THE PASSING OF A GREAT TITLE—By Sophia H. Maclehose

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

ON August the 6th, just a hundred years ago, there passed out of European living history one of the proudest titles the world has known.

On that day Francis of Hapsburg, King of Hungary and Bohemia, ruler of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, signed in his palace at Vienna a deed by which he resigned the Imperial Crown and thereby brought to an end the Holy Roman Empire, 'the oldest political insititution in the world.' It had its roots in the old Empire of the Romans, and had lasted as a Western European institution for over a thousand years; it had passed from Carlovingian to Saxon, from Saxon to Frankish, from Frankish, Swabian, and Bavarian to Austrian rule, and with Austria it had remained until, no longer 'Holy, Roman or an Empire' it had died without a mourner.

A great ceremony inaugurated and a great ceremony struck the death-blow to the Holy Roman Empire. On Christmas Day of the year 800 a vast multitude crowded the wide nave of the old basilica of St. Peter's at Rome. Clergy filled the semicircular apse behind the great arch separating it from the nave; above them on the bishop's throne, sat Pope Leo III.; priests ministered at the high altar standing just within the arch, and before the altar knelt Charlemagne the Frankish monarch, dressed, not, as was usual with him, in simple Frankish dress, but in Roman robe and sandals. Presently, as the reading of the gospel ended, Leo rose from his seat, descended to where Charlemagne knelt, anointed him with holy oil, placed a precious crown upon his head, and saluted him as his earthly sovereign. Thereafter Charlemagne swore to maintain and defend the privileges of the Church; and from the multitude within the basilica and from the crowd without there rose the cry, "Long life and victory to Charles the August, crowned by God great and pacific Emperor!" The Holy Roman Empire had begun.

More than a thousand years had passed when another and very different multitude met in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Instead of Roman citizens and half-savage Franks, an assemblage of marshals, generals, diplomats, and courtiers in full-dress or brilliant uniform, a crowd of women in Parisian costume and dazzling jewels, filled the sombre building and glittered in its dusky aisles. This time *also there* was a Pope, clergy ministering at the altar, an aspirant to an Imperial Crown. But Napoleon Bonaparte, resplendent in velvet and jewels, surrounded by all that could contribute to the pride of life, would receive the Imperial Crown from no hand but his own; the Pope must grace, but he might not confer this highest honor on the Corsican. Lifting from the altar the crown which the Pope had blessed Napoleon placed it on his own head, and with that act, as we shall see, the Holy Roman Empire virtually ended. The shout that rose in Notre Dame on December 2, 1804, drowned the last faint echoes of that other shout which one thousand and four years earlier, had risen from the old basilica of St. Peter's. By it was inaugurated—although Napoleon had not meant it should be—the modern idea of Empire: that of glorified kingship as opposed to the idea embodied in the old title—that of lordship over the world.

For the Holy Roman Empire had begun by claiming for itself a civil rule as wide as Christendom. In the days of ancient Rome the Emperor was high-priest as well as civil ruler. With the introduction of Christianity, the Church, necessarily opposed to pagan rule, became separated from the State; but when Constantine adopted Christianity, and made it the religion of the Roman Empire, the union of Church and State became again one of the fundamental ideas of government. At the same time the identity of the two great powers had ceased to be possible, for in the years during which Christianity had been tabooed by the civil power she had built up herself an independent hierarchy so strong that not all the shocks of nigh two thousand years have been able to destroy it. Henceforth Church and State might be united; they could not be one.

The effort, therefore, of the Middle Ages was to set up a civil Christian rule which should be as universal in its sway as were the spiritual pretensions of Rome. Pope and Emperor were to be two sides of one shield; and although the ideal was never attained, it nevertheless lay at the root of the mediæval conception of an Emperor. As Emperor, Charlemagne was lord of Christendom, and as lord of Christendom he was crowned at Rome; as subject to the spiritual rule of the Papacy the Emperor received his crown at the hands of the Pope, while to the Emperor as lord of all temporal power the Pope did obeisance.

