THE MORNING OREGONIAN, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1902.

HOME MISSIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST AN ADDRESS BY REV. EDGAR P. HILL, OF PORTLAND, BEFORE THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1902

history of the City of St. Louis. It reads ns follows: "In 1822 four Finthend Indians from Oregon came to this city in search of the white man's book." The neene in the frontier audience-room when those redskins stood before General Clark Synod of the Columbia. In 1890 the is worthy a panel of honor at the National Capital. That was one of the great moments in our National life. It announced the beginning of a new epoch in the territorial expansion. It brought face to face a disappearing race and its white conqueror. Most thrilling, most pathetic conqueror. Most thrining, most pathead of all was the religious significance of that notable scene. The dusky strangers shams. They have not feared to declare had picked their way through trackless forents, over inhospitable plains, past hos-tile tribes, to beg of the white man a copy of that mysterious book, written by the finger of the Great Spirit, Centuries before an apostle had heard the

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in those days. Therefore the visitors to the Master. The hand that grasps were taken to the dancehouses. They yours is not dainty and white, like that is not dainty and white, like that of the fashionable preacher who spends worshiped with candles. They were en-tertained at sumptuous feasts. Then they turned towards the West with heavy and brown and strong. He has ridden 35 hearts. "You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts," their spokesman said: "and my moccasins will grow old in carhearts. rying them, but the book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, in the big council, that I did not bring the them. When I tell my poor, blind people, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in slience. It is the trip through the cow counties. Last Tueshunting grounds

with profound emotion. Heroic souls On Wednesday he went with the local

ginnings of missions on the Pacific Coast! printings of missions of the Fachic Coast: Fifty years ago the far West was a place of enchantment. The streams of Call-fornia seemed paved with gold. Men became rich in a day. While at the north became rich in a day. While at the north on the Columbia, picturesque John Me-trout stream within 25 miles of his staformation formation in a day. Where John Mc-became rich in a day. Where John Mc-for the Columbia, picturesque John Mc-Loughlin was holding his court at old Fort Vancouver. like a baron of the middle ages. A peculiar interest attaches to the mission work of those days, by to the mission work of the men, the been assassinated, said, "I'm glad of it, be ought to have been killed long ago."

momentous results which have and come and are sure to follow. First, let us notice the work of our missionaries in the Pacific Northwesi. In the cre and said. "My friend, I under-stand that you said this morning that the movement which resulted in the building up of California. The Argonaucs went out in search of gold. The Oregon pioneers went out to find homes. The gold excitement attracted to the South many adventurers and desperadoes who became a terror to the law-abiding element. established quiet villages. The Califor-nian was apt to be a man of loose mor-als, who had little regard for things religious, whose plan was to make his stake and return to the East. The typi-cal Orogonian was a man of a different stamp. He carried with him some books. some seeds, drove a few head of stock, and went out to find a permanent home-

My text is in the second chapter of the | and New York. Penhayivania, Ohio, Jill- | large dimensions and that its first co nois, Indiana and Iowa, with enough over to make a state the size of South Caro- speculation. Ina. In 1876 the Synod of the Pacific was di-vided into the Synod of California and Mill, on the Sacramento, than multitudes the Synod of Oregon and the Synod of Washington. For over half a century the home missionaries of the Pacific North-west have plunged into the forests, picked their way along the trails of the miners, the whole counsel of God to men who of our home missionary soldiers-your home missionary soldiers whose heroisms are rarely heraided abroad and who have turies before an apostle had heard the cry from afar, "Come over and help us." But these modern Macedonians in-stend of asking some one to come to them, had gone in search of the bless-ing. At the risk of their lives they had nade a perilous journey of 2000 miles to esen of the white man's heaven. Dr. Nichols did not live in St. Louis people will die in darkness, and they i go on the long path to the other with his feit hat drawn down over his eyes, trying to catch a wink of sleep be-The story of this incident was circulated tween joits as he drew near the end of a journey of 180 miles from the railroad. with protound condertake the dangerous mission. In four years, two missionaries mission. In four years, two missionaries with their brides were on their way to the West with the white man's book. The West with the white man's book. heard a sermon in 20 years. Last year he traveled by stage and horseback and

