

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, "The *Biglow Papers*. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Just published, second edition of "The Advocate" a novel. By Charles Henveysege, author of "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth F.R.S.S.L. & E. &c. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words, for February. Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sunday Magazine, for February. Price 16 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Millais's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. H. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.

The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice. Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "Do Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Mitton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheddle, M.A., M.D., Cantab., F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Pether and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledges. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 614 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.

Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monroeth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. 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., 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.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

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CHAPTER XXVII. MYSIE'S DESTINATION.

"Yes, yes, we know his weapon
Plays about that low-roofed house
Free and familiar as the light of day."
AMERICAN.

We left Burke craftily eyeing Mr. Hope, while he was no match for his visitor in cunning, was depressed in spirit by prolonged anxiety on Norry's account, and felt, as the conscientious officer do, inclined to blame himself for all that had happened unfortunately. Neither was the good man entirely free from suspicions as to Burke. He listened to the specious words repeated often—

"All I want is the children's good."
"It may be so, but I don't know, Mr. Burke, that I do right in allowing your interference until I know more."

"Are you then prepared, my gude sir, to take the responsibility of the lassie—the sister, and also of the brother, when he turns up? and that'll be soon enough, I warrant, when I'm on his track. I'm not, like you, in a sick room thinking; I'm about everywhere. I am acting, sir, and that's worth all the thinking. I'll soon drop upon my young sprig, and no mistake. But I was saying, Mr. Hope, are ye prepared to reject all assistance, and take the responsibilities on yourself, eh? or would you like to give them both up entirely?"

"I certainly should not do that without the fullest knowledge of the right of the parties who claimed them."

"Well, ye'll not be asked, I'll venture to say." Mr. Hope, as the man spoke, revolved again the whole matter. He could not undertake the charge involved in the future education and care of the children; not even of one. However he might rally, it would not be to health. He should be, he feared, a sore tax on the energies of his daughter. Never had he felt the bitterness of poverty more than now that this man sat before him, relentlessly pressing his alternative, saying, with an implied taunt—

"Oh, does you like; but remember, you prevent the girl getting education, and the boy a profession—that's all."

"I would prevent neither, but further both," said Mr. Hope, wearily.

"Then may I ask what you have done as to inquiries about a school for the young lady?"

Mr. Hope pointed to a little pile of slips of paper, advertisements copied out of the papers, and several open letters on the table, adding—

"These would have been decided on, but for the distress and confusion we have been in about Norman."

"Well, now I know all the particulars, I'll take upon myself all further search; and suppose that now, my gude sir, ye just vent over the letters and chose?"

"My daughter prefers this," said Mr. Hope, handing the circular of a lady near Winchester, "because the school is kept by a relation of Miss Webb's, and also because it is just possible that Marian may go into the neighbourhood sometimes—that is, if she accompanies her new pupil into Hampshire. The family have an estate there."

"Hampshire!" muttered Burke; "as well there as anywhere. Then decide, Mr. Hope; the schules are gathering sune. I say, Decide: Elmescroft, near Winchester, is—I'll answer for it—healthy. Decide at once, or may be you'll have another runaway."

A tap at the door told of Mysie's approach. She entered, with her face all aglow with excitement, and a letter in her hand, directed in the well-known hand-writing of a friend of Norry's.

Every incident was eagerly caught at in the hope of supplying some clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive.

Mr. Hope tore it open with trembling fingers. It contained only a few lines of invitation to some juvenile gathering, and was, in its careless case and manifest ignorance of all that had happened, so jarring to Mr. Hope's feeling, that he threw it down with a hopeless sigh, and Mysie proved her disappointment by bursting into tears.

Burke looked at them with a sneer, and soon after left, with the understanding that Mysie, on the 18th of January, would be sent to Elmescroft. One little incident occurred just before his departure.

Mysie, who attended him to the door, paused a moment in the passage, and said, looking full at him—

"Pray, sir, did you know my parents?"
The directness of the question, and the earnest gaze of her innocent eyes, disconcerted the man. He hesitated a moment, and then said—
"No—o, miss! Why?"
"Oh, nothing, only I'm glad of it."
With a relieved look, as if she could not bear to recognize him as their friend, she opened the door, and he departed.

CHAPTER XXVIII. ALLAN AND GERTRUDE.

"Young Is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave, soft face, where thoughts and smiles
May play,
And, unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serene as meadow flowers may meet the day."
JOHN STIRLING.

"How is it, little Truc, that you are so altered?" said Allan Austwick, leaning over the back of his sister's chair, as they found themselves alone one morning in the drawing-room of Wilton Place, shortly after the funeral of their cousin, De Lacy.
"Tell me, how is it?"

To this question the young lady, who was seated at an embroidery frame, and apparently closely occupied with watching wools, replied by another question—

"Am I altered, Allan? How?"
"Why, you're melancholy. You used to be a jolly little thing, always laughing, and saying or doing something to make others laugh; but either Aunt Honor's illness, or Aunt Honor in a normal state, which may well be, for, I'm sure, she bothers me—"

"Allan, Allan!"
"Or," he continued, not heeding the interruption, "our being now at the top of the Austwick tree—which is no such grand elevation, after all—has changed you into the gravest little mumblechoo thing."

"Well, I've not being able to help thinking how sad and strange was the death of poor De Lacy. It seems to me every day sadder that we should in a manner seem to rejoice, or—"

"As to rejoicing, we were all shocked at his death, and never, I'm sure, during his or his father's life time grudged them their rights. But we young ones did not know them, neither did manana; and as to Paterfamilias, you would not have him to mourn over a nephew he was estranged from, as to be unmindful of the interests of his own children. You are romantic, little Truc."

"I am thoughtful."
"And it does not become you. A little insect like you should be bright and fluttering; then you are delightful. And do you know, I think that Miss Hope, who went out just as I came in, is just a little too grave."

"Poor Marian! she has a sick father; and tomorrow she parts from one who has been as a sister—an only sister—to her. Is there so much love in the world, Allan, that we should be angry with her sadness? I like her the better for it."

"What do you know of the world, little wise-acre? It's a very good world, as far as I see. Books and tutors, short holidays and shorter cash, have been my greatest troubles, so far; and they're not likely to be over these three years."

"You think, then, when you're of age, all your troubles will end?"

"I'm not such a noodle; but it's something to be reckoned a man, particularly when one feels oneself to be one for so many years beforehand."

A merry laugh rang out from Gertrude in answer to her brother, who joined heartily in it, saying—

"That's right; I wanted to hear your laugh again; and now I've something to tell you. I'm to read with Mr. Nugent for a year, and then hurrah for Oxford!"

"What, the clergyman of Wicke Church?" Allan nodded.

Gertrude continued—
"Aunt Honor does not like him."