

MILICENT. I always suspected that woman of knowing more than was good for her.

MORAY. Is her knowledge good for us?—that is the question.

MILICENT. Can you still care for my good after all my misbehaviour?

MORAY. It was not your fault. It is the fault of this new society in which we live.

MILICENT. I blame no one but myself.

MORAY. New riches divorced from women's old duty of keeping the fabric of society together means merely idleness.

MILICENT. But in future there will be occupation enough for me in caring for you and the boy.

MORAY. And we shall be as poor as professors.

MILICENT. Riches were our ruin. The day I leave this house will be the happiest day in my life but one, the day I married you.

MORAY. The position was untenable. We should never have come to live in these surroundings.

MILICENT. And yet it seemed so feasible: father alone: a convenient house.

MORAY. Economically a sound arrangement.

MILICENT. If we could only get rid of the town and the house at one stroke!

MORAY. Could you endure hard contact with the land?

MILICENT. The easy way is always the dangerous way. It led us to a precipice. Let us choose the hard.

MORAY. But can you endure it?

MILICENT. That depends on your willingness: on my ability to change my point of view, to consider you master in your own house, and my master too.