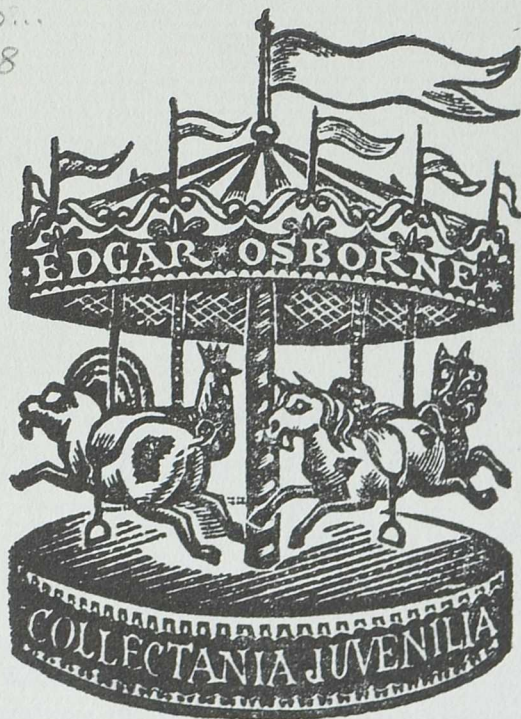
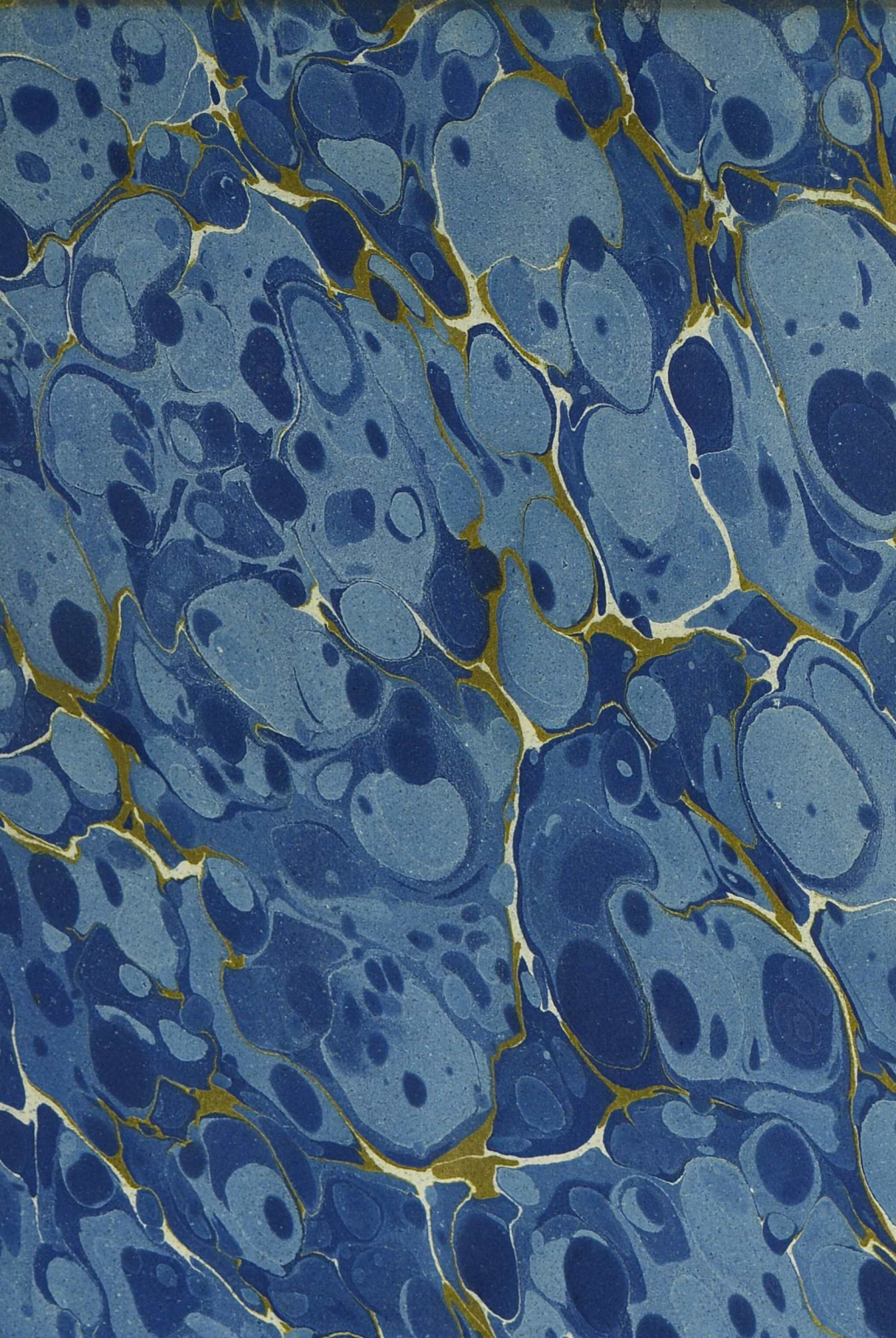


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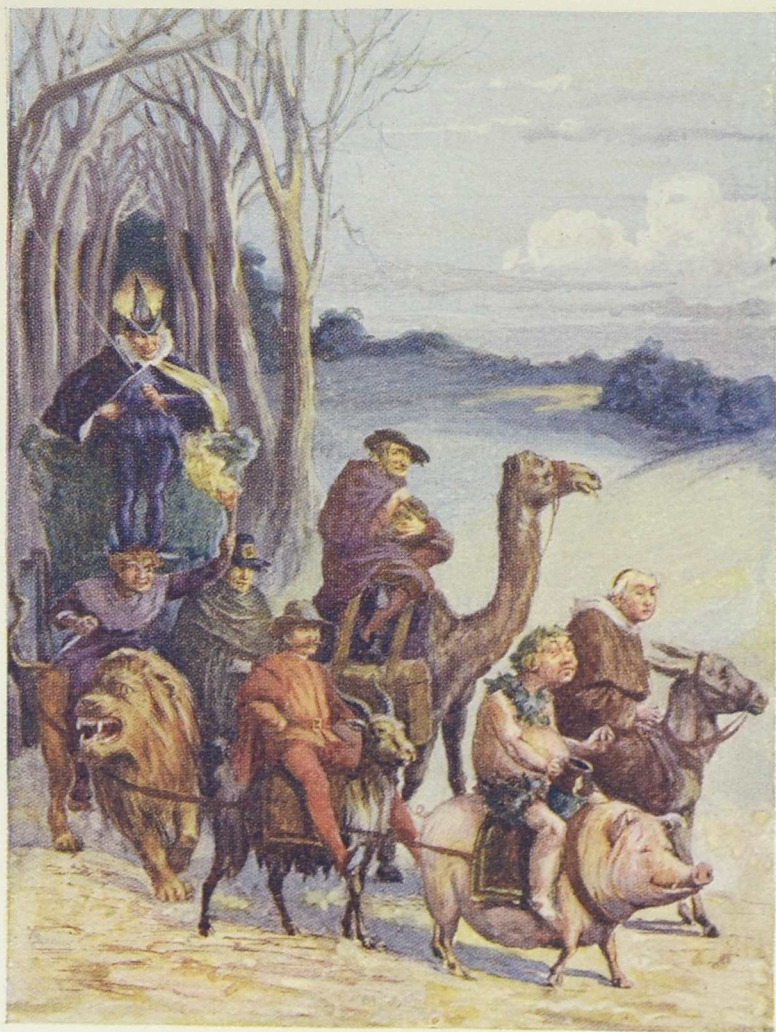
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THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

AND

SIR GUYON



“ THE COACH WAS DRAWN BY AN UGLY TEAM.”

THE
RED CROSS KNIGHT
AND
SIR GUYON

From Spenser's "Faerie Queene"

BY

MARY MACLEOD

Author of "The Shakespeare Story-Book,"
"A Book of Ballad Stories," &c.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The cordial reception given to Mary Macleod's *Stories from the Faerie Queene*, now in its fifth edition, has led to the belief that a smaller volume on the same lines would be acceptable.

The former work gives a complete outline of the whole of Spenser's poem, and contains an Introduction by Professor Hales, and ninety Illustrations from original drawings by A. G. Walker, Sculptor.

The following stories are selected from the first and second books, which relate the adventures of the Red Cross Knight, champion of *Holiness*, and the good Sir Guyon, champion of *Temperance*.

This little volume is especially adapted

for young readers, and is published in the hope that it will serve as an Introduction to the more advanced volume, leading on to the study of Spenser's great masterpiece in the original.

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THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

“ Right faithful true he was in deed and word ”

The Court of the Queen

ONCE upon a time, in the days when there were still such things as giants and dragons, there lived a great Queen. She reigned over a rich and beautiful country, and because she was good and noble every one loved her, and tried also to be good. Her court was the most splendid one in the world, for all her knights were brave and gallant, and each one thought only of what heroic things he could do, and how best he could serve his royal lady.

The name of the Queen was Gloriana, and each of her twelve chief knights was known as the Champion of some virtue.

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Thus Sir Guyon was the champion of *Temperance*, Sir Artegall of *Justice*, Sir Calidore of *Courtesy*, and others took up the cause of *Friendship*, *Constancy*, and so on.

Every year the Queen held a great feast, which lasted twelve days. Once, on the first day of the feast, a stranger in poor clothes came to the court, and, falling before the Queen, begged a favour of her. It was always the custom at these feasts that the Queen should refuse nothing that was asked, so she bade the stranger say what it was he wished. Then he besought that, if any cause arose which called for knightly aid, the adventure might be entrusted to him.

When the Queen had given her promise he stood quietly on one side, and did not try to mix with the other guests who were feasting at the splendid tables. Although he was so brave, he was very gentle and modest, and he had never yet proved his valour in fight, therefore he did not think himself worthy of a place among the

knights who had already won for themselves honour and renown.

Soon after this there rode into the city a fair lady on a white ass. Behind her came her servant, a dwarf, leading a warlike horse that bore the armour of a knight. The face of the lady was lovely, but it was very sorrowful.

Making her way to the palace, she fell before Queen Gloriana, and implored her help. She said that her name was Una; she was the daughter of a king and queen who formerly ruled over a mighty country; but, many years ago, a huge dragon came and wasted all the land, and shut the king and queen up in a brazen castle, from which they might never come out. The Lady Una therefore besought Queen Gloriana to grant her one of her knights to fight and kill this terrible dragon.

Then the stranger sprang forward, and reminded the Queen of the promise she had given. At first she was unwilling to consent, for the Knight was young, and, moreover, he had no armour of his own to fight with.

Then said the Lady Una to him, "Will you wear the armour that I bring you, for unless you do you will never succeed in the enterprise, nor kill the horrible monster of Evil? The armour is not new, it is scratched and dented with many a hard-fought battle, but if you wear it rightly no armour that ever was made will serve you so well."

Then the stranger bade them bring the armour and put it on him, and Una said, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, where-with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the SPIRIT, which is the word of GOD."

And when the stranger had put off his own rough clothes and was clad in this armour, straightway he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and the Lady Una was well pleased with her champion; and, because of the red cross which he wore on

his breastplate and on his silver shield, henceforth he was known always as "the Red Cross Knight." But his real name was *Holiness*, and the name of the lady for whom he was to do battle was *Truth*.

So these two rode forth into the world together, while a little way behind followed their faithful attendant, *Prudence*. And now you shall hear some of the adventures that befell the Red Cross Knight and his two companions.

The Wood of Error

The first adventure happened in this way. Scarcely had the Red Cross Knight and the Lady Una started on their journey when the sky suddenly became overcast, and a great storm of rain beat down upon the earth. Looking about for shelter, they saw, not far away, a shady grove, which seemed just what they wanted. The trees here had great spreading branches, which grew so thickly overhead that no light could pierce

the covering of leaves. Through this wood wide paths and alleys, well trodden, led in all directions. It seemed a truly pleasant place, and a safe shelter against the tempest, so they entered in at once.

At first, as they roamed along the winding paths they found nothing but pleasure. Deeper and deeper into the heart of the wood they went, hearing with joy the sweet singing of the birds, and filled with wonder to see so many different kinds of beautiful trees clustered in one spot. But by-and-by, when the storm was over and they wished to go forward on their journey, they found, to their sorrow, that they had lost their way. It was impossible to remember by which path they had come; every way now seemed strange and unknown. Here and there they wandered, backwards and forwards; there were so many turnings to be seen, so many paths, they knew not which to take to lead them out of the wood.

In this perplexity at last they determined to go straight forward until they found some end, either in or out of the wood. Choosing

for this purpose one of the broadest and most trodden paths, they came presently, in the thickest part of the wood, to a hollow cave. Then the Red Cross Knight dismounted from his steed, and gave his spear to the dwarf to hold.

“Take heed,” said the Lady Una, “lest you too rashly provoke mischief. This is a wild and unknown place, and peril is often without show. Hold back, therefore, till you know further if there is any danger hidden there.”

“Ah, lady,” said the Knight, “it were shame to go backward for fear of a hidden danger. Virtue herself gives light to lead through any darkness.”

