MEMORIAL SERMON.

Delivered by Rev. W. C. Jenkins, Sunday, May 26, 1895.

By especial request and unanimous vote of Chester A. Arthur Post, G. A. R., the following very able sermon was handed us for publication. It appears complete and verbatim:

Text: Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Zech. 4: 6.

The family is the oldest institution known to man. A well regulated family is an actual government, perfect in all its parts. The family is the grand type and pattern of all governments. It is composed of two parts. The heads and rulers of the family, making, regulating and administering its laws, practically constitute the government, which is the first part; and the minor members, subject to its laws, and citizens of the household, compose the second part. In this family government we find existing mutual duties. The government, or first part, owes to its subjects support, education, wise direction and protection, so long as they are under family jurisdiction. The subjects, or second part, owe to the first part obedience to its laws, and voluntary efforts to maintain against rupture and dissolution the family relation and government which has fostered and protected them. Thus we have a more or less perfect picture of state and national government, with the mutual duties existing between the government and its citizens. The government owes to its citizens protection and wise government. The citizens owe to the government obedience to its laws, and earnest and brave defense of the government against rupture and dissolution by the forces of local or foreign enemies. Thus we have the general principles, the common mission, and the one purpose of all governments, state and national.

But inside this general mission is inclosed a special and peculiar mission, or purpose, which becomes a distinguishing feature of every government. All men have a common form and general appearance, but each individual has traits of character and facial expression that distinguish him from every other man. So also each nation has peculiar characteristics which give it an individuality peculiar to itself. That characteristic may consist merely in a peculiar race of people. Or it may consist in a novel form of government, or a peculiar process of obtaining obedience to its laws; or that distinguishing feature may be found alone in the mission the nation came to fill, in the specific purpose of its existence. Nations, true to the spirit of progress, have advanced in real worth. The earlier nations of the world were rude, crude and barbarous. But most of them filled special missions just the same. As we drift down the stream of time we see each succeeding nation embracing much that was worthy in its predecessors, and incorporating with this some new idea of government, and committing itself to the support and development of some new enterprise of national importance, and of peculiar interest to the citizens. All nations that have figured prominently in history have carved their names there by the keen edge of national peculiarity. The Jews, Greeks, Romans, Germans, English, French, China and Japan have all added their peculiar color to the world's history.

I come this morning to ask the interesting question, what is the specific mission of our own dear nation? It has the mission common to all nations; but it has a special mission to fill, and a work to do. What is it? It is to demonstrate to the world the superior excellence of religious freedom and a free Bible on the one hand, and the naturalness and justness of civil and social liberty on the other. From whence sprung this nation with these peculiarities and novel principles as a basis? To see the wisdom of creating this government, and the mission it came to fill, let us turn our thoughts backward for a moment. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries we have what is known in history as the dark ages. That period in which the dark fog of ignorance, superstition and tyranny settled with dreadful heaviness over the oriental world. That period in which for generations religious freedom and liberty of conscience had not been enjoyed; that period in which for generations civil and social liberty were strangers to the world. This oppression touched all relations of life, religious and secular, civil, social and spiritual. It became more and more unpardonable, inexcusable and unbearable, until in 1517 Martin Luther, disgusted and weary with papal oppression and authority, thrust his hand into the archives of Rome, drew forth the Bible from its guarded seclusion, brushed the dust of centuries from its sacred lids, and declared on the authority of the word itself that it is, and should be, the property of the people and not alone the property of popes and priests, to be interpreted as they willed. He declared that religion is a matter of free choice, and that liberty of conscience is a sacred right which the civil law and ecclesiastical prelates should not invade; he declared that the Bible is a free book for a free people, and that it should not be under the surveillance of the sleuths of Rome. Thus, with his soul on fire from a conviction of right, and his heart aching because of the iniquities of Rome, he paraded the land, proclaiming his convictions fearlessly, until he inaugurated a religious revolt which kindled the fire of discontent in the nation's heart—yea, it spread to other nations, and thus were formed the elements of a new nation, with religious freedom as its basis, and a hungering for a new home where they might enjoy religious liberty.

