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Parzival the Templar

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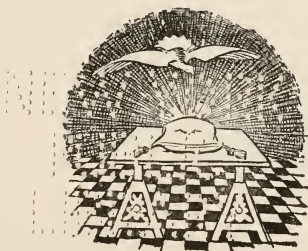
HERZELEIDE AND PARZIVAL

THE STORY OF PARZIVAL THE TEMPLAR

RETOLD FROM
WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

BY
MARY BLACKWELL STERLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM ERNEST CHAPMAN



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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER
HENRY SOMERS STERLING
KNIGHT TEMPLAR

WOMAN
S
WOMAN

“Put on the whole *armour* of God . . . that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

“Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the *breastplate* of righteousness;

“And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

“Above all, taking the *shield* of faith, wherewith 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.”—Ephesians 6:11-17.

“Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost?”—I Corinthians; 6:19.

“Grant us faith to rebuild Thy Holy Temple in our hearts, and zeal to animate our lives; admit us to the Immortal Temple not made by hands, eternal in the heavens.”

“Freemasonry is a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.”

“If there is one among you who is deficient in Wisdom, let him pray to the Spirit of Truth, which comes to the simple minded, but does not obtrude upon anyone, and he will obtain it.”—Cosmology, Franz Hartmann.

“To know God is to have overcome Death and the power of Death.”

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THE STORY OF PARZIVAL THE TEMPLAR

INTRODUCTION: THE MEANING OF THE STORY TO-DAY

THE child who comes under the spell of the Arthurian and Grail stories is led along a way of enchantment. He is enthralled with the spirit of chivalry and hears the call to knight-hood as clearly to-day as if the pageantry with its glamour were yet among us. He sits with King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, imbibes their spirit of reverence, courtesy and justice; takes the high vow of knight-hood, and follows in the footsteps of the Grail heroes, in their Quest to comprehend the spiritual mysteries of life.

The "Story of Parzival" retold from the poem by Wolfram von Eschenbach, is a companion book to "The Story of Sir Galahad," and its purpose is to introduce children to this most interesting story of knight-hood and the Grail, and to make Parzival as well-known and

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loved as the other Grail heroes, the two Percevals, Galahad, Parsifal and Lohengrin.

The poem lends itself to adaptation in prose for children, but as a prose narrative can give a suggestion only of the individual style and beauty of this great mediæval poem, older readers who are interested in unusual literature, are urged to enjoy the original, or the admirable translation in verse which has been made by Miss Jessie L. Weston.

The attention of the older reader and teacher is directed to "A Key to the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach," included in the Notes, which traces the sources of the six themes of the Parzival, outlines the ethical teaching and the relation to ancient tradition, and suggests a clue to the mystery of the Grail Stone of the Parzival. Faintly suggested in the Galahad story, and in the Perceval of "The High History of the Holy Graal," but forming a definite part of the Parzival, is to be traced a relation to an ancient tradition, reflected in the allusions to Kabbalistic Philosophy and Masonic Legends. To read these passages uncomprehendingly is to miss much of the meaning of the poem; to study them brings us into

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the realm of Magic, which theme Wagner made much of in his Parsifal, giving us a vivid picture of the conflict between White Magic (Amfortas) and Black Magic (Klingsor).

The mother to-day will find a lesson in the Parzival, for the poem is a cry to the mother to save her child from ignorance, and a plea to prepare him to take his place in the world, by teaching him the truth of life in relation to himself and to his fellows. Parzival is a youth thrust cruelly into the world without adequate preparation, and the suffering that he brings upon himself and others is brought about through ignorance. The story does not emphasize the efficacy of suffering as much as it does the tragedy of ignorance; it is an allegory of youth face to face with the great Opportunity he cannot grasp.

The author of that remarkable book, "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal," says, "The Parzival stirs little interest, but the Galahad enthralls forever." By many of us the story of the mystic, Best Knight of the World, is the most loved, but the Parzival will have an interest for the average reader that the Galahad lacks. Its consecutive and detailed plot, its

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sympathetic presentation of the hero; the ethical teaching; the Templar and Grail themes, make it the most complete of any of the stories of Arthurian Knighthood of which the Grail Legend is a part. The religious theme, not related to the Church, is expressed through the spirit of free worship and service of a Brotherhood, whose days spent in the Temple are a fitting preparation for the service in the world to which they are called from time to time.

Parzival appeals to us because of his humanity; we have definite pictures of his personality, whereas that of Perceval and Galahad is vague. Galahad the Good Knight is the Ideal of Youth; after many years of careful preparation spent with the nuns, he goes forth to his mission which he accomplishes unfalteringly; but the flower of his life is soon spent. Parzival is the complete man. We know him as the baby who cheers his desolated mother; joyful little child of the forest; beloved son, impetuous youth—who goes forth to seek knighthood and is thrilled by its outward glory, though he does not perceive its inner significance—and who after many mistakes, finally makes good. Parzival is the ideal of constant love, as is Kond-

wiramur, and through the two, parenthood is exalted. Parzival, leaving his wife to seek adventure, is kept from her many years because of his unfulfilled mission. Unlike the knights of the Galahad story, he does not seek for a vision of the Grail, but strives to reach the Temple in order to lift the woe from Anfortas and the Templars. The little Kardeiss and Lohengrin, represent the temporal and spiritual power of their father; the first becomes the ruler of Parzival's lands, the other serves in the Grail Temple, and we assume that he is one day elected King. Aribadale, the daughter born to Parzival and Kondwiramur in the Temple becomes the Bearer of the Grail.

The Parzival is a connecting link between the Perceval of Crestien and the Parsifal of Wagner, and a study of the first two gives an additional appreciation of the music-drama. Although Wagner's hero lacks the archaic interest of the Perceval and the humanity of Parzival, and his plot lacks the simplicity and sincerity of both of these—showing the influence in setting and treatment of the Buddha story—this musical presentation of the Grail Legend is a great gift to the world.

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We may look upon the Grail Legends as the parables that are to teach that life is sustained through spiritual forces as well as physical, and that often through material symbols we are to be led to spiritual realities. The Grail Stone of the Parzival differs from the Sangreal, the Vessel of The Last Supper, but both typify the Spiritual Feast to which the Great Host bids us, at which we may eat from The Tree of Knowledge, and drink of the Water of Life.

No written words have yet expressed the whole meaning of the Grail, but in Wagner's Preludes to Lohengrin and Parsifal, we have a satisfying interpretation. The Prelude to Lohengrin leads us to the Temple and brings us into the presence of the Mysteries; sings to us of the joy of that consecration which those knew who were in the service of the Grail. The Prelude to Parsifal bids us to the Memorial Supper, to the Great Feast of the Grail; it sings the message of the world's need—of Love, of Faith, of Hope. Then comes a change into the music; the Holy Grail is no longer in the hands of its earthly wardens; we are beyond the need of a symbol. Angels' wings flutter—and we tremble greatly, for we

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discern spiritual things—and we yearn for what was granted Galahad, to behold the Mysteries, remembering that then—

Suddenly a multitude of angels bore his soul to heaven.

PROLOGUE

“Root and blossom of Paradise garden, that thing
which men call ‘The Grail,’
The crown of all earthly wishes, fair fullness that
ne’er shall fail,
For the Grail was the crown of blessing, the fullness
of earth’s delight,
And Its joys I right well may liken to the glories of
Heaven’s height.”

“Thus the Grail Its maidens giveth, in the day and
the sight of men,
But It sendeth Its Knights in the silence and their
children It claims again,
To the host of the Grail are they counted, Grail
servants they all shall be,
So the will of God standeth written on the Grail for
all men to see.”

Parzival: JESSIE L. WESTON.



HOW TITUREL FOUNDED THE TEM- PLE OF THE GRAIL

THERE was once a good man named Titurise who desired greatly to have a son, and after many years of prayer, a voice in a dream informed him, that if he should journey to Jerusalem and lay a crucifix of gold upon the Holy Sepulcher, his prayer would be answered.

Joyfully Titurise and his wife Elizabeth set out to follow the bidding of the dream and in Jerusalem a son was born to them whom they called Titurise. While yet a youth he won renown through his

noble deeds when warring with the Saracens, and he acquired great wealth bestowing it upon all in need.

One day as Titurel was walking in the woods, there appeared before him an angel who said: "Faithful Knight, God hath chosen thee to be the guardian of a Treasure called the Grail; from Heaven will It come to bring joy to those who are called to serve It. Once before, the Grail came to earth, but men were not worthy of Its blessings so It was taken away. Return now to thy home, Titurel, and prepare to leave it never to return."

Having arranged his household, Titurel, taking with him his sword and shield went again to the woods to await further commands. A white cloud soon appeared that seemed for his guidance, and following it he was led for many days over land and sea, over mountains covered with forests, and through many valleys; but never was he wearied. One night on the top of a mountain he beheld a great beam of light and knew that the

Grail had appeared to him: there he rested, believing that his journey was ended. On the morrow he saw before him a castle, from which knights clad in silver armor came forth to greet him and hailed him as their King.

Monsalvage was this mountain called and there Titurel dwelt for many years with these knights, waiting eagerly for the Grail to appear again. Then he decided to erect a Temple that the Grail when It came might be preciousy guarded. During the night he prayed steadfastly for guidance, and in the morning found that a plan of the Temple had been traced, while rich materials ready for use, lay near.

With joy the knights commenced the building, and first, the mountain top which was found to be of solid onyx was leveled and polished for a foundation, then the structure rose rapidly. The knights who labored upon it were called Templars and while they rested at night, invisible hands continued their work.

On the day that the Temple was consecrated, the Grail floated down in a beam of light, while an unseen choir was heard. Those who looked upon the Grail daily knew no sickness, nor sorrow, nor old age. Often commands for Titurel and the Templars appeared on the Grail, in letters of fire, and into the world were the knights sent to accomplish deeds of mercy. Every Good Friday a Dove descended from heaven and alighted upon the Grail, when Its blessings seemed greater than ever.

For four hundred years Titurel guarded the Grail, yet his age appeared to be no more than forty. At first the Templars had to defend the mountain from men who had heard of its treasure; then after many years a new enemy threatened, Klingsor, the magician. From Egypt had he come, and near Monsalvage he built a castle, and with all kinds of sorcery tried to injure the knights. To assist him he subdued to his will a maiden named

Kondrie and bade her wander in the woods to lure the Templars.

One day there appeared upon the Grail the command for Titurel to marry that he might have a son to succeed him as King. Hearing of the piety of a Spanish maiden, named Richoude, messengers were sent to her asking her to become the wife of the Grail King, and with joy she consented. Twenty years of happiness they had together, then Richoude died. Their children were a son called Frimutel and a daughter named for her mother.

Now there came a time when Titurel desired to see his son in his place as King, and in answer to his prayer for guidance, letters upon the Grail announced that Frimutel might be crowned. For some years all went well under the guardianship of the new King, then unwisely he left the Temple to seek adventure in the world, and there, as if in punishment, he was wounded and met his death.

Two sons had Frimutel, Anfortas and

Trevrezent. The first was crowned King to succeed his father, the second, after having served some years in the Temple, went to dwell as a hermit in the woods near Monsalvage. Three daughters had Frimutel—Schoysiane, Herzeleide and Repanse de Schoie. Schoysiane married and soon after died, leaving a little daughter named Sigune, who was cared for by her Aunt Herzeleide. Herzeleide served many years in the Temple, then left to marry the Duke Kastis. Repanse de Schoie was chosen to bear the Grail when it was carried from the altar to the great Hall, where each day the Templars and all at Monsalvage assembled for the Feast which the Grail bestowed.

Now like his father, Anfortas was not willing to serve as faithfully as had Titurel, and taking up arms against Klingsor, the magician, he was wounded with a spear thrust which caused him such pain that he knew no peace, day or night. Before the Grail was he brought, but no healing came; his strength was renewed,

but also his suffering. Everywhere knights were sent to search for healing herbs, but since the King was not granted release from his pain by the Grail, there was no hope from earthly help.

Titurel, who now for the first time seemed to grow old, prayed constantly for the healing of Anfortas, and as if in reward for his holy service, letters of fire upon the Grail promised that one day, there should climb to Monsalvage, a knight, who when he had looked upon the King's suffering would ask the cause, and question concerning the wonders he saw at the Temple. Through a Question asked in pity should Anfortas be healed.

New hope came to Titurel and the Templars, and they prayed steadfastly while they waited for the coming of the King's deliverer.

PART I
ASPIRATION



I

HOW GAMURET ANGEVIN, THE KING OF ZASSAMANK, TOOK PART IN THE TOURNEY AT KANVOLEIS

HERZELEIDE, the Queen of the Waleis, had proclaimed a great Tourney, promising to the victor her love and her lands. She needed a wise knight to help her rule her people, for since the death of her husband Kastis, on the very day of their marriage, many cares had come to her from

the lands and people left her by her lord.

Now there rode into the city of Kanvoleis, the day before the Tourney, a knight named Gamuret Angevin, who although born in Anjou, was King of Zassamank, a country in the far East, from where, but lately, he had arrived. Seeing the streets and houses decked with swords, shields and pennants, and learning the cause, he decided to remain for the Tourney.

From her palace windows Queen Herzeleide watched the approach of the stranger; never had she seen a more noble-looking knight, nor one who rode with so fine a retinue. Given a place on the plain outside the city, the new arrivals soon erected their tents, and these adorned with rich silks and with hundreds of pennants flying from them made a brilliant spot upon the plain. Already were many knights gathered there and all wondered from what country this knight had come, for neither he nor his company were attired as the French people.

When she had learned his name Queen Herzeleide sent messengers begging the King of Zassamank to come to her palace, and Gamuret set out straightway, making a noble entry into the city. Before him went trumpeters and drummers, those who tossed tambourines and those who played the flute; behind came fiddlers. The King wore a long cloak of green samite, with a robe underneath of white; he had no beard, and beneath his helmet his hair hung in sunny curls. Upon cloak and robe an anchor was embroidered in gold and precious stones, and to his helmet was fastened an anchor of gold from which a large diamond shone. As Queen Herzeleide conversed with Gamuret Angevin, love sprang quickly into her heart, and with joy she heard that he was to take part in the Tourney.

Knights, both old and young, Gamuret encountered on the morrow, but not one was there who could overcome him and many left the field discomfited. Few were there who had hoped to win the

Queen but they had desired to try their skill. "Fly! Fly! the Anchor cometh," was cried out by the squires, and at the close of the day the King of Zassamank was proclaimed victor of the Tourney.

That very day sorrowful tidings came to Gamuret Angevin, for he learned of the death of his mother, and of his brother the King of Anjou. On the death of his father, King Gandien, some years before, his brother had succeeded to the crown and Gamuret had set out to win a kingdom for himself. After many adventures in the East he arrived at the city of Bagdad where he served the ruler who was called the Baruch. It was while there, that at the Baruch's request he donned the robes of the East, and since he had journeyed so much by water, the Baruch had had an anchor embroidered upon his robes, and embossed with jewels on his sword, shield and helmet.

Leaving Bagdad, Gamuret's ships were blown in a great storm into the harbor of Zassamank, where hearing that the Queen

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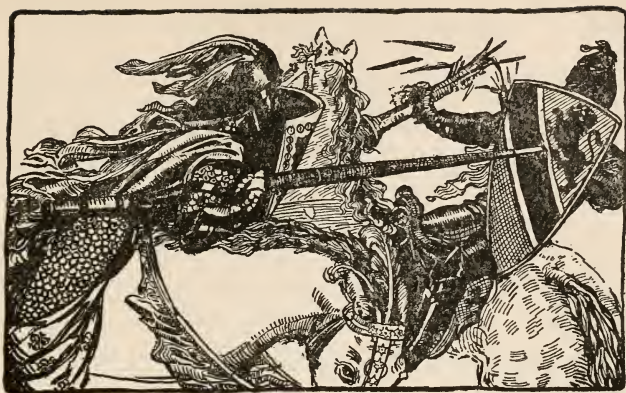
Belakane was besieged by a Scottish army he remained to serve her and conquered her enemies.

Unlike the fair women of Anjou was Belakane, for dark as night were her face and hair; yet so pleased was Gamuret with her beauty and goodness that he wedded her. Upon him Queen Belakane bestowed many lands and he received the title of King of Zassamank. Always might he have remained with her, but ever she strove to keep him from the Tourney and the joust; so longing for adventure, one night he sailed away.

For grief at parting with her lord the Queen Belakane died, and she left a son whom she had named Feirefis Angevin. Strange was the baby to look upon for in color he was both black and white.

Now was Gamuret Angevin to wed Queen Herzeleide, who offered him her lands, not only because of the Tourney right, but because she loved him and yearned to have him for her lord and as ruler of her people. A splendid marriage

feast was proclaimed at Kanvoleis and on the day of their wedding, Herzeleide promised her lord never to hold him from the Tourney and the joust, whether it should be for knightly pleasure, to serve a friend or to punish an enemy.



II

OF THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF GAMURET ANGEVIN

MANY happy months Gamuret and Queen Herzeleide spent together, and Gamuret ruled wisely the three kingdoms of Waleis, Norgals and Anjou. Then there came tidings from Bagdad saying that the Baruch was besieged by his enemies and implored the help of his friend Gamuret Angevin. With great calmness, Herzeleide received the news of her husband's intended departure; she allowed none to see her grief and Gamuret and

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all the people praised her. Nor did she weep when she bade her lord farewell, though into her heart came the great fear, that never again might she see his look of love, never feel his strong touch, nor hear his voice of love and comfort.

When two months had gone by Herzeleide looked forward to hearing tidings of her lord. One day at noon she was awakened from sleep by the terror of a dreadful dream in which she saw Gamuret slain. Rising, she paced to and fro, a great fear in her heart. Then as she looked from the window she saw approaching some of the knights who had set out with Gamuret. Before they reached the palace, she guessed their message and fell unconscious.

Gamuret the brave, the mighty, had met his death in a joust, while serving the Baruch. In Bagdad the mourning was as great as that which took place in Kanvoleis, where with weeping the people listened to the recital of their lord's valorous deeds. The Baruch had given

him rich burial; with gold and precious stones was the hero's tomb adorned and they placed a cross made of emeralds, upon it.

Near to death was the Lady Herzeleide, for the agony of her sorrow took all her strength from her. Again and again she called out for Gamuret, but there was no answering voice. But one day, into the darkness of her sorrow came a little light of joy, and the Queen remembered what she had almost forgotten in her distress. Clothed in her fairest robes she began to spend many hours in her gardens, and there as she walked with her ladies she spoke to them of her coming joy when a child should be born to her.

"No more will I shut myself up with sorrow," she said, "I will walk in the sunshine and listen to the sweet sound of the birds and wander among the flowers. Then if ye will teach me how to fashion little robes, the hours of occupation will speed the days, till he who lieth near my heart shall cry with voice sweeter than that

of a bird; then I shall see a face fairer than the flowers. Love will give me a son, I know, to take his father's place."

Soon Gamuret's knights returned from the East bringing back the hero's spear and shield. With one of the Queen's robes had the shield been covered and fastened with gold mountings. Greatly had Gamuret loved it, and now would Herzeleide have kept it near her that she might pray before it; but the people begged the shield and spear from her and buried them as richly as if they had been honoring the hero's body.

A strong and lovely boy was born to Queen Herzeleide. Now once more she knew happiness and smiled often, and laughed also in pure joy at her son's baby ways. She had no name for him but called him, "Good son," or sometimes, "Dear son," or "Beautiful son." Now his voice filled the great silence and her lonely arms found comfort in holding him.



III

HOW QUEEN HERZELEIDE BROUGHT HER CHILD TO THE FOREST

THAT her son might not know of knightly warfare, and that she might be spared the grief of having him leave her, Queen Herzeleide made a home for him in a forest. She bade her servants if they truly loved her, never, when the boy was grown old enough to understand, to speak to him of the world outside, nor of knight-hood; never to tell him of the great re-

noun of his father. Her kingdoms she left in the care of noble princes and those who brought messages came always in simple attire.

Reluctantly her people obeyed her, for they thought that the forest was not a fitting home for the son of so mighty a man as Gamuret, and they sorrowed that the child should be shut from the world and miss the glories of the life his father knew.

In the forest home the years went by quickly, and the baby grew into a boy of great strength and joyous spirit. There was always something of interest for him in the woods, and as his mother watched him at his play, she felt a great happiness, believing that she might keep him with her always in this sweet companionship, where no sorrow of the world entered to disturb them. Often she would leave her occupation to join him in his play; or she would watch him unperceived, and observe with pride and joy, his beauty and strength. The sun was not more golden,



PARZIVAL IN THE FOREST

she thought, than the mass of curls which made the boy so resemble his father.

“More than I can teach him, he learns from the forest,” she said to her people. “Heard ye ever so sweet a laugh, or voice? Tell me is there a flower in the gardens lovelier than my son’s face? As I watch him looking up at the sky, I think he is listening to secrets which the wind and trees whisper to him. But not in anything in the world have I seen such light as is in his eyes; it came there through Love. Call ye not such work of Love a miracle? My lord and I followed Love with all faithfulness and reverence and this is the gift Love gave us. Is there aught in the world can match the beauty and sweetness of a child like this?” Queen Herzeleide’s thoughts concerning her son were those of her people also, and they devised ways to amuse the boy that he might not yearn for other children.

Often would the mother look forward with sadness to the years when her son would be a tall youth, and not the little

child whose dependence on her brought her such joy; and she wondered how long he would be satisfied to stay with her.

The boy found great pleasure in discovering new sports for himself; he fashioned a bow and arrows and used the trees for targets. One day he sent up an arrow toward a white bird that flew near, and it pierced the bird's breast. It fluttered weakly, then fell lifeless to the ground. The boy looked with surprise at the still form and touched the soft plumage, then realizing that he had brought death to the bird, he ran quickly to obtain comfort from his mother. As Herzeleide saw him coming she said: "What aileth thee, Child, thy face is sad? A moment ago thou wert so joyful."

With his face in her lap he sobbed: "Oh, Mother, I have been cruel to one of my dear birds and killed him; I did it with my arrow, but I did not mean to harm him. Now I shall not hear him sing again, and we cannot spare even one song, can we?"

Herzeleide held her son tenderly and

soothed him; this was the first sorrow that had come to them. She talked long with him about the animals in the forest, of the birds that men kill to eat, of the deer that he might go out to hunt some day. The boy was perplexed, for the sport called him, but the thought of bringing pain and death to the animals, made him wish never to hunt them.

“This is thy first lesson in pain, dear son,” said Herzeleide, “and although there is some pain we must forget, I would not lessen thy grief now, because thy careless play hath hurt the bird that gave thee such joy.”

Some time after this, Herzeleide herself was cruel to the birds, for one day as she watched her son’s face upturned with such eagerness and love, to listen to the singing of his feathery friends—almost he had feared that they would punish him and cease to sing—she felt a jealous pang, and grieved, thinking that her son loved his forest companions more than herself. In this moment of jeal-

ousy, she bade the servants lay snares to catch the birds. This was done, but they escaped and sang out as sweetly as before.

When the boy discovered what his mother had planned, his sorrow was so great and he pleaded with her so earnestly to torment the birds no more, that Herzeleide was ashamed of her weakness. "Nay," she promised him, "such wrong will I never do again, good son. God gave the birds for our joy, I will not bring them pain."

"Mother," asked the boy in wonder, "who is God?"

"Now how shall I tell thee, dear son," Herzeleide replied, "since there is no one who knows; nor can we understand save as we *feel* God within us—He, the Creator who made everything in the world. If I say to thee that God is all the Good in the world, canst understand? Or if I say to thee that He is all Light? My words may not reveal Him to thee, but thy heart will. When thou art in trouble and no earthly help is nigh, call upon God and

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He will not fail thee: He will hear and help will come to thee. Turn thy mind away from darkness and evil and think of God, the Light beyond Light; of Goodness, the glory of the world; so perchance evil will not come near thee. Now child, dost thou understand the poor words of thy mother?"



IV

HOW HERZELEIDE'S SON SAW SOME OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

IN the seclusion of the forest, the boy grew into a stalwart youth, and one day the call came to him to go out into the world. He was hunting in the woods, and lured by a deer that ran from him, he went farther from home than he had been before. Suddenly, his trained ears heard an unusual sound, the tread of horses' feet, and bells jingling sweetly.

He listened with surprise; and then in alarm, half expecting that this was some evil thing that was entering the forest, he grasped his javelin tightly, ready to defend himself. Peering through the bushes he beheld three men on horseback, but they were different from any the boy had seen, for they were clad in shining silver; saddles and harness were decked with brilliant colors, while from the trappings on their steeds, little silver bells swung, and made music as the horses moved along. As the three came close to view, the boy's heart leaped, he seemed to remember a dream long forgotten. This was no evil but good; these men were sent from God, for did they not shine as brightly as the light? He ran out to meet them, and kneeling down in the pathway, offered up a prayer that he might become like them and ride in such glory.

The three men gazed curiously at the kneeling boy with the look of wonder in his eyes. As they were about to address

him, a fourth rode up quickly, who was appareled more richly than the others for he was their prince. The boy rose as he approached, and the prince said to him: "Lad, hast thou seen pass this way two men who were carrying off a maiden; or didst hear her cries?"

Not at once could the boy answer. "I have seen no one," said he, and he knelt before the prince. "Art thou God?" he asked reverently. "So bright thou art, so noble, and like what my Mother has told me of Him."

"Nay, Lad," said the prince gently, "I am only a humble knight who rides to serve God."

"A knight," the boy repeated in wonder, "I pray thee tell me what is a knight?"

"Go thou to King Arthur," said the prince, "and he will show thee what it is to be a knight; then wilt thou ride as we ride to save maidens in distress. If thou dost go, I think the King will be well pleased to bestow knighthood upon thee;

few are there who have as noble a face as thine."

Then the boy rose and began to examine the trappings on the horses, to touch the silver armor and the bells, and his questions made the knights laugh at his ignorance, but the prince said gently: "Lad, thou knowest little of the world, but I think of God thou knowest much. To knighthood thou wilt bring honor, not shame, as those two wicked knights we pursue. But we must ride on; God's blessing upon thee; may thy life be happy." So the prince and his knights rode off and left the boy gazing after them, longing to follow.

As they rode, they came to where some of Queen Herzeleide's people were tilling the fields in a clearing of the forest. When the strangers questioned them, they told the knights that but lately men who carried a maiden had ridden by swiftly, and they had heard her weeping. At this the prince and the three knights rode off

in haste, nor did they ride in vain, for at nightfall they had rescued the maiden and punished those who had carried her away.

“What will our poor Lady do, if her son has seen these knights?” Herzeleide’s people asked each other in fear. “Not long would he tarry here if he knew of knighthood, but would ride forth as did his father to seek adventure.”

Already, the boy was hastening home to find his mother, and seeing her walking beneath the trees, he called out her name with a voice that trembled with excitement and new joy. But he said no more, for Herzeleide, who had turned to greet him, saw in his face what smote her heart and she sank unconscious to the ground. With tender words and caresses, her son helped the servants to restore her, then while she was resting he spoke of his adventure in the woods, nor did he think to bring her grief.

