

## JASON LEE: NEW EVIDENCE ON THE MISSIONARY AND COLONIZER

The council meeting of the Flatheads, far up along the headwaters of the Columbia River beyond the Rockies, sending for the light of life, occurred in the spring of 1832. It was at the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session in Baltimore at the same time, that legislation was written into the laws of the church enabling her men of evangelism to initiate such a movement as this unprecedented Flathead mission and the sending of Jason Lee. It was providential guidance soon to appear from the news of the deputation seeking the Book.

The life story of this original missionary among the Oregon tribes is being better known now in the light of his strategic influence in founding potential colonies.

The ancestry of Jason Lee was Puritan. When Thomas Hooker established Newtown, Cambridge, for the Massachusetts Bay Company in 1634, he included in his roster of fifty-four devout settlers one John Lee. This lover of liberty was the earliest American progenitor of our missionary colonizer. He was present at the founding of the City of Hartford, Connecticut, the following year, and later was one of eighty-five who purchased from the Indians a tract of land in the Connecticut Valley comprising one hundred and twenty-five square miles. For a century and a half his descendants shared in every colonial struggle, civil and religious, down to the war for independence. In the lineage of his youngest daughter, Tabitha, were the famous scout of Washington, Nathan Hale, and the illustrious minister, Edward Everett Hale. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Daniel Lee, the father of Jason, was living at Willington, and promptly responded as a Minute Man at the first alarm and Lexington. He served at the siege of Boston, and fought in the campaigns in the Jerseys and New York. The mother of Jason Lee, Sarah Whitaker, was also born in the wilderness of Connecticut. When she was a babe a great bear stalked into the cabin bent on mischief, but was intercepted by her father, unarmed, driven to the forest and shot. After fifteen years of pioneer home-making, the Lees removed to Ruthland, in the Green Mountain State, when but a regiment of people had settled there as on picket duty. In the exuberance of new-gotten liberty, with others seeking wider opportunities, they pushed still farther north into the dense uninhabited forests at the east of Lake Memphremagog and began their permanent home on four hundred virgin acres. Here a family of fifteen children was raised, the youngest being christened Jason. Here

the father was converted when fifty years old, and after two years of pious living was called from pioneer privations to rest above. The devoted Methodist mother now proved the heroine in personal sacrifice, and with the aid of the unseen friend of the widow raised her brood with discretion.

Jason Lee was born June 28, 1803, the centennial of the birth of John Wesley. A discrepancy of a day has been frequently made, but this date is given in Lee's own journal. The exact day is memorable, and he who labored so providentially for experimental Christianity had a worthy advocate among the distant natives of Oregon. It was also the year of the purchase of Louisiana, and President Jefferson's advocacy of a continent-spanning expedition to spy out this River of the West before the British should gain control. In such a year, and when the churches were adopting the camp meeting for spirited conquest, our missionary colonizer was born.

The nationality of Jason Lee is in no sense in doubt from the foregoing facts and the long extending sequel of events. From the first American ancestor the family was Puritan, and his father was a fighting colonist, who later, 1818, became a United States pensioner. The boundary line had not been established at the time the settlement was begun on Lake Memphremagog, nor was it conclusively surveyed until 1842. The land was then a trackless forest but for Indian trails. The County of Stanstead was of later date, and upon the Lee homestead has come Rock Island, just north of the Canadian line, while Derbyline, the southern part of a continuous line, is in the United States. The colonial patriot, Daniel Lee, calculated well for his homestead and missed the future international line but a stone's throw. He, and all his house, were loyal Americans.