Simultaneous with this religious movement, a civil revolt was developing in England, the Netherlands and other sections of the continent. The blight of civil and social tyranny was as keenly felt by this element as was papal tyranny by the religionists. This civil oppression developed positive convictions in their minds that God designed that man should be civilly and socially free. These convictions crystalized into a positive determination to break this yoke of oppression if possible. Hence there were created among them the elements of a new nation, with civil liberty as its basis; and a hungering for a new home where they might enjoy the inalienable rights of man. Here then are two peoples, one desiring freedom of conscience in matters of religion, the other seeking civil liberty.

Was there a place where these oppressed ones might fly for refuge, a nation where they might find protection? No! The same dark curse hung over England, France, Germany, Turkey—the whole civilized world. But there was a place of refuge for them. While God was preparing their hearts to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of liberty, he sent Columbus across the surging main to discover and spy out the land to which He would lead His oppressed children. Columbus discovered the land; God led His oppressed ones to it, the advance guard arriving in the Mayflower in 1620. And these oppressed people, these who had never enjoyed religious nor civil liberty, formed this government on principles of liberty, civil and religious; and from that little nucleous has grown this, the model nation of Christendom.

Hence we have this government resting on two great pillars. These pillars constitute its only foundation one under each end of the government. First, and on my right hand, stands the pillar of religious liberty. It rests on the eternal nature of God, and towers toward His throne. It provides free choice and liberty in matters of conscience and religion, and a free Bible for the whole world. On the pure white front of this pillar is inscribed near the bottom the favorite doctrine of Luther, that, "though sinners, men are justified by faith in Jesus Christ," not by confessing to a priest. Immediately above this is that glorious passage, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Next come the psalmist's words, "the entrance of Thy word giveth light." And on the cap stone of that pillar are inscribed the words of Jesus, "Search the Scriptures, for they testify of Me." And on the frieze which encircles that cap stone I see the words in letters of gold, "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, nor prohibit the free exercise thereof."

Second, and on my left hand, stands the grand old pillar of civil liberty and human equality. It is as eternal as the rights of man. I see near the bottom of its beloved face an inscription written in blood: "I was begun in the blood of the pilgrim fathers." Above this is another sentence written in blood, "I was enlarged and finished in the blood of the revolutionary fathers." And on the cap stone of this pillar is another sentence written in blood, "I was defended and saved from destruction in 1861-4 at the cost of millions of lives." And on the frieze that encircles that cap stone are the words in letters of fire, "All men were created free and equal."

Proud be the nation built on such a foundation as these pillars are. These pillars are principles, and they raise our national superstructure above the ravages of unprincipled enemies and corroding forces. Veterans and brethren, our plain duty is to defend and support these principles at any cost. This government was an experiment, and we must show the wisdom of our fathers in making these principles the basis of a national government. For more than a hundred years our neighbor nations have watched with interest the progress of this republic. Once only during our history has our condition been such as to awaken suspicion in the minds of our neighbors concerning the success of the experiment. There was a time when the marshaled forces of evil combined to work our ruin. The nations of the world stood erect and held their breath from 1861 to '64, as they watched this trembling pillar of civil liberty. The chief conspirator of our ruin was that curse of all curses, human slavery. This beastly and accursed evil, backed by the doctrine of "states' rights" and Jesuitical influences, precipitated a wanton rebellion which spent its force in trying to efface that dear inscription, "All men were created free and equal" from the pillar of liberty. Yea, they purposed leveling that pillar to the ground and legalizing the bondage and barter of human flesh and blood.

