and mingled sounds. Sweet was the tinkling of the rills that ran from mossy founts whose surface was their mirror. The sweeter fay's melody, low notes reverberated their seat, and the waves of the River had music to flow as it laved its golden banks, and the spheres that move in mystic harmony—those living types of the universe had tones for their ears—music of which earth's sweetest melodies are but the dying echoes. Eden was a scene of enchantment, pregnant with delight. Even Temperate's Cashmere's Souther still is but a dim reflection. And all this was lost, and never will earth see so fair a scene again. No more will angels revisit its blooming bower. The sun has lost its splendor, the flowers wither, Moon, and the garden is a waste. Yet was our father Adam wise to leave even Paradise for land whose thorns and thistles grew to be might page on woman's eye.

Since then fair Helen's shining charms have roused the world to arms and set the lofty domes of Troy on fire. Teucria has fought, and Bactriana too and sweet Hephaestus' flame with his flashed in cre- eian halls more eloquent than even Demosthenes. She melded the famous Persic and even the sage, old Socrates, forget his cold philosophy and hung enraptured on her honeyed words. The beauty of Egyptian queen has conquered conquerors and for her the ancient world was won and lost as eternally Paralyse for another Eve. Thus woman's power is like thee, nor is there now on earth a man within whose breast is left a lingering spark of chivalry who would not sing to some fair Sade. Jone, "I cannot lose a world for thee."

But would not lose thee for a world."

The days of chivalry are gone! Those high-toned sentiments which inspired the knights of bygone centuries are no more. No longer the knight seeks adventures high to win the smile of her whose idola...