

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

THE philosophy of the human mind (and this is not the least of its excellences) will fill the soul with charity, and keep the sacred flame always alive, and always bright. His equal and complaisant feelings who understands it, will seldom be interrupted, and but for a moment. The errors of his fellow-mortals will not sever the link which binds him to all of human kind. Willing to sacrifice on the altar of truth all that is dear in life, and life itself, he will deeply lament whatever obstructs his progress, and will exert himself to the utmost of his ability to remove it; but even the grossest and most pernicious errors will excite in his bosom no resentment. He will bear in mind that *men's opinions result from circumstances over which they have themselves little or no control*: that if they are really and conscientiously believers in any doctrine, they must have such evidence of its truth, as appears to them solid and conclusive; that they cannot believe it without such evidence, and with it, if their discernment enables them to detect no fallacy in it, they cannot avoid believing it; *that it is not in the power of the mind to adopt or reject what opinions it pleases*; that the measure of knowledge possessed by the individual determines entirely, independently of volition, the conclusion in which he rests; and that to regard him with aversion because he rejects or receives a particular doctrine, is as absurd as to resent his thinking the colour of an object red which is red, or which, from some defect in his organ of vision, or some deception in the medium through which he views it, appears to him to be so. If he perceive that his own mind is better informed than those around him, he will avail himself of every means in his power, to impart the light of which they are destitute; but that he should regard them with ill will for this which is their *misfortune*, that he should exclude them from his society and heart, torture their bodies and enchain, as far as he can enchain, their minds, is as impossible as that he should seriously propose to amputate their hands or their feet in order to remedy a defect of their sight.

Not even on account of their crimes does he cherish the least degree of bitterness against them. Viewing them as placed in *unfavourable circumstances* for the cultivation of the better principle of their nature, either not knowing or not considering in what their true dignity, honour, and happiness consist, and accustomed to confound their immediate gratification with their ultimate felicity, and their direct gain with their final well being, he regards them with unfeigned *compassion*; and because those errors are productive of a deeper misery than any bodily maladies, he feels on their account a more profound sorrow. Never does he think of the prison, or the manacle, or the lash, or of the infliction of punishment in any shape, but as it may be

the means of correcting their evil propensities, and of establishing better views and forming better dispositions. And the influence of these enlightened and generous principles extends to the closest and dearest connexions in life, imparting to the father, the husband, the friend, the master, a forbearance and benignity, which can be produced so fully and sustained so equally by no other means.—*Dr. Southwood Smith.*

(ORIGINAL.)

TO —.

THEE, the wedded of another;
Could I know it so and live—
All the gushing feelings smother
That my love for thee doth give?
Is it not enough to know,
To feel I am not loved by thee,
And could I bear the added wo,
To see thee smile, but not on me?

In vain, in vain, my woman's pride
Would unrequited love restrain—
The heart's strong overwhelming tide
Must still rush on, although it drain
The ebbing founts of life itself—
Oh, could that life avail thee aught,
To me, the sacrifice of self,
Would gladly seal my love unsought!

MARIANNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

THERE IS A STAR WHOSE BRIGHTEST GLEAM

THERE is a star whose brightest gleam
Is borrowed from another's beam—
The moon that shines so paly bright
Owes this too to another's light.
There is a bow in yonder heaven,
To which prismatic hues are given;
But they are false, and not its own,
But borrowed from another's zone!

Thus all I own of peace below,
The balm that covers every wo—
The sun that brightens stormy hours,
The bow of hope, in falling showers,
Is love reflected in my breast,
Shedding around peace, joy, and rest—
Without which life itself would be
A dark cloud in eternity.

MARIANNE.

He who hopes to go to Heaven for good work, and he who expects to go there without doing any, may shake hands, for the one is as deep in the mud as the other is in the mire.—*Old Humphrey's Observations.*