

"Sleep! O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

Perhaps after hours of such sensations he will fall wearily to sleep, only to be subject to distressing dreams, especially concerning things which may have been impressed upon his mind during the day or evening. This difficulty in getting to sleep has not been sufficiently dwelt upon, and these patients will often dread the thought of sleep, because they realize that to them it is a forced process, which it should never be.

The neurotic is susceptible to rapid fatigue, especially of the muscular system, and the sensory disturbances in this connexion are varied and sometimes striking. There is no more weary man at times than the neurotic, and he makes constant complaint of feeling "tired" or never "rested."

The hyperæsthesia is striking because it is so completely subjective, and indeed it will be found all through that the symptoms complained of will be totally out of proportion to what a painstaking examination reveals, and must, therefore, proceed from subjective pathological sensations, but, nevertheless, they cause the patient enough trouble and discomfort to make him lose his happiness for a considerable period of his life.

From what I have said, you will understand that the neurotic is not likely to be one of those individuals popularly termed "one of the boys," for there is present in him a sense of nervous weakness and effort which gives rise to self-consciousness and self-distrust, and finally, to a suspiciousness towards others, and to a vague feeling of isolation and dread. This type of man might be well misunderstood (and he himself will be the first to imagine it), and his aloofness readily taken for self-conceit, which is seldom present in him, for he knows himself but too well. His temperament is essentially mobile, and he is usually sensitive, and while he may be talented, he rarely has the robustness and endurance necessary for great success.

I might go on and tell you of the numbness and heaviness of the head experienced by such men—of the ringing and buzzing in the ears, of the absent-mindedness, but I think I have mentioned sufficient symptoms to show that life, at least on this side of the Styx, is made miserable, and to indicate that the neurotic is unequal to the ordinary tasks of a fairly healthy person, and will content myself with illustrating the case of a neurotic artist in Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds," as well as