On these two ideas—that of universal rule and the co-ordination of civil and spiritual power—the ceremony of coronation throws light. Like any ordinary king, the Emperor received the sword, sceptre, and globe, as symbols of his temporal power and responsibilities; like all sovereigns who claim the national headship of the Church, a ring was placed on his finger in token of his promise to defend her rights; but, as signifying his relation to the spiritual head of the Church universal, the Emperor in his coronation service assisted the Pope to celebrate mass, partook of the Communion in both kinds, and was admitted a canon of St. Peter's and St. John Lateran. Those who elected the Emperor elected him temporal head of the Christian people; while the Emperor claimed as official titles such phrases as "Vicar of Christ," "Imperial Head of the Faithful," "Protector of Palestine, of general councils, and of the Catholic faith."

But the ideas thus shadowed forth failed to be realized, and instead of a great dual power making for righteousness, the union of Emperor and Pope presently resolved itself into two rival powers, each having its own adherents, each vaunting its own pretensions. Guelf fought for Pope and Ghibelline for Emperor, and the mediæval conception lay shattered at their feet. Gradually the idea of universal empire over Christendom was lost; the Emperors ceased to receive coronation at Rome, and the Empire, though retaining in theory its older pretensions, shrank to a sovereignty over the German States.

"It was," says Mr. Bryce, "under Frederick Barbarossa that the actual power and the theoretical influence of the Empire most fully coincided." In his reign most of the States of Western Europe, even if virtually independent, acknowledged the Emperor's supremacy, and he it was who first called the Roman Empire "holy." By so doing he reasserted the old claims of the Empire, and at the same time gave evidence of their decay. Vigorous life proclaims itself, and the moment any institution sets forth its pretensions in formal terms one may well begin to question its vitality. Frederick Barbarossa called the Empire "holy" because the Church, slighting the ancient partnership, called it secular; and it is significant that with his death in 1250 the decline of the Holy Roman Empire actually began.

But although the ideal of universal empire over Christendom gave way to that of a restricted rule over the German States, the Emperor remained the one power in Western Europe who dared claim Imperial honors; and the difference between him and an ordinary ruler was maintained by his being an elected sovereign chosen independently of territorial rights. Any ruler, whatever his nationality, might in theory be Emperor, just as a cardinal of any race might be Pope.

Under the Saxon and Franconian Emperors, however—that is, from 919 to about 1125—the election of the Emperor had degenerated into the mere formal consent of the nobles to his assumption of hereditary right to Imperial honors; but with the death of Henry IV. in 1125 the election became again a reality. For in his reign Pope Gregory VII. set up claims which the Emperor's German subjects refused to acknowledge; and, fearful lest their rulers shuld be appointed by the Pope's influence and become his tool, they resolved henceforth to make his election a real and effectual calling. Already in 1125 we find a few powerful nobles choosing a candidate for the Imperial throne, and submitting their choice to the other nobles for confirmation; but gradually this good custom was dispensed with, and a small college of electors chose the Emperor without let or hindrance from without.

Seven, as a mystical number and as symbolical of the seven branches of the golden candlestick, was the number of the members in this electoral college. Three were spiritual and four were secular princes. The spiritual lords were the Archbishops of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne; the secular were the King of Bohemia, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke of Saxony, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. The first, as Arch-Chancellors of Germany, Gaul, and Italy respectively, represented the vast territories over which the Empire held or had held sway, and faintly reflected the old idea of universal rule; the second, as German princes holding hereditary offices in the Imperial household—those of cup-bearer, seneschal, marshal, and chamberlain—signified the growing identification of the Empire with the German States.

Charles IV. in 1356, by his famous Golden Bull—so called from the color of its seal—confirmed the electoral college in its privileges, settled disputed points, and made the Archbishop of Mayence, as Arch-Chancellor of Germany, its convener. He further identified the Roman Emperor with the Emperor of Germany by deciding on Frankfort as the place of his election and Nuremberg as the scene of his first court-day, while to Aix-la-Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, which had shared with Rome the honors of capital of the Empire, he reserved the glory of the actual coronation—but it should be remembered that these regulations are not always carried out. Rome had no place in the Golden Bull, and can hardly wonder that out of the twenty-one Emperors who succeeded Charles IV., all of whom were bound as Emperors to go to Rome and receive "the world's crown," only two took the trouble to fulfil the obligation. These were Sigismund, Emperor in 1410, and Frederick III. in 1440. Charles V. did, indeed, go to Italy, and received the Imperial Crown at Bologna; but after him the Roman Emperors were content to bear a title they called their proudest, heedlss of its significance.

