



THE
CIRCVIT
RIDER

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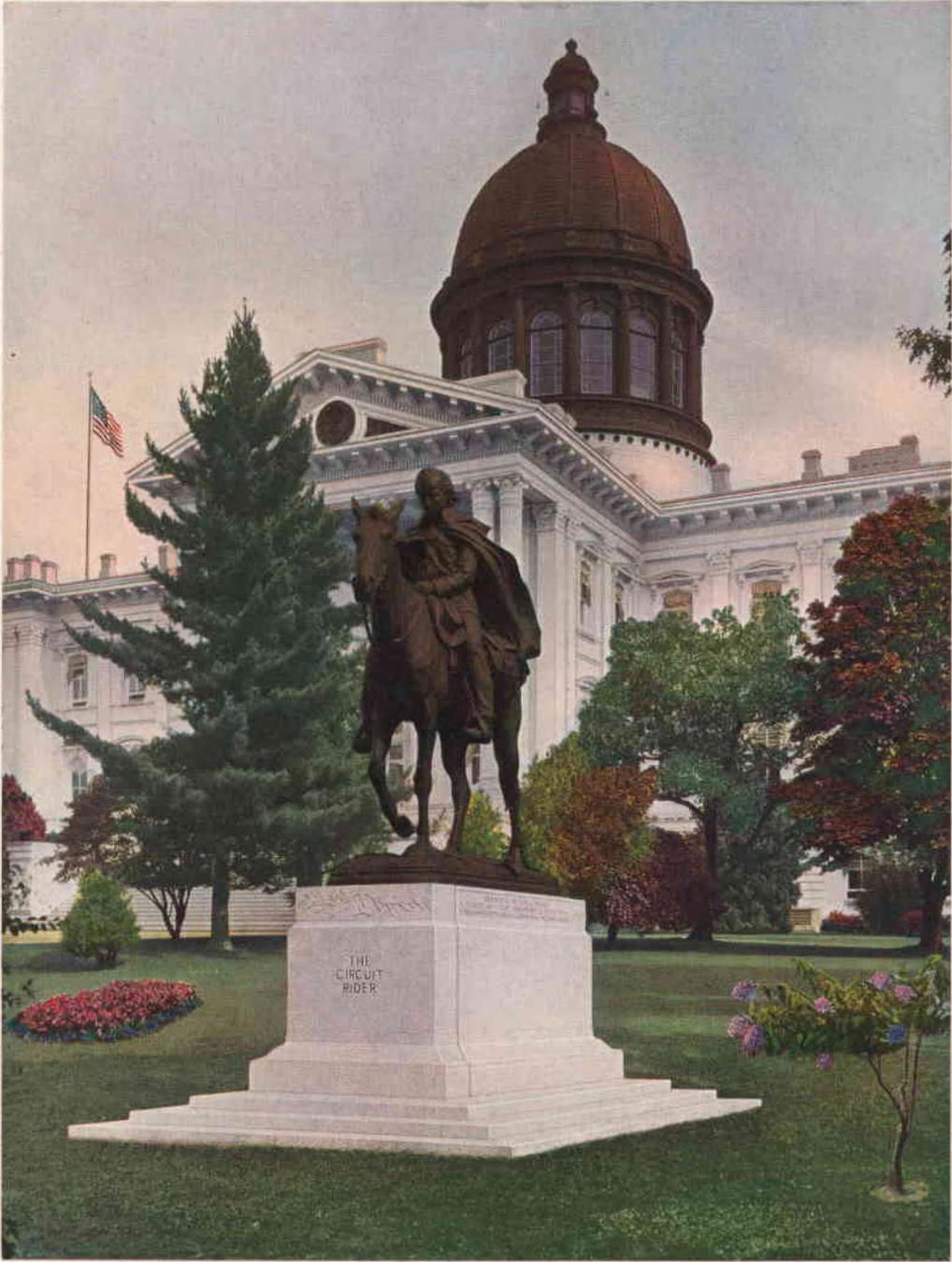
PROCEEDINGS AT THE
UNVEILING AND DEDICATION OF
THE CIRCUIT RIDER

STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS
SALEM, OREGON

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1924



To the scores of friends whose gracious words and acts in appreciation of THE CIRCUIT RIDER have afforded such abundant compensation for the gift, to the other thousands of friends whose constancy has been an inspiration and made life in Oregon a joy, and to the multitude who honor the pioneers and find in this statue an appropriate memorial, this booklet is affectionately inscribed



THE CIRCUIT RIDER

COMMISSION

APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR OF OREGON AS A
COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE
UNVEILING AND DEDICATION OF
"THE CIRCUIT RIDER"

REV. WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNGSON, D.D., *Chairman*
WALLACE McCAMANT, *Secretary*
JAY UPTON, *President of the Senate*
K. K. KUBLI, *Speaker of the House*
SAM A. KOZER, *Secretary of State*
W. B. AYER, PORTLAND
C. P. BISHOP, SALEM
LESLIE BUTLER, HOOD RIVER
FRED BOALT, PORTLAND
E. V. CARTER, ASHLAND
J. K. GILL, PORTLAND
ERIC V. HAUSER, PORTLAND
B. F. IRVINE, PORTLAND
JOHN C. KENDALL, MARSHFIELD
WILLIAM KUYKENDALL, EUGENE
FRANK J. MILLER, ALBANY
MILTON A. MILLER, PORTLAND
ROBERT A. MILLER, PORTLAND
RICHARD W. MONTAGUE, PORTLAND
EDGAR B. PIPER, PORTLAND
JOHN L. RAND, BAKER
AMEDEE M. SMITH, PORTLAND
WILLIAM O. SMITH, KLAMATH FALLS
JOHN E. WHEELER, PORTLAND
WILLIAM D. WHEELWRIGHT, PORTLAND



LOCAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE
THE ROTARY CLUB OF SALEM

In personal compliment to Rotarian ROBERT A. BOOTH
H. S. GILE
GEORGE P. GRIFFITH
JOHN H. McNARY
Committee

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

PROGRAM

BAND CONCERT	10:30—11:00 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	
THE HON. CHARLES H. CAREY, <i>Presiding</i>	
"America"	WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUBS
E. W. HOBSON, <i>Dean of Music, Director.</i>	
Invocation	THE REV. THOMAS J. VILLERS, D.D. <i>President Portland Council of Churches</i>
Reading of Donor's Letter and Introductory Remarks	THE REV. WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNGSON, D.D. <i>Chairman of State Commission</i>
Acceptance for the State	HIS EXCELLENCY, WALTER M. PIERCE <i>Governor of the State of Oregon</i>
"The Christian Minister and the State"	THE REV. BISHOP WILLIAM O. SHEPARD, D.D., LL.D. <i>Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church</i>
"To them the weary seedtime! Others reap To-day where'er they sowed. To them is . . . sleep."	
"The American Pioneer"	THE HON. JOSEPH N. TEAL
"The pioneers who broke the virgin soil Ne'er garnered half the harvest of their toil."	
Presentation of the Author of the Prize Poem, "The Circuit Rider"	MISS MARY CAROLYN DAVIES
Reading of the Prize Poem, "The Circuit Rider" . . .	THE REV. CARL GREGG DONEY, D.D. <i>President Willamette University</i>
Singing of "The Circuit Rider"	WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUBS
Presentation of the Author of the Prize Musical Setting	MR. CECIL TEAGUE
Presentation of the Sculptor, ALEXANDER PHIMISTER PROCTOR	
"Yet was their goal—how priceless still it seems! Unhampered freedom and untrammelled dreams."	
Salutation to the Flag, under direction	HON. WALLACE McCAMANT, <i>Past President General, Sons of American Revolution.</i>
Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and Boy Scouts standing at "Attention," the Willamette University Glee Clubs standing at "Salute" while Mr. Joe Nee, of Willamette University, repeats the following pledge:	
"Flag of our great republic, hallowed by noblest deeds and loving sacrifice, guardian of our homes and inspiration in every battle for the right, whose stars and stripes stand for beauty, purity, truth, patriotism, and the Union, we salute thee, and for thy defense, the protection of our country, and the conservation of the liberty of the American people, we pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor."	
Unveiling of Statue by the four Grandsons of Mr. Booth	
ROBERT PRESCOTT BOOTH	ROBERT ROY BOOTH, JR.
WILLIAM PRESCOTT BOOTH	FREDERICK BOOTH
with the aid of Four Buglers, followed by	
"The Star Spangled Banner"	BAND
"America the Beautiful"	WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUBS
Prayer and Benediction	THE REV. D. V. POLLING, D.D.

