

clergy and all good Catholics to follow his example. *En passant*, he covered the memory of the late Comte de Chambord with flowers, but asserted that monarchy had committed suicide with the Comte de Chambord, and the seal was placed over its sepulchre. M. de Vanssay now publishes a letter from Cardinal Lavignerie, dated 25th August, 1874, as Archbishop of Algiers, wherein he urges the Comte de Chambord, in language as plain as a pike-staff, to make a Coup d' Etât, and that he, the Cardinal, would answer for one of the Commanders of the army being ready in advance to go over to the Comte and the Bourbon White flag. The Comte de Chambord declined to try a Coup d' Etât—proof of his sagacity that a Bourbon "remembers" something and learns "something"—because it would result in the most frightful of civil wars. It is an awkward document for the Cardinal, but he can say:—

And this is law, that I'll maintain.
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Z.

RONDEAU.

[Thoughts suggested by the Dying Year.]

CAN we be lost to those that held us dear,
Who, though invisible to mortals here,
Live on in memory—friends that loved us well,
And whom we trusted? shall the gods not tell
Us somewhat, sometime, of their spirit-sphere?

Oft as we strive a vision fond to rear
Of gentle faces gone, forms reappear
To fancy, and we cry beneath the spell:
"Can we be lost to them?"

Hearts' sorrow and hearts' trust shall man revere?
His soulful instincts cherish without fear
As angel-guides? wherefore should he repel
The heaven-sent messenger that in his ear
Whispers, while falls the yellow leaf and sere,
"Thou art not lost to them!"

MARY MORGAN.

Hochelaga, Que.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

IT is a morning early in December. The sky is bright; the early sun is lighting up the dark evergreen foliage which forms so conspicuous a feature of every landscape in Japan, and the hoar frost sparkling in the sunshine gives a suspicion of coldness which is by no means unpleasant. I have just finished breakfast and am on the point of getting into my jinrikisha for my two miles' drive to the Naval Academy. But my jinrikisha puller presents me with a request, which he prefers after the manner of his country, with much cringing and bowing.

"Danna San (Master) when shall I get my new suit of clothes?"

"New clothes! Bother take your new clothes," I reply (my English thought, I fear, is far more idiomatic than my Japanese expression). "Why, it's only a couple of months since I paid for a new suit for you."

"I tremble with fear," replies the faithful Yasu San, "but your honour will remember that it was June when you got me those clothes and now it is December, and that suit is almost worn out with the hard work of taking your worship down to Tsukiji and back every day. Honourably, deign to make an inspection," he continues, as he holds up a tattered sleeve. "In truth, it is bone breaking work. And the cold weather will soon be here, and if we don't order the clothes the tailors will be too busy with their New Year's orders."

"Very well," I reply, "you can order those clothes, but remember they must not cost more than three yen at the outside." With this I jump into my jinrikisha and wrap myself up in my warm rug, thinking to make a start. But round the corner of the house the other man, who takes the children to school, has been listening to hear how Yasu San's suit has progressed, and out he pops grinning and bowing with his round straw hat in his hand.

"All right, Suna. I suppose you want some new clothes. Well, Yasu San is going to have some, so I suppose you must have some too."

And off goes my faithful Yasu San, jogging along under the evergreen holm oaks that form the avenue leading to my house, the varicose veins on his calves quivering, but whether with delight at having got the clothes, or with satisfaction at having cheated the foreigner, it is impossible to tell.

In the streets everything is busy with preparations for the coming festivities. In one house we find that all the sliding screens have been taken out and are piled in the streets, that the mats are being dusted and renovated, and all the woodwork of the house being sedulously wiped over with wet cloths. It is the great *susuhaki*, the Japanese spring-cleaning. Only fancy a spring-cleaning about the twentieth of December!

In another house we see three or four men pounding away with huge pestles at a lump of dough in a great mortar made of a dug-out tree-trunk. They are making *mochi*, the cold clammy rice cake which takes the place of the familiar mince pie of more Christian climes. In another, seated at a very low desk behind a screen not more

than two feet in height, is a merchant anxiously casting up his accounts with the aid of an abacus or counting-board. The *Omisoka* is drawing near, the "Great Day of Reckoning," when all bills must be paid ere the old year dies, to make place for the New Year who always in Japan begins with new books and a new clean balance sheet. No wonder he is anxious, for he can't get his accounts straight and to an old-fashioned Japanese who knows nothing of the credit systems of the west, and who generally squares up every month, it is a dreadful thought to leave any debts unpaid on the 31st of December.

