

"And you cut all your hair—'clean from your forehead; all that wealth of hair'—to make me a sword-belt. And you say—'My knight, my love, my Light of Heaven'——"

But the girl pushes him off vigorously.

"I'm not going to cut my hair! I should be horrid!"

"Then I can't be your knight and your love."

She hesitates.

"You wouldn't love me, if my hair was cut off. You wouldn't want to marry me, I should be a fright!"

"Galahad can't marry, you silly!" quoth the young Master with scornful indignation.

"He couldn't even love anybody, really," puts in James dreamily. "He is consecrated. And you're a nun—'a holy maid, with knees of adoration wearing the stones.'—You ought to kneel, Morna."

"I won't—I won't!" Her voice trembles on tears. "It's a silly game, anyhow! Don't play at that, Ianny darling, if you can't love me!"

"No!" cries Ian decisively. "I'll be Launcelot. He was a fighting one! And you shall be Guinevere—they loved each other all right, anyhow, Jimmy."

He takes hold of a long strand of hair and pulls the girl remorselessly towards him, that he may kiss her face. She struggles, flushing like a rose, half angry, half pleased.

"Guinevere was Arthur's queen," says the small Perceval gravely, still sitting on his heels, "and yours was a guilty love, you know."

"Oh, shut up, Jimmy!" cries Launcelot. And Guinevere settles the matter by flinging her arms about her knight's neck and exclaiming:

"We'll play it's not guilty!"

"Yes—I'll kill Arthur and marry you!" cries young Ian MacIvor, as, brandishing again his brother's wand, he makes a fierce pass, strikes him in the centre of his little thin chest and rolls him over. "There—you're Arthur, and you're dead! Come, Morna . . . or that greedy Milly will have gobbled all the cakes."