A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE.

Sermon by Rev. E. W. Caswell of Grace M. E. Church, Upon the Life and Character of U. S. Grant.

The announcement of a memorial service at Grace M. E. church had the effect of crowding that church yesterday morning. Rev. H. K. Hines, D. D., and Rev. J. H. Acton occupied seats on the platform and assisted in the service. The music was appropriate and excellent. The following memorial sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Caswell, and commanded the closest attention:

Psalm xcvii: 1: "The Lord reigneth." II Samuel i: 19: "How are the mighty fallen."

Nations perish. Empires fall. But God lives and reigns. He cannot die: "His throne is forever and ever." The scene of history changes; the actors fall, but liberty and truth march on. Standing with the nation and the world around the bier of our illustrious dead, trembling with awe, suffused with emotion as we entwine the tribute of affection around the immortal character of Ulysses Simpson Grant, it becomes us to remember that "God alone is great," "and none can stay his hand or say unto him what doest thou?" The Lord reigneth over every individual character of history as well as over the long millenniums of time. He meets with no accidents, no "whirling wheel of chance." The Almighty was not surprised at the departure of our hero. It was the crowning providence in the series. As we review the life of our fallen chieftain, we must remember that God was in it. In it in the training of a Christian mother, whose hair turned white with anxiety and ceaseless prayers, lest her first-born should fall from virtue while battling for his country in Mexico; whose eyes of solicitude ever followed him along the dangerous road to fame until she believed God had raised up her son to be the deliverer of the Nation, and that he would guide and protect him. Providence was in this life. When young Grant entered West Point Military academy by accident; in it in his business failures, in his forty years of obscurity, like Moses at Midian waiting the divine call, in it when a million guns were leveled at him, during four years of battle from Belmont to Appomattox, and he never received a scratch. In it when financial ruin necessitated literary labors, and when disease in answer to prayer was held in check until the trembling fingers of the weary hero could lift the crowning piece in his colossal character to its position, and when the last stroke of the pen was given to his "Personal Memoirs," he said to the physician: "I am now ready to obey God's call without a moment. My work is done; I cannot be more ready than I am this moment." In a little while the dying hero was ushered into the presence of the Infinite.

Gen. Grant recognized that he was a child of providence and firmly believed in special interpositions of providence in the affairs of men and nations. Once, when asked by a friend what he considered his most providential experience, without hesitation he said: "My resignation from the army in 1854. I was then a captain. If I had staid in the army I would have been still a captain on frontier duty at the outbreak of the war, and would thus have been deprived of the right to offer my services voluntarily to the country. That opportunity shaped my future."

We reverence the almighty when we pay our homage to the masterpieces of his power and providence. It is with this feeling that we approach the study of this great soul. We cannot hope to measure him, for we have nothing to draw with and the well is deep. His ablest eulogist stands too near him to draw an accurate picture of the grandeur of his lofty character. Mountain peaks are grandest in the distance. Some future orator at some centennial anniversary of his birth, when the luster of age has brightened his deeds, will alone be able to portray the transcendent genius of Ulysses S. Grant.

Among the characteristics of his greatness was his will power. He could die, but he could not retreat or surrender. He could "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." During the night after the first day's battle at Pittsburg Landing, the brave McPherson in despair said to him: "What will you do?" Grant replied, reform the lines and attack them at daylight. Won't they be surprised? When his wife was asked if she thought Richmond would fall, she replied affirmatively, saying Mr. Grant always was a very obstinate man. Unyielding resolution was marked in his every feature and movement. Gen. Halleck could not stop him. All the powers of the war department at Washington could not stop him from winning victories for the Union. Several times [illegible] by his superiors, the messengers arriving at the very crisis of victory. At Vicksburg, when the fourth battle had already begun, a little brigadier came rushing up out of breath. Tilting himself up on his tip-toes, he cried out, "Go back!" But his voice was drowned by the bugle signal sounding for the last charge, that resulted in the capture of the Gibralter of America and the surrender of 40,000 soldiers in arms. Grant never went back. He crushed Doleison with his "unconditional surrender" grip. He held Vicksburg by the throat till her breath was gone. He hugged Lee till he cried for mercy. It was not a will of mere tenacity, but a will of courage, of daring and of self-sacrifice; it was invincible heroism, inspired by a love of truth and country. If this one man's will had been less iron-like and courageous, awakened liberty rising from the grave of slavery would have been stricken back into her tomb and the face of American history changed for all time.

