

length, receiving this information, the parents once more set out, arriving at Grande Ligne on the evening of New Year's day. A hospitable reception was accorded them by the Principal of the Institute, the Rev. Mr. Massé, who provided for them a room where they might spend the evening in the society of their daughter. All reasonable efforts to induce her to return to her home, and to the Church of her fathers having failed, the parents proceeded to apply physical force, when the screams of the young girl attracted the inmates of the Institute to her rescue. Mr. Massé intimated to the parents that if the girl chose to go with them she knew she was free to do so, but that she must be protected from violence, upon which the parents replied that their daughter should come with them or that they should wait for her till she would. Accordingly the night was spent in the Institute; but, daylight bringing no brighter prospects of success, the father eventually lifted the girl in his arms, and with herculean strength proceeded to carry his burden out of the house. Again the Principal interfered, and the worthy but disappointed parents were compelled to leave without realizing the object of their visit.

They immediately had recourse to the laws of the land, and obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus to secure the custody of their child, when the case succeeded in attracting such public attention and such crowds of excited religionists that the counsel for the Institute was under the necessity of applying to the Court for special protection against a forced abduction. Evidence was taken from Mr. Massé, Mr. Therrien, and from the girl herself. The Institute claims that God must be obeyed rather than man; that under our Constitution no father can control the conscience of his child; that violence was not resorted to, the girl being only rescued and restored to liberty; that she came to the Mission of her own accord; that no restraint had been put upon her; that she remained there by her own desire and upon her own mature deliberation; that her aversion to return to St. Michel did not arise from lack of filial affection or respect for her parents, but from a regard for her own conscientious convictions; that the Court would have to decide upon the Habeas Corpus only; and that, in the event of no enforced detention, the Habeas Corpus could only apply to minors who were too young to speak for themselves. Counsel for the petitioner held that the case had an important bearing on society at large, as well as on the family circle; that it was not a dispute over two conflicting religions, but over the right of every parent to control his own children; that it was a question of whether, under the pretext of religion, and under the pretext of performing religious duties, a child should be compelled to forsake her parents and abandon all filial love and respect; that however blameless the uncle and aunt may suppose themselves to be regarding their own apostasy, in so far as they had influenced their niece, and in so far as that may be a punishable crime, they most certainly deserved punishment.

For the past ten days an anxious public has awaited the decision, excitement increasing to such a degree that when the judge was expected to come on the bench the court was crowded to suffocation. The points at issue seem to have been mainly these: 1st, Was the girl, as a minor, legally entirely independent of her father? 2nd, If not, had the defendants in their conduct interfered with the rights of the father? And 3rd, Was the writ of Habeas Corpus a procedure under which the claims of either side to possess the child could be discussed? On the first point the judge decided that during her minority the girl was under the complete control of her father; on the second, that the defendants had materially encroached on the rights of the parents; and on the third, that the Habeas Corpus must apply; and concluded that, "With the facts and circumstances established before him, and in the principles which in his humble opinion must here triumph, in the interests of all religious beliefs protected by the British flag, he sanctioned the right of the father, his authority emanating both from divine and human law; and, all the parties being in court, he ordered that the minor child be rendered *instantly* to the petitioner, her legitimate father, the whole with costs against the defendants." With an instantaneous flash of parental love and denominational triumph, the father rushed to his daughter, and was with difficulty restrained from applying the *instantly* regardless of intervening formalities. Notice of appeal was immediately given by the defendants, and the interesting family party proceeded to leave, escorted to the train by the large crowd of eager spectators. A well organized plot seems to have been arranged to rescue the girl by force if the judgment should have gone against the parents, and a similar possibility appears to have been dreaded by the parents on the part of the Mission.

In spite of an assurance from the counsel for the Institute that he would defend a Catholic as ardently as he would a Protestant in similar circumstances; from the counsel for the petitioner that he would argue for a Protestant as conscientiously as for a Catholic; and from the judge, that it was not a question of religion, we cannot escape from the painful impression that we have here, not purely a case of the freedom or want of freedom of the subject, but of French Catholicism and French Protestantism pitted against each other in all the bitter irony of Christian unity.

VILLE MARIE.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the public. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.—Dr. Johnson.

IN THE CANOE.

I.

Dost thou recall that evening thou and I
Together in our eggshell bark took flight
Upon the noiseless lake? How dark that night!
Though many a star was glowing in the sky.
Under the leafage slept the shadows shy
Until the zephyrs stole with footsteps light
Among them and embraced them, lost to sight
Of curious eyes beneath heaven's canopy.

