

The development goes on within him. The moments are passed one by one. The grey, fixed world without him, and which he feels close upon him, close as the warm, moist kisses of Maria are upon his cheeks, he discovers is subject to temporary eclipse by a slight voluntary act of his own ;—he knows nothing of eyes as yet. Again, he discovers that this fixed, grey sensation,—the world, by another voluntary act may be recalled from its eclipse. A further step is reached. Light appears. It is only a candle flame, but his sensations are intensified. He will stop his cries at any time and *feel*. Once more the day comes when colour is appreciated, rich, warm, sensuous colour. It is only an old red shawl hung over the end of his mother's bed, but stirring in his blood are the same forces which influenced the choice of flower and fruit, and the mating of diverse ancestors with variegated skins and coats ; and this is why Hazlewood looks and looks with wide, infant eyes in which as yet the pupil can scarcely be distinguished from the iris. Lastly, the grand point is gained, he can perceive motion. He recognizes change in the universe which has been hitherto