MAYOR'S DAY.

n Question Dis- n the Mansion by Lord Bea- consfield.

9.—Sir Thomas White called as Lord Mayor of usual ceremonies. ust was given by the new night at the Mansion House. distinguished persons present ndal.

the toast to her Majesty's successfully made an elab- which he explained the ernment had made for the peace during the past year. efforts the Government had the principle of maintaining and territorial integrity of pire which were guaranteed of Paris. He upheld this the best adopted to ence of the British Empire. dedicated the doctrine that Paris ought to be considered nsphinded the events of the ested that the Government assent to the Berlin memo- refused to give its sanction contained in the Sommara- sme it felt that the occupa- territory would be a viola- lemn treaties. The sending Dualka Bay insured the tran- ntinople, and showed that England were not to be

—"Trying as events have past year the independence Turkey have not been vio- peace has been upheld. great purposes which the proposed to itself. Another of the Government's policy more substantial improvement in the subjects of Turkey as all cause for disturbance, ced by absolute suffering, or d by selfish agitators. the Government's efforts in Lord Beaconsfield spoke of ness in regard to Servia first showed signs ion and appealed to the of Turkey to make the He testified to the cordial- ness with which Russia accord- cial made by England on that he hopes then existing were, strated by an outbursts of feel- ich prevailed not only the the friends of the Servians in ion that England had suddenly to abandon her traditional ch regard to the last proposal as England had proposed a minimum of an armistice, and had herself proposed three English Government con- the Porte had completely ly met its proposal by granting and therefore withdrew from ion when the Porte's offer was was greatly gratified that an had been at last obtained. He Russian ultimatum seemed ediately the armistice was agreed lish Government proposed a con- th though this conference should ts consist of ambassadors at Com- t, but should be participated in by ch he would be likely to have ll less local views. ntleman concluded with the fol- ds:—"I think I am correct in ll all the Powers have now agreed ce Conference. The Marquis of ll doubtless do his best for the ance of Europe, which all states ed can be bestadvertised by adhering treaties. He knows that the in- and integrity of Turkey will ess the people placed under ed which stagnine their welfare, ll that in the present temper of ll shall able to accomplish these re- ut those terrible appeals to ar- ve have heard so much. We have n gain by war. We cannot ver- ty. Our grandest boast is that Empire subsists as much upon as force. But if a strength should be must be remembered that there is so prepared for war as England, there is none whose respect ent in a righteous cause, and I shall will cause a cause which concerns y or her empire. England is not which will have to acquire the ability anter into a second or third cam- ll she commences she will not finish is done."

Dufferin on Canada and the United States.

(From the New York Times.)

Dufferin said well to the good citi- Ottawa the other day. The people United States regard Canada with the kindness and good will, notwith- g whatever demagogues may say in making political hits, and the Pub- nding the belligerent stand of certain ts native of Ireland. Canada is ntiment which seemed to be ue in the early years of this century ty. Canada is the Switzerland of horbid craving of a community sick the plague of slavery; in the North ed it was the abolition of a few fana- d theorists and a goodly number of ly, who hoped to reap something war, if they did not at once make ing substantial out of their rai- the slave party. The ex- t of the vast honest majority opposed to increasing the limits of the States in any other than an honour- ay, but, as usual, that majority had ow, to get its sentiment heard ad. Undoubtedly the war with Mexico opular at the time, but it must be re- that the Mexicans themselves ed into the hands of the Americans who that war, until there seemed to ry good cause for aggression. As ve look back, however, we find little to be d of the Mexican business, except ricter of the little invading army in the nce of superior forces and in the heart ican country.

nada, on the other hand, has never pre- the same excuse for abolitionist ad- s, and glory-seeking military men. d during the angry days of the late civil s in Canada became, as in the revolution times, the refuge of dissenionists and ans, the solid common sense of th Americans in Canada and the United s never allowed the hard feeling which nation naturally produced to throw the boots that extend midway to the knee. and barrel across the line, are decid- ed in favour. These bars or strape are strapped at both ends to the boot and sometimes this button is of cut steel.

