

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROPHEPIC VISION.

AN hour later Marie was alone among the trees, cooling her fevered temples with the breeze from the lake and endeavoring to control her thoughts. For many nights she had slept little, for the deepest emotions of her soul had been stirred. The death of her brother Charlie produced in her the most poignant grief. Possessed like herself with Stuart affinities, the bond of affection that bound them together was of the tenderest character. It was like tearing a limb from her body or dividing her heart asunder to have him suddenly snatched away by the grim hand of death.

Though in heart a Stuart, she was now more than ever a MacAlpine, filled with the love of her clan and veneration for her father. He might be wrong in his opinion, and false to his own interests, fighting hopelessly for a cause the end of which was doomed; yet, as her father, and the chieftain of his clan, she, the last of the race, must obey his mandate, fight beneath his banner, and in some measure take the place of the brothers that were gone.

Suddenly she heard a crooning beneath the bushes at the edge of the lake. It was the monotone of the almost forgotten Midge.