

again, for now you can choose in freedom, and on your own responsibility, Ellida.

*Ellida (clasps her head with her hands, and stares at WANGEL).* In freedom, and on my own responsibility! Responsibility, too? That changes everything.

*(The ship bell rings again.)*

*The Stranger.* Do you hear, Ellida? It has rung now for the last time. Come.

*Ellida (turns towards him, looks firmly at him, and speaks in a resolute voice).* I shall never go with you after this!

*The Stranger.* You will not!

*Ellida (clinging to WANGEL).* I shall never go away from you after this.

*Wangel.* Ellida, Ellida!

*The Stranger.* So it is over?

*Ellida.* Yes. Over for all time.

*The Stranger.* I see. There is something here stronger than my will.

*Ellida.* Your will has not a shadow of power over me any longer. To me you are as one dead—who has come home from the sea, and who returns to it again. I no longer dread you. And I am no longer drawn to you.

*The Stranger.* Good-bye, Mrs. Wangel! *(He swings himself over the fence.)* Henceforth you are nothing but a shipwreck in my life that I have tided over. *(He goes out.)*

*Wangel (looks at her for a while).* Ellida, your mind is like the sea—it has ebb and flow. Whence came the change?

*Ellida.* Ah! don't you understand that the change came—was bound to come when I could choose in freedom?

*Wangel.* And the unknown?—It no longer lures you?

*Ellida.* Neither lures nor frightens me. I could have seen it—gone out into it, if only I myself had willed it. I could have chosen it. And that is why I could also renounce it.

*Wangel.* I begin to understand little by little. You