I saw thee like a shadow in the prow,
I saw the flashing of thy hand, that trailed
Half in the tide; I watched thy night-veiled face
Whose thoughtful eyes, beneath thy tressy brow,
Shone on my soul. And then the starlight paled
And mine eyes saw but thee in all that space.

II.

In all that waste of waters we alone
Were floating. Save that from the shore there gleamed
A golden lamplight, all the great world seemed
Afar from us. Methought that we had flown—
Buoyed on the æther sea by power unknown—
Unto the gates of heaven; and there I dreamed
Those were an angel's eyes that on me beamed
With love that was but mirroring my own.

Great thoughts, high aspirations thronged my mind,
The nobleness of duty grew more clear;
With thy pure soul my soul seemed intertwined,
Like two pure flames that mingle at one fane,
Oh! wherefore, Love, when heaven to us was near
Did we two ever seek the earth again?

Montreal,

ARTHUR WEIR.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

ARRIVAL IN TOKYO.

THERE is one sound in Japan that forms an eternal accompaniment to all other sounds, to the whole life. It is gentle, monotonous, almost musical. You hear a hundred repetitions of it in the large streets and the stations; and you hear it faint, weary, solitary, in the little alleys and the by-paths. It is the "click, click, click, click, click, clicking" of the pattens. To this sound, to this accompaniment, would we have henceforth to attune our lives.

"Tokyo! Tokyo!" and had they called out "Wonderland!" and had we stepped from the work-a-day world into a city fashioned in the image of a dream, we should have found it less intoxicating, less fantastic, vapoury, and exquisitely lovely. Lanterns bobbed and trembled and danced everywhere. Over the balconies of the tea-houses they hung like berries, over the door of a little private habitation one would float like a bubble; in the dark moats their reflections swam like gold-fish, and at the end of a delicate bamboo-rod, men either carried or fixed to their carts, they wriggled like gold-fish caught. We shot along wide streets where the crowds tottered vaguely about in the mist-tempered moonlight; we plunged into mysterious alleys where the few lanterns we found seemed to have lost themselves; we flitted under the shadow of huge stone gateways; we glided past black, threatening moats, and then, with one final rush, our little carriages suddenly came to a standstill.

More surprises, more disappointments, half agreeable, half the reverse. We entered a commonplace wooden structure by a commonplace front door. We hadn't to take off our shoes, and there were no people on their knees to receive us. We didn't find either a bath-room or a garden opposite the entrance; we found instead an American-looking bar, to the right a French-looking dining-room, and to the left a cosmopolitan parlour. The proprietor of the hotel came forward in faultless European clothes, and spoke admirable English. I don't mean a monosyllabic apology for English, but the genuine tongue. Our apartments upstairs were small, but "in European style," which is to say the walls were stationary, the beds were raised a foot from the ground, there was a crockery service, of peculiarly hideous design, and the little mirrors on the wall threw back quite a libellous reflection of us. I had to go out upon the balcony and stare at the delicate, hazy moonlight and the tipsy trees to persuade myself I was really in Japan.

For breakfast next morning they wouldn't give us any raw fish or rice, or any delicate mess whatever.

"Under such circumstances," I remarked to Garth, "I should very much like to know how we are going to study 'the native life of the people.'"

"I assure you," she answered, "my appetite and not my conscience consents to this 'America fare.'"

We decided to leave the — Hotel.

If you have ever made a serious attempt to obtain a thorough and practical knowledge of any "native life," if you have ever in some ambitious moment desired "to learn a native house" you will understand what sacrifices must be made in the cause of exactitude and realism.

We had the names of three other hotels upon our list. We chose the —. The name, however, is of minor importance; it expresses too much, and therefore nothing. We left our first place of abode just before dinner-time on the day following our arrival in Tokyo. As we passed that dining-room door, from which issued the savoury fumes of "America fare," an indescribable longing took possession recently letting them know where she was. Upon, at

sion of my soul; I was filled with a melancholy sense of remoteness from —, but I turned towards Garth. Raw fish and resolution were in her eye. I felt ashamed, and walked on quickly.

For the second time our *jinnikishas* whirled us up to a strange and untried Japanese abode. I immediately began unbuttoning my boots, while Garth paid the coolies.

