

## **Guarding the Crusader King**

A Moorish house in the midst of a once well-laid-out garden, now trampled and destroyed, was the place to which the Provençal knight led the English Prince. Entering the doorway of a court, where a fountain sparkled in the midst of a marble pavement, they saw the richly latticed stone doorway of the house guarded by two figures in armor like iron statues. Full in the midst of the room lay a coffin, covered with the lilied banner, and the standard of the Cross; the crowned helmet, good sword, knightly spurs, and cross-marked shield lying upon it; solemn forms in armor guarded it, and priests knelt and chanted prayers and psalms around it.

Long did Edward kneel beside the remains of his uncle, with his face hidden and thoughts beyond our power to trace. Richard's heart was full of that strange question "Wherefore?" Wherefore should the best and purest schemes planned by the highest souls fall over like a crested wave and become lost? So it had been, he would have said, with the Round Table under Arthur, so with England's rights beneath his own noble father, so with the Crusade under such leaders as Edward of England and Louis of France. Surely the errors of deed or of judgment were washed away, and their true purpose was accepted, both waiting the harvest when their works should follow them, and it should have been made manifest that the effect of what they had been and had suffered had told for more on future generations than what they had wrought out in their own lifetime.

Charlotte Yonge, *The Prince and the Page*