CANADIAN NEWS.

THE SERVO - TURKISH The Parisian Fashions.

A small, old-fashioned cottage, where a

"And if he does not any consensus great help, Davy. You will be seventeen when you leave the college, and clever, and able to do anything."

"Anything—every thing, mother," asserts the boy, softly drawing her arms about his condering if ahe is neck. "I shall be a man, and you shall have a large house and garden, and I shall come home to you every evening from my office—knews nothing. The work of the condering the condering in her lifeting alone to a fair.

or that good end."
So, in the cottage, Mary works hard to onfident in the realization of his plan, ar confident in the realization of his plat living with him, through her long day-da-in a London which exists in her imagin only—a wide calm city where all the y men have David's face and David's na and guide skilfully the machinery of world.

THEN AND NOW.

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood,

And the stately silent court-yard, With its antique dial-stone. The swallows have come as of yore, lad. From over the sunny sea, and the cup of the lily echoes To the hum of the wandering bee. The lark, in its silvery treble, Sings up in the deep-blue sky; But the house is not as it was, lad, In those dear old days gone by.

Twas here that her garments rustled, Like music amidst the flowers : But now in its noontide brightness, The place seems cold and dead,

All hushed is each lonely chamber That echoed to songs of old: The chairs are now all vacant, And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad, No heart but my own can know; And the glimpses of heaven she gave

But they went one eve, when she left me 'Mid the balm of the summer air;
There's a grave far over the hills, lad—
The home of my heart is there.

-Tinsley's Magazine.

BY A LEAP. BY MARY CECIL HAY.

I .- " TRUE OF HEART."

But the time goes on, and Davidearns what he has earned at first.

so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the
with you is still out of my reach, for p
here, mother, would be to you a hu mother—a summer day which spent together for all the eighter David's life. Then he goes b work, still hopeful of the rise

Six months pass, and the night, David walks unexportage kitchen, where his side the fire, softly singing to which she starts up—her face, in turprise, white as death—D. little able she is to bear any is concerned. But her daily

L—"TRUE OF HEART."

A small, old-fashioned cottage, where a woman sits working in the porch.

A tiny cottage, in a garden stocked only with fruit and vegetables, save for the hardy creopers clinging to the porch. But then their blossoms gleam as white and pure as any rawe exotion, and the dark leaves more softly in the fairy light, as the breese mostice there after its flight across the heath from that far line of brilliancy which, though but a ribon's width, laghts broad as fisshing in the sun. A slight, pale woman, wearing a widton's one spone has smooth brown hair, but with such a look of love and longing on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and tonging on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and thought on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and treatming the old dream which have cheered the country-woman looks, she hase wealth of warm affection in her heart.

As she site there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dream which have cheered her through her through her ten years of widowhood-bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only some—and the is glanding backward, too, owe her own life, wondering a little, jouts. Hitle, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she he have have not be pend one might of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been schoolinasten. Is it to be always so! A steadiest light comes into her yees, and her quietly her the proper where have a seen that the same of the world than the house of the world that the ho

eyes, she turns and enters the cottage, as if she dare not wait those few minutes which will bring the coach into sight again at the garden gate.

Tes is laid for two in the pleasant little, kitchen, sell the total the common state of the common

she bo do anything—the boy of the property of After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school-days have dome, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can also still be any thing until the postman has come up the garden path and given into her reumbing hand the letter David never fails to send, the letter (full of love and bravery and hopp) which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountains office—employment which in very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salivy he is to receive is much smaller than he such and the same hopefully began his search.

So she gives it to the young woman, with a siny request that it may be taken care of the search of the sample out into the street. Its essents to Mary that they have walked and open when they turn, and enter a wide and open overway. With a sing to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpet such as the sample of the sample