

nation's freedom, the seizure of the entire taxes of another one would amply warrant the dawn of a new era—the floating of the flag of liberty. So at least MacKenzie reasoned.

Being an enthusiast himself, he could not understand why every other man should not be an enthusiast likewise. To him the wrongs were so plain, the injustices so palpable, that he could not believe that his opinions were not fully endorsed by the people. His speeches had been scattered widely among them, and hearing of approval in both town and country, he felt certain that support to the cause was assured, notwithstanding the seeming lukewarmness of his immediate councillors. If he could only ride out among them, inspiring them by his presence and energy and words, how quickly the deed could be done! How enthusiastically would the people rally round his standard!

“But this terrible opposition among the men who should be my bodyguard!” he muttered to himself, gloomily. “Morrison’s stubbornness, Rolph’s timidity, Anderson’s caution, are enough to wreck our efforts. But by heaven they shall not! God knows that our cause is a just one. We may have to wait; but we are in for a fight to the finish; and in the end we shall win.”

His house stood a little back from the street, and as he walked up the pathway, the savory odor of broiled fowl greeted his nostrils. This was unusual, for tea with him was a light meal, following a heavier noon dinner.

His wife met him at the door. While not