But it was not to be so. While the storm of rebellion was gathering around our pillar of liberty, God raised up a son of man; brought him into the world on a Kentucky farm, led him through an Illinois court room, thence to the White House in Washington, investing him with the headship of the nation. A man of God, of courage, of sympathy, independent in integrity, and who would rather be right than be president. While administering the arduous duties of president, he heard the tramp of the enemies' feet, he heard the rumbling of their artillery, he heard their muttering threats against our blood-bought Union, and stepping to the door of the national capitol, he shouted to the sons of freedom a cry of danger, and appealed for help to defend the pillar of liberty. In quick response a deafening chorus rolled back, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." As a great tidal wave the boys in blue rushed forward to defend freedom's flag. They fought, bled and died on many a battle field. Yet recruits poured in until when General Grant was made commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, seven hundred thousand loyal sons and fathers stood by him to move at his command; besides the thousands whose blood had stained the soil of their beloved country in previous conflicts. How many acres of the virgin soil of this country have been soaked with life blood that was considered less sacred than principle. The civil war was a novelty in the history of wars. Most of the wars of this world were incited and fed by the desire for provincial conquest, territorial acquisition and the spoils of war. But none of these actuated the men who hazarded their lives in the civil war. They faced the bayonet, not from coercion, but because they would rather die than see right abused and the principles of liberty dethroned. Who can recount without feelings of patriotic pride the dear lives that went out at Bull Run, Shiloh, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, Atlanta, Mobile, Pea Ridge, Lone Jack, Gettysburg and dozens of other battle fields where life was counted not dear for the Union? Besides their valor on the battle field, see these brave defenders on their weary marches of days, and even weeks, with bleeding feet, empty stomachs and thirsty throats. See some of them on guard, on a January night, with freezing feet and fingers, standing in two feet of snow, not daring to leave the slightest fire lest their presence be betrayed. Or again as they lie, by hundreds, on some hillside, trying to take the much needed rest and sleep, while all night long a drenching rain pours upon their uncovered bodies. But let us turn the kaleidoscope once more, and see them fettered and incarcerated in those earthly hells, called Andersonville and Libby prison. I can but faintly remember seeing a few soldiers after peace was declared, but the oft repeated story of the sufferings of one dear to me I can never forget, although I forgive. He lay nine months in Andersonville prison without a change of clothing, without a decent meal during the time, and when liberated he could not walk alone; the hair and skin were all off his head, the lice having devoured him alive, and his body a mass of sores. Fruitful as is the English language, I think it has but one word that expresses the character of those places, and that is a seething, reeking hell. Poor unfortunates, starving, ragged and lousy, they must suffer the insults and maltreatment of their captors. Why will they do this so nobly? Why will they voluntarily face such dangers? Because they would rather the South would trample upon and mutilate their bodies than see them trample upon and mutilate the flag of freedom.

What shall we say of those boys in blue, who by reason of years have become veterans gray? What shall we younger ones say of our veteran fathers? We who were yet unborn when Fort Sumpter was fired on; we who never heard the cannon roar; we who never had our blood stirred by the noise of battle; we who are prattling babes at our mothers' knees while our fathers and older brothers saved the home and the nation; shall we say God bless them? Yes, God bless them. God bless their families and their homes. But invoking God's blessing upon them does not discharge our duty to them. We must love them and respect them. I love the name of Washington, the architect and builder of this pillar of liberty. I love the name of Lincoln, who so nobly defended it. I love the name of that Napoleon of America who so skillfully manipulated our armies, Ulysses S. Grant. I love the record these men have made. But I have a peculiar affection and sympathy for that class of men who endured more hardships and faced more perils than any other rank of men—the private soldier. This government has never honored the private soldier with the preferments and courtesies justly due him. And those of us who follow them will not do them justice until we exalt their names to the highest place on the roll of honor. Young men and maidens, permit me to say, cherish the memory of the private soldier, as you cherish the principles he defended.

On this memorial day what shall we say of the wives and mothers of our veteran soldiers, those brave women who assumed the domestic duties of life and sent their sons and husbands to the war—that widowed mother who heard the din of conflict, and said to her only son, "Charley, our home and liberty are in danger; I will wash and sew and work, and support myself and little sister while you go to the war"—that young wife who, her heart thrilled by the clash of arms, said, "Husband, dear, our flag is in danger; I will plow and sow and reap, and try to support myself and our little darling, while you defend our liberties"? They go to the war, and for weeks and months their letters are a great solace to the mother and wife at home. But on a day the widowed mother receives a letter earlier than usual, written by an unfamiliar hand. Nervously she breaks the seal and reads from a neighbor boy in the same company: "Mrs. Jones, Charley was shot this morning, standing by my side, just as the great battle closed. His last words were, 'Tell mother that I lived to see this battle result in victory to the Union army, and that I die happy.'" The wife who has been waiting so patiently for the return of her husband does not get his accustomed letter this week, nor next week, nor the next; but after weeks of anguish she gets a letter from an army officer, and with almost fainting heart she opens and reads: "My dear Mrs. Walker, your husband was slain several weeks ago in a great battle. His expiring words were, 'Tell my dear wife that my last thoughts were of her; tell her that I died with my face to the enemy, and to teach our little boy to love and speak his father's name.'" Poor woman, she awakes from her dreams of a returning husband, to find herself a widow with a fatherless child. These women have done what they could. They could not go to the battle field, but they sent their husbands and their sons. And justice to them requires us to place their names on the roll of honor, near to their loved ones, the defenders of our country.

