

and even those who have been dead for many years, as alive, and as they formerly were when living; but we indifferently connect them with things and persons of the present, or of a different period. Thus it is also with the idea of place; we must perceive objects where they are not, or we should not see them at all. Did the mind act in a single instant it would give order to this incongruous train of sensations. Instead of which it allows the representations to succeed each other in disorder; and though each object appears in lively colours, the succession is often confused, and always chimerical. If the mind is rather roused by the enormity or force of these sensations, it will in the midst of this darkness produce a spark of light, and create in the midst of chimeras a real idea. We then dream, or rather we will think so, for though this action is but a small sign of the soul, it is yet neither a sensation nor a dream; it is a thought, a reflection, but being too weak to dispel the illusion, it mixes with and forms a part of the dream, and prevents not the representations from succeeding; insomuch, that on awaking, we imagine we had dreamed the very things we had thought.