

olic faith, as was the case during the Rebellion, do you not see that it would have been, humanly speaking, impossible to free the slaves and preserve the Union?

The divine Providence is the key to our national history. The British lion chained at the 49th parallel of north latitude; Mexico backed by France rendered powerless by the previous conquest of her western territory; and California pouring her gold and her men into the Union side during the struggle for freedom are God's providential way of saying to a missionary age, "one hundred fold in this world and in the world to come eternal life."

Once more, while we sometimes entertain an undue prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church, yet no candid man can doubt that the Protestant faith is far more helpful to free institutions and to modern civilization than is the faith of Rome. But the contest in Oregon was a struggle between the Jesuit and the Protestant. Had not Jason Lee gone to Oregon in '34 and led out American missionaries and settlers, had not Marcus Whitman followed his missionary call in '35 and led over nine hundred more American settlers in '43, had not the four or five thousand American settlers organized a provincial government in '43 and elected a Methodist missionary governor, the Jesuits, backed by Great Britain in the north, and by Mexico and France in the south, would to-day hold our western coast and shape its civilization for the twentieth century. A territory larger and richer than the Atlantic seaboard saved to our government, the whole Pacific slope thrown into the balance of freedom in the greatest contest of the nineteenth century, and the civilization of the richest part of the globe started under Protestant auspices for the twentieth century is God's providential answer to the faith of Jason and Daniel Lee, and Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spaulding and the unnamed heroes and heroines who died for the Oregon mission, and whose bones rest in unknown graves in the valley of the Willamette. When the population of that golden coast rises to thirty millions, will not the landing-place of the ship that sailed from Boston with Methodist missionaries in 1836 be the Plymouth Rock of the Pacific, and Whitman Institute and Willamette University be their Harvard and their Yale? Will there not arise a Longfellow or a Buchanan Read to sing of a ride more heroic than Sheridan's, and of far greater importance than that of Paul Revere? Will not a spiritual descendant of a Mrs. Hemans arise to sing of a second pilgrim band who left home and native land not for freedom to worship God themselves, but to carry light to those who sat in darkness?