

all over, with shoes as white as pearl, and he is harnessed to a carriage. Then there is another as yellow as an orange, with a mane like your hair, and they gallop and gallop—you can't *think* how they gallop."

His mother, listening, thought he must be raving. Nothing of the kind! he was merely continuing the building of his universe—had he not always done so, ever since he began to think?