THE DONOR'S LETTER TO HON. BEN. W. OLCOTT,
GOVERNOR OF OREGON, AND RESOLUTION
BY THE OREGON LEGISLATURE

Eugene, Oregon, January 6, 1921.

His Excellency, Ben. W. Olcott,
Governor of Oregon,
Salem, Ore.

Dear Governor:

For a long time I have cherished the hope that some day I might be able to express in a degree my admiration and appreciation of the ministers of the Gospel who as Circuit Riders became the friends, counselors and evangelists to the pioneers on every American frontier and who so largely directed the thought of our citizenry and shaped the course of our civilization and who, in their last and possibly their best work, were instrumental in determining the boundaries of the Oregon Country.

The sacrifices they so joyfully made for their fellows, their unflinching loyalty to their country and its institutions and their ringing proclamation of a brotherhood defining the loftiest standards of human action, have been an inspiration to all who have been the beneficiaries of their achievements, and have imposed upon Oregon's sons obligations which can never be repaid, and which may be recognized only by the best efforts of a worthy citizenship.

Some months ago I commissioned Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, the sculptor who has endeared himself to the West by his interpretation of frontier life, to design and have cast in bronze an equestrian statue of heroic size to be known as the CIRCUIT RIDER. In height it is to be about 12 feet and placed on an appropriate pedestal 6 to 8 feet high.

Mr. Proctor has just brought to the state the model of his design. It has been exhibited to a goodly number of our people for critical observation and all who have seen it express their approval of it.

Through you I desire to offer the statue as a gift to the state. If you consider its acceptance appropriate, will you kindly name a committee of Oregon citizens, with whom I desire you to act, to designate a place to locate it.

It is expected that it will be ready for delivery some time next year. I enclose you a photograph of the model.

Grateful for your anticipated consideration, I am,
Sincerely yours,

R. A. BOOTH.

OREGON LEGISLATURE

Thirty-First Session, 1921

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION No. 4

WHEREAS, The Hon. R. A. Booth, of Eugene, Oregon, in commemoration of signal services rendered to the people of this commonwealth by The Circuit Riders of the early days, has engaged an eminent sculptor to depict The Circuit Rider in bronze and in heroic design to be placed on the state capitol grounds at Salem; and

WHEREAS, it is the sense of the Oregon Legislature that The Circuit Riders, as the friends, counselors and evangelists to the pioneers on our frontiers, largely directed the thought of our citizenry and shaped the course of our civilization and were largely instrumental in determining the boundaries of the Oregon Country; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, by the House, the Senate concurring, that the people of Oregon express their appreciation and feeling of gratitude to the Hon. R. A. Booth for this splendid gift to the state in memory of some of her most valuable and substantial early citizens; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the State of Oregon, through its Legislature, does hereby accept the said statue from the Hon. R. A. Booth and directs that the same be placed in a suitable and convenient place on the state capitol grounds at Salem, the location of the statue to be on such a place on said grounds as may be directed by the Governor or by any committee appointed by the Governor for that purpose.

INTRODUCTION

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Rev. William Wallace Youngson, District Superintendent of the Portland District, Oregon Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, read the donor's letter presenting the statue for formal acceptance, and said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens of the great State of Oregon: We are gathered here today for the purpose of unveiling and dedicating the bronze equestrian statue of THE CIRCUIT RIDER presented to the State of Oregon in reverent and grateful remembrance of Robert Booth, pioneer minister of the Oregon country, by his son, Robert A. Booth, a distinguished son of Oregon, ‘commemorating the labors and achievements of the ministers of the gospel who as Circuit Riders became the friends, counselors and evangelists to the Pioneers on every American frontier.’ This is a notable occasion, perfect as to weather, lofty in theme, distinguished in personnel, an outstanding event in the history of Oregon. As Chairman of the State Commission of twenty-five, appointed by His Excellency, the Hon. Walter A. Pierce, Governor of Oregon, I have the high privilege of presenting to you our distinguished fellow-citizen, Judge Charles H. Carey, as the Chairman of the Day.”



REMARKS BY CHARLES H. CAREY, PRESIDING



Oregonians, Fellow Citizens of the Great Republic:

We have assembled for the purpose of giving expression to an ideal. Governments and institutions are dependent upon the quality of citizenship, but unless a nation cherishes its ideals and nourishes its higher aspirations it loses the things of the spirit, gravitates into gross materialism, and soon falls into decay.

In this thrice blessed country of ours, wherein we enjoy the gifts of bounteous nature and have as well the blessings of liberty under a free government, we should never lose sight of the fact that our peculiar development as a people is due to idealism. The pioneer preachers, with rare self-sacrifice and devotion to a belief, typify in a degree the spiritual influences that have permeated and characterized our civilization and our social and political structure.

This is particularly true of Oregon where the first permanent settlers were missionaries, and where the first attempt at popular government, the first steps toward universal education, and the first impulse toward righteousness, were due to the example and the instruction of the unworldly ministers of the gospel.

The sentiment that actuates the distinguished citizen who has made the generous gift, and that draws together this assemblage, bids us lift our eyes from the daily tasks of life and visualize things of the spirit; we turn to thoughts of the essential nobility of the nature of man, and consider how in all ages and in all countries there have arisen those who at sacrifice of self have given themselves freely for the welfare of others.

Let us then in reverent spirit incline our hearts to prayer, while the Invocation will be pronounced by the Rev. Thomas J. Villers, D.D., President of the Portland Council of Churches.

THE INVOCATION

Prayer Offered by THOMAS JEFFERSON VILLERS, D.D., LL.D.
Pastor, The First Baptist Church (White Temple)
Portland, Oregon

“Thou God of our fathers, we thank thee for this great monument, which brings to our memory the heroic days of the pioneers—the men and women who laid in faith and sacrifice the religious and educational and governmental foundations of our commonwealth.

“Especially do we thank thee today for the old-time preachers, who carried thy gospel to unchurched communities and lonely frontiers—thy servants who opened vast new territories to Christianity and civilization, and in so doing gladly endured exhausting hardships, not even counting their lives dear unto themselves, as compared with the joy of fulfilling the commission which they had received from the Lord Jesus.

“We thank thee not only for the sections which they evangelized and the churches which they organized, but also for the schools and colleges they helped to found. We thank thee for their influence in establishing law and order—that when the plastic elements of this western world were rounding into form, their loyal hands shaped it according to thy pattern.