Meager educational opportunities were afforded all youths of those days, and Jason was soon struggling for independence of thought. He was "born again" at the age of twenty-three. After lumbering in the northern pineries, he returned home during a sweeping revival and turned to God with his associates. There was a call to minister in the transformation that came to Jason Lee that led him to seek opportunity to equip himself. In 1828 he entered old Wilbraham Academy. This was in the days of Wilbur Fisk, that marvelous leader of youth. By diligent study our zealous student soon became a recognized leader, and Dr. Fisk made him tutor of a class of seniors seeking instruction in the higher life. His most intimate friend at school was Osman C. Baker, who later became a bishop. Together they planned to dedicate their lives to missionary work. They talked of heathen lands, including the distant Oregon Indians. In after years his friend wrote this tribute: "Jason Lee was a large, athletic man, six feet and three inches in height,

with a fully developed frame and a constitution of iron. His piety was deep and uniform, and his life, in a very uncommon degree, pure and exemplary. In those days of extensive and powerful revivals of religion I used to observe with what confidence and satisfaction seekers of religion would place themselves under his instruction. They regarded him as a righteous man whose prayers availed much; and when there were indications that the Holy Spirit was moving on the heart of a sinner within the circle of his acquaintance, his warm Christian heart would incite him to constant labor until deliverance would be proclaimed to the captive."

Upon leaving Wilbraham he began teaching in the Stanstead Academy, but the call to evangelize savage tribes continued on his soul and he wrote his friend Baker, in March, 1831, as follows: "I have not forgotten the red men of the West, though I am not yet among them. O, that I had some one like yourself to go with me and help me in the arduous work, with whom I could hold sweet converse! Or could I be assured that I should, in a few years, embrace you in the wilds, and have you for a companion as long as the good Lord should have need of us in the forests, I could cheerfully forego all the pleasures I receive from the society of friends here, tear myself from the embrace of my nearest and dearest relatives, and go (as John before our Lord) and prepare the way before you. But I am building castles in the air. No! No! That I fear can never be. Not my will; but thine, O Lord, be done."

Presently he turned to the active ministry and preached in his native town and vicinity under the direction of the Wesleyan Church. But the call of the red men was upon his soul, and he offered himself as missionary to the tribes in Western Canada. He had taken the Book of Heaven to their tepees about and caught the passion of their awakening spirits. He had honored his Redeemer in many a logging camp, and while piloting rafts down the streams to Montreal and with school and camp and tepee he had come to know the universal heart in its outreach for the Word of Eternal Life. He felt the woe of neglect and sought to redeem the time. Richard Watson was then secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of London, and, dying suddenly in 1833, left the application of Jason Lee still pending. During the disorganized condition that followed and the distance and uncertainty, a call came from another source. This call of God, as voiced by Wilbur Fisk for a new-formed mission, was promptly heeded. The New England Conference met that spring, and Lee was admitted into membership, being ordained both deacon and elder, and then appointed missionary to the Flathead Indians.

A militant church will not loiter, nor can its commissioned officers tarry for a convenient day. Speedy preparations were made, and in mid-

summer he bid adieu to his home friends. On a fly leaf of his precious diary he wrote: "Left Stanstead, L. C., August 9, 1833." His last sermon at Old Stanstead before reporting for his long expedition was at the home of a neighbor, whose ample kitchen was more commodious than the village schoolhouse. This eventful story has never been written, and it was a rare providence that recently brought together the writer and the now aged daughter of that old-time Baptist deacon who made his house the sanctuary. She was a young girl then, the schoolmate of the children of half a dozen Lee families. Her impressions remained keen of how the model of the neighborhood appeared, and she spoke readily of that far away and prophetic day. She saw that night the hero of the occasion, silhouetted on the kitchen wall from the glow of the ample fireplace. She remembered well how tall and strong he appeared, how thin and rustic, not handsome, but of rugged features, Lincoln-like, erect and with open countenance, bright blue eyes and light complexion. His comrades knew him as their champion, and in possession of superior vigor and a digestion that could subsist on any diet. A sweetheart was there and weeping, but as she soon turned to another, our aged informant declared her unworthy of one turning to such a sacrificial mission. He spoke like an educated man, with clear voice, without notes, in forceful argument, and with no trace of the common clerical cant with its high nasal tones. She recalled the text and the gist of the sermon as he told of Peter preaching in the house of Cornelius; saying of each: "He did not have to wait for the people; the people were waiting for him." While he yet spoke "the Holy Spirit fell on all who heard the word."

