

X-2  
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I spent the ten strongest years of my life, from twenty  
 to thirty, in endeavouring to <sup>show</sup> ~~prove~~ the excellence  
 of the work of the man whom I believed, and  
 rightly believed to be the greatest painter in England  
 the schools of England since Reynolds. I had  
 then perfect faith, <sup>by faith</sup> in the power of every great truth  
 or beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its <sup>right</sup> place  
 in our life and history. - and I strove to <sup>bring the painter's work</sup> accomplish  
<sup>into this place</sup> this, what the painter would yet do - But he knew  
 better than I did - he knew the <sup>usefulness of</sup> ~~value of~~ talk,  
 about what people could not <sup>see for themselves</sup> ~~themselves~~ - he  
 always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked  
 me - and he died before even the superficial effect  
 of my work was visible.

I went on, ~~for~~ however, thinking I could at least  
 be of use to <sup>the public</sup> ~~others~~, if not to him, in fixing  
 his power; my books got talked about a little.  
 - the prices of modern pictures <sup>generally rose</sup>  
 - ~~by the intrigues and activity of the dealers~~  
 - ~~a fashion for buying modern pictures came in; their~~  
 prices rose, and ~~and~~ I was beginning to take  
 some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when