And in a day or two it becomes my turn to be anxious too, as my shopkeeper friends come trooping in with their little bills which they politely insist must be paid before the end of the year. Well, it is a little inconvenient at times, but after all the system of monthly payments has its advantages if one can carry out the idea, which one can't always.

Then commence the presents. Two or three days after Christmas (which is not yet much observed in Japan) presents begin to arrive at your house—dried salmon, ducks, geese, cakes, boxes of eggs, or crates of oranges. But then courtesy demands an interchange of gifts and presently A's salmon is on its way to B's house, and the box of eggs which you got from C is going to D who perhaps had bought it himself the day before yesterday as a present for A who had sent it on to C, who had sent it you, and now you have sent it back to him once more. I have known ladies who have treated Christmas cards in precisely the same fashion. Haven't you?

Then, too, the streets begin to assume a festive appearance. At the doors of the houses are planted the *kado-matsu*, branches of pine and stems of bamboo, the symbols of longevity and prosperity. All along the streets bamboos are placed, and from bamboo to bamboo is suspended a rope fringed with straw and decorated with oranges and lobsters, whilst Japanese paper-lanterns add colour and brightness by day and night. Evergreen arches covered with bright golden oranges form another very effective adornment of the streets. It is noteworthy that all adornment is outside; no attempt is made to decorate the interior of the house. When the New Year dawns and for about a week afterwards every house exhibits the Japanese ensign, the red circle of the sun on a white flag. The scenic effect is very striking.

New Year's Eve is a bustling time. The shops and the street-stalls and the fairs which are held in various parts of Tokyo are crowded with purchasers, and wonderful bargains can sometimes be made by an old hand who knows the terrible anxiety of the merchant to get even a few cents towards meeting his engagements. The fun is kept up until late at night, and it is generally past twelve before silence settles at last upon the ancient city of the Shoguns.

When morning dawns and you are dressing yourself with more than ordinary care, you look out from your bedroom window and there are a couple of students, dressed in their very best, wearing white cotton gloves and carrying bundles of visiting cards. If you are a new hand at it you say: "Dear me! how very nice and kind of these boys to come and call on me at half-past six," and you hurry down to receive them. They hand you in their cards which you look at with interest and awe. On the one side are some Chinese characters too intricate to be reproduced here. On the other side written with pen and ink is a legend somewhat as follows:—

To my dear teacher,

J. SUZUKI,

to congratulate a happy new Year.

You usher them into your drawing-room, and after some persuasion they consent to take a seat as near the door as they can. Then they get their pocket-handkerchiefs out (new unwashed ones, specially bought for the occasion) and wipe their brows. "I was rudeness to you during the last year." . . . "I congratulate new happy year." . . . "I beg your kind teach." Having thus delivered themselves of their good-wishes, they relapse into silence and look uncomfortable. You (or rather I) feel uncomfortable and begin to fidget, thinking about breakfast. After a silent pause of ten minutes they look at one another, gather up their gloves, hats and visiting cards, and, after a flabby handshaking, work themselves out backwards. Poor awkward, ungainly Japanese student! He is a very good fellow in his inmost heart, and, in spite of his ridiculous ideas of Western etiquette, is really a lovable being.

A little experience teaches you wisdom, though, and presently you put a card tray on a chair near the front door, and subsequent batches of students and visitors simply deposit their cards and sneak off. This plan saves both you and them a good deal of time.