As companion in travel and labor a nephew, Daniel Lee, was selected. He had traveled two years in the New Hampshire Conference. Together they held meetings in the interest of the Flathead Mission, and aroused enthusiasm and generosity. On the 16th of October they met the directors in New York to make their final preparations. An appropriation of \$3,000.00 was soon made for the mission equipment, and the Lees began to set their faces resolutely toward the setting sun, the Book in hand, to usher in a brighter dawn. A farewell service took place in Forsythe Street Church on the 20th of November. Dr. Bangs delivered a thrilling address, as did also Dr. McAuley, of the American board.

But now encouragement set in from another source. Men who dreamed of fur and farm greatness in the mystic land of the far away Western river were stirring up Boston merchants. Hall J. Kelley, the Yankee enthusiast, took up the missionary note to enforce his slogan of trade, and published the call and need of immediate action by church and government. Also Captain Wyeth had just returned from his venture of 1832 and was already publishing his intentions to equip a larger com-

pany to depart overland for Oregon the following spring. Jason Lee sought him at his Cambridge home, and with the advice of the board arranged to accompany the expedition. Captain Wyeth had brought two native sons from the Far West, one a half breed of fourteen years, and the other an Indian youth of twenty. In old Broomfield Church was held a spectacular meeting when Wyeth and his Indians took part. Lee spoke of his yearning hopes, and Dr. Fisk preached an enthusiastic Macedonian sermon. Churches that had grown drowsy on the call of the red men were now awakened and arose to liberal giving. Various men of affairs loaned their influence, and the federal government gave its protective passports and patronage. The heralds of the Word were fully convinced the Holy Spirit would lead them to the far away land of his spirit worshippers. The church, with prayerful eyes and a promise of adequate support, watched the outgoing of her first missionary colonizers.

Still other testimony came in to confirm the decision to go to the Flatheads. One of the best men of the original Wyeth party, John Ball, had just returned to the states with fine first-hand knowledge. He had tarried at Fort Vancouver when his comrades left and taught the children of the Hudson Bay Company and the half-breeds. In the spring of 1833 he went up the Willamette Valley and planted some wheat a little above Camp de Sable. It yielded bountifully, and was the first American grown harvest in the vast Oregon country. His enthusiastic letters were published extensively. This was the year the penny paper was begun in America. Many graphic accounts of the Oregon opportunity for settlers and the need of missionaries were given wide circulation and augmented the cause of the expedition for beaver skins and native souls.

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When our missionary heroes set themselves to the task of casting gospel seed into Oregon soil, a vast domain lay before them. They had traversed the longest width of the continent, and assisted in blazing the trail for more than half the distance. Through all this virgin missionary field our heralds of the Word were found in counsel with the red men and prayer to the Great Chief that guidance might be given in selecting the precise site of the Flathead Mission. Now that the continent had been traversed and many tribes interviewed, a final decision must be made. The seriousness of this decision was upon our mission leader, as is shown from an entry in his diary: "Could I know the identical spot the Lord designs for it, be it even a thousand miles in the interior, it would be a matter of rejoicing. O, my God, direct us to the place where we may best glorify thee, and be most useful to these degraded red men."

The missionaries must have felt that their King's business required haste. They had rested but two nights from their long journey when

