

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, by R. Worthington:

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$9.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.

This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Northwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavyside, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year—Twenty-five Illustrations.

Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Cox, Illustrated.

Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.

The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Biglow. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax. In search of the Picture, 8vo. Illustrated.

A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.

Birkot Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1866. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. The Illustrated Farringford Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works. \$5.50.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 illustrations on wood and steel.

Book of Rubies, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately Illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.

The British Female Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50. Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings. 4to. \$3.00.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50

Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert. Illustrated.

Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.

Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated.

Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In half calf. Extra \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.

Barnum. The Humbugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 6. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Charles (Mrs.) Chironicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gems from Tennyson. Sm. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and woodcuts. \$5.00.

New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth, gilt edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.00.

Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.00.

English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.00.

Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. \$1.00.

Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures. \$1.00.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 261.

CHAPTER VIII. THE WRITING MASTER.

"The world is cruel, the world is untrue,
Our foes are many our friends are few;
No work, no break however we sue;
What is there left me for to do?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

While these events had been transpiring at Austwick's Chace, there was an humble abode in the neighbourhood of London that was by no means uninteresting in them. In that populous district, now called South Kensington, there were, at the time we speak of, still some old houses standing in the lanes that intersected the nursery grounds between Brompton and Kensington, to the north of the Fulham Road. In a dilapidated cottage—so old that it probably had been standing when Oliver Cromwell occupied a dwelling near—there lived an elderly man, who might, from his looks, be described as an invalid, but that he never complained, and never left his work—that of writing master, to certain schools in the vicinity unperformed. Pale, thin, and lame, a stranger meeting him as he walked to and fro on his daily avocations, would have thought a tenant of a sick room had just struggled out for a breath of fresh air; though a second glance would have shown him clear grey eyes, in which pain had by no means quenched the light, and a well-cut, firm mouth, that showed a character more ready with endurance than complaint. We have said that the house occupied by this man was dilapidated yet, like himself, it had a certain air of respectability. There was nothing low nor sordid in the infirmities of either. The old, time-stained walls of the house, with the little, quaint bow-window of its parlour abutting about into the road, and which, like its door and doorstep, bulged a little out of the straight line by reason of age, was not without evidences of care and attention, to remedy the defects that could not be concealed. A drapery of ivy adorned the crumbling wall, and clung to the scattered eaves and overhanging gable; while the neatest little muslin blinds, in folds upon the casement, made it look something like a cheerful old face decorated with a cosy muslin cap. The paint on the door might certainly have been fresher, but it was impossible that the little oval brass plate, which announced "Mr. Hope" dwelt within, could have been more bright. Indeed, the constant burnishing had done by the letters of the name what some people did by its pronunciation nearly obliterated the H. The door-step, too, was a little alarming in its spotless whiteness—that is, if the mud of the lane had much encumbered the visitor's feet. Somehow the abode, as well as its master, seemed struggling to put a good face on its affairs, and to hold its own perseveringly on the narrow, debatable land that separates vulgar wealth and genteel poverty. It is upon the agonizing ridge of that same debatable land that the most desperate effort often has to be made to retain a place, and "Mr. Hope, Writing Master" had for some years clung with such a straining grip thereunto, that it was no wonder he was something worn and wasted in the effort.

But if the outside of the house bore such evidences of a struggle, the inside was still more demonstrative. The passage-oil-cloth was so worn that its original pattern was gone, yet, nevertheless, there was the polish of incessant dry rubbings on its sero surface; and the thin strip of carpet that covered the gaps and patches in the woodwork of the stairs boasted quite an arabesque of darns. In the best parlour, whose window we noted from without, there was a similar triumph of female ingenuity in the way of carpet darning. The old fashioned chairs that surrounded the centre table were so bright that, like many a venerable lady, they might be complimented on the admirable way in which they carried their age. A wonderful piano, made even before pedals were in use, and looking, in its oblong shape, mounted in a stand, not very much unlike a coffin on tressels, occupied one side of

the room, and responded asthmatically to any touch that might be laid on its yellow keys; while an old sofa, with its lame leg carefully banded up, was made, by a slouch cover, to look quite an interesting invalid. Indeed, there was nothing plethoric, gaudy, or upstart in the room. Even the ancient brass fender and long spidery fire-irons had a refined look, suggestive of purity and good breeding.

It was evening when Mr. Hope's knock at the door announced his return, and his daughter Marian Hope who been at needlework by the bow window, was rising to open the door when she was prevented by the swift step of a girl some years her junior, who, jumping up from that gasping piano we have named, ran to the front door; and her laugh of welcome, and the kiss that accompanied it, could be heard all over the little house.

"Don't be so boisterous child," said a quiet, not displeased voice; and Mr. Hope entering the parlour, was received by Marian more calmly, though a certain earnest anxious look showed she was not less interested than the younger and more demonstrative girl, whose salutations had elicited the slight reproof of their object.

"Father, you are not well?"

"Yes, Marian; oh, yes, I'm well enough. Don't worry either yourself or me about looks."

As he spoke the younger girl had taken his hat and brought his slippers, and the elder had placed his house-coat, while both were busied in putting carefully away the garments he took off; Marian stealing anxious glances as she did so, and resuming her inquiries with, "I don't want to be worrying, father, but I'm sure something has vexed you; and you're home earlier than usual."

"So much the better, my girl; then I'm not so tired. But get teal When one door shuts another will open."

The last part of the sentence was said absordedly, as if to himself, but Marian heard it, and leaning over the old arm-chair in which her father was seated, she bent down her head and whispered affectionately, "What door is shut?"

"Only Miss Webb's, Marian. They told me very politely to-day that they had long feared the walk was too much for me, and that, in short, a distant connection of theirs was coming to teach elementary drawing to the pupils, and he would undertake the writing."

"Oh, dear, father, and you have toiled so hard, and felt such an interest in the pupils at Miss Webb's! It's a sham of Miss Webb."

"My dear she professes it is out of kindness to me. My lameness, Marian—though it's nothing, just nothing—I think is more apparent."

"I am afraid it is really worse, father."

"Not a bit child. I'm equal to anything—that is, of course, in my way. And I certainly think that I have toiled to do justice to the young folks. And some have repaid me; some I shall be sorry to see no more. That sweet wee thing, Gertrude Austwick, she'll w's her old master; yes, she will, I know."

He rocked himself back and forward in his chair as he spoke, as if to lull some inward pain, and his words fell, not only on Marian's ear, but on those of her companion, who was just entering the room, and said—

"Is that the dear little clever young lady, father, that you so often tell me of?"

"Ay, Mysie, 'tis. I would that you, child, learned like her. But there, she and I have parted, and whether the bonny blossom grows into fruitage, or is blown off life's tree, as such a fragile thing most likely will be, is nothing to me. I'm a soft fool to care sae muckle about the weans. It's a weakness I must e'en shake off."

Mr. Hope did not generally betray his northern origin in his speech, but when he was deeply moved the old Doric came to his tongue.

Meanwhile the tea-table was soon laid, and a little warm cake was brought with a gleesome look by Mysie as the crowning triumph of the simple board, just as Marian seated herself and began to pour out tea. Mr. Hope, who had for a few moments, while these preparations were going on, sunk into a reverie, looked up and noticed the simple dainty that was handed to