

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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.

The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Thurston. Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. 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.

Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. RALFOUR.

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CHAPTER XLII. TWILIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

"I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow;
If sweet content with me abides,
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow."

AMERICAN.

The young people soon fell into conversation that rapidly beguiled the twilight hour—that hour when of all others it is sweet to sit with dear friends, and feel their friendship precious—when to the young, life seems to spread out beautifully before them, and the mist that hides the future is so irradiated by hope, that it becomes a kind of dazzling haze, inspiring no fear, but rather prompting all ardent enthusiasm—when love and friendship seem both triumphant and unchangeable. Something of this was felt in the circle at the parsonage.

The bringing in of the lamps broke the sweet spell, and then Marian was for hastening home, and the rest all agreed to accompany her. Marian and Gertrude fell to the curate's care, and Harriet and Mysie had each an arm of Allan's. Somehow Mrs. Maynard and Elmscroft appeared to be a subject very interesting to Allan, to judge by the pertinacity with which he questioned and listened to Mysie. We are by no means prepared to say that there was anything very intellectual in the conversation of any of the young people. It must be admitted that occasionally folks are pleased they know not why, and so it was on that evening; for when the clock struck ten—a late hour at the Chace—as Allan and Gertrude returned, he said, half to himself, "Want me to go to Scarborough! No; I'm too fond of Austwick."

"Is that duty or inclination speaks, Orson?" cried Gertrude, using a favourite nickname.

"Both, dear True—both."

"Well, for you then; you're a great lucky Orson—they don't agree together very often."

As the brother and sister lingered, arm-in-arm, near the newly-made archway, through which the moonbeams were sending long shafts of silver light, now and then made tremulous by the passing of a thin, filmy cloud, both were thinking pleasantly of the present and gaily of the future.

"What a great joy to papa it will be, to find Allan so willing to adopt all his favourite plans for improving the property," thought Gertrude.

"Gertrude is the same dear creature she ever was; surely she will not restrict her friendship to Marian Hope. Miss Grant is reckoned as a sister to Marian, surely Gertrude will like her as a friend quite as much." Then the young man tossed his head in a sort of audacious merriment, as if partly amused and partly surprised at his own thoughts, and began humming a tune.

At that moment both brother and sister were unaware that they were looked at by two persons from two opposite points of view. A small casement, high up within the side of the arch, lighted a little room near Miss Austwick's chamber. She had watched from her drawing-room her niece and nephew, as in the full moonlight they had come up the open path from the shrubbery gate, and then she lost sight of them again as they came into the shadow of the arch. Something—she knew not what—prompted her to mount alone to her bedroom, and leaving her chamber-candlestick on her toilet, to go into the dark, and look through the old casement, which had been left when the alterations were made. How changed was the once upright mien, the firm step, the dauntless carriage of the head, which had been Miss Austwick's cherished characteristics. Now she seemed shrunk and collapsed—the very shade of her former self—as she crept close to the wall of the room, and gazed hopelessly, as if under some horrible fascination, out of the window. Yes, there they were, the happy young creatures. Allan "a true, stalwart Austwick," as his wretched kinswoman even now mechanically muttered to herself, and Gertrude looking up at him, a fond sisterly pride in her dark eyes, which the slant moonbeam

kissed, spiritualizing her delicate loveliness. "How like she is to the picture of Dame Maud Austwick!"

The evident abandon of peaceful enjoyment of the two smote on the watcher's heart as a something she could feel no more, utterly put away from her for ever—a something she was able to estimate the loss of; for she had once known the honourable calm of a life blameless towards man; had practiced, at all events, worldly honour, and understood the cold dignity of its code. "Bon sang ne ment pas!" was once her creed, and so, while trusting in it, she had been, by her very pride, drawn into meshes of concealment that had come to involve fraud, and to place her innocent relatives in the condition of impostors.

"Oh, that they may never know!" she gasped, striking her thin, clenched hands on her bosom. "I could never survive it—never—never!"

Up to where she stood came the soft, ringing cadence of Gertrude's sweet, rippling laughter, and Allan's loud careless guffaw at something she had said. As if reeling from a blow, at that sound the wretched lady, moaning to herself, crept away to her bedroom.

Amid the ferns that filled a nook by the side of the arch nearest the domestic offices, lurked one who had been suddenly arrested as she was going towards Miss Austwick's rooms, by hearing the voices of Gertrude and Allan, and who had involuntarily crept aside, thrust back by the sudden check of the avenger—Conscience. It was Ruth who slunk away out of the moonlight into the shadow, not to listen, but simply to avoid the brother and sister. She, too, from her nook amid the thick canopy of rock-plants and ferns, gazed, spell-bound, at the two, so radiant in their youth and happiness. When they parted for the night, her eyes watched most intently the receding form of Gertrude, and a sigh of something like satisfaction was breathed by Ruth as she kept muttering to herself—

"It's all come right; there's no harm done; they'll never know—never."

Thus there were two watchers that night, venturing impotently to utter the word of Omnipotence—*never!* Ah! little did they know that even then one secret was being unearthed, which, like the loosening of a beam in a tottering building, was to bring down the whole fabric. Who would escape being crushed?

CHAPTER XLIII. A CLEAR SKY—ALL BUT.

"A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear;
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear.
When skies are blue and earth is gay."

BYRON.

The coming home of Allan was a most pleasant thing for all at the Chace and the parsonage, except one person. His return had infused a flush of colour, so to speak, into the hitherto pale life of Gertrude and her friend. It stimulated the activity of servants and the cheerfulness of tenants. When from her bedroom window, early in the morning, Gertrude saw the young heir leaving the grounds, and riding over the Chace towards one of the upland farms, and knew how welcome he would be to bluff Farmer Hewitt, or how he would cheer up gloomy Farmer Wapshot, she felt proud as well as fond of her brother.

"Austwick needs a young man like Allan to reknit the broken links of intercourse between landlord and tenant. Something of what Mr. Nugent talks of to Rupert Griesbach so anxiously, will now come to pass, I think if Allan settles down here like his ancestors. Papa and mamma are spoiled for a country life; the one with his duties and the other with her pleasures." She checked her soliloquy, and went to her writing-table, where often from a very early hour she was accustomed to employ herself. Gertrude was finishing a drawing on this particular morning, and Ruth, at seven o'clock, brought in a cup of coffee. She had become a privileged attendant, and her young mistress asked her—

"Have you seen my aunt yet yet? Was it illness, or low spirits merely, that prevented her seeing or dining with us yesterday?"