immedi-

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

Thy light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
The weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

GOD HELP THE STRIKEN AND THOSE IN SUSPENSE.

ONCE more our Island home is thrown into the throes of pain and sorrow. The awful news of yesterday came as a shock to all. When we recall how these brave men left their homes to encounter the elements of the frozen North, buoyant in spirits, trusting in earnest enough to help in buying necessities of life for their wives and families.

How quickly their spirits were fled. In less than time can tell the God who gave them life called them unto Himself again.

As one look into a little home he sees a mother praying for her boy, wives entreating God to spare their husbands, children asking in childlike way for fathers who never may return.

But this is not all the suspense hanging over these homes until the names of those who are gone are known must be heart-breaking; "God help them in their hour of need."

Many a prayer at the bedside last night was offered up on behalf of those who have been bereft of loved ones.

Let us all throw aside our selfish views, and realize that our brothers are in peril and on our knees once more ask God to protect them and theirs, quoting a part of the well-known hymn—
"Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

—CITIZEN.

EX-GOVERNOR BOYLE EXPRESSES HIS REGRET.

Brighton, England.
To Administrator,
St. John's:

DEEPLY regret sealing disaster. Sincere sympathy with surviving relatives Newfoundland's gallant sons.

—BOYLE.

MAYOR W. J. ELLIS WIRES HIS SYMPATHY.

YESTERDAY Mr. W. O'D. Kelly received the following message from Mayor Ellis, who is at present in New York:

"Newspapers report disaster worse than your message indicates, which I hope is unfounded. Newfoundlanders here feel keenly. I think that an appeal towards relief would result well. Consult Messrs. Harris, Robinson and Hepburn of Marine Disaster Fund Committee. I send heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones in affliction. Keep me advised."

—W. J. ELLIS, Mayor.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY FROM STAR OF THE SEA.

PRESIDENT JACKMAN summoned an emergency meeting of the Star of the Sea Society last night, at which the awful tragedy that befell the crew of the "Newfoundland," was discussed, and the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS an appalling calamity has befallen the sealing crew of the S.S. "Newfoundland," resulting in the death of eighty of our fellow-countrymen;

AND WHEREAS, in the face of this great disaster we bow in humble subjection to God's Will, and offer our prayers to His Throne for the afflicted mothers, widows and orphans, who are bereft of their breadwinners;

AND WHEREAS under similar circumstances in the past, our countrymen nobly responded with monetary aid to help those thus bereft of their breadwinners;

BE IT RESOLVED that this Society place on record its profound sympathy for the brave men who lost their lives, and for the widows and orphans who are left behind to mourn the loss of husbands and fathers.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a collection list be opened in our rooms for the surviving relatives of the disaster, and also that all games and amusements be temporarily suspended as a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased fellow-countrymen.

INDUSTRIAL SOLDIERS WENT DOWN IN FIGHT.

SOLDIERS of the Industrial Army, who met death on that fateful Tuesday at the hands of Nature's forces while in quest of the wealth of the icefields! The Country to-day mourns your loss.

Eyes are wet, hearts are heavy, spirits are drooping as the tale is told of the terrible sacrifice that has been made to provide profits for your captains of industry, a living for yourselves, your children and your wives.

We ask: why did you know this hazardous occupation face its perils and its dangers? The answer is one that inspires our faith in man. It was Duty's Call. You obeyed.

Duty said you must be an industrious citizen of your Country, earn your living by the sweat of your brow, you must struggle with the forces of Nature if needs be to make your loved ones respectable members of the community and provide them against the ravages of poverty and starvation. The seal-fishery was one of the occupations open to do this.

Brave men that you were you gave no thought to its perils and dangers, springing at the call of duty you went forth to suffer and to die. The manner of your death will teach its lessons.

The class barriers existing in our Country between the rich, the middle class and the poor break down on occasions like this. All feel instinctively that these class

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