you were glad our President had been shot. You ought to be ashamed of your-self. I want to tell to you that if I ever hear of you saying such a thing again I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had." The Anarchist looked the preacher over for a moment, as if noting the broad The men who settled the North and the plains with their families and be would never say such a thing again. That is the way our home missionaries That is the way our home missionaries ism. Have you any idea of the monotony amidst which some of those men live and move and have their being? It is one thing to grow excited over the sparkling pages of the Sky Pilot. It is a second thing to visit a lumber camp for a day, and went out to find a permanent home. Modern California began as a mining camp. The Oregon and Washington of today have grown from the peaceful ag-ricultural settlements of a half century ago. There is one name that stands out before all the rest in the history of those carly days. We love to tell of our hero. We regard him as one of the great men of the Nation. His courage, his fat-see-ing wisdom, his consecration to the cause of his master, furnish material for a National cpic. You of Massachusetts deor spend a few hours in a rollicking min Netional cpic. You of Massachusetts de-light to tell of Samuel Adams, the pa-triot. You of Ohio tell of your Garfield, the statesman. You of Illinois tell of your Lincoln, the martyr. We, from the west, come to you with the name of one who was us patriotic as Adams, as states-manlike as Garfield, and who, like Lin-coln, wears the crown of martyrdom-Marcus Whitman, the Presbyterian eller and home missionary. National cpic. You of Massachusetts de-light to tell of Samuel Adams, the pa-triot. You of Ohio tell of your Garfield. friend of mine was traveling in Eastern be theirs. For 14 long years the mother had slaved on that ranch." During all his pony and was off with his men. He often found it necessary to go to the Pacific Ocean, thus preparing the or those who were to follow. panionships and his digressions. He was a good man and loved his family, but But it is well to remember that six he was thoughtless and allowed the wife hell. were to visit the town, 70 miles away The rancher had promised them that in the Fall they could go with him to market his stock. How excited they were as they told the stranger about it all. How many things they were going to see, and buy! What a good rest they were going to have! Their hands fairly flew as the vision floated before them and lured them on. Then while the smiles of anticipation were still on their faces, the rancher came in. He was a great rough broad-Barrows, the historian, well says that long with the historic scenes of Balboa search of some missing stock, which was not found. He was disappointed and cross. After greeting the visitor, he flung himself into a chair and began the conversation with two blundering sen-tences which seemed to snap the strings of two poor hearts. "We can't go to town this Fall, We'll have to put R off another year." The little girl's eyes in-stantly sought the mother's face in dumb bewilderment, and the two stood, for a moment as if eachbrack the due moment, as if paralyzed by the disap-pointment. The daughter whispered, "Mamma, can't we go?" The mother motioned to the child to keep still and the two turned to stagger along towards the old tasks. And I suppose that they will never know very much what a city really is, until they behold that city which hath undations, whose builder and maker is God. It is to such people that our home missionaries minister. It is in such surroundings that they live. It is such crushonotony that some of them must . Will you be surprised if I tell ing me endure. you that sometimes at the Spring meeting of presbytery one of them has been over-heard saying to another: "I wish it was my turn to go to the assembly. I haven't seen my parents for 12 years. And my wife wants to visit her old mother just once more before she dies." God bless the ne missionaries of the land, those patient, courageous, devoted soldiers of the cross. The Nation has no braver defenders and the church in all its ministry no maniler, more faithful men. California is the big state geographically and almost every other way. Victor Hugo reminds us that the land of Job bred mon-Victor Hugo sters. There the cat became a tiger, the lizard a crocodile, the pig a rhinoceros, the snake a boa constrictor, the nettle a cactus, and the wind a simoon. But Hugo had never seen California. Think of going a bass weighing 300 pounds. Think of going 'farmers should not thins of going to Alaska, since no agricultural products of any kind can be successfully raised in that country.' A special Government and looking straight up to its top, 3000 feet above you. Think of driving through ment of Agriculture brings us a very