“Yes,” said Una; “but I know better than you the peril of this place, though now it is too late to bid you go back like a coward. This is the Wandering Wood, and that is the den of Error, a horrible monster, hated of all. Therefore, I advise you to be cautious.”

“Fly, fly! this is no place for living men!” cried timid Prudence.

But the young Knight was brave and eager and nothing could stop him. Forth to the darksome hole he went, and looked in. His glittering armour made a little light, by which he could plainly see the ugly monster. Such a great, horrible thing it was, something like a snake, with a long tail twisted in knots, with stings all over it. And near this wicked big creature, whose other name was *Falsehood*, there were a thousand little ones, all varying in shape, but every one bad and ugly; for you may be quite sure that wherever one of this horrible race is found, there will always be many others of the same family lurking near.

When the light shone into the cave all the little creatures fled to hide themselves, and the big parent Falsehood rushed out of her den in terror. But when she saw the shining armour of the Knight she tried to turn back, for she hated light as her deadliest foe, and she was always accustomed to live in darkness, where she could neither see plainly nor be seen.

When the Knight saw that she was trying to escape he sprang after her as fierce as a lion, and after a great fight he slew the creature.

Then Lady Una, who, from a distance, had watched all that passed, came near in haste to greet his victory.

“Fair Knight,” she said, “born under happy star! You are well worthy of that armour in which this day you have won great glory, and proved your strength against a strong enemy. This is your first battle. I pray that you will win many others in like manner.”

The Bad Magician

After his victory over Falsehood, the Red Cross Knight again mounted his steed, and he and the Lady Una went on their way. Keeping carefully to one path, and turning neither to the right hand nor the left, at last they found themselves safely out of the Wood of Error.

But now they were to fall into the power

of a more dangerous and treacherous foe than even the hateful monster, Falsehood.

They had travelled a long way, and met with no fresh adventure, when at last they chanced to meet in the road an old man. He looked very wise and good. He was dressed in a long black gown, like a hermit, and had bare feet and a grey beard; he had a book hanging from his belt, as was the custom with scholars in those days. He seemed very quiet and sad, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and all the time, as he went along, he seemed to be saying prayers, and lamenting over his own wickedness.

When he saw the travellers he made a very humble salute to them. The Red Cross Knight returned the greeting with all courtesy, and asked him if he knew of any strange adventures that were then taking place.

“Ah, my dear son!” said the hermit, “how should a simple old man, who lives in a lonely cell, and does nothing all day but sorrow for his own faults—how should

such a man know any tidings of war or worldly trouble? It is not fitting for me to meddle with such matters. But, if indeed you desire to hear about danger and evil near at hand, I can tell you about a strange man who wastes all the surrounding country."

"That," said the Knight, "is what I chiefly ask about, and I will reward you well if you will guide me to the place where he dwells. For it is a disgrace to knighthood that such a creature should be allowed to live so long."

"His dwelling is far away from here, in the midst of a barren wilderness," answered the old man. "No living person may ever pass it without great danger and difficulty."

"Now," said the Lady Una to the Knight, "night is drawing near, and I know well that you are wearied with your former fight. Therefore, take rest, and with the new day begin new work."

"You have been well advised, Sir Knight," said the old man. "Day is now spent; therefore take up your abode with me for this night."

The travellers were well content to do this, so they went with the apparently good old man to his home.

It was a little lowly hermitage, down in a dale by the side of a forest, far from the beaten track of travellers. A small chapel was built near, and close by a crystal stream gently welled forth from a never-failing fountain.

The evening passed pleasantly, for the old man had a good store of pleasing words, and knew well how to fit his talk to suit his visitors, and then the hermit conducted his guests to the lodgings where they were to spend the night.

But when they were safely asleep a horrid change came over the old man, for in reality he was not good at all, although he pretended to be so. His heart was full of hatred, malice, and deceit. He called himself Archimago, which means a "Great Magician," but his real name was *Hypocrisy*. He knew that as long as Holiness and Truth kept together, no great harm could come to either of them; so he determined to do everything

in his power to separate them. For this purpose he got out all his books of magic, and set to work to devise cunning schemes and spells. He was so clever and wily that he could deceive people much better and wiser than himself.

It was scarcely dawn when Archimago rushed up to the Knight in a state of pretended sorrow and indignation.

"The Lady Una has left you," said this wicked man. "She is not good as she pretends to be. She cares nothing at all for you, nor for the noble work on which you are bound, and she does not mean to go any farther with you on your toilsome journey."

The Red Cross Knight started up in anger.

"Come," said Archimago, "see for yourself."

He pointed to some one in the distance whom the Knight took to be Una, but which was really a figure dressed up by the magician to resemble her.

Then, indeed, the Knight was forced to believe what the wicked magician told him. He now took for granted that Una had been deceiving him all along, and had seized this moment to escape. He forgot all her real sweetness and goodness and beauty; he only thought how false and unkind she was. He was filled with anger, and he never paused a moment to reflect if there could be any possibility of mistake. Calling his servant, he bade him bring his horse at once, and then these two immediately set forth again on their journey.

Here the Red Cross Knight was wrong, and we shall see presently into what perils and misfortunes he fell because of his hasty want of faith. If he had had a little patience he would soon have discovered that the figure he saw was only a dressed-up imitation. The real Lady Una all this time was sleeping quietly in her own bower.

When she awoke and found that her two companions had fled in the night and left her alone behind, she was filled with grief

and dismay. She could not understand why they should do such a thing. Mounting her white ass, she rode after them with all the speed she could, but the Knight had urged on his steed so fast it was almost useless to try to follow. Yet she never stayed to rest her weary limbs, but went on seeking them over hill and dale, and through wood and plain, sorely grieved in her tender heart that the one she loved best should leave her with such ungentle discourtesy.

When the wicked Archimago saw that his cunning schemes had succeeded so well he was greatly pleased, and set to work to devise fresh mischief. It was Una whom he chiefly hated, and he took great pleasure in her many troubles, for hypocrisy always hates real goodness. He had the power of turning himself into any shape he chose—sometimes he would be a fowl, sometimes a fish, now like a fox, now like a dragon. On the present occasion, to suit his evil purpose, it seemed best to him to put on the appearance of the good knight whom he had so cruelly beguiled.

Therefore, Hypocrisy dressed himself up in imitation armour with a silver shield and everything exactly like the Red Cross Knight. When he sat upon his fiery charger he looked such a splendid warrior you would have thought it was St. George himself.

Holiness fights Faithless

The true St. George, meanwhile, had wandered far away. Now that he had left the Lady Una, he had nothing but his own will to guide him, and he no longer followed any fixed purpose.

Presently he saw coming to meet him another warrior, fully armed. He was a great, rough fellow, who cared nothing for God or man; across his shield, in gay letters, was written "Sans Foy," which means *Faithless*.

He had with him a companion, a handsome lady, dressed all in scarlet, trimmed with gold and rich pearls. She rode a

beautiful palfrey, with gay trappings, and little gold bells tinkled on her bridle. The two came along laughing and talking, but when the lady saw the Red Cross Knight she left off her mirth at once, and bade her companion attack him.

Then the two knights levelled their spears, and rushed at each other. But when Faithless saw the red cross graven on the breastplate of the other, he knew that he could never prevail against that safeguard. However, he fought with great fury, and the Red Cross Knight had a hard battle before he overcame him. At last he managed to kill him, and he told his servant to carry away the shield of Faithless in token of victory.

When the lady saw her champion fall, she fled in terror; but the Red Cross Knight hurried after her, and bade her stay, telling her that she had nothing now to fear. His brave and gentle heart was full of pity to see her in so great distress, and he asked her to tell him who she was, and who was the man that had been with her.

Melting into tears, she then told him the following sad story: She said that she was the daughter of an emperor, and had been engaged to marry a wise and good prince. Before the wedding-day, however, the prince fell into the hands of his foes, and was cruelly slain. She went out to look for his dead body, and in the course of her wandering met the Saracen knight, who took her captive. "Sans Foy" was one of three bad brothers. The names of the others were "Sans Loy," which means *Lawless*, and "Sans Joy," which means *Joyless*. She further said that her own name was "Fidessa," or *True Religion*, and she besought the Knight to have compassion on her, because she was so friendless and unhappy.

"Fair lady," said the Knight, "a heart of flint would grieve to hear of your sorrows. But henceforth rest safely assured that you have found a new friend to help you, and lost an old foe to hurt you. A new friend is better than an old foe."

Then the seemingly simple maiden pre-

tended to look comforted, and the two rode on happily together.

But what the lady had told about herself was quite untrue. Her name was not "Fidessa" at all, but "Duessa," which means *False Religion*. If Una had still been with the Knight, he would never have been led astray; but when he parted from her he had nothing but his own feelings to guide him. He still meant to do right, but he was deceived by his false companion, who brought him into much trouble and danger.

Una and the Lion

All this while the Lady Una, lonely and forsaken, was roaming in search of her lost Knight. Through woods and lonely wilderness she sought him, but no tidings of him ever came to her.

One day, being weary, she alighted from her steed, and lay down on the grass to rest. It was in the midst of a thicket, far from the sight of any traveller. She lifted her

veil, and put aside the black cloak which always covered her dress.

Suddenly, out of the wood there rushed a fierce lion, who, seeing Una, sprang at her to devour her; but, when he came nearer, he was amazed at the sight of her loveliness, and all his rage turned to pity. Instead of tearing her to pieces, he kissed her weary feet and licked her lily hand as if he knew how wronged and innocent she was.¹

When Una saw the gentleness of this kindly creature she could not help weeping.

Sad to see her sorrow, he stood gazing at her; all his angry mood changed to compassion, till at last Una mounted her snowy palfrey and once more set out to seek her lost companion.

The lion would not leave her desolate, but went with her as a strong guard and as a faithful companion. When she slept

¹ The figure of the lion may be taken as the emblem of *Honour*, which always pays respect to *Truth*.

he kept watch, and when she waked he waited diligently, ready to help her in any way he could. He always knew from her looks what she wanted.

She travelled for many long days through lonely places, where she thought her wandering Knight might pass, yet never found trace of living man.

The wicked Magician, meanwhile, dressed in armour to resemble the Red Cross Knight, had been seeking Una, in order to work her fresh trouble.

At last he came up to where she was slowly travelling; but seeing the noble lion at her side, he was afraid to go too near, and turned away to a hill at a little distance. When Una saw him, she thought, from his shield and armour, that it was her own true knight, and she rode up to him, and spoke meekly, half-frightened.

“Ah, my lord,” she said, “where have you been so long out of my sight? I feared that you hated me, or that I had done some-

thing to displease you, and that made everything seem dark and cheerless. But welcome now, welcome !”

“My dearest lady,” said false Hypocrisy, “you must not think I could so shame knighthood as to desert you. But the truth is, the reason why I left you so long was to seek adventure in a strange place, where Archimago said there was a mighty robber, who worked much mischief to many people. Now he will trouble no one further. This is the good reason why I left you. Pray believe it, and accept my faithful service, for I have vowed to defend you by land and sea. Let your grief be over.”

When Una heard these sweet words it seemed to her that she was fully rewarded for all the trials she had gone through. One loving hour can make up for many years of sorrow. She forgot all that she had suffered; she spoke no more of the past. Before her stood her Knight, for whom she had toiled so sorely, and Una’s heart was filled with joy.

In the Hands of the Enemy

Una and the Magician (who was disguised as the Red Cross Knight) had not gone far when they saw some one riding swiftly towards them. The new-comer was on a fleet horse, and was fully armed; his look was stern, cruel, and revengeful. On his shield in bold letters was traced the name "Sans Loy," which means *Lawless*. He was one of the brothers of "Sans Foy," or Faithless, whom the real Red Cross Knight had slain, and he had made up his mind to avenge his brother's death.

When he saw the red cross graven on the shield which Hypocrisy carried, he thought that he had found the foe of whom he was in search, and, levelling his spear, he prepared for battle. Hypocrisy, who was a mean coward, and had never fought in his life, was nearly fainting with fear; but the Lady Una spoke such cheering words that he began to feel more hopeful.

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Lawless, however, rushed at him with such fury that he drove his lance right through the other's shield, and bore him to the ground. Leaping from his horse, he ran towards him, meaning to kill him, and exclaiming, "Lo, this is the worthy reward of him that slew Faithless!"

Una begged the cruel knight to have pity on his fallen foe, but her words were of no avail. Tearing off his helmet, Lawless would have slain him at once, but he stopped in astonishment when, instead of the Red Cross Knight, he saw the face of Archimago. He knew well that crafty Hypocrisy was skilled in all forms of deceit, but that he took care to shun fighting and brave deeds. Now, indeed, had Hypocrisy's guile met with a just punishment.

"Why, luckless Archimago, what is this?" cried Lawless. "What evil chance brought *you* here?"

But the old Magician answered nothing; he lay still as if he were dying. So Lawless spent no more time over him, but went

over to where Una waited, lost in amazement and sorely perplexed.

Her companion, whom she had imagined was her own true Knight, turned out to be nothing but an impostor, and she herself had fallen into the hands of a cruel enemy.

