

PAPER READ BY B. R. ATKINS, Esq.

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ONE could talk or tell for hours of the pride and prowess of Britain's Fleet and the glorious bravery of its men; of what it has prevented by the enemy and done for our Allies and ourselves; how it saved France from ruin and loss of all her colonial empire; how it has swept the yellow-black flag from the seven seas, and delivered our own Dominions from devastating destruction of their seaport cities; how it has kept open for succour and commerce the sea lanes of supply to Motherland and her Allies in Europe, kept the enemy's grand fleet in grander inactivity, and bottled up its harbours and ports with useless shipping. And all this, all the while without official observer to chronicle the daily devotion and unflinching heroism which overcame (sometimes without survivor even to relate the occurrence) the horrible terrors of mine strewn seas; of torpedo and bomb attack from the sky above and from the waters under the earth. No superman sailor; only a British Tar! On watch, but not alas, for a fair foe on an open sea; Falkland, Jutland settled that! Jack is but the big "cop" of the sea; convoying the little fellows over the crossing, preventing collisions with death it even with danger to himself, keeping the peace for them even in war and feeding through them the mouths of munitioners, the maws of gluttonous guns, and keeping tight our Tommy's tummy belt - a way Tommy likes to feel it.

Since the war opened not a single German battleship has put out to sea - nothing has been accomplished but baby raids. Von Spee was out before the issue was joined; after Falkland he could not get back. Germany's vainglorious fleet has fulfilled none of its vaunted, pompous purposes. It has not been able to protect its country's shipping, nor save German sea trade from strangulation, nor defend its colonies from capture. The Germans have relinquished all advantages of the sea without a struggle - although they claimed, and still claim, on paper, to have as much right to it as we.

Mare Liberum

(Henry Van Dyke, in the "Times," New York).

You dare to say with perjured lips:

"We fight to make the ocean free"-

You whose black trail of butchered ships

Bestrews the bed of every sea

Where German submarines have wrought

Their horrors! Have you never thought -

What you call freedom, men call piracy?

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave,

Where you have murdered, cry you down:

And seamen whom you would not save

Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown

Of shame for your imperious head:

A dark memorial of the dead

Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard

The gold, and corsairs called to keep

O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,

And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,

Shall men and women look to thee,

Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea,

To safeguard law and freedom on the deep!