“Mother,” he said, “just now I saw four men in the forest who said they were

knights, and one bade me ride to King Arthur and ask him to make me a knight. Mother, I want a horse with silver bells on the harness, I want to be like those shining men. Why hast thou kept me from this joy? Wilt thou let me go now to be a knight, dear Mother?" Then as he saw how grieved his mother looked, how worn, he asked gently: "Is it not a glorious thing to be a knight, to go out into the world to help those who are in trouble?"

That it was time for her son to leave her, Herzeleide knew. "Thy father rode away on knightly adventure," she said sadly, "and left me forever. Now wouldst thou depart and so bring new grief to me: but I must let thee go."

"Were my father here, would he not desire me to go, that I may bring honor to thee?" asked the lad. "Mother, tell me I pray thee before I leave thee, of my father. Was he not a noble knight?"

Into Herzeleide's eyes came a look of joy. She yearned to speak her dear lord's name, to tell of his achievements, but

greater was her desire that her son should not know of knighthood.

“Dear son,” she said, “in the world thou shalt hear of the knightly deeds of thy father, Gamuret Angevin; now is my heart too heavy with sorrow to tell thee of him.”



V

HOW HERZELEIDE'S SON RODE FORTH TO SEEK KNIGHTHOOD

WITH a sorrowful heart Herzeleide prepared her son for his departure. Thinking that he might be ridiculed and so desire to return to her, she made for him a fool's dress of coarse sackcloth, and fashioned leggings of calfskin to come to his knees; for his head she made a fool's cap. Then she dressed the lad herself in these strange clothes, lingering tenderly

over the fastenings, knowing that she might never again so serve him. As she knelt before him to fasten on his leg-gings, she spoke words of counsel to him.

“Be not too adventurous at first,” Herzeleide said, “seek not to pass through untrodden ways; cross not wide and turbulent waters. Greet all courteously and give them God’s blessing. Listen carefully to what old men shall say to thee, for from the mouths of gray-haired men shalt thou receive instruction; accept any chiding they may give thee.”

Kneeling there before her son, Herzeleide looked up into his face and saw again with pride and joy, and yet with bitter pain, its noble expression, the beauty which not even this humble dress could hide; not even a helmet she thought, would rest with such grace upon his fair, curling hair, as this rude cap. Then came to her the thought of how some woman would love her son and she said: “Thou dear son, if thou canst win a maiden’s kiss

and take her ring, then shalt thou be blest."

That very day would the youth have departed, but his mother bade him wait until the next morning, so at the dawn he was mounted upon his steed, riding to and fro, eager to be off. There arrived early a messenger with tidings for Herzeleide, and when she had heard them she said to her son: "Thou shalt find work to do soon, for some of thy lands have been wrested from thee by a proud knight who is called Lähelein. He hath slain one of thy princes and taken the other captive, with many of thy people."

"I shall conquer this Lähelein easily," declared the youth proudly, "with my javelin will I smite him."

Herzeleide smiled upon him and she said: "Be not too ready with words, dear son, lest thou forget to think deeply, and so remain silent when thou shouldst speak."

At his mother's feet, the boy knelt for her farewell blessing. "Farewell, thou

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dearest Mother," he said, "tenderly hast thou cared for me and now I go forth to bring thee honor. God bless thee—Heart's Joy, thou."

"Nay, dear, good son," said Herzeleide, "call me not Heart's Joy, but Heart's Sorrow. Yet thou my joy hast been. Farewell, my dear one, may God keep thee ever: I think thou shalt not know my care again."

As the boy rode forth he turned again and again to wave to his mother, who saw with what happiness he went. All the servants had gathered to see him go and there was weeping among them, though there were no tears in their Lady's eyes. She had thought to humiliate him with the rude garments she had given him, and the old steed she had chosen for him to ride; yet, had he gone forth in the rich and beautiful apparel that his father Gamuret had always worn, he could not have seemed more pleased, nor looked more noble, and Herzeleide knew that her foolish scheme would not make her dear

one return to her. For a long while she stood beneath the trees watching, as if she expected her son to ride back again, then suddenly she fell to the ground. When the servants raised her, they found that this new burden of grief had been too great, the life had gone from her body.



VI

HOW HERZELEIDE'S SON MET WITH JESCHUTE AND SIGUNE

THE youth rode all day and at dusk came to a wide stream, beyond which he saw green meadows. He hesitated to cross for although the water was shallow and rippled along quietly, he recalled his mother's words and rode on thinking to pass over where the stream was narrower. He rested beside it that night and on the morrow found its source and so crossed easily. Seeing tents pitched in the distance he rode toward them and stopped

before the first one he came to, which had gay ribbons fluttering from it; over it stretched a canopy of leather to give shade and to protect it from wind and rain.

The flap of the tent was open and as the youth looked in he saw a fair woman lying asleep upon a couch. This was Jeschute, wife of the Duke Orilus, and the youth might have awakened her with gentle greeting had he not espied upon her finger a golden ring; but this reminded him of his mother's words—he would kiss the lady and take her ring! Dismounting, he entered the tent softly, kissed Jeschute upon the mouth and with her hand held firmly in his, he tried to draw off her ring.

Awakened thus abruptly, the Lady Jeschute gazed in fright and astonishment at this youth, who though queerly clad, had not the face of one who sought to do harm.

“Begone!” she cried, “what wouldst thou here? Shall I call my servants to punish thee?” But the lad appeared not

to hear her, he was smiling down at the ring he held, pleased with his success. The golden clasp of her girdle he had taken also. Thinking that he must be foolish, and that it would be best to humor him, Jeschute bade him partake of refreshment, and the lad ate with a great appetite, for he was hungered with his long riding.

Then said Jeschute to him, "Now give me back my ring and clasp, I beseech thee, for if my husband returns and finds them gone, he will be so angered that he will ride after thee and kill thee."

"Of thy husband I have no fear," said the youth proudly, "'Twas an honor to kiss thee and take thy ring and I trust soon again to meet with adventure as fair as this." So saying he stooped over Jeschute and kissed her again, then mounted his horse and rode away. He had not gone far before he remembered a counsel of his mother's, and turning in the saddle, called back courteously, "God be with thee, Lady, and may He bless thee."

Soon after this, the Duke Orilus returned home; the horse tracks before the tent had surprised him, and his wife's explanation angered him, nor would he believe that she spoke truly.

"Thou hast received here another knight in my absence," he declared, "and allowed him to kiss thee and take thy ring. Now has shame come upon me. I who have won for myself a fair name in knightly adventure, find my honor gone. Have I not overthrown eight of King Arthur's knights in one joust? Yet what availeth it now that my wife hath brought such sorrow upon me? Go thou and bid thy women clothe thee in thy meanest dress, then shalt thou come with me and we will ride until we find this youth, then will I kill him before thee."

Poor Jeschute wept bitterly and tried to make her lord understand how the misfortune had befallen, but he refused to believe her, and they rode forth together to punish the foolish youth who was the cause of their trouble.

The lad had ridden away well pleased with himself, nor thought to be pursued and it was not long before he met with another adventure. The sound of a woman's voice raised in weeping reached him and he came to where a maiden sat by the roadside, clasping the body of a dead knight.

"Lady," said the youth gently, "I see well that thou art in great grief for love of this knight; tell me how he was slain and if falsely, I will ride to whatever adventure it please thee, to avenge him."

"Alas!" said the maiden, "my hero was slain in a joust and I fear none may avenge his death. But tell me what thy name is, for it seemeth that I know thee."

"I think I have no name," the lad replied, "but at home my Mother called me, '*Bon fils*,' or '*Cher fils*' or '*Beau fils*.'"

"Good son—dear son—beautiful son —" said the maiden, "yea, now I know thee, for I am thy cousin Sigune. Now I declare to thee thy name—it is *Parzival*—which means, *pierced through*! For even

as the heart of thy mother was pierced through at thy father's death, so was it pierced again when thou didst leave her."

At these words of Sigune's, Parzival dismounted from his horse and embraced his cousin and she spoke to him of his mother and his father and of the wounding of her knight. "For thee my lover fought, for he was slain while defending thy kingdom," Sigune said. "'Twas the wicked Orilus slew him, when he and Lähelein took thy lands from thee. Now art thou a King and thou must ride to claim thy lands. In service for thee, my lover won death and I have won sorrow."

"Fair, sweet cousin," said Parzival, "I will ride straightway to avenge thy lover's death, so tell me where I may find this wicked knight that I may punish him." But Sigune, fearing lest the rash youth should meet his death also, directed him wrongly, and Parzival left her and rode for many hours through the woods.



VII

HOW PARZIVAL CAME BEFORE KING ARTHUR

TOWARD the end of the day Parzival came out upon a highway where he met many people whom he greeted courteously. At eventide he was full weary and stopped at the house of a fisherman to ask for food and rest: the man demanded payment, so he gave him the golden clasp he had taken from Jeschute. From him he learned that King Arthur was holding

court at Nantes so he decided to go there and the fisherman promised to guide him to the city the next day. In the early morning they set out, but when they neared the city walls, Parzival's guide refused to go further, so with courteous farewells the lad rode on alone and passed through the gates, which were wide open as if to make all strangers welcome.

Inside the walls he found himself in a meadow, where were growing more flowers than he had ever seen before; beyond, was the noble castle where King Arthur with his knights and the ladies of the Court were gathered. Many people were riding to and fro, or walking in groups, and some of them smiled as the youth passed them, for his strange dress and tired-looking steed amused them; and Parzival smiled in return, greeting all who came near.

As he rode along, he saw approaching, a knight appareled all in red, whose steed bore a covering of red silk while red plumes waved from its head. A red

shield the knight carried, and in his hand he held a golden goblet; red was his hair, but his face was pale and very noble. As he drew near, Parzival spoke to him saying, "Now may God bless thee—I think this is the greeting for me to offer a knight—for so my Mother bade me greet all whom I met."

"God bless thee and thy mother," said the Red Knight heartily; "well I know she is a noble woman and loves thee well; thou shalt be loved by many women I think, so comely is thy face, so clearly doth truth shine from thine eyes. Thy face pleases me well, Lad, and I would have thee serve me, if thou wilt. This is my desire, that thou ride straightway to King Arthur and tell him that the Red Knight waits to joust with any knight who dares approach him. They will understand. Seest thou this goblet which I hold? But a short while since, I was in the Court and as I stooped to drink of the refreshment offered me, I spilled some of the wine on the Queen's robe, thinking to

rouse some of the knights to fight with me. I am eager for some adventure and none here have asked me to joust. I rode away in all haste with the goblet, and now I wait for some knight to take it from me."

"Thy message will I bear," said Parzival. And he left the Red Knight and rode on quickly to enter the castle.

There came forward a squire named Iwanet, who spoke courteously to the lad and said that he would lead him to the King. Outside the noble castle, Parzival dismounted and entered with Iwanet into a great Hall, where sat many knights about a Round Table. As he came toward them he spoke a courteous greeting, saying: "God keep ye, all ye heroes; I greet ye, King and Queen, and I bring a message." The knights crowded around him, for never had they seen a fairer face, nor heard a gentler voice. They led him to where King Arthur and Queen Guinevere sat, and both greeted him kindly. When Parzival had delivered the message of the Red Knight, he said timidly, to the

King, "Sir, I have journeyed far to ask of thee a gift."

"What is it thou wouldst ask?" said King Arthur, with gentle voice and smile, encouraging the youth to speak.

"That thou wouldst make me a knight, and robe me as a knight ought to be appareled," answered Parzival kneeling before him, "then will I serve thee with all my strength."

"Right gladly will I give thee the gift of knighthood," said the King. "On the morrow I will bestow on thee whatever I may."

"I pray thee, Sir, keep me not waiting," begged Parzival.

Now there stood near the King, his Seneschal Kay, who as he listened to the praise spoken of the youth, was filled with jealousy, and wishing to be rid of him said to the King: "Sir, why dost thou not allow this lad to win knighthood by achieving some difficult adventure? Require that he bring back to thee the golden goblet which the Red Knight hath taken.

This will test his spirit and prove if he be ready for knighthood. Let him win the gift he desires.”

King Arthur hesitated at first, but believing that the Red Knight would not harm the lad, requested him to undertake the adventure. Parzival rode forth joyfully, followed by many of the knights and ladies who crowded on the meadow to watch the meeting of the stranger and the Red Knight, whose real name was Ither, the King of Cumberland.

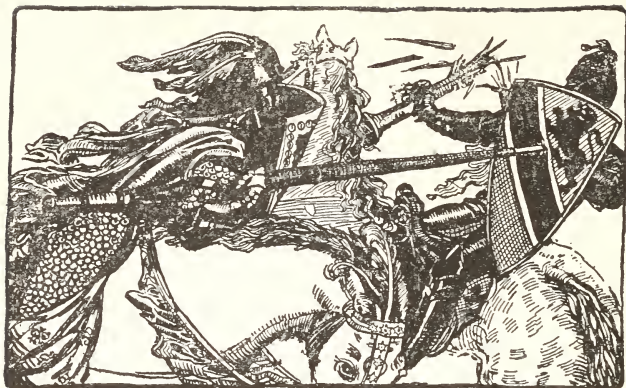
Now there dwelt at the Court, a fair damsel, by name, Kunnewaare—sister to the Duke Orilus who sought Parzival—and never for years had she spoken nor laughed, nor would she ever, she had declared, until the most noble knight of the world should come to the Court. So on this day, as she watched from a balcony, and saw the fair youth of whom all were speaking, suddenly she laughed aloud. Both knights and ladies were surprised and pleased that the maiden had been released from her silence; all but one, Kay,

the Seneschal, and he was angered. He came to the maiden and shook her roughly and struck her. "How darest thou laugh now," said he, "because thou dost gaze upon this country lad who in no way resembles a true knight? Many a noble knight hast thou seen before at the Court?" Had Lähelein and Orilus, her brothers, been present, they would have avenged this rudeness, but one there was to defend her, and as his voice sounded loudly in rebuke, all looked in amazement, for this knight who spoke was called Sir Antanor the Silent, and he had been under a spell like to that of Kunnewaare—he might not speak until the noblest knight of the world came to the Court.

"Sweet Lady," said Antanor gently, "thou hast suffered shame because of this youth, but sorrow not; he is indeed the true knight we have proclaimed him. Bear thy disgrace meekly, for it will not be long till he avenges this insult." Then Antanor went up to Kay and said boldly: "Thou shalt be punished, for

harming by word and touch, the gentle Kunnewaare." At these words Kay struck Sir Antanor on the ear and all saw how great was his anger.

Now these things Parzival saw, and heard what had been said, and his heart was hot with anger and his grief great. Grasping his javelin tightly he would have flung it at Kay but feared to miss his aim; he would have turned at once to avenge the maiden and Sir Antanor, but the crowd pressed around and forced him to ride on to where the Red Knight waited outside the walls.



VIII

OF PARZIVAL'S ADVENTURE WITH THE RED KNIGHT

BOLDLY Parzival rode up to the Red Knight and addressed him.

"Sir," said he, "the knights will not come to fight with thee, but I have been sent to take the goblet from thee, that I may win the gift of knighthood and thy apparel."

Loud and merrily laughed the Red Knight. "If the goblet is to be thine, and my armor also," said he, "I think that it will be thy life that I shall take."

"I shall conquer thee," declared Parzi-

val. "I am eager to win knighthood; come, let us fight. Ha! I think thou must be Lähelein who hath stolen my lands from me."

For answer the Red Knight raised his sword and with a mighty blow smote the horse of Parzival, which fell to the earth. It might have fared ill with the lad who was overthrown, but he sprang up quickly, took his javelin and threw it with great strength at the helmet of Ither, whose visor it pierced and in a moment the King of Cumberland lay lifeless at Parzival's feet.

When he saw that the Red Knight was dead, no fear nor distress was in Parzival's heart, for all he could think of was that now he might don this glorious apparel, take the knightly steed and ride away at once, a new-made knight. He knelt and tried to unfasten Ither's armor; but had no success, not understanding the way it was worn. Then there came toward him Iwanet, who hearing no further sounds hastened to see how it had fared with

Parzival. Great his amazement and grief at seeing Ither lying dead; yet he helped the lad to undo the armor, and when Parzival said he intended to wear it, Iwanet urged him first to remove his coarse dress and leggings; but he refused, saying that as his dear mother had clothed him, so would he remain. Arrayed in the armor of Ither, the lad looked indeed a knightly figure. Around his waist Iwanet girded on Ither's sword, bade Parzival throw away his javelin and never use one again, for such weapons were unknightly; also he showed him how to carry his spear and handle the sword.

When he was well-mounted on the Red Knight's horse, Parzival said to Iwanet, "Thou hast been a true friend to me and now I bid thee do me one service more. Greet King Arthur for me in farewell, for now that I am a knight, I shall ride forth at once; take him the golden goblet which I have won. Will he not be pleased? Also, say thou, that I shall return, or seek some means to avenge the rudeness of Kay



PARZIVAL AND IWANET

to the maiden and the knight; sweetly she laughed; there was love in her voice—like to my mother's it was—and nobly that knight spoke. Watch thou over the maiden, Iwanet, I pray thee, and save her from further insult. Now God keep thee in peace; my thanks to thee, farewell."

Thinking that the youth had best be gone, Iwanet did not try to keep him. He knew that soon the foolish lad would discover what wrong he had done, and would realize that he was not yet a knight, though he rode now in the trappings of one. Sorrowfully he turned to Ither and honored him by covering his body with the flowers of the meadow; hid the cruel wound which had not marred the fair, strong face; fashioned with branches a cross and drew the knight's hands together to hold it on his breast. Then he went to the castle to bear the mournful tidings.

There was much questioning, angry words and deep sorrow among all; many ladies had loved the knight and now they

wept for him; none with greater sadness than Guinevere and before them all she spoke of the valor and gentleness and many virtues of the King of Cumberland. Had Parzival been there he would have received their reproaches, and surely he would have been moved by their sorrow. But not even the King would have forgiven him then, and he mourned that he had sent the ignorant youth upon an adventure that only a tried knight should have attempted.

As they listened to those who cried shame upon the rash youth, Kunnewaare and Antanor spoke excuses for Parzival and declared that he would one day win the praise of all.



IX

HOW PARZIVAL CAME TO THE CASTLE OF GURNEMANZ AT GRAHARZ

THE strong steed of Ither bore Parzival swiftly from Nantes, and though unused to wearing armor he would not stop for rest even when the day drew to its close. In the fair sunset glow he came to rich fields, beyond which he saw the towers of a castle and rode on toward it.

Beneath a linden tree at the portal of the courtyard, sat an old man clothed sim-

ply in a flowing robe of white; this was Gurnemanz, lord of the castle and of the kingdom of Graharz. Wearied now by his long ride, Parzival approached with wavering spear and shield, nor bore himself as a skilled knight; this Gurnemanz perceived but rose courteously to greet the stranger. As the youth raised his helmet, the old man saw his beauty—the face radiant, flushed now with exertion; the smile, frank and loving. “Sir,” said Parzival, “by good fortune have I come to this castle. My Mother bade me seek the advice of old men and to follow what they said; so I pray thee, Sir, give me thy counsel.”

“God’s welcome to thee, Lad,” said Gurnemanz; “my counsel shall be given thee freely.” Then he released from his wrist, a falcon that had a golden bell about its neck, for it served as a messenger. “In a moment my squires will care for thee and thy steed,” said he.

Soon appeared from the castle, squires in fair garments, who led the guest into

the courtyard and bade him dismount; then he was taken to a room to rest. When the squires removed his armor they were astonished to find underneath it a fool's dress and one of them hurried to tell Gurnemanz.

Quietly the lord of the castle heard him, for he knew that the stranger must be Herzeleide's son, tidings having come to him of the lad's departure from the forest.

"Humbly he may be clad," said he, "but his face and bearing are very noble. Perchance 'twas his mother so clothed him." Yet when he came into the room and saw Parzival standing there in his strange dress, he said softly to himself: "The Joy of the World should be attired in more fitting apparel." Upon the lad he smiled kindly and cared for him as tenderly as a father might have cared for his son.

When he was rested they led the guest to the great Hall of the castle where food in abundance was spread, and it pleased the host well to see how heartily his guest

ate. After this evening meal, Parzival was glad to seek rest and he slept until late the next morning. Squires attended him then, preparing his bath and assisting him to dress; now they persuaded him to don the rich clothes that lay by the couch. There was a robe of white samite with girdle of scarlet; hosen of scarlet they put upon him; and over his shoulders placed a mantle lined with ermine inside, and without with sable, fastened about the waist with a rich belt and buckle of gold. These garments became Parzival so well that when he entered the Hall to seek his host, he won the admiration of the knights. "Let us praise also the mother of such a son," said they to each other.

After the morning meal, Gurnemanz drew his guest aside and questioned him concerning his adventures and quite willingly the youth told him of how he had left his mother, of his meeting with Sigune and Jeschute, and of how he had killed the Red Knight. Proudly he spoke as if he had achieved knightly adventure.

"Thy ways have been foolish," said Gurnemanz sternly; "thy mother's words thou didst not understand. Not yet art thou ready for knighthood. 'Twas not skill that won thee the victory over Ither of Cumberland, but treachery, for knights use not the javelin in jousting. I fear thou art not ready yet to comprehend the counsel I shall give thee, but this much will I say to thee.

"Have never shame in thy heart. Care for the poor and needy; take time to stop upon thy way to help them, for the gentleness and service thou renderest to thy humble fellow man shall be a greater glory than the winning of many battles. Seek to understand the life of the poor as well as that of the rich; then shalt thou use thy wealth with wisdom.

"God hath given thee five senses, but often one is to be used and not the others. Seek to use each at the proper time. See much—but speak little. Yea, I would have thee curb thy speech somewhat, too many questions thou asketh. Be not swift

to question, but discover what occasion requireth speech, then be ready with it. 'Tis wise for youth to be silent before what he doth not comprehend.

“Slay never a conquered foe but yield him mercy, so shalt thou make him more noble. Hold all women in honor; speak to them untruth never. One day shalt thou find thy true love and with her happily unite.” To the counsel of Gurnemanz Parzival listened gratefully and his heart was full of shame because of his foolishness and ignorance.

Then the old man bade his knights show Parzival all the requirements of knight-hood; the way to hold his arms, the rules of the Tourney and the joust; the manner of wielding, when engaged therein, the spear and sword and shield. The lad proved himself a good pupil for soon he mastered this knowledge and was able to break the spears of all those who jousted with him. Pleased was Gurnemanz to see that he had acquired so quickly such grace and skill, for now with his great strength

he would be able to win many a victory.

That evening at supper the daughter of Gurnemanz was present, Liasse was her name; young was she and gentle, and at the bidding of her father, Parzival kissed the maiden. "She hath no ring thou canst take," said Gurnemanz smiling. And Parzival flushed with shame as he remembered his foolish deed. The two young people conversed happily together and the old man sighed as he watched them; he yearned to have them love each other that he might claim the lad for his son.

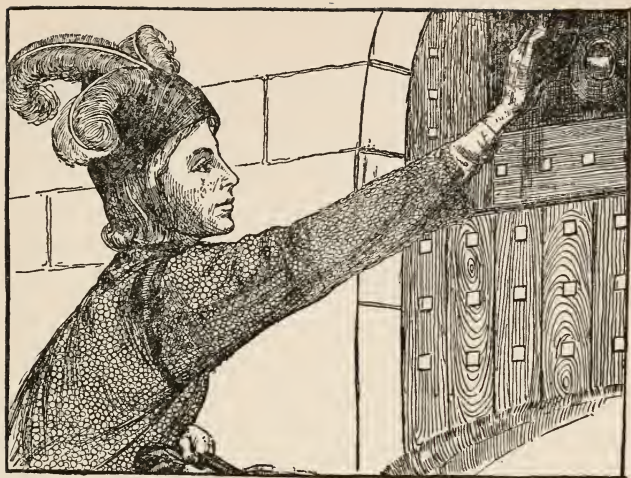
All too soon came the day when Parzival declared that he must ride on and with grieving heart his host bade him farewell.

"Thou hast been as a son to me," he said. "Three sons have I lost in battle and their mother died from grief and left me here lonely with my daughter. But lately was my last son Schentfleur killed, when defending the maiden Kondwiramur from the wicked Klamide who besieges her at Pelrapeire. Now, may God's blessing rest upon thee, Lad, and

guide thee—would that I might have thee for a son.”

“Dear Sir,” answered Parzival, “I thank thee for thy kindly words and care; perchance I may return to thee, but not until I have won fame as a knight shall I dare to woo a maiden. Farewell—thou who hast been as tender as a father to me.”

Knights, squires and ladies gathered in the courtyard to wish Parzival God-speed. Clad again was he in the armor and trappings of the Red Knight, and all declared that they had never seen a more noble-looking youth.



X

HOW PARZIVAL CAME TO THE CITY OF PELRAPEIRE

FORTH from Graharz went Parzival cheered by the kindness of Gurnemanz, riding now and carrying his armor with the grace of a skilled knight; musing as he rode along of the maiden Liasse and wishing that he might have remained longer near her.

All day he journeyed, taking the paths that his steed chose, for he knew not, nor

cared, to what country adventure might lead him. Over many a rough mountain path he ventured and at sunset time came to a torrent too deep for his horse to ford, so he followed alongside it. Soon he perceived in the distance, a castle lighted now with the glow of the evening sun. Around the courtyard were many houses and streets, beyond were woods and the sea. Descending with the stream, Parzival came to a great bridge strangely fashioned, for it hung in the air suspended by woven supports, and it swung to and fro in the breeze.

Standing by this bridge on the other side of the water were gathered more than thirty knights, armed as if for war. These called out to the stranger: "Begone!" But Parzival approached fearlessly and when his horse snorted with terror and refused to go further, he dismounted and with gentle words and touch, urged him across the swaying bridge. As soon as horse and knight touched the bridge the knights hurried away and entering the

courtyard, barred the gates in haste, for they thought no one would ride thus boldly unless a company of his people followed.

Quickly Parzival rode over the plain that lead to the gates, and lifting the iron hanger thereon, sounded it loudly. After a few moments a lady leaned from a window and said: "Sir Knight, comest thou as a foe? Besieged already are we by a wrathful King who would wed our Queen against her will; our people are wasted with hunger and we have trouble enough."

"Nay, gentle Lady," answered Parzival, taking his helmet from his head in greeting, "I come not as an enemy but as a friend. If I may serve you here, gladly will I and with no thought of reward."

Hearing these words the lady hastened joyfully to the Queen and she ordered that the gates be opened to admit the stranger.

Knights, squires and archers were gathered in the courtyard; fully armed were they for they feared their foe was near. With courteous greetings they welcomed

the knight and led him to a cool bower of linden trees to rest, assisting him to unarm and bringing him water for his refreshment, and a rich robe to wear. Parzival was pleased to hear that he had come to the city of Pelrapeire of which Gurnemanz had spoken, and he hoped here to achieve knightly adventure.

"Sir," said one of the knights, "wilt thou speak with our Queen Kondwiramur?"

