

first train that had gone West since the flooding of the Platte River, and consequent great wash out of the R. R. For miles we crept along at about three miles an hour, over a road laid on the prairie without ballast, (only a temporary track) parallel to the old road, and witnessed the destruction caused by ice and water. Track torn up, ties, stringers, and trestle-work of bridges lay scattered about the prairie, some of the rails being bent almost double by the force of the ice, large blocks of which still lay around, and one house in particular had the front door covered with an immense block about 10 feet square, and between two and three feet thick. The damage done was tremendous. However, a kind Providence brought us safely through.

Next morning, (Monday) we awoke on the Alkali Plains of Nebraska, and saw hundreds of cattle lying on the prairie dead through starvation, or drowned by the floods. Some lying alone, others in droves of from 10 to 50 in a clump. These Alkali Plains are the deserts of North America. But on Tuesday we passed through some of the finest and most magnificent scenery on the Continent—through Echo Canyon. After having passed the summit of the Rocky Mountains, down grades and around curves, which are startling to some people, mile after mile of down-grade, without steam, past Table Rock, Black Buttes Church, Buttes Steamboat Rock, representing exactly the bow of a large steamboat, on to Pulpit Rock, where Brigham Young preached his first sermon in Utah.

No amount of reading can give any idea of the perils, dangers and hardships through which those hardy exiles passed to reach their promised land at Salt Lake.

But on we rushed, view after view, panorama after panorama, opening to our enchanted eyes, sometimes in narrow defiles with the cliffs towering to the skies on either side, almost darkening the scene. Again, coming into daylight, on a flat, with mountains on all sides, whose tops were covered with snow, whilst at the foot, Mormons and Gentiles were ploughing and sowing. Again, through a rocky defile, side by side, with a rushing mountain torrent which in some places seemed to be an indiscriminate mass of water, trees and rocks tumbling, rolling, grinding and clashing together; on and on past the Devil's Slide, the Witches' Rocks, a cluster of rocks standing alone like woman figures, one in particular, called Dolly Varden Rock, and most appropriately so named, for being a conglomerate it exactly represented the motley color of that fashion of a few years ago, and the action of air and water had moulded it into a perfect representation of a lady of that period standing with her back to the railroad, long train, and pannier complete. On again, past roaring torrents, especially the defile called Devil's Gate, a truly fearful place where the railroad crossed the torrent by an iron bridge of a singular span, and as we stood at the door of the baggage car it nearly took our breath, but on we rushed, no time to stay, and after passing through Wiber Canon, arrived at Ogden, the Junction for Salt Lake City, I should have liked to go and see the old Mormon Tabernacle and the new Temple, our own Church, schools, and other buildings, and to have seen the indefatigable and zealous Bishop Tuttle, but time was short, and so I had to go straight on. Leaving Ogden at 7 p.m., we skirted the edge of Salt Lake for several miles, but night coming on, we went to sleep, and next day we passed through some desolate plains here and there rendered fruitful by irrigation. The land is good, but barren through drought, but it only wants water, and where it has been brought from the mountains, or obtained through artesian wells, the desert literally blossoms, and a green oasis of grain and vegetables delights the eye. Night again, and when morning dawns, what a change appears, no more rushing torrents, or arid, barren plains—all is green; and such a lovely green as I have never seen since I left the old, old home in the green Isles of the Sea. We seemed to be passing through an almost boundless old English park, with its smooth velvet turf, and though we missed the ancient elms and beeches, their place was well supplied by umbrageous live oaks; flowers of every hue met the eye on every side, and the railway for miles was bordered by a bed of *escholtzia californica*, with their bright gold or deep blue. Nor was the change less discernable on the breakfast table—salad, asparagus, fresh strawberries, whetted the appetite. Such was our entrance into the Valley of the Sacramento River in California.