"You know," I said, "I don't want them to make the slightest exception for us. No wonder these people hate letting foreigners into their houses, if the foreigners won't conform to their regulations. Just fancy hesitating to take off dirty, hob-nailed boots when one must step on dainty matting! Nevertheless," I continued, as I placed one stockinged foot on the chilly ground, "perhaps—"

"Yoroshi! Yoroshi!" said a voice over my head.

I turned a smiling face in the direction of the voice, and I found rather an old man, dressed however after a somewhat boyish fashion. His loose, dark blue trousers, monkey jacket, and great, white collar, like those of the maternal pet, were distressingly familiar to me; but he wore the Japanese *tabi* or cotton shoes, so I forgave him the monkey jacket.

"See," I cried, pointing to his feet and then at my own, "see; like you, like you; see."

"Yoroshi! Yoroshi!" the old man insisted, gently pulling my sleeve.

"I suppose," said Garth, "we're not meant to take our shoes off. There's not the slightest use in being peculiar. I'm going to keep mine on."

For the one who first proposed that we should "learn a Japanese house" I found Garth far too ready to compromise. Despite the servant's "Yoroshi" I entered, carrying my boots in my hand. I entered a small office with a dirty, wooden floor, with a foreign stove, foreign counters, foreign chairs, and a foreign table on which I saw an immense volume published in honour of Her Majesty's jubilee. I thought I heard Garth make some remark behind me, but I didn't ask her to repeat it. I thought the man at the counter looked quizzically at my boots, but I ignored that too.

"Hey . . . hey? hey? Have got?" I asked.

"Heya?" repeated the man slowly and wonderingly.

"Hey . . . a! Hf . . . f . . . f!" went the breath between the teeth, and then came an explosion of Japanese for the company and two English words for me:

"Room! Two?"

"Exactly," I replied, grimly.

"It's horribly dear," said Garth, who had been examining the printed price list.

"Ah, but you see we have French cook!" cried the man in the office.

"A French what?"

"Cook, cook; nothing Japanese, all foreign."

"Unhappy one! And don't you give any raw fish or lily bulbs or Japanese sauce?" (They had always spoken of Japanese sauce as if it were a separate and distinct dish.)

"No . . . o . . . o! all French cook! It is dinner French cook this night."

It was seven o'clock, and the dishes clattered pleasantly in the dining room.

"It doesn't seem to me as if we could read our title very clear to anything but 'a dinner French cook this night,'" I remarked, reflectively.

"Since Providence has interfered so signally in our behalf," replied Garth, "I think we should defer our study of 'the native life more particularly' till to-morrow."

That same evening, however, we had the opportunity of studying the native life, if not in all its pristine simplicity, at least under foreign influence, which is even more absorbing. The Japanese, bent upon adopting European civilization, appear each to have taken it up by a different end, so to speak. Some have begun at the boots, some at the hat, some at the gloves. A great many, of course, wear complete suits of European clothes, but remain faithful to Japanese food; while you may find, as we did at the — Hotel, gentlemen in the flowing *kimono*, struggling with knives and forks.

I found it difficult to do full justice to an incomparable dinner and to my neighbours. Before us, round a little table, sat an old daimio and his family. We were told he was a daimio, we didn't guess it, though Garth very naturally "saw something of the daimio about him from the first." This gentleman "of most highest nobleness" was tall, fairly well built, with a closely cropped gray head and a smooth face. I don't know whether I should have noticed it otherwise, but when my attention had been especially drawn to his "highest nobleness" I remarked that his carriage was unaggressively dignified, and that his whole manner, while in no way familiar, seemed pleasantly genial to the menials about him. From what I could learn, he appeared to be a very good type of his class.

If the other diners were not daimios they were none the less interesting. The gentleman at the foot of our table was evidently of the old school; his shaved crown and pomaded back hair, tied into a diminutive tail about two inches long, betokened it. As for the youths opposite us, we watched them with all the interest a scientist might have watched a new experiment. They were very Japanese, oh! very Japanese, those Japanese young men. They had never been abroad, one could see that. In dress and in manners they were *purists*, still would they test this wonderful Western civilization, and—imprudent youths! they began with a Western dinner.

To delicate fingers, accustomed to the simple and delicate chop-stick, you can imagine how ambiguous our clumsy knives and forks must be. The Japanese young man succeeded in holding each instrument in one hand, but he succeeded no further in making apparent the difference of