

his own delight. He went on and on and on, for sheer joy, as if he could not stop, just like a nightingale or a lark. The music caught me up to a heaven I have never lost sight of since then.

Of this, and other things I have written about the years that brought me near to you, I wonder why I wrote them. And I wonder more often what you will think, than when I first began to write. In the beginning I told what had to be told if you were to see the making of me. Lately I have written now and then what I wished to write, because of the pleasure it gave me to put it on paper, perhaps for your eyes to see. If you think I am consciously trying to show contrasts, you will be mistaken. It is not that. Still, I have grown more self-conscious in writing, I feel, and know, as I have gone on. The heart-burning and the shame of laying myself bare, and breaking your ideal, has cooled a little. And in getting past the bad days, on paper, as I got past them in life, I seem to come closer to you, as if I were speaking to you, instead of writing. Sometimes, if I dared, I should believe that our thoughts reached each other; that my need of sympathy received its answer. At least, it does no harm to feel that.

I suppose the whole question raised by these extracts from my life, which I have tried to give you from inside and outside, is this: What would I—my Ego—have been if its earthly spark had been lighted in a different environment? If, for instance, I had been born as a baby into such surroundings as I, the thinking woman, was born into, and then, later, had been pushed down to the level of my real childhood?

For me, it is a question without an answer. I would give the little I have worth giving to know what