Yes, the pillar of civil and social liberty was bravely defended; and we trust that its merits are sufficiently recognized that it will never be assailed again. But, veterans, this pillar is not free from danger. As I look off in the distance I see dull, heavy clouds resting low on the horizon. In them I think I hear the muttering thunders of centralized power. From their dull cold faces there comes, ever and anon, a breath of wind which seems to be saturated with the smell of surrendered liberties to conspiring monopolies. Yea, more, that wind seems to be freighted with the stench of an imperious, aggressive staff, who are eagerly reaching forward with the knives of greed and tyranny to cut the guy ropes of this beloved pillar. I look with concern toward those advancing clouds of social tyranny; for if ever they break into storm upon us, civil liberty is at an end until we purchase it with human blood. If perchance these clouds do arise and advance till civil liberty is again in danger will that glorious treasure find defenders as loyal and brave as those of 1861-4? Most of that great army are silent in death; those who remain are well stricken in years; eyes dim, ears dull of hearing, joints stiff; and, with many, the lamp of life burns very low. Then where are the defenders of our blood bought liberties? Veteran fathers, your sons have inherited your patriotic and loyal blood. If any foe, foreign or domestic, shall dare to insult the dignity of American freemen by putting lustful and covetous hands on the pillar of civil liberty, ten millions of your loyal sons will hazard their homes and their lives to defend it.

Thank God, this pillar of religious liberty has never been assailed. We have never been called upon to defend religious freedom with our blood. But, brethren, this fact does not presage a perpetual exemption from danger. As I lift my field glass and again scan the horizon, I see some clouds the size of a man's hand. Most of them are too rarefied and light to occasion concern. But one there is which portends a coming storm; as I gaze it draws nearer, and enlarges in size; the face is purple with revenge, and from the whole surface come leaping tongues of devouring flame. And if the wind of public sentiment ever becomes so calm as to allow that cloud to drift in upon us, who can foresee the consequences? Will American patriotism and loyalty be less active in defending that pillar of religious freedom than it was in defending civil liberty? No! Never! But if this right hand pillar of liberty of conscience and religious freedom shall ever be assailed, this nation will pour forth millions of sons to defend it. If the slimy coil of papal Rome should begin to twine about it, and attempt to efface any of these inscriptions, or to destroy the pillar, or any other foe assail it, North and South, East and West, would close up the chasms of prejudice between them, melt into one solid army and sweep that foe from the land forever.

Indulge me a moment, please, while I remark upon the results of the civil war. When I speak of the results of the war, perhaps your minds turn first to the freedom of five millions of slaves—a glorious result this. And second you think of the loss of a million men in that terrible conflict—a sad result this. Or next, perhaps you think of a war debt of nearly three billions of dollars—a fearful result was this. But there is yet another I wish merely to suggest. I refer to the solidifying effect of the civil war upon the national life. There were certain constitutional questions upon which all our people were not agreed. Unfortunately, almost the entire South put a certain construction upon certain passages in the constitution; I believe most of them were conscientious and sincere. The North as conscientiously put a different construction upon these passages. Hence there was a positive tendency to pull apart and disintegrate. This state of affairs must continue until there was a final and authoritative construction put upon what our Southern friends called ambiguous terms in the constitution. The civil war and the reconstruction process that followed put the final and authoritative construction upon our national charter; and as a result we have a solider government today than if the civil war had never been. I am sanguine enough to believe that nothing can pull us apart now. If we perish, we perish all together. For whoever dares to encroach upon our beloved flag, or civil and religious liberty, will find that we are not a nation of sections, but that we are solidly united in that spirit which knows no North, no South, neither East nor West.

