

fering from the particular disease dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

"I remember going to the British museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge I know, and before I had glanced half down the list of 'premonitory symptoms,' it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

"I sat for awhile, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months—without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus' dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was house-maid's knee.

"I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck."

But the most lamentable feature about the neurotic patient is the insomnia, and it is the one which makes the condition so difficult to overcome. For let a man have his proper sleep, and there is very little to fear as far as neurasthenia is concerned. The neurotic will faithfully curl himself up in bed in regular animal fashion, trying to persuade himself that he is going to drop off to sleep, and then the fight starts. Events of the day will begin to pass through his brain, with more or less rapidity, till the day's events become the week's, and the week's month's, and perhaps the months years, all succeeding each other in panoramic fashion. Time and again will he try to banish them, but they are almost as persistent as the shades which appeared to King Richard III in the darkness of Bosworth Field; and he will change from one side to another in a vain endeavour to coax sleep. Well might such a man, if he be a reader of Shakespeare, voice his plaint in that poet's words—