On arriving at Sacramento City we had another proof of a kind, Ever-watching Providence over us. One of the axles of the sleeping car I occupied was discovered to be cracked. Had it broken out-right, probably not one of the passengers in that crowded car would have escaped death. More than one heart sung its "Te Deum" that morning. On, still on, through a lovely country, well cultivated, through orange groves and rice patches, grain and roots, all looking luxuriant, and promising a bountiful harvest, and at 3 p.m. on Thursday, April 7th, we arrived at San Francisco. The party I had joined on the journey, a Mr. Rogers, one of the Engineers of the Canada Pacific, who, with his staff, was going to the Pacific end of the line to survey the route, and expected to meet the surveyors starting from Battleford about August. This gentleman was an old friend from Faribault, Minnesota, so we went together to the Palace Hotel. The building occupies a whole square, and with kitchens, &c., contains over one thousand rooms, including 890-bed and sitting rooms. My

time till Sunday (the day of sailing) was spent in looking after my goods, previously shipped via Panama, making necessary purchases, viewing the city, &c. I owe much pleasure to the kindness of Mr. Richardson, agent for the Lord Bishop of Honolulu, Bishop Kip, and the clergy of the city. On Sunday forenoon I had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Dr. Beers, and the portion of the service allotted to me was celebrant at Holy Communion. At 4 p.m. I went on board the S. S. City of New York, and at 4.30 she slipped her moorings and I entered on my passage across the Pacific Ocean to the Sandwich Islands. We passed through the Golden Gate by daylight, and when we woke in the morning all trace of land had disappeared, and we were on the Pacific Ocean, and indeed it was all the way, not a sea large enough on the whole passage to render it dangerous for a small row boat, with ladies for its crew and passengers, though there was a long swell running from the north-west which caused some of the "weaker vessels," male and female, either to avoid the table or to give back their food to the fishes; but the majority (I amongst the number), enjoyed their 5 meals per diem, i.e., coffee or tea and bread and butter or crackers at 6 a.m., breakfast 8, lunch at noon, dinner at 5.30, and coffee, &c., at 9 p.m.; fruits, dried, and bananas, oranges, &c., in abundance. The table, sleeping arrangements, &c., of the Pacific Mail Line are admirable, good ships, gentlemanly officers, and steady, well disciplined crews. We thought we were specially favoured; our Captain (Seabury) was an old Salt, not certainly a kid-gloved ladies man, but one who, whilst pleasant and agreeable to all his passengers, neglected no minutiae of his duty. Of the first and second officers, engineer and surgeon, I can only say they were the right men in the right place and gentlemen in company.

On Tuesday evening, there was a death on board, the father of the Rev. W. Cruden, formerly of Picton, Nova Scotia, who, with his family, was going to Australia. The old gentleman was 76 years old, ill with dysentery, and very feeble. The surgeon, before leaving San Francisco, told him he could not live to reach even Honolulu, but he said he would not be left behind, but accompany his son, who, I doubt not, is known to very many of your readers. He died at 5 p.m., on Tuesday, April 12, lat. North 32 54, long. West, 13 36. He was buried, or rather consigned to the deep, on Wednesday. At the request of the captain and the Revd. W. Cruden, I read the service. The engines were stopped at 10 a.m., the crew and passengers were assembled amidships; the body, stitched up in canvas, with 100 lbs. of lead at the feet, lay on a board at the gangway. The morning was beautifully calm and bright; flags at half mast. 'Twas a solemn time. The body as it lay there, covered with a flag, was raised as I proceeded, and at the words "We consign his body to the deep, in sure and certain hope," &c., a heavy plunge announced that one had left our small family on shipboard and had "gone higher." The service concluded, the rumble of the screw was resumed, the crew and passengers dispersed, and as the waves closed over the body, so seemed to cease even the ripples of the surface of our life;—everything went on as before. And as the messenger, death, had visited us on Tuesday, another messenger of God visited the ship that night, and two out of three of the before named Rev. gentleman's children were stricken with measles; and on account of the fatality of this disease in the Sandwich Islands and Australia a few years ago, the whole family were put in quarantine on board, and none were permitted to go near or visit them but the surgeon, and when I left the ship, they were still ill, though not dangerously so. The modes of passing time on board ship, fishing for fish and birds (small albatross), shuffle board, etc., etc., were all enjoyed, and sharks, whales, shoals of porpoises, and flying fish, (some of the latter came to visit on board, but they never got back again), kept all hands from ennui. On Good Friday, we had the Church Service in the cabin, and on Easter we had two Services, 10 a.m. in cabin, 3 p.m. on the forward deck, and I had full and attentive congregations. At midnight of Easter Day, we arrived here, the Health Officer boarded us with the pilot, and as we had measles on board, all the passengers for Honolulu were put on easy quarantine, i.e., to report daily to the Health Officer for eight days.