The new embroidered braids that seem to have sprung up suddenly are so universally adopted that they are likely to become com- mon before the winter is over. They are made of the design and colouring of these galoons is beyond belief. Some are on vel- vet ground, and the pattern appears to be worked in French knots, others in tambour stitch, but the greater number are on paper and yet they are all produced by machinery. They are exceedingly rich looking, and from two to five inches in width. Narrow fur bands are also seen on new winter dresses, and wide fur bands on man- tles.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.—The circular which the lately sold effects of the Marshal and Marchale MacMahon has distributed in the fashionable quarters of Paris has had its desired effect since the death of the revolution. One was afforded by the widow of General Bigot. This lady, who has a very slender pension, had vainly solicited of Government a pension, and of a rich plan- tation assurance, so she started a *Bottle d'Mot* in the Rue Basse du Rampart, having on the signboard "Dessins given at three francs a head by hawa. Widow Bigot, sister of M. Thiers, ex-President of the Ministerial Council." And excellent dinners they were. General Bigot's widow directed the cooking and sided in the service. Any two dinners served in a cotton gown and muslin cap, and wearing an apron with a pair of pockets, she collected the money direct from her customers, each of whom she hoped was satisfied with what she had set before him. She was the head waiter, and one of her illustrious brother. She wore spectacles, waddled in walking, had short, spatular fingers, and was so like him in face that he, dressed in woman's clothes, could have passed for her in her own house. The patrons were very sorry when Thiers gave her an annuity to enable her to retire from business, for she had an administrative genius, and was one of the best cooks in Paris. Mme. la Vicomtesse d'Anglars de la Croy de Castries, whose circular presents an analogy to Mme. Ripert's signboard, is pub- licly concerned in a servants' agency. The prospectus which she has circulated among her peers of the Faubourg St. Germain and elsewhere, is addressed to "*Employés, dames et messieurs, concierges et domestiques.*" Its thus runs: "Madame (or Monsieur) the Vicomtesse d'Anglars de la Croy de Cas- tries has the honour of informing you that in consequence of a recent financial disaster she is obliged to work for a livelihood. Ac- cepting this obligation, she has placed her- self at the head of the Blancmesnil Agency for affording gratis information to persons seeking furnished or unfurnished suites of apartments. The Vicomtesse d'Anglars de la Croy de Castries also begs to inform the public that she undertakes to furnish those who can procure for them, at the shortest notice and on satisfactory conditions, suite- able lodgings, *femmes de chambre*, chil- dren's maids, nurses, and whatever feminine personnel they may require. While avail- ing their orders she has the honour of pre- senting them her most gracious compliments and thanking them by anticipation for their support. Signed Vse. d'Anglars de la Croy de Castries, née De Pendin-Sarlyn Chapel de St. Priest." There can be no better novelty than that of Mme. la Vicom- tesse. Her cousins are at the head of the executive power, and if the Vicomte, her husband, who is living drove his carriage, he would have a right to quarter on his panels the arms of houses corresponding to our Herberts of Pembroke, Percies of Northumberland and Norfolk Howards.—*London Weekly Despatch.*

A correspondent of the Sarnia *Canadian*, writing from Forest, County of Lambton, says:—"During the last two weeks Mr. Willing, grain merchant, has shipped sixty- two car loads of barley from this station over the G. T. R., via Detroit, for Cincinnati, on which he has paid over $5,000 duty in gold. During the same time hundreds of car loads of American corn were admitted into Canada free of duty. What do our Grit Free Trade friends think of this? Will they still sup- port a Government that has sold our interests to the Americans for the sake of office?"

PRIMAVERA.