Four centuries and a half passed from the issuing of the Golden Bull, during which Emperor after Emperor continued to sign himself "Augustus," to be elected at Frankfort, and to hold Diets at Nuremberg and Ratisbon. At the close of these centuries a revolution took place which, beginning in a modest claim to political equality on the part of the Third Estate in France, ended in such a general European cataclysm as the world has seldom seen. In 1789 France asked for a constitution, and gained it too quickly; in 1799 her every institution seemed in ruins and all Europe in a turmoil; and Napoleon Bonaparte, judging the ten years' experiment of popular control a failure, seized the reins of government and gave France in exchange a benficent despotism. Not content with this, he would fain have given a beneficent despotism to Europe and posed as a new Charlemagne; but in order to achieve this France had to be reckoned the inferior of no European power—required, in short, to be herself an Empire when the Holy Roman Empire would cease to exist.

The stages in the evolution were natural enough. France, weary of experiments, gratefully accepted the rule which Napoleon's strong hand imposed, and basked in the glory reflected on her by the triumph of his military genius. France had regained her ancient place among the nations, and a grateful people was ready to honor its deliverer. On May 4, 1804, Cambaceres, president of the French Senate, accompanied by senators and troops, drove out to St. Cloud, and, having audience of the First Consul, declared "that the glory and happiness of the Republic required that its First Consul be immediately proclaimed Emperor." Napoleon without hesitation, accepted the title "you think necessary to the glory of the nation."

This was the first step—the assumption of a title hitherto held sacred in Western Europe to the Holy Roman Empire. The second was more significant: Napoleon wished "to be anointed with the holy unction" by, and "to receive the Imperial Crown" from, the Pope, thus rivalling the old ceremonial of the coronation of the Emperor. The French Emperor, however, would not go to Rome, nor would he, as we have seen, permit the Pontiff to place the crown on his head, although, despite "our advanced age and the infirm state of our health," Pius VI. traveled in the depths of winter from Rome to Paris to please "his most powerful prince, our dearest son in Christ."

By these acts Napoleon broke irrevocably with the tradition of his great prototype. He may have thought himself, as indeed historians think of him, as the new Charlemagne; but he had, in fact, sounded the knell at whose bidding the last vestige of the old order passed away. When the Corsican general allowed himself to be raised to an hereditary Imperial throne at the bidding of his own senate, when he placed an Imperial crown on his own head, he severed himself once and for all from the two ideas lying at the root of the Holy Roman Empire: the idea of an elected suzerain bearing sway over many princes, and of a civil power which should be the counterpart of the spiritual power of the Church. The Emperor of France might be "the dearest son in Christ" of the Holy Church, but he was not the "Augustus crowned by God," to whom the Pope himself did obeisance, nor was he the power which bound States together. He was at best but the most powerful ruler on the Continent, for whose protection weaker Powers were glad to pay. There was no idealism, save in his own brain, in the Empire of Napoleon.

It was, as has been said, on the 4th of May, 1804 that the Senate offered its First Consul an Imperial crown; on the 11th of August of the same year the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, rightly reading the significance of that event, determined to assume for Austria a title as proud as that of France. "Although," runs the decree, "we have by the Divine will and by the choice of the electors of the Roman and German Empire attained to a dignity that leaves no room to desire any increase of titles or consideration, it is our duty, as chief of the Austrian House and monarchy, to provide for the maintenance of that equality of hereditary titles and dignities with the first sovereigns and powers of Europe which belongs to the sovereigns of Austria. Therefore, in order to establish this perfect equality of rank, we have determined * * * after the example * * *now given us by the new sovereign of France, to confer on the House of Austria, as far as relates to its independent States, the hereditary title of Emperor."

There were then two territorial Empires in Western Europe; but the figment of the Holy Roman Empire yet remained, and while it did France must yield precedence to Austria. The figment was not to linger long. The year 1805 saw Napoleon victorious against the Austrian arms and the proud traditional enemy of France humbled before the new aspirant to European rule. On 17th October Ulm capitulated, on 2nd December the battle of Austerlitz was fought and won, and Napoleon from the very palace of the Hapsburgs could dictate terms to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. The treaty of Presburg followed. On the 25th of December, in the old capital of Hungary—the town in which the Austrian princes were crowned Hungarian kings, and where fifty years before Maria Theresa had so gallantly maintained her contested rights—the treaty was signed which led her grandson to renounce the highest honor of his House.