When the brave lion saw Lawless go up to Una and try to drag her roughly from her palfrey, full of kingly rage he rushed to protect her. He flew at Lawless and almost tore his shield to pieces with his sharp claws. But, alas! he could not overcome the warrior, for Lawless was one of the strongest men that ever wielded spear, and was well skilled in feats of arms. With his sharp sword he struck the lion, and the noble creature fell dead at his feet.

Poor Una, what was to become of her now? Her faithful guardian was gone, and she found herself the captive of a cruel foe. Lawless paid no heed to her tears and entreaties. Placing her on his own horse, he rode off with her; while her snow-white ass, not willing to forsake her, followed meekly at a distance.

The House of Pride

Now the Red Cross Knight, because of his lack of loyalty to Una, fell into much danger and difficulty. His first fault was in believing evil of her so readily, and leaving her forlorn; after that he was too easily beguiled by the pretended goodness and beauty of Duessa. All who fight in a good cause must beware of errors such as these. If matters do not go exactly as we wish, we must not lose heart and get impatient; even if we cannot understand what is happening, we must trust that all will be well. We must keep steadily to the one true aim set before us, or else, like the Red Cross Knight, we may be led astray by false things that are only pleasant in appearance, and have no real goodness.

Duessa and the Knight travelled for a long way, till at last they saw in front of them a grand and beautiful building. It seemed as if it were the house of some mighty Prince; a broad highway led up to

it, all trodden bare by the feet of those who flocked thither. Great troops of people of all sorts and condition journeyed here, both by day and night. But few returned, unless they managed to escape, beggared and disgraced, when, ever afterwards, they lived a life of misery.

To this place Duessa guided the Red Cross Knight, for she was tired with the toilsome journey, and the day was nearly over.

It was a stately palace, built of smooth bricks, cunningly laid together without mortar. The walls were high, with lofty towers, but neither strong nor thick, and they were covered with dazzling gold-foil. It was lovely to look at, and did much credit to the workman that designed it; but it was a great pity that so fair a building rested on so frail a foundation. For it was mounted high up on a sandy hill that kept shifting and falling away. Every breath of heaven made it shake; and all the back parts, that no one could see, were

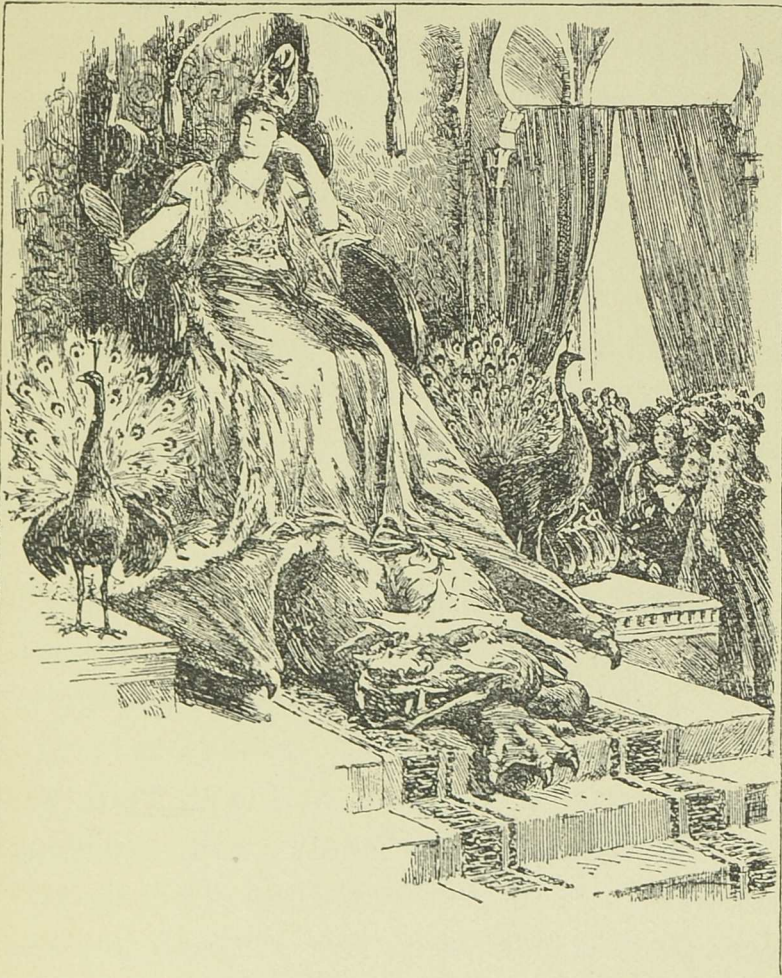
old and ruinous, though cunningly painted over.

Arrived here, Duessa and the Red Cross Knight passed in at once, for the gates stood wide open to all. They were in charge of a porter, called "Ill-come," who never denied entrance to any one. The hall inside was hung with costly tapestry and rich curtains. Numbers of people, rich and poor, were waiting here, in order to gain sight of the Lady of this wonderful place.

Duessa and the Knight passed through this crowd, who all gazed at them, and entered the Presence Chamber of the Queen.

What a dazzling sight met their eyes! Such a scene of splendour had never been known in the court of any living prince. A noble company of lords and ladies stood on every side, and made the place more beautiful with their presence.

High above all there was a cloth of state, and a rich throne as bright as the sun. On the throne, clad in royal robes, sat the



“ On the throne, clad in royal robes, sat the Queen.”

Queen. Her garments were all glittering with gold and precious jewels; but so great was her beauty that it dimmed even the brightness of her throne. She sat there in princely state, shining like the sun. She hated and despised all lowly things of earth. Under her scornful feet lay a dreadful dragon, with a hideous tail. In her hand she held a mirror in which she often looked at her face; she took great delight in her own appearance, for she was fairer than any living woman.

She was the daughter of grisly Pluto, King of Hades, and men called her proud Lucifera. She had crowned herself a queen, but she had no rightful kingdom at all, nor any possessions. The power which she had obtained she had usurped by wrong and tyranny. She ruled her realm not by laws, but by craft, and according to the advice of six old wizards, who with their bad counsels upheld her kingdom.

As soon as the Knight and Duessa came into the presence-chamber, an usher, by name *Vanity*, made room and prepared a

passage for them, and brought them to the lowest stair of the high throne. Here they made a humble salute, and declared that they had come to see the Queen's royal state, and to prove if the wide report of her great splendour were true.

With scornful eyes, half unwilling to look so low, she thanked them disdainfully, and did not show them any courtesy worthy of a queen, scarcely even bidding them arise. The lords and ladies of the court, however, were all eager to appear well in the eyes of the strangers, and each one was jealous and spiteful of the others. They did their best to entertain the Knight, and would gladly have made him one of their company. To Duessa, also, they were most polite and gracious, for formerly she had been well known in that court. But to the knightly eyes of the warrior all the glitter of the crowd seemed vain and worthless, and he thought that it was unbecoming so great a queen to treat a strange knight with such scant courtesy.

Suddenly, Queen Lucifera rose from her

throne, and called for her coach. Then all was bustle and confusion, every one rushing violently forth. Blazing with brightness she paced down the hall, like the sun dawning in the east. All the people thronging the hall thrust and pushed each other aside to gaze upon her.

Her coach was adorned with gold and gay garlands, and was one of the most splendid carriages ever seen, but it was drawn by an ugly and ill-matched team. On every animal rode one of her evil Councillors, who was much like in nature to the creature that carried him.

The first of these, who guided all the rest, was *Idleness*, the nurse of Sin. He chose to ride a slothful ass; he looked always as if he were half asleep, and as if he did not know whether it were night or day. He shut himself away from all care, and shunned manly exercise, but if there were any mischief to be done he joined in it readily. The Queen was indeed badly served who had *Idleness* for her leading Councillor.

Next to him came *Gluttony*, riding on a pig; then *Self-indulgence* on a goat, *Avarice* on a camel, *Envy* on a wolf, and *Wrath* on a lion. Each in his own way was equally hideous and hateful.

As they went along, crowds of people came round, shouting for joy; always before them a foggy mist sprang up, covering all the land, and under their feet lay the dead bones of men who had wandered from the right path.

So forth they went in this goodly array to enjoy the fresh air, and to sport in the flowery meadows. Among the rest, next to the chariot, rode the false Duessa, but the good Knight kept far apart, not joining in the noisy mirth which seemed unbecoming a true warrior.

Having enjoyed themselves awhile in the pleasant fields, they returned to the stately palace. Here they found that a wandering knight had just arrived. On his shield, in red letters, was written the name "Sans Joy," which means *Joyless*, and he was the brother of *Faithless*, whom the Red

Cross Knight had slain, and of *Lawless*, who had taken Una captive. He looked sullen and revengeful, as if he had in his mind bitter and angry thoughts.

When he saw the shield of his slain brother, Faithless, in the hands of the Red Cross Knight's page, he sprang at him and snatched it away. But the Knight had no mind to lose the trophy which he had won in battle, and, attacking him fiercely, he again got possession of it.

Thereupon they hastily began to prepare for battle, clashing their shields and shaking their swords in the air. But the Queen commanded them to restrain their fury, saying that if either had a right to the shield, they should fight it out fairly the next day.

That night was passed in joy and gaiety, feasting and making merry in bower and hall. The steward of the court was *Gluttony*, who poured forth lavishly of his abundance to all; and then the chamberlain, *Sloth*, summoned them to rest.

At the first gleam of dawn the Red Cross Knight sprang up and dressed himself for

battle in his sunbright armour. Forth he stepped into the hall, where there were many waiting to gaze at him, curious to know what fate was in store for the stranger knight.

Soon after, came the pagan knight, Joyless, warily armed in woven mail. He looked sternly at the Red Cross Knight, who cared not at all how any living creature looked at him.

Then, with royal pomp, came the Queen. She was led to a railed-in space of the green field, and placed under a stately canopy. On the other side, full in all men's view, sat Duessa, and on a tree near was hung the shield of Faithless. Both Duessa and the shield were to be given to the victor.

A shrill trumpet bade them prepare for battle. The pagan knight was stout and strong, and his blows fell like great iron hammers. He fought for cruelty and vengeance. The Red Cross Knight was fierce, and full of youthful courage; he fought for praise and honour. So furious was their onslaught that sparks of fire flew from their

shields, and deep marks were hewn in their helmets.

Thus they fought, the one for wrong, the other for right, and each tried to put his foe to shame. To those who looked on, the end of the battle appeared doubtful, and false Duessa began to call loudly to Joyless:

“Thine the shield, and I, and all!”

Directly the Red Cross Knight heard her voice, his faith, which had grown weak, suddenly became strong, and he shook off the deadly cold that was creeping over him. This time he attacked Joyless with such vigour that he brought him down upon his knees. Lifting his sword, he would have slain him, when suddenly a dark cloud fell between them. Joyless was seen no more; he had vanished! The Knight called aloud to him, but received no answer; his foe was completely hidden by the darkness.

Duessa rose hastily from her place, and ran to the Red Cross Knight, saying:

“O noblest Knight, be angry no longer.

44 THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

Some evil power has covered your enemy with the cloud of night, and borne him away to the regions of darkness. The conquest is yours, I am yours, the shield and the glory are yours."

Then the trumpets sounded, and running heralds made humble homage, and the shield, the cause of all the enmity, was brought to the Red Cross Knight. He went to the Queen, and, kneeling before her, offered her his service, which she accepted with thanks and much satisfaction, greatly praising his chivalry.

So they marched home, the Knight next the Queen, while all the people followed with great glee, shouting and clapping their hands. When they got to the palace the Knight was given gentle attendants and skilled doctors, for he had been badly hurt in the fight. His wounds were washed with wine, and oil, and healing herbs, and all the while lovely music was played round his bed to beguile him from grief and pain.

While this was happening, Duessa secretly left the palace, and stole away to the King-

dom of Darkness, which is ruled over by the Queen of Night. This queen was a friend of her own, and was always ready to help in any bad deeds. Duessa told her of what had befallen the pagan knight, Joyless, and persuaded her to carry him away to her own dominions. Here he was placed under the care of a wonderful doctor, who was able to cure people by magic, and Duessa hastened back to the House of Pride.

When she got there she was dismayed to find that the Red Cross Knight had already left, although he was not nearly healed from the wounds which he had received in battle.

The reason why he left was this. One day his servant, whose name you may remember was Prudence, came and told him that he had discovered in the palace a huge, deep dungeon, full of miserable prisoners. Hundreds of men and women were there, wailing and lamenting — grand lords and beautiful ladies, who, from foolish behaviour or love of idle pomp, had wasted their wealth and fallen into the power of the wicked Queen of Pride.

When the good Red Cross Knight heard this he determined to stay no longer in such a place of peril.

Rising before dawn, he left by a small side door, for he knew that if he were seen he would be at once put to death. To him the place no more seemed beautiful; it filled him with horror and disgust. Riding under the castle wall, the way was strewn with hundreds of dead bodies of those who had perished miserably. Such was the dreadful sight of the House of Pride.

Una and the Woodland Knight

We left Una in a piteous plight, in the hands of a cruel enemy, the pagan knight Lawless.

Paying no heed to her tears and entreaties he placed her on his horse, and rode off with her till he came to a great forest.

Una was almost in despair, for there seemed no hope of any rescue. But suddenly there came a wonderful way of deliverance.