"Lead me to her, I pray thee," said Parzival.

Accompanied by her two uncles, Kondwiramur descended the great steps of the castle to greet the stranger. Fair was the maiden Queen, pale her face, white her skin; clothed all in white and gold was she, and the sun cast a golden glow over her. As she smiled upon the young knight, he thought no woman in the world could be lovelier, and his heart beat for joy as she kissed him in greeting. Taking his hand the Queen led him to the Hall where many maidens and knights were gathered. The faces of these were sad,

their movements languid, and Parzival gazed upon them in pity for he saw how all were in need of food. Long and earnestly he gazed upon the Queen and forgot to speak, so absorbed was he in her loveliness; indeed so silent was he that Kondwiramur feared that she did not please him.

"Sir," said she, "I have heard of thy offer to help us and thankful am I, for we need the service of a brave knight. Tell me, I pray thee, from whence art thou come?"

"This morning I rode from the castle of Gurnemanz—kind and wise is he, but now he is in great sorrow," answered Parzival.

"Sir," said Kondwiramur in surprise, "Gurnemanz is my uncle and often have I visited him at Graharz; I marvel that thou couldst have come so far in a day."

Until late that evening the two conversed and Parzival told the Queen of his life in the forest and of the adventures that had befallen him since he left his mother. Then was he conducted to a

room richly appointed; soft rugs were upon the floor, skins were upon the velvet couch and a robe of silk was laid there for him. The squires lighted the tall tapers, then at his request left him and soon the wearied knight fell asleep.

In the night Parzival was awakened suddenly, and by the light of the tapers he was surprised to see kneeling by the couch, the Queen Kondwiramur who was weeping bitterly.

"Lady, what grieveth thee?" he asked, and rising, lifted her gently from her knees. "Sit here, I pray thee, and tell me of thy sorrow."

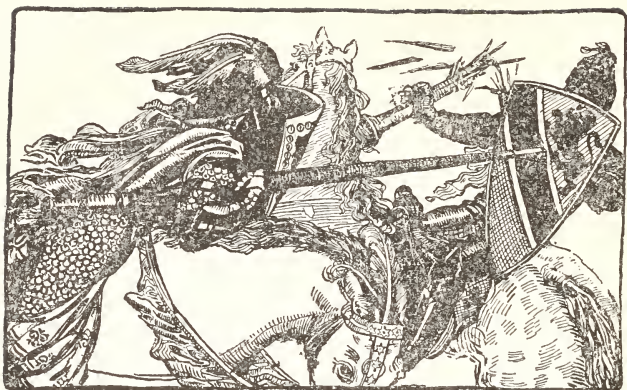
"Sir," said Kondwiramur, "my grief made me seek thee, for in thee I behold my deliverer; and unless thou promise to save me I cannot sleep."

"Lady," said Parzival tenderly, "tell me how I may serve thee and whatever the task, it shall not be too difficult."

"Sir Knight," said Kondwiramur, "thou seest how my lands have been wasted by Klamide and how my people suffer. His

Seneschal, Kingron, hath slain half my knights; to his death he brought Gurnemanz's son, the noble Schentfleur. Not much longer can we hold the castle, but, Sir, rather than be wife of Klamide, I will fling myself from the castle tower to the moat below."

"Have no fear, sweet Lady," Parzival said gently, "God will give me strength to deliver thee from Kingron and Klamide and soon shall thy people be relieved of hunger. Now go to thy rest and sleep peacefully."



XI

HOW PARZIVAL OVERCAME KING- RON AND KLAMIDE, AND OF HOW HE WEDDED QUEEN KONDWIRA- MUR OF PELRAPEIRE

ON the morrow after he had heard service, Parzival asked for his horse and armor and rode forth to meet Kingron the Seneschal, who, with a large company, was approaching. Riding swiftly Parzival met Kingron some distance from the bridge and there the two jousted fiercely until with a mighty sword thrust the Seneschal was overthrown.

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"Spare my life, I pray thee," he cried.

"Well," said Parzival, "that will I do if thou promise to ride to Graharz and obey the commands of Gurnemanz; he hath need of a son."

"Sir," said Kingron, "there I dare not go; rather would I meet death at thy hands, for 'twas I slew Schentfleur, his son."

"Then yield thee to the Queen whom thou hast wronged," said Parzival.

"If I do this, Sir, her people will not spare me; have I not brought great woe to them?"

"Then to King Arthur will I send thee. Say to the King that I sent thee to avenge the gentle maiden Kunnewaare whom Kay hath wronged." So saying, Parzival left Kingron and returned to the castle.

When Kingron's knights saw that their leader had been conquered, many of them hurried away to inform Klamide; the others helped the discomfited knight to mount his horse.

With shouts of joy was the victorious

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knight greeted and Queen Kondwiramur embraced Parzival and spoke softly her thanks and praise. Then, so that all could hear, she said: "In the wide world is but one whom I could claim for my lord—this knight who is my deliverer."

"Lady," said Parzival, kneeling before her and kissing her hand, "on the earth is none so lovely as thou; if I have won thy love, I am indeed blest."

That night was held the marriage feast of Queen Kondwiramur and Parzival and there was great rejoicing among all at the castle. By good fortune, ships had sailed into the harbor and Parzival had purchased from the merchants, provisions enough to last for a long time; so there was peace and plenty at Pelrapeire.

After three days, tidings came of the approach of King Klamide and his knights, for when the King heard of how his Seneschal had been overcome, he ordered his knights to march with him to Pelrapeire and on foot to besiege the castle gates. In haste and anger he had set forth, for he

had thought to conquer easily Queen Kondwiramur and take her city.

No further than the bridge did they come for Kondwiramur's knights guarded it now with new hope, and Parzival with a company of knights and squires rode through the woods and surprised Klamide's men at the rear, taking many of them prisoner. At the close of the day he returned to the castle with them and this ended the fighting for a few days.

Then Parzival sent the prisoners, without their armor, back to their King to inform him that Queen Kondwiramur had wedded Kingron's conqueror. So angry was Klamide that he sent a herald to the castle to bid this bold knight meet him in single combat.

Well pleased was Parzival and he rode forth at once to answer the King's challenge while the knights on both sides gathered around to watch the jousting. Each galloped swiftly toward the other and the conflict was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The noise of the

clashing shields and swords was heard at the castle where, from her tower, Queen Kondwiramur gazed upon the fight, but there was no fear in her heart for she was certain that her lord would master Klamide.

For two hours they struggled, then suddenly by a spear thrust Parzival brought the King to the ground where he lay unable to rise, knowing that he was conquered. Jumping from his horse, Parzival took Klamide's helmet from his head and raising his own sword, cried out: "Now shall I free my wife from thy wooing—to death thou goest!"

"Mercy, gallant knight," cried Klamide, "thou art victor, I am laid low; thine honor should spare me. A poor life shall I live without her whom I love, but I would not yet meet death."

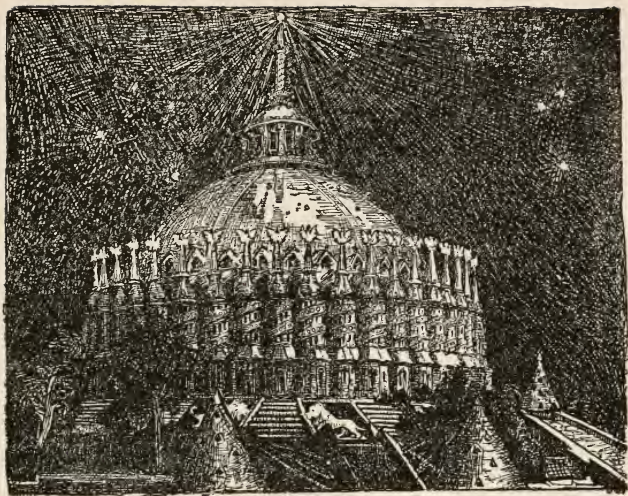
Remembering the counsel of Gurnemanz, how a knight should spare a conquered foe, Parzival granted the King his life, but made him promise to set out for

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King Arthur's Court to serve the maiden Kunnewaare.

Thus did Herzeleide's son rescue Queen Kondwiramur and tidings of his valor reached King Arthur. First came Kingron who spoke his praise, then Klamide with his story, and both proclaimed themselves the knights of Kunnewaare in place of him who could not yet come to her. Now was Kay shamed before all and though he strove to win back the favor of the maiden and the knights, not yet were they ready to excuse him.

PART II
FAILURE



XII

HOW PARZIVAL CAME TO THE TEM- PLE OF THE GRAIL

Now when Parzival had been for several months at Pelrapeire, he one day asked Kondwiramur's permission to ride forth to see how his mother fared and to seek further adventure. The Queen gave her consent willingly, for she was pleased to have her lord, who was yet so young, set out to win honor in the world. So be-

gan for Parzival a separation from his wife which lasted many years, nor did either think that adventure so strange and sad was to befall him.

Toward evening of the first day's journey, Parzival, riding through the forest, came to a harbor where many boats were at anchor. Seated in one of these was a man fishing. He was clothed in garments fashioned royally and richly ornamented; upon his head was a cap adorned with peacock plumes; his hair was gray and his face pale and sad. As the knight approached, he looked at him eagerly.

"Sir," said Parzival courteously, "I pray thee, guide me to shelter, for I have ridden all day and am weary."

"There is but one shelter near, Sir Knight," the Fisher answered. "If thou take the road up yon cliff, soon thou wilt arrive at a moat; call there to the warden and he will let down the drawbridge for thee. We shall meet again for I shall be thy host."

When he had thanked the Fisher, Par-



THE FISHER KING

zival followed the path until he came to the moat where stood a squire who said: "Sir, why ridest thou here?"

"The Fisher hath offered me shelter," answered Parzival.

"Then thou art welcome," the squire said, and he let the drawbridge down.

Following the squire through a grove of trees, Parzival came out upon a courtyard of green turf and before him he beheld a castle so mightily and wondrously fashioned that he looked with amazement and joy upon its beauty. Knights came forward to greet him, pages held his bridle rein while squires held his stirrup and Parzival dismounted and was led within.

To a room richly appointed he was taken and his armor removed. Well pleased were the knights and squires with his fair, young face. Soon there entered a knight who carried a mantle of silk adorned with jewels and this he placed over Parzival's shoulders.

"Sir Knight," said he, "our gracious Lady and Queen, Repanse de Schoie, hath

lent thee this mantle; it is her own and we deem thee worthy of this honor.”

“I thank thee for thy kindly words,” said Parzival, “and I pray thee, greet for me thy Queen. Good fortune it is that I found my way here.”

Thus richly attired Parzival was led through many corridors and passed by rooms, each of which seemed more beautifully appointed than the other. Then they came to two doors which were wide open, and standing on the threshold of a great Hall, Parzival saw many wonders therein.

A hundred crowns of gold were fastened to the walls and in them tapers burned. Small couches that served for tables were against the walls with cushions before them resting upon rich rugs. At each couch sat four knights upon the cushion seats; four pages and four squires stood beside. The Hall was lighted also by fires from three large fireplaces; one was at the end of the Hall opposite the doors and one was at each side. Woods that

gave forth sweet perfumes burned therein. By the fireplace at the end, Parzival saw the Fisher reclining on a high couch; he wore robes of fur and upon his head was a cap of sable adorned with bands of gold with a ruby in the center. He held out his hand to his guest and as Parzival walked into the Hall to greet him, he observed how pale and worn was his host's face, and he lay as if enduring great pain.

As Parzival stood by the Fisher's couch, there entered into the Hall a squire who bore in his hand a spear, from which drops of blood fell, and as he passed swiftly through the Hall, a sound of weeping was heard as if great sorrow had come upon all those within. When he was gone the weeping ceased and there entered a procession of maidens.

First came two girls, children almost were they, whose flowing hair was caught with silken bands and blossoms; each carried a golden candlestick with burning tapers in the sockets. After them came two maidens clothed in brown silk, with

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golden girdles about their waists and with flowers in their hair; then two attired as these came, and they carried two stools of ivory which they placed before the Fisher's couch. Then came four clothed in robes of green silk, who bore tapers, and four who carried a table top of Jacinth, which they placed upon the ivory stools. As each maiden passed by the Fisher she bowed reverently, then took her place, standing at the left of the couch. Following those with the Table came four maidens bearing lights, then two who bore on cloths, two knives of silver which they laid upon the Table, then took their places with the others. Six more maidens came after, wearing as did the six before, silken robes of rainbow hues inwoven with gold.

Twenty-four maidens had come into the Hall, and as Parzival gazed in wonder, there entered a maiden more fair than any of the others. Crowned like a Queen was she and arrayed in royal robes. Behind her came six maidens who carried torches of transparent glass in which burned bal-

sam that sent a sweet perfume through the Hall. Now the crowned maiden carried a cushion of green velvet and on it lay a Stone from which shone a great light. She placed the cushion upon the Table, then joined the others standing in the center of the row of maidens.

Now was the procession ended, and the Fisher, who was King there, motioned to a knight, who approached the guest and offered him a bowl of water and a silken towel.

Then into the Hall were wheeled cars that held golden vessels for serving.

Then came forward the squires each bearing a linen napkin in his hand. Before the Jacinth Table they knelt in turn, resting the napkin upon the cushion, and when each rose, he carried food upon it and took it to the knight he served.

Then golden goblets were brought to the cushion where the Stone lay, and through Its power, each was filled with wine.

In astonishment Parzival beheld these

inysteries, but knew not that this was the Feast that the Grail bestowed upon those who served It. He would have questioned concerning what he saw, and inquired the cause of the Fisher's suffering, but remembering the counsel of Gurnemanz, he feared to speak lest he should offend; and so looking about him with wondering eyes, he remained silent.

Then there entered a squire who carried with him a sword encased in a sheath which was richly ornamented with jewels; into its hilt a ruby was set. He gave the sword to the King who offered it to Parzival saying: "Sir, I pray thee to accept this sword as a token of hospitality; often I carried it until God smote me: now thou shalt carry it and well shall it serve thee."

Parzival accepted the sword with grateful words—now might he have said more, but yet was he silent concerning what his heart prompted him to ask.

The cars with the golden vessels were taken from the Hall; the crowned maiden stepped forward from the others and took

the cushion with its Treasure; each maiden fulfilled her duty and all passed from the Hall. Then it was that Parzival observed how another door had been opened, and he saw lying within a room an old man with a long, white beard, whose face was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"Sir," said the Fisher courteously, "thy couch awaiteth thee, I think thou must be weary; sweet be thy rest."

Squires came forward to lead the guest to his room, and when they had assisted him to disrobe, they left him. All that night Parzival's rest was disturbed with dreams of jousts in which he was defeated, and great sorrow was in his heart when he awakened; why, he knew not. He called the squires but as no one came he slept again. It was high noon when he opened his eyes once more, and when no one responded to his call, he rose and donned his armor, fastening on his two swords. "Why was this sword given me?" he asked himself. "Perchance to-day I am to be called to some deed of knighthood. Was

my dream a warning?" Carefully he placed upon the couch the mantle which the Queen had loaned him; he thought that it must have been sent by the maiden who carried the cushion; her lovely face reminded him of his mother and he stood for a while musing of these two women and of his wife, Kondwiramur. Then he left the room to seek his host, but found no one about. Through many rooms he searched but they were deserted; at locked doors he knocked, but there was no response. Much vexed at this mystery, he decided to leave the castle and passed into the courtyard where he found his steed waiting. The drawbridge was down and he rode over looking to right and left, hoping to see someone. Although no one was in sight, the moment he reached the other side, the bridge was drawn into place again. Then, as Parzival waited by the moat a squire appeared, who called out to him: "Ride forth, thou weakling; closed thy lips that should have questioned concerning the distress of thy host. Great

is thy shame—yet honor and glory mightest thou have won here.”

At these words Parzival begged the squire to explain to him their meaning, but there was no answer, so with sorrowful heart the youth rode on, following paths that his horse chose, not knowing whither he was going. Soon he perceived fresh hoof marks and this grieved him for he thought that the knights had ridden off to some adventure which they deemed too difficult for him to undertake. “Do they think me a coward?” he said aloud. “I might have helped them and so repaid the courtesy all showed me; well might I have used the gift of my host.”



XIII

HOW PARZIVAL WAS REPROACHED BY SIGUNE

FOR a long time Parzival followed the tracks through the forest; then unexpectedly he came to an open space of grass, shining with dew and shaded with linden trees. As he paused to rest, he heard the sound of weeping, and riding on saw a maiden sitting under a tree, holding in her arms the body of a knight. She did not look up as Parzival approached, but he could see how pale she was, how worn and dusty her garments.

"Lady," said he gently, "is there some way I can serve thee?"

"I thank thee," answered the maiden sadly. "But tell me how camest thou here? Dangerous is it for any who do not know the way to ride through these woods. Where didst thou spend the night?"

"Lady," answered Parzival, "I found shelter in a castle a long distance back; and there occurred many strange things."

"Sir Knight," the maiden said, "thy words seem false, for there is no shelter anywhere near, save one which is the richest abode in the world. Upon a mountain called Monsalvage, there is a Temple, and there a holy man named Titurel ruled as King until the Grail chose his son Fri-mutel to take his place. This son sought adventure in the world and met his death there. Then was his son Anfortas crowned King, but in the world was he wounded because of wrongdoing, and now he suffers day and night. Near here dwells a brother of his, Trevrezent the

Hermit, for since the day of Anfortas' wounding he hath dwelt solitary in this forest as a penance for his brother's sin. Now if by chance thou hadst arrived at Monsalvage, all this would they have told thee. Thou wouldst have released the King from his pain and brought joy to all there."

"I saw many marvels, and many knights and maidens were there," said Parzival, "and my host seemed in great suffering."

At these words the maiden looked up eagerly at him. "Methinks," said she, "that thou hast been to the Temple. Lift thy helmet I pray thee, for surely I know thee. Yea, 'tis Parzival. Tell me, Cousin, didst thou see the wondrous Grail? Didst ask the Question? Is the woe ended there? Ah, blessed art thou to have been led on this journey; thy renown shall be spread far. Joy hast thou brought to the sorrowing ones at Monsalvage."

"Lady," asked Parzival, "how dost thou know my name?"

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“Dost not remember thy cousin? Thou dost meet me now as before, holding my beloved in my arms. Behold, he is ready now for burial.”

“Ah, 'tis Sigune,” cried Parzival joyfully, and he dismounted and kissed his cousin, saying: “How thou art changed, thy face is so pale; thy fair locks are shorn; thou lookest so feeble. Sweet Cousin, I pray thee, cease from thy mourning and let us bury this knight.”

“Now I thank thee,” answered Sigune, “and it will be well for my lord that thy hands help to bear him to his resting place.” Then seeing the swords he carried, she touched the gift of the Fisher saying joyfully: “Thou art indeed the chosen one; thou bearest the magic sword. It will protect thee ever and if it should break, take it to the fountain called Lac—to this shalt thou be guided in thy need—plunge it into the waters and it will be whole again. But this they have told thee at the Temple, and taught thee the spell of the sword. All blessings shall be

thine if thou hast asked the Question."

"Nay, Cousin," Parzival said, "at the castle they did not tell me this concerning the sword. What dost thou mean by a question? I asked none there. What is the Grail, did I see it there?"

"Thou didst behold the Grail and the mysteries—thou didst see the suffering of thy host, the King? Thou didst see the bleeding spear and the knives of silver? And thy lips were silent?" the voice of Sigune trembled with distress. "Surely courtesy demanded that thou question concerning these things. Alas, if it be true that thou wert silent, thou art a cursed knight. Begone from me; leave me with my hero who knew no shame."

"Fair Cousin," pleaded Parzival, "speak not so unkindly. If I have done wrong, my repentance shall be great."

"What shall avail thy repentance now? From this shame can thy honor be released ever? Who will comfort those who suffer because of thee? Begone, I say—no longer will I speak with thee," and

Sigune bent over the knight she held, and wept bitterly.

All sorrowfully Parzival mounted his steed and rode away, nor cared whither his horse went. Now he thought over all that he had seen in the mysterious castle and he repented bitterly that he had not questioned concerning the suffering of his host, as his heart had bidden him.



XIV

HOW PARZIVAL FOUGHT WITH ORILUS

As Parzival rode slowly along he saw fresh hoof marks and urging on his steed he entered a path where he saw two riders, one far ahead of the other. Near Parzival rode a lady on a sorry looking mare, so thin that its ribs might be counted; worn and dusty was the harness and made of hemp. The garments of the lady were so ragged that in places her

skin shone whitely through. He who rode ahead was mounted on a mighty war horse and both rider and horse looked strong and well-fed.

Reaching the lady's side, Parzival looked into her face and found it thin, pale and sad. He had taken his helmet from his head for the day was warm, and as the lady looked up she recognized him at once, though he was differently clad when they had met before.

"Alas," said she, "great grief hast thou brought me." And as she spoke the tears streamed down her face and she strove to cover her eyes with her hands.

"Now this cannot be true," answered Parzival, for he did not recognize Jeschute, "never yet have I brought sorrow to a lady except my dear mother; I would help all ladies that I meet. Thou art poorly clad and sad; wilt thou not take my surcoat? May I not serve thee in some way?"

"Nay, Sir Knight," responded Jeschute, "I may take nothing from thee, but much

hast thou taken from me, my ring and my happiness. Now, I pray thee, turn and ride swiftly away, for if my lord sees thee he will harm thee."

"Ha!" cried Parzival, "now I know thee. But how have I brought thee sorrow?"

"My lord will not believe what I tell him of thy visit; he thinks wrong of me," Jeschute replied.

"Lady, now were death better than flight. Do any ride ahead of thy lord?"

"Nay, he rideth alone, but mighty is he and easily can he overcome six men by himself. Ah, greatly is he changed; once he was kind who is now so cruel to me," said Jeschute mournfully.

Now the steed of Orilus at this moment neighed and the Duke, turning, saw that his wife was conversing with a strange knight. Swinging his horse around he rode quickly toward him with spear raised. Few rode as richly appareled as the Duke Orilus; his armor was of the finest steel; upon shield, helmet and

breastplate, a dragon set with jewels, was blazoned in gold.

Jeschute drew aside in terror as her lord approached, but Parzival rode to meet him. Fear was in the lady's heart for the youth, but as she watched how skillfully he met the thrusts of Orilus' spear and how strong his blows upon the other's shield, she trembled lest her lord should be hurt, for dearly she loved him, although he had so greatly shamed her. The sound of clashing spears rang through the forest; the horses snorted and the combatants breathed heavily, and the blows upon the shields caused the sparks to fly. Soon was the helmet of Orilus dashed to the ground by Parzival's stroke; then was that knight's horse struck down, but he jumped up quickly and with a great leap caught Orilus about the waist and dragged him from the saddle. Hand to hand fought they then, till the Duke's strength began to fail.

"Now art thou conquered," cried Parzival, "and I bid thee swear that thou wilt

believe thy wife and ask her forgiveness."

Not yet would Orilus yield him but strove to overthrow his adversary. At last Parzival brought him to the ground and the Duke knew that he was defeated and said feebly: "Dost thou desire to kill me?"

"Thy life will I spare," answered Parzival, "if thou wilt believe what thy wife tells thee."

"Sir," said Orilus, "many riches will I give thee, but ask me not to forgive Jeschute, for greatly hath she dishonored me."

"Shame to thee," said Parzival, "'twas I, but a foolish youth, who rode rudely into her tent and took her clasp and ring—I meant no harm when I kissed her."

"Thou," cried Orilus, "well I must believe thee for thy face is noble. So 'tis thou I have sought to punish?"

"Thou hast greatly wronged thy lady, Sir," said Parzival indignantly. "'Twould have been better hadst thou trusted her. Another promise I require of

thee; 'tis this, that thou ride to the Court of King Arthur and there seek out a gentle maiden whom Kay hath wronged. I send thee to protect her until I can go to her myself." So saying, Parzival assisted the Duke to rise and led him to Jeschute who waited eagerly to greet him. Orilus most humbly asked her pardon and the sweet and gentle lady granted it readily, for she slipped down from her mare and put her arms about her lord's neck and kissed him tenderly. Then she cared for his wounds and when he was rested the three rode off together.

Soon they came to an altar built in the rock and there Parzival made the Duke swear that never again would he doubt his wife. There knelt Parzival also to ask pardon for his foolish act and he returned to Orilus the ring he had taken. Upon his wife's finger the Duke placed it tenderly and with joy she received it. Then Parzival took off his cloak and put it around Jeschute that she might ride in suitable attire.

"Sir, I thank thee," said Orilus, "and now speak to me, I pray thee, thy name; Orilus of Lalande am I."

"Ha!" exclaimed Parzival in surprise, "'tis my enemy I have conquered. Parzival the Waleis am I, and through thee and thy brother Lähelein have I lost my kingdom; 'twas thee slew my prince, beloved by Sigune."

"Sir," said the Duke Orilus, "let peace be between us; all that I have taken from thee will I restore, but know this, that in a fair fight did thy prince meet his death."

With friendly words Parzival left the two who returned to their home, where Jeschute's servants arrayed her in her richest robes and mounted her on a white palfrey, but Orilus rode forth with battered shield and helmet for he did not wish to wait for new armor.

King Arthur and Queen Guinevere welcomed the Duke Orilus and his Lady and surprised was that knight to find that the maiden whom he had been sent to defend was his sister Kunnewaare.



XV

HOW PARZIVAL WAS MADE A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE

Now after Orilus and Jeschute had appeared at the Court, King Arthur desired greatly to meet with Parzival that he might assure him of his forgiveness and make him one of the Round Table. Then he decided to set out with his knights to seek him, and he made all promise not to enter into joust with any they met, without first asking his consent,

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for he knew that they must go through strange countries and he wished them to pass through peaceably.

On the eighth day of their journeying they met with Parzival and it was in this wise.

Although it was the springtime, a light snow was upon the ground, and Parzival, riding along narrow woodland pathways, made his way with difficulty over the ground. Suddenly, a hawk flew near him and followed as if for protection: it had escaped from Arthur's knights who were near. Then a flock of wild geese flew by and the hawk swooped down upon them and one fell wounded to the earth. Three drops of blood dropped upon the snow and as Parzival saw them he smiled, for thoughts of Kondwiramur came to him. He likened the white of the snow to the whiteness of her skin, the red of the blood to her lips; her fair face came clearly before him and he stood spell-bound thinking of her.

Thus, a squire following the hawk, saw

the stranger knight standing motionless and returning quickly to the others told them how a knight was waiting nearby to joust. One named Segramor rode quickly to the King to ask his permission to joust singly with the stranger.

"Beware," said King Arthur, "how thou dost ask release from thy promise. Knowest thou that we are near the mountain where Anfortas dwelleth? We must have a care or his knights will drive us from the woods." But so eager was the young knight to try his skill that the King consented.

Joyfully rode Segramor, but though the bells from his horse's trappings jangled and though he called out to the stranger, Parzival did not look up. Then Segramor rode nearer and Parzival was disturbed from his sweet musings by seeing a knight before him with uplifted spear. Short was the conflict for with one thrust was Segramor overthrown.