For by that treaty the "Roman German Emperor" was obliged to face the fact that the Germanic Empire was slipping from his grasp, and that he himself was being reduced to an ordinary ruler. By it he was forced to see his Venetian, Istrian, and Dalmatian States go to increase Napoleon's new kingdom of Italy, and his dominions in Swabia and the Tyrol go to build up Bavaria and Wurtemberg as independent kingdoms.

Six months later, on July 12, 1806, an Act was signed at Paris by which Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and thirteen other states formally renounced allegiance to the Empire and threw themselves under the protection of Napoleon. "Experience," says the Act of Confederation by which the sixteen States seceded from the Empire, "has proved that the existing German constitution can afford no guarantee for the external and internal peace of Southern Germany." Accordingly, to secure peace, the Rhenish princes decided "that the States of the contracting princes shall be forever separated from the German body," and shall henceforth be known as the Confederation of the Rhine; "that all the laws of the Empire by which they have hitherto been bound shall in future be null and void;" "that on the 1st of August each of the contracting princes shall declare his entire separation from the Empire;" and "that the Emperor of France shall be proclaimed Protector of the Confederation."

This was a deadly blow, for it came as it were, from the Emperor's own household. It was speedily followed by another. On the 1st of August, 1806, the day on which the German princes declared their independence of the Empire, Napoleon commissioned his envoy to inform the Diet that he no longer recognized the existence of the Holy Roman Empire. But the last of the Emperors was not to lay down his crown at the bidding of the Corsican. He preferred to give the coup de grace with his own hand. "Convinced," he said, "since the Treaty of Presburg and the events which have since taken place, of the impossibility of being any longer able to fulfil the duties of our Imperial functions, we owe it to our principles and our duty to renounce a crown which was only valuable in our eyes so long as we were able to enjoy the confidence of the electors, princes, and other states of the German Empire, and to perform the duties imposed on us;" therefore, he continued, "we do resign the Imperial crown and the Imperial government;" and this document he sealed with the Imperial seal, using it for the last time.

Thus passed away the Holy Roman Empire. "Of those," said Mr. Bryce, "who in August, 1806, read in the English newspapers that the Emperor Francis II. has announced to the Diet his resignation of the Imperial crown, there were probably few who bethought them that the oldest political institution in the world had ended. Yet it was so. The Empire which a note issued by a diplomatist on the banks of the Danube extinguished was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself against the Powers of the East beneath the cliffs of Actium, and which had preserved almost unaltered, through eighteen centuries of time, and through the greatest changes in extent, in power, in character, a title and pretensions from which all meaning had long since departed. Nothing else so directly linked the old world to the new; nothing else displayed so many strange contrasts of the present and the past, and summed up in these contrasts so much of European history. * * * For into it all the life of the modern world arose."

And just because the modern world arose out of the Holy Roman Empire, that Empire could not be revived. Napoleon's attempt at universal rule utterly failed, for the day of nations was come. In country after country a national spirit was aroused, and the hundred years which have followed the fall of the Holy Roman Empire have seen a new Germany, a new Greece, a new Italy, and the dawn of a new Russia. "The Ancient of Days," wrote the German patriot Muller in 1805, "is sitting in judgment; the books are opened, and the nations and their rulers are weighed in the balance. What will be the end? A new order of things," he adds, "is in preparation, very different from what is imagined by those who are the blind instruments of its establishment." And history has proved his prophecy true.

Health, Wealth, And a Pretty Home

The Result of Growing Fruit in the Suburbs of Victoria—Written For The Sunday Colonist by H. F. Pullen.

Vancouver Island is just beginning to come into her own. Her fame as a fruit-growing country is spreading even to the older lands of Europe, and it is thought that very soon the inhabitants of the city of Victoria will hear of it.

What mean the rows of young trees that may be seen when driving around, no matter which direction one takes—hundreds of acres set out with mathematical precision? It means, as has been before said, iterated and reiterated, that around the city of Victoria are some of the best lands in the world for orchard purposes. Outsiders are realizing this fact and are buying and planting these, while the capitalists of Victoria city are often looking afar for their investments or putting their money into nothing but prospects, when here are better than gold mines at their doors.

