

think and conceive in pictures—in visible figures. Your longing and aching for the sea, your attraction towards this strange man, these were the expression of an awakening and growing desire for freedom; nothing else.

*Ellida.* I don't know about that. But you have been a good physician for me. You found, and you *dared* to use the right remedy—the only one that could help me.

*Wangel.* Yes, in utmost need and danger we doctors dare much. And now you are coming back to me again, Ellida?

*Ellida.* Yes, dear, faithful Wangel—now I am coming back to you again. Now I can. For now I come to you freely, and on my own responsibility.

*Wangel (looks lovingly at her).* Ellida! Ellida! To think that now we can live wholly for one another—

*Ellida.* And with common memories. Yours, as well as mine.

*Wangel.* Yes, indeed, dear.

*Ellida.* And for our children. Wangel?

*Wangel.* You call them *ours*.

*Ellida.* They who are not mine yet, but whom I shall win.

*Wangel.* Ours! (*Gladly and quickly kisses her hands.*) I cannot speak my thanks for those words!

(*HILDE, BALLESTED, LYGSTRAND, ARNHOLM, and BOLETTE come into the garden. At the same time a number of young townspeople and visitors pass along the footpath.*)

*Hilde (aside to LYGSTRAND).* See! Why, she and father look exactly as if they were a betrothed couple!

*Ballested (who has overheard).* It is summer-time, little Missie.

*Arnholm (looking at WANGEL and ELLIDA).* The English steamer is putting off.

*Bolette (going to the fence).* You can see her best from here.

*Lyngstrand.* The last voyage this year.

*Ballested.* Soon all the sea-highways will be closed, as the poet says. It is sad, Mrs. Wangel. And now we're