

THE MAC'S OF '37

Yes, justice and truth, while lost, forsooth,
By false ones over the brine,
Still fill the breast of the mighty west
Like bouquet of blood-red wine.

So my paddle swings and the forest rings,
All islands echo the sound;
Each swash of the wave is one more stave
In the freedom our race has found.

"The refrain is a sad one with a joyous outlook," said Jessie.

"That is why I like it," said Marie. "The song has its history."

"I thought so when I first heard you sing it. I often wondered what its origin could be."

"Well, I'll tell you. Our old Andrew, down at Fingal's Notch, is the author. He remembers the last Prince Charlie, and has a passion for rhyming, so when he found out that my two brothers and I were Stuarts, he wrote the song for us. Then to my delight I discovered that it would go to one of my mother's old Prince Charlie tunes."

"And did your father like it?"

"I think he did, for he once told me that it was not very loyal to King William, and perhaps I liked it all the better for that."

"The MacAlpines are Highlandmen," said Jessie.

"Yes, and it was in France, the refuge of the Stuarts, that my father met my mother. She was simply Marie Stuart then, and I have inherited her name."

"And she died in Scotland?"