A few days ago I paid a visit to a fruit ranch not an hour's walk from the city, where one of the pioneer growers makes his home. I found him busy packing apples and plums, in spite of the fact that it was Labor Day.

Ten years ago the ranch had been commenced, and increased gradually, until today five acres are planted to trees, and the remainder of the fifteen acres will be set out this winter, or as soon as the land is in condition.

In passing around the orchard several acres were noticed on which were growing four-year trees, chiefly Hungarian plums and King of Tompkins apples. These trees were about 12 feet in height and almost all bearing—not a heavy crop, but a fair quantity. Some, I was told, had borne last season, and they looked capable of producing several boxes a piece next year. Inquiry elicited the fact that they had been planted in rich virgin soil, well drained, and fertilized with a pound of fertilizer and a pound of wood-ash to each tree, just previous to planting. The effect was certainly marvelous, for were it not for the tell-tale shoots, one would have imagined the trees to be at least six or seven years old.

Between the rows of trees were raspberries, loganberries, blackberries and rhubarb, all of which showed a lusty growth and careful cultivation. Rhubarb is a heavy crop wherever the soil is rich, and sells at from 2 to 4½ cents a pound. It may be obtained very early by digging up the roots during the winter and packing them very close together in a heated shed or cellar. This plan is cheaper than the Old Country method of covering the plants with pots and heaping fresh straw manure over the whole.

In the older parts of this orchard were noticed some eight-year pear trees. The Bartletts had been marketed, even though not yet ripe; but the Bossocks were loaded down with fine fruit such as in our boyhood days we had never dreamed of but never seen.

The strawberry plantation was on new ground, just cleared and drained. The draining should be strongly emphasized, as it is quite impossible to grow fruit on undrained land. On this place the drains were made of stone found on the place. They are equally as good as tile drains, and, of course, less expensive.

To return to the strawberries, however; they were only young plants set out last May, yet they looked in fine condition. The rains of a later date will insure vigorous plants for next year's crop. The returns from the strawberry plantation on this ranch have on good seasons been from 3½ to 4 tons per acre. Take the smaller figure at 10 cents a pound, and the gross income per acre is seen to be very large.

Last spring five acres of the newly cleared land was planted to potatoes, and the resulting crop amounted to 30 tons. The price of these at the time of writing is 1 cent a pound, so that the crop is now worth $600 if it has not been sold. If sold earlier it was worth more.

"What do you think," said I, "are the prospects for a man who knows nothing about fruit-growing to go into the business?"

"Ten years ago," answered the proprietor, "I had never used a spade or a hoe. I was in poor health, and I knew nothing whatever about fruit. Today I am strong and healthy, and you can see what I have done."

"Which do you prefer growing, strawberries or the larger tree fruits?"

"We grow strawberries between the trees for the first eight years in order to provide an income during that time. After that we prefer the plums and apples, because there is so much less work with them."

"You think, then," said I, "that anyone can go into fruit-growing and make a success of it?"

"No," was the answer, "I do not. Any man who goes into fruit must be intelligent, and, most important of all, he must work hard. Fine-fingered gentlemen can't expect to succeed. I have worked hard ever since I came here, and it is my opinion that nothing can be done without it."

Here, as elsewhere, the labor problem is to the fore. Chinamen get $30 a month and a warm little shack in which is a cook stove and necessary conveniences. One Chinaman is kept the year round, and has been for some years. It is always a good plan to keep a good man, even if at times there is not much to do.

The result of my visit to this orchard, which, by the way, the owner wishes to be nameless, is to make me even more confident than before that there is both health and wealth to be obtained by growing fruit in the Victoria district. Work is necessary to health anywhere, and the resulting wage is greater from fruit-growing than any other occupation in which a man can engage, providing always there is an admixture of intelligence and a willingness to learn.

