

voyaging by the guardianship of a British-man-of-war."

"Scarcely that," laughed Stuart. "The *Transit* is only an armed frigate."

"It's a man-of-war, all the same," said Lady Head, emphatically, "and may have fighting to do before it leaves the lakes."

"If that time comes, the *Transit* will be true to her colors and her cause," said Stuart, "ever ready for duty."

Marie's face was grave again. She was looking out beyond the island to the far east. Talking of unrest and fighting and war vessels, even in bantering tones, troubled her. What did it all mean? There was more than a possibility of tumult. Rebellion was whispered of—rebellion that might shake the colonies to their centre. How would it affect her father and brothers, her home among the islands, herself? Was all this pleasantry and kindness and courtesy merely a prelude to devastation, to the breaking up of associations and friendships and life that had become a strong part of her new nature? Was this the reason why her father had so peremptorily directed her to return home? Why was the letter so stern? Might he not have been kinder in his demand? She would not think of disobeying him—dear old father—and having been away so long, the mere mention of his wish would have been law.

She was leaning over the railing, forgetful for the moment of all about her, while the talk continued. Suddenly Jessie's arm was slipped within her own.