Selene. *(reflectively).* There is some truth in this.

Zayda. Some truth indeed!

    Oh, terrible, dear sister, to reflect
    That to our cold and culpable neglect
    All mortal follies may be chargeable!

Selene. *(surprised).* To *our* neglect?

Darine. It may in truth be so!

Fleta. In very truth I'm sure that it *is* so!

Selene. *(after a pause).* It shall be so no more! Their sin *is* ours!

    But there - 'tis easy still to make amends.
    A mortal *shall* behold our sinless state,
    And learn the beauties of our blameless life.
    Come, let us summon mortal Ethais!

    **All delighted.**

Darine. But -

Selene. Not a word - I am resolved to this!

Darine But, sister -

Selene. Well?

Darine. *(timidly).* Why summon only one?

Selene. Why summon more?

Darine. The world's incredulous;
    Let *two* be summoned to our sinless home;
    Then should their wondrous story be received
    With ridicule or incredulity,
    One could corroborate the other.

Zayda. Yes.

    Phyllon has gone with Ethais - let us call
    The mortal counterpart of Phyllon too!

Selene. Two mortals! Two unhappy men of sin
    In this untainted spot!

Locrine. Well, sister dear,
    Two Heralds of the Truth will spread the Truth
    At the least twice as rapidly as one!
Selene. Two miserable men! Why, one alone  
Will bring enough pollution in his wake  
To taint our happy land from end to end!

Zayda. Then, sister, two won't make the matter worse!

Selene. There's truth in that!

*After a pause.*

The two *shall* come to us!

*All the Fairies are delighted. SELENE looks reprovingly at them, and they at once become demure.*

*(severely).* We have deserved this fearful punishment!

*All the Fairies sigh.*

Our power, I think, is limited to two?

Locrine. Unfortunately!

Selene. Yes. More might be done  
Had each of us a pupil to herself.