

most stands Mary Douglas, whose happiness is indeed great. She is certain of the love existing between the newly-wedded pair, therefore reflects happiness from the thought. Next in order follows Maude Bereford, whose smiling face shows plainly the impress stamped upon her heart as she returns the gaze of her handsome betrothed, whose love is entirely devoted to her, save the tender attachment borne towards his sister Lady Rosamond Trevelyan. And our little favorite Fanny? Yes. Fanny Trevelyan is there in all her sweetness, engaging as ever, winning friends by every smile. Her joy is great. Lady Trevelyan's matronly grace and beauty appears to great advantage as she cast benign glances towards her daughter elect. Lady Rosamond in her eyes is a woman worthy to be loved—worthy of a mother's love. A group seated near, evidently in merry conversation, attracts our attention. One is entertaining them with something of a humorous character. The lively gestures and satirical smiles are certainly those of Captain Douglas. Doubtless he is telling of some sport which he enjoyed at the expense of Mr. Howe and Lieutenant Trevelyan in the field, barracks, or drawing-room, when in Fredericton. Charles Douglas, the handsome, brave, and generous son of Sir Howard, still proudly wears his former reputation unsullied and undimmed. His heart is ever ready to do an act of kindness for a fellow creature. Beloved, honored, and respected, he is worthy of his distinguished sire. Ah! we see another familiar form and face. Leaning beside an open window is that of a dear old friend, apparently occupied in studying the varied expressions of the happy bridegroom, and vainly trying to discover that puzzled one which had given so much concern on former occasions. The faithful friend of the young lieutenant of the 52nd has not forgotten to pay his respects to the retired captain of the 81st and his lovely bride. He had made a sacrifice to be present at an event which brought such happiness to one in whom he had always taken such a deep interest. Mr. Howe was indeed a happy, honored, and welcome guest. Many more are to be observed standing, sitting, reclining, in groups and companies; but as strange faces have no peculiar charm when feasting upon those of our old acquaintances, we make no effort to introduce them. In our great joy we had almost forgotten to recognize one of Lady Rosamond's warmest adherents—one