Again to his dreaming went Parzival, while the defeated knight returned to

Arthur in humiliation to tell him how quickly he had been overcome. Then Kay craved permission to go forth and it was granted. As he rode along he thought how he would conquer this knight and win back the favor of the King and the knights by his prowess. As he approached Parzival he called out rudely, "I have come to lead thee captive to King Arthur." Then when Parzival did not look up, he rode nearer and struck his helmet saying: "Dost sleep? Well, I shall waken thee."

At these words Parzival turned quickly and felled the other to the ground. His charger killed under him, Kay was obliged to return on foot to his tent where he lay in great suffering.

Now when Gawain heard of the defeat of Segramor and Kay, he obtained the King's permission to seek the knight, not to joust with him but to offer him courteous greeting. When he came to where the stranger was standing, gazing at the snow, he knew that this was Parzival.

"Sir," called he, "why wilt thou not greet those who speak to thee? Why dost thou not seek King Arthur who is ready to forgive thee?" Then as he saw how Parzival gazed at the drops upon the snow, he rode up and covered them with his cloak.

"Alas!" said Parzival in distress, "who takes from me my dreams?"

"'Tis I, Gawain of Arthur's Court," answered that knight, "and I pray thee, come with me to King Arthur who waits near."

"Yea, that would I do, but I may not seek him until I have punished Kay," answered Parzival.

"Thou hast just overcome him and Segramor," said Gawain, "and he lies wounded. Hast forgotten how two knights attacked thee? Both didst thou conquer. A love spell was upon thee, I think, but I have broken it. Now wilt thou come with me?"

Gladly Parzival assented, and as they approached the tents he saw Kunnewaare

with Orilus and Jeschute, and that maiden came forward quickly, saying: "Very welcome art thou. Well hast thou proven thy knighthood. Not until that day when I saw thee, knew I smiles or laughter; then the gladness that came to me was the cause of sorrow and disgrace. But thou hast avenged me; now receive, I pray thee, my kiss of gratitude."

"I thank thee for this honor and thy gracious words," said Parzival.

Sir Antanor came also to greet the youth: "Welcome to him who hath avenged the wrong done the maiden Kunnewaare," said he. "Vanished is Kay's pride and he lies repenting his rudeness."

When Parzival was refreshed, Kunnewaare brought him a robe that she had fashioned; a jewel clasped it at the neck, and a girdle with jewels was about the waist with a clasp in which a ruby was set. Then he was led to where the King and Queen waited eagerly to greet him. Tears were in Guinevere's eyes, for al-

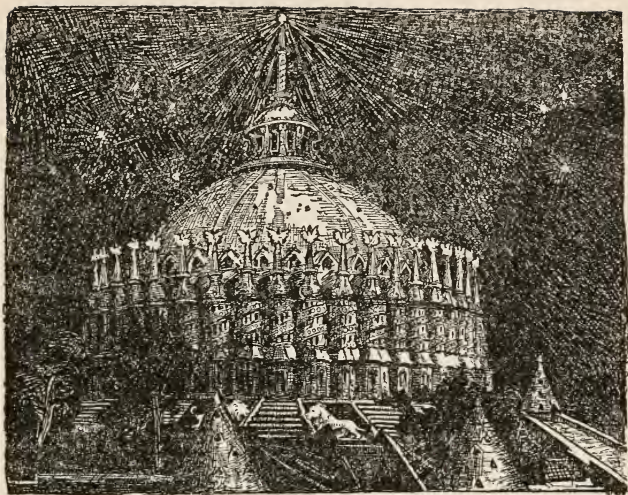
though she felt kindly toward Parzival, she could not forget the sorrowful death of Ither of Cumberland.

“Sir,” said King Arthur to him, “thou hast brought me sorrow as well as joy, but gladly I forgive thee for thou hast accomplished many noble deeds. Now I would have thee become one of the Brotherhood of the Round Table; it will please me greatly to bestow the Order of Knighthood upon thee and my knights will welcome such a good comrade.”

A feast was prepared and a silken cover spread upon the grass to represent the Round Table; about it all the knights and ladies gathered to witness the knighting of Parzival. Kneeling before King Arthur, he took the Vow of Knighthood, promising to serve his King faithfully, to speak the truth ever; to care for women and children, to help the poor: to ride in God’s service whenever duty should call.

Not one was there who equaled the new-made knight in beauty; forgotten were his mistakes, and words of praise

were spoken of him by all. Yet, though he smiled and seemed as merry as the others, Parzival was sad, for he remembered what none present knew, how he had failed at Monsalvage.



XVI

HOW PARZIVAL WAS SHAMED BY
KONDRIE, AND OF GAWAIN'S
PLEDGE TO FIGHT WITH KINGRI-
MURSEL

SUDDENLY into the happy group of knights and ladies, there rode a strange-looking maiden mounted on a large mule. Fair was her silken robe of azure but her face was ugly and her eyes were cruel. In her ugly hand she held a whip whose

handle was adorned with a ruby. Straight to King Arthur she rode while all looked upon her in dismay.

“Thou son of Uther Pendragon,” said she sorrowfully, “how art thou shamed. A stain is upon the honor of thy Table Round since he whom ye call Red Knight, sits here. Noble was he who was slain before Nantes, but unworthily is his name borne by another.”

Then turning to Parzival the maiden said, “Now speak, thou Parzival, and tell me—when thou sawest the Fisher sit there in suffering and sadness, why didst thou not seek to lift his woe? Worthless are thy mouth and tongue; evil-hearted art thou. But thou shalt suffer. Know this, that in the far East in Zassamank, rules one who is King there and thy brother. Strange is he to look upon, for both white and black is he. A heathen is he, yet I think not that he would have remained silent at Monsalvage. Dost think thy father, the noble Angevin, would have lost his honor so? And oh, the grief thou

didst bring to thy mother, the gentle Herzeleide."

The maiden paused and all eyes were upon the newly-made knight, whose head was bowed in shame. To Arthur she spoke again, saying, "Sir, is there a knight here who desires to win honor? Let him ride then to the Chateau Merveil where are imprisoned four Queens and four hundred maidens. No adventure is so difficult, and great shall be the rejoicing when all there are delivered." Great tears fell down her face and her voice was a cry of sorrow. "When shall I also be delivered? Kondrie am I, she who is under the spell of Klingsor, the magician. So also are those at Chateau Merveil. Wearily must I make my way there ere nightfall. Ah! Monsalvage, sorrow is upon ye there and upon us and no one bringeth relief." Weeping bitterly the maiden rode away, leaving the company astonished and speechless.

But a short distance had she gone, when there came riding swiftly a knight clad

in glittering armor, bearing an unsheathed sword in his hand. With courteous greetings he addressed the King and Queen, then asked for Gawain. When he saw him he said: "Sir King, there sits a false knight, for he hath killed the King of Schamfanzon. His brother, the King of Askalon, hath sent me to avenge this wrong and I demand that Gawain joust with me."

"Sir," said King Arthur in surprise, "we hold Gawain a brave knight. Methinks thou art too quick with thy blame and dost dishonor thyself."

Then up sprang Gawain's brother, Beaucorps, and cried out: "Sir, wouldst fight with Gawain? Thou speakest falsely of him and I will defend his honor. Now, brother, grant that I take thy place," said he eagerly to Gawain.

"Nay, that I cannot," replied Gawain gently, "I thank thee, brother, but truly would I be shamed if I gave this duty to another. Now, Sir," he demanded of the stranger, "speak to us thy name."

"Kingrimursel am I, the Landgrave of Schamfanzon."

"Thou dost accuse me wrongly," said Gawain, "but it will please me to fight thee whenever thou art ready."

"When we meet again," said Kingrimursel, "then we will joust. Safely thou mayest pass through our lands; none will harm thee, but when we two meet 'twill be to fight." With these words he bade farewell to the King and Queen and galloped swiftly away with his head held proudly.

The day that had been full of joy ended in sorrow and Parzival prepared to ride forth to continue again that journey which might lead him to Monsalvage, where he might make amends for his failure.

There came to him Klamide who said: "Sir, through thee I knew sorrow at Pelrapeire; now wilt thou help me to happiness? The maiden Kunnewaare would I wed, and I beg that thou, who art her chosen knight, will help me win her." Right gladly Parzival consented, nor had

he to urge the maiden to consider Klamide's message, for her heart had gone out to him and joy was hers knowing of his love.

Now it chanced that there was at that time at the court, a Queen who had come lately from the far East, and she sought out Parzival and said to him: "Sir Knight, the damsel who reproached thee spoke of Feirefis, King of Zassamank and called him thy brother. Know that this is true. Well I know thy brother and would praise him; none in the East is more valiant, unless it be the Baruch of Bagdad; his people love him and many noble deeds hath he achieved. Unlike are ye, for his face is dark; of two different races were his parents, the one dark, the other fair. Proud would thy father be to see his two sons and I declare to thee that thy manhood and valor are of the highest."

"God reward thee, Lady, for thy gracious words," said Parzival gratefully, "shame and sorrow are now my portion

and no peace shall I know until once more I reach Monsalvage."

In parting, the new-made knight addressed himself to the King and those of the Round Table, saying: "Sir King and noble Knights, ye have accepted me as one of the Brotherhood, but I shall not claim this honor until I deserve it, though I wait for years."

"Now, God guide thee," said the King, "greatly we desire to see thee soon among us."

"Always would I serve thee, brother," said Gawain; "may God lead thee to happiness."

"Alas!" said Parzival, "who is God, and why did He send this shame upon me? No longer shall I seek to serve Him for He hath no love for me. One only shall I serve—my beloved—her love shall guide me right."

In new armor, decked with jewels, Kunnewaare arrayed her knight, and he rode forth with the blessing of all; but in his heart was bitterness and despair.

That day was held the marriage feast of Kunnewaare and King Klamide and the maiden was crowned his Queen. That day also many knights set out to reach the Chateau Merveil. Rode forth also Gawain to reach Schamfanzon and with the remaining knights King Arthur returned sadly to Karidöl.



XVII

HOW GAWAIN BECAME THE KNIGHT OF THE LITTLE MAIDEN OBILOT

AFTER many a weary day's journeying, Gawain from a hilltop saw a sight which gladdened his heart, for a mighty army was approaching. The knights carried costly shields that glittered in the sun and held aloft new spears from which gay pennants were flying; banners waved from the pages' hands. Horses drew

heavy wagons and there were many mules well-laden.

From his steed sprang Gawain and waited by the roadside until the company had passed; then, of a squire who lingered behind, he inquired who was commander of these people.

"Sir," said the squire, "dost mock me? Surely thou and thy knights ride with us."

"Nay," answered Gawain courteously, "never have I seen those people before, nor have we ridden this road until to-day."

"Now I pray thy pardon," said the squire, "and gladly will I tell thee what thou dost wish to know. First rides the King Poidikonjonz and with him are his son and the Duke Astor; they ride to serve the young Prince Meljanz who is about to attack the city of Beaurosch. This is the cause—on the death of his father, Meljanz, then a boy, was left in charge of the Prince Lippaut who had promised the King, when he was dying, to care for his son and watch over his lands

until he should be able to rule them himself. A noble man is Lippaut and two daughters hath he, the older one is named Obie, and the younger, a little maiden yet, is called Obilot. Now in time Obie and the young Prince came to love each other and soon were they to have been married, but one day Obie said reproachfully to Meljanz: 'Sir, I will not wed with one who has never mingled in knightly warfare; no honor hast thou yet attained.'

"In anger then, the Prince left the castle and calling to him his knights, prepared to besiege Beausrosch and take captive Prince Lippaut and his daughters. King Poidikonjonz is his uncle and he and his people will aid him."

When Gawain heard these tidings he mounted his horse and rode on quickly to Beausrosch, for he thought to find some adventure there. Arriving at the gates of the city he found them closely barred, so took a hillside path to reach Lippaut's castle. As he approached with his knights

and squires, the wife of Lippaut, who with her daughters, watched from the castle windows, said to them: "Now who is this who comes; is it perchance a knight who will aid us?"

"'Tis a merchant, I think," said Obie.

"For shame, sister," said the little Obilot, "he is armed **as** a knight, noble his face and bearing. I should like to claim him for my knight."

Since no one came to invite him to enter the courtyard, Gawain dismounted beneath some linden trees outside, and while he rested, his squires removed the packs from the horses and placed them on the grass.

"Daughter," said the Duchess Lippaut, "what merchant would be robed so richly, or have so many squires to attend him?"

"My sister speaks discourteously of all," said Obilot, "with scorn hath she treated the noble Meljanz; unseemly her words, methinks."

"Well," said Obie, "I see nothing noble in that man. See how jealously he guards

his treasure, this knight of thine, sister."

All these words Gawain heard and he was angered and would have gone away, but now were Meljanz and his knights at the gates and he stayed to watch them.

"Why doth thy knight not seek to help us?" asked Obie scornfully. "He knoweth full well we are besieged. My knight shall win honor for himself to-day." She then sent a servant to inquire of the stranger what he had to sell, but the man fled at the anger in Gawain's face.

It chanced that the Burg-grave of Beaurorsch, on his way to the castle, stopped to address Gawain, and finding him to be a knight of mien and voice so gentle, he bade him come with him to the valley below, where he might find honorable lodging. Soon the Prince Lippaut hastened after them, for his daughter had informed him that a suspicious person had been waiting for admittance to the castle. Greatly surprised was the Prince when he conversed with Gawain to discover how he had been misjudged, and he welcomed

him to Beausosch and asked his forgiveness for the rudeness shown him. Also he begged the knight to be his guest at the castle and entreated him to remain with them and help them against their enemies. But Gawain was yet too angry to grant his request and sadly the Prince returned to the castle.

On his way he passed his daughter Obilot and with her was her little companion Clauditté, the Burg-grave's daughter. "What dost thou here, my child?" he asked.

"Father, I go to seek this stranger knight to ask him to help us in our need," was Obilot's answer.

"Go then, little daughter," said the Prince tenderly, "perchance he will grant thee what he hath refused me."

So came Obilot with sweet timidity to Knight Gawain and said: "Sir, I am Obilot, daughter to Prince Lippaut and this is my friend Clauditté. I beg thee to forgive the discourteous words that must have reached thy ears, and I beseech thee

to grant my favor. Wilt thou remain here to help us; wilt thou be my knight?"

"Little Maiden," said Gawain gently, greatly pleased at her request, "thy knight will I be, and I will win success for your father in thy sweet service. Give me a token that I may wear it proudly to show all that I am knight to the maiden Obilot."

With joy the two little girls hurried back to the castle to tell Prince Lippaut of Obilot's success. "Lady," asked Clauditté, "what wilt thou give this knight for token? Little else have we save our dolls and as mine is a little prettier than thine, take it if thou wilt."

Prince Lippaut, riding with some of his knights, overtook the two and Obilot ran to her father and said: "Father, I need thy help and counsel to-day more than ever before and I have good tidings for thee—the knight hath granted my request."

"Speak, little daughter, and I will help thee in whatever way I can," said Prince Lippaut, "a happy gift wert thou to me

and to-day thou dost bring me new happiness."

"I must speak my wish secretly," said Obilot. So the Prince bade a knight lift her before him on the saddle.

"But what of Clauditté?" asked Obilot.

The knights laughed and each begged the little girl to ride with him; the successful one lifted her proudly and all rode along merrily.

"Father," said Obilot, softly, "since I have a knight, must I not send him a token?"

"Now trust me, little daughter," said the Prince, "if this is thy request it can be granted easily. I pray that this knight will help us to victory."

When they reached the castle, Prince Lippaut led Obilot to her mother and said: "Lady, our maiden needs a new gown, a better one than she has ever had; also she desires some token to give to him who has promised to be her knight and serve us." Straightway the Duchess found silks which were heavily embroidered with gold

and a lovely garment was fashioned for the maiden; one sleeve was not sewn in that Obilot might send it to Gawain and this token Clauditté bore to the knight who received it with amusement and pleasure.

That evening, as the moon shone clear, the people worked hard to fortify the city and at the day's dawning the fighting began. Gawain rode forth early and overcame all who jousted with him. Before long he and the young Prince Meljanz met and fought together. Their spears were broken, their chargers brought to the ground and the two fought on foot with swords, until Meljanz whose arm had been broken by a spear thrust, had to declare himself conquered. Afar the ladies had watched the combat and all spoke Gawain's praise.

Now it chanced that there had come to Prince Meljanz, a stranger knight clad all in red, and he had offered him his services. Without the city walls he jousted valiantly, and equally matched would have

been Gawain and this stranger, who called himself the Red Knight. Hearing that the Prince had been taken captive, he called to him those knights whom he had conquered and said to them: "Sirs, I command ye to ride within the city walls and release the Prince if ye can, but if this prove impossible, then ride straightway to the city of Pelrapeire and yield ye to the Queen Kondwiramur. Tell her that the knight who conquered Kingron and Klamide for her, sendeth love and tender greetings. He yearns for her ever, but for the Grail must he yet seek." Then with farewells to them the stranger mounted his steed and rode swiftly away from Beaurorsch.

After the jousting Gawain loosed from his arm the token,—tattered was it now and pierced by spear thrusts, and he gave it to Clauditté to take to Obilot and tenderly that maiden fastened it over her bare arm.

With all courtesy was Prince Meljanz cared for and when his wounds had been

dressed and he was rested, Gawain said to him: "Sir, knight am I of the little Obilot and I make thee her prisoner."

"That pleaseth me, Sir," responded Meljanz, "for gentle and sweet is she."

Then entered those knights who had tried to free Meljanz, but since they could not accomplish this, they sought out Gawain and told him of the commands of the Red Knight. "Ah," said Gawain, "I know well who the stranger was; 'twas the gallant Parzival; glad am I that we two did not meet to-day, for it would have grieved us both had we fought with each other."

To the Hall, Gawain led Prince Meljanz and there sat the Prince Lippaut with his wife and daughters. "Sir," said Gawain to Meljanz, "here are friends of thine and these three ladies would kiss thee for greeting."

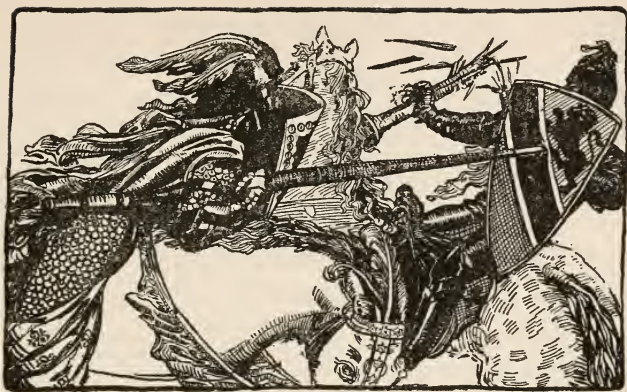
"Sir," said Meljanz proudly, "I see but two ladies whose kiss I crave."

At these words Prince Lippaut and his wife wept and Obie looked as scornfully

as ever upon the young Prince, but Obilot laughed and seemed very gay. She rose to greet her knight who held her tenderly, then said to Meljanz: "Draw near that I may give the maiden Obilot her prisoner."

Then Obilot laughed again gayly and said: "Sir, I give my prisoner to my sister, and love shall unite them, for her true love is he and the two must forgive each other."

At her sister's words Obie reached out her hand and touched tenderly Meljanz's wound and that knight clasped her with his other arm and kissed her joyfully. So was peace made between them and that very day was their wedding feast held. But there was sorrow for Obilot, for her knight must ride on. With loving words and caress he bade farewell to her and went upon his way with happiness in his heart because he had served this sweet little maiden.



XVIII

OF GAWAIN'S ADVENTURE AT SCHAMFANZON

AFTER leaving Beurosch, Gawain rode for some time through the woods until he came to Askalon and there inquired his way to Schamfanzon, for he thought it would be well for him to seek Kingrimursel.

Over many a marsh and moorland he passed and traversed many a hillside, then he saw, in the distance, a fortress built upon a hill. Before it a plain stretched and there were gathered five hundred knights, who, seeing a stranger approach,

rode forth to meet him. Riding first was the King of Askalon and of him Gawain asked if he was near Schamfanzon.

“Yonder,” said the King, “mayest thou see the castle where dwells my sister, the Queen Antikonie, who rules Schamfanzon since the death of our father. Wilt thou ride on and soon I will join thee there? We start now upon a falcon chase, but shall return soon. My sister will give thee welcome at the castle.”

Thanking the King, Gawain rode on and was received graciously by the maiden Antikonie, and as they conversed, they discovered that they were cousins. Soon gentle words of affection passed between the two and Gawain held the Queen’s hand tenderly in his. Suddenly they were interrupted by an old knight who appeared in the doorway and cried out: “Lady, wilt thou give thy love to the traitor who killed thy father?”

So saying, the old knight went away, but angry cries were heard through the castle

and the sound of people's feet hastening up the stairs.

"Lady," said Gawain, "as I have no sword, I think it were best for us to seek some protection, for these people may harm us."

"Come with me quickly," said Antikonie, and she led the way to her room which was in a tower, and Gawain closed the doors securely. Outside soon gathered a company of people, and their cries and their blows upon the door made those within know that they were striving to break into the room. From the window Gawain called loudly to his knights, but there was no answer, for thinking that their lord was well cared for, they had gone to witness the chase.

The assailants pounded on the door until they broke it in, at which Gawain seized the iron bolts from the hinges to serve as weapons to keep the men back. Meanwhile, Queen Antikonie was looking about for some means of defense, and spy-

ing a large chess board which hung upon the wall, she bade Gawain use it for a shield, and herself seized the heavy chess men and flung them at the crowd. Many a man she felled and Gawain was filled with admiration for her courageous assistance. Great was his wrath against these people and he wished that he had not ventured into Schamfanzon without inquiring first for Kingrimursel.

Arriving at the castle, the King was surprised to discover the people in such a tumult, but when he learned that the man who was accused of the death of Schamfanzon's King was being attacked, he quickly armed himself and went to join the others. But at that moment there came hastening into the castle, the Landgrave Kingrimursel, and although he desired to meet Gawain in single combat, his honor bade him assist him now, since he had promised the knight protection, should he pass through Askalon. He drove the people off and requested the King to declare a truce until the morrow,

and as the Queen Antikonie reproached her brother bitterly for his discourtesy to his guest, the King consented to peace until the next day, though he desired greatly to be rid of the knight. That evening he called his counselors to him and asked their advice concerning the punishment of Gawain.

“Sir,” said one, “but lately when I fought at Beausosch, he who conquered me said that he sought for the Grail. I have heard that this treasure is kept in a Temple on top of a mountain, and dangerous is the way that leads there, for knights guard it well. Now give Knight Gawain his freedom if he will promise thee to seek the Grail; I think he will not pass through the adventure safely.”

This counsel the King followed and proclaimed his decision on the morrow.

It pleased Gawain well to set out upon this quest and he promised Kingrimursel that he would meet him for their combat in sixteen days. Alone must the knight ride to seek the Grail, so he bade farewell

tenderly to his knights and squires who wept at the parting, for dearly they loved their lord. The grief of Queen Antikonie all might see and Gawain parted from her sorrowfully.

Now good fortune it was that the fight between Kingrimursel and Gawain had been postponed, for in a few days the man who had killed Schamfanzon's King confessed his crime and even the King of Askalon felt ashamed that he had so wronged Gawain. Since by his request the Landgrave had challenged the knight, Kingrimursel was now freed from this joust; well pleased was he for he admired Gawain and desired his friendship.



XIX

HOW PARZIVAL MET AGAIN WITH SIGUNE AND OF HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE TEMPLAR

MANY adventures Parzival accomplished after he rode from King Arthur; through many a land he passed and sailed over many a sea. In tourney and joust he took part but not one was there who could conquer him and his praise was spoken by all men. Once the magic sword, given him by Anfortas, was broken,

but seeking the magic water of which Sigune had told him, he plunged the pieces into it and the sword was whole again. After four years of wandering, he came one day to a forest and rode through it for many days, until he saw before him a hermitage, newly built. He decided to stop and inquire through what country he rode, so he called out: "Doth anyone dwell here?"

A maiden's voice spoke in reply, saying, "Yea." Then Parzival tied his horse to a tree and stepped to the window where the maiden waited. Within her hand she carried a book of prayer and upon her finger gleamed a ring of gold set with a garnet. Upon her head she wore a black veil that partly hid her face.

"Sir," said she, "sit beneath my window and rest."

"I thank thee, Lady," said Parzival. "Wilt thou tell me why thou dwellest in this lonely place? How dost thou obtain thy food?"

"Sir," the maiden replied, "I have no

fear nor want, for the Grail feedeth me and careth for me. Each week cometh the maiden Kondrie here with gifts from the Grail."

"Now how can that be," exclaimed Parzival, "art thou in the service of the Grail? If so, why dost thou wear upon thy finger that circlet of gold, token of earthly love?"

"Sir, it was given me by my beloved, whom Duke Orilus slew. Outside he lieth richly tombed and since his death my days have been spent in prayer, and shall be until I am with him again. Not yet had he made me his wife, but in God's sight we were true husband and wife; so I wear this ring, token of the marriage vow."

Then Parzival knew that this was Sigune and lifted his visor that she might recognize him.

"'Tis thou, Parzival," the maiden cried. "Dost thou seek yet for the Grail? Or hast found it? Why ridest thou this way?"

"Cousin," said Parzival sadly, "I have

been punished for the grief I wrought at Monsalvage, nor can I find again the mountain; for years have I wandered in vain and my heart will ever urge me on until once more I behold the Grail that I may heal the King. From my wife am I separated; two babes have been born to me, twin sons, but these have I not seen. Never shall I seek wife nor children until I have fulfilled this quest. Messages of love we exchange, but their dear faces I may not see. Now, Cousin, chide me not again, I pray thee, seeing how full of sorrow I am; thy words were bitter before."

"Nay, I will not add to thy sorrow," Sigune replied gently, "yet, alas, that this great honor hath passed thee by. Joy would the question have brought them at Monsalvage; now woe is there because of thy silence."

"Yea, great wrong have I done," said Parzival, "yet surely I shall bring to pass the happiness they desire. Canst thou not assist me, Cousin; where lies the path that leads to Monsalvage?"

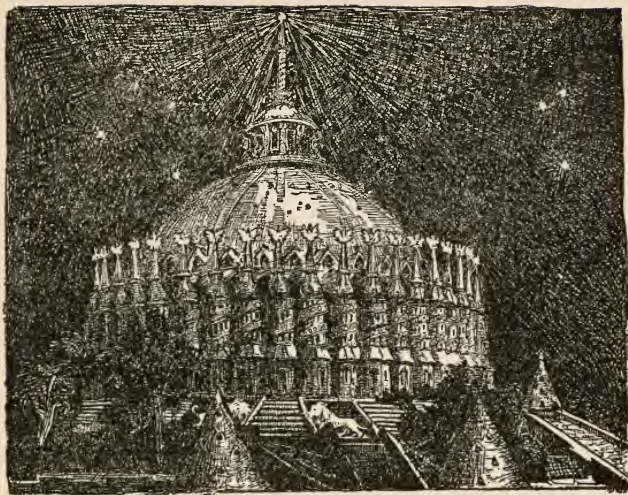
"May God guide thee there," said Sigune, "and turn sorrow to joy. But lately rode Kondrie here, perchance her path thou canst find."