But what of war? Is it morally right? Do the principles involved make the act of war morally right? I venture the statement that war is wrong and never right; and that no condition justifies a resort to war, only as we recognize it as a great evil, and then resort to it to suppress and quench a greater evil. Why this? Because the influences of war are immoral. The mission of civil government, of moral law, of social order, and of Christianity, is to tender, quicken, develop and expand the moral natures of men. The influences of war are exactly the opposite. Nothing so hardens the emotional touch, renders men reckless and indifferent, and deadens the moral tone of their natures, as the unholy influences of war. The great Master condemned retaliation; and war is contrary to His injunctions to charity, forgiveness and brotherly love. Christ emphasized the merits of arbitration when he gave His instructions for dealing with an offending brother. Says one, "If war was not God's way of settling national difficulties, why did he not positively prohibit it in the Old Testament? For the same reason that polygamy and slavery were not prohibited. When God began to carve out a people for himself, he found the world wallowing in sin. War, slavery and polygamy were favorite indulgences then, and the moral character of the people was so low that they could not appreciate peace and purity. But God did a wiser thing than to positively prohibit those evils while the people were not morally prepared for such a step. He set in motion a spiritual force which has eliminated slavery and polygamy from the world, and which will never cease operating until war will become the exception, instead of the general rule. "What will take the place of war? A nobler and more Christlike spirit in humanity. This right hand pillar of a free Bible and free religion is figuring mightily in the destruction of the love of war.

A free Bible, and a religion of spirit rather than form, given to all nations, will so tame, reconstruct and domesticate the untamed natures of men that war will be considered by all nations as beastly and devilish. The day will come when boards of arbitration and international councils will do the work that war has formerly done, do it better, and without loss of life, property, or peace. The time was when the nations of the world were in continuous warfare. The time will come when the prophet's vision will come true, in which plowshares, pruning hooks and other implements of usefulness may be made from the materials once used in weapons of war. In that good time coming we shall not see the loving wife press her kiss of a sad farewell on the lips of her husband, soon to be slaughtered in bloody conflict. The doting mother will not then have to look upon her dear boy, starting for the war, and feel the chilling sensation that perhaps his lovely form will soon be pierced by a musket ball. Nor then shall we hear the suppressed sigh of the sweetheart as she clings to the hand of her lover dressed for the war, and pledges him her prayers, her tears, her thoughts and her love. When councils of war give place to boards of arbitration, and noble reason, stimulated by a sense of universal brotherhood and spiritual religion, shall scorn the thought of bloodshed, then will be realized the fulfilment of the prophecy of my text, that "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

NOT TROUBLED BY NOISE.

Literary People Who Could Work in the Midst of Turmoil.

All that concerns the men and women who give distinction to their day is of interest to those who admire, criticise and perhaps envy their achievements, says Chambers' Journal. A special and legitimate curiosity is felt in reference to the conditions under which success is won. Glimpses are occasionally given into the methods of eminent toilers, and a wonderful variety is revealed. It is at least plain that no guidebook to great performances—the anxious author can have his choice of several—will determine the point where exactly the best results are to be obtained. One man's help is another's hindrance. Many famous writers, for instance, have only been able to perfect their thoughts in silence and seclusion. But there have also been those who could work in the midst of babel and defy distraction. Jane Austen, whose unpretentious canvases are full of some of the most life-like portraits in fiction, was never in the habit of seeking solitude to compose. She wrote sitting in the family circle, and under perpetual risk of interruption. It was the same with a successful lady novelist happily still living.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her best-known story on a plain pine table, by the aid of an evening lamp, in a tiny wooden house in Maine. About her were gathered children of various ages, conning their lessons or at play, and never guessing what a treasure mine of excitement was coming into existence for other young people in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A large part of the "Roman History" of Dr. Arnold was composed under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley has sketched the Rugby student, where Arnold sat at his work, "with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will." Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of luxuriant fancy and true genius, though much neglected, also found a stimulus to the creative faculty of his muse in working in playful and even noisy company. Such cases recall the story of the learned man of Padua who assured Montaigne that he actually needed to be hemmed in by uproar before he could proceed to study.

