

THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC."

SINCE the publication of our last number full particulars have come to hand concerning this great shipwreck, in many respects the most remarkable mercantile shipwreck of modern times. The loss of life, great though it be, is somewhat less than mentioned in our May number. The number lost is 1503, and the number saved 705. The details received of the disaster have been most painful, and have made a deep impression upon the whole nation. The story, when it comes to be fully written hereafter, will be a thrilling one. A touching and memorable incident was the action of the band on board the vessel, who remained at their posts and played one tune after another, closing with the well-known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The end came very suddenly. There was the noise of a great explosion down below—where the engineers and stokers

still stood at their posts. The boilers burst as the waters flooded their chambers. It was the signal of death; the *Titanic* was doomed. Her mighty stern rose clear out of the water, and stood for a little while pointing, like a black finger of fate, through the darkness; then her head went down, and very quietly, without any turmoil of the waters, the mighty ship dived down into the dark sea and disappeared for ever from the sight of man. The cries of the drowning were heard by those who were fortunate enough to find refuge in the boats, until death put an end to their suffering.

A strict investigation into the whole facts of the case is being made. Meanwhile, the nation has responded most generously to the appeal for help for the widows and orphan children of the drowned. The sum of more than £300,000 has been subscribed, and will be invested for the benefit of the sufferers.



THE LATE MR. J. P. MOODY.
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Standing by the Captain of the *Titanic*.

The sixth officer of the *Titanic* was a young man who passed through our Nautical School; hence this letter from the Secretaries to the Press:—

"SIR,—Permit us to speak one word of appreciation of the junior officer of the *Titanic*, whose duty it was to stand by the Captain. Mr. J. P. Moody was the *sixth* officer, the worthy son of a solicitor at Grimsby, who successfully passed through our King Edward VII. Nautical School, and secured his Master's Certificate on April 26th, 1911. Captain Maxwell, the Headmaster of our School, speaks highly of his sailor-like qualifications, and anticipated for him a brilliant career in the great profession he loved so well. On that fateful night it was the duty of the chief officer to represent his captain at the post of danger where his presence was most needed. The second, third, fourth, and fifth took charge of the boats and left the ship to pilot their living freight. The captain's duty was to stand by the ship till the last command is given (when nothing more can be done)—"Every man for himself and God for us all." Till the last moment comes it is the duty of the junior officer to stand by his captain, pass on his commands, and be steadfast unto death; this Moody did. The British and Foreign Sailors' Society every winter, north of the line (and south of the line) has to mourn the loss of brave officers and men. Mr. G. J. Thruston, the fourth officer of the *Waratah*, successfully passed through our School, as did Mr. C. R. Rowlinson, the third officer of the *Maori*. Both met their fate at their post of duty. In the *Maori* we also lost a fine young midshipman, Mr. Probyn. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford did well to draw attention to the courage and service of engineers and too-often despised firemen. Every class, the most humble, must have their lives elevated, characters

strengthened, and their souls saved—for the day comes when it is life for life, when the never-to-be-forgotten words have a new significance: 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save.' The sea is still God's school for teaching the highest in sacrifice, and it is one of the great objects of this Society to help the sailor to learn this priceless lesson.—Faithfully yours, EDWARD W. MATTHEWS, ALEX. JEFFREY, Secretaries, Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, Limehouse, London, E."

The foregoing letter suggested the following poem, which has been sent to us, and which we have pleasure in publishing:—

DUTY'S LAST CALL.

By THE REV. H. NORTHCOTE, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

["Till the last moment comes, it is the duty of the junior officer to stand by his captain, pass on his commands, and be steadfast unto death. This J. P. Moody did. . . . The day comes when the never-to-be-forgotten words have a new significance; 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save.'"]

He saved others, himself he cannot save;
He may not leave the bridge this fatal hour.
Lo, one more victim, young, and strong and brave,
Ascends the altar in the Spirit's power.

Men feel it as a horror in a dream,
This strange look rising in the eyes of all,
Those loaded lifeboats dropping off abeam,
These swift despatchings of the wireless call.

Now one is taken and the other left;
Now weeping wives to husbands bid farewell;
Now children wail, of parents' love bereft;
Now sound stern voices, frenzied fear to quell.

Slowly she settles in the heaving deep,
The boat-chains rattle at each "Lower away";
But till all else have made their final leap,
The captain and the junior mate must stay.

They two well know what loud and awful cry
Shall soon resound from Ocean's death-strewn face;
While dying eyes upbraid the silent sky,
Yet still they keep their due appointed place.

When God arises, all man's power and pride
Become as driven dust or flying spray;
When breaks His Day, the mighty fain would hide
And Earth's majestic mountains flee away.

The Lord is here; the lifting of His hand
Is patent e'en to dim and mortal eyes;
Nor less clear rings the Christ-God's stern command,
Impelling men to sudden sacrifice.

Before the Lord, Who made and rules the wave;
Before the Lord, Who tunes men's hearts to grace;
Before the Lord, Who lifts us from the grave,
We bow with humbled heart and burning face.