

and this terrible paradox. They may brood
for years. But as time goes on they begin
even if the child could be released, it would
good of its freedom: a little vague pleasure
and food, no doubt, but little more. It is too
and imbecile to know any real joy. It has been
so long ever to be free of fear. Its habits are too
ch for it to respond to humane treatment. Indeed
so long it would probably be wretched without real
out it to protect it, and darkness for its eyes, and in one
crement to sit in. Their tears at the bitter memory
when they begin to perceive the terrible position of reality
and to accept it. Yet it is their tears and anger, the cry
of their generosity and the acceptance of their helplessness,
ness, which are perhaps the true source of the splendor
of their lives. There is no rapid irresponsible happiness
They know that they, like the child, are not free. They
know compassion. It is the existence of the child and
their knowledge of its existence, the making possible of
mobility of their architecture, the possibility of the
with the possibility of their science. It is human to

