

then I just think of myself as belonging to you. And all I want . . . is to creep into your heart, dear, and for you to shelter me. Oh, Maurice! To think. Six months ago . . . three months ago . . . I had no thought of you, or you of me! And we might never have met each other; never have loved each other! Isn't it dreadful?"

"What the eye doesn't see, darling!" Maurice tells her. ". . . the heart doesn't grieve. What we never know we never miss. But now we're going to make up for what might have been, aren't we?"

Pam says yes, they are. "And oh," she says, "if you hadn't found me, you might have found somebody else. Morrie dear, do you think it possible that I may be standing in the way of somebody you don't know at all . . . that you might love better?"

"Very likely you are, dear!" Maurice says, acting Job's comforter. "But anyway, I'm ready to risk you, and take my chance of what may be for what is."

And this time Pam is ready to risk it too, and does not tell the Spawer, as once she told Ginger:

"Oh, Maurice, there must be no chance in love!"