

As we unroll the map of our country and gain some conception of our heritage; as we ponder over the lengthened columns of our last census, and the figures become instinct with life and turn into freemen, cities, States, and all that give power and comfort thereto; our pride is sanctified by gratitude to the Fathers, who secured this heritage and made possible this result.

As we view the consummation of a century, and looking around us on this fruitful and free land, with its millions of people, its aggregate wealth, its happy homes, its peaceful and free States, its powerful and successful general government, yet in its youth honored abroad, the hope of the generations and the bulwark of freedom, we gain some conception both of the hopes of those fathers and their wisdom. This is no accident. There are no accidents in the economy of God; there is no luck in the divine providence which inspires the inevitable progression of cause and effect. All the Present is held in the bosom of the Past: the Future is the fruit of that Present and Past. We cannot foresee *all* that may be produced by our act; we cannot estimate the entire force of the influences we put in motion; the modifying power of other agencies cannot be ascertained; yet the outcome is, in its nature, the harvest due to the seed sown. He who sows good seed in good ground, with honest and intelligent toil, may confidently expect to reap a fruitful harvest; nay more: even "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."

To-day the Alleghany Mountains mark no line of division: from the Lakes to the Gulf there are only prosperous and united communities; the Mississippi flows in majestic power, twining together in indissoluble bonds the imperial States nestled in its surpassing Valley; the mountain ranges of the West have opened their bosoms to our advancing power, and the Pacific ocean guards with glad and placid vigilance