The Spring has passed this way. Look! where she trod
The daring crocus sprang up through the sod
To greet her coming with gold brilliancy,
Serene waiting to put on its leafy dress,
Not bright and bold in its brazen boldness,
And further on—mark! on this gentle rise
She must have passed, for frail hepatiques
Are trembling to the wind, conscious her scarf
There fresh green grass springs up, and the
grass
Over the still runnel, that with tinkling tongue
Babbles its secret treasure. Here she stopped
a longer while, and on this grassy sward,
While meekly she lingered, her feet dropped
This knot of love-sick violets from her breast
Which, as she threw them down, the sun-
have kissed.
For still the fragrance of her breath they keep,
And look! here, too, her floating robes have
brushed,
Where seemingly these almond branches flush-
ed
To greet her, and in blossoms burst anew
Swept by these—stalwarts! and graceful!
Where is she now! Gone! Vain it were to
cry
To overtake her. Here, then, let us lie
On this green bank and weave a wreath, and
sing
From our full hearts the joyous praise of
Spring,
Grateful for these dear gifts she left behind
The flowers, the grass, the soft and odorous
wind.
Her tender influence, the subtle grace
That still, though she has vanished, haunts the
place.
Pursuit is vain; for she, like all things fair,
Will not be hunted down into her lair
And caught and prisoned. Let us not be rude.
Nor seek into her presence to intrude.
But praise her in the distance. Then, per-
chance,
She may not flee away with winged feet,
But pause and backward cast a favouring
glance
And waft a fragrance to us rare and sweet,
Too eager, we our present joy may miss
In the vain chase—overshadowing bliss
The ideal joy no human hand can seize.
The dream that hence we and before us flies.

The day is passing. Let us own its spell;
And as the trees, feeling within them swell
The blind, dim stirring of the Spring, express
Their joy in leaves and blossoms; so, in tenderness,
So, grateful, let us take what Nature gives;
Love be our blossoms—gentle thoughts our
leaves.

Blackwood's Magazine. W. W. S.

LOVE'S LOYALTY.

Christmas in the Australian backwoods, away from settlement and village, the nearest bearer than a ten-mile ride, is scarcely to hopeful or likely to be so happy a season which here in our England come to us charged with the heartiest of wishes, "A merry Christmas!" Indeed, contrast is even, and in Australia Christmas is no Christmas without the charm of its season. The homesick has seen it in Venice, the time-honoured snow-crowned day—the day when, of all others days, peace, goodwill, and charity, whether of the heart or the pocket—charity in forgetting and forgiving—is deepest stir- red, and the words, "Peace and goodwill to men," rung out by the merry bells, strike upon the heart and cry to us, "Forgot and forgive!" Hard, indeed, the life which has no tie on which to lavish something of a generous feeling begotten of that day. And yet in Australia, where this sad page of a life's history opens, no poverty meets the eye to stir the compassionate feelings of the heart: no biting cold on that day called forth sympathy for less fortunate brethren: and no merry bells spoke out through the hot slow-moving air to call up memories of the past, and bid men live in "peace and goodwill." Yet there is a charm in the name of Christmas; and to all to whom it comes it is carried forward. For all the merry quiet life, sheep-farming in the backwoods, it has an influence for good—olden memories of home.

In a cabin of rough-hewn logs in the backwoods, alone, and without a neighbour in a ten-mile circle, Gerald Edwards sat in the silence which was broken by the fire, crackling with the olden memories of home. The re- collections of the past were heavy to him.

He was thirty years of age, handsome as would have said was born for life in the wilderness. Powerful in frame, strong in spirit, fearless, bold to desperation, the world was as nothing to him. He braved the elements and lived on danger; he was wild and reckless; maybe he courted death.

Yes; life was a bitterness to him, and his heart was very heavy.

So true is it that we never to the full ex- ent know the value of anything until we have lost it.

It was true with Gerald Edwards; and memory recalled a scene, a picture of home of a year ago, in a quiet English homestead of the fine old country town of a midland shire. The place in his mind's eye, before him once again; and, mingled with his vision of the happy face which had filled that homestead came one fairer, brighter, dearer far, than all the rest. And what a face! Not classic, not Grecian-like, but full of life, and hair and bright, grave yet open; eyes which looked out from a fringe of lashes which the softest glances, which had seemed to him to say, in their dumb eloquence, "You are my life of life and the world."

And so his life came back before him, sit- ting in that log-cabin; the faces mixed up with things around, the scene passing out like a panorama before his eyes. And this was his story.