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scious throb was in a paroxysm of wild

No sooner did the news reach the East began to turn their faces towards the West. Lawyers closed their offices, farmers left the plows, merchants disposed of their goods and took ship for the long voyage. But along with the eager argonauts, lustful for gold, went men of equal daring, but of more consecrated spirit, whose ambition was the saving of souls. The three W's, as they are affectionately called, had largely to do with the beginnings of our work in California, Gold was discovered in February, 1848. In De-cember of that same year Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge was on his way to the Golden Gate, and in April, 1849, at Benicia, organized the first Protestant church in California. Rev. Albert Williams followed the first "W" in two months and in the following May, organized the First Presby-

way, the Indians call "McKinley moose," turned into the pasture that he might photograph them, when to his astonishment he found that the cattle were soon totally out of sight in the tail grass, which reached above their backs. He re-

ported to the Government that Alaska can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each, to 200,000 families. While, in addition to all this, it is the judmgent of the most conservative men there, that the gold sup ply, instead of being almost exhausted, as yet has hardly been touched. Long before the discovery of gold on the Yu-kon turned the attention of the world to-wards Alaska, the Presbyterian Church was establishing missions, training the natives and building up its splendid industrial plant in Sitka. For many years Dr. Lindsley, of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, bore upon his heart the needs of the Alaskan Indians. In 1800, when William H. Seward was return-ing from the North, the eager pastor met the secretary in Victoria and talked with him concerning the people of the newly acquired territory. He organized the first American church there. He secured the money and materials for the first church

horses in the Fall of 1500 and the next Spring had rounded up 43 of them alive and well. He discovered that in one stretch of 400 miles along the Yukon there were 2,000,000 acres of good pasture and farm land. At one of the mission stations he asked that the cattle, which, by the way the Indiane cattle which, by the rand the Indiane cattle which by the statue of show and for nine iong randers of show and for nine iong es the surora, built about them gres. ramparts of snow, and for nine long months shut them in. Gambel and his wife, on the way to their lonely station on St. Lawrence Island, found graves in the depth of an Arctic sea. At Juneau in the depin of an Arctic set. At Some and and Wrangel and Skagway and Nome and the rest, our home missionaries are at work endeavoring to lay deep and strong the foundations of a great empire. How can we sit with folded arms or offer perfunctory prayers when new lands are be-ing discovered, great macrifices are being made in the name of Jesus, and vast possibilities await the putting forth of our hands? Even a hasty review of the home mission enterprises on the Pacific Coast produces some profound impressions. The returns are quick, abundant and substan-tial. In religious work it is much as it la in soil culture. One year a traveler through the Yakima Valley in Washing-ton, or through the chaparral country of Lower California might see only vast desolate stretches, where even a vulture could hardly exist. Five years afterwards, the same traveler, passing through the same country, might find himself in such a garden spot as his eyes never looked upon. lowing May, organized the rist freesy-terian Church of San Francisco, with six members. The third "W." Rev. James Woods, left New York in May, 1845, and reached his destinution after a voyage of The simple turning of a little stream from its course is able to work such won-

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THE COUNTRY HOME OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, TEMPORARILY THE EXECUTIVE MANSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

three months. That the experiences of tives of the North, Rev. S. Hall Young, Board of Home Missions has helped to pro-Mr. Woods on the ocean were not alto- who has returned to his former field of gins his delightful book of reminiscences. "The sweetest music I ever heard of earthly note or ever expect to hear, until the melody of golden harps shall break upon the enraptured spirit, was the rattling of the iron cable singing the march of the chor to the bottom of the sea, to grapple with the rocks and hold us to safe moving into the harbor of San Francisco." To Mr. Woods belongs the honor of building the first Presbyterian church in the

