

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Gazetteer of the World.* Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2317 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Murray.* The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, Esq. \$1.50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- On Cholera.* A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hubback.* May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister: or the Forbidden Marriage," &c., &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure.* By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale.* The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin., &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston.* Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Plumer.* Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence. By William S. Plumer, D.D., LL.D. \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

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CHAPTER LI. LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"When the heart says, sighing to be approved,
'Oh, could I love!' and stops; God writeth loved."

GEORGE HERBERT.

On this to her eventful morning Marian's pensive face was wholly changed. There had been but a few sentences spoken by Mr. Nugent as they had met and parted—she coming to and he going from the house; yet they were enough for happiness. Sorrows, like clouds, come in varied forms; joy, like light, shines clear, revealing all.

Gertrude was glad in her friend's gladness. It had sometimes occurred to her that Mrs. Austwicke would not much longer continue Miss Hope in her present situation. Mr. Hope and his daughter would have a delicacy in remaining at the cottage after the latter had ceased to be employed with Gertrude. And though the expectation of establishing a school, with Mysie to assist her, had, during some time, been Marian's cherished prospect for the future; yet that plan had, as even Gertrude conjectured, many difficulties. Now this beloved companion and friend, rather than mere preceptress, would have a home of her own—be in the very station she was fitted to fill, and at the parsonage would be still almost as near to Gertrude in the future, as if she came daily to the Hall. Such a marriage would bind—not break—the ties of friendship.

"Dear Marian, it is so seldom that all happens exactly as it should do," Gertrude said. "Are you not perfectly happy?"

"There is always in this world, dear, some little drawback," said Marian, with a fluttering sigh, "that prevents joy being too oppressive."

"Drawback! For shame, now! You are really ungrateful, when all falls out so delightfully, and when every one, as soon as it is known, will congratulate you."

"Not every one; that's just what I cannot help lamenting. True. I am not, I trust, ungrateful, for I am very, very happy. Mr. Nugent will have my dear father to live with us. I always said I could not leave him; but in this great joy, I feel that there's one I should like to know it all."

It was certainly true, and perhaps very natural that amid the new-born hopes of both Marian and Mysie, the long-lost Norman was remembered with increased regret.

Just as Gertrude was about to ask a question, and there would probably have been a full explanation, they saw Dr. Griesbach coming up to the house; and Gertrude ran off to Ruth's room to prepare both the attendant and the patient. The latter lay in much the same helpless state, and on the very verge of insensibility and yet capable of being at times shaken by strong emotion, as had been the case that morning when the curate's name was mentioned to her. Gertrude was scarcely aware whether the poor creature saw her or not; for she remained motionless as the young girl stooped over her.

Dr. Griesbach was first shown to Mrs. Austwicke's dressing-room, and remained there talking about friends mutually known to both. Then followed Mrs. Austwicke's history of her maladies, to which the Doctor did not quite give that patient, attentive hearing, which sometimes is so wonderful an attainment of a physician. He fidgeted about rather, and exclaimed, brusquely—

"You were well at Scarborough, and why? You were out all day, and slept all night, eh? You are ill here, because you shut yourself up, lay on the sofa all day, and wake all night, eh? Walk, work, talk—I don't say scold; though that in older women does instead of other exercise; but you are too young and lovely for that. The three first will make you sleep, and that will make you well. *Voilà tout, madame.*"

"Oh, Doctor, you're laughing!"

"To be sure I am! and I advise you to join me in a good laugh, eh? Depend on it, you've just now, as to your health, nothing to cry at."

"Dr. Griesbach, I'm worried."

"How so? Then don't let things worry you, eh?"

"That's an impossible prescription."

"Pooh! Impossible is an obsolete word."

"Well, but let me tell you about—"

"Yes, yes; you shall tell me your worry. It may dissipate in telling; but first I'll see this woman."

Mrs. Austwicke knew the Doctor too well to attempt to detain him just then, and so he was shown to Ruth's room. He remained there a quarter of an hour, met the village surgeon, who had hastened to the Hall on hearing Dr. Griesbach would see the case; and the two adjourned to the library for a consultation, which was soon over; and Mr. Austwicke, who had just been found by Mr. Nugent and Rupert Griesbach as they had sought him in the grounds, returned to welcome and thank his friend the Doctor. The verdict on Ruth's attack was soon given.

"It's a case that will be tedious. As soon as she can travel I'll get her into St. Jude's Hospital, and attend to her myself. That's the best course; then she may recover."

He then went, accompanied by the squire only, to the drawing-room, to which Mrs. Austwicke had in the meantime descended, looking already better, but still with a troubled expression. Gertrude, also, was there, and the Doctor took both her hands in his, and, looking at her, said, laughing—

"Ella told me you were spoilt as a fairy, you little truant; running away by inches from fairyland. Well, well; let's hope you are not spoiled altogether, eh?"

"Stay, Doctor, with us and see," said Gertrude, blushes and smiles kindling on her face. They faded as Mrs. Austwicke said, aside to her—

"Gertrude, I want to speak particularly to Dr. Griesbach."

She withdrew at once, and the Doctor seemed inclined to follow, but the lady, addressing her husband said—

"Basil, the Doctor thinks I have worried myself unnecessarily; do tell him what brought us here."

"Till we hear more, my love, there's no need to trouble Dr. Griesbach about what may be a passing annoyance, with which we have no concern," said Mr. Austwicke, in a vexed tone, and darting a rather severe glance at his wife.

"No doubt he has read in the papers about—"

"My dear madam, I read only the leading articles, and any political or scientific news," he replied; adding, however, as if remembering something suddenly, "But let's see—ah! I recollect, there were some trinkets dug out by excavators—antiquities, eh?"

"Nothing more or less ancient than my baby's ornaments. Aye! and, Doctor, a most shocking thing: human bones, skeletons—an infant's—and—"

Mrs. Austwicke paused, and her husband reluctantly took up the narrative, detailing what the reader has been already told.

Dr. Griesbach—though secretly annoyed with Mrs. Austwicke in introducing the theme, as he saw it was distasteful to Mr. Austwicke—was interested, and listened attentively; and when the lady, at the conclusion, said again, "An infant's remains! Only think! And with the ornaments given to my child!" he saw at once that some thought, destructive of quiet, dwelt on Mrs. Austwicke's mind, and that her husband in vain repudiated it.

"Well, it's nothing extraordinary that an infant should fall or be thrown down a shaft, left so unprotected as that was. The woman—the thief—falling down may not have been at one and the same time; most unlikely that it should. I think a woman and child disappearing together would be certain to be missed. And what annoyance can the matter possibly be to you? Indeed, the contrary, if you value the trinkets. I thought they were antiquities."

"I'm sorry, deeply sorry, Nurse Ross is dead."

"If she were alive, poor old soul, what could she say, my dear," said Mr. Austwicke, "more than she did to you on her death-bed—that she had done her duty by the bairn?"

This was a sort of sheet anchor by which Mr.