

“VERS LA GLOIRE”

old days” of Nelson and of Drake. Their glory he could see in the enhancement of far distance. A vast and panoramic picture of modern glory on the sea was stretched before him, but he saw it not. He himself was a part of that grand New World armada, but he was too engaged in envying the past to regard the vaster splendor of his present.

When we were near to England the battle-cruiser *Princess Royal*, one of our convoying war-ships, steamed at full speed between our lines. She was stripped for action, with her great guns pointing upward. Sailors in dirty jeans thronged her decks, and up along the fighting-tops appeared the men in blue. Thirty thousand tons went by at thirty knots an hour, and as she passed with cheers and answering cheers we heard her band playing forth our national song, “O Canada!” Our melancholy mate in that short, thrilling moment caught his breath and cautiously admitted from the honor of the past, “That’s some sight!”

But when the *Princess Royal* had passed, “sky-hooting through the brine,” the melancholy one deplored, “She hasn’t got a look-in with the yards and spars of those tall ships they used to have in Nelson’s day.”

If our melancholy mate could have descended