With tender farewells, Parzival took leave of Sigune and followed the path through the woodland till he came to a thicket where he rode carefully, for the way was narrow and on one side was a ravine. Down the hill he saw coming toward him a knight, carrying his helmet in his hand, and he called out loudly to Parzival: "Sir Knight, why ridest thou in these woods? Begone! no stranger knight may ride near Monsalvage. What, wilt thou fight? So shall it be then, but beware, lest death claim thee." And placing his helmet on his head, he galloped up to Parzival.

At the first impact neither was hurt, then with a skillful spear thrust, Parzival unseated the other, who fell over the bank. This blow brought Parzival in peril also, his horse was forced to the edge, and fell over, and had his rider not grasped the

branch of a tree he would have followed. When Parzival stood again in the thicket he saw that his horse was dead, but the steed of the other knight stood quietly on the path. Already had the defeated knight risen and was hastening away, so Parzival mounted his steed and rode quickly after him, hoping to discover the way to Monsalvage. But soon the knight disappeared in the woods, the path came to an end and disconsolately, Parzival turned to seek another path, despairing now of finding the way to the Fisher's castle.

PART III
FULFILLMENT



XX

HOW PARZIVAL SOUGHT COUNSEL FROM TREVREZENT

AFTER the adventure with the Templar, Parzival rode many a day through the woodland. One morning in the early springtime he woke to find the earth covered with a light snow, and as he made his way carefully over the slippery ground he rejoiced to see some people coming toward him. One was a knight who, though gray-bearded, had a fair, young face.

Beside him walked a lady and two little girls and the garments of all were coarse and simple, for they were on a pilgrimage. For such a cold morning the children were scantily clad; and they walked barefooted. Following them came knights and squires. The old knight smiled upon Parzival who returned a reverent greeting.

"Sir," said the old man, "it grieveth me to see thee in armor on this Holy Day."

"Good Sir," answered Parzival courteously, "I know not what time of year this is; of holy days I have forgotten. Once I called God my Master, but He forsook me; now I do not strive to serve Him."

"Sir," the old knight responded gently, "this is Good Friday and on that day no true knight wears armor. I pray thee, honor this Holy Day. Continue on this road and thou wilt reach a hermitage; there dwells one who will give good counsel and show thee that thy words are sinful."

"Father," said one of the little girls,

“shall this knight not partake first of food, ere he rides on?”

“My daughter speaks wisely,” the father replied, “tarry with us, I pray thee, and join us in our morning meal. My squires follow with tents and provisions. In this way we travel each year to honor Him who died on the Cross.”

Now Parzival desired to remain with them, but as he looked upon the little girls walking barefooted, and considered how full of peace and love they were, he thought he could not ride beside them clad so richly and comfortably, and with such anger and despair in his heart. So bidding them all farewell, he rode on.

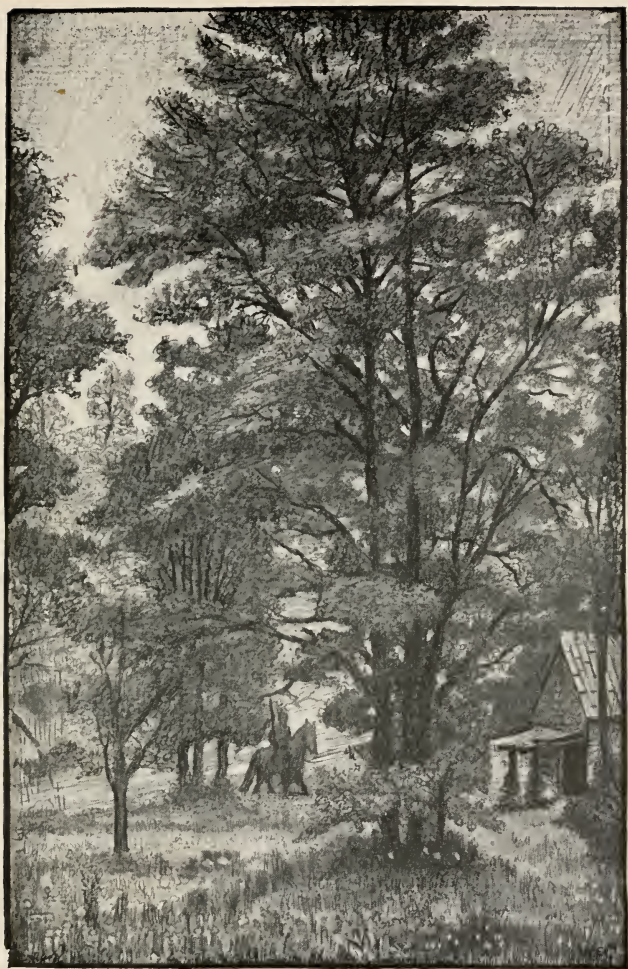
After a time he let the bridle reins lie loose upon the horse's neck, and said aloud: “If it be true that there is a Power that guides us, then let it lead me now. Go thou, my steed, as God shall guide thee.”

Soon he saw below him the meadow where he had fought with Orilus, but the ground blooming then with fresh grass

and radiant with summer flowers, was covered now with snow. Coming again to the altar where Orilus had taken his oath, Parzival observed that there was a door in the rocks, and riding on he came to a simple hut which he thought was the hermitage he sought. Here indeed lived the hermit, Trevrezent, and hearing the sound of horse's feet he came to the door. Seeing the armed knight, he said in a distressed voice, "Sir, why dost thou go armed at this Holy Season? Thou ridest doubtless in peace, but another garment were more fitting. Dismount and bide with me here awhile; knightly service need not call thee to-day. If thou ridest for love, let those who need thee wait; give Him, who is the Love of Love, thy worship and service."

At these words, Parzival sprang from his horse and said in a humble voice, "Sir, I have sinned and I crave counsel from thee."

"Right gladly will I counsel thee," the



THE HERMITAGE OF TREVREZENT

hermit replied, "but tell me who sent thee hither?"

"On the way I met pilgrims and I think my horse followed their tracks. Passed they not this way?"

"Yea, 'twas Kahenis, a holy man, with his wife and daughters—sweet little maidens they—each year this family seeks me here in my poor abode before they go upon their pilgrimage."

"Sir," asked Parzival, "hast thou never fear in these lonely woods?"

"Of knights, meanest thou?" asked the hermit. "Nay, I fear no man. Once was I a knight and won renown in the world, but now my days are given to prayer. Come, let us fasten thy horse by yon wall; there he can gather some food." And the hermit himself led the steed, though Parzival protested.

The two then entered the hermitage where a fire glowed cheerfully. The knight removed his armor and glad was he to rest and thankful to have found so

kind a host. When he was refreshed, Trevrezent opened a door and showed him the shrine where he had come with Jeschute and Orilus.

“Sir,” said Parzival, “I have been here before, but four years ago must it have been. Alas! that I should have wandered so long, naught have I accomplished. For many months I have attended no service because my heart was heavy with despair. Once I was glad; joyfully I rode to seek knighthood, but sorrow follows me ever and knighthood hath brought me shame.”

“Sir Knight,” said the Hermit earnestly, “cease from such despair and trust God more; He never fails to help. Truth is His name. He breaketh faith never. Now which wilt thou choose, Love or Hate? Love maketh a shrine in the heart and there God dwells. Like a sunbeam He enters where there is sin and sorrow and pierceth the darkness. The pure in hearth he chooseth and all is well for them. What dost thou gain by thy thoughts of

wrath and folly? Let Love come to thee now."

"I do thank thee from my heart for this counsel," said Parzival. "If I am in despair, 'tis because my youth has been sad and my trust seemed to bring me into sorrow."

"Speak to me thy grief, for I think I can lead thee to happiness," said Trevrezent.

"Greatest of my sorrows is that I cannot find the way to Monsalvage. Also mourn I because I am separated from my wife," answered Parzival.

"Now short shall be Love's sorrow," said the Hermit. "But if thou desire to see the Grail, this is woe. Knowest thou that thou seekest in vain. None may see the Grail, save those who are chosen by God. I know of what I speak for I have seen the Grail."

"Thou hast been to Monsalvage?" said Parzival in surprise. "Tell me, I pray thee, of this Grail." Of what he had seen at the Temple he feared to speak.

"At Monsalvage live a Knightly

Brotherhood," said Trevrezent, "who are called Templars, and they serve there or in the world as the Grail commands. Knowest thou what sustains them? It is a Stone—pure and precious. Through its magic, the wondrous bird, the Phœnix rises from the ashes to new life; also is man renewed by It. If he be ill and look upon It, he is made well. Those who look upon It daily never grow old. This Stone is called the Grail. From Heaven It came and at Monsalvage on Good Friday, a Dove comes down from heaven and lays a Wafer upon the Stone and It receiveth all the good that earth can supply; power to heal, and all manner of food and drink. So God careth for the Templars.

"Who may enter the service of the Grail? Only those whose names—whether man or maiden—appear on It in mystic writing. Children are in the Temple, and blessed is that Mother whose child is summoned there."

Trevrezent paused and Parzival said eagerly: "Since knighthood may con-

quer fame in this life and blessing in the next, and since I have achieved many victories and know no fear, dost thou not think that God will call me to be a Knight of the Grail?"

Gently Trevrezent answered: "First, must thou lose all pride, for easily is youth in its pride misled. 'Twas pride brought woe to those at Monsalvage, and the story of their sorrow shall I tell thee now." Tears flowed down the hermit's face and for a while he could not speak.



XXI

OF PARZIVAL'S REMORSE AND CON- FESSION

“SIR Knight,” continued Trevrezent, “at Monsalvage there reigns a King who is in great suffering; for him I weep: so wilt thou when thou hearest my story. Know this—none may find the Temple unless he is called. Yet lately one arrived there, who when he beheld the King and the wonders there, remained silent: had

he questioned concerning what he saw, the King would have been healed. For this sin the knight will suffer.

“One other I know rode near the mountain and in a joust killed a Templar and took his horse: Lähelein was he called. Ha! Sir Knight, is this thy name? I remember now, thy steed bore the Dove token of Monsalvage. Yet thou resemblest him who reigns there: what is thy race and name?”

“Sir,” said Parzival, “a knight’s son am I; from Anjou came my father who won for himself a kingdom in the East. I am not Lähelein,—though sinful am I, for ’twas I slew the noble Ither of Cumberland—Parzival, the Waleis am I.”

“Now I know thee—thou art the son of my sister, Herzeleide. Alas! that thy fair honor hath been so shamed; noble the knight whose life was ended by thy folly; well loved was he and many women mourn him yet. To her death didst thou bring thy mother also.”

“Nay, Sir, what sayest thou—if this be

true, can I ever know happiness? If thou art my uncle, speak truly to me."

"Yea, for sorrow at parting from thee, thy mother's spirit fled. Perchance this grief may soften thy heart and take away its bitterness," said Trevrezent gently.

"Oh, Sir," said Parzival, "I knew my mother sorrowed when I left her, but of her death I never dreamed. After I had been at Pelrapeire a short time I left to seek her, but the adventure at the castle and my desire to reach Monsalvage again, kept me from going to the forest. True were the words that Sigune spoke, when she said that I pierced my mother's heart."

Tenderly Trevrezent comforted Parzival, whose sorrow was great at hearing these tidings of his mother; then he spoke to him again of Monsalvage.

"Two other sisters will I name," said he, "one dead, one living. Schoysiane died young and left her child Sigune in thy mother's care. In the Temple Herzeleide served many years, then she left to become the wife of Duke Kastis. My other sister

is Repanse de Schoie, and in the Temple she bears the Grail.

“Now for a time, all was well at Monsalvage with Anfortas for King; but seeking to win in the world a lady whom he loved, he fought with the magician, Klingsor, who claimed her. This was the sin of Anfortas to join in worldly warfare for love, for when it was time the Grail would have chosen a wife for him. With a poisoned spear was he wounded in the thigh, and back to the Temple was he brought with all his strength spent. We drew the spear from his wound and took him before the Grail, but no healing came. He yearned to die but the Grail gave him new strength, though It eased not his pain. Then we sent messengers to the far East to seek herbs of healing. By the four rivers that flow from the Garden of Paradise they searched, but the herbs they found brought no relief to the King; they brought back drops of blood from the pelican, a stone from the neck of the unicorn and many other things which were

used in the East for healing; but he who might not be cured by the Grail could not be helped by earthly means. Before the Grail we all knelt and prayed for guidance. Then appeared mystic writing which said that a knight should be led to the Temple, and while there, if he would question concerning the King's suffering and the mysteries he saw, healing would come to Anfortas.

"So shall end the sorrow at Monsalvage—but since this knight came and questioned not, shall the woe be lifted ever? Here have I dwelt for many years praying for my brother's release; no longer do I love the world, no more do I yearn for the glories of knighthood. Often at night I climb some hill that I may see the light shining from the Temple; then new hope comes to me and I know that when it is time, the day of rejoicing will come." A long time sat Trevrezent and Parzival talking together, and each moment the heart of the young knight grew more sad.

At midday, the hermit arose and said:

“Wilt thou partake of my humble food? We must seek it outside, for herbs and roots are my chief sustenance.” So the two went out to search under the snow for their food, then washed what herbs they found in a stream. Courteously Parzival thanked his host for this refreshment, nor felt the need of more.

When again they were in the hermitage Parzival spoke out bravely and said: “Alas, my host and uncle, fresh sorrow have I for thee! Know thou, that I am he who rode to Monsalvage, and there spoke no healing word—Yea, ’twas I, Parzival.” And the young knight bowed his head in anguish, and dreaded to hear what the hermit would say to him.

“Now this is woe, indeed,” said Trevrezent. “Pride and folly of youth were strong in thee. God gave thee five senses to use wisely, but in the hour of testing, thou didst fail. But mourn no longer, perchance this wrong thou canst undo; God will yet claim thee as his knight and honor thee. Now I would question thee

concerning Monsalvage. Sawest thou there the wondrous Spear? This they touch to the King's wound and it draws out the pain. Most he suffereth when the days are cold and when the moon is full. Upon the end of the spear are drops that burn like fire and so they draw out the cold from his wound. He may not walk, but in the summer they carry him to the water that he may enjoy the cool breezes of summer and forget his pain in fishing."

"Sir," said Parzival, "I saw this Spear borne through the Hall by a squire and all cried out in sorrow when they saw it."

"Yea, all there grieve for their King; knights, squires, damsels, and even the little children. Know this, that the Grail calleth back to the Temple the children of those who have served there; one child must they send to Monsalvage. I think thy mother expected to dwell there with thee some day, and perchance when thou art called, thou mayest yet lift the burden of woe." Trevrezent paused and walked to the window where he looked

longingly into the forest as if he were trying to see the mystic Temple.

"Tell me, nephew," said he, "whence came thy steed, for it is marked with the Dove of Monsalvage?"

"In a joust I won it, for I overcame the rider and took his horse."

"Doth this knight live?" asked Trevrezent sternly.

"Yea, he rose and ran from me, leaving his steed."

"So thou hast robbed a Templar. More shame is thine," said Trevrezent.

"Nay, uncle, 'twas to defend myself I fought," said Parzival; "I knew not that the knight came from Monsalvage. Wilt thou tell me, Uncle, who bore the cushion into the Hall at the Temple?"

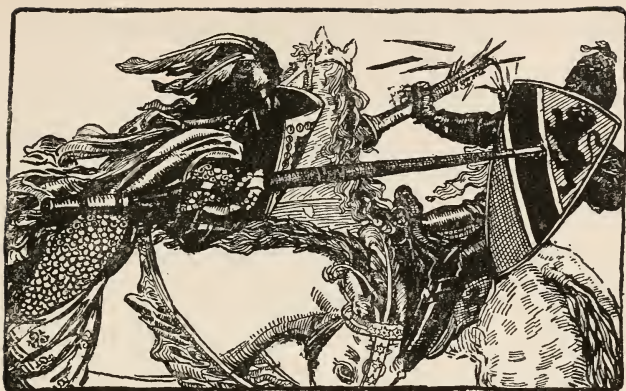
"Thine aunt is she, Repanse de Schoie, and upon that cushion is carried the Grail which bringeth joy."

"Who was it lay in the room nearby? Old was he and a crown of gold was upon his head?"

"'Twas thy mother's grandsire, Titurel,

the first King of the Grail," answered Trevrezent. "When thou goest again to the Temple they will tell thee the wondrous story of how it was built. Four hundred years did the Grail keep Titurel young, but since this woe came to Anfortas he hath grown old. Night and day he prayeth for the deliverance of the King."

Fourteen days Parzival tarried with Trevrezent, the hermit, who told him of his adventures in the world and spoke to him of the valorous deeds of Gamuret Angevin. Then strengthened by his uncle's counsel and with new hope in his heart, Parzival set out again, praying once more with all earnestness and humility that he might achieve the great adventure and bring joy to those at Monsalvage.



XXII

HOW GAWAIN MET WITH THE LADY 'ORGELUSE

Now for a time the story turneth to Gawain who set out from Schamfanzon to seek the Temple of the Grail.

For many a day Gawain rode without adventure; greatly he desired to reach Monsalvage and behold the Grail, but in vain he sought for the mountain.

One day he came to where a horse stood beneath a tree, as if waiting for its rider; a shield, much battered, lay on the grass nearby, and soon Gawain saw a lady

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seated upon the ground, weeping over a wounded knight, whose head lay in her lap. Gawain sought to comfort her and the lady thanked him and asked his name. Dismounting, he dressed the knight's wounds tenderly.

"Sir," said the wounded knight, "I thank thee for thy kindness. In a joust I was wounded by a knight called Lischois; could I move I would ride after him."

"Sir," said Gawain, "I will seek this knight and punish him for thee." So Knight Gawain rode on, and soon before him he saw a stately fortress which was surrounded by a beautiful garden, where olive, pomegranate, and fig trees grew in abundance. Riding through the garden Gawain came to a little stream, and walking beside it he saw the loveliest lady he had ever met.

"Lady," said he gently, "I pray thee, tell me thy name. Gawain am I of Arthur's Court. Here would I tarry for thy sweetness draweth me."

"Orgeluse is my name, Sir Knight," the lady replied, "the Lady of Logrois am I. But I warn thee that it hath fared ill with knights who praised me."

"Didst thou smile upon me, Lady, I would not fear to speak of thy loveliness," said Gawain. "May I not serve thee?"

"Yea, if thou hast the courage, for difficult is service with me. To begin with, thou mayest pass over yon bridge and go through the garden until thou dost reach the courtyard of the castle. There wilt thou see one who holds my steed. All ready is he, so bring him to me and I will straightway ride forth with thee."

"Lady, wilt thou hold my horse for me?" asked Gawain, and although she seemed displeased at this request, the Lady Orgeluse consented.

Crossing the narrow bridge, Gawain came to where many knights and ladies were dancing upon the grass and singing. "Alas!" said one to the other, when they saw the stranger, "behold our Lady hath claimed the service of another knight that

she may laugh at him and scorn him." And they tried to detain him, but Gawain went at once to an olive tree where the Lady's steed waited. An old man who stood beside, wept as he untied him for the knight. "Sir," said he, "carest thou for counsel? Touch not this steed; our Lady seeks to harm thee." But Gawain heeded not and taking the horse hastened to bring him to Orgeluse.

So beautiful she looked, so sweetly she smiled upon him, that the heart of Gawain beat for joy and no wrong could he imagine of her. "Welcome, foolish man," she said, "thou art not wise to enter my service."

"Soon thou wilt bring me to happiness, I know," said Gawain. "Shall I lift thee to the saddle?"

"Such service I do not accept from one whom I have not yet proven," answered Orgeluse haughtily, and mounting easily, she bade the knight ride on before her. As they passed along Gawain spied an herb growing by the wayside and dis-

mounted to pluck it that he might take it to the wounded knight; he was troubled because he had not served him better, but the meeting with the Lady Orgeluse had sent all thought of him from his mind. The Lady laughed at Gawain when he told her why he had taken the herb and mocked him for his thoughtfulness.

Soon they were overtaken by a squire of Orgeluse's, a man so ugly and deformed as to frighten one. He called out rudely to Gawain, and said: "Thou wilt repent this journey; if thou serve this lady, ill shall befall thee."

"Now from thee I ask no advice," said Gawain angrily, and he rode toward the squire to unseat him from his horse; but there were strange bristles on his hands that tore Gawain's skin, so he gave up the attack. Loud laughed Orgeluse at his discomfiture: "'Tis a goodly sight to see thee angered," said she.

Before long they came to where the wounded knight lay and when he saw Gawain he cried out: "Through that

lady by thy side came my woe. I warn thee let her be." But Gawain only smiled at these words and dismounting sought to help the knight. Hardly was he upon the ground than the knight who had seemed so helpless, sprang on Gawain's horse; his companion had already mounted hers, and the two rode with all speed away.

At this ungrateful act Gawain was amazed, but it pleased the Lady Orgeluse well. "Ha!" laughed she, "thou desired to be his leech, and my knight, but now I will have thee for footman. Dost wish yet to serve me?"

"Yea, Lady, that I do," answered Gawain, "I ask nothing better on earth than to follow thy bidding; suffer shame and pain, or whatever may come in thy service."

At this moment came riding back the knight who had stolen Gawain's horse and he called out: "Now Gawain, thou art paid for the ill thou didst me."

"Ha!" said Gawain, "now I know thee,

Urian. Ungrateful art thou, for had it not been for me, King Arthur would have had thee slain."

"Well," answered the other, "even if thou didst save my life, thou broughtest me into great trouble; thy foe am I and thy charger will I keep." So saying, Urian rode swiftly away again.

"Lady," said Gawain sorrowfully, "this knight Urian hath an evil heart. For his misdeeds Arthur would have punished him with death, but I begged him to spare the knight's life; yet that he might do penance, I had him sent to the kitchen to serve a year: 'twas this he will not forgive. Well, since he chooses to reward me in this way I shall punish him."

The tired old steed that had been Urian's, Gawain would not ride, but taking her by the bridle and carrying his sword and shield, prepared to go on.

"What," mocked Orgeluse, "wilt follow me?"

"Yea, Lady, I will follow, whether it brings sorrow or joy." So Gawain and

Orgeluse proceeded upon their way; the squire had disappeared. After awhile when the mare seemed rested, Gawain mounted her and the two went on at a quicker pace. Soon they arrived upon a meadow which led to a river, and across the water two castles could be seen. Swiftly toward them came riding a knight with spear upraised.

"This knight is called Lischois," said the Lady Orgeluse; "he will overthrow thee, I think. See how from yon castle windows across the river, ladies watch; soon will they behold thy shame." Then she rode quickly to the water's edge where a Boatman waited. "Farewell," she called to Gawain, "here will I leave thee to fight."

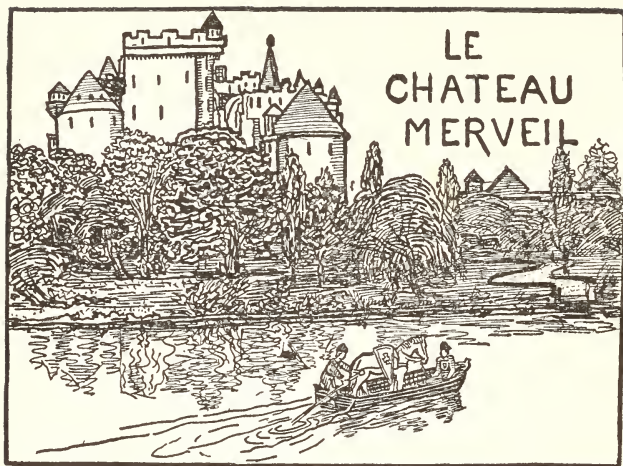
"Lady," begged Gawain, "wilt leave me so? Shall I never see thee again?"

"Yea, if thou art victor," answered Orgeluse, and the Boatman took her swiftly away.

These two knights met then and fought as heroes. Not Gawain's poor steed was

it that fell first, and when spears and swords were broken, that knight seized his opponent and wrestled with him. A mighty wrestler was he and soon the other, conquered, had to ask for mercy. This was granted after he had sworn allegiance to Gawain. Then that knight looked closely at the other's steed. "Ha!" said he, "this is my own horse, stolen from me awhile ago by Urian. I see that thou hast conquered him again. Orilus gave this steed to me; from Lähelein he took it, and that knight came by him unworthily for he slew a Templar to whom he belonged. See upon his shoulder the mark of the Grail Dove." Well pleased was Knight Gawain to have his steed once more.

Now as Gawain stood caressing his horse, Lischois sprang up and tried to overthrow him, but again was he overcome and declared himself conquered. Wearied, the two knights lay by the river. From the castle tower the ladies were yet watching, and Gawain hoped that the Lady Orgeluse would hear from them of his success and come to greet him.



XXIII

HOW GAWAIN ACHIEVED THE AD- VENTURE OF THE CHATEAU MER- VEIL

As Gawain and Lischois were resting, the Boatman approached and called out: "Sir, any steed captured here belongs to me for toll."

"Nay," said Gawain, "this steed thou shalt not have, for this morning it was stolen from me by the knight Urian. But

thou mayest take this knight and his horse."

"That will please me well," replied the Boatman, "an honorable toll will that be. Now wilt thou not come also to my castle, Sir Knight, and rest?"

"Yea, Boatman," answered Gawain, "gladly will I for I am weary, also would I follow the Lady who crossed with thee before."

So the two knights entered into the boat and were brought to the Boatman's castle where every kindness was shown them. Their wounds were dressed, fresh robes were put upon them and then were they led to the hall for supper. Here Bené, the Boatman's daughter, conversed with the two, while her brothers served them.

Early Gawain sought rest and slept soundly after his wearisome day. He awakened early in the morning and lay listening to the songs of the birds; the fragrant air of spring refreshed him and he looked out with joy upon the green

trees and clear sunlight. Suddenly, he was aware that from the castle nearby, many ladies were again gazing from the tower windows, and they stood so still that it seemed as if they had been there always and might not move. Perplexed at this, Gawain determined to discover who these maidens were, but desiring to sleep longer, he turned from the window.

When again he awakened, he sought out Bené and questioned her, but that maiden looked upon him in terror and then wept bitterly, nor would she answer him. Her father entering and finding her weeping asked: "What ails thee, Bené, hath our guest vexed thee?"

"Nay, mine host," said Gawain, "no discourtesy have I shown her, but asked a question which caused the maiden to weep. Perchance thou wilt tell me of these ladies who gaze from the tower of yonder castle."

When the Boatman heard these words he wrung his hands. "Sir Knight," said he, "their woe is great."

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“Then tell me of it,” said Gawain, “surely I can serve them.”

“If thou seekest this adventure, misfortune will come upon thee,” said the Boatman in distress, “and we shall suffer also.”

“Sir,” said Gawain, “if it please thee not to tell me the truth concerning what I see, I shall straightway discover it some other way.”

