

push his limbs about. At regular intervals he experienced an intense physical desire, which was followed by an equally intense satisfaction, as new and delicious life streamed into him ; and through him into his entire world, colouring and altering it.

On the other hand, owing to the intensity of the pulse of life that throbbed in him, his sorrows were as poignant as his joys. If the machinery of digestion did not work smoothly—and being a new instrument, and unused, there was occasionally a hitch in it—his pains were excruciating : nothing mitigated them, for, when the mind cannot conceive of a future, the power of the present moment, for good or for ill, is terrific : with the whole force of his life he delivered himself up to grief.

Then, in exact proportion to his excitement in new mental impressions, there came to him periods of dejection, when black darkness surrounded him. Sometimes he was awake when this moment fell upon him, sometimes he slept ; but whenever it came, it brought with it a vague craving, a restlessness, and above all a fear. Then he cried out, and stretched his thin red arms to some sort of a god, whom he found always near at hand and wonderfully ready to respond to his desires. If this misery dropped upon him during his hours of wakefulness, his nurse grew anxious as to his health ; but when it came in sleep and caused him to moan quietly, she said, ‘ Look, the baby is dreaming ! ’ He was however neither ill nor dreaming : the life-power in him was merely using his mind intensely as it used his body, and he paid in this way for each new mental experience.