

"Jimmy," she says, "is always going off by himself to play. I call it very selfish."

The boy squatting on his knees turns a blushing, confused countenance :

"I'm awfully sorry, lanny. . . . You see, Morna, I couldn't help it. I had to be by myself . . . for this."

The young Master of Stronaven hops over the stones into the chapel, closely followed by the girl. He squats down beside his brother, and looks with curiosity from the folded coat to the figure whose hands are still piously crossed.

"What is it, this time ? "

"I'm Perceval, whom Arthur and his knighthood called 'the Pure.' "

"Perceval——?" echoes Morna. She sits in her turn, on a big stone, and, chin in hand, gazes reflectively at the speaker. She has never heard of Sir Perceval—but the boys have been reading the *Idylls of the King*. The little Master's face lights up :

"Have you seen the Holy Grail ? " His voice is rather awed. He glances at the blue sky and then at the cross : it does not seem to him at all impossible that this place, so still and wonderful and scented in the sunshine, should hold a vision.

"Oh, not yet, Ian ! " answers the other in a reverent, shocked voice. "I'm not a knight yet, you see. I was going through my vigil. And there's my armour,"—he points to the folded coat,—“and my lance, and my true blade,” looking at the wands.

It does not, however, enter into Ian's scheme to sit and look on. He leaps up and seizes one of the wands, brandishing it aloft.

"If you're Perceval, I'm Sir Galahad ! I have seen the Grail—I, Galahad. I am a knight already. See my white armour !—'God make thee good as thou art beautiful'—said Arthur when he dubbed me knight ! " He springs across the chapel and catches Morna by the hand.