

or senses, the infant is in want of every assistance. It is an image of pain and misery; it is more helpless than the young of any other animal; it seems as if every moment would finish its doubtful existence; it can neither move nor support itself; hardly has it strength enough to exist or announce, by its cries, the sufferings it experiences; as if nature chose to apprise it, that it was born to suffer, and that it has obtained a place among the human species to partake of its infirmities and sorrows.

Let us not disdain to consider that state through which we have all passed; let us view human kind in the cradle; let us enquire by what degrees this delicate machine, this newborn and hardly existing body, acquires motion, consistency, and strength.

The infant at its birth comes from one element into another. On emerging from its watery residence in the womb, it becomes exposed to the air, and instantly experiences the impressions of that active fluid. The air acts upon the olfactory nerves and upon the organs of respiration, and thereby produces a shock, a kind of sneezing which expands the chest, and allows the air a passage into the lungs; the vesicles of which it dilates, and the air remaining  
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