duce. gether to his taste, we may infer from infor, began work at Fort Wrangel in 1878. Missionary stood under a live oak across the ingenuous remark with which he be-It was there that the first Presbyterian the bay from San Francisco, and delivered church in Alaska was organized in the ka's missionary bishop. He has been with the work practically from the beginning. To his indomitable energy and clear vision is largely due our success in that fascin-ating field, while the President of the United States brought honor to himself that vast empire, a man who went forth ing the first fresbyterian church in the state, at Stockton, in 1850. One is bewil-dered as he confronts the wealth of ma-terial which early Presbyterianism in California affords. Our home missionaries were unitring as the gold seekers. They sought out the most remote camps, with the eagerness of prospectors. They scied strategic points with the foresight and skill of a statesman. The scholarly Dr. sought out out of prospectors. They seized the eagerness of prospectors. They seized strategic points with the foresight and skill of a statesman. The scholarly Dr. Scott, fresh from a church of commanding inducates in New Orieans, brought to the toducate in New Orieans, brought to the and administration. He was a leading button, When the ballot-box was passed spirit in laying the foundation of our every one in turn was to put his hand in Theological Seminary now located at San the box. If he ratified the nomination Angelmo. We may get some idea of the he was to retain the button, but if not stuff of which those men were made by the button was to be dropped. Accordingrecalling the reply of young Brier, who when asked by the board secretary, where he wanted to go, replied, "Give me had dropped his button. Thinking there had dropped his button. Thinking there might have been a mistake, the missionary ordered another election, and again one button was found in the box. The missionary was perplexed. He determined to find out why any one should oppose his nommee. Therefore he requested that the man who put in the button should come to his house the next afternoon and explain. At the appointed time, an Indian appeared and said: "I am the man," "What objection have you to my nom-inee"" asked the missionary. "Well, not long ago, that man and I went to Bella Bella to trade. The storekeeper gave him a dollar too much in change. When he saw it he whispered to me and said, 'Shall I keep it? I said, 'No, that would be stealand he gave it back. But I think that a man who would even stop to ask such a question is not fit to be a councilman. Are all your Aldermen so exceedingly Are all your Aldermen so exceedings conscientious that they would hesitate about keeping a dollar which was not theirs, and would then give it back to its rightful owner? Sometimes returning tourists, after spending their time peeking into dance houses and investigating the quarters of the ranch Indians, insist that Let missions in Alaska are a failure. me tell you another story. A few years ago, while on an excursion to Alaska, I ple an object lesson. A young Indian om New Metlakahtla, to whom I had been introduced, came on board. sulted with him and arranged a plan into which he entered with the greatest eager-ness. When the hour came for worship the dining-saloon was crowded with wor-shipers. I conducted the services up to the time for the sermon. Then I said: "When you return to the States, you will want to tell the people som-thing about Alaska missions. This morning we have with us a full-blooded Indian, whose an-cestors were such people as you have seen in the ranches. I have asked him to

