

we shall see him who shall sit in the Seat Perilous."

While the king was speaking, an old man in a white robe came into the room. He led in a young man who was clad in red from top to toe. He had neither shield nor armor, but by his side he carried an empty scabbard.

All the knights arose, and the king cried, "Welcome! thrice welcome to our royal feast!"

Then the old man put on the young knight a crimson robe, and led him to the wonderful Seat Perilous. He lifted the silken veil, and saw these words carved on the chair in golden letters:---

*"This is the seat of Galahad, the good knight."*

The young knight bowed to the king, and sat in the seat that no man had ever dared to occupy. Then all wondered greatly at the youth and beauty of the pure and holy knight; but they loved him and welcomed him, and felt no envy because he was called the best.

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Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted.