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Edwards, Blank Forms, Table of Rates, &c., can be obtained at the Office, corner of Church and King Streets, Toronto, or from either of the Sub-Agents throughout the Province.

W. C. ROSS, Managing Agent. Toronto, 30th October, 1847.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 21st AUGUST, 1847. CAPITAL, FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

President, Hugh C. Baker; Vice-President, J. Young; Solicitors, Barton & Scauder; Physicians, G. O'Reilly and W. G. Dickinson.

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Agent for Toronto, EDMUND BRADBURNE, Albany Chambers, King Street West. Medical Referee—GEORGE HERBERT, ESQ., M.D. By order of the Board, THOMAS M. SIMONS, Secretary, Hamilton.

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DR. DERRY Has removed to 101, Bishop's Buildings, ADELAIDE STREET, Toronto, May, 1848.

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J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C. PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE, SINGING AND GUITAR, Residence, Sumach Cottage, Ann Street, Toronto, Jan. 13, 1847.

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banquets, and his purple, and fine linen, for "a drop of water to cool his tongue," but it was too late. The horrors of a guilty conscience drove Judah back to the temple with his thirty pieces of silver crying, "I have betrayed the innocent blood," but it was too late. The Saviour had said, "Good were it for that man if he had never been born," and he went away in black despair and hanged himself. Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, and other blasphemers would, some, or all of them, have given, but it was too late. They have "treasured up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God." How many such, according to the most authentic testimony, have gone shuddering and shrieking out of the world to meet their final doom?

The King of the Sandwich Islands, who promised the missionaries that in five years he would break off from his debaucheries, and attend to their instructions, died in less than two; and what hope could they have of him? He had fixed his mind, but before it half expired he was in eternity. It was too late. And so it will be with all eminent hearers of the gospel who put off their preparation to "a more convenient season," and not live to see it. They will reveal their stout procrastination when it is too late. The young Duke of Bordeaux lost only a temporary crown. They will lose that "crown of glory which fadeth away." Reader, reader, whosoever thou art, yet in thy sins, there is no time to be lost. The arrows of death are flying thick. The young as well as the old are falling. If thou dost not repent, a voice from the other world, *It is too late, too late, too late!* will ere long seal thine everlasting doom.—N. Y. Evangelist

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which he had raised, and giving the materials to the King's Messengers. But the dread of ridicule and pride of heart prevailed. He felt that he should incur the mockery of his brother merchants, if after years of incessant labour, his own hand were to destroy the sole produce of his toil. He once more fixed his gaze steadfastly on the lofty building, and resolved to suppress every doubt and alarm. His efforts were at length successful. Not only did his former triumphant feeling return, but a yet more fatal delusion seized him. He fancied the story of the King's Messengers, and the Royal Palace, and the Glorious City, to be a mere invention; and maintained that notwithstanding the law of exile, the only sure and lasting resting-place was to be found in the tower of Fame.

Alas! even while he was giving vent to these boastful words, his own sentence of exile had gone forth, and the bearer of the Royal Mandate was at hand.

THE BORDERS OF CANAAN. (From Esau's Memorial of the Holy Land.)

Our Desert route was now at an end—we were within the borders of Canaan!

How sweet and balmy was the air, and how charming the prospect which then lay before us—the land flowing with milk and honey—the mountains of Judah, in graceful outline upon the east and north-eastern horizon. I cannot say that any strong emotion possessed my mind, on being told that I was no longer a wanderer in "the great and terrible wilderness," but in the land of Canaan, and in sight of the mountains of Judah; but certainly my heart swelled with a sense of unutterable gratitude to my heavenly Father, who had led me thus far in safety, amidst many perils—along my wearisome and difficult way.

Reader, reader, whosoever thou art, yet in thy sins, there is no time to be lost. The arrows of death are flying thick. The young as well as the old are falling. If thou dost not repent, a voice from the other world, *It is too late, too late, too late!* will ere long seal thine everlasting doom.—N. Y. Evangelist

At a short distance from the encampment were two wells; and at the principal one, a number of shepherds employed in drawing water, with long ropes having loose buckets, made of skins, attached to them. They were singing their dreamy song as they toiled at their occupation; and the thirsty flocks drew near, by turns, and drank freely of the water, poured out into rude troughs, formed of large blocks of stone, which had doubtless been in use for many a century.

"What wells are these?" "Bir-es-Seda," said our Arabs. The Arabic name carried with it a familiar sound. The days of Abraham were at once associated with it. These are, no doubt, the ancient wells of Beersheba.

And where is Abraham?—We might almost have been induced to forget that ages had rolled by since he, as a shepherd, he sat by the well and tended his flocks; and might have looked for his patriarchal form amidst the shepherds of a more recent age.

"IT IS TOO LATE." BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

On the day that Louis Philippe abdicated the throne of France in favour of his grandson, the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the infant Prince, entered the Chamber of Deputies, leading him by the hand, that as her apparent, he might be proclaimed King of the French by the representatives of that great nation, in the room of the repudiated monarch. It was an awful moment, big not only with the destinies of the reigning family, but of thirty-five millions of people. All eyes were fixed upon Odillon Barrot, as he rose slowly from his seat, ascended the tribune, and moved that the young Count of Paris, in the room of his grandfather be proclaimed King in the room of his grandfather. Every sound was hushed. Men held their breath—The question was about to be put, when a single voice from the gallery broke the silence—"It is too late!"

Never did a more thrilling and potent exclamation burst from mortal lips. It smote the ear of the Duchess as the death-knell of her house. Great confusion ensued, and she was glad to escape with her son through one of the back doors of the chamber. It was too late. Had the motion in favour of the heir apparent been made a day, or even a few hours earlier, it might have prevailed. But the time was gone by. *It was too late!* the throne was irrevocably lost. This but a single example among a thousand of the fatal consequences of delay. Many a throne has in like manner been lost.

But our purpose is not to dilate upon examples like these. Those ominous words in the French Chamber, *It is too late!* apply to losses continually incurred which are infinitely greater than those of any dethroned or expectant monarch. The value of a thousand earthly kingdoms bears no proportion to the worth of an immortal soul. For the soul there is a day of grace, and there is a day of final retribution. While mere pleasures and vain joys, the sinner may repent and be saved; but by and by, perhaps in the next hour, *it will be too late.* On this point the Bible abounds with examples and illustrations which were "written for our learning, on whom the ends of the world are come." One of the most striking of these is in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. "Looking diligently," warns the apostle, "lest any fail of the grace of God; lest for one moment of profane person, as Enoch, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright. For ye know, that afterward, when he would have place for the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. *It was too late.* And as it was too late for Enoch, so it would be soon for them, if they continued to "reject the call of salvation." To the same purpose that awful communication in the first chapter of Proverbs. We have room for only a part of it. "Because I have called and ye refused, I shall call ye early but ye will not answer; I shall call ye in the day of wrath, and ye shall not be heard. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way; they shall be filled with their own devices." They might have hearkened, they might have been saved, but now it was too late. They had heard and slighted the last call of mercy, and nothing remained to them but "a certain fearful looking for of wrath and fiery indignation."

So again, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew we read, "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut. Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." No pleadings now could open the door. *It was too late.* We often hear it said, that while life lasts it is never too late for a sinner to repent, and in one sense it is true. If he would truly repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, in the last mortal hour, he would be saved. But will he? How small, however we reason for fear, is the number of such. The day of grace may close even before the unpardonable sin is committed, and who can tell how long before? Be it a few years, or but a few days, *it is then too late.* And if the Saviour were to speak by an audible voice from heaven in a thousand dying chambers, who can tell how many of them he would say, "These all might have been saved, but *it is too late.* When I called they refused, and now there is no more place for repentance." The rich voluptuary who had a little before spurned Lazarus from his presence, would have given all his

Poetry.

OH! WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! what a world this might be, If hearts were always kind; If friendship, none would slight thee, And Fortune never seem to blind; With Love's own voice to guide us— Unchanging 'er and fond— With all we wish beside us, And not a care beyond.

MEGACLES, OR THE CANDIDATE FOR FAME.

(From "The King's Messengers," an Allegory, by the Rev. W. Adams, M.A.)

While the eldest of the four brothers thus laboured incessantly for the spirit of the mine, the second was following a very different path. He was unfettered by any chain of gold, and his bearings down on his noble step firm and free. He looked down on his very riches with disdain, and they won him the envy and admiration of his fellow-citizens instead of their pity and contempt. But while in every other respect, his conduct afforded a marked contrast to that of Philargy, there was one important point in which he resembled him. He neglected altogether the old man's warning.

There was a district in Metecia, far removed from the stir and traffic of the crowded streets, and farther still from the dwellings of the King's Messengers. It was remarkable for the beauty and costliness of its buildings. The erection of these formed a favourite occupation of the more wealthy merchants. Their appearance was very irregular, for the size and form of each varied with the taste and resources of the individual who raised it. But all might be comprehended under two great classes. Some were frail and unsubstantial, and intended to please the eye for one short summer, and then make way for others not less perishable than themselves; while some were built of firm and durable materials, in the hope that they might stand for centuries as memorials of their architects.

It was to the erection of one of these latter that Megacles devoted his vast wealth. The whole energy of his mind was given to this single object, and its gradual accomplishment was watched by his fellow-citizens with the most eager interest. The raising of the tower formed quite an epoch in the history of Metecia. Wonderful stories were told of the depth of its foundations and the thickness of its walls. Each of the vast stones seemed to have its own legend annexed to it, while the quarry from which they came, and the names of the workmen, and every detail connected with the building, were carefully preserved in the annals of the city. But all this I must pass over very briefly, for the King's Messengers had no share in the work; and from this cause the whole narrative of the tower, which appeared so eventful to Megacles and his brother merchants, has but little interest in the present story.

The whole soul of Megacles was absorbed in the erection of the building—and these few words comprise his history. He did not keep aloof from his fellow-citizens, but he made his intercourse with them subservient to this one object. If he visited the crowded streets, it was in order to select workmen of skill and strength. If he went into the market-place, it was to change his gold and jewels for blocks of marble and granite. His perseverance was rewarded, and his work prospered. Day after day the tower increased in size and beauty. It was to no purpose that the wind and storm beat against it; the firm foundations defied their power. The wreck of the surrounding buildings was made to assist its growth. Some of these had been left as fragments, in consequence of the sudden exile of their architects. Some were mouldering away with the laps of time; and some were purposely undermined by the workmen of Megacles. He selected from the ruins of each such stones as seemed suited for the accomplishment of his design; until at length his tower rose so far above every other in the city, that it appeared to stand by itself in solitary grandeur.

The more it grew, the more was the mind of Megacles absorbed in its growth. It seemed to exercise a fascination over him, and from the day in which it became visible from every part of the city, his eye was seldom withdrawn from it. This may in part account for his neglect of the King's Messengers. His look was raised above them while he watched his tower. Even if he ventured to speak to him, their voices failed to arrest his attention; for his ear had been so long filled with the din and tumult of building, that it had become rendered deaf to any gentler sound.

Yet, notwithstanding his success, Megacles was not happy. He was perpetually changing, or adding to his tower. It never seemed to have attained the perfection that he designed. He remembered also how the city of Metecia was liable to the shock of earthquakes, so that at any moment the vast fabric might be shaken from its foundation, and reduced to a heap of ruins. Neither was this all. Even at last satisfaction in which he was able to view with unalloyed joy the tower itself, there was still a cloud upon his vision of glory. It had arisen, in the way of man, Megacles had observed him gaze earnestly at the building, and then turn aside, as though to conceal his thoughts. He could not help inquiring what train of thoughts it had called forth, to lead him to such an expression of sorrow. "There was a strange sadness in the wayfarer's reply. 'I was thinking,'" he said, "how long this vast tower was calculated to last." "How long!" exclaimed Megacles, with indignant pride; "centuries on centuries will elapse, and there shall be no symptoms of decay." "And I was thinking," he continued, in the same melancholy tone, "how long its possessor will remain within its walls!"

The wayfarer had disappeared before Megacles could reply; but the unwelcome words kept recurring to his mind in spite of every effort to suppress them. It was true that only half the period usually allotted to the merchants for their sojourn in Metecia had as yet passed; but he knew that at any moment, his sentence of exile might be pronounced, and that the strength of his tower would not delay its enforcement for a single hour. The warning of the old man now came back to his remembrance, and brought with it new feelings of disquietude and alarm. Where were the immense riches that had been intrusted to his care? Had any portion of them been laid up in the Royal Palace? Alas! he shrank from the reply. He had not, indeed, buried them in the earth, like Philargy. On the contrary, he had often lavished them with an unsparring hand. But, while he had seldom failed to examine those who came for them on their health, their strength, and their skill in building, he had forgotten the one only important question,—he had never asked, whether they were Messengers of the Great King.

There was a time when, as these thoughts passed through the mind of Megacles, he half formed the resolution of pulling down, stone by stone, the tower