

"Marie!" he once exclaimed, drawing her towards him and looking intently into her eyes. "Your mother's image—but stronger—as much MacAlpine as Stuart. You remember her, child—one of the purest lilies God ever made—too tender—too true to live. I'm afraid—yes—I'm afraid I was hard on her. The Highland chief was too much for the Stuart lassie—the lily should never wed the oak—nor the skylark the eagle. But I was young and it seemed to be best—and—I tried to be kind."

"I know you did, father. I'm sure you did," sobbed Marie.

"Ah! well, she didn't stand it long—three years only among the islands—far away from home and friends and people that she loved—then she wilted away—we didn't have either cave or castle then—and the iron-bound chests from our old fortress in Scotland—were stored like ourselves in shanties. It froze hard in winter—each one harder than the last. We could stand it, but our lily couldn't; and she left us—left us—what did I say?—

We left the hills behind us
In order to be free;
No tyranny could bind us,
And so we crossed the sea.

"No, it's not the sea—it's the islands—
—so many you can't count 'em. It makes me
so tired—they are always singing it:

Mid the wrangle and jangle and tangle of men
MacAlpines are coming right out of the glen,
and, and —"