“They being dead yet speak through this statue today. Make us in some measure worthy of the heritage which they have bequeathed to us. As we recall this glorious band, the chosen few, on whom the Spirit fell, O God, to us may grace be given to follow in their train.

“With his family do thou bless thy servant, the donor of this memorial, designed perpetually to remind us of the service and sacrifice of the heroic dead. As the mystic cords of memory bind the Oregon country to Robert Booth today, do thou bathe all our souls in the passion of Calvary, that like him we too, with persuasive tongues, may tell how Christ died to save men, and still lives to bless and help them.

“Our commonwealth and our common country we commend unto thee. Keep us true to thy word and thy will and thy work—to all our cherished institutions, our American traditions, and our Christian ideals. O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget.

“Accept, we beseech thee, this the work of our hands; and bless all who participate in this dedication, and witness this unveiling. For Jesus' sake. Amen.”

ACCEPTANCE FOR THE STATE BY GOVERNOR

BY WALTER M. PIERCE



The people of the State of Oregon accept from Honorable Robert A. Booth this magnificent statue, *The Circuit Rider*.

The citizens of this great commonwealth appreciate the unselfish devotion of one of her most distinguished citizens who has so generously provided this beautiful memorial—a memorial through which coming generations will recall the spirit of the early Circuit Rider, who carried the story of the Nazarene into the homes of the early western pioneers.

Countless generations yet to come will view with admiration this beautiful work of bronze, which will be a constant reminder to citizens of the Pacific Coast of the arduous work of those who laid the foundation for this unparalleled civilization that we today enjoy.

Oregon is exceedingly proud that she has among her citizens, Honorable Robert A. Booth, of Eugene, Oregon, a son of one of the early and most devoted Circuit Riders.

Words cannot recite—monuments fail to fully commemorate—the work of the men who, in the pioneer days, followed the circuit, teaching and preaching the doctrine of the Savior. They went into the homes to alleviate the suffering of the sick, to pray for the distressed, to preside at weddings and funerals. They overcame many an obstacle for the early settlers. They scattered roses of joy, sunshine and kindness along the roughhewn paths by these empire builders.

Years will come and go. Men in almost countless myriads will pass from the theatre of action into the great unknown, causing hardly a ripple in the history of their times. But The Circuit Rider's influence will be felt as long as time.

The spirit of The Circuit Rider is a part and parcel of our humanity. It has been woven into our very nature. It has given the people of the Pacific Coast a peculiar sense of public duty, distinctly American and distinctly Oregonian.

As Governor of Oregon, representing nearly a million inhabitants—I accept this present and sincerely thank you—Robert A. Booth, for your generosity.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER AND THE STATE

By *the* REV. BISHOP WILLIAM O. SHEPARD, D.D., LL.D.

Historians and romancers busy themselves with warriors and kings and uniforms and banners and martial music, and all the pageantry of war. Historians and romancers seldom discern the influence of the idealist, the poet and the prophet. It is likewise with the average man in business and industry. To him statesmen and politicians and all the machinery of the state are of supreme importance. For the thought of the average man is concerning higher wages, shorter hours of labor, better clothing and better houses; and he looks to the state and statesmen to provide all these.

The estimate which writers and business men have placed upon war and commerce have led the undiscerning to regard legislators and executives of the law as the principal promoters and functionaries of civilization; and to such undiscerning ones any eulogy of The Circuit Rider, a minister of the Gospel, is far-fetched and unreal. The undiscerning would speak of The Circuit Rider, if at all, in words condescending and patronizing. But William Watson sings truer lines when he says:

“Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend by their reign;
The swords of Caesar they are less than rust;
The poet doth remain.”

And Watson's lines are equally true if spoken of The Circuit Rider instead of the poet. He remains.

I am to speak today of The Circuit Rider as the frontier's first policeman, first librarian, first teacher, and at once the first board of health, board of hygiene, and commissioner of child welfare. I am to ask you to think of him as he threaded the forests, forded the streams, and found passes over the mountains, “searching out the lost sheep of the house of Israel,” as the first highway commissioner, marking out by the feet of his patient, hardridden palfry the thoroughfares of a coming empire.

The Circuit Riders of the nation have done this on every frontier. They have been men divinely fitted for their tasks. In the earliest days of every section of America they have been men of modest and sterling characters who have felt they were under marching orders, and re-

joiced to see the banners beckon, and hear the bugles calling the order to advance. It has been they who have fathered cities, sired empires and molded states,—Cartwright in Illinois, Whitman in Washington and Jason Lee in Oregon, whose voices rang like bugles in an untrodden canyon.

Roosevelt, who wrote "The Winning of the West," said of such men: "I have made quite a study of American history, and have always been greatly interested in the thrust of our people westward across the continent; that movement which began during Revolutionary days, and which from its very beginning included as the spiritual leaders of the pioneers an extraordinary proportion of preachers. It was the preacher who gave to the backwoodsmen, as they lived in their stockaded villages among the dotted clearings, the spiritual life that prevented them from going down in the hard materialism of their surroundings." That is good testimony from Roosevelt, himself a Rider. He himself had heard the axeman's blade echo in the lonely forests, had forded numberless streams, followed the trails of the Red Man, made his breakfast out of the trout that at sunrise leaped in the cool waters, and at evening kindled a campfire which reflected in the dark, surrounding pines, the eyes of prowling beasts.

But I am here to speak not only of pioneers, but also of the larger work of the prophet and minister of the Gospel.

There will be no need of argument for the worth of morality. Morality is necessary for the health and vigor and longevity of the individual and the nation. And morality must be propagated by religion. The best teachers and thinkers of all time have recognized and declared this truth. Washington said, "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Morality has never propagated itself. It always must have an apostle moved by religious fervor if it is to live and grow. Seneca and Marcus Aurelius were moralists, but they sent no apostles into the world; therefore, Seneca and Aurelius are almost unknown. The Man of Nazareth sent Circuit Riders everywhere, even the "uttermost parts of the earth"; and His moral teaching with its fundamental bases—the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—shall

"spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

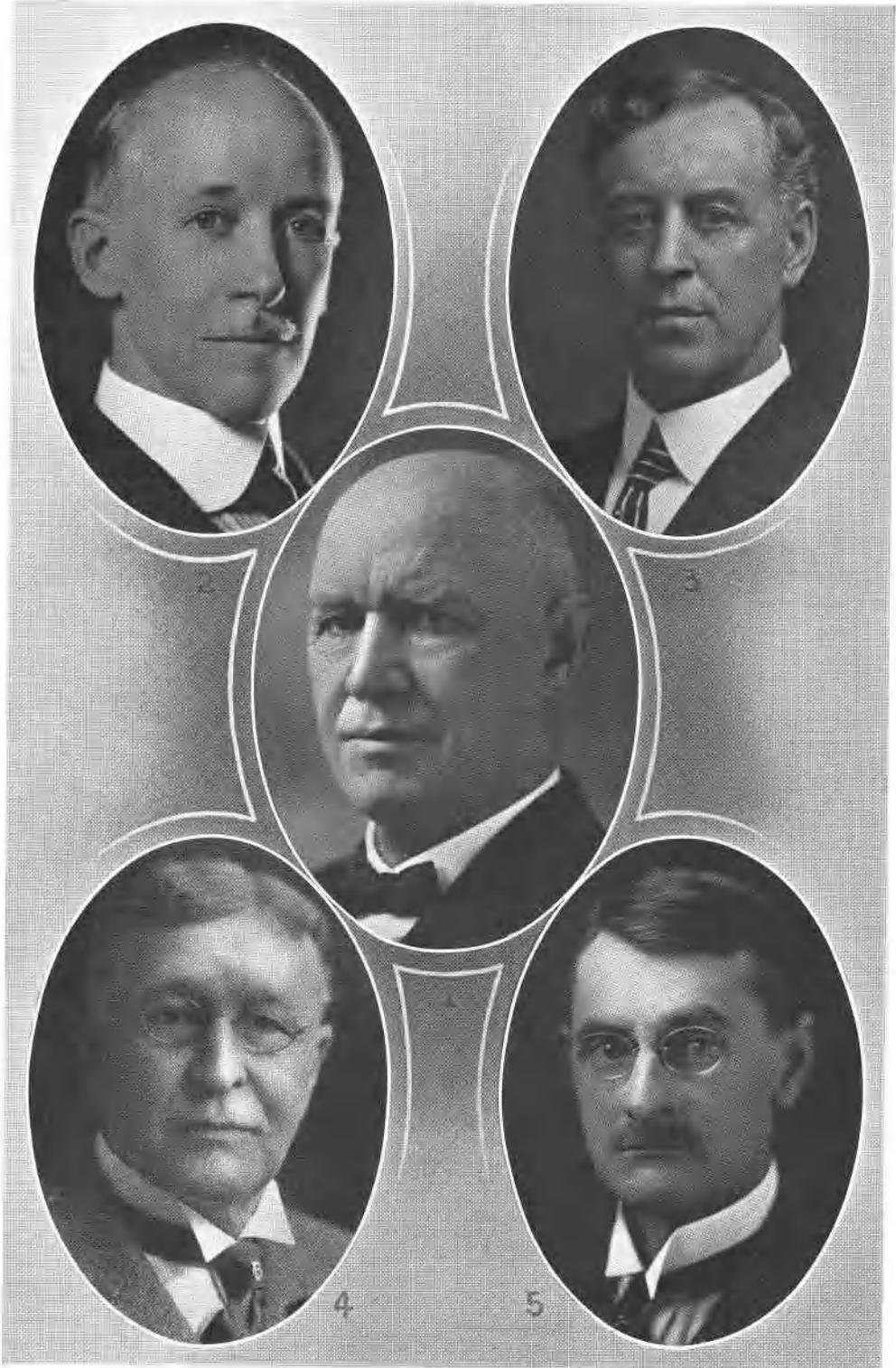
Modern ministers of His Gospel are His apostles, sons of The Circuit Riders of pioneer days, and they propagates His morality for the health of the state, for the weal of the city, and for the good of men. They are not salaried by the state, but they are of more worth than its police force, and of more value to the city than its officers. They unceasingly toil for everything that makes mankind richer and stronger and better. Because this influence is invisible, and, except on rare occasions like this, voiceless, the public seldom gives the herald of the Gospel the credit which his worth deserves.

Historians do not hide the fact, however, that it was the religious conviction of the people, expressed by the minister (which means servant), the parson (which means chief person), which settled America. The Puritans made Massachusetts a religious colony, spreading westward over other states and gave impulse and character to American civilization for all time. And it was John Robinson, the minister who had more influence than any other in launching the Mayflower and in molding the life and policy of the Pilgrims, and, therefore, was more influential than any other, either Standish, the Captain, or Winthrop, the Governor, in molding the life of America. The Baptists, under Roger Williams, founded Rhode Island, as did the Quakers, Pennsylvania; and what America owes to those two states is largely attributable to two remarkable ministers. When Oglethorpe, the philanthropist, got his charter for Georgia, he brought with him a minister, John Wesley, and depended upon him for the shaping of his incipient state. It was the French Protestants who settled the Carolinas, the Dutch Protestants who built New York, and the Roman Catholics who founded Maryland.

I have spoken of The Circuit Rider and implied that he fitted the conditions of primitive society. He was a plain, natural preacher, who laid the sills of the church and state on the frontiers of civilization. But the minister is not always such. Emerson in "*The American Scholar*," says: "They are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of the day." John G. Holland declares that though his association had for many years been with the leaders in the literary world, he had received intellectual life and stimulation from no class in such degree as from ministers.

It may seem that the speaker is arrogating much to his own profession, but the occasion permits it, and requires it. The minister's training and experience imply all that is claimed. Usually he has

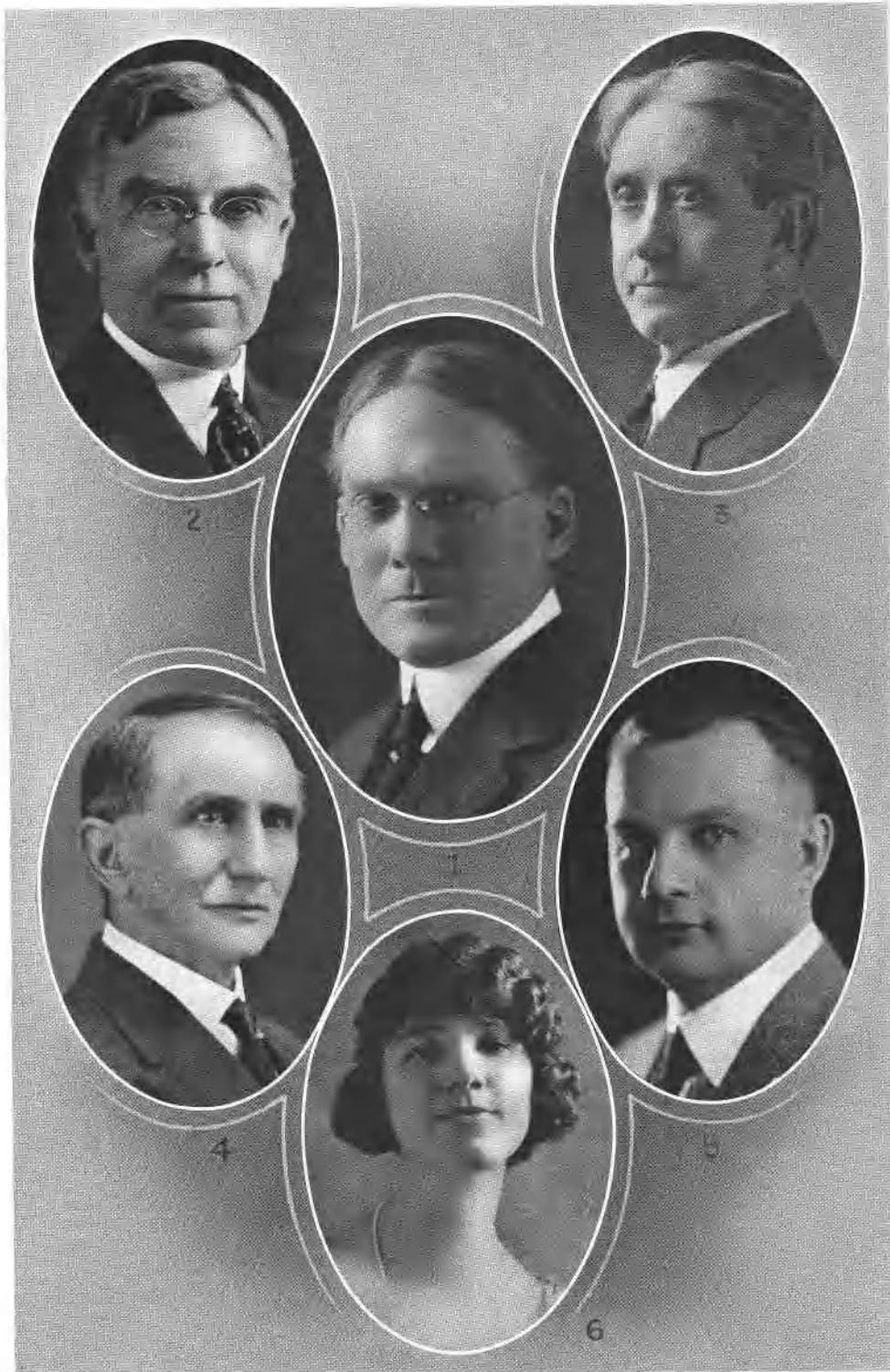
PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THOSE PARTICIPATING
IN THE PROGRAM



