

DOCTOR. They served a useful purpose. I shall miss them.

MORAY. We have changed our minds: now we are about to change our skies.

DOCTOR. This appears to be a happy company. I wish I were of it.

MILICENT. Why, Dr. Mostyn, I thought you were the one man who was content?

DOCTOR. Content with what? Spending my life so that a patient may die in April rather than in March.

MORAY. Of which year?—this or last?

DOCTOR. Sometimes the one: sometimes the other.

MILICENT. But you relieve much suffering.

DOCTOR. Imaginary suffering with imaginary remedies,—and tedium by the infliction of unnecessary pain.

G. MORAY. Will you come too, sir? We will do our best to make you happy in a better way of life.

DOCTOR. I am afraid not. I am wedded to my idols, or rather, bound to the wheel. But what of you, Miss Drysdale? Have you too repented?

NURSE. It is long since I made my repentance.

G. MORAY. And now you lead a life of charity.

NURSE. That is the very thing I repented of. Now I mind my own business and make a good, honest living.

DOCTOR. If charity betters the fate of the poor it makes them more sensible of suffering, and dulls the desire to escape from their lot.

NURSE. Every elevation has its own degree of suffering. Even the opulence of this house conferred no security. Life on the land itself is not immune.

G. MORAY. But it yields most compensation. It offers freedom.