

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Eccs Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Joaks,** just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Life and Letters.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- Jargal: a novel.** By Victor Hugo. Price \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Baked Meats of the Funeral; a new and laughable book** by Private Miles O'Reilly. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin.** By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment,** with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurred and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera.** By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, 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.
- 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.
- 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, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward. "His Book,"** with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents. A liberal discount to the Trade.
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- "Harp of Canaan."** By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. \$1.00. 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, 8vo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
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- 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., L.L.D. \$1 20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."
- The Story of Gislil, the Outlaw,** from the Icelandic. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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R. WORTHINGTON,

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 197.

"For my sister's sake, if not for my own, I'll try to make them both combine for once to right us, if we've been wronged."

He spoke with such confidence, that the old man was impressed. He saw no trifling or subterfuge would be possible with his strong nature, so he began whining—

"Ah! but for a leddy who holds all the papers—but one—but for her, I'd have gone to the ends of the earth to help ye to your rights."

"A lady—what lady? Nay, speak at once. Or perhaps you'd wish me to drive to the nearest police station with you, and lay my case before a magistrate for advice."

"O! sir. I'm an auld man. What do ye mean, giving me such a fright? I'm willing to tell ye—"

"I have no wish whatever to frighten you. If you are honest and true, I could not frighten you by my proposal. It's the most straightforward."

"Sir, it would be ruin and shame: ye're too rash, entirely. It is na for mysel' I speak—there's them that have far more reason to fear."

Norman's hand had been on the check-string, when the word *rash* stopped him. He knew his besetment, and had been trying hard for some time to control it. He was conscious of being so completely in the dark that he might do mischief by inviting publicity his affairs. He knew well enough that, once to get into a court, and the course he should have to pursue might be entirely beyond his own power. A saying of Professor Griesbach's came to his mind—"When you don't know what to do, don't do you know not what."

The few teeth the old man had were chattering in his head, his hand was stealing towards the window, in order to undo the fastening of the door, and make his escape; but his infirmities forbade the hope that he could elude the young man before him, who seemed to have speed in every limb. He was completely baffled. What was Miss Austwicke to him, that he should shield her? He hated her for her pride; he hated her as the wicked always hate a better-off accomplice. His course was taken.

"Did you ever hear the name of Austwicke—Miss Austwicke?"

Norman, thinking of Gertrude, answered, "Yes; I've seen her to-day."

"O! she's come up, eh? She's your enemy: she keeps the papers. But ye're taking me out of my way."

"I'll take you to your home. We do not part till I see where you live."

The old man, quite awed, named Church Street, Commercial Road, to the driver, and Norman leaned back in the cab, his hat drawn down over his eyes. He felt overpowered with astonishment and regret. His enemy! that fair creature, with her sweet pale face and dark, gleaming eyes, whose voice had fallen on his ear like a tender melody, which thrilled to his heart, Ella Griesbach's friend—Ella, that embodiment of all that was pure and true; the secret hope of his life, whose smile had come to him in dreams by night, and thoughts by day cheering him onward—she to have in sisterly intimacy one who was capable of being a crafty enemy, withholding papers, and, to some extent conniving with this disreputable man. It was preposterous. The lady must be deceived or belied. Any way, going to a police magistrate was not now to be thought of.

The silence was so far salutary, that both had come to a clear resolve, when the cab stopped at the entry to a court in Church Street, and alighted.

"You shall see my landlady," said the man. "I'm tired out to-night: come to-morrow, and I'll tell you all I know."

Norman, who was afraid of inconveniencing Professor Griesbach by trespassing further on the time, was fain to comply. He followed the old man's shambling steps down the court, entered the open door of a dingy house, and, as his companion put his head into the front parlour, saying,

"Mrs. Owen, is my fire lighted?" there came the answer—

"Lighted? Yes, Mr. Burke; and I beg you'll remember it can't be lighted without coal."

The tones of that well-known voice electrified Norman—took him back to the begging-letter-writing establishment. He had been looking over the old man's shoulder to where the voice came from, and saw a gross, unwieldy woman, fattened on idleness and craft, who was coming towards them. A glance sufficed. Norman turned away, saying, in an undertone—

"If to-morrow I find you deal fairly by me, you shall have no reason to complain of me."

He had kept the cab at the end of the court. He entered it, and was driven to Fenchurch Street Station. His resolution was taken: he would ask the Professor for a holiday, and go down, immediately after his interview with Burke, to see Mr. Hope.

Never, since Norman had been at the forest, was the Professor so impracticable as he found him on his return home that eventful night. Fritz, who, like a damaged mirror, reflected and caricatured his master's manner, preserved a gloomy silence as Norman entered; and when the youth presented the case containing the writing that Rupert had given him, and which contained some extracts from books in Dr. Griesbach's library, that he could not well spare, the Professor signed for Norman to put them down, and, merely saying, "Four in the morning," was dismissing him for the night.

"May I ask you, sir, to let me have a few days, to make a journey of importance to myself?"

"Not at present—impossible—no!" said the Professor.

Fritz uttered something like a snort at his contribution to the negative.

Norman's temper rose.

"I've heard of some friends, sir, and I must see them."

"Friends! Business! You've said you have none of the first, and as to the last, it's mine must be considered."

"Ugh!" snorted Fritz, finally, as he could no longer linger in the room.

"I know that, sir, and I'm not unmindful of it; but something has come to my knowledge to-day that I must investigate. I must seek a friend."

"Friend! Any one but a fool would know there was one here, without need to seek. Are you, too, getting tired?"

There was a pique in the displeased tone. Professor Griesbach had a sense of appropriation in Norman, and of late he had grown insensibly more and more closely bound to the youth, and now resented the thought of any friends turning up. But Norman's affectionate ardour moved him as he said—

"I know, sir, you have been a friend to me—a great friend. I'm not tired. I like the studies you have engaged me in, the work you have set me to; but if I hear that name and station are mine by right, and that I'm kept from them, ought I not seek the matter out? Am I, like Esau, to part with my birthright?"

"Without even a mess of pottage, eh? Is that what you mean? Why, no, not if it is so."

"Sir, I never for a moment deceived you in anything, not even in the name you call me by, for you know Dr. Griesbach gave me that."

"He didn't call you Norman."

"That is my name—my first name. What other I have right to, I do not know; but I want to find out. I must do so."

"Can I help you?" said the Professor, manifesting a sudden interest when he saw it was no idle caprice. "I do not," he continued, "lightly call myself a friend."

"I know it, sir, I know it," exclaimed Norman; adding, "I want to go down to a place in Hampshire, called Austwicke, to seek out a Mr. Hope."

"Hope! Hope! Why the clergyman at Austwicke, Mr. Nugent, with whom Rupert has been reading, is about to marry a Miss Hope. I heard of it to-day."

"Marian?" said Norman, his voice softening with tender recollections as he named her.

"Yes," said the Professor. "I've heard Ella's