

Mary), and you paid fealty at Holyrood many years ago to King James. My bonnie Prince Chairlie should by rights be sitting on the throne of Scotland, aye, and of England too, and, by the help of Heaven and our guid Scotch laddies, he will be there ere long."

"Never," sneered The McAllister, scornfully. "I am not afraid of that."

"Well, that is comforting to you at any rate, sir; then why care about my going to join his army, for I am going, nothing can stop me now." And Ivan McAllister's bonnie face glowed with an enthusiasm almost pathetic as he thought of his beloved leader, for whom he would stake all his worldly prospects, aye, and if need be his very life.

"Ivan McAllister," said his father, "I thought ye had mair common sense, though it is rare in lads o' your age. Ye can never imagine that a pack o' young idiots are going to overturn the whole country."

"No, sir, I do not, but a mighty army is to join us from the south; in England Prince Chairlie has many friends, and to-morrow I go to join them. The next day a mighty host will move to the west coast to welcome our future King. And then ——"