

make it both sad and sweet to me. It always comes to mind when canoeing alone on the water."

Again she hummed. She was thinking of her girlhood life in the Thousand Isles; and away back of that of the days of her childhood on the hills of Scotland, where her mother told her tales and sang her songs of their Stuart ancestry. It seemed like centuries ago, and yet only yesterday.

Jessie watched her with keen interest. She almost worshipped her friend, so lithe, so graceful, so strong.

"I believe you could swim across," she ventured.

"Could I?"

Evidently the answer was an unconscious one, for without comment her eye glanced again at the distant *Transit*.

"But the song. Do sing it, please."

Then her deep contralto rang out the words:

My paddle swings as memory sings  
Of the tragic days of old,  
And the long, dark past comes back too fast,  
As legend and song unfold.

For the Stuart race could find no place  
In the land of Scottish heather,  
And smitten and torn from thistle and thorn  
They were lash'd by wintry weather.

Both in lowland fen and highland glen  
Men scorn'd the blood of their Kings;  
Then truth came free far over the sea,  
And liberty's song it sings.