My impressions of Honolulu, its climate, people, productions, Church, etc., I must keep for another time, for although I have been here nearly three weeks, my impressions are not sufficiently matured to be submitted as reliable. In a future letter, I hope to give some new, and correct some erroneous impressions current about the Hawaiian Islands. With many pleasant recollections of the past with you and many of your readers,

I am, my dear GUARDIAN,
Yours in the Gospel,
R. WAINWRIGHT.

SOMETHING OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

Compiled by the Curate of Yarmouth.

No. II.

There was a time, we know, when the whole family of man "was of one language and one speech." Whether or no arts and sciences, perhaps already carried to considerable perfection before the Flood, were for the time lost with their possessors "in the

mighty waters," the people immediately succeeding the Deluge were chiefly given to a nomadic or wandering life, selecting, doubtless, those tracts of land where the best pasturage was to be found for the now once more increasing flocks. "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they came across a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there." There they conceived the mighty project of building a city, whose central object should be a vast Tower, the top of which should pierce the clouds. Many commentators tell us that these people feared another Flood, and built this Tower so that they might find shelter and safety when it came. This does not appear from the story. It was the intention of God that man should "replenish" the earth and subdue it; the whole earth, not only a single limited portion of it. Nimrod, however, would be the head of a powerful state, and keep together in one place a great and ever-increasing multitude of his fellow-men, but his impious designs simply served God's purposes, as seen in the nations of to-day. Suddenly, while the busy hum of the workmen at their toil rose as usual, one man asked his assistant for an implement, or help, in his work, but the other only stared in mute surprise! Had his companion gone mad? He had never heard such sounds before! And on the other side, another called out in tones that were strange to both; while in the distance there rose up some workman's cheery song whose words came naturally enough to the speaker himself, but which were the merest empty sound to those who heard! Doubtless there was blank amazement in many a face that day; not only Babel or confusion reigned, but many a quarrel, too; until, seeking out each one his neighbour who could understand his words, the men, whose very babes lisped the same foreign tongue as they, in bands, turned their backs upon the accursed place, "and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

Pentecost was the reversal of Babel. Gathered at Jerusalem, while from Zion's top there rose up like a mighty column towards Heaven the smoke of sacrifice and incense, and the still more fragrant savour of the people's prayers, were men "out of every nation under Heaven." And once more, "suddenly" a power came from God—before for punishment, but now for blessing—and falling upon the chosen twelve, like tongues of fire, enabled them to go forth and tell "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born" those "glad tidings" which are for "all people." It is a matter of necessity that, if the Revelation from God is to serve its purpose, means must be found to perpetuate these results of Pentecost—the unknown tongue must be made intelligible, "for if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

In the nature of the thing the mastery of the learned languages must be confined to comparatively few, so that they may read for themselves the Book of God. But what of the multitudes of races scattered abroad on the face of the earth? Here and there in history there have been men who have been so marvellously endowed by God with "the gift of the tongues," that they have been able to acquire, almost by miracle, a speedy knowledge of languages and dialects utterly foreign to their own. The most notable instance of this faculty in recent years has, perhaps, been Patteson, the saintly and martyr Bishop of Melanesia, whose power was simply marvellous. But such men are very few, and this cannot meet the need. And how that need has been met has already been hinted at, when we said that the Bible Societies have sent abroad the Divine word to the world in no less than 210 languages and dialects.

We have already, you may remember, spoken of one very early translation of the Old Testament into Greek, called the Septuagint; but the traditions of the Jews discourage all translation. At the present day the Hebrew original alone is read in the public worship of the synagogues, although many among the less informed social grades understand but little, if any, of what is said. And the religion of Mohammedans forbids a change of the Arabic Koran into any equivalent rendering, because, they say—not only the substance of it is uncreated and eternal, subsisting in the essence of the Deity, but the words are "inscribed with a pen of light on the table of His everlasting decrees."

In glancing, however, briefly at the consistent manifestation of a different sentiment ever held by the Anglo-Saxon race, the first observable point is that while most other versions, ancient and modern, have been produced by individuals who have undertaken the work single-handed, or in bodies, and these versions have remained much as they were at first, the English Bible is the work of successive scholars, covering a wide space of time, and only by slow degrees arriving at completion, it may, in fact, be said to be in its present form,—I am sure you will not misunderstand the expression—a growth of centuries.

