

been so glad to have loved him and rejoiced in him, if only he could have one flash of real insight, one moment's vision of what she saw and valued.

She looked into the future, trying to find hope for him, yet in some way her imagination could not formulate hope. "He will live," she thought to herself, "indifferent to the best that is in the world, or else broken-hearted because he does not find the best and thinks it is not to be found. He will marry some woman like Amy. Perhaps" (this thought slowly added itself) — "perhaps he will marry Amy." —