

of Parliament, expressing their anxiety and alarm at the measure introduced under the minutes of Council of 13th April and 3d June, and humbly and earnestly praying, that such steps be taken as to their wisdom may seem meet for removing what appears to be the well-founded cause of uneasiness and fear in regard to the sacred interests of the Scriptural and Protestant education of youth.

Mr. MACFARLANE of St. Bernard's rose to second the motion. He said that grievous errors prevailed on the subject of education; and in this department the Christian Church had reason to complain of most unholy and unwarranted aggression. Had the views of our forefathers with regard to education been carried into effect, the Church would not at this day have been so vainly urging the spiritual destitution of the land upon a cold-hearted and reluctant Government.

Dr. MURDOCK at some length in reply. With regard to the opinion expressed by Mr. Monteith, that education without religion was better than no education at all, the Rev. Doctor read some statistical details descriptive of the state of education and crime in Finisterre, Berri, and some other parts on the confines of Switzerland, in which it was shown, that in those places where mere secular education was most encouraged, crime was most prevalent.

The motion was then agreed to, and a committee appointed to draw up an address to her Majesty, in terms of the motion, and to report at a subsequent hour to the Commission.

The commission then, at a quarter past five o'clock adjourned till seven.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

"Her lovely babes around her rise,
Fair scions of a noble stem!
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.

Beauty is vain—the summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given;
But hers awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven."

Of all the relations of domestic life, perhaps there is none more interesting than that which subsists between a mother and her child. The affection of a father, of a brother, or a sister, the endearments of conjugal love, may severally possess all the force of strong and overpowering emotion, but they cannot complete with the constancy of a mother's devotedness. It forms perhaps the closest and the most enduring of all the ties by which the framework of society is knit together, and like a plant of heaven's own planting, it seems too elevated and pure to grow in the barren soil of our corrupt and sin-stained hearts. There is this to distinguish a mother's love, from all the other bonds of friendship or affection, that while we can conceive the selfishness and self-interest of individuals to mar the glory of their most heroic efforts, there is a tenderness and a holiness which we associate with it which place it immeasurably beyond the pollution of our baser feelings. "God is love," says the Scriptures, and if he has formed man after the likeness of his own image, he has indeed left an impress of his own perfections on the human heart in the purity of a mother's love, by which, even amidst the defilements of impetuous passion, we can recognise the movements of his hand.

And this will appear all the more powerfully if we analyse the association by which it is fostered and the sources from which it proceeds. The sacred name of mother is almost the first to which the infant lips give utterance, in their efforts to communicate the emotions which the forms of artificial language have not yet taught them to express. It is the mother to whom in the tender years of childhood its care is almost exclusively devoted. It is to her that it unbosoms all the workings of its spirit, at a time when the world has not blasted with its chilling influence, the blossoms of virtue and of piety which, even amidst the corruptions of our fallen nature, sometimes appear to remind us of the heavenly origin of the plant from which they spring. It is to this tender guardian that the joys and sorrows of childhood are revealed, and with whom an intercourse the most interesting and the most endearing is carried on. In the hour of sickness with what noble solicitude is a mother's affection displayed towards her child! It is then that nature seems to furnish her with energies commensurate with the occasions which call for their exercise, and that her heroic self-devotion would appear almost to transcend the poet's dream or the fictions of romance. What hand so gentle as her own as she bends over the feverish pillow of the sufferer with her love-beaming eye, or watches o'er its sleepless couch throughout the dreariness of the night, with an ardour which fatigue may indeed impair, but which death itself can alone destroy?

Youth is the spring-tide of our being, it is warm with all the activities of life and all the fervour of passion, which the judgment has not acquired strength to direct, and which experience has not attained maturity to regulate and to restrain. Let us imagine, then, a mother the most debased and the most wicked, and consider how high an influence she possesses over her child, and we will be able to form some estimate of the holy purities of the love of a Christian mother. It is her care to lead her child to a knowledge of its own heart, and to a knowledge of its God. The first impulses of its soul are directed heavenward, the first dawns of intelligence are consecrated to its Creator. The warmth of maternal feeling, and the throbbing susceptibilities of childhood are made to harmonize in the song of adoration, and to unite in the accents of prayer, to Him who hearkens to the choral strains of the angelic hosts, and who will bless, with the smiles of his beneficence, the rudest forms of infant devotion. The sensibilities, too, of the young heart are excited by all the high hopes of an immortal destiny, and amidst the storm and the sunshine that darkens or that brightens around the ocean of life, it is taught to remember that it is but a voyager on its passage to the shores of eternity, and that the gale of affliction which may seem to baffle or to daunt its progress, may seem only, in the mysterious guidance of Providence, to urge it onwards to a serene and tranquil sea.

Need we wonder, then, that our most eminent Christian philosophers and poets have traced their success to the blessed influence of a Christian mother's example, and a Christian mother's prayers? Need we wonder that even the most hardened in the ways of sin have melted into tenderness as the scenes of a mother's love have arisen before them in the visions of memory as a dream of the morning?—Their thoughts have reverted to the piety and purity that attended her steps, and to the happy home of their childhood, of which she was once the light and the joy. And it may be that her long forgotten precepts may now be remembered when her voice is no more heard; it may be that the prayers she poured forth at his cradle, may now be answered in recalling her wayward son to the ways of peace. Oh how happy is that mother who has secured an inheritance for her children in those enduring realms where change never enters, and from whose bright mansions sorrow flies away! What to them are the titles, or the honours, or the dignities, of the world? In the glory of their heavenly heritage they far surpass the earthly possessor of the richest domains and of the most ancient name; they are ennobled by the right of a loftier creation, and by the imposition of a mightier hand. The Prince of Peace will receive them among the bright hosts of his followers; he will invest them with a many gemmed diadem whose lustre shall not grow dim, whose beauty shall not decay!

Behold, then, the Christian mother! The glory which shines from off the mercy-seat lightens up even the darkest stages of her earthly journey, and the odours of the upper sanctuary are richly fragrant around the pathway of her pilgrimage. Placed on a lofty pedestal, she is elevated, in some measure, above the obscuring mists of sin, and she can point, with the eye of faith to the most distant circles of time, when her prayers, her precepts, and her example, blessed by the approving voice of heaven, shall influence the destinies of coming generations.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

THE CHOICE MADE.

Suppose the following formula were proposed for the deliberate signature of irreligious men;—"I do hereby, in the presence of the heart searching God, deliberately, and from preference, choose the world for my portion, and accordingly resign, for ever, all wish or expectation of a heavenly portion beyond the grave." we say suppose irreligious men, were asked to put their hand and seal to such a declaration, is it probable there is one, however depraved who in the possession of his reason, would thus commit himself before God, and the world? Would not the most thoughtless recoil at the proposal? If urged to do it, would he not reject it with horror?—Yes, regardless as men are of the sacred obligation of religion, they are not prepared to abandon all hope of its final rewards. As in the case of Balaam, they secretly hope to participate in the destiny of the righteous; and yet, the very thing that sinners would shrink from doing, by a formal act, they are virtually doing by thousands every day. The Lord, in a variety of ways, is earnestly pleading with them, to forsake the love of the world, and accept his salvation, and what is the effect of his pleadings? The farm of one and the merchandize of another, prevent them from listening to the invitation. This one, wishes to devote himself to the accumulation of wealth, and that one is bent upon the pursuit of pleasure, and although Jesus Christ, is urgently knocking at the door of their hearts for admission, they refuse to open, and the

most respectful answer they return is, "go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Here is a choice, a deliberate choice. The world is preferred to God, and the pleasures of sense, to the salvation of the soul. It may be replied, we know, that this choice is only intended for the present, and will be reversed at a future time. But what is the ground of this assurance? How does the sinner know that it will not be final and irrevocable? This is not so much in the power of sinners as is generally imagined. They cannot, as they suppose, at any moment, bring their hearts into that state, in which they will accept of Christ as their Saviour. The difficulty of doing this, is increased by every day's delay, and the probability of a reversal of their decision is hourly diminishing. No, when the Holy Ghost, after striving with the heart, has once been dismissed, and the sinner voluntarily quenches his influences, relapses into indifference, and returns to the world, it depends on God, whether he shall ever have the opportunity of re-considering his decision, and reversing his choice. Yes, it depends on that God, who is so grievously insulted by the neglect of the sinner, and by his preference of the world, whether his first choice shall not be final. The sinner may rejoin, even if this be true, God is so merciful, that he will certainly furnish future opportunities of making a better choice.

But how is this known? Has God revealed any such intension? Do not all his offers require of the sinner a prompt decision—"To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" and does he not plainly intimate, if the offer is not accepted at once, hardness of heart will follow, and prevent any future acceptance? Perhaps the sinner will reply, many have refused repeatedly, and yet have been finally converted. This is true, but does the number of such bear any proportion to those whose first refusal has been final?

What multitudes are left by God to the dreadful, and incurable miseries of a wrong first choice!—Once they had the offer, and that offer enforced by the strivings of the Spirit, but in rejecting it for the world, they have for ever sealed their destiny, they have lost their opportunity, the Spirit has left them in the undisturbed possession of a false peace, and God has said, "they are joined to their idols, let them alone!" How fearful the fate of those who are thus deserted by God! Reader, it will be well for you to inquire, whether your choice is already made, and whether that choice, if for the world, is ever to be reversed.—*Presbyterian.*

THE IMPROVIDENT SHEPHERD.

The Sheep were scattered over the wilderness, and were in danger not only of famishing, but of being devoured by the prowling wolves. The master of the flock commissioned an under shepherd to go forth and gather them into the fold. With alacrity he obeyed the command, and laboured and toiled in the search. As ever and anon he found one of the stragglers, he joyfully bore it back to the fold. Success crowned his efforts; many were thus rescued by his instrumentality. One thing, however, he had overlooked. In his anxiety to find those wandering in the wilderness, he had forgotten to provide pasturage for those already in the fold; and when he came to examine the state of the flock, he discovered to his chagrin, that many were weak, sickly, and famishing. The fold was destitute of the "green pastures and still waters," without which, the sheep so lately rescued from one danger, were exposed to another. It was only when he heard the master say, "Feed my sheep," that he felt the necessity of dividing his attention between those within the fold and those without.

APPLICATION.—There is reason to fear that many ministers of Christ, regard the conversion of sinners as their sole concern. Once within the pale of the church, they are lamentably neglected, and hence so few that name the name of Christ, are able to give a reason of the hope that is within them.—*Ibid.*

MAN'S NEED OF PATIENCE.

You have need of patience, says the Apostle, (Heb. x.) We have indeed: God help us! We live here in a vale of misery, where we meet with a thousand petty vexations in the common road of our lives; poor things in themselves, and, if rationally considered very trifles, yet able to bring vexation upon our impatient spirits: we are surrounded by a world of temptations, assailing us within and without, and on every side, and at every turn:—we are exposed to manifold injuries and obloquies, many times without cause, (or as it may be for a good cause); we have to converse with men of different tempers and spirits; some hot and furious, others sullen and sluggish, some unruly and ignorant, some scornful, some obstinate, some fickle and humorous, all subject to passions and infirmities in one kind or other; we had need of patience to frame our conversations to the