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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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"The Wages of Sin."

OR,
THE HISTORY OF JAMES WHARTON.

The following story is in every particular strictly true—the names of the parties only having been changed. The events occurred in one of the New England States—and though the actors in it have now gone to receive the reward of their deeds, there are some still living to whom they were well known, and from whom the writer received this sad narration. It furnishes a striking commentary on the inspired declaration, "The wages of sin is death."

Among the large class of young men who left Harvard College in the year 177—, not one bade farewell to his Alma Mater with higher hopes or brighter prospects than James Wharton. He had stood first in his class through his whole course, and at parting, took the highest honors of the Institution; and yet such was the generosity of his disposition, and such the fascinating influence of his social qualities, that he had never made an enemy, or lost a friend. He seemed the very soul of uprightness and honor, and all who looked on his noble brow and beaming eye, predicted for him a brilliant and successful career. His father was a poor but industrious and respectable mechanic, who had denied himself all but the mere necessities of life, to give this only and beloved son, the best advantages the country at that time afforded. While at Cambridge, the wants of James Wharton were all supplied by sacrifices and self-denial on the part of his parents, of which he little dreamed. But the labor of love is always light, and they cheerfully met privations and toil for him, who they fondly hoped would be the stay and blessing of their declining years. When, after long months of separation, the father listened to the eloquent valedictory of his son, and heard the words of commendation and esteem bestowed on him by the venerable President, his heart thrilled with gratitude and delight, and turning aside to conceal his emotion, he exclaimed, "Why has God thus blessed one so unworthy?"

On leaving College, young Wharton entered the office of an eminent attorney in the capital of his native State, and was soon known in the circles of wealth and pleasure as "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."—Wherever he went he was followed and admired, and many a bright eye grew brighter, and many a youthful heart throbbed, as he spoke in those low, soft tones, that fell on the ear like strains of distant music. His choice was soon made, and the offer of his heart and hand tendered to the proud and haughty Eleanor Danvers. Her family had recently emigrated from the mother country, where they had belonged to the ranks of the aristocracy, and their high birth and immense wealth, gave them at once exclusive sway in the world of fashion.

To the astonishment of all who knew the parties, the suit of Wharton was accepted—but one condition was annexed, to which his unequalled assent was required.—He must *disown and utterly renounce his aged parents*, whose simple manners and humble station would disgrace the noble family he sought to enter, or Miss Danvers could never become his wife. And did the son, who knew that every earthly hope of his parents was gathered up in him, consent to this monstrous proposition? Could he thus stab the fond heart of his mother, every pulsation of which beat only for him? Alas! ambition effected what love alone could not accomplish—and though at first he indignantly refused compliance, the influence of Eleanor prevailed, and he formed the unholy compact which severed him forever from those who had given him being.

Words have no power to express the agony of that father and mother, when a letter from their idolized son informed them of his intended marriage, and of the fact, that in consequence of it, he must henceforward be to them as though he had never been. No communication of any kind might take place between them, and the son for whom they would freely have laid down their own lives. "We are justly punished," said the stricken mother, "for having given to our boy the place in our hearts which belonged to God only. May his sin be forgiven, and oh! may he never feel the anguish his conduct has inflicted on his poor parents!"

For one year after his marriage, Wharton and his bride were engaged in a constant round of gaiety and dissipation. He had been admitted to the bar, and his talents and connections placed him at once on a legal eminence which others labor for years to attain. Wealth flowed in upon him, honors courted his acceptance, and but for conscience and memory, he might have been what the world calls happy. But the image of his deserted parents was constantly before his mind—and as the imperious temper of his wife became daily more manifest, he was often tempted to break the chain that bound him, and seek forgiveness of those whom he had so cruelly injured. But sin hardens the heart, and these impulses soon passed away, leaving him a more reckless, heartless man of the world than before.

At this time a young sister of Mrs. Wharton, who had for years been in England for her education, returned home, and became an inmate in the family of her brother-in-law. She was lovely, amiable and accomplished—full of life and animation, and a universal favorite among her relatives and friends. For a season, she shone a bright star in the circles of fashion, the envy of

one sex, and the admiration of the other—when suddenly she withdrew from society, and for some months was seen no more. Under the pretence of ill health she was sent into the country, and when she returned, her pale countenance and altered demeanor were remarked by all who saw her. She shunned observation, was wayward and reserved to her sister, and a hidden grief was evidently preying on her spirits.—Wharton alone had power to break the spell that bound her, and as her friends sought by every means to charm away the melancholy that was destroying her, she was almost constantly in his society. Poor girl! life had seemed to her a garden of roses, without a thorn; but hardly had she plucked one flower, when a hidden serpent coiled himself about her heart, and planted there a fatal sting. She was young, ardent, and inexperienced, destitute of religious principle, and wholly ignorant of the world and its ten thousand dangers. Sent in early youth to a boarding-school where the heart was utterly neglected, and an elegant exterior considered the one thing needful, for which all others were sacrificed, Fanny Danvers had never known the precious blessing of a mother's tender care and pious instructions. What wonder, if under these circumstances, she fell into the snare laid for her feet by one in whom she placed implicit confidence?

It was summer, and the Danvers family were at their country seat a few miles from town; but Fanny had business in the city, and having accomplished it, went to her father's house, which had been left in the care of an old and valued domestic. She seemed fatigued and agitated, and requested the housekeeper to bring her a glass of wine, and then leave her to rest a few hours before her return home.

In little more than an hour, she rang the bell violently, and on entering the chamber, the faithful domestic, who had been her nurse, was shocked beyond expression to find her strongly convulsed, and with the evident marks of death upon her countenance.

"Oh, Miss Fanny, what is the matter?—what have you been doing?" she exclaimed, for at this moment an empty viol caught her eye, and a conviction of the dreadful truth flashed on her mind. "Be calm," answered the dying girl, "and listen to me, for I have much to say, and but a short time in which to say it. Life is hateful to me, and I cannot, will not, live any longer. No power on earth could save me, for what I have taken would destroy a hundred lives. But I cannot carry my fearful secret to the grave with me, and you are the only human being to whom I dare divulge it."

She then related to her horror-stricken auditor the dreadful story of her guilt and shame. She had been corrupted and ruined by her own brother-in-law, and through his influence had been sent into the country, where he visited her under the disguise of an aged medical adviser. While there, she became a mother, but knew nothing of the fate of her child, whose face she had never seen.—Again her guilt was likely to become public, and unable to bear the load of shame and disgrace she had brought upon herself, she had determined to put an end to her life, and thus rush unadvised into the presence of Him whose laws she had violated.

In spite of her prohibition, a physician was immediately summoned by the terrified housekeeper; but his efforts were vain, and the wretched girl expired in the utmost anguish of body and mind, in a few minutes after his arrival. A Coroner's inquest was called by the physician, who brought in a verdict of "wilful and wicked suicide." The law of the Colony at that time, commanded that suicides should be buried where four ways meet, and a stake driven into the ground above the body, for a warning to all who should pass by. The housekeeper was alone, and could not send for any member of the absent family before the officers of justice might arrive to claim the body of her darling child for this dreadful purpose. In this emergency, she hastily tore up one of the boards in the floor of the cellar, and the lifeless remains of the beautiful and envied girl were thrust under it, to save them from a still worse fate. A nominal search was made but those who conducted it, felt relieved when no trace of the body was found on the premises. She sleeps quietly among the graves of her family but no stone marks the spot where her ashes have long since mingled with their kindred dust.

The secret confided to the faithful domestic was never told by her until she was on her death-bed, many years afterward—for the honor of the family was dearer to her than life. If Mrs. Wharton suspected the guilt of her husband, no one knew the fact, though the estrangement that had long been growing up between them was constantly increasing. The woman who could exact from a son, as the price of her hand, a promise to forsake and cast off his aged parents, was not likely to possess keen sensibilities, or to feel the mortal turpitude of any action. Her sister's secret whatever it might be, was buried with her in an early grave, and the family honour was safe.—Beyond this, all was to her a matter of indifference.

Twenty-eight years after the death of Fanny Danvers, and when her very memory had almost vanished from the earth, James Wharton, then one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, was called on in his official capacity to pronounce sentence on a criminal convicted of murder.—The wretched man, though young, seemed hardened in guilt, and there were circumstances of peculiar

atrocious connected with the deed, which rendered him an object of abhorrence to the whole community. He was, however, visited in prison by a good Samaritan, who spoke to him of a Saviour's love, and endeavored to awaken penitence for his guilt, but to all his admonitions the answer was still the same—"I have nothing to do with repentance, or love or hope. I hate mankind, and they hate me, and so the account is balanced. Leave me to my fate, which cannot be worse than it has been hitherto.—He who has nothing to lose, has nothing to fear."

From motives of curiosity, Judge Wharton visited his cell in company with a friend, the day before his execution. On being asked by some one present, if he had parents still living, he answered with a smile of bitter contempt, "Aye, they may be living for aught I know to the contrary, but they have always been dead to me. I was cast away in helpless infancy by those who gave me birth, and left to the care of strangers. I have never in my life received a look of love or a word of kindness, until since I came here, and now it is too late. Let those whose selfish cruelty made me what I am, answer it to God if they can. For myself I have nothing to ask at the hands of any one."

A few questions drew from him all he knew of his early history, but it was enough to convince Judge Wharton that it was his own son, on whom he had pronounced sentence of death. For many years past, he had been ignorant of his fate, as he had absconded from the man to whom he had bound in early youth by his unnatural father and whose treatment of the boy was cruel in the extreme. Under what circumstances did he meet that injured child again? No room was left for doubt—even in his features he could trace a striking resemblance to the lost and almost forgotten Fanny Danvers. His agitation became so great, that pleading sudden illness, he hastily left the prison, and sought his own apartment.—The strong hand of God was upon him, and in an unexpected manner his sin had found him out. It was in one of those same moments which occur in the life of the most hardened transgressor, when the paper of memory is unrolled, and the conscious soul compelled to stand still, and read the black characters there inscribed.

How appalling was the record thus presented to the unnatural son, the unfaithful husband, the treacherous brother, and the selfish father! He thought of his own boyhood, rendered happy by parental care and tenderness—and as he contrasted it with the deserted infancy of his own son, he shuddered at the remembrance that his ingratitude had sent those fond parents with sorrow to the grave, while his cruel neglect of his child had led to a still more horrible result.—Nothing could now be done to save him from an ignominious death—no reparation could ever be made for the wrongs he had inflicted. And she too the dishonored, ruined one, who had gone into eternity with the guilt of double murder on her soul—how vividly her image came before him, in her youth and innocence, ere yet she had listened to the voice of the tempter! He saw her, too, in her winding-sheet, and in her early grave—sent there as truly by him, as though his hand had presented the draught.—Bitter indeed were his communings with memory and conscience as the hours flew unheeded by; but his better nature had too long been stifled by ambition and profligacy to awake now. His connection with the criminal was a secret confined to his own breast for not being who had known the circumstances of his birth, was then living.—"Away, then," he exclaimed, "with these images of gloom and horror. If future retribution be not all a trick of priestcraft, it will come soon enough. I will enjoy this world while I can, and not anticipate my doom."

From that hour, Judge Wharton seemed wholly given up to God, to reckless infidelity and the pursuit of worldly pleasure. The writer of this narrative saw him a short time before his death (then at the advanced age of eighty-four), exhibiting that most pitiable and revolting spectacle of an old man without hope and without God, jesting and sporting on the very brink of eternal perdition. He died as he had lived, undoubtedly went to his own place. His wife who had many years before been guilty of a gross violation of the seventh commandment, survived him for a few months—and as they were childless the family became extinct. The facts in reference to the recognition of his son, were found among his papers after his demise.

My youthful reader, had James Wharton been told when he left Harvard University, what his future course should be, he would have exclaimed with Hazeel, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But his affection for his parents, or his love of purity, had never yet been strongly tried, and having no religious principle, when the temptation came, he fell before it.—Prompted by love, and still more by ambition, he turned a deaf ear to the voice of nature and of God, and cast off those aged parents whose sole earthly dependence he knew himself to be.—Could such filial impiety prosper? Could a son who was capable of doing this, be exemplary in any other relation of life? Impossible. The virtues are connected as nearly as the virtues of the body, and he who takes the first wrong step, will find it easier to find the second and the third—until the whole being is brought so completely under the influence of sin that conscience itself almost ceases to speak.

Under the Jewish Dispensation, unkindness and disobedience to parents were punished with death, by the command of God himself. The melancholy facts here related, bear witness that He who is "The same yesterday, to-day and forever," still abhors these crimes, and will, even in this world singly avenge the violation of the fifth commandment. It was supposed among the ancients, that a man who was guilty of filial ingratitude, was capable of any other crime, and he was accordingly branded and shunned as a moral leper, whose touch was contamination.—All who knew the circumstances of Judge Wharton's marriage, and the unhallowed compact into which he then entered, felt that the judgments of God must follow such a course. Their forebodings were fearfully realized. The father and mother who insisted on so base an act as the price of their daughter's hand, were called to part with a beloved child under circumstances the most afflictive and revolting. The wife, whose pride demanded so costly a sacrifice, found too late that in thus leading her husband into sin, she had prepared the way for a life of profligacy, and destroyed every hope of domestic happiness. And he, the wretched ingrate, whose whole course was marked by treachery and falsehood—who betrayed and pierced every heart that loved or trusted him—was he happy amid his wealth and honors?—Those who were on terms of intimacy with him, knew that in old age, he feared to be left alone one moment by night or day. An accusing conscience had commenced on earth the work of eternity, and the hoary sinner writhed under his scorpion lash. Truly, even in this world, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