the first sermon ever preached in the litfollowing year. Dr. Sheldon Jackson is recognized throughout our church as Alas-ka's missionary bishop. He has been with the work practically from the beginning. Church is a tower of strength. Fifty-three years ago tomorrow a home missionary oris not only the best soap ganized the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco with six members. Only a few years passed by, when a member for toilet and bath but also when he called to the highest office in | of that congregation gave \$300,000 to equip for shaving. Pears was our Theological Seminary at San Anselmo Forty years ago the Board of Home Misthe inventor of shavingsions decided to invest some money in a dittle town on the Willamette River, in Oregon. It put in \$400 the first year, \$300 the second year, and \$200 in each of the folstick soap. lowing years. And this was the result, financially stated. In the five years from 1889 to 1894 inclusive, that one church in which the Board of Home Missions invest ed a total of \$1100, gave back to the cause of home missions in round numbers the sum of \$45,090. It mised for the other agencies of the church, including congregational expenses, the sum of \$250,000, and gave another quarter of a million to equip one of the finest academies to be found between the oceans. Even a California real estate boomer has no such in vestments to offer. And I feel that it would be wrong, even in the most cursory review, to omit men-tion of the fact that into the membership of the church, which the Board of Home Missions started away off there in Oregon 40 years ago, there came two men of large and consecrated wealth, whose names de-serve to be known and held in honor by Presbyterians everywhere, Williams S Ladd and Henry W. Corbett for over a quarter of a century gave with princely generosity to all the agencies of our de-nomination. And it is generally under-stood that there is hardly a Presbyterian Church building in the State of Oregon. Washington and Idaho, in which those royal men did not invest at least a hundred dollars each. Well, if-the churches on the Pacific Coast are thus rolling in wealth, how comes \$ that we make our pitiful appeals in the East for help and urge Sunday-School scholars to save up their pennies to send the gospel to the destitute places of Pacific Coast? Let we tell you. I have simply been showing you two or three big pumpking to give some idea of the possible yield, if only the soil were brought under culti-vation. We have a rich, vast territory. but it is very sparsely settled as yet and the men of wealth in our churches are very few. Out of the States of Callfornia, Oregon, and Washington might be ago, while on an excursion to Anasa' i forma, Orgon, and Wannington might be overheard the passengers criticising the work of the missionaries until my cheeks flushed with indignation. On the Sab-bath I was invited to conduct services of shipboard, and determined to give the 300 churches, most of them strong and well setts. In your synod qf New Jersey, you have over 75,000 Presbyterians, and over 390 churches, most of them strong and well equipped; while we, covering a territory 40 times as large, have only a little over half as many members, and our really strong churches could be counted on the fingers of your two hands. Oregon, which covers a territory as large as the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined, has only three Presbyterian Churches that have a membership of even 200. We have single counties as large as the entire State of Delaware, with only one Preabyterian missionary within its bounds. How stupendous the task! How vast the possibilities! With what engerness the church should spring to the work! The eyes of multitudes in the East are in the rances, I have asked min to should spring to the work: The eyes of multitudes in the East are now being turned toward our Western sea. The Puget Sound County is attracting hosts of bright, brainy, busy youths from the older States. Lumbermen are coming commanded instant alternon. Iarge head. His hair was as black as a raven's wing. He was a college grad-uate, and an accomplished musician. He had taken a course in law, and had just inished the middle year in the theological seminary. In choice English he spoke for over half an hour, telling of the mar-velous changes that had come to his peo-velous changes that had one to his peo-there 40 the one-the one-one-the one-one-the one-one-the one-one-the one-one-one-the one-one-one-the one-one As he closed his flashing eyes, "And named it after one of our cities, the Olympls. At Santiago the one battle ship that called forth the world's unanimous admiration and wonder by means of its marvelous 13,000-mile voyage and its inspiring dash, we had constructed on the Western Coast and christened, the Oregon. The Pacific Coast has suddenly assumed a new significance. As by the turn of a All the world forces are seen gathered about the Western Sea, as on a vast crystal paved battle field to engage in C

Less than 50 years ago a home

from Russia. Great ship freighters are now on the stocks in the American yards which are intended to help win for Ameri-ca, the world's commercial supremacy The political powers of the earth are gathered about the Western Sea, as it preparing for the final conflict. China is there with such possibilities of evil as make us afraid to think; with such possiofficies of good as to bewilder our hopes Japan is there, alert and aggressive. Eng-land is there with mighty feets and vast interests. Germany and France and the Netherlands are all there cager and ex-pectant. Russia, resistless and mysterious, has at inst made its way overland to the scene of greatest interest; while in a day the United States has made its way over sea, and confronts the rest. There they seem to pause for a moment awaiting a signal. Who has the audacity to prophesy days and ways? Who is as faithless as to question the result? The religions of the world are gathered about the Western Sea getting in readiness for the culminat-ing battle. The followers of Confuctus are there by the millions. Buddha's Monks long ago curried the message of their master to the lands that fringe the Pa-cific. The followers of the Arabian prophet, numbering 20,000,000, in Southern China alone are pushing their campaign with fanatical enthusinsm. While the soldiers of the cross, moving westward from the Asiatic home, have now almost encor passed the globe, and with the resistie strength of wealth and intelligence and spiritual power at their command, have sent ahead their scouts for the battle of Armageddon, Twenty-five years from now the conflict will be at its height, and in 50 years, the victory may be won. Then

