

Every island, every channel, almost every cave, was known to him; many of the latter being stored with arms and ammunition as well as the detailed provisions of war.

Marie knew all this, but her heart ached for her father and her brother and the cause, which she defended much more from a sense of duty than of choice. MacKenzie's letter was full of the old theme, a detailed statement of his views, a repetition of the many points for which the people had been fighting; and the strong hope that MacAlpine, the monarch of the islands, the terror of his enemies, would fight to the bitter end and force the tyrannical government either to surrender its power or grant to the people their rights.

The letter was full, too, of lofty ideals. There were great things to fight for; noble aspirations to plant in the heart of every mother's son in the land. But what cared MacAlpine for these?

Sadly Marie shook her head and her thoughts ran on at random.

"Things that never enter my father's head at all," she soliloquized. "What does he care for the legislature, or the representatives of the people, or the control of the funds, or the affairs of the church, or the government of the country, or anything else? It is simply the MacAlpine clan, the control of the islands, and himself as chief. He revels in the new country, in the fairy land of lakes and islands, and the tribute of all who enter within the confines of his domain.