they began to reconnoiter the surrounding country, and on the 19th of September, 1834, dropped down the river in a boat provided them. Daniel Lee states in "Ten Years in Oregon:" "Dr. McLoughlin kindly furnished two men to go with us, and horses to ride, and a good supply of provisions for the whole trip, which would employ us several days." A few days were spent surveying the possible sites in the vicinity of the junction of the Willamette and the Columbia, making their headquarters on the May Dacre, which lay near the newly established trading fort of Captain Wyeth. They went up the "west channel of the Willamette, and after that up a creek, arriving at a farm owned by Thomas McKay, our friend of the mountains." The fatigue of this task cannot be realized by those who do not know the dense underbrush, the tremendous forests and the water courses of the Lower Columbia region. They obtained more horses here, passed on through Tualatin Plain and, after three days, were well up the Willamette Valley. They "swam" their horses to the east bank of the river and were at French Prairie, where about a dozen families of the retired French Canadians of the Hudson Bay Company had settled in a lucrative wheat industry. "They seemed prosperous and happy, and gave us a polite and generous welcome to the best they could set before us. One night Mr. Gervais set up our tent in his garden, among melons and cucumbers. It reminded one of the Scripture: 'A lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'" (D. Lee, p. 125.) He also states that "a location was chosen to commence our commission," and that they turned back over the sixty miles to the supplies for the mission. This locality was destined to play a unique role in the days of beginnings in Oregon. Then in three more days, September 25, they dropped down to the famous falls where Oregon City soon came into being, and on Saturday, two days later, the boats returned to the fort. We will find that inspiration did not follow the fortunes of the fur industry, but the servants of Him who cared most for the return of his lost flocks in the Pacific Northwest. Jason Lee did not retire that night before recording his convictions: "After mature deliberation on the subject of a location of our mission, and earnest prayer for divine guidance, I have nearly concluded to go to the Willamette."

The following day was Sabbath, whose sanctuary privileges had been so strangely denied the missionaries. Now they were to spend a quiet day in the fort. While the charter of the company provided for religious exercises, and the chief factor himself conducted the ritualistic services of his established home church, no Gospel sermon had as yet been preached on the western side of the great stone mountains. It had come to Jason Lee to be the first to give the word of exhortation at Fort Hall, and there to read the funeral service over the remains of an unfortunate



employee of Captain McKay. Now on Sunday, September 28, he accepted an invitation to preach in the hall of the company. This he did, both morning and evening, to a motley audience. The message was heard by English, Scotch, Irish, French, Canadians, half-breeds, Indians and Japanese, though "some did not understand two words of English." The journal of Jason Lee contains: "Am thankful that I have been permitted to plead the cause of God on this side of the big mountains, where the banners of Christ were never before unfurled. Great God, grant that it may not be in vain, but may some fruit appear even from this feeble attempt to labor for Thee." With the task upon him of deciding the site of his mission, he closed the day in prayer: "My Father in Heaven, I give myself to Thee; may I ever be Thine and wholly Thine, always directed by Thine unerring counsel and ever so directed as to be most beneficial in the world and bring most glory to the most High, that I may at last be presented without spot and blameless before the Throne."

With the dawn of the next day Jason Lee heard the Voice saying: "This is the way." Inspiration rested up the Valley of the Willamette. He had taken counsel from many traders and trappers and the chieftain leaders of the Walla Wallas and various other Flathead tribes, and also Dr. McLoughlin. It may always remain a matter of conjecture to what extent any or all of these witnesses augmented or affected the guidance of Him who sits uppermost in the counsels of the nations. Lee wisely kept his own counsel, welcomed advice from every source, and now turned southward. We are not inclined to emphasize the knowledge the Americans possessed regarding this undisputed soil, and therefore a safe protection for them, or the strength of the advice of Dr. McLoughlin. The written statement found after the death of this great man merits a place more for its corroboration of the divinity that was to shape the destiny of Oregon than for its own determinative value.

Perhaps the astute doctor knew the natives better than all others, except possibly one man. This was the Indian agent at Saint Louis, General William Clark, whose fame was wide for his insight into Indian nature. Those who urge the influence of the former may well be reminded of the judgment of the latter. From a letter written by a resident of Saint Louis who knew Mr. Clark and heard his sentiments, we learn that the old Indian agent urged that the Methodist Church be authorized to undertake the mission to the far-away Indians owing to the aggressive spirit of that denomination and the heroic conduct of its preachers whom he had known. Many ill-advised conjectures have given rise to erroneous published statements as to why the "Mission to the Flatheads" was not established among them, but taken far beyond. To the foregoing may be added the understanding of Secretary Bangs, of the

Missionary Society. He states in his history: "On arriving at the country of the Flatheads, about which so much had been said and written, they found them to be few in number, and these few of such a migratory character that they concluded it best to select some other place as the center of missionary operations."