2. Hon. Charles H. Carey
4. Hon. Joseph N. Teal

1. Hon. Walter M. Pierce

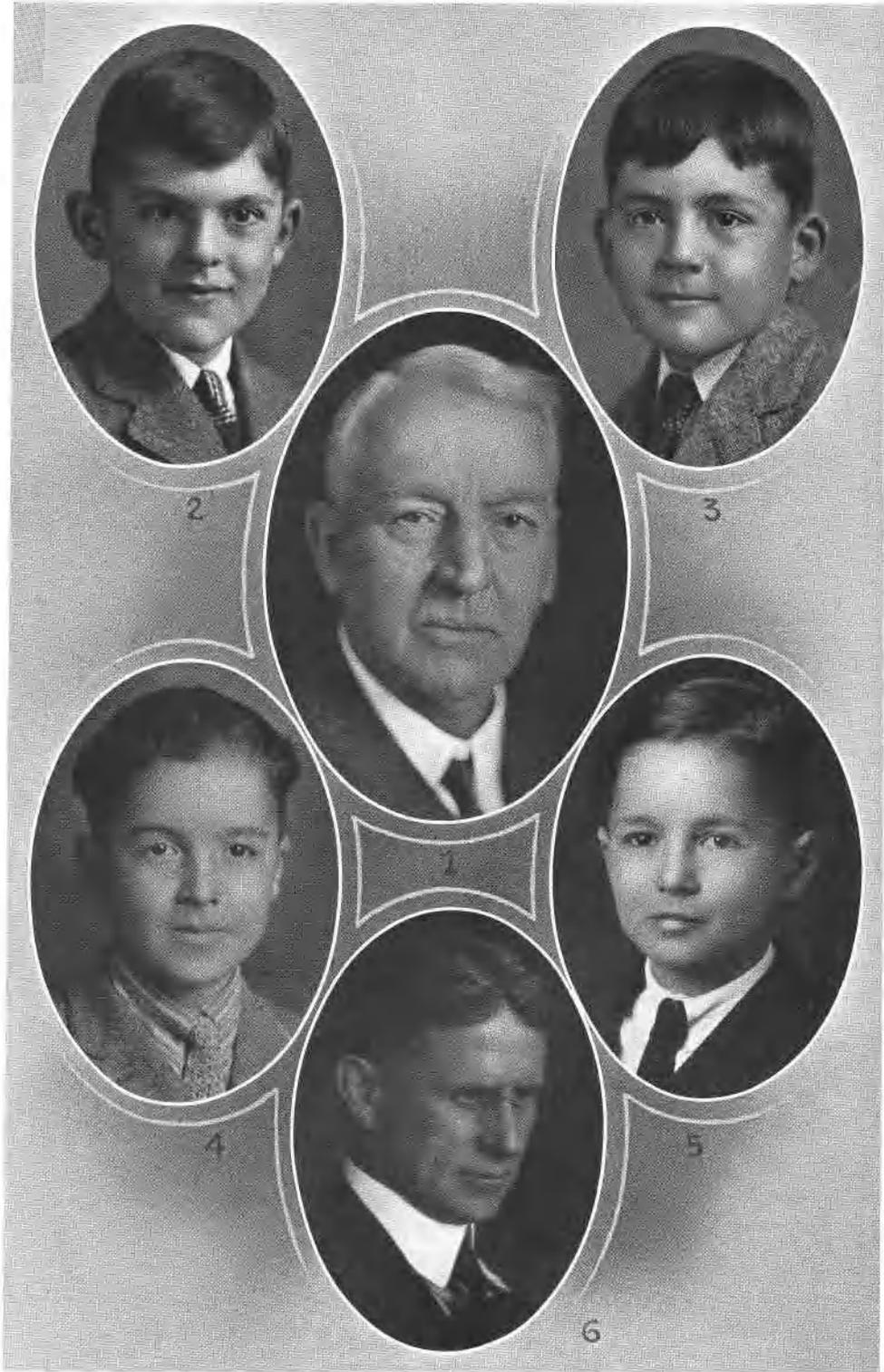
3. Rev. Bishop William O. Shepard, D. D., LL. D.
5. Hon. Wallace McCamant



1. Rev. Thomas J. Villers, D. D.
4. Rev. Carl Gregg Doney, D. D.

1. Rev. William Wallace Youngson, D. D.
6. Miss Mary Carolyn Davies

3. Rev. D. V. Polling
5. Cecil Teague



2. Robert Roy Booth, Jr.
4. Robert Prescott Booth

1. Robert A. Booth
6. Alexander Phimister Proctor

3. Frederick Booth
5. William Prescott Booth

come in contact with many phases of life. The nature of his work compels him to be a reader of the best literature; and he gives currency to all the most significant facts and the careful thought and the beautiful fancy of all the ages culled by his extensive reading. He is compelled to emphasize culture, intelligence, morality and patriotism. He is naturally the foe of autocracy in state and industry, the undoubted enemy of vice and intemperance, the certain opponent of greed in places high and low. He must be the friend of all. By the very nature of his position he knows every class, and in his own person and by the Church of which he is the exponent, unifies society as nothing else can. The minister, whether as Circuit Rider in pioneer conditions, or the son of The Circuit Rider in the more complex life of today, has often inspired ideals of life and service, set in motion beneficent reformation and even revolutions, and profoundly influenced the world-movements which have made human history what it is. He has often become the veritable conscience of the communities where he has labored and the people for whose souls he watched over. He has again and again in his day of power reduced all other figures in the community to comparative insignificance, and ruled from the pulpit as from the throne—as Savonarola ruled Florence, John Calvin ruled Geneva, and John Knox ruled Scotland.

Although it is not given to many men either in the pulpit or out of it to make great contributions to the life of the whole nation, yet from the earliest days we have record of ministers who gave impulse to the spirit and character of America. It would be but a matter of transcription to give such names as Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians! Hooker, who was the leading spirit in colonizing the Connecticut Valley; Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, and celebrated diplomat; Stiles, the brilliant President of Yale; Witherspoon, President of Princeton, and member of the Continental Congress and signer of the Declaration of Independence; Edward Everett, Conductor of the North American Review, member of Congress for ten years, Governor of Massachusetts, minister to England, President of Harvard, and Secretary of State; Beecher, whose influence in the dark days of our Civil War is so well known; Marquette, a discoverer and pathfinder in all the middle west; and a legion of others whose names are sprinkled all through American history.

