

along the channels of a special organ, the resultant motion the physical basis of perception. The breeze ceases; the leaves become quiescent; I send a tremor along the trunk, the limb, the branch, to the group of leaves; again they tremble, but now feebler—I remember. I quench the motion of a group of leaves, and along the ground and up another trunk, limb, branch, send another tremor—I imagine. I compare the images represented by the motions of the different groups of leaves—I reason.

While then in a wakeful state we are constantly plied by external impressions—breezes—our brain is in a constant state of vibration. Image after image flits before us; thought chases thought, idea displaces idea—we are conscious. We know how utterly false the answer is to the question, "What were you thinking of?" "I was not thinking of anything." How exact and correct the answer to the same question may be, "I was not thinking of anything *in particular*." Absence of vibratory motion in the cerebrum is loss of consciousness. If blood transudes upon the brain, loading the brain, producing pressure, and thus preventing the free motion of the brain molecules, we become unconscious.

Allow me once more to return to the analogy of the forest. In sound dreamless sleep the forest is swept by no wind. Darkness, quiet, envelopes the scene. The cool night air, bringing with it the refreshing dew, descends upon soil, trunk, branch and leaf. So in sleep the brain is at rest. We are unconscious while the refreshing dew trickles from the capillaries, to nourish the bioplasts which store material and potential energy to be transformed into kinetic by the work of to-morrow's wakeful hours. But when the night comes on with a freshening breeze, when the murmuring song of the forest changes to the louder rustle of the leaves, there is no refreshing dew, no recuperation; we have the state "insomnia."

Again my forest is wind-swept. Image chases image. I exert my will to the utmost, and bring into quiescence all leaves but one group. I attentively observe. Still again my forest is at rest. I think. I call up an image. Yonder,