let the church at once mass its strength there on the Pacific. What General ever acquired triumph by sending camp follow ers and the disabled to the front. Sensy your strongest into the mountains and to the North, where men dig for gold, and into the forests, where the future cities are to be. Strengthen the school of the prophets at the Golden Gate. Give us a strong Christian College, that shall com mand the great Columbia River basin fo Christ. Then eager hands will carry the banner of the cross on and on toward the farther West until it halts at last on Calvary, whence it started so long ago. In the village of Chamouni nestied trustfully in a Swiss village, is a beautifu bronze monument crected to the memory of Saussure, the Swiss geologist, who was one of the first to stand on the summit of Mouni Blanc. Balmat, the guide, stands at one side looking into Saussure's face, with his outstretched finger pointing to some object in the distance. The geo-logist with wide-open eyes, is looking in the direction indicated by the guide. In-stinctively the traveler turns and looks upward, when behold there stands the upward, which defined there stands for monarch of the Alps, as calm as if mode for eternity and as beautiful as if fresh from the hand of God. I would that some such plece of bronze were given a place in this throbbing commercial center of the world's life. I would place upon Its pedestal the prophetic words of Thomas H. Benton, who turning towards the Rockies, said: "There lies the East. There lies India." I would that the out-stretched untiring finger might remind your financiero that yonder are the opportunities, might be to your statesmen an unfailing inspiration, and that it might arouse the hosts of Christ for their conmate triumph



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Dr. Whitman, with his young bride, and Rev. H. H. Spalding, also recently married and accompanied by his wife, crossed the plains in 1855. They established a mission on the Upper Columbia, near the present city of Walla Walla. General John C. Fremont is popularly known as the "pathfinder." We think of this daring soldier threading his way nast marilies soldier threading his way past warlike often found it necessary to go to the Indians and over unknown alkali descris railroad, 70 miles away. He had his com-

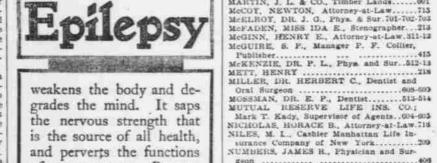
years before the gallant soldier had dis-covered the famous South Paes in the chained to their oars. But at last they covered the famous South Pass in the Rockies, two Presbyterian Home Mis-sionaries and their young wives had gone ahead to prepare the way for the path-finder. When Whitman and his party had passed the spot which marks the dividing line between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific slope, they stopped and dismounted. Spreading their blankets, they lifted the American fing, read a chapter rom God's word, and took possession of the land in the name of Christ and the Church.

along with the historic scenes of Balboa at Panama, and the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, there should be a place for the picture of these Home Missionaries kneel-ing around the open Book, with the

American flag floating overhead. You are all familiar, no doubt, with the story of Whitman's ride to Washington in the Winter of 1842-3. You have no-ticed also, perhaps, the attempts to be-little the service of Whitman by those who insist that the Northwest Pacific would have been saved to the United States even if that Winter's ride had not been taken.

