

In the sweet girl whose evening companion he now constantly was, he unconsciously worshipped her likeness, for in many respects they were alike. At all events their alliance gave pleasure to each—neither was of an age to detect the lurking quagmire beneath the fresh wreaths of foliage on which they sported—

“ Their ways were ways of pleasantness,”

and thoughtless and joyous was their path.

On such terms was Annesley with ———, the second daughter of Sir ———, the highly esteemed Governor of Nova Scotia, at whose house, the kind mention of his Captain had made him always welcome, and where we take up the too long neglected thread of our story.

Government House was brilliantly lighted up. No absurd conventionality closed its hospitable doors to the wealthy and well-informed mercantile community, whose presence, with that of their wives and blooming daughters, formed one of its chief attractions. The crowded saloons were gay as morning—

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