S. T. M.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

The Rev. Dr. Murray, better known perhaps to some of our readers as "Kiwano," is now on a visit to Europe. A letter from him describing his voyage across the Atlantic contains the following affecting incident:

The saddest occurrence we have ever witnessed occurred on our first Sabbath at sea. The ocean was rough, and many were sick. There were but few at the tables; and but few at the Sabbath service. So that the absence of anybody from his place at the table, or on deck, was not noted. There was a Dr. Henry with his wife on board, from Philadelphia. They were both sea-sick; but she was confined to her state-room. He was observed by many of the passengers to be in a peculiar state of mind and feeling. He was seen, about 4 o'clock, near the stern of the boat; we went to dinner. He was never seen again. Not returning to his room, his wife became alarmed. Search was made for him, in vain. About 2 o'clock at night the captain came to our state-room with the sad tale. His watch, ring, and purse were found in the cabin; and a stool was found at the stern of the boat—from which premises we were left to infer his fate! And the saddest sight we ever made was that of a bewildered, distracted, broken-hearted woman, so mysteriously written a widow! The sympathy for her was universal. Nor was her case forgotten in any of the many prayers that were offered on board the Adriatic. And there were Christian women, who, with a sister's care, ministered to her necessities. "God be blessed for christianity," said a simple-hearted Christian woman, whilst talking over this providence. How many who enter upon life's journey, fall of the great end of their existence! Beyond all question, religion is the great concern of man; and by seeking this, first of all, all other needful things are secured; by failing to secure this, all other needful things may be lost. We have read of burials at sea—we have performed a funeral service at sea—but never before were we on board a ship from which a fellow-passenger, and a fellow-being, so mysteriously disappeared. O, the need of dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty!

The Dr. describes the religious services on board the Adriatic, in which he took passage, as follows:

A word to our passengers. These were of every variety, Jew and Gentile, good, bad, and indifferent, of every kindred and country, but none interfering with the privileges or pleasures of each other. Among these were several ministers of the gospel. Our religious privileges on board were all that we could desire. We had a family table. We had our daily prayer meetings in the forward saloon, interfering with no one, and not disturbed by anybody, where we prayed not only for those on board, but for the friends and churches from which we were separated. To these meetings some at first objected; but our noble captain told them that as there was a room for smokers, and the dining saloon for card players and gamblers, to which the Christians on board made no objection, he saw why Christian people, in every respect at least as good as they were, should not have a place in which to pray without objection or interruption. And the daily prayer meeting on board the Adriatic on her first voyage under Captain Constock, bound many hearts together by ties never to be sundered; and it is hoped that they may be continued by her passengers through every voyage she is spared to make across the Atlantic. Ever a vessel was consecrated by prayer it is the Adriatic. And it is an outrage upon the great Christian world, and an insult to the many Christian men and ministers that cross the Atlantic, that whilst free and full privilege is granted to gamblers, card players, dancing girls to pursue their sports,—that whilst a room is specially fitted up for smoking, they should be deprived, as they are in many vessels, of assembling for an hour a day for the worship of God! The thing should not be endured.—no not for an hour. What right has any company, or captain thus to deprive one set of passengers from privileges which are granted to others? May we not hope that Captain Constock has inaugurated a practice which may become universal on all our ocean steamers? Why, in these vessels, should there not be a room for prayer, as well as a room in which to smoke and drink? O, must the devil have all the privileges for his servants! There is a right and a wrong here; and good people have endured the wrong long enough.

On our last Sabbath at sea, in company with a dear friend already named in this letter, we went to the fore-castle; it was full of sailors, then off duty. Kind words soon removed their reserve; and we talked to them of Christ, and of salvation through him. And when we told them of the dangers to which they were exposed by land, as by sea; of the villainies practiced on them to get their money, and then to kick them into the street; they all gave a most hearty response. And so they did, when we told them of the need of a constant preparation to meet God, as during the greater part of their lives there was but a plank between them and death. And when we rose each of us a warm shake of the hand as we passed away from them, "blessed" to see them so more. Poor men; how useful, how important to all the commercial interests of the world; to all international communications; to the spread of all humanising and christianising influences; and yet how poorly paid, and how badly neglected!

