

though but half expressed, that sunny smile assured his wavering judgment. Did he love her?—perhaps he had, were it not that reminiscences which scarcely assumed a tangible form, were ever present, arming him in proof against master cupid's assaults. If the sly boy's arrows had touched him in by-gone days, it was but to produce for the moment pleasant pain, and when he remembered Isabella Brock, he felt but the happier in the recollection of their youthful friendship; but his heart had never reflected, *when alone*, another image. 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 foilage 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—fair forms twined the mazy dance to the delicious music of a military band, softened by distance. The glittering uniform of the soldier, mingled with the more tasteful one of the sailor, and the chaste plain dress of the civilian—the sweet influence of woman shed its balmy influence around, and all was happiness as perfect as is allowed to us here below. The brave old soldier whose half century of service had been rewarded by his Sovereign with the Government of the Colony, hung on his daughter's chair, interchanging with its occupant and our hero, that light chat which forms the staple of our usual intercourse.

“Why are you not dancing, my Mary.”

“I have been, papa, and am a little tired, besides I hardly like dancing with a new acquaintance, and the officers who have arrived to-day are the only partners who have offered—to them I have pleaded fatigue.”

“I did not expect such an accusation from you, Miss Mary,” cried Annesley, “I am not a very new acquaintance. I hope, sir, you do not imagine that I have not pressed Miss Mary to dance.”

“You know Mr. Annesley I had twice danced with you before, so you cannot complain.”