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**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.

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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 181.

Whether it was a long or a short time in the utterance she could never have told; all Gertrude ever knew was that she had listened until the whole was said, and then rose from her knees, in doubt whether or not she was awake—whether the scene was real—stood like a statue at the bed-side, and then, after a pause, making a great effort, said—

"May God forgive you!"

The dying woman groaned out—

"Do you—do you?"

"Why—I—can't—tell. But I'll pray God to help me to forgive you."

"I've—not—wronged—you," gasped Ruth.

Gertrude shook her head sadly, and retreated to the end of the ward. The nurse, who had been waiting at a distance, came towards her just as she suddenly turned and went again towards the bed, as if to ask some further question. The attendant, looking at the sufferer, said, quickly—

"She is worse. She must speak no more now."

Gertrude bowed her head, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, to conceal from observation the emotions she felt sure must be manifest, said, in as calm a tone as she could command—

"I will come again to-morrow, if Dr Griesbach will allow me."

The nurse made no reply; but she knew that for the sufferer there was no to-morrow.

Gertrude waited a little time in a private sitting-room of the hospital for Dr. Griesbach's carriage to come for her. It was some comfort, when it came, to find that the Doctor was detained, and she would be driven to his house alone. Just now any companion would add to her trouble the necessity of appearing at ease, and listening, if not entering into some kind of conversation; and she felt wholly unequal to any effort. Stunned and cold, with a vague indefinable sense of dread and shame, she had sat in the room and then in the carriage. What a difference had a single hour made to her! Surely, it must have been many years since she entered that hospital and stood at that death-bed; she was then full of young, exuberant life; love, hope, joy, and such sweet pity as goodness ever feels, had throbbled in her heart; now, all was changed. She seemed old and careworn, bearing a burden of disgrace that weighed her to the earth, and so extinguished the power of exertion, that she longed to lie down and let it crush her. She did not shed a tear, but drew herself into a corner of the carriage, as if to get out of all people's sight.

Before she was able to make the least effort to rally, the carriage drew up at the well-known door: two young men were standing on the step, ready to enter; one of them turned instantly as he caught sight of Gertrude's hat inside, and opening the carriage door, uttered a cheerful word or two and held out his hand to assist her in alighting. Of all eyes in the world, none were so dear or so dreaded at that moment by Gertrude as his; for it was Rupert Griesbach. She shrank back an instant, not raising her eyelids, and then, half rejecting his hand stumbled out. It was so unusual for that graceful little creature to be brusque or awkward, that Rupert Griesbach looked rather astonished; but his firm grasp held her wrist, and drawing her hand into his arm, he led her up the steps, where, standing at ease within the now open door, his hat in his hand, was our young friend Norman—the companion he had brought home.

"Mr. Driftwood, Miss Gertrude Austwicke," said Rupert.

The young lady bowed mechanically, never noticing the start that he gave as he heard her name, just raising her dreamy eyes a moment to the young man's face, then with a feeble "Thank you" to Rupert, she was leaving, when he said, with concern, as he followed her to the foot of the stairs—

"I fear you are not well. That hospital scene has been too much for you. I wonder my father permitted you to go."

"Hospital scene!" repeated Gertrude, in an

alarmed voice. But recovering herself, she said, in a more natural tone, "Excuse me, I shall be better soon."

A hot flush suffused her face, and dispelled the torpor that had gathered over her. She mounted the stairs with her usual lightsome step; and, thankful that Ella Griesbach was not waiting to receive her, she gained her own room. Once there, hat and mantle thrown aside, there was one attitude so natural to her in every trouble, that almost involuntarily she adopted it. Kneeling down, her fair head so bowed that her abundant curls swept the floor, she was mute and helpless—but yet with a thought of God as the only refuge in trouble—a thought which, all perturbed as her feelings were, steadied them. She was not long merely drifting to and fro on the ocean of life, at the mercy of the waves; she had an anchor, sure and steadfast, that could not fail, whatever the strain upon it. Nay; this silent, anguish-stricken clinging of hers did but prove its strength. What! though a mere cry for help was all she could utter, it was answered in the depths of her soul. The inward voice said, "Lo, I am ever with thee." Then came the streaming tears, relieving the stifling burden that lay upon the stricken heart. As she knelt and wept, each moment restored her to composure, and enabled her to think, "Fear not, I am with thee," that, like a strain of music, vibrated through her; and after a while she rose, strengthened for duty.

Yet it was hard—hard, for now she could hear a voice sounding in the house, the dearest earthly voice to her, and its tone would no more cheer her. One name applied to her which must alienate her for ever from him, and home, and hope. "Impostor!" she whispered, "a life-long impostor—but not wilfully; no not a day wilfully."

"True, True! Let me in!" said Ella's voice, at her door.

Never had her pet name sounded so significant to her before. She answered, trying to imitate her friend's tone—

"True cannot let you in just yet, dear Ella."

"Are you ill, or grieving, you little perverse True? Papa should not have let you go to see that poor woman."

"I'll be with you, my Ella, in half an hour."

"Do; we have such a pleasant surprise for you!"

Surprise! could anything surprise her again? She listened to her friend's retreating steps sadly.

"Will she love me still? We have called each other sisters in sweet girlish confidence, shall we have to be strangers?" Then came for a moment a strong temptation: "Why need it be told? why not take the chance of its never being known? How can I bear to tell my father—my father! What am I saying? Poor, false wretch—I have no father. How can I bear for Rupert—" She broke off suddenly, with a look of anger, righteous anger, against these evil thoughts. They had flitted like ominous birds over her head, but she was not the girl to let them roost there undisturbed. "Lord help me!" she gasped; then hastily changing her dress, as if by some small activities, to shut out further cogitation, in little more than the time she had named she was entering the drawing-room. Ella was already there, and came forward with outstretched arms to embrace her friend, saying—

"Rupert and I think alike about this visit; it has quite unnerved you." Then, as if waiting to change the subject, she said, with assumed indifference, "Did you see Mr. Driftwood in the hall?" Gertrude looked up perplexed. "The young friend, I mean, whom Rupert had with him?"

"Oh, yes! I remember; why—what of him?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought you might have noticed him." There was a strange little something of pique in Ella's tone. She corrected herself with, "But I forget. You must go into the library, there's some one there waits you. It wants an hour yet to dinner-time."

"If it's Rupert, Ella, I'm in no spirits to see him."

"Rupert, you little goose! Can you think of no better subject than Rupert?"