Years ago two brothers had stood hand in hand by the bedside of a dying father, and promised him to live in love on the anoth- er, to sacrifice to each, to bear and forbear. It was hard.

So it was with Gerald; and on an after- noon of the next springtime he had taken his place in the village school, and, as he took itself idly along, while he gave himself up to the calm enjoyment of his soul's happi- ness.

And the boat had floated on, and lay in the sunshine of the bridge, shaded by the tall quiet reeds which rustled round, and whispered to each other. Eyes and lips were wrapped in "love's Lethe stream of rich delight!" He was the scene of selfish- ness, and he was the selfish man.

As he lay there alone in his boat, voices came to him borne upon the air, and down upon the bridge two figures were coming floating towards him.

The two participants of that boat were Frank, his brother, and Ida, his own affianced wife.

But the words that came to him, how they dropped upon his ear and scorched them- selves into his soul! Ida was speaking to her some well-known voice came to him across the water, and yet he could not believe that it was Ida speaking. Ida, the very depositary of his love, suspicious through its greatness, a voice seemed to cry to him that his brother was nearer to her than he was, and that she he had called his own was but a mask hiding the face of a false friend. He heard her say, "While there's life there's hope;" and told her he would come back. No, she said; there was no hope for him. The jealous rage, and for her the lamp of love was out.

And there she stood, in the fading red sunlight, the glare subdued by the closing year; and looks cast upon the still green life of earth, upon the fleecy clouds, upon the window; and watches the dead leaves falling. Yet who shall say what she saw? All that passes before her eyes may be as nothing to her. Nor is it.

Thought, fancy, memory, he said. "This is too much for me now. I have come back to die."

"No, not to die, Gerald. You will be better soon, and she—"

"Hush, hush, for pity's sake! Take me away from here. Take me home—your home, if you will," Gerald said.

"Home! Your home—the old home—the old home, Gerald."

"Dark," said Gerald, as they turned to the gate. "Hark!"

Below them the sound of voices, coming up from the village, mingled together in unanimity—a talent which acts like disciplined troops, and which, when it is in a army in which every soldier fancies him- self the general; but in a crisis they all give way to one, so perfect is the discipline maintained, and sent a thrill to the hearts of each: "Auld Lang Syne!"

The boat had floated on, forged stronger the link in the chain of reunion. Gerald felt that it recalled his last words to his brother on the bridge.

"For Auld Lang Syne!" Again the chorus came up upon the air, and Gerald reached out his hand and cried.

"Frank, Frank, forgive me!"

"Forgive! Forgive! Gerald, a quieter way that that of the village road, and on to- wards the village, I have thought of you, and it the tale of wrong was told, and Gerald sought to explanation.

Frank listened, his face cut with wonder, scarcely knowing how to undeceive his brother, and fearing by a sudden shock to do a fatal injury to his brother. He lay on on, not speaking much, but trying to collect his thoughts, and to arrange his the events of the past twelve months. And Gerald walked on quietly, unconsciously, but in silence, the two together, and so, at the entrance of Rutland Hall.

He started from his musings upon the lin- ball beneath which ran in front of the house, he saw, outlined by the soft light from within, the figure of Ida, the woman he thought was it real, or only a dream? Was it life, or a spirit of the past?

He sprang from his seat, and leaning for- ward from behind, bankruptcy yawning in front of you, and no one to fall back on but your accomplices, and they ready to turn, you may be in panic,—urged by dread of a pitch-battle before you, and a committee, and held back by the thought of empty coffers and a future existence. Not a pleasant picture, is it? Not a pleasant one. And how does my friend the English Cabinet Minister, Mr. Disraeli, feel? He is still purening his nefarious business at the ex- pense of unsuspecting farmers. He has a free hand, and he knows it. He is not the man to be a fool, and he knows it. He is not the man to be a fool, and he knows it so well, but had not thought, that he staggered as though he had received a blow. Ida, his own affianced, and the presence of the dead came before him, and he knew it, and he knew it, and he knew it