Consequently we do not share the pathos of a bishop who imagined the heavy hearts of the missionaries as they passed beyond the inland home of the Flatheads and trudged on to the coast country where the brig *May Dacre* was to be found with their provisions and equipage, and then to undertake the impossible return to *Waiiletpu* with this luggage. Nor do we share his thought that the dread of this labor made it easier to decide for the more westerly valley. We give our missionary colonizers the credit of meaning what they wrote in their journals on the way; we must keep in mind the ignorance of the vast field, unknown even to the government; and also bear in mind that the end of their transcontinental journey was the anchoring place of the *May Dacre*, no matter where they should subsequently set up their mission. No watch had been set in all the Pacific West, and the first missionary was set to the task of establishing his mission in the most providential place. Had he been one of four to divide the territory he could have been content to go to any quarter, but he had the great Head of the Church to obey, and all subsequent events attest the unerring wisdom of His guidance.

On the 29th day of September the missionaries set out for Vancouver, with horses in exchange for those left at Walla Walla, and cattle, eight oxen and ten cows. Men from the fort were provided to drive the cattle and to transport the supplies. On the following day the cargo was transferred from the *May Dacre*, and the boats started up the Willamette with Jason Lee and Walker accompanying, while Daniel Lee and Edwards set out with the horses. The end of the long journey came October 6, shortly before nightfall. They alighted and built a camp fire and rested, awaiting the sun rising of a new day of hope to the Indians and to the vast West. The hardships of the journey were passed, but the toil of the founding of the mission colony must begin without delay, as the rainy season was approaching.

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Three years had now passed in laying the first foundations and testing out the elements with which to build a Christian civilization among a degraded and fading Indian race. The workmen had been weighed and found wanting; wanting not in zeal or efficiency, but in numbers and equipment for so vast a task. Every council that had been called to study the needs of the mission and the signs of the times was invariably concluded with the urgent necessity that one return to awaken the East to



the night-time of the fading race and to show the opportunity to begin a mighty commonwealth under the ensign of the cross. There had been such rapid changes in the Willamette Valley among the Indians, the fur gatherers and the venturesome settlers that a general unrest had begun, together with the certainty that ere long nations would strive for its ownership. After fervent prayers and serious planning, it was decided that Jason Lee himself must hasten eastward and champion the cause among the churches and assure legislators regarding the value of the great basin of the Columbia. One who many years ago caught the import of those days said: "There was in all minds a clear conviction that some great forward movement of civilization to occupy Oregon was in the thoughts and on the tongues of statesmen and diplomats. Great nations were awakening to the greatness of the land beyond the mountains. The few God-commissioned men who had led the advance of civilization and religion into the wilderness were feeling stirring within them that prophecy with which God touches the souls of his agents when He has for them mighty preparations for mighty events which His providence half conceals, half discloses." (H. K. Hines, "Missionary History.")

It was in the morning of March 25, 1838, when Jason Lee bid adieu to the mission family and resolutely set his face to retrace the weary way. He was accompanied by P. L. Edwards, whose time of service at the mission had expired; a Mr. Ewing, and two native boys from the school by the names of W. M. Brooks and Thomas Adams.

Dropping down the river fifty miles to the fort, they saluted Dr. McLoughlin in the manner of the times, and then rowed up the Columbia to The Dalles, where Perkins and Daniel Lee had begun the station at old Wascopam. This venture was inspected, and on Sunday Jason Lee preached in the Chinook jargon that he had mastered since passing there on his westward journey. The Klickitats and the Nez Perces present had the message interpreted in their own dialects.

In two days the journey was resumed on horseback for the second lap of 150 miles, reaching Fort Walla Walla on the 13th of April. The Indian horses were sent back to their Dalles owners, and necessary mountain outfitting was begun. The next day he went over to the Whitman Mission at Wauletpu and gladly spent several days there in counsel and encouragement. It was the first meeting of these missionary leaders. Lee preached on Sunday, with Dr. Whitman as interpreter. In a letter to her parents, Mrs. Whitman told of an old chief, Umtippe, who had been seeking the Bible account of Heaven. He could not live much longer, and he was convicted for his many sins. He was converted under this sermon so that she wrote: "Never can a person manifest a greater change. That selfish, wicked, cunning and troublesome old chief,

now so still and quiet, so attentive to the truth, and grateful for favors now given! Surely naught but the Spirit of God has done this."

