

MORAY. And peace for restlessness.

G. MORAY. I do not promise happiness. That is an affair of the mind, a state of spontaneous gratitude, of unconscious prayer to the earth.

*Two assistants enter, bearing masses of funeral flowers which they distribute about the room.*

MILICENT. That will be a new life indeed.

G. MORAY. And a better life: as truth is better than lying, to create better than to destroy.

MILICENT. I always had a liking for the innocent creatures of the farm: suddenly I fear the beast which lurks in the city.

G. MORAY. Do not deceive yourself. Where there is a cow there will be a woman: where there is a woman there will be life: whilst there is life there will be trouble.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE END