

matrician, an orator, or an historian; but it is in your power to be an honest and virtuous man, which is far superior to them all! Use well the gifts the gods have given thee, and leave off re-pining at the good they have denied.—For the very talents thou sighest after, are far from conferring happiness on their possessors.

The splendour derived from successful studies, seldom repay the occupant for the lassitude and exhaustion of the mind, the feverish debility and throb of nervous excitement which thrill through all his frame.

The peasant in his cot, perhaps has more real enjoyment, and certainly has more peace, and calm contentedness, than the philosopher, crushed to an untimely grave by the very magnitude of his studies.

Inter silvas academi querere verum, as the poet says: To search out truth through academic groves may be a very pleasing, but often is a very unprofitable occupation. You may behold the scholar, pale, over his midnight lamp, and far distant the golden dreams of honour and applause, which he is never destined to realize. How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who thus suspends his happiness on the praise and glory of the world? The good AURELIUS gave an evidence, worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold. He who places his heart on material objects, or expects to draw the streams of consolation from the resources of the world, must be exposed, in every vicissitude, to the keen pangs of anguish. The slightest calamities will disquiet and trouble his soul. In adversity he is cast down, and every stay, on which he leaned for succour, like the infidelity of Egypt, as a broken reed, will pierce him to the heart. From the gay and lofty summit of his pride, and presumptive darning, he sinks to the deplorable level of his own weak and worthless presumption. *Quantum mutatus ab illo;* is that sunken, hopeless condition.

This glory of the world, uncertain as it is, is not within the grasp of many minds. And even those who are able to seize the gay and gilded prize, it stings in the very embrace, and perishes in the enjoyment. But the path of virtue, that leads to happiness on high, lies open to every traveller; and he can neither be mistaken in his course, nor disappointed in his acquisition. He has with him, and around him, in the darkest hour, in the lone desert or the crowded city, a Being who knows his pain, and hears every sigh of his complaints. He made the soul, and is able to delight and ravish its inmost faculties with the communication of joys unspeakable.

How noble was the sentiment expressed by Sir ISAAC NEWTON: Speaking of infinite space he said, "it was the *sensorium* of the Deity;" as if a fibre touched, in the most minute, remote, or worthless of all its creatures, could move the spirit of the eternal *Godhead*. This view of his power and his providence, inspires the heart with a holy hope, and high dependence, far above the influence of a troubled and a fleeting world.

Queen ELIZABETH, when her triumphant fleet had swept from the ocean the *invincible* armada of Spain, had medals struck, with this most beautiful and appropriate motto: *Afflavit Deus, et dissipatur.*" He blew with his wind, and they were scattered." How exalted the thought! The belief of a divine and superintending Providence, taking care of us and our concerns, elevates and ennobles the mind. It transports a mortal creature to the high and holy meditations of angelic beings, and fills the soul with the purity and peace of heaven.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

Botanic Medicine.

MR. FLINT then moved the House into a Committee of the whole to consider the report of the select Committee on the petition of J. H. Aussen and others on the subject of Botanic Medicine. Mr Burritt in the Chair.

MR. FLINT moved that a Bill should be brought in to accord to those who practiced the Thompsonian system of medicine, the