And now it will be in brder for some one to rob Columbus of his glory, by in-sisting that America would have been dis-covered, even if he had never lived, and Washington of his, by declaring that the colonies might have become free without his help, and Lincoln of his, by trying to prove that emancipation might have come in some other way. The fact remains that Marcus Whitman, with a single companion, did make that fearful journey through the snow to tell the President that the British were planning to seize the Territory. He did plead carnestly with Presi-dent Tyler and Secretary Webster, to hold the land. He did guide a great wagon train across the prairies, and thus insure the Territory for the Stars and Stripes. Therefore, we have the right to place in our column the little salary paid to Mar-cus Whitman. Missionary to the Cayuse Indians, and in the other the almost fabulous wealth of Idaho, Oregon, Wash-ington, and Alaska, and to say to the sceptic. "Here reckon up for yourself the indebtedness of this nation to the cause of Home Missions." The First Presbyterian Church on the Pacific Coast was organized in 1846 by the Rev. Lewis Thompson, at Clatsop Plains, Gregon, near the spot were Lewis and Clarke spent a Winter 40 years before, between their memorial expeditions across the continent. the hardest field you have," and he was sent to California. The experiences of the missionaries were often exciting, if not always altogether pleasant. One preacher, on being shown to his room at the hotel, noticed a hole in one of the window panes at the head of the bed. "How did that get there?" asked the preacher. "Oh." replied the landlord languidly, "A man was shot in that bed yesterday." It was common thing to hear the remark, We are having a very quiet time. No one has been killed for a week. It is time we had a free fight and some funerals, It took men of grace and grit to move calmly through such scenes, and, looking into the faces of men who thought no more of shooting down a man than a dog, to tell them that they were on the swift road to hell. The synodical missionary for so many years (Thomas Fraser) swept his eye over his vast field, which, as some one has out it, extended from San Diego to the North Pole, and directed his troops like a trained general. Going down into the chaparral and sagebrush and gravel of Southern California, he found little settlement largely composed of Spanards, where some Presbyterian work had been begun and ubandoned. Writing back to the board he said: "There are places which the Presbyterian Church must take and hold, regardless of expense, as Eng-land holds Gibraltar." Back came the word indicating a comminging of scepticism in the field, with confidence in the man: "If you begin that work it must be The on your own faith, not on ours." work was reorganized. In a few years new people began to pour in. A \$50,000 church was built. Colonies were sent out to form other organizations. Today there are upon the floor of this assembly representatives from that settlement in the chaparral bushes which Dr. Fraser visited in 1874. They are here representing 3500 Presbyterian church members, to invite Presbyterlan this General Assembly to meet next year in their beautiful city of Los Angeles to partake of such hospitality as only Californians know how to give, And what shall I say more? The time would fai' me to tell of the abundant labors of Willey and Douglas and Bell and Burrows and Harmon and Walsworth, and Alexander, who organized churches, pfanted schools ndured hardships. All these have "ob tained a good report" and most of them have entered into their reward. You who have never been in the Pa-cific Northwest think of Alaska as a frozen waste, which has been brought to the world's attention temporarily by the discovery of gold, and which in a few years will be given over again to the sealhunters and the Esquimaux. You who have sailed along the beautiful flords of the Northland in an excursion steamer, think of it as a land of magnificent scen ery, of great rivers of ice, by the side of which the glaciers of Switzerland would seem hardly large enough to supply an ordinary ice chest, and which after a few years will become a play-ground for tourists. I pick up the latest folder, sent out by one of the transcon tinental railroads, which are always sup-posed to speak the truth, and read that "farmers should not think of going to

whom William Duhchn had found there 40 years before, had their canneries, their stores, their printing presses, their schools at Manila and to the splendid victory, bore and their churches. address, he said with flashing eyes, "And now I want you to know, that all this has come about, not through the Government, for the Government was here be-fore, and not through the traders, for they have brought up only their vices; but through the simple preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ." The people list-ened with breathless interest, and when the service was over one who had been the joudest in denunciation of the mission-aries came forward and said: "I have All the world forces are seen gathered been converted." I have the pleasure of introducing to you today that young memorial expeditions across the continent, The Freshytery of Oregon was organized in 1851. The Synod of the Pacific, Includ-in 1851. The Synod of the Pacific, Includ-in 1851. The Synod of the Pacific, Includ-in 1851. The Synod of the Pacific, Includ-ing the present States of California, Ore-gon, Idaho, and part of Montana was or-gon, Idaho, and part of Montana was or-gonized in 1850 in San Francisco. It was not has its eye chronically focused for in the store of Galilee. It has been aptly remarked that Cali-fornia has its eye chronically focused for



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