

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Just published 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, \$8.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
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- This Edition of Artemus is complete and unaltered, 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 Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 200 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. Heavysege, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00, fine edition \$2.00.
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- Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 277.

CHAPTER X. THE BASKET OF GAME.

"This world is full of beauty,
As are other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

GERALD MASSEY.

It is certain that the nervous organization of us poor mortals so far resembles a harp, that it is very easily put out of tune, and requires its strings to be constantly kept at the right tension in order to give out the proper sound. It must be owned that the serenity which had been reached on the night before by Mr. Hope and Marian, yielded to depression when they rose the next morning to encounter the troubles of the day—which, sooth to say, were lying in wait for them in the shape of sundry bills in the letter-box, Norry having duly emptied it, and brought the contents to the breakfast-table. The feminine tact of Mysie, to say nothing of Marian, would have kept either of them from shewing these until Mr. Hope had taken his frugal morning meal; but Norry, boy-like, was more direct, and he laid the bills down by the side of his master's bread and milk, as if there were no latent unpleasantness in their appearance.

"Bills!" sighed Mr. Hope, opening them one by one.

"They are only the Michaelmas bills, dear father. They are not, I think, very heavy this quarter; that is, I've tried to—"

"No doubt, child, you have been careful."

"Put them away now, dear papa Hope—put them away," said the fresh voice of Mysie, coaxingly. They'll keep you from enjoying your breakfast."

"Bitters are good for the appetite, Mysie. There, child, get your own meal."

"Bitter! why bitter?" said Norry, in a tone of inquiry—for it had never been the habit of the family to talk, or, it may be, even to think, of themselves as poor people. They were in the habit of giving their mite to others, and this, at all events to young inconsiderate minds, established a sense of competence. It is related in the biography of Eberger Elliot, the "Corn-law Rhymer," that his parents had seven children, and an income less than a hundred a year, and yet that they never considered themselves poor people. However, in these last days at that old Kensington cottage, conviction had been gradually deepening on the minds of the brother and sister—suggested, it may be, from Marian's pensive looks—that there was trouble coming to the house of another kind than that which they had both witnessed—sickness and death—so that the inquiry as to the word "bitter" was silenced by a touch of Mysie's foot under the table, and remained unanswered, which threw a gloom over them all.

A loud ring at the bell came as a relief to the monotony of the breakfast table. Mysie, on whom devolved the answering of the door, ran off, and quickly returned, bringing the book of the delivery van to be signed for a hamper.

In all the eight years that Mr. Hope had lived in Bingley Cottage no such arrival had been announced before, and it was no wonder that, when the book was signed and the door closed, the whole family grouped around and peered curiously into the basket. A hare and four birds! who could have sent them?

"Pretty birds!" said Mysie, looking at the fine plumage of one of the pheasants. "Are they so very nice to eat, that people take such a delight in killing them?"

"Oh, it's famous sport, shooting—capital!" said Norry, rather contemptuous of other pity.

Her father did not notice the words of the young people; a curious smile curved his lips as he muttered the lines—

"It's like sending me ruffles,
When wanting a shirt."

And so he turned away, adding, "I'm afraid, Marian, our unknown friends over-rate our cooking talents. What will you do with them?"

"I should like to— But no, that wouldn't do."

"What, Marian? Nay, no hesitating."
"To invite some one?" interposed Mysie, quickly.

"No, no, dear Invite indeed!—whom have we to invite? I should like to sell them."

"Sell them—sell a present!" said Norry, drawing up his head, and his great eyes flashing. "Why, Marian, that's not like you—that huckstering way of talking."

"A present! well, that makes them ours, and if they're ours, I suppose it's meant that we should do as we like with them. What does it matter whether we eat or sell them?"

"And pray, Norry, what do you mean by huckstering?" cried Mysie, indignantly.

"Don't be flying at me with that way you've got, Miss Mysie," replied Norry, turning, as he spoke, away from the hamper. "I thought it was rather a low kind of a notion, that's all."

"Not low, my boy," said Mr. Hope, gravely, laying his hand, while he spoke, on the lad's shoulder; "it was an honest thought of Marian's, and that can never be low or mean. If the sale of these luxuries will pay a bill that otherwise would have to wait, it will be better than our fasting Marian with unaccustomed cookery, or feasting on uncoveted dainties."

"Yes, father, that's what I meant. Our but-terman and grocer is also a poulterer; I know he will take these of me."

Norry hung his head in confusion a moment, and then said, "Let me run, Marian, for you, and ask him. Do let me! I'm always bolting out something I don't exactly mean! I know I'm a stupid fellow, though I don't like Mysie being so ready to tell me so."

The boy's cap was on and he was away in a few minutes, carrying in his young mind some troubled thoughts, that, as he went along, began to shape themselves into distinctness. His errand, and Marian's anxiety, which, if it had existed before, he had never been so struck with, now revealed to him, with something of the force of a sudden discovery, that if Mr. Hope did not complain, and Marian smiled amid her ceaseless industry, it was not for lack of hidden causes of distress. It was a bitter moment, yet a turning-point in his whole history. He had been, hitherto, a fitful, careless boy, fond of, and clever in, many pursuits, but without method or much diligence. Now, in less time than we have taken to write it, a conviction darted like an arrow through him that he must begin to work. Poverty often annihilates childhood. What the little toiling mortals who passed Norry in the road—the ragged and feeble recruits in the great army of labour—did from necessity or from fear he must do from gratitude. And to do it effectually he must work his mind harder, it might be, than any toiling urchin who was dragging at a truck, or groaning under a basket.

And so the hamper of game did far more than gratify the palate in Mr. Hope's house. Small as the sum was that its sale paid, it lightened Marian's cares awhile, and, if she had known it, transformed careless, erratic Norry into a thinker.

Nor were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwick to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her, and if so, asking as a favour if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favourite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:—

"Sir,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U. S. I shall not for the future