If ministers had not reared families, that gratuitous fling, "ministers' sons always turn out badly," would, of course, have never been given

currency. Neither would the world have had Morse, the Inventor of the Telegraph; Arthur and Cleveland and Wilson, Presidents of the United States; Field, who laid the Atlantic Cable; Agassiz, one of America's first naturalists; Stuyvesant, ablest Governor of New York; Dwight, renowned College President; Clay, the great Compromiser; Holmes and Lowell and Richard Watson Gilder; Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher; and again a multitude not less conspicuous than those thus named.

One of the great contributions which America has made to civilization is the public school system. This was the development and outgrowth of the Pilgrim-Puritan idea, and ever since the Pilgrim days the Church and its ministry have been the friends of education. Long before universities were instituted by the state, denominational colleges were educating the youth of America. As is well known, Harvard was founded by a minister, Yale by ten ministers, Hamilton College, Rutgers College, Dartmouth, The Woman's College at Baltimore, Willamette University, and a multitude of others were founded by ministers. For many years scarcely others than ministers furnished the chief executives for the institutions of higher learning or took high rank in their teaching forces. To mention the names of Increase Mather and Edward Everett, Presidents of Harvard; Stiles and Dwight and Woolsey and Porter of Yale; Jonathan Edwards, Witherspoon and McCosh, of Princeton; Mark Hopkins, of Williams; Knott, of Union College, president for sixty-two years; Wayland, of Brown University; Haven and Day, of Syracuse; Fisk and Olin and Bangs, of Wesleyan; Cummings, of Northwestern; Simpson, Bowman, John and Gobin, of DePauw, formerly Asbury; and Presidents of Willamette University, Hoyt, and Coleman and Hawley, local preacher and President for ten years, and as long an unchallenged Congressman, and Homan, and last but not least, Carl Gregg Doney.

While it is only suggestive of a much larger list, it is sufficient for our purpose. Time does not permit even a mention of the long array of ministers and ministers' sons who have inspired the people to patriotic action in the periods of storm and stress in American history, or who have given America its literary masterpieces. It is enough to mention in this connection Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Jared Sparks, Jacob and John Abbott, Thomas Starr King, Samuel Smith, the author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, Phillips Brooks, Henry Van Dyke, Edward

Everett Hale, Edward Eggleston, and Newell Dwight Hillis, just closing his quarter of a century of a pastorate in Brooklyn.

The minister preaches two fundamental truths, one has to do with man's relation to his Creator, and the other has to do with man's relation to man. He would break down the barriers between God and man, and between man and man. He is forever the ambassador of peace, and in the Gospel which he preaches is the best hope of humanity that the demons of suspicion and hatred and aggression shall finally be exorcised, and nations learn war no more. His eye is ever upon that vast tomorrow when battle flags shall be furled "In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

I am here, however, not to eulogize the ministry, but to say that this statue standing on the state-house grounds of a far western state, is a most appropriate testimony to the contribution that The Circuit Rider and the settled pastor have made to American life. It commemorates in a worthy way those knights of Christ who suffered great hardships that the following generations might know something better than hardship and struggle, that every common citizen might have an opportunity for a decent competence, and that every child might have an opportunity for the fullest measure of culture of which he is capable.

On June 3, in the capital of the nation, there is to be unveiled an equestrian statue of Francis Asbury, the prince of Circuit Riders, and here in the capital of the farthest western state is unveiled a like statue commemorative of the numberless Circuit Riders who have been heralds of patriotism and Christianity across the whole land. Today we emphasize especially those men who waged the first hard conflicts in this last frontier of America. It is they especially whom we honor today. It is they upon whom we should place the laurel of the valleys and hills which they watered and enriched by their tears. Jason Lee, David Leslie, Gustavus and H. K. Hines, John McKinney, John F. DeVore, Father Wilbur, Robert Booth and T. L. Jones, are the men to be crowned today by filial and grateful hands. Their names should be repeated over and over, that the thousands who enjoy the benefits they secured may know their benefactors. Those men of direct Saxon speech, "straight-grained men, with the bark on," are worthy of our interest, admiration and gratitude. Without the facilities furnished by schools, or established society, or regular Church economy, with few advantages such as we have inherited, they laid foundations so

deep and firm that history with all its changes has but proved their abiding strength. As was said in eulogy of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, in London:

"If you seek his memorial, look around."

And as has been said of other heroes, no braver than ours:

"We crave not a memorial stone
For those who fell at Marathon.
Their fame with every breeze is blent;
The mountains are their monument,
And the low plaining of the sea
Their everlasting threnody."

Nevertheless, it is most appropriate that this enduring monument shall stand for generations to tell the story of The Circuit Rider to the statesmen who tread these capitol grounds, and the students who throng the halls of learning across this highway. It is most fitting that this noble statue should be erected by filial love and in testimony of the worth of those who did so much to shape the moral and religious life of this frontier commonwealth. Looking upon this monument, children and children's children will swell with pride as they remember how The Circuit Rider lived and died; and they will vow to walk themselves the shining way. This monument will teach children's children to reverence the dust sleeping in sacred plots sweet with the odor of wild flowers and under the shadows of the sanctuaries built by the heroes here commemorated.

Amzi Smith, a New Jersey pastor, served fifty-three years in little country charges. The son of another preacher paid tribute to his memory in words that might be written of many a Circuit Rider:

"Six hundred dollars was the most he earned
In any year, so far as I am aware;
For two and forty years he lived on that,
Or less. Riches unsearchable he preached,
And drew his pittance for his household needs.
And yet he seemed to think it was enough.
I do not know that ever he complained.
Perhaps it was enough, for he was fed
And clothed. His wife, the boys and girls, the horse,
All had enough. He had his work to do,
And did it faithfully, as unto God.
And where he labored hungry hearts were blest,
Sinners became good men. The village smiled
Where Amzi Smith abode.
As God blessed Obed-Edom and his house
The while the ark was there, so did He bless
The towns and fields and hamlets where this man
Dwelt, with God's glory in his humble soul.
O God, let not that race of giants die;
Give us more men like them, old-fashioned, brave,
True to the truth; men that have made the Church
Mighty, and glad, and songful in the past."

THE AMERICAN PIONEER

By JOSEPH N. TEAL



Each age, each epoch, has had its pioneers. Frequently the motive actuating them was based on a spiritual or religious impulse that impelled them to face dangers, privations, persecution, and death itself in their desire to secure for themselves and their children liberty of thought, of worship, of action.

The Pilgrim Fathers, from their exile in Holland, looked forward to a land as a home where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. More than three centuries have passed since the Mayflower landed in midwinter on the granite shores of New England. During that period the face of the world has changed, but throughout all the changes the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers has taken root in widely scattered centers and entered very largely into the life of nations and particularly into that of the Oregon country.

The impulse which furnished the urge that caused the Pilgrim Fathers to face the dangers of an almost unknown ocean and still less known land, peopled as it was by savages, differed from that which caused the Oregon pioneer missionaries to face a journey even more hazardous and trying than that the Pilgrims faced. While the call was spiritual and religious it was not for themselves but for others the pioneer missionaries faced a path full of peril and which only the high call of duty, based on a deeply religious spirit, would have prompted them to take.

It is said that in 1832 a council was held by the chiefs of the Flat Head Indians to consider a story they had heard of a white man's God. It may have been from an occasional trapper they first heard the story, but their interest was aroused and they wanted to learn the truth. As St. Louis was then the chief trading point for the hunter and trapper, to that city four Indians were sent to get the details of this strange tale. Tradition and history tell they learned but little. Two of them died in St. Louis. The other two, disappointed and disheartened, turned toward the land of their fathers, no wiser than when they left their wigwams in the far West. One died on the way—the other may have reached home. Here ends this part of the story—but it was not

the end. It was but the beginning. The story was published in the newspapers and it came to the notice of those whose life was devoted to the service of God.

