

After I might just as easily have been a literary bloke, like Jeremy Taylor or Eugene Sue. I told myself that all art was one. There might be superficial differences in their work, but they had, in the words of the old song, gone the same way home. When was it? Why, to-day, if I mistook not. I felt I must take a grip of my failing, in so far, that was, as it distorted the time factor. But in that case I knew I was right. To think of time---of all that retrospection, to think of to-day, and the ages continued henceforward. Have you guessed you yourself would not continue? Have you dreaded these earth beetles? But it occurred to me that to think of time with my delight would have got him guessing. I woke to the consciousness that I had done very little in my life. Not Dolittle but Didlittle. What was a did little? Didling, perhaps, or didlet. It was at the former that I woke to consciousness that morning.

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