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FIGHT AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

Ever since Jenner's great discovery of vaccination, it has been the dream of the medical profession to devise similar preventive vaccines for the other infectious diseases, says the Winnipeg Free Press. After the advent of Pasteur and his illuminating work with germs and cells, this search was continued with renewed vigor. Naturally the fatal "white plague" the vicious cause of which Koch captured and labelled more than twenty years ago, soon attracted the attention of the vaccine hunters. A disease which in one form or another kills one in every seven, and which renders the sufferer a foci for the spread of the poison to his neighbors, would be expected to call out, as it has, all the resources and ingenuity of the pathologist with a view to its extermination.

Since Koch discovered the tubercle bacilli in 1882 the search for a method of immunizing the healthy man against the omnipresent tubercle microbe has been actively pushed in dozens of research laboratories all over the world. Some success has been made, but not much—hardly more than a real beginning made, in fact. The sum of present achievement is set forth in the current number of the Popular Science Monthly, in an article by Dr. Lemon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute.

The first important achievement in the hunt for a vaccine against consumption was Koch's tuberculin, which was simply the poisons caused by the growth of tubercle bacilli in a culture medium. Although the substance proved valuable for purposes of diagnosis, no immunity of any value was achieved through its use. It was found, says Dr. Flexner, that "neither lasting nor marked immunity in fuberculosis can be obtained by inoculation of cultures of tubercle bacilli killed by heat, sunlight, or other agency."

In fact, the only method by which, up to date, anything approaching an effective immunity has been secured is the injection of living and virulent bacilli. The first really promising experiments along this line were made by Trudeau three and four years ago. He succeeded in rendering rabbits immune by giving them a course of inoculations with a bird tubercle bacillus (there are three general types of tubercle bacilli—mammalian, avian, and reptilian). Two years ago Dr. Schweenitz achieved the same results with cattle, immunizing them with a low grade human bacillus.

Africa Unknown to White Man

Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, In New York Observer.

Lolodorf station is to move four miles to the west. This will bring us nearer home, but there are other primary objects to be served by the move. The present site is thought to be unwholesome, and is known to be small. It is impossible either to feed or employ our school boys on our limited ground. If there were a purpose to serve, I could talk of swamps and river banks, of hollows and of other flaws in our location. I could convince you that we had really best move.

We have bought 1,050 acres of land, comprising three towns, some gardens and a tract of forest. The towns show a handful of huts, the gardens are clusters of plantations shaking out their banners in little clearings, but we own a world of forest. On Saturday of last week the head men came to be paid. They had served us to all sorts of African dalliance, and we thought that the payment in trade goods was to be of a piece with the bargaining—but not so.

When the three head men arrived, followed by their henchmen and women, they played an unexpected part. In less than an hour, and with no more palaver than you might hear over the purchase of a basket of food, they were paid. We think that they were dazed by their opportunity as small boys might be who were invited—(O, I know how fantastic my simile!)—who were invited to eat their way out of a candy shop. Certainly they had a tranced air. When I came out to see the play, thinking it to have just begun, they were making ready to leave in a kind of cautious silence, a comparative silence be it understood—and in very much the spirit of a missionary, who is dreaming of home and fears to awake.

The head men were in full dress, two wore hats that were uncommonly grand, still being incased in these cylinders of pasteboard in which they had been packed, two wore green broadcloth coats by the epaulets, the uniform of some regiment, and not originally intended for our friends, one of whom was too small for his coat—the other, not small enough. They listened abstractedly to Dr. Johnstone's caution that they were not to buy rum with their gains. They were not in a hurry to be off, and presently they started they and their wives and their friends, all laden with their goods. As a spectacle it was imposing and of a kind that drew a head out of the door of every hut by the way. There were nests of zinc buckets, of iron pots, piles of hats—perfect towers of hats—sheaves of umbrellas and of cutlasses, there were in trunks of a splendor unknown to you provincials, but familiar to us of the East coast—very gay, preferably green with a lavish belt of red and no scrimping of gilt. In the trunks were yards and yards of trade cloth, bars of soap, pocket knives, padlocks, matches and many other cherishable articles that will change hands in numberless marriage palavers. With some such glitter of spoil must Tamerlae have returned from the conquest.