Lee was so zealous for the common missionary cause that he visited Spaulding's station, over one hundred miles out of his way, and prevailed on Dr. Whitman to allow his associate to go to The Dalles and assist in erecting the building just begun there. The two formative years of these eastward stations were incorporated in Lee's message. While the most meagre accounts are preserved in family letters, it is highly probable that the memorial being taken to Congress was a subject of serious conference, together with the matters of the mission which they held with common concern. The best possible equipment was provided for this journey, yet meagre. Mrs. Whitman made two firkins of butter, one for Lee and one for McKay.

The Snake River was reached above old Fort Boise, when camp was had over Sunday, June 3. Here Lee preached in both English and French, and baptized Donald, a son of Thomas McKay. The escort of this weathered Westerner was a boon to the missionary. But when orders were given to break camp on the following Sunday and begin the next long stretch, Lee resolutely resisted. He showed how as good time had been made in six days' travel for the week, and that the excuse for beginning on Sunday was a paltry one; not sufficient to justify the wanton wounding of the feelings of friends, and most certainly could never suffice at the bar of God. In those days it was no easy task to teach mountain traders the moral code, not to speak of the Bible commands. But while Lee was later talking with God about the unholy desecration of His day of rest, the order rang out upon the air "Not to move camp."

They passed through Fort Hall, which the missionaries had helped Captain Wyeth construct four years before, and on the 28th of June came to Bear River. This was Lee's thirty-fifth birthday, and another occasion for his characteristic self-examination. On the following day Captain McKay entrusted his three sons to Lee to take to the states for their education. The past four years they had been much together, each highly regarding the other; one a hunter of furs, and the other of souls. The herald of the Book had frequently called at the McKay ranch, on the west bank of the Willamette near its mouth. From here at Bear River the hunters were to turn south.

The smaller company turned resolutely eastward, expecting to find the annual meeting of the Rocky Mountain traders on Horse Creek. But in this they were sorely disappointed. It had shifted to the Po Po Agio, two hundred miles further on. Lee's companions were afraid of that rugged way and thought to turn back, but the sacred mission of their

captain prompted him to continue alone if forsaken. Their heroism returned, and together the climb was begun that brought all safely over the continental crest into the Wind River region. They found the rendezvous on the 8th of July on an island in the Po Po Agio, a mountain stream that flows into the North Fork of the Yellowstone. This was a noteworthy gathering, the last assemblage of the American and independent traders. Here were found nine missionaries of the American Board, "going to reinforce the small band on the banks of the Columbia." There were four women and five men, among them being W. H. Gray.

The hand of God was here disclosed, as had repeatedly occurred at times of forboding shadows. The outgoing helpers of Whitman were refreshed by those returning, themselves comforted. "They joined in the prayer meeting here in the mountains, more than a thousand miles from church or congregation of worshippers."

Two weary months of plodding over the trail of his former westward way brought Lee, greatly fatigued, on the 1st of September, to the Shawnee Indian Mission, in Western Missouri. Here he sought rest and would confer with those who had given him good advice when first he inspected this successful school. He had come to the post nearest the Oregon stations at the western gate of civilization, and now lay down to rest. But at midnight he was awakened by a weather-worn messenger bearing the cruel word of the death of his wife and a two-day-old son. Were it our purpose to seek sympathy for this missionary colonizer, rather than to cite the simple annals of his achievements, we would tarry here to rend the hearts of those who seldom step aside to weep with those who, in martyr patience, wrought out the destinies of the lands of the sunset glow.