In the midst of the thick wood Lawless

halted to rest. This forest was inhabited by numbers of strange wild creatures, quite untaught, almost savages. Hearing Una's cries for help they came flocking up to see what was the matter. Their fierce, rough appearance so frightened Lawless that he jumped on to his horse and rode away as fast as he could.

When the wild wood-folk came up they found Una sitting desolate and alone. They were amazed at such a strange sight, and pitied her sad condition. They all stood astonished at her loveliness, and could not imagine how she had come there.

Una, for her part, was greatly terrified, not knowing whether some fresh danger awaited her. Half in fear, half in hope, she sat still in amazement. Seeing that she looked so sorrowful the savages tried to show that they meant to be friendly. They smiled, and came forward gently, and kissed her feet. Then she guessed that their hearts were kind, and she arose fearlessly and went with them, no longer afraid of any evil.

Glad at such good fortune, Una was quite contented to please the simple folk. She stayed a long while with them, to gather strength after her many troubles. During this time she did her best to teach them, but the poor things were so ignorant, it was almost impossible to make them understand the difference between right and wrong.

It chanced one day that a noble knight came to the forest to seek his kindred who dwelt there. He had won much glory in wars abroad, and distant lands were filled with his fame. He was honest, faithful, and true, though not very polished in manner, nor accustomed to a courtly life. His name was Sir Satyrane. He had been born and brought up in the forest, and his father had taught him nothing but to be utterly fearless.

The first time he saw Una she was surrounded by the savages, whom she was trying to teach good and holy things. Sir Satyrane wondered at the wisdom which fell from her sweet lips, and when, later on, he saw her gentle and kindly deeds,

he began to admire and love her. Although noble at heart, he had never had any one to teach him, but now he began to learn from Una faith and true religion.

The False Pilgrim

Una's thoughts were still fixed on the Red Cross Knight, and she was sorry to think of his perilous wandering. She was always sad at heart, and spent her time planning how to escape. At last she told her wish to Sir Satyrane, who, glad to please her in any way, began to devise how he could help her to get free from the savage folk. One day, when Una was left alone, all the woodlanders having gone to pay court to their chief, old Sylvanus, she and Sir Satyrane rode away together. They went so fast and so carefully that no one could overtake them, and thus at last they came to the end of the forest, and out into the open plain.

Towards evening, after they had journeyed a long distance, they met a traveller. He

seemed as if he were a poor, simple pilgrim; his clothes were dusty and travel-worn; his face brown and scorched with the sun; he leant upon a staff, and carried all his necessaries in a srip, or little bag, hanging behind.

Sir Satyrane asked if there were any tidings of new adventures, but the stranger had heard of none. Then Una began to ask if he knew anything about a knight who wore on his shield a red cross.

“Alas, dear lady!” he replied, “I may well grieve to tell you the sad news! I have seen that knight with my own eyes, both alive and also dead.”

When Una heard these cruel words she was filled with sorrow and dismay, and begged the pilgrim to tell her everything he knew.

Then he related how on that very morning he had seen two knights preparing for battle. One was a pagan, the other was the Red Cross Knight. They fought with great fury, and in the end the Red Cross Knight was slain.

This story was altogether false. The pretended pilgrim was no other than the wicked enchanter Archimago, or *Hypocrisy*, in a fresh disguise. But Sir Satyrane and Una believed everything he told them.

"Where is this pagan now?" asked Satyrane.

"Not far from here," replied the pilgrim; "I left him resting beside a fountain."

Thereupon Sir Satyrane hastily marched off, and soon came to the place where he guessed that the other would be found. This pagan knight turned out to be Lawless, from whom, you may remember, Una had escaped in the forest, before she was found by the woodlanders. Sir Satyrane challenged Lawless to fight, and they were soon engaged in a fierce battle. Poor Una was so terrified at this new peril, and in such dread of Lawless, that she did not wait to see what the end would be, but fled far away as fast as she could.

Archimago had been watching everything from a secret hiding-place. Now, when he

saw Una escaping, he quickly followed, for he hoped to be able to work her some further mischief.

Giant Pride

When Duessa found that the Red Cross Knight had left the palace of Queen Lucifera, she immediately set out in search of him. It was not long before she found him where he sat wearily by the side of a fountain to rest himself. He had taken off all his armour, and his steed was cropping the grass close by. It was pleasant in the cool shade, and the soft wind blew refreshingly upon his forehead, while, in the trees above, numbers of singing birds delighted him with their sweet music.

Duessa at first pretended to be angry with the Knight for leaving her so unkindly, but they were soon good friends again. They stayed for some time beside the fountain, where the green boughs sheltered them from the scorching heat.

But although it looked so lovely and tempting, the fountain near which they sat was an enchanted one. Whoever tasted its waters grew faint and feeble.

The Knight, not knowing this, stooped down to drink of the stream, which was as clear as crystal. Then all his strength turned to weakness, his courage melted away, and a deadly chill crept over him.

At first he scarcely noticed the change, for he had grown careless both of himself and of his fame. But suddenly he heard a dreadful sound—a loud bellowing which echoed through the wood. The earth seemed to shake with terror, and all the trees trembled. The Knight, astounded, started up, and tried to seize his weapons. But before he could put on his armour, or get his shield, his monstrous enemy came stalking into sight.

It was a hideous Giant, great and horrible. The ground groaned under him. He was taller than three of the tallest men put together. His name was *Orgoglio*, or *Pride*, and his father's name was *Ignorance*. He

was puffed up with arrogance and conceit, and because he was so big and strong he despised every one else. He leant upon a gnarled oak, which he had torn up by its roots from the earth; it also served him as a weapon to dismay his foemen.

When he saw the Knight he advanced to him with dreadful fury. The latter, quite helpless, all in vain tried to prepare for battle. Disarmed, inwardly dismayed, and faint in every limb, he could scarcely wield even his useless blade. The Giant aimed such a merciless stroke at him, that if it had touched him it would have crushed him to powder. But the Knight leapt lightly to one side, and thus escaped the blow. So great, however, was the wind that the club made in whirling through the air that the Knight was overthrown, and lay on the ground stunned.

When Giant Pride saw his enemy lying helpless, he lifted up his club to kill him, but Duessa called to him to stay his hand.

“O Great Orgoglio,” she cried, “spare him for my sake, and do not kill him. Now

that he is vanquished make him your bond-slave, and, if you like, I will be your wife!"

Giant Pride was quite pleased with this arrangement, and, taking up the Red Cross Knight before he could awake from his swoon, he carried him hastily to his castle, and flung him, without pity, into a deep dungeon.

As for Duessa, from that day forth she was treated with the greatest honour. She was given gold and purple to wear, and a triple crown was placed upon her head, and every one had to obey her as if she were a queen. To make her more dreaded Orgoglio gave her a hideous dragon to ride. This dragon had seven heads, with gleaming eyes, and its body seemed made of iron and brass. Everything good that came within its reach it swept away with a great long tail, and then trampled under foot.

All the people's hearts were filled with terror when they saw Duessa riding on her dragon.

Prince Arthur

When the Red Cross Knight was made captive by Giant Pride and carried away, Prudence, his servant, who had seen his master's fall, sorrowfully collected his forsaken possessions—his mighty armour, missing when most needed, his silver shield, now idle and masterless, his sharp spear that had done good service in many a fray. With these he departed to tell his sad tale.

He had not gone far when he met Una, flying from the scene of battle, while Sir Satyrane hindered Lawless from pursuing her. When she saw Prudence carrying the armour of the Red Cross Knight she guessed something terrible had happened, and fell to the ground as if she were dying of sorrow.

Unhappy Prudence would gladly have died himself, but he did his best to restore Una to life. When she had recovered she implored him to tell her what had occurred.

Then the dwarf told her everything that had taken place since they parted. How the crafty Archimago had deceived the Red Cross Knight by his wiles, and made him believe that Una had left him; how the Knight had slain Faithless and had taken pity on Duessa because of the false tales she told. Prudence also told Una all about the House of Pride and its perils; he described the fight which the Knight had with Joyless, and lastly, he told about the luckless conflict with the great Giant Pride, when the Knight was made captive, whether living or dead he knew not.

Una listened patiently, and bravely tried to master her sorrow, which almost broke her heart, for she dearly loved the Red Cross Knight, for whose sake she had borne so many troubles. At last she rose, quite resolved to find him, alive or dead. The dwarf pointed out the way by which Giant Pride had carried his prisoner, and Una started on her quest. Long she wandered, through woods and across valleys, high over hills, and low among the dales, tossed

by storms and beaten by the wind, but still keeping steadfast to her purpose.

At last she chanced by good fortune to meet a knight, marching with his squire. This knight was the most glorious she had ever seen. His glittering armour shone far off, like the glancing light of the brightest ray of sunshine; it covered him from top to toe, and left no place unguarded. Across his breast he wore a splendid belt, covered with jewels that sparkled like stars. Among the jewels was one of great value, which shone with such brilliancy that it amazed all who beheld it. Close to this jewel hung the knight's sword, in an ivory sheath, carved with curious devices. The hilt was of burnished gold, the handle of mother-of-pearl, and it was buckled on with a golden clasp.

The helmet of this knight was also of gold, and for crest it had a golden dragon with wings. On the top of all was a waving plume, decked with sprinkled pearls, which shook and danced in every little breath of wind.

The shield of the warrior was closely

covered, and might never be seen by mortal eye. It was not made of steel nor of brass, but of one perfect and entire diamond. This had been hewn out of the adamant rock with mighty engines ; no point of spear could ever pierce it, nor dint of sword break it asunder.

This shield the knight never showed to mortals, unless he wished to dismay some huge monster or to frighten large armies that fought unfairly against him. No Magic arts nor enchanter's spell had any power against it. Everything that was not exactly what it seemed to be faded before it and fell to ruin.

The maker of the shield was supposed to be Merlin, a mighty magician ; he made it with the sword and armour for this young prince when the latter first took to arms.

The name of the knight was Prince Arthur, type of all Virtue and Magnificence, and pattern of all true Knighthood.

His squire bore after him his spear of ebony wood ; he was a gallant and noble

youth, who managed his fiery steed with much skill and courage.

When Prince Arthur came near Una, he greeted her with much courtesy. By her unwilling answers he guessed that some secret sorrow was troubling her, and his words were so kind and gentle that Una was soon persuaded to tell him her whole story.

"Truly, lady, you have much cause to grieve," said Prince Arthur when the story was finished. "But be of good cheer, and take comfort. Rest assured I will never forsake you until I have set free your captive Knight."

His cheerful words revived Una's drooping heart, and so they set forth on their journey, Prudence guiding them in the right way.

The Wondrous Bugle and the Mighty Shield

Badly indeed would it now have fared with the Red Cross Knight had it not been for the Lady Una. Even good people daily fall into sin and temptation, but as often as

their own foolish pride or weakness leads them astray, so often will Divine love and care rescue them, if only they repent of their misdoings. Thus we see how Holiness, in the guise of the Red Cross Knight, was for a while cast down and defeated; yet in the end, because he truly repented, help was given to fight again and conquer.

Prince Arthur and the Lady Una travelled till they came to a castle which was built very strong and high.

“Lo,” cried the dwarf, “yonder is the place where my unhappy master is held captive by that cruel tyrant!”

The Prince at once dismounted, and bade Una stay to see what would happen. He marched with his squire to the castle walls, where he found the gates shut fast. There was no warder to guard them, nor to answer to the call of any who came.

Then the squire took a small bugle which hung at his side with twisted gold and gay tassels. Wonderful stories were told about that bugle; every one trembled with dread at its shrill sound. It could easily be heard

three miles off, and whenever it was blown it echoed three times. No false enchantment or deceitful snare could stand before the terror of that blast. No gate was so strong, no lock was so firm and fast, but at that piercing noise it flew open or burst.

This was the bugle which Prince Arthur's squire blew before the gate of Giant Pride. Then the whole castle quaked, and every door flew open. The Giant himself, dismayed at the sound, came rushing forth in haste from an inner bower, to see what was the reason of this sudden uproar, and to discover who had dared to brave his power. After him came Duessa, riding on her dragon with the seven heads; every head had a crown on it, and a fiery tongue of flame.

When Prince Arthur saw Giant Pride, he took his mighty shield and flew at him fiercely; the Giant lifted up his club to smite him, but the Prince leaped to one side, and the weapon, missing him, buried itself with such force in the ground, that the Giant could not quickly pull it out again. Then

with his sharp sword Prince Arthur struck at the Giant, and wounded him severely; but once again the giant rushed at him with his club. This time the blow struck the Prince with such force, that it bore him to the ground. In the fall, his shield, that had been covered, lost by chance its veil, and flew open.

Then through the air flashed such a blaze of light, that no eye could bear to look upon it. Giant Pride let fall the weapon with which he was just going to slay the Prince, and the dragon was struck blind, and tumbled on the ground.

“Oh, help, Orgoglio, help, or we all perish!” cried Duessa.

Gladly would Giant Pride have helped her, but all was in vain; when that light shone he had no power to hurt others, nor to defend himself; so Prince Arthur soon killed him.

When he was dead, his great body, that had seemed so big and strong, suddenly melted away, and nothing was left but what looked like the shrivelled skin of a broken

balloon ; for, after all, there was no real substance in him, but he was simply puffed out with emptiness and conceit, and his grand appearance was nothing but a sham.