Yesterday was Sunday, and I went down the government road, speaking in the towns as I went. I passed our new lands, and the town where the goods were held for distribution. Such clamor and hum—such bustlings about people clad in the magnificence afforded by our store—such declamations from a head man who was talking of distribution palaver and emphasizing his eloquence with his staff—such an aspect altogether of a village fair gilded with sunshine! Nor was my passing without honor—'The women of the Minisi,' and down the street came the dressy community. 'Come and tell us of the word of God!' was the cry, for there was abroad a spirit of indulgence—to each his prerogative. But my instinct was the other way.

'Not today, you are too noisy. How am I to know but that you have been drinking rum!' Drinking rum What great accusation was this, Why did the woman hate to speak in the palaver house? For peace sake, I ducked into a house and spoke to some women. Outside all the eager tumult of tongues, the passionate voices of covetousness filled the bright air, but in the dark hut were women at the primeval occupation of grinding food and not unwilling to listen to the white woman who was of an optimistic mind about the uncertain dreadful future. Presently I went on, but with eyes and ears full of the animation of the little town.

Sometimes of a Friday I go to a town twelve miles from here. Half the way is by open road and the last half through the forest. It is lovely to go to Ipose—they do so much want a minister there. I am espied climbing the hill afar off, for this cluster of villages lies in a beautiful hill country—they rejoice at my coming. An ivory horn announces me quite as Elsa is announced in the first act of 'Lohengrin'; the hut where I put up is opened, and before I can make a cup of tea there are delegates from the country about. This will be four o'clock in the afternoon, at five we have a service, and again at 7:30 of the next morning. Truly, the morning service is moving to your missionary. There will be an audience of say, fifty people, poor, ignorant Africans, but minded to know of the high things of God. I always go away—back into the forest and home—with a burning heart. Every other week, Benzhull, the young elder, preaches to the people of Ipose. They say that his audiences are very large.

A year ago, Africa as a spectacle was tremendously interesting. I saw continually the forests and the river, the interminable melancholy file of carriers, the curiously tempered light, the curiously modified color. But more and more a missionary come to do with individuals his labors and his problems are with them. Mr. Nevison, in the August 'Harper's,' very truly says that the African is not known to the white man. He is not. I have hardly a fixed conviction or an inference as the fruit of this year's observation. But the missionary comes to feel that the African is known to God. He feels himself to be—he knows himself to be—one in an affair of three, and God is the third. He knows himself to be necessary to that union; he, too, feels the mind of the Spirit and is not without his share of the joy. He is the friend of the bridegroom.

BRYAN RECEIVES AN OVATION.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 11.—A tremendous ovation was tendered W. J. Bryan by 12,000 persons in the Colliseum here tonight. When he stepped upon the platform the spectators arose waved flags and shouted. The ovation lasted several minutes.

Naval Defence and Canada

Lord Grey's Speech and Some Comments.

Toronto News.

At the presentation to the officers and crew of H. M. S. Dominion Lord Grey adverted to the subject which was in everyone's mind. He did so with that hearty air of blunt candor which is his charm as a speaker, and managed to avoid an indiscretion and yet to point the rather mortifying moral which lies behind the ceremony at Quebec. His utterance was a discreet amalgam of what has long been the national official excuse, of what is coming to be national aspiration, and of his own plain and downright belief that sooner or later Canada should do something for the royal navy. In plain truth the maxim, which rises mechanically to Canadian lips, that we must grow big, and for a season must spend our money on development work, leaving defence to Britain, is becoming rather musty. A nation with a revenue of eighty million dollars is able to spend something on its defence; moreover, so far from straining every nerve on development work, we are spending our money most extravagantly. If we had to keep up a smallish navy of our own, we could spend just as much on the necessary development of our transportation system; we might have to curtail some of the useless public works with which the people are bribed with their own money. It is kind of Lord Grey to use the old excuse, but Canadians should brush it aside and look at the facts direct.

A direct "contribution" would present several serious difficulties. A cash payment presents three principal ones. (1) It would raise the "taxation without representation" situation, and that is a difficulty not lightly to be brushed aside. (2) It would be so difficult to work as to prove an almost certain cause of friction. No possible means of ascertaining the proportion which we should pay; population, national wealth, national revenue, tonnage protected, all would raise difficulties. Suppose we voted a million dollars yearly; for two years Englishmen would be overjoyed, for two more they would say nothing about it, in the fifth they would begin to notice that they were spending one hundred and fifty millions and Canada only one. (3) But the worst objection is this—that we would be hiring Englishmen to do our fighting for us, and no nation worthy of the name will do that.

