

intellectual refinement and the critical spirit of the present day, and the great activity of thought as well without as in the church, require our teaching elders to devote their entire time, their every energy, to the work of the ministry; and the day in which they were fed by ravens is long since passed away. It is thus claimed that the itinerant system spares the young man all the time and anxiety, labor and disappointment, incurred in seeking a charge—an immunity which he also continues to enjoy in his pastoral career.

4. It distributes more generally throughout the church both the high and medium talent of its ministry. The benefits of one pastor's eminent accomplishments are not confined to a single parish, but many circuits share in the spiritual feast; while the pastor, who finds himself in an uncongenial field, has before him the prospect of an early change. It also prevents vacancies in the congregations of the church. There is no time lost in replacing a man in any charge; a person adapted to the wants of the place can at once be "thrown in," and the work be kept going on without any long continued intermissions.

J. H. G.

OVERLAND TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

It affords me pleasure to give the friends of the JOURNAL, and especially my fellow-students, a sketch of sights and impressions enjoyed on my late trip from Montreal to San Francisco.

As most of the readers of the JOURNAL are acquainted with, or have heard of the journey to Chicago via G. T. R., anything I could write about it would be superfluous. Leaving Chicago then by the Chicago and Rock Island R.R. the ceaseless pleasures of the long journey begin. Now the cars are finer and the travelling more luxurious. The charms of beholding the beautiful and fertile farms of Illinois and Iowa are enough to make the traveller oblivious to his surroundings. Occasionally he gets off at a station, not only to view the town or village, but also to review the long train of cars, so strong and massive, headed with a truly powerful engine.

Omaha, the Chicago of the West, is reached. This young and thriving city is situated on the Missouri River in Nebraska. It is the most important railway centre west of Chicago and St. Louis, and is destined to become one of the foremost cities in the Union. Within a circle having a radius of 500 miles, of which Omaha is the centre, there are upwards of 12,000,000 people and 26,000 miles of railroad, radiating in every direction. The manufacturing industries are immense. Here is located the largest smelting and refining works in North America. Having rested here a few hours we leave on the Union Pacific R.R. to sweep over the boundless prairies and through the exhilarating breezes of Nebraska. Riding through this State would soon become monotonous only for the grand sights of sheep and cattle ranches, as many as 2,000 or 3,000 head being found in each flock. The buffalo grass, on which they feed, from its dried look, gives the country a desolate appearance, yet it is said to be the richest grass in the world. Stock of all descriptions will forsake every other kind until it is consumed.

At some of the villages in this State were seen the herders, or, as they are commonly called, the "cowboys." They are hard-looking citizens. Their chief pleasure is in a row. Their favorite drink is "whiskey straight," and their highest ambition is to become "a devil of a fellow." They live a hard life and consequently die a hard death; for as people live so they die. Antelopes are another object of interest here. We had the pleasure of seeing at early morn a herd of them chased before the train into the mountains. We did not happen to see the herbivorous prairie dogs—which are often seen on the plains in thousands.

The next territory we pass through is Wyoming, probably the largest stock-raising region in the United States. It is said that 1,000,000 cattle are feeding on its plains. The greater part of this State, through which the U.P.R.R. passes, is barren, with the exception of a thin shrubbery of greasewood and sagewood. The scenery though barren is rugged and bold and made beautiful by the snow-capped mountain peaks. About half way through this territory we are at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on that division which separates the waters of the two oceans. It is 7,030 feet above the sea. A tourist once going through here asked a fellow-traveller, "What was this country made for?" "To hold the rest of it together," was the reply. A good answer; for it is really the backbone of the continent. From here to the Pacific we are descending in some places at the rate of 116 feet per mile.

After passing over several hundred miles of a desolate country we find ourselves in the notorious territory of Utah. It was entered with feelings of prejudice, but the glories of Echo and Weber rocks and canons soon exchanged them for feelings of awe and wonder. Great upheavals of basaltic rocks—rocks besides which those of the Laurentian mountains are pigmies—rose up in astounding abruptness and massiveness. The cars, which before appeared so strong and massive, were now dwarfed into baby carriages. No wonder that many of these boulders receive divine names, for man does feel as if he stood in the presence of Divinity, and is led to exclaim with the psalmist "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Arriving at Ogden we take the Central Pacific R.R. for San Francisco. After passing along the "Great Salt Lake" we soon arrive in the State of Nevada, which is a great mining and lumbering country. Nothing particularly new was seen in this State, except at some stations a number of nicely clad and painted squaws, who frequented the train to beg food, which they received in considerable quantities. After passing into the golden State of California we enter the Sierra Nevada mountains. The scenery for many miles cannot be better described than in the words of Whittier:

"Before me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake,
Whose long and solemn sounding waves
Against the sunset break."

In these mountains we passed through several tunnels and snowsheds. The longest snowshed is 43 miles. While passing through it we feel the loss of being shut in from "nature's lake and mountain charms," but soon we are out again, as the setting sun casts his last glorious rays across the mountains, lighting up the snowy peaks in gorgeous splendor. Then the pale moon rises in her resplendent majesty and lightens the piny mountains and yawning canons. Fortunately, we soon pass along the top edge of the Great American Canon, the finest on the Pacific R.R. No pen nor tongue can give the sight an adequate description, as the train winds along the mountain side. On one side of it we are overawed by the lofty bluffs, while on the other side two thousand feet below run, like a silver cord, the quiet waters of the American river. Yonder, in the distance, "is a sea, yea, an ocean of mountains."

The sight was bewildering. The pleasure enjoyed shall never be forgotten. The achievement of railway engineering, daring and skill surmounting the formidable obstacles of nature as manifested in the Sierra Nevada mountains, is one of the grandest exhibitions of the wisdom and genius of man. Several of us stood on the car platform till eleven o'clock beholding these transporting views.

On waking next morning we found ourselves within seventy-five miles of our destination. To write of the rich farms, orchards and vineyards of California would make this account too long. Having reached Oakland, the Brooklyn of San Francisco, the bay was crossed in the great ferry boat, and at last, after seven days' travel, I landed safely in the city of the Golden Gate.

J. C. CAMPBELL.

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Don't spread yourselves in the "press." Avoid the demeaning practice which not a few ministers (some of them gray-haired doctors) follow of "writing themselves up" in the papers, or getting other people to do it for them, which is as bad or worse. Any such self-seeking and self-spreading avoid as you would the devil; for it is the devil, if people only knew it.—Rev. Dr. Jenkins.