“Sir, thy request grieveth me,” said the Boatman, “for I fear that thou wilt desire to undertake this adventure. Know that thou art in the Terre Merveil and opposite is the Chateau Merveil. Within are many mysteries and much magic and there thou canst expect naught but death.”

“Ha!” said Gawain, “of this castle I have heard, for but lately rode the maiden, Kondrie, to King Arthur’s court and bade those who would fulfill a dangerous adventure to set out for Chateau Merveil. Now by good fortune have I arrived here, and would I be a true knight if I passed these ladies by?”

“Great glory will be thine if thou dost

win this adventure," said the Boatman. "But many knights from Arthur's court have been here, yet none would I let undertake it. Two only have I met who were strong enough; one was Lischois, whom thou didst overthrow, and the other called himself the Red Knight. But yesterday he rode by and bestowed on me five steeds; upon them once rode princes and kings; but this knight required them not for he rode alone and to seek the Grail."

"I know well who that knight was," said Gawain; "there is none stronger nor nobler than he; but when he saw these ladies at Chateau Merveil, was it not his desire to undertake the adventure?"

"Sir," replied the Boatman, "we guarded him so well that he saw nothing strange about the castle."

"Well," said Gawain, "good fortune is it that this adventure is left for me; now, I pray thee, Sir, assist me to make ready."

"Since thou art determined," said the Boatman, "all I can do is to wish thee

well. Perchance thou wouldst like to carry my shield, for it bears no signs of battle upon it. At the doorway of the castle thou wilt meet a merchant; buy many things of him and leave thy horse for a pledge. The castle thou wilt find deserted till thou comest to a certain room where stands a wonderful bed which is called, 'Le Lit Merveil.' Let not thy sword nor thy shield go from thee for an instant."

Squires led out Gawain's horse and they wept as they saw the knight spring so eagerly into the saddle. Greatly did Bené mourn, for she thought never to see Gawain again. "Farewell," said the Boatman sadly, "may God protect thee."

All happened as the Boatman had said, for at the castle door Gawain met the merchant and purchased of him, leaving his charger. "Sir," said the merchant, "I am well pleased to guard thy steed; here have I sat for a year, but no man hath bought of me; ladies only have looked upon my wares. May good fortune attend thee,

for herein are damsels who need thy service."

Boldly Gawain went up the hill which led to the Chateau Merveil and never had he seen a more beautiful castle. Entering, he found the rooms richly furnished, and after passing through many, he came to where the Bed rested upon a floor of glass; of richly carved wood was it fashioned, with rubies set in its four posts. As soon as the knight entered, the Bed began to move swiftly, going from one side of the room to the other, and Gawain needed much skill to keep out of its way, for the glass floor was very slippery. He would have cast from him his sword and shield, so heavy were they, but remembering the Boatman's counsel, he clung to them. Finally, he jumped on the Lit Merveil wondering what it would do next. At once the Bed dashed itself against the wall, and went from wall to wall, as if to fling the knight from it and the tumult was awful. Gawain covered his body and face with his shield and none too soon, for

there came a shower of stones upon the knight and the Bed stood still. His shield was dented but no harm came to him. Then sharp missiles were thrown, then arrows were shot from hundreds of bows and Gawain lying on the Wonder Bed began to feel bruised and wished that he had not ventured upon it.

The shooting of the arrows ceased, but suddenly the door flew open and a tall man with a grim, ugly face stood in the room. He carried a mighty club and was clad in an otter's skin. In a loud voice he cried to Gawain, who had risen from the Bed, "Me, thou needest not fear, but the power that hath shielded thee can do so no longer."

Then came a sound of thunder, or of drums beating loudly, the knight could not tell which, and in through the doorway sprang a great lion roaring fiercely. Seizing sword and shield Gawain stood to meet him and the lion rushed upon the knight as though he expected to kill him at once. But many a time did Gawain

wound him and this seemed to make the lion stronger than before; then with a mighty stroke Gawain reached his heart and he fell over dead.

Wearied now was Gawain and his head was dizzy with the awful noise that yet sounded; unconscious the hero fell to the floor and lay on the lion's body, where his clothes became wet with the lion's blood.

Now from the tower there watched a Queen named Arnivé, who, with three other Queens, was imprisoned at Chateau Merveil; and when she saw the hero lying in the dangerous room beside the lion, she forgot all fear and came straightway to him, followed by some of her maidens. In her lap she held his head, unlaced his helmet and bathed his wounds. In a little while Gawain opened his eyes and said; "I thank thee, Lady, for thy service; assist me to rise, I pray thee, that I may go through with this adventure."

"Nay, the adventure is over," declared Queen Arnivé, "and thou art victorious. Now shall we bear thee to a room to rest."

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So Queen Arnivé and the maidens carried Gawain to a room and placed him on a soft couch and there the Queen dressed his wounds with sweet smelling salves and herbs, and gave him a drink which soon brought him sleep.



XXIV

OF GAWAIN'S ADVENTURE AT THE PERILOUS FORD

THE next morning Knight Gawain tossed upon his bed in pain, distressed by his wounds and by the sorrow in his heart, as he yearned for the Lady Orgeluse. So restless he became that he arose, and finding that he could walk, donned the clothes he found at the bedside and left his room. Wandering through the castle,

he came to a great dome with a staircase inside, and ascending, he saw at the top a wonderful pillar covered with jewels; a door led within and it had many windows. Entering, Gawain knew that this was the tower from which the maidens had gazed, and he was astonished to find that he seemed to see miles from the castle. As he stood there the Queen Arnivé with the three Queens entered and begged him to return to his couch.

"Lady," said Gawain, "'tis better for me to try my strength; nearly well am I, thanks to thy kindness. Wilt thou tell me how this wondrous structure was fashioned?"

"Sir," answered Queen Arnivé, "we know not, but from Egypt was it brought by the magician, Klingsor, who stole it from Queen Sekundille. This pillar sends out such a marvelous light by night, that we can witness all that takes place for six miles around; in the daytime all that occurs is mirrored there."

Now as Gawain looked from the pillar

he perceived in the distance, a lady and a knight who rode swiftly, and he sighed, for it was the Lady Orgeluse that he saw, though at first he deemed this a vision of the pillar. But when they stopped on the meadow where he had fought with Lischois he knew that it was she. "Lady," said he to Queen Arnivé, "if that knight is really on yon plain, I should say that he desired to joust; see how he holds up his spear and shield. Well, if he should challenge me, I am ready."

"Knowest thou the lady who rides with him?" asked Arnivé.

"Yea, 'tis the Lady Orgeluse, Duchess of Logrois," answered Gawain.

"'Tis Turkowit, the mighty jousting knight, who rides beside her; it would not be well for thee to fight with him," Queen Arnivé said.

"Lady, should he desire me to joust with him, I would not refuse; and since he rides with Orgeluse, I think I shall challenge him."

"I pray thee," begged Queen Arnivé in distress, "desist from this adventure; if thou art slain, woe will come upon us. How couldst thou be victor who art yet so weak from thy wounds?"

But Gawain requested the Queen to have his charger waiting and arming himself well, he set out from the Chateau Merveil, riding with a light heart, now that he knew his lady was near. There was rejoicing at the Boatman's castle to see the hero alive, but Gawain tarried not, and borrowing a spear, bade the Boatman take him across the water.

The knight Turkowit had indeed come to joust with Gawain, for he wished to overcome every knight that loved the Duchess Orgeluse, hoping by his prowess to win her love. The lady was pleased to have him attack Gawain, for she wished to see that knight tried by difficult adventure.

It fared ill with Turkowit, for he who thought to conquer so easily was worsted

and laid low by Gawain, and his horse and himself given to the Boatman for hostage.

Was the lady Orgeluse pleased? Had she any welcome for Gawain? Nay, she but mocked him. "Thou seekest the praise of ladies, Sir," said she; "see how they watch thee from the tower; this pleases thee I know. The Lit Merveil hath wrought thee little harm—the ladies helped thee I think. My chosen knight shall do other things, besides rescuing ladies. Dost desire yet to serve me?"

"No peril is too great for me to undertake for thee, Lady," answered Gawain gently.

"Well," said Orgeluse, "I will tell thee of the adventure that I would have thee follow. Yonder, near a perilous ford is a tree, and from it I desire that thou pluck for me fresh leaves. Dangerous is this adventure, I warn thee; the wood belongs to Klingsor, and ill fares it with those who dare ride therein."

"If I succeed, wilt thou crown me thy

knight with these leaves, Lady? If I die, let them be my death garland," said Gawain.

"Follow then," said Orgeluse, "and I will guide thee to the tree."

Although Gawain's wounds were yet sore, he felt them not, so joyful was he to be with Orgeluse once more, and he rode on swiftly with her. From the tower, Queen Arnivé and the maidens watched him going, and the Queen weeping, said: "Alas! the Lady Orgeluse leadeth our knight into danger as she hath many a knight before; I fear 'tis the adventure of the Perilous Ford she would have him undertake."

The two rode through a forest for some time, then came to a deep ravine, across which Gawain saw a tall tree, surrounded by an open space of grass. "There is the tree of which I spoke," said Orgeluse, "and he who guards it is my enemy. If thou overcome him I will reward thee. I may ride no further with thee. Over this ravine must thy steed jump and beware

the water that foams so dangerously underneath; 'tis called the Perilous Ford. May God have thee in his keeping, Knight Gawain."

For a few paces Gawain rode beside the Ford, then urged his steed to the mighty jump. The space was not cleared, the horse's feet were scarce on the outer edge of the bank and the waters rushed by to drag him further away. Above the knight's head was a strong branch which he seized in time and drew himself in safety to the bank. Then he turned to help his horse, who was swimming now in the stream. With his spear he caught hold of the bridle and drew him to the bank. Unhurt was he and Gawain mounted and rode toward the tree plucking a branch of leaves boldly; then he was not surprised to see a knight riding toward him.

He wore a cloak of green velvet and from his headgear peacock plumes waved; he wore no armor nor did he carry a sword.

"I will not yield thee these leaves," cried Gawain to him.

The knight greeted him courteously saying: "Thou mayest ride free, I will not fight with thee. Thy battered shield tells me that but lately thou wert engaged in adventure, and I know 'twas at the Chateau Merveil. That adventure would I have dared, for one whom I love is imprisoned there, but other tasks had I to fulfill. I know that one sent thee here to slay me; ill-will she bears toward me, for 'twas I slew her husband Idegast and took her captive. All my lands and a crown would I have bestowed on her, to have possessed her love, but hate only has she for me. Sir, I sorrow for thee if thou dost love the Lady Orgeluse. Now love I another maiden; Itonjé, is she called, and she dwelleth at Chateau Merveil; daughter of King Lot is she. Sir, I beg of thee, take this golden ring to her, token of my love. Bring two more knights here and I will fight thee; but I have taken a vow to fight with no less than two until I meet in single

combat, one whom I desire to slay. To his death his father brought my father, and I would meet the son."

"Now tell me I pray thee, Sir, the name of him thou seekest and also thy name," said Gawain.

"Son of King Lot is he whom I seek, Gawain his name. King Gramoflanz do men call me."

"Strange is thy love," said Gawain, "thou dost accuse thy lady's father of dishonor and wouldst fight with her brother. Thinkest thou the maiden would love thee if she knew? Now shall I tell thee that I am Gawain and I will defend my father's honor by punishing thee."

"Is it thou, Gawain, whom I have hated? Yet thou pleaseth me. Well we must fight, but let us have a great joust before King Arthur and all the knights and ladies; my people will I bring and do thou bid all at Chateau Merveil to be present. Meet me upon the plain before Ioflanz, there will I be avenged."

To this Gawain consented, and though

King Gramoflanz urged him to return by way of the woods, the knight rode back again to the ravine, and this time his steed leaped in safety. Orgeluse came riding to meet him and kneeling at his feet she said humbly: "Sir Knight, I have asked of thee too much, and my heart is full of that sorrow which she knows who loves truly."

"Lady," said Gawain tenderly, "rise, I pray thee. If thou speakest truly, all is well between us; but I bid thee never again mock a knight and seek to shame him. Here is thy garland, but if thou mockest me again, another may claim thy love."

"True Knight," said Orgeluse, and she wept, "my sorrow was so great for the death of my lord Idegast, that I knew not what I did; a noble man was he and such love as we had together, few ladies know. 'Twas Gramoflanz slew him and that was why I desired to punish him. I sent thee to try thee, for I knew thou wouldst be victor. Brave and steadfast I find thee and if thou wilt, my love is thine."

“Lady, with gladness I forgive thee; and I shall avenge the wrong done thee.” And Gawain told her of what he had said to King Gramoflanz.

“To the Chateau Merveil will I ride with thee now,” said Orgeluse. And as the two rode away together, many a look of love and many a smile and warm hand clasp they exchanged, for joy was in their hearts. Yet the lady wept a little also.

“Sir,” said Orgeluse, “another tale of sorrow must I tell thee; know that ’twas for love of me that Anfortas was wounded. When he and Klingsor fought together to win my love, great was my woe to see the noble King wounded. By magic, Klingsor draws all things to his will, and when he sought my love I scarce knew how to refuse him. I called many knights to my service and to try them, bade them engage in difficult adventure. One only refused to follow me; in red armor he was clothed and five of my knights he fought with and overthrew; their steeds he gave to the Boatman. I

would have been glad to call him my knight, but he scorned me and spoke of his fair wife who waited for him at Pelrapeire, while he rode sorrowfully to seek the Grail Temple."

"Lady, be not troubled because this knight refused to serve thee," said Gawain, "a more noble one than he is not at Arthur's court; but he may not enter the service of knight or lady until he has been to Monsalvage."

Now they approached the water and hailed the Boatman. On the other side many knights stood. "Wait they to joust with me?" asked Gawain.

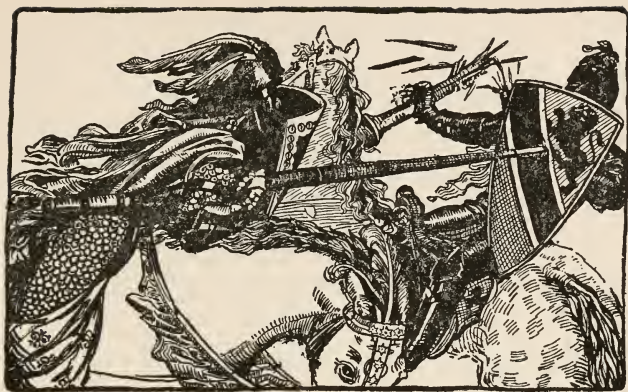
"Nay," answered Orgeluse, "these knights wish to hail thee their lord, for thou hast undone the magic of Klingsor and now all are free at the Chateau Merveil; the treasure and the people there are now thine."

The Boatman had brought food for them and his daughter had come with him, so a merry feast they had as they crossed over.

"Sir," said Orgeluse, "if it please thee, wilt thou free Lischois and Turkowit?"

"Yea, Lady, before nightfall this shall be done," answered Gawain.

All at Chateau Merveil welcomed Gawain and seeing the love that was between him and the Lady Orgeluse, they greeted her with all courtesy and the four Queens led her to a rich room. Then Arnivé dressed the wounds of Gawain again and knights attended him to serve him. That evening Gawain sent a messenger secretly to King Arthur to bid him come, to witness the joust between him and King Gramoflanz.



XXV

OF HOW PEACE WAS DECLARED BETWEEN GAWAIN AND KING GRAM-OFLANZ

ON the morrow Gawain sought out Itonjé and gave her the ring which King Gramoflanz had sent. His sister, Gawain had not seen since she was a little child and his surprise was great to find her at the Chateau Merveil.

"Gladly I receive this token," said the maiden, "for dearly I love the King. Never have we met, but for a long time

have I loved him for his noble deeds. Many letters of love have we exchanged and soon I hope to see him. In this castle are enemies of his and I pray thee to help him against them." Of the approaching combat with the King, Gawain did not speak, nor did he tell Itonjé that he was her brother.

That day was held the marriage feast of Gawain and the Lady Orgeluse, and Lischois and Turkowit, freed, were present. There was rejoicing and feasting and in the evening a merry dance, but since Gawain's wounds prevented his taking part, his Lady sat with him watching the others. One there was who took part in the festivities with a sad heart; this was Itonjé, for she could not welcome to the Chateau Merveil the Lady Orgeluse, who hated the man she loved.

The day following, tidings came that King Arthur had set out to reach Ioflanz. On this day Queen Arnivé heard of the quarrel between Gawain and Gramoflanz and her sorrow was great.

"Have no fear," said Gawain to her, "all will be well. I would not grieve thee, my Lady of Healing, for would not I have lost my life but for thee? Now canst thou tell me how Klingsor fashioned this castle and how he accomplished the wonders here?"

"Through magic was it wrought," answered the Queen. "In the East, Klingsor studied magic and in all wisdom was he versed; but he used his knowledge for evil, and misfortune befell. Now is he conquered, nor will he come here again. His people are thine now, for he declared that any knight who could live through the perils of his castle, should possess it and all therein. It pleased him to capture maidens and ladies of royal birth and hold them here: now these hast thou delivered and they may return to their people who mourn for them."

That afternoon King Arthur arrived with his knights, squires, ladies and other people of the court, and they gathered on the plain near the water; on the other side

was King Gramoflanz already arrived with those whom he had brought to watch him take vengeance on his enemy. He desired greatly to punish Gawain since he had won the love of the Lady Orgeluse.

To King Gramoflanz came Bené, the Boatman's daughter, bringing with her as token to show that she came from the Lady Itonjé, the golden ring which the King had sent her by Gawain, and with joy King Gramoflanz listened to the messages of love which Bené brought.

Now it chanced that as Gawain rode along with his squires to meet King Gramoflanz, he saw a knight come riding swiftly toward him and in a moment the two were jousting. Quickly was Gawain overcome and as he fell to the ground, one of his squires in fear and sorrow, called out his name. When the other knight heard this he cast down his spear and shield and cried out in a distressed voice: "Alas! that I have fought with my gallant friend Gawain, shame is upon me."

"Now who art thou that hath overcome me?" asked Gawain.

"I am Parzival," answered the other, lifting his helmet.

"Now I forgive thee readily," said Gawain, embracing Parzival, "such joy is it to behold thee again; we thought not that thou wert near." Then the two conversed and related their adventures and Gawain told Parzival of how he had ridden forth to fight Gramoflanz.

Meanwhile the people were gathering to witness the joust, but those who rode ahead saw the two knights engaged in combat and hurried to carry the tidings of how Gawain had been overcome by a stranger and lay prostrate. All those of Chateau Merveil and of Arthur's court mourned for the gallant knight and King Gramoflanz riding up and beholding his enemy helpless, said, "Sir, to-morrow we shall meet, then thy strength will have returned."

"Sir," said Parzival to Gramoflanz, "I pray thee take me as a pledge for Gawain,

since 'tis through me he is unable to meet thee."

"Nay," answered the King angrily, "this conflict is not for thee, but for him who hath wronged me and who must pay me tribute."

Now Bené rode beside Gramoflanz, but his words so displeased her that she left him and went to Gawain and assisted his squires to lift him to his horse and accompanied them to the wounded man's tent. There, all tenderly, Parzival bound up his wounds and cared for him.

Then came King Arthur with his Court to welcome Parzival and all spoke praise of the adventures he had achieved since last he had been with them. And the four Queens and the Lady Orgeluse greeted him joyfully and told him of the brave deeds of Knight Gawain at Chateau Merveil.

"Alas," said Parzival to them, "would that I had fulfilled my quest. When I was here before, shame came to me, nor have I lifted it yet. Oh, that someone

would guide me to this strange, hidden adventure I yearn to fulfill. Would that I might fight with King Gramoflanz; him have I offended, for this morning I plucked a branch from his tree."

"Dear brother Knight," spoke Gawain, from where he lay in his tent, "many here are my true friends, yet not one is there to whom I would yield my right; I thank thee, but my foe I must meet, perchance the morrow will see me victor."

At the dawning of the next day, Parzival arose and fully armed, rode quietly away from the tents and reached the plain where Gramoflanz, who thought the approaching knight was Gawain, was waiting to meet him. Fiercely the two set at each other and they were yet jousting when Gawain and the others arrived. 'Twas the young knight who was the victor and he said to Gramoflanz: "Thou wilt need to rest to-day, Sir, to recover thy strength, perchance to-morrow thou wilt be able to meet Knight Gawain."

Then up rode King Arthur and Knight

Gawain. "Sir," said King Arthur, "thou didst request that thou mightest joust with the King in place of Gawain and thou wert refused. Thou hast stolen secretly away and fought against his will, yet he will not be angry with thee, I trust."

"Nay," answered Gawain, "'tis a gallant deed he has done and no harm hath he wrought, for to-morrow I can myself meet the King and none shall interfere."

Now tidings had come to Itonjé of how her brother was to fight with the man she loved so dearly and her anger was great against Gawain. Seeing this, the good Queen Arnivé went to King Arthur and begged him to forbid the combat and the King desiring greatly that he might prevent it, promised his aid.

Soon Gramoflanz sought him to win his promise that none other but Gawain should meet him, and King Arthur took him to where the ladies sat, and said: "If there be a maiden here that thou lovest, I pray thee, greet her with a kiss." And King Gramoflanz looked eagerly at the

group, and even had she not so closely resembled her brother, he would have known Itonjé, by the light of love which shone from her eyes for him. He greeted her with joy and the two sat together exchanging words of love.

Then King Arthur called to him some of his knights that they might counsel together.

"Sir," said one, "if the Lady Itonjé asks the King to give up the conflict and the Lady Orgeluse is ready to forgive him, then would peace be declared."

Orgeluse is willing to grant Gramoflanz forgiveness," said Arthur, "and now must we make peace between these two proud knights."

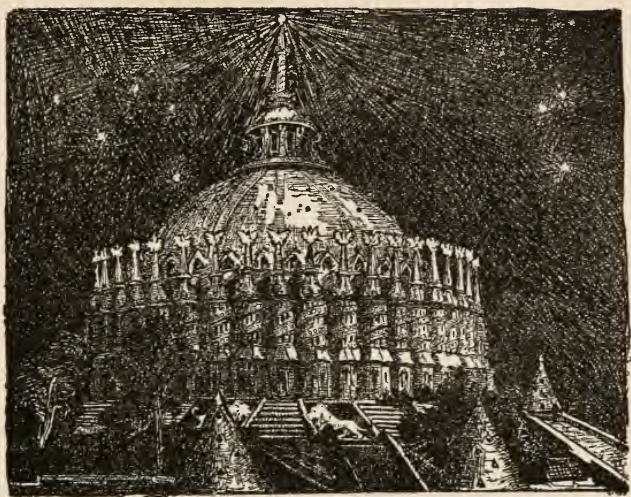
At the King's request Orgeluse and Gawain came to where King Gramoflanz and Itonjé were seated and the Duchess spoke sweetly to her enemy and said that she desired to restore peace between them. Then Gramoflanz most humbly begged her forgiveness for the wrong he had done her and for love of Orgeluse and Itonjé,

the two knights were ready to end their strife.

Preparations were made for the marriage feast of King Gramoflanz and Itonjé, and a noble gathering was present to witness their happiness; there was the Court of Arthur, the knights and ladies from Chateau Merveil and the people of King Gramoflanz.

Apart stood Parzival, gazing sadly at the merry groups, thinking of his Lady Kondwiramur, the flower of women. "Love hath dealt unkindly with me," he said aloud. "Of Love was I born and Love would I serve, yet am I separated from her who hath my true love. I seek for the Grail Temple, but ever my heart yearns to see the face of my dear one: too long have we dwelt apart. Why should I remain here to look upon this rejoicing, when my heart is so heavy with sorrow? I wish all happiness, but no longer can I tarry here."

At dawn the next day, Parzival donned his armor and rode secretly away.



XXVI

HOW PARZIVAL FOUGHT WITH FEIR- EFIS AND OF THE GOOD TIDINGS KONDRIE BROUGHT

By daybreak, Parzival found himself in deep woods and soon he was surprised to see a knight approaching. He stopped his horse and gazed upon the stranger in wonder, for never had he seen a man ride so richly appareled. His armor was adorned with jewels, also his shield of

gold which shone like the sun; and from his breastplate of gold, glistened many rubies; rich trappings of silk were upon his steed. A mighty man this knight looked and when he caught sight of Parzival he spurred his horse forward quickly and raised his spear and shield, for having lately arrived from the East, he was eager for adventure. Never were two knights better matched, both had youth, strength and courage, and their jousting was a goodly sight. Their spears and shields clashed loudly through the still woods and it seemed as if neither might conquer the other. Yet, after a time, Parzival weakened a little, then as if remembering his dear ones and that he must strive for their sakes, he cried out his watchword: "Pelrapeire!" and went at the other with such a fierce stroke that he was brought to his knees. The stranger rose quickly, but perceiving that Parzival's sword was broken, he said courteously, speaking in French: "Gallant hero, thou hast now no sword and our spears are broken, so I would not

be a true knight to fight longer with thee. Let us declare peace and rest awhile that we may converse together." Right gladly Parzival consented, for he was weary, also was he eager to learn the name of this knight.

"Sir Knight," said the stranger, "never have I met thy equal, tell me, I pray thee, thy name and country. Or perchance it might please thee if I spoke first my name to thee; Feirefis Angevin am I called, and King am I of Zassamank in the East."

"Sir," said Parzival, "there should be but one Angevin, son of Gamuret, and I am he. Yet far in the East is a brother of mine who bears the name of Feirefis; lift thy helmet, I pray thee, that I may see thy face. Have no fear, I shall not seek to injure thee."

"Sir," laughed Feirefis, "'tis I who am thy conqueror, but I have no desire to fight again and since thou couldst not joust swordless, I shall throw my sword from me." So saying, the knight took his sword and flung it far from him into the bushes.

"Now tell me of thy brother," said he, "what color is he?"

"'Tis said that he is strange to look upon," replied Parzival, "fair was his father, but his mother was of the dark people of the East."

Straightway Feirefis lifted his helmet and the two gazed at each other in astonishment, for much alike were they, though Feirefis had hair like the sun and a dark skin, while Parzival was wholly fair. Then they knew that they were brothers and their joy was great. A long time sat they conversing, each telling the other of his life and adventures.

"Come thou with me to the East," begged Feirefis, "and share with me the riches there and the kingdoms which were our father's. Anger hath been in my heart toward him, for through grief at parting with her lord, my mother died."

"Brother," said Parzival gently, "a gallant man was our father and I have heard all speak well of him. How could he

keep from seeking adventure? Alas! in knightly joust was he slain."

"A great sorrow was that," said Feirefis. "Now must I forget my anger, for my joy is great at finding my brother. But say, wilt thou come with me to the East?"

"Brother," said Parzival, "I ride upon a quest, and never shall I cease from striving for my desire until I achieve it. Wrong have I done for which I must make amends; shame have I brought upon myself and this must I overcome with knightly deeds. But do thou come with me to seek King Arthur, who, but a short time ago, I left with his Knights of the Round Table and with a large company of knights and ladies who came to witness a joust. I know that it will please thee to see this noble gathering and my brother knights will welcome thee." To this Feirefis consented and the two made ready to leave the woods to join King Arthur and the Court.