We venture to suggest a way out. First, let us raise among our seafaring and fishing population a naval militia, controlled, armed and trained by ourselves as is the existing land militia. As soon as we have such a force, we shall be in a position, in the event of a naval war, to do exactly what we did in the last land war, to send contingents of trained Canadian seamen. Then we shall be represented in the Empire's sea fights, not by a cash nexus, but by the flesh and blood of our own people. It is likely from the strictly practical standpoint, that this would prove a useful form of aid, for the question of reserves is a difficulty in Britain, and the Admiralty might find itself with plenty of ships but short of men. Secondly, let us provide on our coasts a torpedo flotilla. Torpedo boats suitable for coast defence are not expensive, and recent developments point to the revival of the small and very swift boat. If Halifax, St. John, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Vancouver and Victoria were safe-guarded by five or six divisions of torpedo boats—if these were supported by a few destroyers—if we added a submarine or two—it would be very nervous work for an enemy's ships to hang about our coasts. This would work in two ways. It would guard our shores and it would relieve the royal navy of direct coast protection work.

A naval militia supporting and manning a coastal torpedo fleet, and trained to use the big guns, should make a good beginning. Once we had got that far, and had trained a set of competent Canadian officers, we would consider our next step. It is conceivable that we might use our naval militia to man the ships loaded with foodstuffs which in the next naval war it will be England's pre-occupation to receive from us, and the enemy's object to intercept. An attack on the foodships by auxiliary cruisers—the old privateer under a new name—might be part of the enemy's plan. A big cargo boat, armed with 6-inch guns and manned by Canadian naval militia expert in their use, would be able to make a stand against such an attack. If Canadian naval enterprise took this form, it it thereby made the convoy work of the royal navy easier, and facilitated the feeding of England, the "contribution" would be very substantial.

Or we might elect to work towards warships of our own. Cruisers could be built of a type suitable for the guarding of the trade routes in which we are interested. The royal navy seems to be developing ships of a type suitable for fleet work rather than patrolling. Canada might do worse than possess a few cruisers of moderate size, in which the displacement would be expended in heavy armament and speed, rather than in coal supply designed to enable them to keep the sea for long periods. Yet again, we might choose to build armored ships of a type which would avert from our local waters all but the most serious attacks. Sweden and Norway, whose position is somewhat of our own, viewed locally, have developed a coastal defence battleship, a small ship of four or five thousand tons, but heavily armored, and armed with a few powerful guns. Such ships would be useless for the royal navy, which expects always to attack; but two or three of them would keep narrow waters such as the Gulf of St. Lawrence free of hostile cruisers. They could be beaten only by the enemy's heavy armored vessels, and if such were sent to our waters the battle fleet of the royal navy would come too.

All this, however, is a long way in the future. For the present, the naval militia and the torpedo flotilla are enough. A naval militia of ten thousand men should cost less than a million a year; it is probable that the torpedo boats, with which a commencement could be made, would cost over $50,000 each. Then we should have a thoroughly Canadian force, paid for and managed by ourselves, ready for Imperial use in emergency to the same extent as our land militia. It would render our seaboard formidable to a possible enemy, and so would be a valuable "contribution" to Imperial strategy. And a host of constitutional difficulties would be avoided.

SEYMOUR NARROWS.

Comment by the Vancouver World on the Bridging Scheme.

The Vancouver World in its issue of September 10th, says: Seymour Narrows, as nearly every reader is aware, lies some 150 miles north of Victoria. It forms part of what is known as the inside passage to the north. The narrows are so called because the channel through which the water rushes in its wild haste to reach the open sea is contracted by several small islands to narrow proportions. The depth of the channel is very great and its width at the point where it is hoped that some day a railway and traffic bridge may be built, does not exceed (writing from memory) 6000 feet. In the channel there is a submerged rock which lies some 4,400 feet from the mainland shore. At extreme low tide this rock is visible and it has been suggested that it might be used as the base for the span of a suspension bridge. From this rock to the Vancouver Island shore is about 1,600 feet. On the mainland side there is a chain of five small islands, all of which would need to be bridged to insure railway communication. The charge has been variously estimated, the highest figure being $20,000,000.