He does not challenge now a brother knight who dares deny her chaste suitors to those of all others. He does not guard her

rest beneath night's lonely vault, nor chant beneath the mild moon

light a serenade soft as the airs of line. The tournament with all

its gallant spots-the last fond glance which woman's champion-

cast ere he joined his ready lance-the shock-the shiver-the

prize bestowed by lady's hand-the lady eyes that move thereon-

all are no more. The rose has lost its emblem-Sloves them taken

and sings the power to exercise; woman has now no mail clad knight
to right her wrongs or by his deeds to win her love. No longer robed

in purple and in gold she sits in state the contest to behold and

hang the wreath around the warrior's brow. Those days are gone; but the

spirit-the essence of them remain. The same devotion differently

displayed burns on its holy altar yet. That love of honor has its

home that gallantry its shrine in hearts that throb with fear-

ful bliss. The outward forms and ceremonies have undergone a

change but the hallowed principle is the same. The influence

of woman is despotie yet.

It stirs the warrior's soul, and fires the patriot's heart,

and where his banner waves its folds are hands to do and

speak to dare what woman please command. It lights The

statesman's brow and eloquence bursts, blazings forth, and kindles

in its audience the flame of high resolve or virtuous indigna-

tion. We see the sturdy gape-the flashing eye-the heaving

chest-the stamp-the dash, then it melts the stubborn heart

in one deep mingling flow of sympathy. Hate is disarmed

and prejudice forgot and eyes unused to weep are full

of tears. The orator has found his way into their hidden