

Seated alone with her hands clasped round her knees, she was looking out over the water.

Marie stood riveted to the spot as her ear caught the words:

Sad was the day in the glen,
Over the lea and the moor,
When the chief led his clan
Out over the sea
To open liberty's door.

Then good news came from afar,
Wafted back from the west,
That aloft as a star
O'er island and lake
Floated his standard and crest.

Then came the last stanza in lower tone and quivering voice. It was deep in the gloaming, and the weird witchery of the scene seemed to have seized the woman. Marie leaned forward with beating heart to catch the words. In a dim occult way she realized that a prophetic vision was coming:

But joy was doomed to be brief,
For the clan was shivered and shorn;
Both the sons and the chief
In battle were slain,
The princess alone left to mourn.

"Oh, Madge, how dare you sing such a thing like that?" Marie sobbed out in low, excited tones as she rushed down to the woman's side.

"What was it, dearie? Did I say anything?" Madge returned, half stupefied, pass-