So that was the end of Giant Pride.

When false Duessa saw the fall of Giant Pride she flung down her golden cup, and threw aside her crown, and fled away. But the squire followed, and soon took her prisoner. Telling him to keep safe guard on her, Prince Arthur boldly entered the Giant's Castle. Not a living creature could he spy ; he called loudly, but no one answered ; a solemn silence reigned everywhere, not a voice was to be heard, nor a person seen, in bower or hall.

At last an old, old man, with beard as white as snow, came creeping along ; he guided his feeble steps with a staff, for long ago his sight had failed. On his arm he bore a bunch of keys, all covered with rust. They were the keys of all the doors inside the castle ; they were never used, but he still kept possession of them.

He was the keeper of the place, and the

father of the dead Giant Pride ; his name was *Ignorance*.

Prince Arthur, as was fitting, honoured his grey hair and gravity, and gently asked him where all the people were who used to live in that stately building, and where was the Knight whom the Giant had taken captive ?

“I cannot tell,” said the old man.

Then the Prince asked which was the way into the castle, and again he got the same answer, “I cannot tell.”

At first he thought the man was mocking him, and began to be much displeased. But presently, seeing that the poor old thing could not help his foolishness, he wisely calmed his anger. Going up to him he took the keys from his arm, and opened each door for himself without difficulty.

Inside the castle he found the whole place fitted up in the most splendid manner, decked with royal tapestry, and shining with gold, fit for the presence of the greatest prince. But all the floors were dirty, and strewn with ashes, for it was here that the wicked Giant Pride used to slay his unhappy victims.

Prince Arthur sought through every room, but nowhere could he find the Red Cross Knight. At last he came to an iron door, which was fast locked, but he found no key among the bunch to open it. In the door, however, there was a little grating, and through this the Prince called as loudly as he could, to know if there were any living person shut up there whom he could set free.

Then there came a hollow voice in answer. "Oh, who is that who brings to me the happy choice of death? Here I lie, dying every hour, yet still compelled to live, bound in horrible darkness. Three months have come and gone since I beheld the light of day. Oh, welcome, you who bring true tidings of death."

When Prince Arthur heard these words his heart was so filled with pity and horror at any noble knight being thus shamefully treated, that, in his strength and indignation, he rent open the iron door. But entering, he found no floor; there was a deep descent, as dark as a pit, from which came up a horrible deadly smell.

Neither darkness, however, nor dirt, nor poisonous smell could turn the Prince from his purpose, and he went forward courageously. With great trouble and difficulty he found means to raise the captive, whose own limbs were too feeble to bear him, and then he carried him out of the castle.

What a mournful picture was now the Red Cross Knight! His dull, sunken eyes could not bear the unaccustomed light of the sun; his cheeks were thin and gaunt; his mighty arms, that had fought so often and so bravely, were nothing now but bones; all his strength was gone, and all his flesh shrunk up like a withered flower.

When Una saw Prince Arthur carrying the Red Cross Knight out of the castle she ran to them joyfully; it made her glad even to see the Knight, but she was full of sorrow at the sight of his pale, wan face, which had formerly been radiant with the glory of youth.

“My dearest lord,” she cried, “what evil star has frowned on you and changed you thus? But welcome now, in weal or woe, my dear lord whom I have lost for so long.”

"Come, Sir Knight," said the Prince, "take to yourself your old strength, and master these mishaps by patience. Look where your foe lies vanquished, and the wicked woman, Duessa, the cause of all your misery, stands in your power, to let her live or die."

"To kill her would be to act unworthily," said Una, "and it would be a shame to avenge one's self on such a weak enemy. But take off her scarlet robe and let her fly!"

So they did as Una bade them. They took from Duessa all her finery—her royal robe, and purple cloak, and all the rich ornaments with which she was decked. And when this disguise was taken from her they saw her as she really was—old and ugly and bad. She would no longer be able to deceive people by her pretended goodness and youth and beauty, for every one who saw her shrunk away in horror.

"Such," said Una, "is the face of Falsehood when its borrowed light is laid aside, and all its deceitfulness is made known."

Thus, having taken from Duessa her power to work evil, they set her free to go



“THE PRINCE CARRIED HIM OUT OF THE CASTLE.”

where she pleased. She fled to a barren wilderness, where she lurked unseen in rocks and caves, for she always hated the light.

But Prince Arthur, and the Red Cross Knight, and fair Una stayed for awhile in the castle of Giant Pride, to rest themselves and to recover their strength. And here they found a goodly store of all that was dainty and rare.

The House of Holiness

When the two Knights and the Lady Una had rested awhile in the castle of Giant Pride, they set out again on their journey—Prince Arthur to go about his own work, and the Knight to fight the terrible Dragon that was laying waste the kingdom that belonged to Una's father and mother. But she, seeing how thin and ill her champion looked, and knowing that he was still weak and weary, would not hasten forward; his long imprisonment had wasted away all his strength, and he was still quite unfit to fight. Therefore she determined to bring him to a place

where he might refresh himself, and recover from his late sad plight.

There was an ancient house not far away, renowned through all the world for its goodness and holy learning, so well was it guided and governed by a wise matron. Her only joy was to comfort those in trouble and to help the helpless poor. She was called Dame Celia—the “Heavenly Lady”—and she had three beautiful daughters, Fidelia (*Faith*), Speranza (*Hope*), and Charissa (*Love*).

Dame Celia entertained them with every courtesy she could think of, and nothing was lacking to show her generosity and wisdom. Whilst they were talking, two beautiful maidens came in; they were Faith and Hope, the two youngest daughters. Faith was arrayed all in lily-white, and her face shone like the light of the sun; in one hand she held a book. Her younger sister, Hope, was clad all in blue, and carried a silver anchor; her face was not as cheerful as Faith's but it was very noble and steadfast.

Presently a servant, called *Obedience*,

came and conducted the guests to their rooms, in order that they might rest awhile. Afterwards Una asked Faith if she would allow the Red Cross Knight to enter her school-house, in order that he might share in her heavenly learning, and hear the divine wisdom of her words.

So the Knight went to school to learn of Faith, and many were the wondrous things she taught him. Now he saw in its true light all the error of his ways, and he began truly to repent of all his wrong-doings. The thought of them was so bitter that he felt he was no longer worthy to live.

Then came Hope with sweet comfort, and bade him trust steadily and not lose heart. And Dame Celia, seeing how unhappy he was, sent to him a wonderful doctor called *Patience*. Thanks to his skill and wisdom, and to the careful nursing of his attendant, *Repentance*, the Red Cross Knight presently recovered, and grew well and strong again.

After this, Una took him one day to visit the third daughter, whose name was Love. She was so wonderfully beautiful and good

that there were few on earth to compare with her. They found her in the midst of a group of happy children; she wore a yellow robe, and sat in an ivory chair, and at her side were two turtle-doves.

Una besought Love to let the Red Cross Knight learn of her whatever she could teach, and to this request Love gladly agreed. Then she began to instruct the Knight in all good things. She spoke to him of love and righteousness, and how to do well, and bade him shun all wrath and hatred, which are displeasing to God. And when she had well taught him this, she went on to show him the path to heaven.

The better to guide his weak and wandering steps, she called an ancient matron, named *Mercy*, well known for her gracious and tender ways. Into her careful charge Love gave the Knight, to lead in the right path, so that he should never fall in all his journeying through the wide world, but come to the end in safety.

Then *Mercy*, taking the Knight by the hand, led him away by a narrow path; it was

scattered with bushy thorns and ragged briars, but these she always cleared away before him, so that nothing might hinder his ready passage. And whenever his footsteps were cumbered, or began to falter and stray, she held him fast, and bore him up, so that he never fell.

The City of the Great King

By-and-by the Red Cross Knight came with his guide to a steep and high hill, on the top of which was a church, with a little hermitage. Here there dwelt an old man, called *Contemplation*. He spent all his days in prayer and meditation, never thinking of worldly business, but only of God and goodness. When he saw the travellers approaching he greeted them civilly, and asked why they had climbed that tedious height.

“For that same purpose which every living person should make his aim—the wish to go to Heaven,” replied Mercy. “Does not the path lead straight from here to that most glorious place which shines with ever-

living light? The keys were given into your hands by Faith, who requires that you show the lovely city to this knight in accordance with his desire."

Then Contemplation took the Red Cross Knight, and, after the latter had fasted awhile and prayed, he led him to the highest part of the hill.

From there he showed him a little path, steep and long, which led to a goodly city. The walls and towers were built very high and strong, of pearl and precious stones, more beautiful than tongue can tell. It was called "The City of the Great King," and in it dwelt eternal peace and happiness.

As the Knight stood gazing, he could see the blessed angels descending to and fro, and walking in the streets of the city, as friend walks with friend. At this he much wondered, and he began to ask what was the stately building that lifted its lofty towers so near the starry sky, and what unknown nation dwelt there.

"Fair Knight," said his companion, "that is Jerusalem—the New Jerusalem, which

God has built for those to dwell in that are His chosen people, cleansed from sinful guilt by Christ, who died for the sins of the whole world. Now they are saints together in that city."

"Until now," said the Knight, "I thought that the city of Queen Gloriana, whence I come, was the fairest that might ever be seen. But now I know otherwise, for that great city yonder far surpasses it."

"Most true," said the holy man. "Seek this path which I point out to you, for it will in the end bring you to Heaven. Go peaceably on your pilgrimage to the City of the Great King. A blessed end is ordained for you. Amongst the saints you shall be a saint, the friend and patron of your own nation. St. George you shall be called—'Saint George for merry England, the sign of Victory.'"

"O holy Sire!" said the Knight, "how can I requite you for all that you have done for me?"

His eyes were dazzled by the brightness of the glory at which he had been gazing,

so that he could scarcely see the ground by which to return; so dark are earthly things compared with divine.

Thanking and rewarding the good man for all his trouble, the Red Cross Knight returned to Una, who was anxiously awaiting him. She received him with joy, and after he had rested a little, she bade him be mindful of the task still before him. So they took leave of Dame Celia and her three daughters, and once more set out on their journey.

The Last Fight

At last Una and the Knight came to Una's kingdom, where her parents were held captive, and all the land lay wasted by the terrible dragon. As they drew near their journey's end they heard a hideous roaring sound, which filled the air, and almost shook the solid ground. Soon they saw the dreadful dragon where he lay stretched on the sunny side of a great hill. Directly he caught sight of the glittering armour of the Knight, he quickly roused himself, and hastened towards them.

The Red Cross Knight bade Una go to a hill at some distance, from where she might behold the battle and be safe from danger. She had scarcely done so when the huge beast drew near, half flying, and half running in his haste.

He was a dreadful creature to look at, very big, covered with brazen scales like a coat of steel, which he clashed loudly as he came. He had two immense wings with which he could fly, and at the point of his great, knotted tail were two stings, sharper than the sharpest steel. Worse even than these, however, were his cruel claws, which tore to pieces everything that came within their clutches. He had three rows of iron teeth, and his eyes, blazing with wrath, sparkled like living fire.

Such was the terrible monster with whom the Red Cross Knight had now to do battle.

All day they fought; and when evening came the Knight was quite worn out and almost defeated. As it chanced, however, close by was a spring, the waters of which possessed a wonderful gift of healing. The

Knight was driven backwards and fell into this well. The dragon clapped his wings in triumph, for he thought he had gained the victory. But so great was the power of the water in this well that although the Knight's own strength was utterly exhausted, yet he rose out of it refreshed and vigorous. The dawn of the next day found him stronger than ever, and ready for battle.

The name of the spring was called the Well of Life.

All through the second day the battle lasted, and again, when evening came, the Knight was almost defeated. But this night he rested under a beautiful tree laden with goodly fruit; the name of the tree was the Tree of Life. From it flowed, as from a well, a trickling stream of balm, a perfect cure for all ills, and whoever ate of its fruit attained to everlasting life.

The strength of the Red Cross Knight alone would never have been sufficient to overcome the terrible Dragon of Sin, but the water of the Well of Life, and the balm from the Tree of Life, gave him a power that nothing could resist.

On the morning of the third day he slew the dragon.

The sun had scarcely risen on the third day, when the watchman on the walls of the brazen tower saw the death of the dragon. He hastily called to the captive King and Queen, who, coming forth, ordered the tidings of peace and joy to be proclaimed through the whole land.

Then all the trumpets sounded for victory, and the people came flocking as to a great feast, rejoicing at the fall of the cruel enemy, from whose bondage they were now free.

Forth from the castle came the King and Queen, attended by a noble company. In front marched a goodly band of brave young men, all able to wield arms, but who now bore laurel branches in sign of victory and peace. These they threw at the feet of the Red Cross Knight, and hailed him conqueror.

Then came beautiful maidens with garlands of flowers and timbrels; troops of merry children ran in front, dancing and singing to the sound of sweet music. When they

reached the spot where Una stood, they bowed before her, and crowned her with a garland, so that she looked—as indeed she was—a queen.

