

*Rosmer.* Then let me see, Rebecca, whether you—for my sake—this very night—. (*Breaks off.*) Oh, no, no!

*Rebecca.* Yes, John! Yes, yes! Say it, and you shall see.

*Rosmer.* Have you the courage—are you willing—gladly, as Ulrik Brendel said—for my sake, to-night—gladly—to go the same way—that Beata went!

*Rebecca* (*gets up slowly from the couch, and says almost inaudibly*): John—!

*Rosmer.* Yes, dear—that is the question I shall never be able to rid my thoughts of, when you have gone away. Every hour of the day I shall come back to it. Ah, I seem to see you bodily before me—standing out on the foot-bridge—right out in the middle. Now you lean out over the railing! You grow dizzy as you feel drawn down towards the mill-race! No—you recoil. You dare not do—what she dared.

*Rebecca.* But if I had the courage?—and willingly and gladly? What then?

*Rosmer.* Then I would believe in you. Then I should get back my faith in my mission in life—my faith in my power to ennoble my fellow men—my faith in mankind's power to be ennobled.

*Rebecca* (*takes up her shawl slowly, throws it over her head, and says, controlling herself*): You shall have your faith back.

*Rosmer.* Have you the courage and the strength of will for that, Rebecca?

*Rebecca.* Of that you must judge in the morning—or later—when they take up my body.

*Rosmer* (*burying his head in his hands*). There is a horrible temptation in this—!

*Rebecca.* Because I should not like to be left lying there—any longer than need be. You must take care that they find me.

*Rosmer* (*springing up*). But all this is madness, you know. Go away, or stay! I will believe you on your bare word this time too.

*Rebecca.* Those are mere words, John. No more cowardice or evasion! How can you believe me on my bare word after to-day?