

to any particular class. Had it done so, we might well have doubted the divinity of the inspiration which suggested it. It might then have been considered a mere man-made custom, and, like its maker perishable. The chief beauty of all true principles is their breadth, their charity, their impartial philanthropy. Because of the breadth and extent of this beautiful observance I can see God in it, and can therefore believe it will endure. It originated like the flame of a candle, or a fire on the hearth, to give light and warmth to those only within the house. But now it shines like the sun, the great lamp which God lit in heaven, to shed forth its warmth and brilliance over all. This is proper and right, for we are all the children of God, equally His sons and daughters, equally the creatures of His benevolent care. I rejoice that we can meet here upon the plane of our common brotherhood and sisterhood, and regardless of religious or political differences, join hands in doing honor to the noble dead.

I can honor any man who is sincere, however much his opinions may differ from my own. Sincerity is not always right, but it is always right to be sincere. The hypocrite is despicable, but the sincere soul is ever to be admired. I honor the men who wore the blue, who fought under the stars and stripes, giving their lives in defense of their country's. For I believe this nation was founded of God; that its Constitution was written with an inspired pen, that the Almighty nerved the arm of the patriots whose swords and pens carved out the immortal legend: "All men are equal"—equally entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I therefore honor the heroes who struggled, and successfully, to extend in later years the boon of freedom and maintain the integrity of the union founded by our fathers. I believe God was in it; that it was written in the great book of destiny that slavery must perish and that the Union should be preserved. But I turn from them to lay a garland also upon the grave of the Confederate hero, who, though mistaken in fighting against the old flag, in seeking to shatter the Union, did so in sincerity and laid down his life to prove the earnestness of his convictions. I was ordered out of a house in Ohio, a dozen years after the war, for expressing as much—that those who fought and died for the South were equally sincere with those who fought and conquered for the North. But I do not expect to receive such treatment here; perhaps it would not again be accorded there; for times have changed since then and men's minds have broader grown.

I was once walking through a cemetery—a private cemetery—in the city of Lancaster, Pa. Wandering among the tombs in that silent city of the dead my eyes chanced to rest upon a stone on which was the name of Thaddeus Stevens, once eminent as an American statesman, and a prominent figure of that period of our national history to which I have referred—the period of the civil war. Underneath his name were engraved these words, doubtless penned by his own hand in anticipation of death, to form his epitaph: "I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited as to race, by charter rules, I have chosen this, that I might illustrate in my death the principles I advocated in a long life—equality of man before his Creator." Now I do not suppose that the statesman, when he penned those lines, meant that all men are absolutely equal in all things. Life is full of inequalities. The very face of nature is rife with contrasts. These majestic mountains that tower heavenward are as unlike as possible the meek and lowly valleys upon which they frown. So

too, in society, some men, some women, tower aloft like mountain peaks above their fellows by reason of superior intelligence, by reason of power and position, hereditary or representative; some, as Shakespeare says, being born great, some achieving greatness, and some having greatness thrust upon them. There are kings and princes and presidents swaying power over millions of their fellow creatures. There are the strong who oppress the weak, the rich who grind the poor, the proud and haughty despising the meek and humble. Life is too full of contrasts and diversities to convince us that all men are in all respects equal. But when the hour comes—the inevitable hour—to "shuffle off this mortal coil," when the king lays aside his crown and sceptre; when the president descends from the chair of state; when the judge doffs his ermine, and the rich man, stripped of his millions, naked as when he came into the world, passes away; when "with equal steps impartial fate knocks at the palace and the cottage gate," and prince and peasant, king and pauper, stand before God to be judged, to render an account of their stewardships, and receive at the hands of a just Judge the reward of the deeds done in the body—then will it be seen, if not before, that all men are indeed equal before their Creator. And when we lay our bodies down to sleep in these narrow chambers, in this silent halls of death, then too it is seen that all men are equal. For death, like love, "levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

