

For the encouragement of those who have their thoughts turned towards Oregon as that portion of the Lord's vineyard in which they should labor, I would state, that notwithstanding all I have passed through—and I have passed through a great deal; I have been all but killed, and must bear the marks of my wounds conspicuously on my face and hands for life, even if I recover my bodily strength and mental faculties as before, and was likewise robbed of my all, having with me, the proceeds of my property in the states, which I had sold, intending to make Oregon my home for life—yet, I have not regretted, and do not regret my devoting myself to the missionary work in Oregon. I did not even regret it when, lying on the ground in Panama, I expected my last hour had come; the hand of Providence had so plainly pointed out to me, that it was my duty to go as a missionary to Oregon, that I could only say, "The will of the Lord be done. It is sweet to be passive in His hands, and know no will but His." Respectfully yours, JOHN SKELWOOD.

P. S. My post-office address is Portland, O. T., and my brother's, (the Rev. James R. W. Skelwood,) Salem, O. T.

SALEM, Oregon Territory, July 4th, 1856.

NEW SPECIMENS OF BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.

The following are a few examples of the translation in progress by the American Baptist Union.

John iii. 12: If I said to you the earthlies, and you did not believe, how if I say to you the heavenlies will you believe?

Phil. ii. 10: That in the name of Jesus every knee should bend of heavenlies, and of earthlies, and of infernals.

Eph. vi. 2: Struggled not against blood and flesh, but with the principalities, with the powers, with the worldly forces of the darkness of this age, with the spirituals of the badlies in the heavenlies.

Acts iv. 24: Master, thou art the God who made the heaven and the land.

Luke ii. 29: Now, Master, thou lettest thy servant depart in peace.

2 Pet. ii. 1: Destructive sects, denying even the Master who purchased them.

Tit. ii. 9: Exhort bondmen to be obedient to their own masters.

Col. iv. 1: Lords, the just and the equal give to the servants.

John xiii. 14: You title me the Teacher, and the Lord, and you designate me well, for I am.

1 Cor. x. 16: Is it not a partnership of the blood of the Anointed.

2 Cor. xiii. 14: The partnership of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

Eph. iii. 9: To me, who am less than the least of all the consecrated, was this very kindness granted—to publish among the nations the incomprehensible wealth of Anointed.

Acts iii. 19: Repent, therefore, and return, in order to the obliterating of your sins.

2 Tim. iv. 3: Announce the word; be on hand conveniently (and) inconveniently.

Phil. ii. 6-8: Who being in God's form, did not esteem the being like God a robbery; yet he divested himself—he assumed a bondman's form—he existed in a similitude of men; and, being found in appearance as a man, he let himself down—was submissive till death—death, indeed, by a cross.

Col. iii. 10: You have put on the young man.

Gal. vi. 8: He who sowed into the flesh, shall out of the flesh reap corruption.

1 Tim. iii. 16: And, without controversy, the secret of piety is great.

Matt. xx. 27: Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your bondman.

1 Cor. ii. 10: For the Spirit searches all things; yea, the depths of God.

Eph. iv. 11-13: Himself, gave indeed the Apostles, and the prophets, and the Evangelists, and the Teachers, for the adjusting of the consecrated, for a work of the ministry, for building the body of the Anointed, until we, the whole, come into the oneness of the Faith, and thorough knowledge of the Son of God—into a full grown man—into a measure of a stature of the Anointed.

It is difficult to tell which is the most striking, the incoherence or the absurdity of these renderings.

THE AUXILIARY SKEW.—In a letter to the Melbourne papers Dr. Scowby speaks enthusiastically of the "behaviour" of the ship Royal Charter on her recent voyage. The combination of screw with sail (as in the Royal Charter) he considers the best thing for the Australasian voyage:—"For not only is the nomin-

al power of engine of the ship small, and its requirements for speed, &c., moderate, but the consumption of coals is, comparatively, so trifling, that 13 or 14 tons are generally sufficient for a day's steaming, while the whole consumption for the recent passage has scarcely exceeded 200 tons! Yet this power of steam is capable of giving a speed of from seven to eight knots, or if the ship had been lighter, nine knots, and actually carried us through the mid-trade-wind belt of calms, where often weeks are spent in helpless delays, in about three days.—In light winds, or in making the best of a sooty breeze under stay-sails, or advancing head to wind in calms, and, if required, proceeding in and out of port, the auxiliary steam is found to do admirable service."

APHORISMS OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years—receive blessings with thankfulness, and afflictions with resignation.

The best practical moral rule is never to do what we should at any time be ashamed of.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

Think not of doing as you like—do as you ought to do.

To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or in his will to maintain his own cause.

Falsehood, like the dry rot, flourishes the more in proportion as air and light are excluded.

Truth is dangerous indeed; yea—and so are meat and drink; but who will, therefore, resolve to perish with hunger.

Unless the people can be kept in total darkness, it is the wisest way for the advocates of truth to give them full light.

Those are narrow prejudices which would set science and religion against each other, and the practical consequence—the making them indeed adverse, though easy to be foreseen—is often overlooked in practice. If the efforts, formerly made by a bigoted hierarchy, to represent the cultivation of astronomy as opposed to religion, had proved successful, and consequently no Christian had been an astronomer, the result produced by themselves, namely, that no astronomer would have been a Christian, would have been triumphantly appealed to in justification of their censures.