But presently the clock warns me that I must go off myself to pay my new year's visits. So I order my jinrikisha men, who come round to the door as pleased as Punch with their new clothes (for which I had to pay

eight dollars last night), and I start off on my rounds—the jinrikimen pulling me tandem fashion, one in the shaft and the other in front with a cord. Being in Japanese Government employ, my first duty is to visit the Emperor. Arriving at the palace about eleven o'clock, I find a very busy scene. The very high officials, the princes, the nobles, the diplomats, have already been received, and as I drive up I meet strings of carriages gay with uniforms, British, German, Russian, French, military, naval, civil. Arrived at the palace, I am ushered into a room where I find a dozen foreigners on the same errand as myself. Here we spend a quarter of an hour or so awaiting our turn, and watching the long line of Japanese noblemen, Shinto priests and Buddhist monks filing past us one by one into the audience chamber. Soon the chamberlain comes in and we are drawn up in line, and then, as our names are called, we enter the Throne Room. There is nothing oriental about the ceremony. The Emperor, wearing a military uniform, is seated on a throne. By his side is the Empress, dressed in a robe of Paris fashion. Behind them stand the gentlemen and ladies of the Court, none of them dressed in the picturesque but inconvenient court-dress of the *ancien régime*—all are in uniform or western court-dress.

One by one we advance two or three paces into the room, make three low bows, and retire backwards through another door which leads us once more into the ante-chamber. We have done our duty; we have stood in the presence of kings; we are free men.

Free men? Not a bit of it. There is a long list of people whom we must call on to-day, and so, regardless of the attractions of the tiffin table, we (my jinrikisha men and I) fly through the streets making a short call here, dropping a fugitive card there, until our list has been gone through, and we begin (a little less rapidly now) to wind our weary way homeward.

What a gay scene the Japanese streets present on the afternoon of New Year's Day! For the only day in the whole year the shops are shut, and the servants and apprentices are all playing in the streets. Some are flying kites, and as you go along the road your hat is once or twice knocked off by the kite strings. But by far the greater number are playing at battle dore and shuttle cock. It is very pretty to watch the gay colours of the girls as they flit about the streets in chase of the tiny shuttle cock which a wily adversary has sent a long way off from his fair opponent. It is, moreover, an extremely romping noisy game. For the rule is that whoever misses a stroke shall have a mark painted across his or her face with a Japanese pen, and everywhere the street resounds with the merry shrieks of the fair ones as they claim or seek to avoid the penalty of the law.

Noisy and happy they are, but wonderfully sober, and the play that goes on is genuine innocent play, such as causes no blush or after shame, and many a time as I have watched a game of *hane* and *hagoita* have I wished that I too were a Japanese youth, and had the privilege of a good romp with a battle dore.

So we return home to find a pile of cards in our tray at the door. Most of these mean visits to be returned next day—but there! one can't always be thinking about visits, and we are frightfully hungry.

And the quiet home dinner is, perhaps, the best of all—not quite so elaborate a dinner, perhaps, as the Christmas dinner with its plum-pudding and crackers, and good wishes for absent friends—none the less dear because absent; but a dinner with one or two good and trusty friends (of whom Tokyo produces a fair crop), and after dinner a smoke and a chat, and a little gossip, as we discuss the affairs of our somewhat limited circle, and make resolves and plans for the coming year, whose birthday we have so auspiciously and so busily been celebrating.

I had almost forgotten to say that there is a great noise going on in the servants' quarters, laughing and singing and clapping of hands, and that from next door I can hear weird strains of *samisen* and *koto* played as an accompaniment to the feast by the accomplished daughters of my neighbour, Mr. O—. Everyone seems to be enjoying himself. The world is not such a bad place after all.

A. LLOYD.

A RED LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS OF QUEBEC.

Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Repulse of Phips before Quebec
October 23rd, 1690.

ON Monday, the 16th October, 1690, Louis de Buade Comte de Palluau et Frontenac, had just held for one year the reins as Governor-General of New France, at Quebec. The anniversary of his return to Canada would likely have called forth a festal display and public rejoicings, as the mere presence of the intrepid veteran was reckoned a tower of strength to the struggling colony, sorely beset by merciless Indian foes; but, on that eventful morning, an astounding announcement blanched many cheeks: a powerful hostile squadron from New England, with decks crowded with troops, had anchored abreast of the unprepared, ill-fortified city. History depicts the fiery old Governor at the head of his staff, anxiously scanning from the lofty terrace of the Chateau St. Louis, the recent arrivals from sea: thirty-four formidable ships-of-war, which, after rounding Pointe Levy, at dawn, had taken position at 10 o'clock a.m.; the smaller craft lying towards Beaufort, whilst the flag ship and larger vessels had