The missionary spirit was fanned into a flame at the thought of vast numbers of human beings living and dying without knowledge of the Gospel and all that it means, and with the unquenchable ardor and zeal of the crusader, the pioneer missionaries, the men who blazed the way for others, soon were struggling forward, fighting their way across thousands of miles of desert and boundless plains, crossing great mountain ranges, fording or swimming dangerous streams, enduring all things to answer the call of the Indians for knowledge of the white man's God.

In the settlement of various parts of what is now the United States, more often than otherwise, the real leaders, the pioneers, were missionaries of various faiths, all imbued with the same spirit, all serving the same God, and all consecrating their lives to a cause founded on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is well that it was so, for their lives, the principles on which they acted, and on which was built this great commonwealth, will be in time of stress the sure foundation on which we can rest in security and a rule by which we may measure our duties and obligations as citizens.

The Circuit Rider was a natural product of the time in which he lived. The population was small and scattered over wide areas. There were no means of locomotion except the horse or going about on foot. The roads, such as they were, were few, always rough, and frequently impassable. Trails led here and there, from settlement to settlement, from cabin to cabin, through the wilderness. At first there were no churches and even when their building began they were very few and far apart. To reach and serve the scattered people, it was necessary to carry the Gospel to them. In sickness and in health, in hours of sadness and of happiness, The Circuit Rider was oftentimes the only comforter, the only one on whom to lean, the only connection between the tenant of the cabin and the outside world. He left no call unanswered. He was always at the command of those who needed him. The missionary of God was not only the herald of the Gospel but, in words of another: "He was architect, carpenter, ox driver, axman, painter, blacksmith, and pastor." While preaching the Word he was not only earning a living for himself and his family, but was aiding others in the most practical of ways.

And it must not be understood that these early missionaries were uneducated, uncouth, or uncultured men. How much they knew of the sciences, I know not, but of the Word of God they knew much. However, their daily labors left them scant time for study. Accordingly, not infrequently—as depicted in this group—the Circuit Rider would read his Bible and collect his thoughts while riding slowly to a meeting place where people were assembled to hear his message. There were no cowards, physical, spiritual, or intellectual, among them. Nor was there place for weaklings in those days. Fearless, faithful, and direct, they went about preaching the Bible and what it taught, doing good, helping this one, encouraging that one, facing hardships of every kind. They suffered patiently, they endured much. Some suffered even martyrdom by the hand of the Indian wielding the murderous tomahawk. Others in threading the treacherous rapids of the rivers and mountain streams were swept away. Indeed, death and danger faced them on every hand. Like the great Apostle to the Gentiles, he could not ineptly say: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in perils by the heathen . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." So also, as with Paul, it was literally true of this itinerant outrider for the Kingdom of God—"I die daily."

In many instances devoted women shared with these missionaries every danger, every hardship, every trial. What a glorious roll do the names of the early missionaries make!

Then, when the growth of the population seemed to justify the effort, they directed their energies to laying the foundations of educational and charitable institutions which continue to this day, ever exerting a powerful influence in molding the character of men and women of the Northwest. The Willamette University at Salem is one of these institutions.

When one contemplates this wonderful country, its resources, both actual and potential, and what we now refer to as its early days, it is difficult to avoid dealing somewhat with its history and the part of The Circuit Rider played therein. There were indeed giants in those days. While this magnificent memorial is representative of a type, one may be pardoned, in considering the progress made in the last 100 years, for referring to a few facts.

It was on September 17th, 1834, that the great pioneer missionary,

Jason Lee, arrived at Fort Vancouver and was there received most hospitably by Dr. McLoughlin, who has been most rightly termed the "Father of Oregon." At that time there were few, very few, white men in all the Oregon country. On the advice of Dr. McLoughlin, Jason Lee selected as the site of the first mission a spot on the banks of the Willamette River a few miles north of where Salem now stands. At that time, except at Fort Vancouver and possibly a few solitary points, there were no houses, not even log cabins, but the resting place of the missionary was a camp under a fir tree or under the lee of some great cliff. It was, in fact, the great outdoors. Isolated, with very few companions, separated by thousands of miles of distance and months of time from their old homes, often from family, facing an unknown world, the early missionaries confronted an appalling and well nigh hopeless task. God blessed their efforts, and slowly they made headway against almost unsurmountable obstacles, facing trials that only their faith and zeal enabled them to endure.

June 1st, 1840, brought to Oregon what was often referred to as "The great reinforcement." It consisted of nine ministers, eleven seculars, and four teachers. All the ministers and seculars except one had families. Thirty-six adults and sixteen children composed the party.

Events moved rapidly and on May 2nd, 1843, the first American government in the Pacific Northwest was authorized by the people of the Willamette Valley at Champoege. It gives one some idea of the sparseness of the population at that time to know that but one hundred and two men gathered to consider the report of a committee which had been appointed in a March meeting of the same year. When the vote was taken, fifty-two voted for the report and fifty against it. By this narrow margin, was it declared that the "Stars and Stripes" should be our flag and we be a part of our common country. It is interesting to note that the same number met to frame the first constitution and self-government on the Pacific Coast as there were in the Mayflower when those who came over in her adopted what is declared to be by some the first written constitution for civil government ever set up in the world, and certainly the first self-government on the Atlantic Coast.

In 1847 the Whitman Massacre occurred. The first victims at the hands of the treacherous and ungrateful Indians were Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife, who had been serving and caring for them since

1836, when the mission, later called the Whitman Mission, was established. The Oregon Provisional Government waged the war of 1847-8, growing out of the Whitman Massacre, followed by the capture and execution of the murderers concerned with the massacre.

Oregon was admitted as a state February 14th, 1859, at which time it had a population of about 53,000. While the temptation is great, time will not permit of more than this brief reference to a few of the high points in the history of the Northwest.

The Circuit Rider is a particularly fond memory to the pioneers. It is but natural that this should be so. And we are now gathered together to join in dedicating this magnificent and lifelike memorial to his life and character. It is peculiarly fitting that the state owes this splendid gift to the patriotism and generosity of Robert A. Booth, a pioneer and the son of a pioneer Circuit Rider. It is a great pleasure, a great satisfaction, for me to have the opportunity of joining in this unveiling, and I appreciate the great compliment paid me in asking me to speak on this occasion. No words of mine can add anything to the standing and character as a citizen and as a man of one I am honored in calling my friend, Robert A. Booth. His life is a part of the history and growth of his native state and his example an inspiration to all who know him or have come within the influence of his life. His desire is to perpetuate the memory of all the early missionaries of whatever race or creed. While this memorial was inspired by the love and reverence Mr. Booth bore his father, it is not intended to commemorate any individual, but is erected in honor of all who honored the greatest call that can come to a man. Notwithstanding this desire of Mr. Booth, there are occasions, there are times, where history and the future require facts to be stated. In this instance I feel certain everyone at once will concede the propriety. It makes this occasion doubly interesting for all to know that the father of Mr. Booth was a pioneer Circuit Rider, one of the type I have tried to depict, and that Mr. Booth is a native of Oregon, having been born in Yamhill county in May, 1858, which in itself makes him a pioneer. His father was a true type of the pioneer missionary, a type fast disappearing. His name was Robert Booth. He was born in England in 1820; came to America with his parents in 1830; lived in and about New York six years and then went by steamer to New Orleans, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence crossed the plains to Oregon by ox team with his wife and four children in 1852. He joined the Oregon

Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1855 and remained a member until his death, July, 1917, at the age of 97 years. His last charge was Grants Pass. To paraphrase concerning the woman in Proverbs, "Let his own work praise him in the gates."

