

Château X—Château Royal, a certain unknown and unplaced Château Royal; that should properly resemble the Keep of Camelot, with lilies and sapphires therein. Château X he would track, Château X he would espy, Château Royal with its lilies and sapphires he would reach in the end, he felt sure; though beyond what forest it lay perdu, by what great lonely avenue approached, shut in what guarded park and mirrored in what lake it rose, he could not tell. He could not even guess.

Why should he, indeed? Skilfully to guess, and rationally to know had been things of habit and system with him in the past. "You're too infernally wise for anything," Rory had said to him man a time. "But you're such a slacker. Why don't you swot—you could do anything you liked if you'd only swot!" Loyal old Rory! He had never written to Rory all these weeks of absence. It was a confounded shame, to have kept old Rory in the dark so long! "I'll write to him to-night," he resolves. "As part of my starting afresh."

Then, "Gently, gently, mon cher!" I hear him remind himself, and he checks his legs a little. No, he need not hurry—he must not hurry, he will reach Château X all the later for undue haste. He must take things easily; he must give luck and circumstance full time and chance to work their will. "Steady now," he says to his legs. "Go slow, old native powers!"

So he hummed, swung his stick, whistled an original melody in G, beat time, stepped in time to it, and went forward liltingly but lazily. Lazily, to be in tune with his surroundings; the poplars that very lazily swung through only half of their accustomed arcs, and the clouds that lazily drifted along the sky. It was good to go lazily, for life that morning was a delight. Shimmering tree-shadows, blue from the high light, zebra-striped the highway: the long, thin avenue of it opened, shortened, climbed, descended, then lengthened again; and ever his splendid path into the unknown stretched its knowing white finger ahead. By the sides of the road grey aspens and osiers showed him their silvery edges; here and there a brook reflected the sky under a lichen bridge; field scents