

A WORLD IN WOE

THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

As we go to press incomplete news has just come of the disaster to the *Titanic*. Even should the earnest hope be realized that the anxiously-awaited wireless messages will show that the loss of human life has been small compared with the records of these first reports, the lesson of the loss of the great ship will still be one for all men and all time. Man with all his inventive power and genius, cannot cope with nature limitlessly, any more than he can ignore the Eternal Power working behind and through it.

Imagination is appalled at the possibilities suggested by the first news of the loss, but we hope to hear of heroes having been found among men in all ranks of life who said in action "How can man die better than facing fearful odds?"—nay, much more—in deliberately **choosing** death, that women and children may be saved? Yes, whatever our churches or our creeds, the self-sacrificing spirit of the Christ is an ever-deepening influence in our race, and will, we hope and pray, reveal itself in this world moving, catastrophe.

Viewed superficially and with our imperfect knowledge, some things are hard to reconcile with the reigning of a Beneficent Power; but when we reflect that the God who cares for the individual soul, cares also for humanity in the mass, we may hold that He sees the fit time in which to remind a nation, or even a world, that the only thing that counts in the last issue is the soul life; that at best all

the wealth of material things, like the earth-nourished house inhabited by his aspiring creatures here, passes and perishes soon at longest, and may do so with a suddenness that is more than appalling to those who remain. Millionaires or moneyless—"there is no difference." May the world sermon of the *Titanic* live long in the minds of men; and in this sense, even from our side of the veil, the seemingly inexpressible sacrifice may serve by helping to save a race.

That great company included many men of note in the world's work; and among others one wonders if the great journalist, W. T. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, survived. If he did, and lived through such scenes as are at once imagined to have taken place on the ship, we may look for word pictures which will more than stir the hearts of humanity. But it may be that he too has crossed the "Borderland" and is in a life of fuller light. That that—howe'er we reach it—lies Beyond, who that has learned anything of the evolution of christian character in men and women can doubt? "Shall love be blamed for want of faith?"

There must be wisdom with great Death."

After all, we should not mourn overmuch, unless for THIS-life-lasting loss of those who are left; those interrupted lives have only passed from an initial sphere of training to a higher life, and possibly one of service to the world and the race in which their being began. C