I feel that this occasion should not be allowed to pass without this very simple biographical sketch of the father of the donor.

In the selection of the artist to put into everlasting bronze his conceptions of what he desired to express, in the way of honoring and representing The Circuit Rider of the early days, Mr. Booth made no mistake in selecting Mr. Proctor. Mr. Proctor breathes the spirit of the West. He is true to its life and to its traditions. A western man himself, fond of all that makes it glorious, of its traditions, of its history, he has put into this group the very best that is in him. Fettered by no instructions, limited by no set designs, controlled by no preconceived notions, there was committed to him the task of expressing in bronze the high ideals the donor desired to commemorate and to perpetuate. I feel sure that you and all to follow you will feel that this great group is truly representative of those great and good men whose lives were devoted to the service of God and their fellow men.

In what I have said here, I do not think I have misconceived the meaning or scope of my subject. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of religion in the lives of the American pioneers and quite impossible with it left out, to paint even an imperfect picture of the pioneers of the Pacific Northwest.

In closing, I wish that I could leave with you the picture of The Circuit Rider as I see him. He was no materialist nor opportunist. Abraham like, "He looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." His faith was founded on verities and was anchored deep in the Word of God. In honoring him we honor ourselves, and in contemplating his life and work we are elevated to a higher plane. He had the vision of a prophet, but with it all he had to deal with the problems of everyday life. His life was passed in a country in the making, with but few of the instrumentalities of civilized life to aid him. Obstacles that might well have caused him to falter were treated as but trifles light as air in the path he was following. Dangers and death he faced calmly as part of his life. Doing all the things that fell to the lot of the early missionary, baptizing the babies, ministering to the sick, marrying the youths, burying the dead, preaching and exhorting and helping in every way—is it a matter for

surprise that these brave and simple, God-fearing souls should have endeared themselves to their friends and neighbors and now that they are gone, have left their memory a priceless heritage. Such men as these do not die. With the passing of time and the separation of the dross from the gold their lives and their examples stand out more and more radiantly as beacon lights to guide others on their way. They will live forever in the hearts of those they leave behind. In the words of Holy Writ we can say of them:

“Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens . . . of whom the world was not worthy.”



THE CIRCUIT RIDER

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



God tramps on through the scourging rains
God vaults into the saddle
Rides alone past the dusty plains
God's back bends to the paddle—
Cedar branches and sunlight through!
And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe!
God rides out on his ancient quest;
Healing, saving, commanding.
Here in the savage unknown west,
Settlement, cabin, landing—
Well they know the steady beat,
In the stillness of God's horses feet.
God leads to grace the pioneers!
Who walk each hour with danger!
Knows these grim men for his peers;
Gives his bread to the stranger—
Doing all that a neighbor can
God rides still, a weary man.
God rides out! And founds three states:
Their scourger, their defender;
Guides their loves and tones their hates,
Leads them into splendor!
God—in The Circuit Rider's breast—
Once more, God built a world—Our West, Our West.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

The CIRCUIT RIDER

Words by
MARY-CAROLYN - DAVIES

Schubert
Cortez
mf Music by
CECIL-TEAGUE-

Moderato with vagon

God tramps on thro the scourging rains

God vaults in to the sad-dle Rides alone past the dusty plains God's back bends to the pad-dle

Cedar branches and sunlight thro! And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe! - melody well marked

f mf

Piano

Dim

f

The musical score is written for piano and includes lyrics. It features dynamic markings such as *f*, *mf*, and *Dim*, and performance instructions like *Moderato with vagon* and *melody well marked*. The score is divided into three systems of music.

God tramps on through the scourging rains
God vaults into the saddle
Rides alone past the dusty plains
God's back bends to the paddle—
Cedar branches and sunlight through!
And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe!

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *mf*, and *pp*, and performance instructions like "Strong rhythm" and "a religioso".

System 1:
 Lyrics: "God rides out on his ancient quest; Healing, saving, com-"
 Performance notes: *f*, *mf*, "Strong rhythm"

System 2:
 Lyrics: "mand - ling Here in the savage unknown west, Settlement, cabin, land - ling - Well they know like"
 Performance notes: *f*, *mf*

System 3:
 Lyrics: "steady beat, In the stillness of God's horses' feet - -"
 Performance notes: *pp*, "a religioso"

God rides out on his ancient quest;
 Healing, saving, commanding.
 Here in the savage unknown west,
 Settlement, cabin, landing—
 Well they know the steady beat,
 In the stillness of God's horse's feet.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

With religious feeling

God leads to grace the pioneers, who walk each hour with danger. Knows these grim men

for his peers gives his bread to the stranger—Downs all that a neighbor can, God rides still a

weary man.

Buister Tempo

rall

God leads to grace the pioneers!
 Who walk each hour with danger!
 Knows these grim men for his peers;
 Gives his bread to the stranger—
 Doing all that a neighbor can
 God rides still, a weary man.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

Majestic and sustained

Soprano Contralto
Tenors Bass

God rides out! And finds three states; Scourges their De-fen-ders; Guides their loves and tones their hates

Leads them into splendor! God is the Circuit Rider's Breast Once more, God built a world—Our

West. Our West

ff *fff* *fff*

8va

God rides out! And finds three states:
 Their scourger, their defender;
 Guides their loves and tones their hates,
 Leads them into splendor!
 God—in The Circuit Rider's breast—
 Once more, God built a world—Our West, Our West.

FOLLOWING REMARKS WERE MADE

By HON. WALLACE McCAMANT

An appropriate day has been selected for these ceremonies. This is the 149th anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The Circuit Riders were good Americans. In recognition of this fact a salute to the flag has been made a part of the program. The salute officially adopted by the New Jersey Society Sons of the American Revolution will be used on this occasion and we will be led in the salute by Mr. Joe Nee:

"Flag of our great republic, hallowed by noblest deeds and loving sacrifice, guardian of our homes and inspiration in every battle for the right, whose stars and stripes stand for beauty, purity, truth, patriotism, and the Union, we salute thee, and for thy defense, the protection of our country, and the conservation of the liberty of the American people, we pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor."

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

By THE REV. POLLING

"Almighty, all wise and all loving heavenly Father! We return Thee thanks as the people of this great commonwealth, for Thy loving kindness and tender compassion which have been our portion all through the years which lie behind us—for this day and for this occasion, and for all that it signifies, we give Thee reverent thanks; for the men and the women who made possible the celebration of today; for the pioneers, Thy men and Thy women who gave to the world the Oregon of today; for all these we thank Thee, gracious God! And we especially give Thee praise, because in Thy plan for our commonwealth, and our whole Pacific Coast region, come the pioneer minister of the Gospel of the Son of God, with his message of salutation and good will. We would honor his memory, as we recall his hardships and privations and sacrifices, as well as his sublime faith and courage. We thank Thee that he builded, even better than he knew, and that today the results of his ministry are seen on every hand.

"God of our Fathers, accept our thanks! And help us to consecrate ourselves to the task of making their dreams, as touching the kingdom of rightness among men in our great Northwest, a splendid reality.

"And may the grace of God and the peace which passeth all understanding be and abide with our people evermore. Amen."

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