The King gave goodly gifts of gold and ivory to his brave champion, and thanked him a thousand times for all that he had done. Then the Red Cross Knight and Una were brought in triumph to the palace; the trumpets and the clarions sounded, and all the people sang for joy, and strewed their garments in the way. At the palace everything was splendid and beautiful, as befitted a prince's court, and here a great feast was held.

The Red Cross Knight could not yet marry Una, for when he first took up arms he had promised Queen Gloriana to serve her in warlike ways for six years. They were, however, solemnly betrothed, and we know that whatever new perils lay before the Knight, he would be able to overcome them all by the help of his heavenly armour, and that in the end he would be restored to Una, to dwell happily with her for ever.

“The Good Sir Guyon”

Sir Guyon meets the Magician

ARCHIMAGO, the wicked magician, who had worked such mischief to Una and the Red Cross Knight, was very angry when he found that in the end all his evil wiles were defeated, and that the Knight and the lady were happily betrothed. He would willingly have brought more trouble on them, but he was powerless to do any harm to Una, for she was now safely restored to her own kingdom, and living in the care of her father and mother. He therefore directed all his spite against the Knight, who had once more to set forth on his adventures, as he had promised Queen Gloriana to serve her faithfully for six years. At the end of that time, as we know, he hoped to return and marry Una.

Archimago, whose other name you may

remember was *Hypocrisy*, set all his wits to work to see what harm he could do the Knight, for he knew that after all the troubles he had fallen into he would be more than usually careful. He kept laying snares for him, and placed spies wherever he went, but the Knight had now become so wise and wary that he always found out and shunned the danger. Archimago, however, still kept on hoping he should find some way to hurt him, and at last his opportunity came.

It happened, one day, that the enchanter saw marching to meet him a noble knight. The stranger was clad in shining armour and rode a splendid war-horse; his bearing was very stately, and his face, although calm and beautiful, was so stern and noble that all his friends loved him and his foes feared him. He was one of the chief knights of Queen Gloriana's court, a man of great honour and power in his native land. His name was Sir Guyon.

As the Red Cross Knight was known as the champion of *Holiness*, so Sir Guyon was known as the Knight of *Temperance*.

With him now there was an aged palmer or pilgrim, clad in black; his hair was grey and he leant on a staff. To judge by his look he was a wise and grave old man, and he seemed to be acting as guide to the Knight, who carefully checked his prancing horse to keep pace with his slow footsteps.

The name of the black palmer was *Conscience*, and he went with Sir Guyon as his companion and adviser, somewhat in the same fashion as *Prudence* had gone as servant with the Red Cross Knight.

When Archimago saw Sir Guyon, he immediately stopped him, just as on a former occasion he had stopped the Red Cross Knight.

This time he had a fresh story to tell, which, of course, was perfectly false. He implored Sir Guyon to come to the help of a beautiful maiden, cruelly ill-treated by a rough knight, who had cut off her golden locks, and threatened to kill her with his sharp sword.

"What!" cried Sir Guyon, his gentle nature roused to indignation, "is the man still alive who could do such a deed?"

"He is alive, and boasts of it," said wicked Hypocrisy. "Nor has any other knight yet punished him for it."

"Take me to him at once," said Sir Guyon.

"That I can easily do," said Archimago. "I will show you where he is," and he hurried off in high glee, for he thought that at last he had found a way of revenging himself on the Red Cross Knight.

Archimago and Sir Guyon came presently to a place where a beautiful lady sat alone, with torn clothes and ruffled hair; she was weeping bitterly and wringing her hands, and when Sir Guyon asked her the cause of her grief she said it was because she had been most cruelly treated by a rough knight.

This lady, who seemed so good and gentle, was, in reality, no other than Duessa (or *Falsehood*), who had formerly led the Red Cross Knight into such trouble. Her old companion, Archimago, had found her wandering forlorn in the desert whither she had been banished by Prince Arthur, and had again decked her out in fine clothes and

ornaments, so that she might help him in his wicked schemes.

Her cunning quite deceived Sir Guyon, who believed everything she told him.

“Be comforted, fair lady,” he said, “and tell me who did this, so that I can punish him at once.”

“I do not know his name,” she replied, “but he rode a dappled grey steed, and on his silver shield there was a red cross.”

When Sir Guyon heard this he was amazed.

“I cannot think how that knight could have done such a deed,” he said, “for I can say boldly he is a right good knight. I was present when he first took arms and started out to help the Lady Una, since when he has won great glory, as I have heard tell. Nevertheless, he shall be made to explain this, and if he cannot clear himself of all blame, be sure he shall be well punished.”

Duessa was greatly pleased when she heard this, for now she hoped there would be a quarrel between the two knights.

Archimago's wicked plan, however, came to nothing, for when the Red Cross Knight

and Sir Guyon met, instead of fighting, they speedily became friends. Sir Guyon explained how he had been cheated into believing a false tale by Archimago and Duessa, both of whom now fled away, and he asked pardon of the Red Cross Knight for having greeted him at first in a hostile manner.

Then the two Knights took leave of each other with much courtesy and goodwill. Sir Guyon went forward on his journey, still guided by the Black Palmer, who led him over hill and dale, pointing out the way with his staff, and by his wise judgment guarding his master from all dangers into which his own hasty nature might have made him fall.

The Story of the Knight and the Lady

After leaving the Red Cross Knight, Sir Guyon and the Black Palmer (or *Conscience*) travelled for some distance, fighting and winning many battles as they went, which brought much honour to the Knight.

But the chief adventure in Sir Guyon's life began in this way:

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One day, passing through a forest, they heard sounds of bitter weeping and lamentation.

Sir Guyon dismounted and rushed into the thicket, where he found a beautiful lady dying on the ground. In her arms there was a lovely baby, and the dead body of an armed knight lay close beside them.

Horrified at the sight, Sir Guyon did all he could to restore the lady to life, but she begged him to leave her alone to die in peace, for her sorrows, she said, were more than she could bear.

“Dear lady,” said Sir Guyon, “all that I wish is to comfort you, and to bring you some relief, therefore tell me the cause of your misfortune.”

“Listen, then,” she answered. “This dead man, the gentlest, bravest knight that ever lived, was my husband, the good Sir Mordant. One day he rode forth, as is the custom of knights, to seek adventures, and it chanced most unhappily he came to the place where the wicked Acrasia lives—

Acrasia, the false enchantress, who has brought ruin on so many knights. Her dwelling is within a wandering island, in Perilous Gulf. Fair sir, if ever you travel there, shun the hateful place! I will tell you the name—it is called the *Bower of Bliss*. Acrasia's one aim in life is *Pleasure*. In the Bower of Bliss nothing is thought of but eating and drinking, and every kind of luxury and extravagance. All those who come within it forget everything good and noble, and care for nothing but to amuse themselves. When my dear knight never returned to me I set forth in search of him, and here I found him, a captive to the spells of Acrasia. At first he did not even know me; but by-and-by, with great care, I brought him back to a better state of mind, and persuaded him to leave the Bower of Bliss. But the wicked enchantress, angry at losing one of her victims, gave him a parting cup of poison, and stooping to drink at this well, he suddenly fell dead. When I saw this —" Here the lady's own words failed, and, lying down as if to

sleep, quiet death put an end to all her sorrow.

Sir Guyon felt such grief at what had happened that he could scarcely keep from weeping.

He and the Palmer dug a grave under the cypress-trees, and here they tenderly placed the dead bodies of the Knight and the Lady, and bade them sleep in everlasting peace. And before they left the spot Sir Guyon swore a solemn vow that he would avenge the hapless little orphan child for the death of his parents.

The Three Sisters

After the burial of the Knight and the Lady Sir Guyon gave the little baby into the care of the Palmer, and, lading himself with the heavy armour of the dead Sir Mordant, the two started again on their journey. But when they came to the place where Sir Guyon had left his steed, with its golden saddle and costly trappings, they found, to their surprise and vexation, that

it had quite disappeared. It had been stolen by an idle, worthless fellow called Braggadocio, who happened to pass that way. They were obliged, therefore, to go forward on foot.

By-and-by they came to a famous old castle, built on a rock near the sea. In this castle lived three sisters, who were so different in character that they could never agree. The eldest and the youngest were always quarrelling, and they were both as disagreeable as possible to the middle sister. Elissa, the eldest, was very harsh and stern; she always looked discontented, and she despised every kind of pleasure or merriment. It was useless ever to attempt to make her smile; she was always frowning and scolding in a way not at all becoming to any gentle lady.

Perissa, the youngest sister, was just as bad in the other direction; she cared for nothing but amusement, and was so full of laughter and play that she forgot all rules of right and reason, and became quite thoughtless and silly. She spent all her

time in eating and drinking and dressing herself up in fine clothes.

These two sisters showed the evil of two extremes; but the middle sister, Medina, or "*Golden Mean*," as she was sometimes called, was the type of moderation, and all that was right and proper. She was sweet and gracious and womanly; not harsh and stern, like Elissa, nor yet heedless and silly, like Perissa. She dressed richly, but quietly, and her clothes suited her well; they were different alike from Elissa's mean and shabby apparel and Perissa's extravagance.

When Medina saw Sir Guyon approaching the castle, she met him on the threshold, and led him in like an honoured guest; then she prepared a feast to which she invited all the other inmates of the castle. Elissa and Perissa came very unwillingly, though they attempted to hide their grudging and envy under a pretence of cheerfulness. One sister thought the entertainment provided far too much, and the other sister thought it far too little. Elissa would scarcely speak or eat anything, while Perissa

chattered and ate far more than was right or proper.

After the feast Medina begged Sir Guyon to tell them the story of his adventures, and to say on what quest he was now bound.

Then Sir Guyon told them all about the court of the Faerie Queene, Gloriana, and how he had sworn service to her, and promised to go out into the world to fight every kind of evil. The task he had now in hand was to find out the wicked enchantress, Acrasia, and to destroy her dwelling, for she had done more bad deeds than could be told, and, among them, had brought about the deaths of the father and mother of the poor little baby he had taken under his care.

By the time Sir Guyon's tale was finished the night was far spent, and all the guests in the castle betook themselves to rest.

The Idle Lake

As soon as it was dawn, Sir Guyon arose, and, mindful of his appointed work, armed himself again for the journey.

The little baby whom he had rescued he entrusted to the tender care of Medina, entreating her to train him up as befitted his noble birth. Then, since his good steed had been stolen from him, he and the Palmer fared forward on foot.

In the course of their journey they came at last to the shores of a great lake. The water of this lake was thick and sluggish, unmoved by any wind or tide. In the midst of it floated an island, a lovely plot of fertile land, set like a little nest among the wide waves. The island was full of dainty herbs and flowers, beautiful trees with spreading branches, and with birds singing sweetly on every branch. But everything there—the flowers, the trees, and the singing birds—only served to tempt weak-minded people to be slothful and lazy. Lying on the soft grass in some shady dell, they forgot there was any such thing as work or duty, and cared for nothing but to sleep away the time in idle dreams.

Up to the present, Sir Guyon had only had to face adventures of a stern and pain-

ful kind, but now he was to be put to quite a different test. Would he fall a prey to the sloth and luxury of this island, or would he remain faithful to his knightly duty?

When Sir Guyon and his companion, Conscience, came to the shore of the lake, they saw, floating near, a little gondola, all decked with boughs. In the gondola sat a beautiful lady, amusing herself by singing and laughing loudly. She came at once when Guyon called, and offered to ferry him across the lake; but when the Knight was in the boat, she refused to let the Palmer get in, and neither money nor entreaties would induce her to take the old man with them. Sir Guyon was very unwilling to leave his guide behind, but he could not go back, for the boat, obeying the lady's wish, shot away more swiftly than a swallow flies. It needed no oar nor pilot to guide it, nor any sails to carry it with the wind; it knew how to go exactly where its owner wanted, and could save itself both from rocks and shoals.

The name of the lady in the gondola was Phædrria; she was one of the servants of

the wicked enchantress, Acrasia, whom Sir Guyon was now on his way to attack. She hoped that the beautiful island would entrap the Knight, and make him delay his journey and forget his purpose.

On the way, as was her custom, she began joking and laughing loudly, thinking this would amuse her guest. Sir Guyon was so kind and courteous that he was quite ready to join in any real merriment; but when he saw his companion grow noisier and sillier every moment, he began to despise her and did not care to share her foolish attempts at fun. But she went on still in the same manner till at last they reached the island.

When Sir Guyon saw this land, he knew he was out of his way, and was very angry.

"Lady," he said, "you have not done right to me, to mislead me like this, when I trusted you. There was no need for me to have strayed from my right way."

"Fair sir," she said, "do not be angry. He who travels on the sea cannot command his way, nor order wind and weather at his pleasure. The sea is wide, and it is

easy to stray on it; the wind is uncertain. But here you may rest awhile in safety, till the season serves to attempt a new passage. Better be safe in port than on a rough sea," she ended laughingly.

Sir Guyon was not at all pleased, but he checked his anger and stepped on shore. Phædria at once began to show off all the delights of the island, which grew in beauty wherever she went. The flowers sprang freshly, the trees burst into bud and early blossom, and a whole chorus of birds broke into song.

Phædria strove, by every device in her power, so to charm Sir Guyon that he would forget all deeds of daring and his knightly duty. But Sir Guyon was wise, and took care not to be carried away by these delights, though he would not seem so rude as to despise anything that a gentle lady did to give him pleasure. He spoke many times of his desire to leave, but she kept on making excuses to delay his journey.

