

wakes and cries, and takes his natural food, and then goes to sleep again. He breathes, his heart beats, and the forces within him pursue their natural course in the process of development. We are not particularly interested in them, but this is simply because we cannot perceive their working. Infinitely interested we should be could we do so. What a marvellous sight, had we eyes to behold it, would be the unfolding of the latent intellectual powers in that little mind-world! What a new light it would throw on the after dealings of the soul in life! At what moment in the progress of the individual does the separation occur between the conscious intellectual life and the unconscious physical life? When, again, are the different moments in which these two phases of being branch off into the ever multiplying variations which mark the progress of the individual? All this we cannot know, but it is not useless to suggest these questions, inasmuch as they prove that Hazlewood even in his nurse's arms is not uninteresting—nay, is supremely interesting, even if beyond comprehension to enquiring spirits. But Hazlewood is not to be always in his nurse's arms.