

Carey, and collectors like this Kettering to support them, Indian missions appeared a fit quarry for that shaft, which none knew better than our Edinburgh reviewer how to use, and yet, looking somewhat more narrowly at the "consecrated cobler," there was something about him, even at the beginning, sufficient to disarm ridicule, for if we notice him in his little garden, he will be seen motionless for an hour or more, in the attitude of intense thought, or if we join him in his evening hours, we shall find him reading the Bible, in one or other of four different languages, with which he has already made himself familiar, or if we follow him into his school, we shall discover him with a large leather globe, of his own construction, pointing out to the village arches the different kingdoms of the earth, saying, "These are Christians, these are Mohammedans, and these are pagans!" his voice stopped by strong emotion as he repeats, and repeats the last mournful utterance. Carey sailed to India in 1793. Driven by the jealousy of the East India Company out of an English ship, in which he was about to sail, he took his passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his residence; yet he lived, till from that press which he established at Serampore, there had issued 212,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures in forty different languages—the vernacular tongues of 330,000,000 immortal beings, of whom more than 100,000,000 were British subjects, and till he had seen expended upon that noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than £91,500.—*Dr. Hanna.*

BEAUFIELD FIGURE.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backwards slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him, it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Saddle by he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

ANECDOTE—PATERNAL CORRECTION.—A gentleman, one day in conversation on family affairs related, with tears, a transaction between himself and one of his sons, a fine boy about ten or eleven years of age. The son was by no means the lowest in esteem by his father, but had a full share of his affection.

It happened one day that he told an untruth knowingly, which afterwards came to the knowledge of the father, who determined to chastise him severely for it. He took the boy and an instrument of correction into a chamber, and there reprimanded him by setting forth the exceeding heinousness of the sin against God, and the danger thereby of his own soul. He then proceeded to the heavy and heart-rending work of correction; (I have no doubt that every stroke was as afflictive to the parent as to his child) after which, on leaving the room, the father began to fear that he had exceeded a due measure (this I conceive was an excess of parental affection); he made as though he was going down stairs after shutting the door; but pausing a while, he returned softly to the door, where he waited some time, hearing the sobbing and sighing of the boy. After a while the father heard a movement, and began to think of his retreat; but, after descending a step or two, heard his son articulate, on which the father resumed his place, and looking through the key-hole of the door, perceived his son on his knees acknowledging his guilt and shame before God, and praying for forgiveness; thanking God for favouring him with such a father as would not suffer sin upon him; also praying for his brethren and family. To parents it is unnecessary to dwell on the feelings of such an affectionate father and such circumstances, the language of whose heart corresponds with that of his Heavenly Father. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; and like as a father punish his children, so the Lord punish them that fear him.

WHAT SHOULD I GIVE.—It has been frequently wished by Christians, that there were some rule laid down in the Bible, fixing the proportion of their property which they ought to contribute to religious uses. This is as if a child should go to his father and say, "Father, how many times in the day must I come to you with some testimony of my love? how often will it be necessary to show my affection for you?" The father would of course reply, "Just as often as your feelings prompt you, my child, and no oftener." Just so Christ says to his people, "Look at me, and see what I have done and suffered for you, and then give me just what you think I deserve. I do not wish any thing forced."

TOO LATE.—It is a patent fact that men are rarely behind in any matter possessing for them sufficient interest to enlist the desires of the mind, or the affections of the heart. *Too late*—presents an idea from which the mind of a correct business man recoils. *Too late*—is a barbed arrow in the soul of waiting love, and it is the death knell of hope in the case of a departing spirit. God's people ought never to be voluntarily *too late* in any matter, and especially in the service of Christ. Here they ought to be up to the mark: exhibiting in this, as in all other respects, an example worthy of imitation. But Christians forget this sometime; and not unfrequently destroy men's confidence in their sincerity. Think, for example, of an individual member of a church so systematically *too late* in entering the house where God is worshipped, as to attract the attention of the other members! and what is the estimate which the punctual make of the zeal of such voluntary loiterers! Is it not most pitiable to think, that with days and nights at command, in which to prosecute the business of the world, professing Christians must also trench upon the brief season set apart to the worship of the Saviour: Is it not in many cases a sure indication that the heart is so engrossed on the things of the world, as to be reluctant to leave them? Is it not in other cases an evidence of indolence; and an indolence that is incompatible with holy love? Reader, if you are *too late* to the house of God, remember, that you are crippling, if not destroying, your spiritual influence, you are a grief to those that are punctual, you disturb the devotions of a whole assembly, and we would warn you to beware, lest what has frequently been said of you on earth, may be echoed in eternity—he is, as he always was, *too late*.—*Chris. Ob.*

DOING NOTHING.—"He made me out a sinner for doing nothing!" This remark fell from the lips of one who was under conviction for sin, and of whom we asked the question, "How were you awakened?" He had heard a sermon from the words, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that his greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself—"doing nothing."

We are reminded of this incident by meeting in an old religious magazine, with the following ingenious interrogations on the words, "Curse ye, Meroz." The writer says:

By whose authority? The angel of the Lord's.
 What has Meroz done? Nothing.
 What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.
 Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.
 Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No, but Meroz did.
 Is Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.
 Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.
 Who says so? The angel of the Lord. That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did not according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. (Luke xii. 47.)

WHAT IS A STATESMAN WITHOUT RELIGION?—Every man needs religion—every man may acquire it—and with it every man obtains blessedness;—most of all, does the Ruler need it. Unless he clothe his calling in the light of religion, he can never pursue it with a good conscience. Without this, nothing remains for him but either thoughtlessness and a mere mechanical fulfilment of his vocation, without giving account to himself of its reasonableness or justice; or, if not thoughtlessness,—then want of principle, obduracy, insensibility, hatred, and contempt of the human race.

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