

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,  
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever Him adored;  
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
 For sovereign hope which in His help he had.

So he was called the Red Cross Knight. His face was serious, not that he was afraid, but because he was bound upon so great an adventure, for the honour of Queen Gloriana.

Beside him rode Una, drooping with sadness under her black veil, and not less pure and innocent than the milk-white lamb at her side.

As they went on their way, a sudden storm of rain came on, and forced them to take refuge in a forest of all sorts of English trees, and full of birds. In their pleasure at the beauty of the trees and the sweetness of the birds' songs, they lost their way, and found themselves at the entrance to a cave. This, Una said, was the Den of Error, and she and the dwarf urged St. George to fly. But the knight was so eager for adventure that he pushed on into the cave, and saw the horrible monster, Error, half woman and half serpent, with her brood of a thousand poisonous young ones. St. George had a desperate struggle with her; she wound her coils about him so tightly that he could not stir hand nor foot. But Una cried out:

Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye be,  
 Aid faith unto your force, and be not faint;  
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.

Then St. George, with one mighty effort, wrenched himself free and cut off the monster's head. The young ones drank up their mother's blood until they burst, so he had no more trouble with them. Then the knight rode away with Una, victorious in his first adventure.

They travelled on for a long time before anything new happened, but at length they met an old, old man. He was dressed all in black, his feet were bare, his gray beard hung down over his breast. He carried a book, and seemed to be praying as he went along, with his eyes fixed on the ground. He looked so wise and good that the travellers trusted him at once, and the knight asked if he could tell them where to find a new adventure. The old man said: "My dear son, how should I know of such things as wars and troubles? I am an old man, and spend my days in a hermit's cell, praying that my sins may be forgiven. Still, if you want to hear of danger, I can tell you about a wicked man who

is laying waste all this country. It is a disgrace that such a person should be allowed to live. I can tell you where to find him, but I warn you that he lives in a dangerous wilderness."

Una said that as St. George was wearied by his fight with Error, and as it was late in the day, it would be better to rest that night, and go on the new quest on a new day. The hermit invited them both to go to his little hermitage to spend the night; and they went with him, not suspecting any danger. But this hermit was really a wicked magician; and when his guests were safely asleep, he went to work to bring harm upon them. By his magic art, he called up two little imps; he sent one of them down to Morpheus, the god of sleep, for a false deceiving dream, and of the other he made an image of Una. The false dream came to the Red Cross Knight, and put all sorts of wicked thoughts in his head; and when he started up from sleep, in great horror of such wickedness, there was the false Una beside him. He found out that she was wicked beyond all belief, and he was so horror-stricken at having been deceived, that at the first dawn he rode away in haste, followed by the dwarf, and leaving the real and innocent Una behind him.

As he rode on, in such grief that he did not much care where he went, he met a Saracen, *Sans Foy* (without faith), riding with a beautiful lady dressed in scarlet. Christian knights were bound to fight the Saracens, so St. George attacked and killed *Sans Foy*, and took the lady under his own protection. The lady's real name was Duessa—she stands for Mary, Queen of Scots, and also for False Religion—but she told the knight that it was Fidessa, and told him a long story about what she had suffered, not one word of which was true. They rode on together, and Duessa took him to the House of Pride. This house was ruled over by Lucifera, who tried to imitate the state of Queen Gloriana; but everything about her was evil instead of good. Her chariot was drawn by the deadly sins, and followed by Wrath, Grief and Bloodshed. Vanity walked before her, and Satan was her captain. *Sans Joy*, the brother of *Sans Foy*, was high in the favour of Lucifera; but the Red Cross Knight slew him, as he had slain his brother. Duessa went to Tartarus to obtain vengeance for the death of these two. While she was gone, St. George, who had been dazzled by the gorgeousness of the House of Pride, and was quite willing to stay there, was warned by the faithful dwarf that