

**An Immense Assemblage In Attendance  
—Masterly Address By Rev.  
Elliott S. Rowe.**

Never has there been such a semblance in the Victoria theatre, which attended the memorial service yesterday afternoon. Long before the hour set for the commencement available seats and coigns of vantage were occupied. Gallery, dress circle and pit were crowded, and even the balconies and entrances held large numbers of people.

Half an hour before the service commenced American citizens of all ages formed at the United States consulate and marched in a body to the theatre. At this time a multitude had gathered around the entrance eagerly striving for access to the place.

Mournful dramas of history have been perpetuated on the stage of the Victoria theatre. Sombre tragedies many times impressed those with reflections toward such profound darkness, but the gloom was only temporary; it was always dispelled by the knowledge, that after all it was only a play.

But yesterday's service brought us all home to each individual action of perhaps the most sordid tragedy of the generation, and there was a great and good man. The sables around the boxes, arch, orchestral railings, the sacred strains of the hymns and the air of solemnity which pervaded the whole place, were commingled with the mournful sentiment of the occasion and profoundly impressive.

Simplicity and genuineness marked the proceedings from commencement to conclusion. Ostentation and display, the blazon of sorrow were fittingly absent. Americans, Britons, Americans and Canadians, Britons, American representatives of other nationalities were welded together in sympathy and unanimity in the bonds of one sorrow.

In the masterly panegyric delivered by Rev. Elliott S. Rowe the crown of glory was the glowing tribute which the speaker paid to another whose life and death were irresistibly to his admiration and admiration. It was noticeable, however, that the speaker cut the entire afternoon no special mention of the wretch who was responsible for it all, the executioner, as it was tacitly felt that the mention of his name would detract from the majestic dignity of the occasion.

On\* the stage, which was surroun-  
by the British and American flags,  
the leading men of the city, in-  
representatives of commerce, sta-  
the united service. United States  
Hon. A. E. Smith presided, and in  
right hand box was Admiral El-  
and staff, and in the left, Lieut.  
Governor Sir Henri Joly and Lady  
Among those invited to seats on the  
were: R. Hall, M. P. P.  
McBride, M. P.

Phillips, M. P. P.; H. D. De  
 M. P. P.; J. S. Helmcken, M. H.  
 Jas. Dunsinuir, M. P. P.; Hon.  
 Prentice, M. P. P.; Hon. D. M.  
 M. P. P.; Mayor Hayward, Ald.  
 with, Ald. Hall, Senator Mc  
 Senator Templeman, Col. Holm  
 Staff, Capt. Walbran, D. G. S. C.  
 Capt. Fleet, H. M. S. Phaeton;  
 Milne, T. R. Smith, Capt. Cas  
 H. M. S. Amphion; Ald. Cameron  
 Earle, M. P.; Col. E. G. Prior,  
 Father Althoff, Father Nicolay  
 Grant, Major Wynne, W. A. W.  
 Lowenberg, A. J. W. Bridgman,  
 Carleton, M. Lenj, the Bishop  
 umbia, Bishop Cridge, Rev. W. F.  
 clough, Rev. R. B. Blyth, Rev.  
 Campbell, Rev. Montague Cohen  
 H. H. Turner, Noah Shakespeare

The service was opened by prayer offered by  
Rev. Montague Cohen

which was as follows:

Lord God of the spirits of all  
To Thee, who dost direct the de  
of mortals, who dispensest life  
death, we come on this occasion  
ness and mourning. The rock, His  
ess perfect, for all His ways are  
ment, a God of truth, in whom th  
to iniquity; just and righteous is  
whose hand is the

Those hands is the soul of every  
 thing and the breath of every  
 man. The Lord killeth and maketh  
 he bringeth down to Sheol and bringeth  
 up. He taketh the souls and keepeth  
 his faithfulness to those who slumber  
 in the dust. He ruleth in this world  
 and there is none who can say unto  
 him, What doest Thou? O Lord and  
 Thou sittest upon the throne of  
 glory.

and art full of compassion toward  
fresh and spirit. We approach Thee  
tribulation. Our soul fainteth with  
sorrow, and every eye is dimmed with  
tears, because to ascend before Thee the  
presence of William McKinley who has  
started this world and has been gath-  
ered into his people. His eye was not  
dimmed by his natural force, but by

... was his natural force abated. The  
... of life was he cut off. We  
... stressed for his loss; our sorrow  
... eat for words and mutual condol-  
... is a sorrow deep, tender and  
... possible, dwarfing for the time a  
... ivate and domestic troubles, ho-  
... vere and heavy.

Yet, like all other sorrows, it brings  
God's footstool; it is the direct  
His loving will and we can ne  
plain it nor bear it without than  
cognizing from whom it has come  
less we bring our grief to Him,  
e bring our sorrow-laden hearts

But, after all, this is the fitting time and the fitting place to meditate together upon this irreparable loss, and in spite of emotions difficult to control and of thoughts disarranging, we may be soothed and even comforted by the effort to think calmly, and hopefully, of our trouble, in the comforting presence of God. "The Lord is my strength and my shield," says the Lord taketh away, blessed be His name, the name of the Lord." Oh! What a