

ALINE.—What a delightful prospect for him.

ALEXIS.—But one thing remains to be done, that my happiness may be complete. We must drink the philtre ourselves that I may be assured of your love for ever and ever.

ALINE.—Oh Alexis, do you doubt me? Is it necessary that such love as ours should be secured by artificial means? Oh no, no, no.

ALEXIS.—My dear Aline, time works terrible changes, and I want to place our love beyond the chance of change.

ALINE.—It is already far beyond that chance. Have faith in me for my love can never, never change.

ALEXIS.—Then you absolutely refuse?

ALINE.—I do. If you cannot trust me, you have no right to love me—no right to be loved by me.

ALEXIS.—Enough, Aline! I shall know how to interpret this refusal.

BALLAD.

ALEXIS.—Thou hast the power thy vaunted love
To sanctify all doubt above,
Despite thy gathering shade;
To make that love of thine so sure
That, come what may, it must endure
Till time itself shall fade.
Thy love is but a flower
That fades with the hour.
If such thy love, oh shame!
Call it by other name—
It is not love.

Thine is the power, and thine alone
To place me on so proud a throne
That kings might envy me;
A priceless throne of love untold,
More rare than orient pearl and gold.
But no, thou would'st be free.
Such love is like the ray
That dies within the day;
If such thy love, oh, shame,
Call it by other name—
It is not love.

Prayer Books at F. H. Dufton's.