The messenger of this sad hour has often been in dispute. Gustavus Hines asserted that Dr. McLoughlin hastened out the express that carried the word. But this messenger went only to the other river fort of the company, Walla Walla. In Gray's History is found this statement, that must be relied upon: "Spaulding's Indian messenger delivered the package to Gray, at Fort Hall. Gray employed Richardson (a young man he had engaged as guide and hunter for the party on starting from Westport, Missouri), to take the letters and deliver them to Lee, for which he was to receive \$150." So it appears that the stricken mission family hastened the word to Dr. McLoughlin, who passed it on up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla, then a mission Indian sped on to Fort Hall, and now Richardson, the missionary's friend of the plains, brought him at hush of night the soul-saddening message.

The incredible time of but sixty days elapsed in hastening this message from Oregon to Missouri. It was essentially the first overland ex-

press or mail service on the Oregon trail. Two days had been taken for rest and necessary changes at Waiilaptu and at Fort Hall. Jason Lee paid the guide his money agreed upon by others. What a sad errand, but freighted with a rare subsequent development in rapid transit.

The broken-hearted missionary remained a few days for sympathy. Then leaving his mission in the love of Christ, and committing himself to the comfort of the Spirit, he resolutely turned to complete that continent-spanning journey. Upon reaching Saint Louis it was learned that the Illinois conference of the church was in session at Alton, in the adjoining county. Not stopping to relate his strange story in that old romance-laden French post, more wierd than trappers could tell, the gospel story of the Indian missions, he hastened to the seat of the conference with his five wards. Their presence was as an apparition and heavenly presence as Lee recounted the deeds and hopes of the mission among the so-called Flatheads. To these truly heroic Western ministers Jason Lee stood forth that day a noble messenger and willing martyr.

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Sailing unsteadily up the river, with an unskilled pilot, the Lausanne cast anchor off Fort Vancouver June 1, 1840. More than half a year had been spent in bringing the mission family to their new home, and as the great reinforcement was transferred to the entrancing shores of the Columbia there arose a universal prayer of gratitude to Him whose they were and whose providence had brought them safely to the distant haven of their soul's desire. Shelter was awaiting all at the fort, with the courteous hospitality of the genial chief factor. Several days were occupied in unloading the cargo and storing the mission outfits and numerous equipments. In a few days a conference must be called and assignments made that would separate them to the several fields of labor.

Another assembly had just taken place on the Atlantic Coast. This was that memorable general conference that met when the good missionary ship anchored from her long voyage. Before the members of one were returning home, the others were walking the shores of the Western river. The two were one in their passion for souls. The reading of the Episcopal address had been delayed owing to the sickness of Bishop Joshus Souls, who read it. The last great subject discussed was missions, and contained the following rare utterances: "The character which the Oregon mission has recently assumed is well calculated to invite your particular attention to that extensive and important field of missionary enterprise. We can have little doubt that, with the blessing of God attending our efforts, the time will arrive when the interests of the missionary colony, and the success of the work among the aboriginal tribes, will call for the organization of an annual conference in that vast territory. And our

grand object should be to preserve one harmonious compass in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, and that Methodism may be one on either side of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and on all the islands of the sea."

These sentiments were delightfully patriotic, and were graciously acceded to by the British delegate from the mother Wesleyan Conference. When we bear in mind the tense strife of the nations over the ownership of Oregon, it is refreshing to know that a great church showed herself superior to any bounds but those of humanity's need of Christ. The reply of the conference to the scholarly fraternal address contained the following world vision of His Kingdom: "Missionary zeal, founded in love, is the vital pulse of Methodism, the purity and fruitfulness of which, in its home department, depend on the active sympathy there with the work beyond. Methodism, indeed, might not so much as exist in a narrower parish than the world, nor act on any other than her own gospel principle of equal duty to all tongues and kindreds. Actuated by this principle, we have labored to carry the gospel into every part of our great country; and now into Texas, the Territory of Oregon, South America, and Africa, at the entrance of Liberia, on the Western Coast—we long for the salvation of God to become universal."

After reading numerous references to the territory of Oregon, as the above, in the deliberations of both church and political assemblages, it does not seem that the East was neglecting to save the Pacific Northwest to herself. At the time a few gospel heralds were striving to awaken the degraded Indians of the Lower Columbia to receive the spirit mark of Christ on their flattened foreheads, the leaders of the church were arousing the East with their passion for Oregon.

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