

fellow, and I could not be surprised at any girl falling in love with him."

"No, and I suppose you would not care if your own daughter were to do so, I suppose," snappishly retorted Mr. St. Clair.

"She might do worse," said his wife in indifferent tones.

"Why! Grace, what do you mean? might do worse indeed! than set her affections on a penniless young nobody, a second mate of a merchantman! Why, you must be mad, Grace!"

"He's a *gentleman*, whatever his position, and however penniless he might be," replied Mrs. St. Clair, warmly. "And what is more," she added after a short pause, "I believe he is a real out-and-out Christian. Good birth, as they call it—and plenty of money, are not the only requisites to make the real gentleman. A *real Christian* is my definition of a lady or gentleman, without regard to position or circumstances."

"Stuff and nonsense! you have the most ridiculous ideas," retorted Mr. St. Clair, hotly. "This young fellow is no gentleman, and we should do our utmost to keep our child away from him."

I had heard enough to account for the increasingly distant manner of Mr. St. Clair, but I had also heard that I dwelt in the thoughts of his daughter, and the delightful fact, I felt, amply compensated for any low opinion formed of me by her father.

The weeks glided by, and the *Alnwick Castle* was—what we call "running down her casting" in that vast wilderness of waters which lies between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. All had gone well until when about eight hundred miles from the south-west Cape of Tasmania the wind went round to the south-east and the weather set in thick with an unpleasant drizzling rain. Miss St. Clair in warm close fitting hat and jacket and notwithstanding the rain, was walking briskly up and down the poop deck, and as the wind tossed about her stray golden curls and heightened the colour in her cheeks I felt that I

had never seen a more charming picture. I was standing by the poop rail when she paused in her walk close to me.

"I suppose we shall soon have to part from the dear old ship," she remarked, and I was pleased to detect a tone of sadness in her voice.

"Yes, Miss St. Clair," I replied, also in saddened tones—"you will soon be leaving—the—the—'dear old ship'—as you call it—you will think, sometimes, I hope of the—the—er—old ship?"

"Oh yes, indeed I shall, and—and—also of—"

"Come on down at once!" interrupted the gruff angry voice of Mr. St. Clair from the top of the companion—"come down at once. What are you standing gossiping there for with that—that—fellow?"

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"Land oh!" came the thrilling cry from the look out men on the foretopsail yard early on the morning of Christmas Day, and immediately all was bustle and excitement. The chain cables were got up from the lockers and bent on to the anchors, and everything in readiness for port. The passengers of course were unusually excited and gave good Captain Boyd and his officers very little peace by their ceaseless questions as to the time when they expected the ship to reach Sydney. "My good people, I am quite unable to tell you," the captain would reply, "with fair winds and clear weather we could run into port within four days, but as the wind is blowing now and with every appearance of a fog, it is impossible to form any opinion as to the time we are likely to reach port."

As the morning advanced, Captain Boyd's fears were realized, and before two o'clock that same afternoon the ship was enveloped in a white fog.

Mr. St. Clair came on deck accompanied by his daughter. "What a detestable weather!" I heard him remark as he passed me. "There's no one more anxious to get off this ship than I." I felt I knew his rea-