Now it happened that Phædria had already



“Lady, you have not done right to mislead me like this.”

allured to the island another knight. This was Cymocles, whose name means *the Anger of the Sea*. He was the brother of a fierce knight called Pyrocles (*the Anger of Fire*), whom Sir Guyon had already fought and conquered. Cymocles had been sunk in a heavy sleep when Sir Guyon arrived, but when he woke up and discovered the new-comer, he flew at once into a furious rage, and rushed to attack him.

Sir Guyon, of course, was quite ready to defend himself, and Cymocles soon found that he had never before met such a powerful foe. The fight between them was so terrible that Phædria, overcome with pity and dismay, rushed forward, and implored them for her sake to stop. She blamed herself as the cause of all the mischief, and entreated them not to disgrace the name of knighthood by strife and cruelty, but to make peace and be friends.

So great is the power of gentle words to a brave and generous heart, that at her speech their rage began to relent. When all was over, Sir Guyon again begged the

lady to let him depart, and to give him passage to the opposite shore. She was now quite as glad as he was for him to go, for she saw that all her folly and vain delights were powerless to tempt him from his duty, and she did not want her selfish ease and pleasure to be troubled with terror and the clash of arms. So she bade him get into the little boat again, and soon conveyed him swiftly to the further strand.

The Realm of Pluto

Sir Guyon having lost his trusty guide, Conscience, who was left behind on the shore of the Idle Lake, had now to go on his way alone. At last he came to a gloomy glade where the thick branches and shrubs shut away the daylight. There, lurking in the shade, he found a rude, savage man, very ugly and unpleasant-looking. His face was tanned with smoke, his eyes dull, his head and beard streaked with soot, his hands were coal-black, as if burnt at a smith's forge, and his nails were like claws.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,

was lined with gold, which, though now darkened with dirt, seemed as if it had been formerly a work of rich and curious design. In his lap he counted over a mass of coin, feasting his eyes and his covetous wishes with the sight of his huge treasury, while round about on every side lay great heaps of gold, which could never be spent.

As soon as the man saw Sir Guyon he rose, in great haste and fright, to hide his mounds of treasure, and began with trembling hands to pour them through a hole into the earth. But Sir Guyon, though he was himself dismayed at the sight, sprang forward to stop him.

“Who are you that live here in the desert, and hide away from people’s sight, and from their proper use, all these rich heaps of wealth?” he asked.

Looking at him with great disdain, the man replied, “You are very rash and heedless of yourself, Sir Knight, to come here to trouble me, and my heaps of treasure. I call myself ‘King of this world and worldlings’—Great Mammon—the greatest power on earth. Riches, renown, honour, estate,

and all the goods of this world, for which men ceaselessly toil and moil, flow forth from me in abundance. If you will deign to serve and follow me, all these mountains of gold shall be at your command, and, if these will not suffice, you shall have ten times as much."

"Mammon," said the Knight, "your boast of kingship is in vain, and your bribe of golden wages is useless. Offer your gifts to those who covet such dazzling gain. It would ill befit me, who spend my days in deeds of daring and pursuit of honour, to pay any attention to the tempting baits with which you bewitch weak men. Fair shields, gay steeds, bright armour are my delight. These are the riches fit for a venturesome knight."

Mammon went on trying to tempt the Knight with all sorts of alluring promises, but Sir Guyon stood firm. He pointed out the evils that had come through riches, which he considered the root of all unquietness—first got with guile, then kept with dread, afterwards spent with pride and lavishness, and leaving behind them grief and heaviness. They were the cause of

infinite mischief, strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness, wrong-doing and covetousness, which noble hearts despise as dishonour. Innocent people were murdered, kings slain, great cities sacked and burnt, and other evils, too many to mention, were caused by the desire to gain riches.

“Son,” said Mammon at last, “let be your scorn, and leave the wrongs done in the old days to those who lived in them. You who live in these later times must work for wealth, and risk your life for gold. If you choose to use what I offer you, take what you please of all this abundance; if you don’t choose, you are free to refuse it, but do not afterwards blame the thing you have refused.”

“I do not choose to receive anything,” replied the Knight, “until I am sure that it has been well come by. How do I know but what you have got these goods by force or fraud from their rightful owners?”

“No eye has ever yet seen nor tongue counted, nor hand handled them,” said Mammon. “I keep them safe hidden in a secret place. Come and see.”

Then Mammon led Sir Guyon through the thick covert, and found a dark way which no man could spy, that went deep down into the ground, and was compassed round with dread and horror. At length they came into a larger space, that stretched into a wide plain; a broad beaten highway ran across this, leading straight to the grisly realm of Pluto, ruler of the Lower Regions.

It was indeed a horrible road. By the wayside sat fiendish Vengeance and turbulent Strife, one brandishing an iron whip, the other a knife, and both gnashing their teeth and threatening the lives of those who went by. On the other side, in one group, sat cruel Revenge and rancorous Spite, disloyal Treason and heart-burning Hate; but gnawing Jealousy sat alone out of their sight, biting his lips; and trembling Fear ran to and fro, finding no place where he might safely shroud himself. Lamenting Sorrow lay in the darkness, and Shame hid his ugly face from living eye. Over them always fluttered grim Horror, beating his iron wings, and after him flew owls and night-ravens, messengers of evil tidings, while a harpy—a hideous bird

of ill omen—sitting on a cliff near, sang a song of bitter sorrow that would have broken a heart of flint, and when it was ended flew swiftly after Horror.

All these lay before the gates of Pluto, and passing by, Sir Guyon and Mammon said nothing to them, but all the way wondered the eyes and filled the thoughts of Sir Guyon.

At last Mammon brought him to a little door that was next adjoining to the wide-open gate of Hades, and nothing parted them; there was only a little stride between them, dividing the House of Riches from the mouth of the Lower Regions.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care, keeping watch and ward, day and night, for fear lest Force or Fraud should break in, and steal the treasure he was guarding. Nor would he allow Sleep once to come near, although his drowsy den was next.

Directly Mammon arrived, the door opened, and gave passage to him. Sir Guyon still kept following, for neither darkness nor danger could dismay him.

The Cave of Mammon

As soon as Mammon and Sir Guyon entered the House of Riches, the door immediately shut of itself, and from behind it leapt forth an ugly fiend, who followed them wherever they went. He kept an eager watch on Guyon, hoping that before long the Knight would lay a covetous hand on some of the treasures, in which case he was ready to tear him to pieces with his claws.

The form of the house inside was rude and strong, like a huge cave hewn out of the cliff; from cracks in the rough vault hung lumps of gold, and every rift was laden with rich metal, so that they seemed ready to fall in pieces, while high above all the spider spun her crafty web, smothered in smoke and clouds blacker than jet. The roof and floor and walls were all of gold, but covered with dust and hid in darkness, so that no one could see the colour of it; for the cheerful daylight never came inside that house, only a faint shadow of uncertain light, like a dying lamp. Nothing was to be seen

but great iron chests and strong coffers, all barred with double bands of metal, so that no one could force them open by violence; but all the ground was strewn with the bones of dead men, who had lost their lives in that place, and were now left there unburied.

They passed on, and Guyon spoke not a word till they came to an iron door, which opened to them of its own accord, and showed them such a store of riches as the eye of man had never seen before.

Then Mammon, turning to the warrior, said, "Behold here the world's happiness! Behold here the end at which all men aim, to be made rich! Such favour—to be happy—is now laid before you."

"I will not have your offered favour," said the Knight, "nor do I intend to be happy in that way. Before my eyes I place another happiness, another end. To those that take pleasure in them, I resign these base things. But I prefer to spend my fleeting hours in fighting and brave deeds, and would rather be lord over those who have riches than have them myself and be their slave."

At that the fiend gnashed his teeth, and

was angry because he was kept so long from his prey, for he thought that so glorious a bait would surely have tempted his guest. Had it done so, he would have snatched him away lighter than a dove in a falcon's claws.

But, when Mammon saw he had missed his object, he thought of another way to entrap the Knight unawares. He led him away into another room where there were a hundred furnaces burning fiercely. By every furnace were many evil spirits horrible to see, busily engaged in tending the fires, or working with the molten metal. When they saw Guyon they all stood stock still to wonder at him, for they had never seen such a mortal before; he was almost afraid of their staring eyes and hideous figures.

"Behold what living eye has never seen before," said Mammon. "Here is the fountain of the world's good. If, therefore, you will be rich, be well advised and change your wilful mood, lest hereafter you may wish and not be able to have."

"Let it suffice that I refuse all your idle offers," said Guyon. "All that I need I have. Why should I covet more than I



“ ‘ BEHOLD WHAT LIVING EYE HAS NEVER SEEN ! ’ ”

can use? Keep such vain show for your worldlings, but give me leave to follow my quest."

Mammon was much displeased, but he led him forward, to entice him further. He brought him through a dark and narrow way to a broad gate, built of beaten gold. The gate was open, but there stood in front of it a sturdy fellow, very bold and defiant-looking. In his right hand he held an iron club, but he himself seemed as if he were made of gold. His name was Disdain. When he saw Guyon he brandished his club, but Mammon bade him be still, and led his guest past him.

He took him into a large place, like some solemn temple; great golden pillars upheld the massive roof, and every pillar was decked with crowns and diadems, such as princes wore while reigning on earth. A crowd of people of every sort and nation were there assembled, all pressing with a great uproar to the upper part, where was placed a high throne. On it sat a woman, clad in gorgeous robes of royalty. Her face seemed marvellously fair; her beauty

threw such brightness round that all men could see it; it was not all her own, however, but was partly made up by art.

As she sat there, glittering, she held a great gold chain, the upper end of which reached high into heaven, and the other end deep down into the lower regions; and all the crowd around her pressed to catch hold of that chain, to climb aloft by it, and excel others.

The name of the chain was *Ambition*, and every link was a step of dignity. Some thought to raise themselves to a high place by riches, some by pushing, some by flattery, some by friends—and all by wrong ways, for those that were up themselves kept others low, and those that were low held tight hold of others, not letting them rise, while every one strove to throw down his companions.

When Guyon saw this he began to ask what all the crowd meant, and who was the lady that sat on the throne.

"That goodly person, round whom every one flocks, is my dear daughter," said Mammon. "From her alone come honour

and dignity, and this world's happiness, for which all men struggle, but which few get. She is called Philotime, *the Love of Honour*, and she is the fairest lady in the world. Since you have found favour with me, I will make her your wife, if you like, that she may advance you, because of your work and just merits."

"I thank you much, Mammon," said the gentle Knight, "for offering me such favour, but I am only a mortal, and, I know well, an unworthy match for such a wife. And, if I were not, yet is my troth plighted and my love declared to another lady, and to change one's love without cause is a disgrace to a knight."

Mammon was inwardly enraged, but, hiding his feelings, he led him away, through the grisly shadows, by a beaten path, into a garden well furnished with herbs and fruits of an unknown kind. They were not such as men gather from the fertile earth, sweet and of good taste, but deadly black, both leaf and flower. Here grew cypress and ebony, poppy and deadly nightshade, hemlock, and many other

poisonous plants. The place was called the Garden of Proserpine. In the midst was a silver seat, under a thick arbour, and near by grew a great tree with spreading branches, laden with golden apples.

Mammon showed the Knight many wonders in the Garden of Proserpine, and tried to tempt him to sit in the silver seat, or to eat of the golden apples. If Guyon had done so, the horrible monster who waited behind would have pounced on him and torn him to pieces; but he was wary and took care not to yield to temptation, so the beguiler was cheated of his prey. But now he began to feel weak and ill for want of food and sleep, for three days had passed since he entered the cave. So he begged Mammon to guide him back to the surface of the earth. Mammon, though very unwilling, was forced to obey; but the change was too much for Guyon in his feeble state, and as soon as he came into the light, and began to breathe the fresh air, he fainted away.

Here, not long after, he was found by his faithful attendant, the Palmer, who

when refused a passage by the maid in the boat had found some other way to cross the Idle Lake. At first he was dismayed to see Sir Guyon lying senseless on the ground, but looking more closely he found there was still a feeble glimmer of life in him; this he cherished carefully, and before long the Knight awoke from his trance well and strong.

The Rock of Reproach and the Wandering Islands

The next morning, before it was light, Sir Guyon, clad in his bright armour, and accompanied by the Palmer in his black dress, started once more on his journey to find the wicked enchantress, Acrasia, and the Bower of Bliss. At the river ford they found a ferryman, with his well-rigged boat. They went on board, and he immediately launched his bark.

For two days they sailed without even seeing land; but on the morning of the third day they heard, far away, a hideous roaring that filled them with terror, and they saw the surges rage so high, they feared to be drowned.

Then said the boatman, "Palmer, steer aright, and keep an even course, for we must needs pass yonder way. That is the Gulf of Greediness, which swallows up all it can devour, and is in a constant turmoil."

On the other side stood a hideous rock of mighty magnet stone, whose craggy cliffs were dreadful to behold. Great jagged reefs ran out into the water, and threatened death to all who came near. Yet passers-by were unable to keep away, for trying to escape the devouring jaws of the Gulf of Greediness, they were dashed to pieces on the rock.