A VERY REMARKABLE THEORY.—A Mr. Mooney has been delivering a lecture at Melbourne on the origin of gold, concerning which he propounded the following novel theory:—"I set out by declaring my belief that gold is the petrified remains of matter which was once animate; and accompanied as it generally is by ocean pebbles, quartz, crystal, and other saline and marine debris, I am of opinion that gold is the petrified fat or marrow of a peculiar fish which once floated over the gold fields when those fields were beds and bottoms of the world's great ocean." In proof of the hypothesis that gold is nothing more than the "petrified" fat of a peculiar fish, the lecturer showed specimens of quartz in which marine shells were embedded. Mr. Mooney also alluded to the fact that iron exists in the human blood, and urged from that position that gold might be deduced from the marrow of fishes!

MORMON EMIGRANTS.—The following animated sketch is from a late letter in the Protestant Churchman:

Fort Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 6th, 1856.

We have lately witnessed here some very strange and painful spectacles, in which these deluded people have largely figured for the last few weeks. An immense number it seems were landed in the Eastern ports, principally Boston, and were brought by railroads to Iowa City, where they encamped until they could get ready for their long and weary journey overland, and on foot, to Salt Lake. They provided a large number of small hand carts, and, so, after the lapse of two months or more, they began to push on their first detachments, numbering some four or five hundred. About three weeks since, the first party passed through here. It was a pitiful sight; our bishop was then with us, and we were riding into the town when we caught sight of the long straggling cavalcade passing over the Des Moines, by the bridge of boats. We drove around some distance to get to the head of the column, and stopped

to talk with them. There were very old men and women; indeed, of all ages from the new born babe to the grand sire of eighty; all tottering on foot, in dust and heat, faint and foot sore, and one or two wagons containing the sick. They seemed full of a dogged determined spirit, though some of the females seemed willing to converse with us, and, in a few instances, would have stayed behind but for their relatives. I asked them a great many questions, mainly with reference to their past condition in life and as to what they expected. In the great majority of these cases they had been Wesleyan Methodists. In some cases Baptists, or Independents; very rarely indeed, members of the Church of England, and when they were from the Established Church, their superiority to the crowd around, in education and manner, was very marked. Our good bishop was so distressed by the spectacle, that I found it difficult to restore his cheerfulness the rest of the day. A young woman said she had been confirmed by the Bishop of Llandaff. I was standing with the Bishop, and Professor Weiser of the Central College of Iowa, as the poor creatures filed on. A woman from Somersetshire stopped to talk with us at our beckoning, and after a few minutes the elder, who was bringing up the rear, came up in a brisk impudent manner, and said, "If you want to talk with these people, I'm your man." I replied, "We are in a free country, sir, and have a right to speak to any one and on any topic in the bounds of decency."

A strange dialogue then followed, during which he ordered the poor woman off on her way.—"Your poor people," said President Weiser, "seem to be suffering very much." "They are," he replied, "we told them to look for it; you know what the Bible says, we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom." "But," says the Bishop, "Salt Lake isn't heaven." "Yes it is," said the elder, "so we believe, and so we teach.—We have a city there which will excel all other cities in the world." "Of what denomination were you," said the bishop? "I was a Presbyterian," he was a thin man, with black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, thin features, busy, bustling, in a coarse cotton shirt, without coat or cravat, and a cane in his hand. I think he was an American by birth, and the only one in the thousand that I have seen pass through. They cannot send them all from Iowa City at once, as even in the detachments of four or five hundred, they drink the wells dry, in a region where, as yet, so few wells are dug. The supply of water in June is everywhere abundant, but the country is new, and wells are few and far between, comparatively. Another party came along last week, numbering some three hundred, and about four hundred passed on yesterday. They had no wagons, except one or two for the sick, and a provision cart. It is a strange sight to see them around a cool well, the bucket rapidly ascending and descending, filling their cans, huddling around like bees; the old, the young, the maimed, the halt, the blind; for their old and maimed are along, as well as the sound and hearty. Last week I followed them some miles, and conversed with various groups. I found some stragglers in the grass so lame and footsore that they could hardly stir. This party, in the main, were better cared for than those that had preceded them. Some seemed to be open to conviction, and willing to stay behind, but, in most cases, they feel that they are in the bright shining of a new light. I asked a woman for the evidence of her faith; she said, her "revelations;" and when I asked "what revelations?" she said, "in dreams and visions." I told her I pitied her delusions. She replied "it's not me that's deluded, but yourself, sir." An old man told me that he had been a Wesleyan, but was a Mormon nineteen years ago. "What," said I, "would Wesley say to see you on such a tramp as this?" "Oh," said he, "he was a good man, no doubt, sir, but had not the light that we have."—"Do you give every tenth day to your leaders?" "And if we do," said he, "it would be only according to the Scriptures!" "And so," said I, "you think polygamy according to the Scriptures?" "I do," said he, "the more help a man has, the more wives he has, and so it is with us." I offered him a reward if he would show me a passage that justified polygamy in the patriarchal, Mosaic, or Christian dispensation, and called his attention to the original institution of marriage, in which a man was to leave his father and mother, and they twain, they two, (not four, six, and forty,) were to become one flesh. He was silent for some minutes. In that party were ninety four Danes, the best looking of the whole. Among them I found one well dressed, good looking man that spoke English. He said he was a Christian, and that he regarded Mormonism as only a branch of the Christian Church, or he would not have any thing to do with it; there was nothing in it opposed to Christ's teaching! So said several;