

Then a man ran in crying aloud: "I bring you news, Sir King. In the midst of the river there is a stone floating, and in it there is set a sword."

"We shall go out and see it," said the king. So they all went down to the river, and there they found the stone of which the man had spoken. In the stone was a sword, and on it were these words:—

*"No man shall take me but the man who shall wear me, and he shall be the best knight in the world."*

When the king read this, he turned to Sir Lancelot and said, "This sword, sir, ought to be yours, for you are the best knight in all the world." But Sir Lancelot answered sadly: "The sword is not for me. I dare not touch it."

Then Sir Percival and another knight tried to pull the sword from its place, but it would not move. As no other knight would dare to try, the king ordered all back to the feast, for, said he, "We have seen a strange adventure this day."

So each knight took his place, and the feast