

being, we rarely make use of that internal sense which reduces us to our true dimensions, and abstracts us from every other part of the creation. It is, however, by a cultivation of this sense alone that we can form a proper judgment of ourselves. But how shall we give it its full activity and extent? How shall the soul, in which it resides, be disengaged from all the illusions of the mind? We have lost the habit of employing this sense; it has remained inactive amidst the tumult of our corporeal sensations, and dried up by the heat of our passions; the heart, the mind, the senses, have all co-operated against it.

Unalterable in its substance, and invulnerable by its essence, it still, however, continues the same. Its splendor has been overcast, but its power has not been diminished: it may be less luminous, but its guidance is not the less certain. Let us then collect those rays, of which we are not yet deprived, and its obscurity will decrease; and though the road may not in every part be equally filled with light, we yet shall have a torch that will prevent us from going astray.

The first and most difficult step which leads to the knowledge of ourselves, is a distinct

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