

CHAPTER I

DEALING PRINCIPALLY WITH THE PSYCHOLOGY
OF THE BABY, BUT CONTAINING THE ROOT
OF THE WHOLE MATTER

A BAR of sunlight lay across the ceiling and the baby stared at it. It pleased him because it brought with it a sense of familiarity: it had been there before, and the baby had lain in his cradle and had looked at it.

He did not consider the light from an æsthetic point of view, he only recognised in it a condition of things that had been before, and his pleasure lay in the sense of this recognition. He crowed and stretched his limbs luxuriously: by virtue of his memory of it that bar of light belonged to him. The world had been to him until quite lately only a series of recurring impressions; but as they begot in him remembrance, he realised himself, and them. He owned his world. He stretched out his limbs to feel his strength and crowed afresh.

He was a healthy baby and his sensations were mostly pleasant. He was chiefly conscious of power: a growing force within him made him