And what is death? To the Christian, merely the dissolution, the temporary divorcement, of the spiritual part of man from the temporal; the return to the elements composing him to their separate origins. "Then shall the dust return to earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it." Our lives are as the rain-drops sprinkled upon the hills; they but evaporate to the clouds from which they fell, or trickle back to the ocean whence they came. Let those who will be satisfied with the tinkling poetry of the infidel's philosophy, that "Life is a narrow vale between the barren peaks of two eternities." But ascend to these mountain tops and tell me what you see. One valley? No; many valleys—east, west, north, south—valleys in all directions. This is rather the symbol of life, and they who ascend to the spirit's heights will see not merely one life, but many, stretching away behind and before them. This life is but a link in the chain; death but an incident in our eternal career; the gloomy grave but a milestone on our endless journey. We may honor the sincerity of the infidel, but we cannot, from the standpoint of Christ, agree with sincerity in its errors.

Most men, I believe, have a yearning after immortality, and that yearning I accept as a prophecy of its realization. Every righteous desire of the heart will be gratified; it is only the evil desires that must be removed—eradicated like weeds from a garden. Most men desire to live again, to rise like the sun after its setting—all the more glorious after the night of darkness which has intervened. Some men who are called infidels have such desires. There was a poet once who was thought to be an infidel because he did not believe in God as other men believed. Yet when that poet was drowned and his poor dead body was taken from the lake there was found upon him a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the word of God, which he loved to pore over and ponder upon. He left on record these beautiful lines:

The One remains, the many change and pass,  
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows  
fly;

Life, like a dome of many colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until death tramples it to fragments.

And there the poet leaves it like a shattered vase. But God, who gave the poet life, that Creator who is greater than His creature, takes up the work where the poet leaves off; He gathers up the shining fragments of that shattered vase, and remoulds them into a vessel of honor, a thousand times more beautiful, and taking the lovely flower which once adorned it—which was not destroyed at death, but simply transplanted from a lower to a higher garden—He replaces it, the self-same flower in the self-same vase, new immortal and imperishable, to shed forth its fragrance and bloom in beauty forever. This, my friends, is life; this is death; and this the resurrection."

THE REV. J. B. THRALL,

(Congregationalist) said in substance: Let me first direct your thoughts to that epoch, the civil war. It is now thirty years since that event which we celebrate took place. Men are not heroes because they died. They are heroes who have faith in God. What makes man a hero is that he has the comprehension to understand God's purposes. About thirty years ago a small army representing one section of our country, their hearts if not their feet keeping time to God's desire, marched away to battle for their country's rights. What was there to make such an epoch glorious, lurid and red with blood as it was, to lift it above common murder and give it a place in the councils of God? It is true that some of the chief actors in that great drama became vindictive, and hated their brethren, when in drawing their swords in defense of God's purposes they should still have loved their opponents. It was to give to us this grand country and government, which is as the great Lincoln said, 'For the people, by the people and of the people.' The direct cause which led to the great rebellion was the trampling upon the principles of the constitution by certain men. Then slavery obtained a strong footing upon American soil, directly contrary to free government. God decreed it and the stain had to be wiped out with a flood of red blood. The speaker then gave a history of the rise of the war, and traced the course of events down to the present time. In conclusion he said: Let human love, American patriotism, and universal brotherhood place each year anew, above that stern and rugged period of this nation's history, its fresh crown of laurel, and weave with reverent hand its garland of rosemary for remembrance and of rue for regret.

The Harmony Glee club then sang,

"When the swallows homeward fly"

in first-rate style.

President Angus M. Cannon pronounced the benediction, and with this the exercises terminated.

Professor Evan Stephens presided at the organ (which was placed on the one side of the elevated platform from which the speakers addressed the audience), and also conducted the musical portion of the service. The Harmony Glee Club rendered splendid service, and Held's band was quite a feature. The latter remained in the cemetery until one o'clock and discharged a good selection of music.

At Fort Douglas and elsewhere in the city Memorial day was duly observed.