Great was the rejoicing when Parzival

appeared; from the magic tower a squire had seen the fight, but none knew who it was who jousted so powerfully with Parzival. To Gawain's tent the two knights went and there they were attended by squires, who gazed with curiosity upon the stranger.

To welcome Parzival and his brother, King Arthur ordained a great feast and musicians played the trumpet, the flute and the horn and all made merry. Upon the grass was stretched a circle of green silk and round it the knights took their places as reverently as if it had been the Round Table at Arthur's castle: all left off their armor and were arrayed in robes of silk. Nearby sat the ladies in fairest dresses decked with flowers, and it seemed as if all the beautiful damsels and ladies in the world were there. On one side of Queen Guinevere sat the Queen Kunnewaare and on the other, sat Queen Arnivé; there was Orgeluse, and the other Queens and maidens from Chateau Merveil. The meadow was fragrant with summer flowers

and all sat upon the grass where cushions had been placed.

Now once before had a feast been interrupted by the maiden Kondrie and as someone spoke her name and they saw the maiden riding swiftly toward them, fear and distress came into the hearts of all. Robed was Kondrie in a rich dress of black velvet, with the Dove of the Grail embroidered in gold upon it; her face was veiled and her hands were covered with flowing sleeves; upon her head was a crown of gold. When she had greeted the King and Queen she rode to where Parzival sat, and springing from her horse, knelt before him and begged his forgiveness for the cruel words she had once spoken to him. Tenderly Parzival raised her and assured her that he bore her no ill-will. Then Kondrie lifted her veil and all were astonished to see how changed was her face, no longer was she ugly but fair to look upon.

"From the spell of Klingsor have I been released," said she, "and in great honor do

we at the Chateau Merveil hold our deliverer, Gawain. Now may I ride as messenger for the Templars in the service of the Grail. To-day I bid ye rejoice for I bring good tidings. Greetings to all ye of the Round Table, and to thee, gallant Feirefis. Be glad, also, thou son of Gamuret and Herzeleide, for thy woe is past; thou hast been called to Monsalvage, there shalt thou be King. Soon shalt thou be united to thy wife and children and soon shalt thou seek Anfortas again and release him from his suffering. Compassion is in thy heart now and thou mayest make amends for thy mistakes."

At the words of Kondrie, tears came into Parzival's eyes: "Lady," said he, "these are wondrous tidings. Am I, who have sinned so often, to enter this high service? Shall I be able at last to bring release to Anfortas, my uncle? If I am to be united with my dear ones in this Holy Place, with reverent and loving hearts shall we serve the Grail. Now tell

me I pray thee, when may I go to Monsalvage, for I would not delay."

"Sir," answered Kondrie, "thou mayest set out with me now, and one companion mayest thou choose to accompany thee."

Then the Queen begged Kondrie to rest awhile, and that maiden sought out Queen Arnivé and pleasant converse had they together. When the feast was at its end, Feirefis asked his brother if he might accompany him upon his journey and Parzival consented. With tears of joy, all watched the three depart and not one was there who did not rejoice that this honor had come to the Knight Parzival.



XXVII

HOW PARZIVAL HEALED ANFORTAS

MANY years had passed since Parzival climbed to Monsalvage and left such grief behind. Daily was Anfortas brought before the Grail, but It relieved not his suffering. Often would the King pray for death to deliver him. "Have I not suffered enough, is there none can help me?" he would cry out. And the knights, grief-stricken and desirous of helping their King, would answer: "Have faith Anfortas, for he who climbed here before shall

come again, and this time he shall deliver thee. Remember the promise of the Grail."

As Kondrie, with Parzival and Feirefis, approached the mountain, they were met by a group of Templars who sprang from their horses to greet them; they recognized Parzival and knew that now he would bring release to Anfortas. They knelt before him and greeted him and his companions, then rode on ahead to the Temple. Arriving there, Parzival saw countless people gathered in the courtyard, old knights and young were there and many squires. All bowed in greeting and assisted the knights to dismount. The brothers were led to a room to be unarmed, then clothed in fair robes, they were brought to the Hall.

There upon his couch by the fireplace lay Anfortas, and sweet perfumes were in the room from the woods burned therein. When the King beheld the knight standing in the doorway he cried out: "Oh, thou for whom I have waited so long,

draw near and save me. Thou didst leave me before to my woe, but now pity and understanding are in thy heart. Thou chosen one of God, release me now from my suffering."

At these words Parzival walked slowly toward Anfortas. Before the couch he stood and in a voice broken with weeping, said: "This time I shall not fail thee, O King."

Before Anfortas, knelt Parzival and prayed for the deliverance of the King: twice he rose and knelt again. Then in a voice that sounded through the Hall, he cried out: "My heart is full of pity for thee; what aileth thee, mine Uncle? What mean these mysteries at Monsalvage?"

As he heard Parzival's words, the face of Anfortas shone, and the beauty that had been his before his wounding came to him again. He rose from his couch healed, embraced the young knight and spoke his gratitude.

So had come at last the great day of rejoicing to Monsalvage.



XXVIII

OF THE MEETING OF PARZIVAL AND KONDWIRAMUR

Now there had ridden messengers to inform Queen Kondwiramur that Parzival had been elected King of the Grail. Accompanied by her uncle Kiot, the knights from Pelrapeire, and the Templars who had been sent to bring her to Monsalvage, the Queen with her little sons set out for the joyful meeting with her dear lord. As they neared the mountain the tents were

pitched, for the night had come. On this very spot had Segramor and Kay fought with Parzival and here had he seen the drops of blood upon the snow which made him muse of Kondwiramur.

From the Temple, Parzival set out with some of the knights to meet his wife, and they stopped upon their way to greet Trevrezent and tell him of the joy that had come to Monsalvage and of how Parzival had been called there to be King.

"Thou hast my blessing, nephew," said Trevrezent, "greatly do I thank God for His mercy; never should we doubt His loving kindness. He who is *Father—Son—Man*—understands all."

"Thy counsel served me well," said Parzival, "thou didst bring back love into my heart and set my feet upon the right path. I give thee grateful thanks. Now ride I to meet her whom I hold so dear; long have we been separated, but now side by side we shall pass our days in the service of the Grail."

At the day's dawning, Parzival saw the

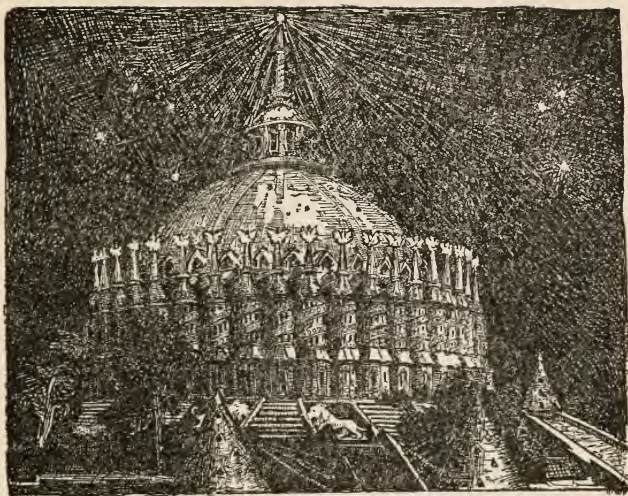
tents with the banners of the Templars waving over them, and when Kiot beheld the Dove upon the knight's garments he knew that Parzival had arrived, and went forth to meet him. Straightway to where Kondwiramur slumbered with her children, did he bring the young knight. Gently Kiot drew aside the door covering, and with tear-dimmed eyes and heart beating for joy, Parzival looked upon the lovely Kondwiramur and the two beautiful boys who lay beside her, each nestled closely to her, each encircled by a protecting arm.

Suddenly the Queen opened her eyes and beheld her lord gazing upon her. With a joyful cry she sat up, and as the children awakened she held them proudly to their father, who knelt beside her and with thankful heart took mother and children into his arms.

At noontime all assembled to continue their journey and Parzival bade farewell to the knights from Pelrapeire, for they might not go with their King and Queen

to Monsalvage; and he declared that his son Kardeiss should rule his kingdoms, but Lohengrin was to serve in the Grail Temple. Sorrowfully Kondwiramur parted from her little son, giving him into the keeping of his uncle Kiot who was to rule until the boy Kardeiss should be old enough to take up his duties as King.

As the others rode upon their way to the Temple, they came to where a maiden lay motionless upon the grass, and Parzival lifting her tenderly, recognized Sigune. Happy and peaceful her face, and she smiled as if greeting her beloved. Queen Kondwiramur prepared her for burial and they laid her beside her knight in the shrine she had made for him.



XXIX

HOW PARZIVAL WAS CROWNED KING OF THE GRAIL

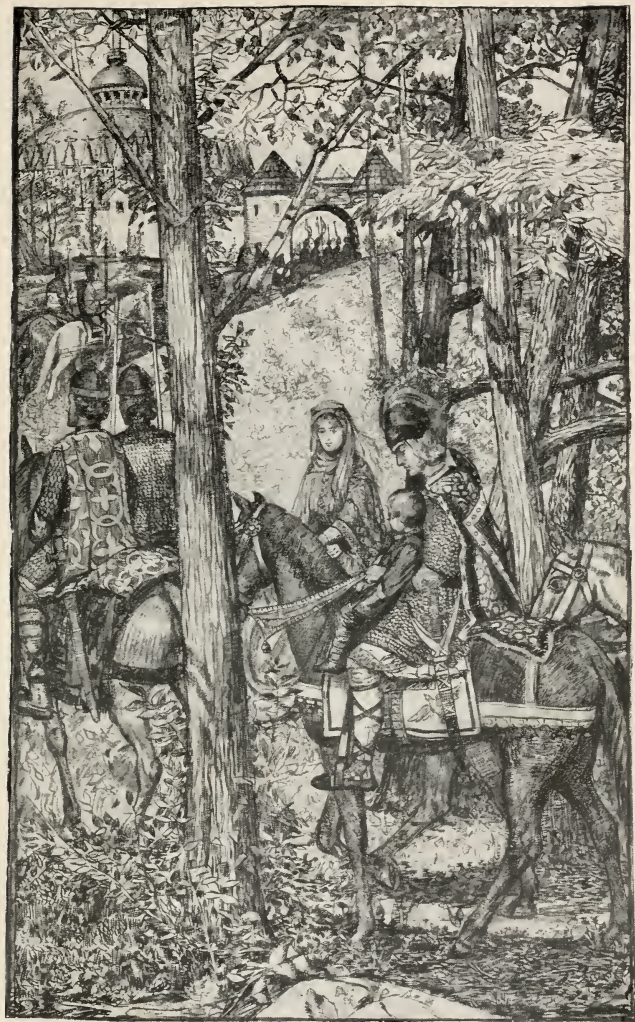
THE courtyard at Monsalvage was ablaze with tapers as the little company drew near, and a joyful welcome was given them. First to greet Parzival and his Queen was Feirefis, but when he would have kissed the child Lohengrin, the boy turned from him frightened by his strange appearance.

Gathered about the stairway to welcome them were Anfortas and the Templars, also Repanse de Schoie and Kondrie. Kondwiramur kissed the King in greeting and told him of her joy at his healing.

The Queen was led to rest, then she and her son were arrayed in fair robes, and accompanied by Feirefis they entered the Hall where the Templars had assembled for the daily Feast. Beside Anfortas was Parzival seated, and the King invited Feirefis to take the place on his other side, while the Queen with the little Lohengrin sat next to Parzival.

Now on this day the knight with the Spear came not into the Hall, for there was to be no more weeping nor sorrow in the Temple. Music was heard and the sound of bells ringing softly, and all within the Hall rose as the wondrous procession of the Grail entered.

Each maiden fulfilled her task and upon the Jacinth Table, Repanse de Schoie laid the cushion which held the Treasure; Anfortas placed it in Parzival's



THE ARRIVAL AT MONSALVAGE

hands and all bowed low before this Gift of God.

Then the squires came forward to receive the Food the Grail bestowed and after the Feast was over, Anfortas crowned Parzival, King of the Grail. Songs of rejoicing were heard; and from an adjoining room, Titurel beholding the shining face of the young knight, as surrounded by his loved ones he received his consecration, knew that all would be well forevermore at Monsalvage.

At all he saw, Feirefis being a heathen, marveled greatly, so at the request of Titurel he was baptized and the light of the Christian teaching made clear to him the mysteries at the Temple.

While he dwelt there other joy came to him, for he won the love of Repanse de Schoie and she prepared to leave the Temple to journey with him to the East. Feirefis would have persuaded Anfortas to accompany them, but he said: "Nay, Sir, I have no wish to seek adventure, in God's service only shall I ride forth; the

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years left I wish to fill with noble deeds, for unworthily I served the Grail in my youth.”

There was much sorrow at Monsalvage when Feirefis and the lovely Grail bearer left the Temple. A band of Templars went with them to guide them through the woods to the sea where the people of Feirefis waited for their lord. In the East was Repanse de Schoie crowned Queen and she told the people of the mysteries of the Grail and helped them to follow Its teaching.

Of the valor of Prester John, the son of Feirefis Angevin and Repanse de Schoie, many stories are related.

Soon after Parzival became King, there appeared upon the Grail the command that henceforward when a Templar was in service in the world, he should not tell his name, nor speak of his country nor his race. The Grail would make known when it was time to reveal these things, but should he be questioned and forced to

answer, then must he return straightway to Monsalvage.

With the story of how this command brought sorrow to Lohengrin and his wife Elsa, the STORY OF PARZIVAL closes.



XXX

OF LOHENGRIN THE SON OF PAR-
ZIVAL

THERE dwelt in the kingdom of Brabant, a Princess named Elsa, who had displeased her people because she refused to marry. The fame of her beauty and gentleness spread far, and many a noble Prince came to woo her; hopefully they approached her, but unsuccessful, they rode sorrowfully away.

Now one of her courtiers, the Count

Telramud, desired greatly to win the Princess, and when she had refused him many times, he was so angry that he resolved to harm her. One day, there came from King Henry of Germany a summons to the Princess to appear before him in order to prove herself innocent of charges which had been brought against her by the Count Telramud.

The distressed maiden sought the solitude of the woods and there prayed to God to send her aid. A falcon flew down and nestled for a moment in her hand, then as it flew away, a little silver bell fell from its neck, and it seemed to the Princess that the dove bade her ring the silver bell, should she be in need of a knight's service.

The next day, the Princess Elsa with some of her ladies and courtiers arrived before the King. "Princess," said King Henry kindly, for he pitied the lovely maiden, "thou art accused of having contracted a marriage with one of thy vassals. This, thou knowest is forbidden a

Princess, and I must inflict some punishment on thee, unless thou canst prove thine innocence. If there is here any knight who will face thine accuser and conquer him, then shalt thou be declared innocent before all."

Then King Henry bade his Heralds sound their trumpets and require the champion of Elsa of Brabant to step forth. Twice the trumpets sounded, but no knight dared face the Count Telramud. Apart knelt the accused maiden, praying steadfastly; in her heart was hope, for on leaving her kingdom, she had rung the silver bell.

Now the Heralds called out the third time for the champion of Elsa of Brabant. There was a sound of women weeping, for the hearts of the Princess' people were full of grief. Suddenly a voice cried out: "Behold the swan—he brings a champion knight for the Princess."

Soon all saw approaching, a small boat that was being drawn by a large white swan. Before it flew a white dove, and

standing in the boat was a knight arrayed in silver armor that glistened in the sun. Upon his armor, doves were blazoned in jewels, and a dove of silver was upon his helmet. Elsa rose and went eagerly to the river bank and gazed in wonder upon the knight. Astonished, the people crowded around. "Truly," said one, "God hath sent a knight from heaven to aid our Princess." "God never fails to answer the prayers of a pure maiden," said another.

To Elsa the dove flew, alighting a moment at her feet, then hovered over the knight's head. From the boat he stepped and thanking the swan for her service bade her farewell. The swan circled round, and with the dove flying before, went slowly down the river. Then the knight lifted his helmet and smiled upon the Princess. "Lady," said he, so that all could hear, "God hath sent me to be thy champion. My love is thine and thy lord would I be. But if thou accept me, a promise I require; never must thou ask

my name, nor concerning my race and country; one day I may tell thee, but until then thou must wait trustfully."

Before all the people Elsa gave her promise. Then the King called for the accuser of the Princess and he and the Knight of the Swan stood before each other, to fight for her honor. Soon was Telramud laid low and he was required to beg most humbly the pardon of his Princess whom he had wronged.

That same day, Elsa returned to Brabant with her people and her champion, and when they arrived there she was wedded to the Knight of the Swan.

Many happy years they spent together and two beautiful boys were born to them. Then came a time when some of the people, curious and suspicious, tortured Elsa by accusing her lord of having conquered Telramud through sorcery. They begged her to discover the knight's name and warned her that for some wrongful reason he withheld it from her. In a moment of misery and fear, when trust had been

driven from her heart, Elsa broke her promise.

Calling all the people together by the river, the Knight of the Swan, standing beside Elsa and his children, spoke to them all and said: "Now will I tell you my name and of my life before I came here. Far away on a lofty mountain there stands a Temple, wherein is kept a Treasure called the Grail—Gift of God to men. There rules Parzival as King of the Grail. His son am I, and Lohengrin is my name. There dwell the Templars, a Brotherhood who guard the Grail, and often are they called to service in the world. One day, there appeared upon the Grail the command for me to appear as champion for Elsa of Brabant. As I was about to mount my charger, we saw on the water, a boat drawn by a swan, and knew that God had provided this boat for my journeying. My father gave me in parting, a silver horn, which he bade me sound, should I desire to return to the Temple.

“Once sorrow came to us at Monsalvage, through a Question; therefore the Grail bade us not to speak at first, our names, nor of our race, when we dwelt in the world. Soon would I have told Elsa these things and revealed to her the joys and Mysteries which are at the Temple. Now the Grail calls me, I must go. Guard my wife and children and let my son Godfrey one day rule in my place; perchance my other son will come to me and serve in the Temple.”

Then taking his horn, Lohengrin blew it thrice.

Kneeling at her lord's feet Elsa entreated his pardon. Gently he raised her and spoke his forgiveness. Then a voice cried out: “A swan—the swan boat comes.”

Up the river came the little boat drawn by the swan; the white dove flew before. Tenderly Lohengrin kissed his boys, and gave to one his silver horn and to the other his sword. Then he held his wife in close embrace, whispering to her words of

love and comfort; and upon her finger he placed his ring marked with the Dove of Monsalvage. Bewildered she gazed into his eyes; not yet did she understand that he was to leave her. Into the boat Lohengrin stepped, then knelt in prayer. The swan circled round and made its way down the river, the dove leading. Elsa took a few steps hastily, as if to follow her lord, then sank unconscious at her childrens' feet.

Once again had a Question brought sorrow to a Knight of the Grail.

HERE ENDS THE STORY
OF PARZIVAL THE TEM-
PLAR, WHICH HAS BEEN
REWRITTEN FROM THE
POEM BY WOLFRAM VON
ESCHENBACH, CALLED
"THE KNIGHTLY SONG
OF SONGS."

A KEY TO THE PARZIVAL OF WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

The Six Themes of the Parzival.

The Ethical Teaching.

The Relation to Ancient Tradition.

The Grail Stone of the Parzival and The Stone
of The Philosophers.

THE SIX THEMES OF THE PARZIVAL

TITUREL; THE GRAIL—GAMURET ANGEVIN—PARZIVAL—THE TEMPLARS AND THE GRAIL—GAWAIN—LOHENGRIN—

WOLFRAM'S SOURCE.—Wolfram would have us believe that the source for his poem was the work of Giot, a Provençal poet, whom he claims told the true story of the Grail, Crestien not having done justice to the theme. Of such a poet we have no trace, but we feel certain that Wolfram had a source, for the narrative seems but a summary of a much longer work. A few contradictions and some vague passages, and the changing of the names from French to a German spelling, suggest that Wolfram is responsible for some of the Parzival, and that he did not always follow his source, either because he did not comprehend it or through carelessness.

The story is a mediæval one, and there is in the poem none of the archaic atmosphere and diction of the Peredur, or the Perceval of Crestien. One resents the fact or fancy rather, of

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King Arthur being a mediæval personage, and it seems almost as if the original story had had an Angevin King in his place; the whole poem would have been then a picture of The Knighthood of the twelfth century with which the Grail and Templar themes would fit equally well. The omission of King Arthur and the Round Table and the few Knights who are mentioned, would be supplied by the Angevin King and his Knights, who with the Templars would portray a Knighthood only a little less mysterious and thrilling than the Arthurian Knighthood.

In the *Parzival*, we find six themes or stories.

The mystic story of the Grail, which is unlike any other, the author claims to have read in the Chronicles of Anjou, where it had been retold from the story as first written down by Flegetanis, an Arabian astronomer (and astrologer, we assume), who read it in the stars.

The main story of *Parzival* bears a close resemblance to the tale of Peredur (see the *Mabino-gion*), and the *Perceval* of Crestien. To this an introduction is given in the story of *Gamuret*, for which we have no source except we suppose the poet to have been celebrating the deeds of an Angevin Count or King. The *Templar* theme is in part historic and in part a romantic picture of the Knights Templar. A much longer *Ga-*

wain story than found in Crestien is given, and a masterly conclusion reached in the addition of the *Lohengrin* story, which is a brief adaptation from one of the early forms of The Knight Of The Swan. The six themes or stories are woven together skillfully, and with the exception of a few pages, the poem reads clearly and consecutively.

THE TITUREL.—We learn from the author that the mystery of the “Gralburg,” is not to be revealed at first, but even when Trevrezent explains to Parzival the Temple, the Grail and the Question, we would have but a vague understanding of them if we did not know the TITUREL (see Prologue), a fragmentary poem which we assume Wolfram wrote as an introduction to the Parzival, a poem which later was much elaborated by Albert von Scharfenberg.

THE ETHICAL TEACHING

SYMBOLISM OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS.—In the Parzival we are to read a definite ethical teaching, to which we are introduced through a symbolism of Light and Darkness, a theme which is carried throughout the poem. Good and Evil are presented as bearing the same relation to each other as Light and Darkness. God is

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Light, but there is a realm of Darkness ruled by an Evil one—yet where the thought of God—Good—is, no Evil can come: God is Light and He is All.

Faith is then contrasted with Doubt. Parzival passes from the simple Faith of his youth to the darkness of Doubt and Despair. The darkness of the heathen teaching is contrasted with the light of the Christian doctrine; but the term "heathen," must be supposed to relate to only certain peoples of the East, of which Belakane and her people are a type (later to be enlightened by Feirefis and Repanse de Schoie), for the teachings of White Magic, the story of the Grail, the mysterious legends held in reverence by Trevrezent, who tells us that, "Plato and the sibyls in their day spoke words of truth"—all came from the enlightened East of the Magi.

In an interesting way the symbolism of Light and Dark is carried out also in relation to several characters. Parzival is the gentle, "fair" son of Gamuret; Feirefis is the fiery "dark" son; the former, the type of spiritual strength, the latter, the type of physical strength. Both must achieve a spiritual enlightenment, and each at one time in his life shows the conflict between the Light (Faith) and the Darkness (Doubt). When the two sons joust together, it is Feirefis who is vic-

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tor, but we read in this a temporary and physical conquest only.

Klingsor, the sorcerer (representing Black Magic), is the enemy of Anfortas the Templar (White Magic), and he brings years of suffering upon the other. For a time it seems as if Good were conquered by Evil, Light hidden by Darkness, Faith lost in Doubt.

It is of interest to note that the theme of Light and Darkness in the Parzival, shows a close relation to the great World Myth of Horus, the Sun god, who overcomes Sut, Darkness. Feirefis further emphasizes the relation to the theme of Black and White, that we find in these ancient Egyptian stories.

PARZIVAL'S PREPARATION FOR LIFE.—From this symbolism with its deep spiritual significance, we pass to the counsel the mother gave her boy. Herzeleide's son taught of the reality of Goodness, comes to look upon evil, "as null, as naught, as silence implying sound." For him, Prayer is a part of Faith; to ask, knowing that an answer will come. With Faith and Prayer must go Courtesy and Reverence—the influence of the kindly word and smile is emphasized, the reverence for old age and counsel.

Thus we see with what devoted love and care Herzeleide prepared her boy for Life, yet it is the

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author's purpose to show us that the preparation was inadequate. More is demanded of the mother than the awakening of spiritual consciousness and the development of religious feeling; with this knowledge of things spiritual must go a knowledge of the *practical*: the child must be prepared for the world in which he is to live, know both good and evil, since he must encounter both. The fault of Herzeleide was a positive one; hoping to bring her son back to her, she refrained from preparing him for Knighthood which would have led him to the Threshold of Life, where the mother must leave her child to meet the experiences and temptations which every individual must encounter; there his actions should be the result of Choice, not Ignorance.

We see that the hero's failure is due to ignorance, for Parzival's first foolish acts are the result of his mother's hurried counsel, which could not take root as there was no previous preparation. The years of loving companionship spent with her are reflected in his reverence for women, and in his unchanging love and faithfulness. He fails never deliberately but through Ignorance; we pity him and forgive him. He shows no judgment at first, no intuition; he follows the counsel of others without understanding it, instead of

listening to the dictates of his heart. The counsel of Gurnemanz seems to awaken in the youth self-consciousness and false pride; the real meaning of the mediæval admonition to silence he does not comprehend; and the hitherto quick-spoken youth, face to face with his great Opportunity, is silent before what he does not comprehend; and disobeys the voice of his heart, fearing to be humiliated should he put a question.

PARZIVAL AND PARSIFAL.—“Redemption through suffering,” we read is the lesson of Wagner’s *Parsifal*, but the problem of the Parzival is different. The hero brings untold suffering upon himself and others through his failure, nor does the experience of suffering seem necessary for the development of his character; feeling had been keenly aroused in him, but he needed the judgment and confidence that Knowledge brings.

THE QUESTION.—Nowhere, save in the *Parsifal*, does the theme of the Question intimate that the hero must be prepared through experience or suffering, to accomplish his mission—Galahad has the training which enables him to fulfill his destiny without failure—the only requisite is a feeling of pity and the judgment to speak boldly the question of his heart. The failure of Perceval in the *High History of the Holy Graal* is irrevocable, for when he returns the second time to

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the Castle of the Graal, he finds that his uncle has died; he is able, however, to lift the sorrow which is upon those in the Castle, and to restore the Holy Graal and the Spear which had been stolen. In the Parzival, Sigune and Trevrezent seem to feel that since the knight failed to put the Question, he has lost his opportunity forever, but Parzival, the son of one who has served in the Temple, will be called there one day, and then he will ask the Question which will release Anfortas from suffering. The counsel of Trevrezent is the turning point for Parzival; gently the Hermit talks with him and wins his confidence, softening the bitterness of his heart, for the youth feels, and justly, that he has been a victim of circumstances.

PARZIVAL AND LOHENGRIN.—The Question theme is continued in the Lohengrin story. The sorrow of the Parzival is due to a youth's hesitancy, his silence; in Lohengrin, to a woman's curiosity, her unwise speech.

