

## STRAHAN &amp; Co., PUBLISHERS.

IT is now pretty widely known that Messrs. Strahan & Co., Publishers, of London, (Eng.) have opened a branch in Montreal, at 121 Great St. James street (lately 50 St. Peter street), for the purpose of supplying the whole of British North America with their periodical and general publications. As workers in the same field of industry—the dissemination of reading that is really calculated to elevate the mind—we heartily welcome, and bid them God-speed with their enterprise in our infant country.

The books published by Messrs. Strahan are chiefly religious, by such writers as the Dean of Canterbury, A. K. H. B. (the "Country Parson"), Dr. Guthrie—who edits their "Sunday Magazine," Dr. McLeod, editor of "Good Words,"—another of Messrs. Strahan's magazines, Professor Plumtre, Alexander Smith, Jean Ingelow, Countess de Gasparin, Duke of Argyle, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Isa Craig, and many others of greater or lesser brilliancy in the galaxy of the world of letters. Amongst them are many books which we should find, well thumbed, on the tables and on the shelves—and which should be in the closet—of every Christian householder throughout the length and breadth of the land—books on woman's work, for young ladies, for students, for young men, and for children—all delightfully illustrated, combined with beauty in printing, good quality in paper, excellence and neatness in binding, and, above all, cheapness—for which Messrs. Strahan have gained a reputation at home and abroad.

We cannot close this necessarily brief notice without expressing our admiration of one book we observed—Mr. Millais's Book of Pictures. John Everett Millais, who stands in the first rank of his profession, has here collected eighty of his drawings on wood; and when we consider the high character and charming elegance of the drawings, the thick tinted paper on which they are printed, and the binding—which is an excellent specimen of what a London binder can produce—we are astonished at the price (\$5) at which it is offered to the public. We shall soon see it in the drawing-rooms of many of our friends.

In order to give our readers some idea of the class of books which are published by Messrs. Strahan, we shall make a few extracts from their catalogue, adding short descriptions.

**SIMPLE TRUTH FOR EARNEST MINDS**, by the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, is a volume of discourses which we have read, felt the better of, and will be sure to return to it in the quiet of a Sabbath afternoon. Dr. McLeod has the rare faculty of speaking to people in their own language. The price of the book (75c) places it within the reach of all.

**THE GOLD THREAD**, is another book from the pen of Dr. McLeod; this time he writes for the children. It is an allegory, in which he records little Eric's mishaps through losing his Gold Thread, which he had been told to hold firm, and which would have guided him through the woods. It is nicely and plentifully illustrated; and, if our advice is taken, wherever there are children there will be a Gold Thread.

**BEGINNING LIFE**: a book for young men on Religious Study, and Business. By Principal Tulloch. We know no book which we would more heartily recommend to the young of our country than this: its great charm is that principal Tulloch speaks as a friend. The price of the book is 85c.

We shall give a larger list in our next week's issue.

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey, who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowl."

## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV. PROGRESS.

'Though losses and crosses be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there ye'll get there ye'll find no  
otherwhere.'

BURNS.

There was such an expression of grief and dismay in Norman's face, that the good-natured tollman, looking hard at him, said, "You're not up to any tricks, are you? No nonsense about making a hole in the water—which is the way with some youngers in their tantrums—eh?"

What answer the youth might have returned to a question that, while it shocked him, showed how wretched he must look, was interrupted by a woman, who, carrying a clothes-basket, came panting to the bridge. She put down her load as she dived her hand into her pocket for the copper; and the toll-keeper, who knew her, said, "That's a heavy load for you." "Yes," she answered: "it ought have gone home last night, but my lazy lout never came home; and however I shall get it to Grosvenor Place is much more nor I can tell."

"Can I help you?" said Norman, in a trembling voice that was both timid and eager.

"You, sir! lor! you're very good. If you wouldn't mind, now, I'd take it kindly if you give a hand to it," pointing to the basket; "but you ain't used to—"

"He's hard up a bit—can't pay the toll," interrupted the man; "and so I should think ain't above earning an honest penny."