LITTLE TIME FOR IDLING.

Government Clerkships Not Such Sinecures as Is Generally Supposed.

The impression still exists in the minds of many people who come to Washington and secure government positions that the department clerk has little or no work to do but the manual or rather pedal labor involved in standing in line upon semi-monthly occasions and pocketing a salary. This was instanced some weeks ago, says the Washington Post, when a newly-appointed young clerk of the gentler sex made her appearance in the pension office. The other clerks viewed with curious eyes the contents of a rather large bundle of fancy work which she spread out on the desk and leisurely essayed to weave. She was somewhat surprised and impatient because the messenger came in several times during the day to deposit office papers on her desk, thus interrupting the plying of her needle. She grew more surprised as day by day her work increased and she had no time to spare for her avocation. She got enough of it in about a week. One day she rolled up the unfinished tatting and took it home, with the remark that she "really believed she would not be able to do any fancy work, after all." A somewhat similar story is related of an old gentleman of a literary turn of mind who entered upon his duties in the sixth auditor's office with a select assortment of the poets and essayists under his arm. His chief inquired if the volumes in question were expected to throw light upon the auditing of post office accounts. "I usually devote at least two hours a day to elevating reading," replied the clerk. But reading the poets during office hours was found to be incompatible with disposing of the enormous pile of work that soon loomed up on the new employe's desk, until at last the lover of literature strapped up his library of master minds of the world and took them away, never again to be subjected to the indignities of government routine.

He Knew the Game.

The following little comedy was performed in the Tombs police court in New York city recently: "Now, sir," said the police justice to a witness, "what is your name?" The witness, who was evidently from the very rural districts, put on a look of extreme cunning and drawled out: "I won't tell you. I know your game. You'll git my name, and as soon as I go out of here some other smart raseal will come up and ask me how Mandy and the children is, and when I saw my son, the cashier in our bank down to the Corners, I know your game, bunco, and I won't tell you my name."

Paris slaughters between 16,000 and 17,000 horses a year for food.

Joseph Rue, of Philadelphia, according to the Philadelphia Record, is the oldest Odd Fellew in America.

The Baltimore markets sell 500 or 600 muskrats every day. They are said to make nice eating, if one does not mind the smell.

The hog killing industry of the country for the year ending March 1, reached an aggregate of 21,610,000 hogs, for which were paid $232,000,000.

Robert Centre, of New York, who was the first man of this country to ride a bicycle, was killed on his wheel last week. He rode a little too long.

The discovery of a well full of snakes has followed the liquor legislation in Iowa. It looks as though every fellow that got 'em dropped 'em into this well.

The Illinois legislature is considering a proposition to utilize the state's convict labor for the construction of a deep water canal from LaSalle to Lockport.

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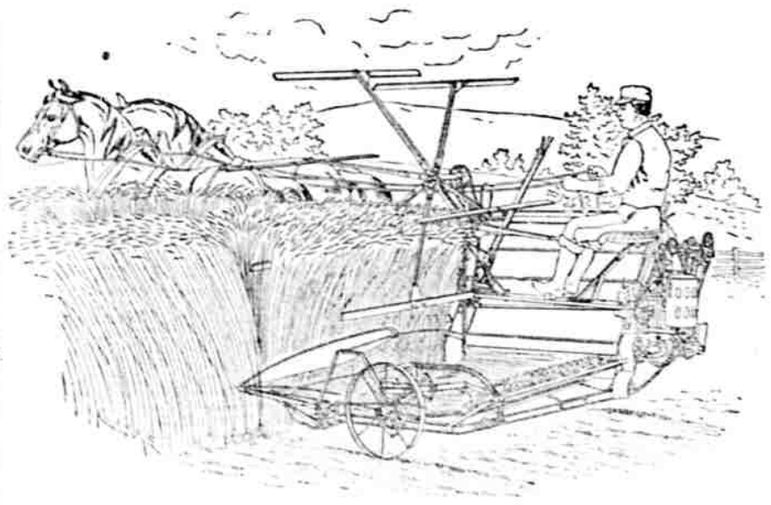

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