

peculiarly bright complexion for a Canadian—he was very pale, with grey eyes and light hair. Agnes did not like him, though she could scarcely have said why; but his face, though handsome, had an expression that did not please her—she thought it insincere. His voice was soft and insinuating, and his manner easy and quiet; he was polite, and his conversation and ideas as refined and intellectual as could be expected; “far more so,” as Mrs. Vining observed, “than she could have supposed possible in the son of that boorish old Mr. Valteau.” However, this might be because he paid her compliments, some so broad that Agnes wondered how she could like them; but Louisa’s appetite for flattery was not dainty, and was never appeased.

With this new admirer she had less time to devote to Mr. Haltaine, who was consequently more at liberty to converse with Agnes. He seemed to try to make himself especially agreeable, and as was but too certain with her he entirely succeeded. She could not help thinking that he felt for her more than mere friendly regard; various tones and expressions—so slight that a less interested ear might not have noticed them—seemed to show it; and she was alarmed to find the delight it gave her to think it could be so. Still, he never said more than politeness might have warranted, had he been in the habit of complimenting women as some men do. But Mr. Haltaine was not one of that kind; and at one speech which might be construed into a compliment—the only one he had ever paid her—she blushed so that she feared he would notice the color that mounted to her face. She had asked him which place he thought prettiest, Philipsburg or Constance, where they had lately been to return Mrs. Wilson’s call. “I prefer Philipsburg,” he replied. “I wonder you think so,” said Agnes. “I should say Constance was much prettier.” “I did not say I thought it prettier,” he answered, lowering his voice. “I did not speak of beauty alone. I only say that this place has more attractions for me.”

Not the beauty alone! Agnes fancied the words bore a double meaning, which she was intended to understand. Like al

others, what she wished she found it easy to believe.

The afternoon passed pleasantly; there was a breeze from the water, and to enjoy it to the full extent the whole party were seated on the grass under the elm tree, where some shade yet remained, though the sun was sinking. They were engaged in a discussion upon different names, when the sound of the clock striking four came from the house. This was the signal for Mr. Haltaine’s departure; but before starting he begged for a draught of milk, and as Mrs. McFarlane was out on her usual Sunday holiday, Agnes went to get it for him. As she left them, Mrs. Vining said, “But you have not told us *your* name, Mr. Haltaine. Is it a pretty one?”

“Arthur. Do you like it?”

“Yes, it is pretty; but you should ask Agnes, if you wish it to be admired.”

“It is a favorite name of Miss Vining’s, then?”

“Particularly so,” said Louisa, “Over the sea—Oh, dear! how indiscreet I am. I dare not say a word more.”

Nor did Mr. Haltaine ask a word more; he had heard enough. After a moment he rose, and saying it was time to go, entered the house accompanied by Louisa.

Agnes heard their voices in the sitting-room as she came through the long passage. Before she reached the parlor door it opened, and Mr. Haltaine came out.

“Are you going without the milk, Mr. Haltaine? and without saying good-bye to me?”

“I did not mean to be so rude. Thank you.” He took the glass, and after drinking the contents just touched her hand, and turned away. As he went down the path, Agnes perceived on the floor a letter which he must have dropped, and taking it up called him back. As he came towards her she handed him the letter; but she held it so carelessly that before he could take it there fell from it a long tress of bright fair hair.

Mr. Haltaine did not seem at all confused as he took the letter from her hand, and quietly restored the hair to its place; but Agnes grew very pale as she bowed and said “Good bye.” He walked quickly