

"Yes, your Ladyship. I learned to appreciate my advantages."

"Your father evidently understood his daughter—a very reasonable man."

"Yes, stern as well as kind. While I always loved him, I dreaded him fully as much."

"But the dread will depart when you return home. Young ladies are rarely afraid of their fathers."

Marie's face for a moment became grave.

"When is he coming for you?" Jessie asked.

"In two days—again on the *Petrel*."

"I must see him this time," said Lady Head, looking directly into Marie's face.

"Sir Francis, too, will wish to talk with him; he wants to know every good man we have in these rebellious days."

Marie felt uneasy. She did not know exactly why—but she did not think that her father would care to see the Governor.

"I am afraid my father will be shy, and would rather not see anyone but his own little girl, as he used to call me," she replied, looking frankly into Lady Head's face. "But it is very kind of you to mention it. You are always good to me; I can never be too grateful."

"Hoity, toity, child," replied her ladyship, repressing a sense of pique. "Ah! yonder comes Sir Francis and Lieutenant Stuart of the *Transit*. He is youngest son of Lord Vancroft, and claims lineal descent from the Stuarts."

Marie started, and glanced quickly across the lawn at the approaching gentlemen.