THE RELATION TO ANCIENT TRADITION

THE HERMETIC AND KABBALISTIC PHILOSOPHY —FREEMASONRY.—The Parzival and other forms of the Grail Legend take on a new interest and significance when we trace in them a relation

to a Tradition antedating the Bible, of which the Hermetic and Kabbalistic Philosophy, and Freemasonry are a part. To-day we may study this Tradition in the Legends of Freemasonry; in the Book of The Dead, in the writings of Hermes Trismegistus; in the Kabbalah; in books on the Mysteries of Magic, written by such disciples of Magic, as Paracelsus, Eliphas Levi, Franz Hartmann, and in the commentaries and translations made by Arthur Edward Waite.

In the Parzival, Trevrezent speaks of the knowledge of all things on the earth and in the sky, that Adam learned from God; of how he understood the power of the planets, how they influence men. Magic, Astrology and Alchemy, are such an important part of this Tradition, that without some knowledge of them it cannot be comprehended.

Each story that is related to the legend of the Grail, including many of the Arthurian stories which are independent of the Grail theme, are full of allusions to Magic; and corresponding talismans—magic vessel, cup, spear, sword, etc.—and events, are to be found in the folk lore tales of many nations. In almost every story is the theme of Black Magic, which in fairy tales also, plays an important part. The whole meaning of that much abused term of

Magic is known only to those who through earnest study have penetrated its Mysteries, for Magic is a Knowledge which, if rightly used, will give man dominion over all things in Nature, lead him to a consciousness of another life and prove its existence.

Black Magic is sorcery, spells, enchantments, hypnotism (if wrongly used) or any misuse of this Knowledge and Power for wrongful ends, involving always the destruction of the person who practices it.

The Parzival speaks openly of Magic, while in the High History and the Galahad stories are many magical occurrences, but the only exponent of Black Magic in the Grail Legends, is Klingsor.

RELATION TO FREEMASONRY.—We trace a relation to Freemasonry in the High History and the Galahad, through the allusions to a Brotherhood and a Red Cross,—which we find first in the Joseph Legend, the Prologue to the Hero story,—and in the Parzival, through the Brotherhood of the Templars, and the various references to Masonic Legends.

Joseph of Arimathea makes a Red Cross Shield and Perceval and Galahad both bear Shields marked in the center with a Red Cross. From the White Knight who dwells in the White Ab-

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bey, Galahad hears the story of Joseph's Shield, which has been preserved miraculously for him; and when he arrives in Sarras, he is welcomed by the Brothers who recognize the Shield. Perceval's Shield also, belonged once to Joseph, though no story of it is given, and the Brothers salute it. "A Shield banded azure and argent, with a Red Cross thereon and a boss of gold," is its description, and in its boss, Perceval carries "The Hallows." The Brothers take Perceval on a journey in a Ship which has a white sail, marked with a Red Cross; later they carry him away in it and he is seen no more, "nor did earthly man know what became of him."

In the Grail Legends, the personality of Joseph is shrouded in a mystery which is solved only by supposing him to have been an Essene, a sect of Jews who had embraced the ancient Teaching, through the secret instructions of members of a Brotherhood who had come from India. It is stated that Jesus belonged to the Essenian Order, and that he was being instructed by the Brotherhood, in India, during the eighteen years of which we have no record.

That Mystic Brotherhood to which Joseph belonged, and the one which he formed, were branches of the priestly Order which promulgated the ancient Traditional Teaching, and in

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312 A. D., we find that Constantine, whom we assume was a follower of the Teaching, founded another branch in memory of his conversion to Christianity—the Order of the Red Cross Knights.

In that mysterious city of the East, Sarras, Joseph founded an Order of the Brotherhood, and then in Britain, where for centuries before his arrival there, the Druids had been spreading the Teachings of the ancient Tradition. In time their Teaching had to give way to the church, but in its early years, as witnessed by the Joseph Brotherhood and the Constantine Order, Christianity united harmoniously with the ancient Teaching and many of its symbols and doctrines have been developed from it.

In the fourth century Architecture was yet a secret profession, and Constantine, Master of the College of Architects at Rome, would have passed down to his Knights, not only the knowledge of building, but also the ancient Teaching. The close connection between Rome and Britain would have led eventually to the founding in Britain, of an Order similar to that of the Red Cross Knights. There Merlin, whom we may assume had been taught by members of the Joseph Brotherhood, and also by the Druidical priests, was chosen to found the new Order of

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the Round Table, and elected for Head, the young Arthur, who had won for himself great renown. To one only was passed down by Merlin, the Most Secret Knowledge he possessed—to Galahad—and he, chosen and prepared for his mission, is made one of the mystic Brotherhood in Sarras, to whom he carries the precious Vessel.

Joseph, the first Grail Keeper, and his little band were the first Christian Pilgrims and missionaries; the Order of the Round Table was Knighthood applied to the needs of a King's Court, while the Knights of The Holy Sepulcher, the Knights of The Red Cross, The Knights Templar, The Knights of St. John and the Crusaders, share the glory of having defended the Christian possessions in Jerusalem, from the fourth to the twelfth century.

From these Orders comes a literature which is largely historic, even what we deem fanciful was doubtless at first an expression of an ancient tradition. The stories of each Order are related to the other Orders, and all are an important part of the history of Freemasonry and the Philosophy of Magic, through which we gain a new and inspiring insight into life.

THE LEGEND OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—In the Parzival there is no allusion to a Red Cross,

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but we assume that the Knights of the Grail carried the shield marked with the special Cross of the Knights Templar. No shield save Gamuret's is given special mention; nor is there a mysterious Ship. In the Galahad story we find reference to legends of Adam and Eve as in the Parzival, but they differ from each other. Although there is in the latter no mention of Solomon as in the Galahad, the Parzival is the only Grail story that reflects the Temple of Solomon tradition, and emphasizes for us the Masonic application of the building of the Temple of Character. We read also in the poem of "The Phœnix," "The Pelican," and "The Eagle," which are legends of Freemasonry, but they are not explained in the story.

THE LOST WORD.—In the High History we read of "The Widow Lady," and in Crestien, of "The Widowed Dame," suggestive of *The Widow's Son*. The desolation of the Grail Temple through the Wounding of the King, suggests the sorrow which followed *The Death of the Widow's Son*. Joseph speaks to Brons, "The Secret Words," and Brons may not die until he has spoken them to his son, and Jesus is supposed to have uttered them on the Cross. "The Secret Words" and "The Question," are akin to *The Lost Word* of Masonic Legends.

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The sorrowful episode of The Wounded King, seems to be a repetition of the ancient theme of The Death of Horus (Osiris), and its later development by different peoples, as, in The Death of Dionysius, also, in The Death of Hiram of Tyre, the Widow's Son; in the stories of Orpheus and Eurydice, Adonis, Hiawatha, and Balder. In "Horus," "Persephone," "Adonis," and "Balder," we have the joyous Return to Life, and in the "Balder" we have also "The Secret Words," which Odin whispered in his ear—the promise of Immortality.

Further suggestions of the relation to ancient tradition in the Parzival are found in the counsels of Herzeleide, Gurnemanz and Trevrezent, which are similar to those found in the Proverbs and the Talmud. To understand the passages relating to Eve, Klingsor, Kondrie and her brother, and Sekundille, one must *study* the Kabalistic Legends.

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE.—Those who wish to know further of this ancient tradition will find the following books most interesting reading. "The Lexicon of Freemasonry" and other books on this subject by Albert G. Mackey; "The History of The Knights Templars," Addison; "Stellar Theology and Masonic Astronomy," by Arthur Hewitt Brown; "Mysteries of Freemasonry,"

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John Fellows; "Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man," Albert Churchward; "Magic, Black and White," Franz Hartmann; "The History of The Rosicrucians," "Alchemy," "Paracelsus" and "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal," by Arthur Edward Waite; "The Essenes," Dr. Ginsberg; "The Philosopher's Stone," or "The Quest of The Absolute," and "Seraphita," by Balzac; "The Great Work," by "T. K."; "The Kabbalah Unveiled," Matthews; "The Mysteries of Magic"; (Levi-Waite) "Zanoni," and "A Strange Story," by Bulwer-Lytton; "The Flute of the Gods," by Marah Ellis Ryan.

THE GRAIL STONE OF THE PARZIVAL AND THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

THE LEGENDS OF THE GRAIL.—Unlike any other Legend of the Grail is the Grail of the Parzival, for this Gift of God is a Stone, *pure and precious*.

Wholly independent at first of the Perceval story, the Legend of Joseph and the Grail, founded on the Apochryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, finally merged with the Hero story, when the Celtic talismans—magic caldron, spear, and sword, were replaced with the Sacramental Ves-

sel, the Spear (Lance) and sword,—which is variously, that which beheaded John the Baptist, or the sword of Joseph. The Perceval, Galahad and Parzival stories while showing a relation to the same ancient tradition, express different phases of the Grail Legend; the first two tell of the Vessel of the Last Supper, made additionally sacred by having received into it, the Drops of Blood at the Cross. The Grail Stone of the Parzival is not connected with the Last Supper, nor with the Crucifixion, and the Spear though revered is not definitely explained, nor the magic sword. The Graal of de Borron and the Sangreal of Mapes are a glorification of the Sacrament of Communion, but of this meaning of the Grail the author of the Parzival seems to have had no knowledge. We do read that on Good Friday, a Dove from heaven descended upon the Stone and laid a wafer upon It. Is this merely a token of heavenly blessing, or does it suggest that the Grail Stone was *renewed* by the Host?

The Grail Stone in common with the other Grails has a twofold significance. The object itself is venerated, gives forth a marvelous radiance, brings joy to those who look upon It, and bestows material food; in all cases the Grail gives Spiritual as well as material sustenance.

Arthur's knights, lured by the vision, search for the Grail that they may see it openly and solve its mystery, but only for Galahad is the supreme vision. There is no Quest in the Parzival, only those who are chosen may go to the Temple; there only may the Grail be seen, and always openly. King Arthur and his knights have heard of Anfortas and his suffering but fear to venture near the Temple, presumably because they did not wish to intrude without an invitation, into the domain held by all as sacred. The Promise of the Deliverer seems to have been known only by those who served, or who had been, within the Temple. Not from physical pain only did Anfortas pray to be released—healing herbs, fires to warm him, the Spear to draw the ice from his wound, the hours spent in fishing, prove a solace, but we perceive that he yearns for the spiritual healing which the Grail denies.

Can we find a clue to the Grail of the Parzival? Could the idea have arisen from the rumor that the Grail Vessel was cut from a single stone, an emerald? Crestien's mention of a "Graal," covered with precious stones was certainly not its derivation. Is there then some Eastern tradition, some Legend about a Stone, that would account for this Grail being represented as a Stone?

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Every theme of the poem relates to the East—the story begins and ends there—begins with Gamuret, the father, and ends with the son, Feirefis, who takes the Grail maiden back to the East with him; the grandson, Prester John, and the great-grandson, Godfrey of Bouillon, the son of Lohengrin, become famous Crusaders. The relation of the poem to an ancient tradition, makes it seem more than mere conjecture to assume that this story of the Grail was first told by the Arabian Flegetanis, who read it in the stars—a vision as clear to him as was the vision of the Revelation to St. John—and that the Grail is related to some ancient tradition of a Stone, antedating the Legend of the Sacramental Grail.

In the Parzival the Grail is called “Lapis Exillis,” but the meaning of Exillis is a mystery. Could the author have meant to say, The Stone of Exile, or The Stone of Foundation? We read that through the Grail Stone the life of the Phoenix is renewed.

In the story of The Terrestrial Paradise, which bears a resemblance to the setting of the Grail story of the Parzival, the hero—who in some versions is Prester John—is greeted upon his arrival in this wonderful place, by mystic messengers who bestow on him a “Stone.”

Among the promises in the Vision of St. John the Initiate we read—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a *white stone*, and in the *stone* a new name written which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

In St. Matthew we read of "the *stone* that the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

In the history of Freemasonry we find legends of "The Jewel," the "Perfect Ashlar," "The Foundation Stone," "The Seal of Solomon." We read of the occult Cube of Knowledge, the mystic *White Stone* of the Egyptians and other peoples; and of the Emerald Stone of Horus and Buddha which are the most important of several green stones held as sacred by many of the Eastern peoples. It is of interest to note that the color green predominates in the Parzival and that the Grail rests on a cushion made of green Archmardi.

THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.—These Stones seem to be related to the Great Stone of the ancient tradition—THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS—to be read of in all books on Magic (Alchemy).

Alchemists sought to transmute all metals to gold; they strove to make *The Philosopher's*

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Stone, and in teaching, oral and written, gave formulas for the process. They strove to accomplish *The Great Work*, tried to find *The Elixir of Life* and undertook *The Quest of the Absolute*.

We know that their writings could be interpreted only by those who had "The Key," for their meaning was concealed, in order to deceive their enemies, and the curious. The Great Work was to find the silver Key that fits the lock of the Temple of Wisdom; their transmutation of all metals to gold, was a symbol of man's striving to spiritualize life and bring the Golden Age to earth. To make The Philosopher's Stone, was to gain Self-control and Wisdom; to use THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS was to use the Hidden Sweet Knowledge that comes to the Initiate.

The Sacramental Grail is a Legend, simple and beautiful, known to all readers and associated with the Christian Church—calling us all however, whether within the Church or without, to the Quest which the symbol typifies. The Grail Stone and THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS are veiled in a mystery, who shall solve? They are symbols of a Philosophy taught by the Hidden Brotherhood, that philosophy which Buddha and Jesus proclaimed.

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“From heaven came THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS”—“and Jesus possessed it,” we read. The Great Teacher spoke in parables which only those who “had ears to hear,” understood. To-day, only those who have “ears to hear,” and those who *see*, may understand the Mysteries.

In the history of the Rosicrucians, we read much about THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS, and it would seem as if the author of the Parzival story, familiar with the teachings of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, had introduced into his story some of their mysterious philosophy, which we know is an expression of the ancient traditional Teaching.

Did an Initiate pass down the story from “mouth to ear,” and did another write it with the purpose of concealing its meaning, so that only the initiated could understand it? And did Wolfram and perhaps the author of his source also, write without comprehending the mystic philosophy of the story?

Since we have no definite clue to the mystery of the Grail Stone of the Parzival, we cannot be far wrong in assuming that It originated from the traditions surrounding THE STONE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

NOTES

It has been the aim in this Story of Parzival, to preserve as much as possible of the mediæval spirit in setting and language; to add nothing to the original story save in a few situations where so much is left to the imagination, that some amplification was necessary; to omit such passages only as are beyond the child's interest, or which are too vague to render satisfactorily.

The Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach may be studied through the editions of Simrock, Bartsch, Hertz and others, whose Notes and those in Miss Weston's translation, are of great value to the teacher or student. Comments on the *Titirel* will be found also in these books.

PROLOGUE.—The Grail has never the prefix "Holy," in the Parzival. It is spelled "Gral," in the German, and the Temple is called "Gralburg," The mountain is Monsalväschr or Monsalvage; called by Wagner, Monsalvat, and is otherwise known as, Montsauvage, Terre de Salvage—the wild or remote mountain, or the Mount of Salvation.

On Mountseraat in the Pyrenees, are the ruins of a Monastery which appears to have been occupied by a Brotherhood of Knights Templar. The author may have known of this Brotherhood and from them derived his inspiration for the Knights of The Grail. There seems to have been a close connection in the Parzival between the East and Spain, and Gamuret's journey from Toledo to Kanvoleis, does not appear to have been a long one. The relation of the various places to one other is not clear however, and the action of the poem passes quickly from one place to another.

CHAPTERS I, II.—Wolfram divided his poem into various Books, giving each one a title. The material contained in chapters i, and ii, has been abbreviated from a much longer story, which is found in Books I and II of the poem, *Gamuret* and *Herzeleide*.

Gamuret's brother having succeeded to his father's kingdom, offers him lands which he refuses, then gives him a title and names him Angevin. Gamuret's mother and the people urge him to remain in Anjou, but he decides to seek a kingdom for himself. When defending Belakane he discovers a cousin—Kaillet—in the Scottish army, and after Gamuret and Belakane are married, they entertain Kaillet and his com-

panions royally. After leaving Zassamank, Gamuret is met on the sea by messengers who are taking to him the wonderful armor and diamond studded helmet of Eisenhart. Having won the Tourney at Kanvoleis, Gamuret is approached by the chaplain of the Lady Anflise, who sends a message to the hero offering him her love and her lands. It appears that Gamuret when a young man had visited this Queen and learned the ways of Knighthood at her Court. The two Queens quarrel over him but it is to Herzeleide that he gives his love. The law of the time did not consider valid a marriage between a heathen and a Christian, which is an explanation of the second marriage, arranged before the death of Belakane.

III.—“Bon fils, Cher fils, Beau fils,” suggests the story of Beaufis, or “The Fair Unknown” (*Libeau Desconus*), a variation of the *Perceval* story. The name of the bird Parzival killed is not mentioned; Wagner following the Buddha theme introduces a swan.

IV.—Chapters three to ten are adapted from Book III of Wolfram’s poem, *Gurnemanz*. It is of interest to note that Parzival on hearing the noise of the approaching horses, says: “Perchance ’tis the Devil that cometh, my Lady Mother is o’er much afraid of him.” Herzeleide

which we may translate as "Heart's Sorrow," is used instead of *Herzeloyde*.

V.—*Lähelein* is the only character mentioned in special connection with the story who does not make his proper appearance again. We are not told of how *Parzival* recovered his lands. *Lähelein* and *Gurnemanz* fight in the *Tourney* at *Kanvoleis*.

VI.—*Parzival* is not named until Book III, although he is spoken of as "The Welshman," a reference to his rustic and simple manners. The most reasonable interpretation of the hero's name seems to be, *perce—to pierce*, and *vale—forest*; he who pierces or penetrates the forest. *Sigune's* meaning that he has pierced his mother's heart may be a fancy of *Wolfram's*. In the *High History*, *Perceval* is so named by his father because he has been deprived of his lands. *Wagner's* *Parsi—fal*, or "pure fool," suggests the meaning of the folk lore tale of "The Lay of the Great Fool."

The first part of the story of *Sigune* and her lover, *Schionatulander*, is found in the *Titurel*. This knight, who is one of *Parzival's* Princes, follows the bidding of *Sigune* to restore to her a lost brachet, and meeting with *Orilus* is slain by him.

VII.—King *Arthur* appears to hold Court at

Nantes as well as at Karidöl (Carduel, Carlisle, Caerlleon, Camelot), but the chief Castle is at Karidöl, as it is called in the German.

VIII.—The Red Knight of the other stories has quite a different character and merits the death he received at Parzival's hands; he has insulted the Queen, and the young hero is the only one who dares go forth to meet him.

X.—From Book IV—*Kondwiramur*, who is the fair Blanchefleur, "colored as of ivory and gold," of Crestien. She does not appear in the High History, in the Galahad story, nor in Parsifal. In the first story the Damsel of the Car wishes to be released by Perceval; in Sir Galahad, Percivale's sister serves the Knight; in Parsifal, Kundry unwillingly tempts him and serves him when she can, receiving through him her release from Klingsor's spells. The meaning of Kondwiramur is "Ideal of True Love."

XII.—Chapters xii, xiii, and xiv are from Book V, *Anfortas*. We are to assume that Parzival does not realize that his mother is dead until Trevrezent tells him. He leaves his wife that he may seek tidings of his mother. No explanation is given of the Spear and the Sword, and nowhere else do we find the elaborate and beautiful description of the Procession of the Grail, and the Feast.

XIII.—Sigune having been brought up in the Temple knows the Prophecy of the Promised Knight and gives Parzival the first knowledge of his failure, and of the Mysteries he has beheld uncomprehendingly. Now his one desire is to return to the Temple to repair his error.

XIV.—Parzival takes a spear that he finds on this altar; four years later he mentions it to Trevrezent who tells him that the owner was much vexed! Orilus' speech concerning Parzival's lands has been interpolated to complete the original incident. There is no mention in Wolfram's poem of Parzival and Orilus recognizing each other in the relation stated in the first part of the story.

XV, XVI.—Chapters xv and xvi are from Book VI, *Arthur*.

The Love Spell is called "Frau Minne," and the incident of the drops of blood is described in the Peredur. "I was thinking of the Lady whom best I love, and I bethought me that her whiteness was like that of the snow, and that the blackness of her hair and her eyebrows was like that of the raven, and that the two red spots upon her cheeks were like the two drops of blood." Here the lady has "raven" locks.

“Gainst the blood-drops, that ruddy-gleaming,
glow crimson beneath mine eyes,
I find ever thy face so gracious my Lady Kond-
wiramur,
Red as blood-drop and white as the snowdrift,
it rejoiceth me evermore.”

Parzival: JESSIE L. WESTON.

XVII.—From Book VII, *Obilot*; a most beautiful part of the poem.

XVIII.—From Book VIII, *Antikonie*. This chapter is a summary of a rather confused story; Gawain, The Lady, and the Chessboard, appear in other stories.

XIX.—Chapters xix, xx, xxi, are from Book IX, *Trevrezent*.

The hero's time of trial is almost over, and we hear for the first time in detail, of the Grail. The mention of Good Friday, found also in Peredur and Crestien, is one of the few allusions to Church doctrine, and as in the other stories, Parzival is rebuked for wearing armor on this Holy Day. The observance of prayers and attendance at services which the young Perceval follows, is not emphasized in the Parzival. Trevrezent has quite a little to say about Hell, and speaks of the Atonement, how men were saved from Hell and lifted high by God's love.

The weird allusions to Adam and Eve and the Earth are ancient legends. It is interesting to observe that when Saturn draws nigh, the King's suffering is increased; he dreads the cold and is affected by the changes of the moon.

In *Le Morte D'Arthur*, we read of the four Rivers of Paradise. Within the Garden of Paradise was the source of these Rivers, at the foot of the Tree of Knowledge.

“Now Adam of all men father, of God did he
learn such skill,
All beasts, wild and tame he knew them, and
he named them at his will.
And he knew the stars and their pathway, as
they circle the silent sky,
And the power of the seven planets, how they
rule men from heaven high.

“Then we sent to the mystic waters, in a far off
land they rise,
Pison, Gihon, Tigris, Euphrates, the rivers of
Paradise,
And so near they flow that the perfumes which
breathe from its scented air
Shall yet to their streams be wafted.” . . .

Parzival: JESSIE L. WESTON.

XXII.—Chapters xxii to xxv are from Book X, *Orgeluse*; Book XI, *Arnivé*; and Book XII, *Eidegast*. They tell the thrilling story of Gawain's adventures with the Lady Orgeluse (The Proud Lady).

XXV.—From Book XIII *Klingsor* and Book XIV *Gramoflanz*. This chapter is written from a most confused narrative. It is impossible to determine the relationship between Gawain and the four Queens, and Arnivé as the mother of Arthur, seems quite involved, as are also the references to Arnivé and Klingsor. We learn that Klingsor
“Came from the land of Ethisne, where forth
from fair Paradise

Flow the streams of the river Tigris, and he
thought him that heathen wise,
He should win the Grail and should hold It.”

Parzival: JESSIE L. WESTON.

We read that Kondrie and her brother were sent by Queen Sekundille to serve Anfortas, of whose renown she had heard. The King of the Grail sends the dwarf to serve the Lady Orgeluse, and we see that Kondrie dwells at Château Merveil and must obey Klingsor. At times she is able to serve the Grail, for twice she comes as messenger to Parzival, and she takes food from the Grail to Sigune.

We read some weird legends of Eve which are related to Kondrie and the dwarf, Malcrèature.

The simple, dramatic telling of the story is obscured in the Gramoflanz Book, and a brief summary only is given in this chapter.

XXVI.—From Book XV, *Feirefis*.

XXX.—Chapters xxviii, xxix, and xxx, are from Book XVI, *Loherangrain*, which is Wolfram's name for the Knight of the Swan and his story is merely a suggestion of the early Lohengrin story. See "The Knight of The Swan," by Robert Jaffray, and the chapter on the Swan Knight, in "The Arthur of the English Poets," by Howard Maynadier.

"The Parzival is a book of the black art, not to be understood without a key," says Hartmann Aue; but Wolfram tells us that black art might not avail to help men read the story of the Grail.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAIL

"It was circular in form and had seventy-two octagon choirs, every two of which supported a belfry. In the midst rose a tower with many windows and pointed arches. The topmost point of

the tower was a ruby, out of which rose a Cross of clear crystal surmounted by a golden eagle with outstretched wings. Within the building, sculptured vines, roses and lilies, twined about the pillars, forming bowers, on whose branches birds seemed to flutter as if alive. At every intersection of the arches was a glowing carbuncle that turned night into day; and the vaulted roof was of blue sapphire, in which a miracle of art was to be seen. The sun, moon and stars, placed there by the builders, moved in the same order as the real luminaries in the heavens.

“In the wide inner space of the great Temple, a second and smaller sanctuary was built, resembling the first, but far more beautiful. This was the place intended for the Grail, should It come down to earth.”

From “Epics of the Middle Ages,”

WILHELM WÆGNER.

“The Temple was one hundred fathoms in diameter. Around it were seventy-two chapels of an octagonal shape. To every two chapels there was a tower six stories high, approachable by a winding stair on the outside. In the center stood a tower twice as large as the others, which rested on arches. The vaulting of the tower was of sapphire, and at the top was a plate of emerald, with the Lamb and the banner of the Cross

enameled upon it. All the altar stones were of sapphire. Upon the inside of the cupola of the main tower, the sun and moon were represented in diamonds and topazes, and shed a light as of day, even in the darkness of the night. The windows of the Temple were of crystal, beryl, and other translucent stones. The floor was of crystal, and underneath it, fishes were carved out of onyx, and seemed alive. The towers were adorned with precious stones inlaid with gold; their roofs were of gold and blue enamel. Upon every tower there was a golden eagle with expanded wings which at a distance seemed to be flying. At the summit of the main tower was an immense carbuncle, which glowed like a star and served to guide the Templars thither at night. In the center of the structure under the dome, was a miniature representation of the whole Temple, and here on an altar of gold the Grail was kept."

From "Legends of the Middle Ages,"

E. A. GUERBER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

This is the motto adopted by Constantine and used by the Red Cross Knights and the Knights Templar. It is said that when Constantine went

forth to meet Maxentius at the Milvian bridge, A. D. 312, there appeared in the sky a flaming cross with these words on it—*In hoc signo vinces*—"By this sign thou shalt conquer."

The victory that day was Constantine's and he declared that he was now a follower of Christianity. His mother Helena had been converted to the Christian teaching through a dream in which was revealed to her the burial place of Jesus. In memory of this discovery, Helena organized the Knights of the Holy Sepulcher.

This is the cross symbol used by Constantine.



PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES IN THE
PARZIVAL STORY.

We find a curious combination of French and German proper names in the Parzival, but in all cases, save where the words have a definite French spelling, as, *Château Merveil*, *Arnivé*, *Bon fils*, etc., a German pronunciation should be given.

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