

responsible, had the least idea that any of us would be where we are now. It was Lizzie, fighting out her destiny, who crowded and elbowed us all into our proper places, Lizzie, rapt in her vision, who brought us ours.

This is the real end of my manuscript. It *has* got somewhere after all. I can write "finis" with a sense of its being the fitting word. But before I do I want to just say that I made up my mind to-night, while we were driving home in the taxi, that I'll never tell Roger now.

FINIS