"No, that I am not," rejoined the youth. Without another word the woman put an extra coin in the toll-keeper's hand, and Norman, taking a handle of the basket, trudged at her side. Every now and then the woman, as they passed the dimly-burning lamps, glanced at him curiously, and coming to a coffee-stall, where early breakfasts were served, she set down the basket, and saying, "We'll rest a bit," called for two cups of coffee and two penny loaves of bread. Our famished Norman as he partook with her of this needful refreshment, heard a man passing call the street "Paradise Row." His notions of bliss just then were very humble, for he thought it was indeed paradise to him. It may be that the remembrance of many times that he had sat moodily at his meals rose to his mind, for, with a pang, he admitted, "Marian was right; I was ungrateful." As the barrier self-esteem, in which it had been his nature to entrench himself was loosened, there came a wholesome resolution to try to correct the pride and impatience of his character. The discipline of life was moulding him to better things. As soon as the hasty meal was swallowed, the basket was resumed, and passing the college in their road, they trudged on till they entered a part of the town that Norman knew, leading to Grosvenor Place. A few minutes before they reached their destination his companion grew confidential, and told him she worked for a laundress at Battersea, and that she was anxious to take home this particular basket herself, because the Dowager Lady Pentreal, who was going out of town that day, was very charitable, and had done no end of kind things for her. "Her ladyship's a widdler like me—lor! I not like me, neither, for I've to fight for five children, and all hers be gentlemen and ladies. But you see if life ain't the same, death is; and a kind lady as grieves over a grave, thinks of them as ha'n't no time to grieve, only innardly."

By this time they were at the area gate, and Norman, to whom both the name and the place were suggestive, looked up curiously at the house, thinking of the charity that had been bestowed from that house on the impostures he had left, and of his own innocent shares in the deception. The guilt which, by impostures, diverts the channel of benevolence from the virtuous poor to a set of luxurious swindlers, appeared in all its enormity to Norman, and the wish to see Lady Pentreal, was strong in his mind. He knew his illness had been made a plea to obtain her help. She had meant to do him a kindness, and he was grateful for her intention; but as to any method of getting to see her, coming as he did, as the as-

sistant porter of the laundress's basket, it was impossible. Indeed, he drew off from the area gate to the kerbstone, pulled his cap over his face, and, with a flush on his thin cheek, was bidding his companion good morning, when she pulled out fourpence and handed it to him. He had breakfasted, humbly it is true, but yet sufficiently, and no longer goaded by the pangs of hunger, he felt he could not take the money. "No no," he said, putting her hand back, "you've paid me already quite enough—no, no."

"Now, don't you go to be a tossing your head like a horse, until you knows where your oats is to come from, young man. I'm a mother, and I knows what's what. You hadn't a blessed copper at that there bridge, as is a imposing nuisance, no doubt, but you fairly earned sixpence two pence is spent for—"

"Oh, don't reckon it; you are very kind; thank you."

At that moment the gate was unlocked by a cross-looking serving-man, who rushed down again in a great hurry, leaving the laundress to descend the steps with her burden as best she could. Pulling his cap still lower, Norman, went to her aid, and when they reached the lower hall the woman put her on his arm. "You stop here," she said, and was disappearing, when the footman, they had already seen, darted out of a pantry, and said—

"Could your boy, Mrs. Riley, go a message for me? What with my lady going away to-day, and all the bustle, I don't know which way to turn."

"Certainly, leastways I think so," said Mrs. Riley rather confused, looking at Norman, who involuntarily added—

"I can go. What is it to do?"

"Only to take a letter. There's a pretty go come to light. I could ha' told how it 'ud be, my lady a raking in gutters among the scum of the earth."

"Mr. Jenkins, the scum mostly rises far away from the gutters," said the Widow Riley, offended; "but," checking herself, "no doubt, he'll carry the letter. Is he to wait an answer?"

"Yes, he must wait, and be back sharp."

As he spoke, Norman recognized his voice. It was the bringer of the basket to Mrs. Fitzwalter's. Norman took the note, which are addressed to Dr. Griesbach, Gloucester Place. As he set off on his new mission, his way lying through Hyde Park, Norman began to fear least he might be met or recognized. He need not have feared. Mr. Hope was not likely to be out; and except Marian or his sister, there was no one sufficiently interested in the gaunt lad to notice him as he sped along with closely buttoned jacket and slouched cap. He was soon at his destination, and found the hall of Dr. Griesbach's house filled with poor patients waiting their turn to see him. The servant who opened the door did not ask Norman's business, but, looking in his face, at once pointed him to a bench in the hall, and saying, "Just in time, young man," retreated so suddenly, that our youth found himself with the letter in his hand, amid a throng, and, unacquainted with what was going on, sat down to wait patiently for further inquiries, little deeming what would arise from that visit.

## CHAPTER XXXV. CATECHETICAL.

'Keen as a razor was both glance and speech;  
And yet, like oil, kindness oft tempered each.'

We left our poor wandering Norman, by a mistake of the servant, seated in the physician's hall, waiting for an audience.

"It's your turn now," and Norman, rather wondering, went in, as he had seen others do, and found behind the baize door a lobby leading into a small room, where at a desk sat a gentleman, whose keen eyes and vigorous look contrasted with his white hair.

"Well, my man, and what ails you?" he said, in a quick voice, with the slightest foreign accent.

"I've brought a letter from Lady Pentreal."

"I don't read letters while my patients wait."

Norman was retreating, when he ventured to say, "I am the only person left in the hall."

"You! What, have you been waiting with the patients, eh? What a dolt you must be!"