As they drew near this dreadful spot the ferryman had to put forth all his strength and skill to row them past. On the one hand, they saw the horrible gulf, that looked as if it were sucking down all the sea into itself; and on the other hand, they saw the perilous rock, on whose sharp cliffs lay the ribs of many shattered vessels, together with the dead bodies of those who had recklessly flung themselves to destruction.

The name of the rock was the "Rock of Reproach." It was a dangerous and hateful place, to which no fish nor fowl ever came,

but only screaming sea-gulls and cormorants, who sat waiting on the cliff to prey on the unhappy wretches whose extravagant and thriftless living had brought them to ruin.

Sir Guyon and his companions passed by this dangerous spot in safety, and the ferryman rowed them briskly over the dancing billows.

At last, far off, they spied many islands floating on every side among the waves. Then said the Knight, "Lo, I see the land, so, Sir Palmer, direct your course to it."

"Not so," said the ferryman, "lest we unknowingly run into danger; for those same islands, which now and then appear, are not firm land, nor have they any certain abiding-place; they are straggling plots, which run to and fro in the wide waters, wherefore they are called the 'Wandering Islands,' and are to be shunned, for they have drawn many a traveller into danger and distress. Yet from far off they seem very pleasant, both fair and fruitful, the ground spread with soft, green grass, and the tall trees covered with leaves, and

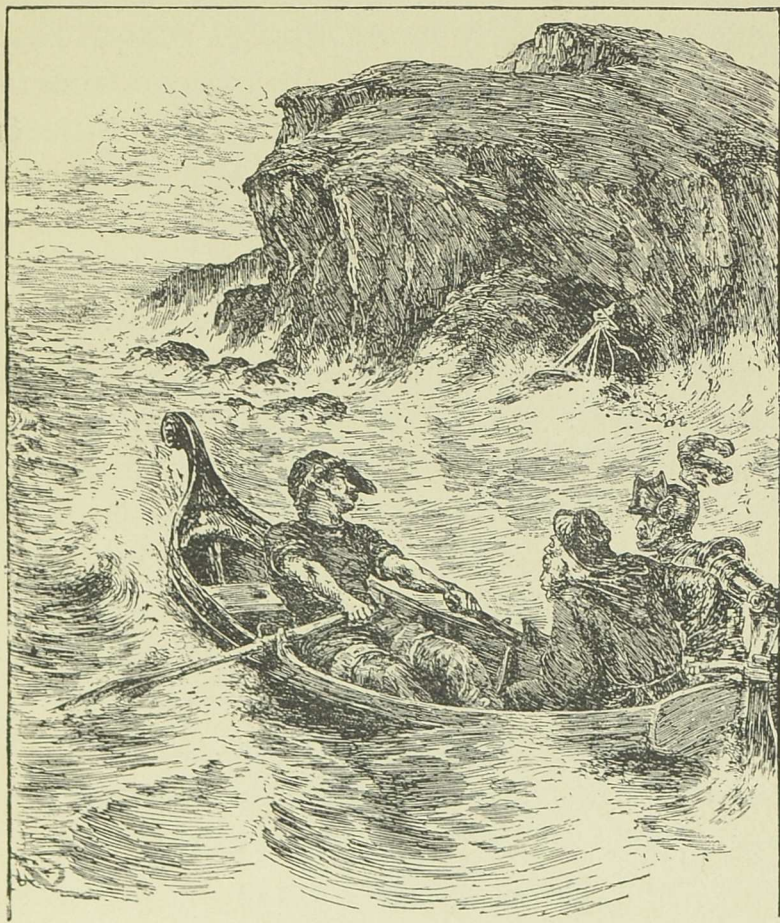
decked with white and red blossoms that might well allure passers-by. But whoever once sets his foot on those islands can never recover it, but evermore wanders, uncertain and unsure."

Sir Guyon and the Palmer listened to their pilot, as seemed fitting, and they passed on their way.

"Now," said the cautious boatman, when they had left behind them the Wandering Islands (or, *listless idleness*), "we must be careful to take good heed of our safety here, for a perilous passage lies before us. There is a great quicksand, and a whirlpool of hidden danger; therefore, Sir Palmer, keep a steady hand, for the narrow way lies between them."

Scarcely had he spoken, when near at hand they spied the quicksand; it was almost covered with water, but they knew it at once by the waves round it and the discoloured sea. It was called the Quicksand of Unthriftiness.

Passing by, they saw a goodly ship, laden from far with precious merchandise, and well fitted as a ship could be, which through



"A perilous passage lies before us."

misadventure or carelessness had run herself into danger. The mariners and merchants, with much toil, laboured in vain to recover their prize and to save the rich wares from destruction, but neither toil nor trouble served to free her from the quicksand.

On the other side, they saw the dangerous pool that was called the Whirlpool of Decay, in which many had haplessly sunk, of whom no memory remained. The circling waters whirled round, like a restless wheel, eager to draw the boat into the outer limit of the labyrinth, and to drown the travellers. But the heedful ferryman rowed with all his might, so that they passed by in safety and left the dreaded danger behind.

Suddenly they saw, in the midst of the ocean, the surging waters rise like a mountain, and the great sea puffed up, as though threatening to devour everything. The waves came rolling along, and the billows roared in fury, though there was not a breath of wind. At this, Sir Guyon, the Palmer, and the ferryman were greatly afraid, for they knew not what strange horror was approaching.

Sea-Monsters and Land-Monsters

Presently they saw a hideous crowd of huge sea-monsters, such as terrified any one to behold; every shape of ugliness and horror was there—water-snakes, and whales, and sword-fish, and hippopotamuses, and sharks, and every kind of sea-monster, and they came along in thousands, with a dreadful noise and a hollow, rumbling roar. No wonder the Knight was appalled, for compared with these, all that we hold dreadful on earth were but a trifle.

"Fear nothing," then said the Palmer, "for these creatures that look like monsters are not so in reality; they are only disguised into these fearful shapes by the wicked enchantress to terrify us, and to prevent our continuing our journey."

Then, lifting up his magic staff, he smote the sea, which immediately became calm, and all the make-believe monsters fled to the bottom of the ocean.

Free from that danger, the travellers kept on their way, and as they went, they heard a pitiful cry, as of some one wailing and

weeping. At last, on an island, they saw a beautiful maiden, who seemed in great sorrow, and who kept calling to them for help. Directly Guyon heard her, he bade the Palmer steer straight to her rescue; but the latter, knowing better, said, "Fair sir, do not be displeased if I disobey you, for it would be a bad thing to listen to her, for really there is nothing the matter; it is only a trick to entrap you."

The Knight was guided by his advice and the ferryman held steadily straight on his course.

The next temptation they had to face was of a different kind. They came to a lovely bay, sheltered on the one side by a steep hill, and on the other by a high rock, so that between them was a still and pleasant haven. In this bay lived five mermaids, who could sing in the sweetest manner possible, but the only use they made of their skill in melody was to allure travellers, whom, when they had got hold of, they killed. So now to Guyon as he passed, they began to sing their sweetest tunes, greeting him as the mightiest knight that had ever fought in battle, and bidding him to turn his rudder into

the quiet bay, where his storm-beaten vessel might safely ride.

"This is the port of rest from troublous toil," they sang ; "the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil."

The rolling sea and the waves breaking on the rock mingled with their singing, and the wind whistled in harmony. The sound so delighted Guyon that he bade the boatman row slowly, to let him listen to their melody. But the Palmer wisely counselled him not to do this and so they got safely past the danger, and soon after they saw, in the distance, the land to which they were directing their course.

Then suddenly a thick fog came down upon them, hiding the cheerful daylight, and making the whole world seem a confused mass. They were much dismayed at this, not knowing which way to steer in the darkness, and fearing that they would fall into some hidden danger. To add to their confusion, they were attacked by a flock of horrible birds, which flew screaming round them, beating at them with their wicked wings—owls and ravens and bats and screech-owls. Yet the travellers would not

stay because of these, but went straight forward, the ferryman rowing, while the Palmer kept a firm hand on the rudder, till at last the weather began to clear, and the land showed plainly. Then the Palmer warned Sir Guyon to have his armour in readiness, for peril would soon assail him.

The Knight obeyed, and when the boat reached the shore, he and the Palmer stepped out, fully armed, and carefully prepared against every danger.

They had not gone far before they heard a hideous bellowing, and a pack of wild beasts rushed forward as if to devour them. But when they came near, the Palmer lifted up his wonderful staff, and immediately they were quelled, and shrank back trembling.

Passing these, Sir Guyon and the Palmer soon came to the place the Knight was seeking—the object of his long and toilsome quest—the home of the wicked enchantress—the “Bower of Bliss.”

The Bower of Bliss

It was a lovely spot, a place adorned in the most perfect way by which art could imitate

nature; everything sweet and pleasing, or that the daintiest fancy could devise, was gathered here in lavish profusion. A light fence enclosed it, and a rich ivory gate, wonderfully carven, stood open to all those that came thither.

In the porch sat a tall, handsome porter, whose looks were so pleasant that he seemed to entice travellers to him, but it was only to deceive them to their own ruin. He was the keeper of the garden, and his name was *Pleasure*. He was decked with flowers, and by his side was set a great bowl of wine, with which he pleased all new-comers. He offered it to Sir Guyon, but the latter refused his idle courtesy, and overthrew the bowl.

Passing through the gate, they beheld a large and spacious plain, strewn on every side with delights. The ground was covered with green grass, and made beautiful with all kinds of lovely flowers; the skies were always bright, and the air soft and balmy; no storm or frost ever came to harm the tender blossoms; neither scorching heat nor piercing cold to hurt those who dwelt therein.

Then before his eyes appeared a most

lovely paradise, abounding in every sort of pleasure — rainbow-coloured flowers, lofty trees, shady dells, breezy mountains, rustling groves, crystal streams — it was impossible to tell which was art and which nature, they were so cunningly mingled.

In the midst of all stood a fountain made of the most precious materials on earth, so pure and bright that one could see the silver flood running through every channel. Numberless little streams continually welled out of this fountain, and formed a little lake, through the shallow water of which one could see the bottom all paved with shining jasper.

Then at last Sir Guyon and the Palmer drew near to the "Bower of Bliss," so called by the foolish favourites of the wicked enchantress.

"Now, sir, consider well," said the Palmer, "for here is the end of all our travel. Here dwells Acrasia, whom we must surprise, or else she will slip away, and laugh at our attempt."

Soon they heard the most lovely melody, such as might never be heard on mortal ground. It was almost impossible to say what kind of music it was, for all that is pleasing to the ear there joined in harmony

—the joyous singing of birds, angelic voices, silver-sounding instruments, murmuring waters, and the whispering wind; and through it all they heard the singing of one voice, sweeter than all the others.

But in spite of the lovely music heard on every side, Sir Guyon and the Palmer never left their path; they kept on through many groves and thickets, till at last they came in sight of the wicked enchantress herself. She lay, half-sleeping, on a bed of roses, clad in a veil of silk and silver; all round were many fair ladies and boys singing sweetly. Not far off was her last victim, a gallant-looking youth, over whom she had cast an evil spell. His brave sword and armour hung idly on a tree, and he lay sunk in a heavy slumber, forgetful of all the noble deeds in which he had once delighted.

Sir Guyon and the Palmer cautiously drew near, then suddenly rushed forward, and flung over Acrasia a net which the skilful Palmer had made for the occasion. All her attendants immediately flew in terror. Acrasia tried all her arts and crafty wiles to set herself free, but in vain; the net was

so cunningly woven, neither guile nor force could disentangle her.

Then Sir Guyon broke down without pity all the pleasant bowers, and the stately palace, and trampled down the gardens, and burnt the banqueting-hall, so that nothing was left of the beautiful place to tempt other people to ruin.

As for Acrasia, they led her away captive, bound with adamantine chains, for nothing else would keep her safe; and when they came back to the place where they had met the wild beasts, these again flew fiercely at them, as if they would rescue their mistress. But the Palmer soon pacified them.

Then Guyon asked what was the meaning of these beasts that lived there.

"These seeming beasts are really men whom the enchantress has thus transformed," replied the Palmer. "Now they are turned into these hideous figures, in accordance with their bad and ugly minds."

"A sad end of an ignoble life, and a mournful result of excess in pleasure," said the Knight. "But, Palmer, if it may so please you, let them be returned to their former state."

So the Palmer struck them with his staff, and immediately they were turned into men. Very queer and ill at ease they looked. Some were inwardly ashamed, and some were angry to see the Lady Acrasia captive. But one in particular, who had lately been a hog, Grill by name, loudly lamented, and abused the Knight for bringing him back from the shape of a hog into that of a man.

Then said Guyon, "See how low a man can sink, to forget so soon the excellence in which he was created, and to choose rather to be a beast without intelligence!"

"Worthless men delight in base things," said the Palmer. "Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind. But let us depart hence, while wind and weather serve."

So Sir Guyon, having overthrown the power of the wicked enchantress, sent her captive under a strong guard to the court of the Faerie Queene, to be presented to Queen Gloriana as a proof that he had accomplished his hard task; but he himself travelled forth to make further trial of his strength and to seek fresh adventures.

