

Ethais. I'll satisfy thy wonder in a word:
The face is the true index to the heart -
A ready formula whereby to read
The morals of a mortal at a glance.

Selene. Then, Ethais, is perfect comeliness
Always identified with moral worth?

Ethais. The comeliest man is the most virtuous.
That's an unfailing rule.

Selene. Then, Ethais,
There is no holier man on earth than thou!
Take thou this ring - it is a pledge of love -

Giving him a ring.

Wear it until thy love fades from thy soul.

Ethais. 'Twill never fade while thou art true to me.

Selene. *(amazed)*. Are women ever false to such as thou?

Ethais. Are women ever true? - well, not to me!

Selene. But these are earthly maidens, Ethais.
My love is purer than a mortal's love.

Ethais. Thy love is no mortal love if it be pure.

Selene. *(horrificed)*. Then, mortal Ethais, what love is thine?

Ethais. *(taken back)*. I spake of women - men are otherwise!

Selene. Man's love is pure invariably?

Ethais. Pure?
Pure as thine own!

Selene. Poor trusting, cheated souls!