Of the dangers resulting from these sea voyages to young men of weak moral principles, he thus speaks:—

We know not how others felt upon the subject, but we confess to alarm as to the influence of sea voyages upon young men, away from the care and protection of parents. We had many such on board, of good appearance, with no traces of dissipation on their manly and intelligent faces; and who, we were informed, were the junior partners and agents of mercantile houses. As to their antecedents we know nothing; but their drinking, card playing, and gambling made us fear for their future. There were many whose department was entirely correct, and whose conduct was proof that they could be trusted anywhere, and on any business; but there were those who were sowing seed that may produce a fearful harvest. The thing is to kill time on board a steamer; there are those who travel to gamble; these spread their snares for young men. And they often and fatally succeed. And we saw young men at the wine, the card table, and the bottle, who seemed to us to be entering on a new chapter in their history. If they die sober, and successful men, our fears will be disappointed. When a young man, with fine face, a lustrous eye, a professor of religion, could not go to a prayer meeting, but could drink wine and play cards, we may judge of the temptations to which his class is exposed during a sea voyage! They are too often made to believe that religion is for the land, and not for the sea, and that if God is to be served at all at sea, it is only on Sunday.

LIFE FOR ETERNITY.

He only lives for eternity who lives a life of beneficence. Other men may obtain, perhaps, the pardon of their sins, may themselves be saved, as it were by fire, while their works are burned up. The man of active goodness, and he alone, is using his present faculties and possessions, so as to make them positively productive to himself in the end. The provision which men make for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof; their efforts to raise themselves in worldly society, to become great and renowned, and to lay up treasures on earth; their very meditations and prayers, which are not the fruit of the beneficent principle, transmit no good influences, as far as themselves are concerned, beyond the present grave.

The results of all other human doings, as to their authors at least, either terminate with the brief day of this life, or follow them into eternity as sources of pain. All is gone, as to their authors, when their authors themselves pass away hence. What, as to their authors, are the great acquisitions and achievements of the mighty dead, who did not spend life in doing good? The great writers of ancient and modern times; the Homers, the Maros, the Shakespeares, the Miltons, the Bacons, what as to them, except in so far as doing good was their business, are the products of their genius and labors? They are gone where their splendid or profound performances can avail them nothing. Their works have not followed, and never will follow them. So also, there works themselves will perish.

Who, then, in sober truth, is now living wisely for himself? Who is the prudent man, that foreseeth the evil and hideth himself? Who is laying up for himself a good foundation against the time to come? What is it that with any self-consistency can ensure the spendthrift, the reckless profligate, as a waster of time and strength and substance? Is man truly an immortal being? Is there truth in the Bible? Is the religion of Christ no fable? That is the question on which this argument turns. Give that question an affirmative answer; and all, and all are wasters,—wasters of whatever they are, or have,—who are not using whatever they have and are, so as to glorify God by doing good to man.

"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN."

Dr. Guthrie, in a late work, gives the following description of a scene on the ocean:—

"During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on her deck almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. The other instantly sounded, 'Put the ship about,' and presently a boat was launched, with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk goes those gallant men, through the swelling of a roaring sea. They reach it,—they shout,—and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen, against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Haulee into the boat, it proves to be a man, with head and limbs drawn together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifts it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; their feelings suddenly change into astonishment. It shows signs of life,—they draw nearer,—it moves,—and then mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, 'There is another man!' Saved himself the first use he made of speech was to seek to save another!"

Christian reader, learn the blessed lesson taught by this thrilling incident, and practice upon it in your daily life. Has One sent from above and taken you, and drawn you out of many waters? Are you safe,—your feet planted upon the Rock, Christ Jesus? Then may you greatly rejoice; and be a man, with head and limbs drawn together, once more, but whom, under Providence, you may make instrumental in saving?

You have gained the ear of a prayer-hearing God. Fill not the ear with the recital of your own wants alone. Remember, while you pray for your own advance in holiness, that there are many others for whom Christ died, and intercede

for them also. Labor for those about you who are in danger. Speak to them kindly and earnestly, and let them see that you are sincerely interested in their soul's welfare. Surely, no Christian should content himself to rest in his own hope of acceptance through a crucified Redeemer, while there is one other man exposed to eternal death.

