

not smooth ! To the time to come, we will pass its refutation, and—

Mildred. Leave a pattern that has but one name—Love !

Raimond. The past, a sparkling jewel in memory set ; the present, a chalice of rapturous ecstasy !

Mildred. The future ?

Raimond. Pandora's storehouse of unlimited bliss, where the miser Desire no longer hoards for Replenishment has gutted his rapacious maw ; where Predigality lavishes favors on his chosen children ; where Virtue receives due homage from Contentment ; Beauty and Truth sponsor Hope ; Faith serves Honor ; Assistance and Sympathy the torch lights of Duty ; Peace and Fidelity hand-maids of Affection ; where Trust, Confidence, Delight, Rapture, Repose, raise angelic voices for the choir of a realm over which you preside absolute mistress, priestess, potential queen !

Mildred. Yet ; always the abject slave of you, her liege lord and master !

Raimond. O, for fingers to awake the softest, purest, notes that lurk in the harp strings of joy !

Mildred. Have you spoken to the King ?

Raimond. How could I ? The courier, who brought your consent, but lent wings to impatience. I have never been presented.

Mildred. He would not refuse a petition with Love the bearer !

Raimond. My father follows to introduce me, as is becoming, to His Majesty and announce our betrothal.

Mildred. I pray that accident, misfortune or calamity attend us not !

Raimond. Amen ! We have nothing to fear. A universe of perpetual harmony surrounds. To the fields, where the zephyrs whisper love, flowers exhale love, birds sing love !

Mildred. Nay, my lover ; we have sported with the pagan far too long. To the chapel, with praise and thanks for the Silent One, whose gifts are the perfume of His abiding love.

Raimond. You are worthy to be a daughter and mother of Nordheim !

Harold. (*Rises and sits on lounge. Rings bells on wand.*)

Raimond. A stranger !

Mildred. The jester.

Harold.—

Beware of this Cupid who haunts lover's lane,
Whispering words more sweet for their exquisite pain.
Like a child, who drives tandem to babbling refrain,
And urges his steeds with heart-strings for a rein !

Raimond. Ha, ha ! parables in rhyme.

Mildred. Only humor set to time.