The religion of Jesus was early introduced into the British Isles. Some of you may remember our classes upon this subject last year, when we endeavoured to bring clearly forward the historic evidence proving the establishment and existence of the Saxon Church before Augustine landed in 596. What copies of the Scripture were in use among the early Christians of England I have, at present, no means of ascertaining; but probably they were the Greek and the *Vetus Latina*. Augustine, of course, would bring with the *Vulgate*, as it is commonly called, and of which, if our papers do not become too lengthy, I will give a brief account by-

and-bye. This, however, being in Latin, would be within the reach only of the more educated. With the pious intention of keeping alive some at least of the truths of Holy Writ in the minds of the common people, *Cadmon*, of whom Bede speaks so highly, a monk of Whitby, wrote a metrical work on the Creation and the Fall of Man, the stories of the Flood, and of Abraham and Moses, etc. Ælfrie and Orm, at different periods, wrote compilations from the Sacred Books, putting them in their own words. These are mentioned here only because they, no doubt, did something to keep these truths within the reach of those who could instruct others.

(To be continued.)

"Notes for Confirmation Classes," No. VIII., will appear in our next issue.

Correspondence.

The columns of THE CHURCH GUARDIAN will be freely open to all who may wish to use them, no matter what the writer's views or opinions may be; but objectionable personal language, or doctrines contrary to the well understood teaching of the Church, will not be admitted.

THE BIBLE.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

SIRS,—As you have called the attention of your readers to the Literary History of the Bible in CHURCH GUARDIAN 26th May, I shall be obliged for information on the Septuagint version. How does Mr. Shreve account for the dissimilarity between the Greek and Hebrew texts? I assume that Mr. S. has compared them.

28th May.

COHEN.

LAWLESSNESS.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

SIRS,—Clergy are sent to to prison for "lawlessness," so-called, who labour incessantly in their holy work. Give your readers the opportunity of seeing what sort of "lawlessness" is allowed per contra by publishing the following:

"From the new edition of *Mackeson's Guidethere* seems to be but one church of the 880 in and around London where morning service is not held every Sunday—St. Mary Magdalene, East Ham, Essex. A correspondent, formerly Churchwarden for several years, draws our attention to this, and adds, 'Not only are the morning services reduced to once a month, but the Litany is now only read once a year, and this in a fine old parish church with 300 sittings (not 150 as stated in the *Guide*), and a double chancel, situate in the midst of a large population, with a tithe commutation exceeding £1,000, and no other church within a mile.'"
—*London Guardian*, April 7th.

I know not if he be still Vicar, but in 1878, according to *Bosworth's Clergy Directory*, the Vicar was S. Harvey Reynolds, M.A., Oxon, Priest of 1864.

I never saw a Ritualistic service, and I have frequently worshipped in churches with "three-deckers" and "Varsity gown," but I do like

FAIR-PLAY.

THE UNBAPTIZED.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian)

SIRS,—I think that in your reply to your correspondent from this Province, as to whether persons not baptized can be elected Church Wardens and Vestrymen, you have fallen into an error. The General Act in this Province regulating the election of Church Wardens and Vestry is Chap. 107 of the 1 Revised Statutes. The electors, by Sec. 5 of that Act, are "the pewholders, or lessees of pews, in any Parish Church or Chapel of Ease connected therewith;" and the persons qualified for election as "such Church Wardens and Vestrymen" are merely required "to be pewholders in the said Church or a Chapel of Ease connected therewith, and resident in the Parish or one adjoining thereto." The only requirements, therefore, are, that they be pewholders and residents in the Parish or the one adjoining thereto; and their being baptized is no more a requirement with them than with the electors. This is still more obvious by Section 6, which provides for the election of Church Wardens and Vestry when the sittings in the Church are free. In this case the provisions are that the persons qualified to vote for and be elected Church Wardens and Vestry are to be male persons of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, resident in the Parish in which such Church is situated, who shall have been for at least six months of the year preceding the election stated hearers and attendants at the worship in the said Church, or some Chapel of Ease connected therewith; and shall, at the time of the election, produce a receipt from the Church Wardens and Vestry of the said Church for the payment of the sum of twenty shillings or upwards in aid of the funds of the said Church for the year preceding the day of election. So, in the qualification for Church Wardens and Vestrymen, you will perceive that Baptism is not included.

Yours, etc.,

LEX.

St. John, N. B., 30th May, 1881.