A PRAYER.

FATHER, I have wandered far,
Oh, be now my guiding star!
Draw my footsteps back to thee,
Set my struggling spirit free;
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul—
Let one ray of truth illumine
And dispel the thickening gloom!
God of truth, and peace, and love,
Hear my prayer!
Drive my restless thoughts above—
Keep them there!

Father, save me at this hour,
From the tempter's fearful power—
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings—
I have thought till thought is pain,
Searched for peace till search is vain.
Out of thee I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind.
Now I come to thee for aid—
Peace restore!
Let my soul on thee be stayed!
For evermore!

—Churchman.

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES AMONG THE INDIAN TRIBES.

The Earl of Southesk, during his recent hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, fell in with about twelve families of Assiniboins, or Stone Indians (very wild and savage as a tribe), who professed Christianity; and, so far as he could judge, were acting up to their profession. These families were far from any missionary station, and had not even seen a missionary for many years. Still they showed a considerable acquaintance with Scripture, and were regular in their morning and evening devotions. At their earnest request, his Lordship wrote out for them several passages of Scripture. Their knowledge of religion is supposed to have been imparted by the Rev. Mr. Randall, a Wesleyan missionary who went to Fort Edmonton in 1839, and left the country in 1847, on account of ill-health. They have, however, a regular teacher in one of themselves, who has been set apart by them for that purpose.—*Church of Scotland Missionary Record.*

FRENCH PROTESTANT PREFACHING IN THEATRES.

The *Home and Foreign Missionary Record* of the Church of Scotland contains an interesting letter from the Rev. Philippe Boucher, a French pastor. By a vote of the last general Assembly, Mr. Boucher's salary is paid by the Foreign Correspondence Committee, so (as the *Record* remarks) he "may now be regarded as an evangelist in the employment of the church of Scotland, under the superintendence of the Protestant Central Society of France. His duty is to do the work of an evangelist throughout the length and breadth of France; to preach to Roman Catholics wherever the will receive him; to stir up the languid spirit of Protestantism; to deliver popular lectures bearing on the great truths of religion whether a controversial shape or otherwise; and generally, under the direction of the Central Society, to devote his great abilities and earnest heart to do the work of evangelization." The current number of the missionary periodical already referred to contains details of journeys undertaken with these objects, attended with every encouraging success. We can only find room for the concluding paragraph, which suggests the heading of this notice:—

"I must reserve for my next communication a fact of most thrilling interest, and quite new on the continent—noting less than the preaching of the Gospel in the theatre of a large manufacturing town, in the absence of all other accessible local."

A MAINE LAW IN AFRICA.

An African prince recently issued a proclamation to his people in relation to trade, which ought to put to the blush the civil authorities of Christian countries. Here the proclamation is:—

"I, Moshesh, writes for any trader, whoever he may be, already in my land, and for any who may come to trade with the Basutians; and my word is this:—Trade to me and my tribe is a good thing; I wish to promote it. * * * Further the law that I issued on the 8th day of November 1854, I renew this day; that people may be reminded of it, and conform themselves to it. The law runs as follows:—The brandy of the whites was unknown to Matic, and to Motlomi, and to the ancestors of the tribe as far as Manaheng. And Moshesh has obtained of a people who have drinking only milk and water, for intoxicating drinks do not become a good judge. Drink brings in contention; it deteriorates the judgment it cannot uphold the town. The brandy of the whites is fire. Therefore, let it be known that it is not lawful to sell it among Basutians, and any man who brings, whether he be black or white, to sell it in the tribes, exposes himself to its being spilled on the ground. And that is all. I am, Moshesh, + (his mark) Chief of the Basutus."

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED ANCIENT CITY.—Some remarkable ruins have been discovered near the river Pecos, ninety miles above Fort Stanton, New Mexico. They are situated on a plain, and are supposed to be a people who have passed away. The city appears to have been built by a warlike race. It is quadrangular.—Many of the buildings on the outer line are pierced with loopholes, as though made for the use of weapons. Several of the buildings are built of large blocks of dark granite rock. There are three buildings, each of which has a front of 300 feet. The walls are now thirty-five feet high. In the centre one there are no partitions, thus forming an immense hall. There are carvings in bas-relief and fresco work in this supposed temple. The blocks of which these buildings are composed are cemented together by mortar of a seemingly bituminous kind. Vast portions of the walls have fallen down, and the blocks remain cemented together.