The world was slow to realize that Grant possessed remarkable intellectual powers, not brilliant, not imaginative, not speculative, but a mind strong and clear, comprehensive and administrative, with splendid self-poise and intuitive grasp, the most active and powerful at the moment of thrilling emergencies. It is said that the night of the second day of the Wilderness fight, when Sedgwick's corps had been broken and Shaller and Seymour captured, Gen. Grant sat in his headquarters and listened to fast coming reports of perplexity and trouble, but he turned to one and another and talked off his orders with as much precision and display of judgment as though he had been studying that unexpected situation for two months, and all who saw him watched and listened and wondered. It must have been a lofty genius that controlled and planned the movements of a million soldiers over a vast territory for a year and a half without a single defeat; culminating in victory everywhere; that safely guided the ship of state for eight perilous years between the still surging billows of suppressed rebellion on the one hand and war with England imminent on the other; that appropriately and eloquently addressed sovereigns, princes, educators and vast masses of people as he received the unparalleled honors of the nations of the earth, and that at last, though staggering under financial defeat, and struggling with his paroxysms of pain, in the toils of the unyielding monster, death, the sphinx-like genius writes a work which millions in all lands are waiting in thrilling suspense to read.

Beneath his great brain lay a great heart. We admire intellects, but we love hearts. Intellects dazzle, but heart power moves the world. Here lies the springs of great revolutions. And here lies the secret of Gen. Grant's wonderful power over men. He drew all men to his side, from his footman to the statesman, even his severest critics and bitterest enemies, who had called him a butcher, a drunkard and a second Cæsar, yielded at last to his silent love and boundless sympathy. He had not the fascinating magnetic presence of Napoleon, but the full orbed, genial warmth of a Washington—those who loved him once loved him always. The conquered South join hands with the conquerors in bearing the precious form of the illustrious victor to his tomb. Behold how they love him! They remember his refusal to take the sword from the humiliated Gen. Lee at Appomattox and the magnanimous terms of capitulation. When asked why he permitted the Confederates to go off with their horses, he said, "Let them have them; they will want them for the spring plowing." Flushed with victory, the needs of the people were uppermost in his soul. Gen. James Longstreet writes: "He was the truest as well as the bravest man that ever lived." Jefferson Davis says: "Gen. Grant gave terms both liberal and courteous, and has since the war shown no malignity, nor perpetuated slanders against the Confederates." Now strange, that the fallen foe should vie with the victors in mourning over the death of their chieftain. Around his open grave may all be brothers again, and may the words "Let us have peace," which his silent lips yet seem to speak, span the whole heavens as with a rainbow of glorious promise.

A man with such a heart could but love his home. The family circle was his throne; here his tenderest sympathies, deepest love, found fullest freedom. No wonder he begged his children should not leave his sight during his illness, and died gazing with his deep-blue eyes at the woman upon whom he had bestowed the wealth of his great heart, and left as his own dying request, "that he might be buried in some place where the body of his wife could be placed beside him."

Rev. Dr. Newman says: "After his death a letter was found addressed to his wife, which he had secretly carried for fourteen days, knowing that she would find it at last." He quoted from the letter as follows: "Look after our dear children and direct them in paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them would depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would be to know they were prostrated on a bed of sickness from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they never will. With these few injunctions and the knowledge I have of your love and affection and of the dutiful affection of our children, I bid you a final farewell until we meet in another and I trust a better world. You will find this on my person after my demise."

Gen. Grant was a constant sufferer from the time he slipped upon the pavement, as he was reaching forward to hand a $20 bill as a Christmas present to his coachman, more than nineteen months ago. When at last he was able to lay the crutches aside, with the laconic remark, "Two legs were always enough for me;" then came with the suddenness and power of an avalanche the financial crash of Grant & Ward. Though the appearance of cancer soon followed, it is the opinion of many that Grant died of Ferdinand Ward, of a broken heart, of a tarnished name, of sorrow for injured friends and the future poverty of his family. He who never lost a battle, who feared not the armies of the world, was conquered by a Wall street villain.

Fear of dishonor, shame, poverty, of being stripped of even the mementoes of his tour around the world, and of being refused a place, with full pay, on the retired list as general of the army, undermined his strong physical frame, and made him an easy victim to disease. He one day said: "If I could only remove the stain of this disgrace, caused by the failure of my son, from the family name, I would write, I would work as long as I had the power to move my arms." After all his humiliation was his greatest exaltation. These upheavals of sorrow revealed the hidden wealth of a moral, affectional and religious nature unknown before, as the uplifted mountains reveal the embosomed treasures of the plain.

Above his statesmanship and his military greatness arises the summit of his moral grandeur. He stands forth like the colossal shaft of Mount Hood, with some dark spots of human weakness and sin at its base; with deep gorges of suffering, lofty ridges of heroism, steep precipices of courage, and, arising above all in sublime beauty, before the gaze of all peoples, without a cloud, appears the snowy dome of his moral and Christian life. After ages will discover along these lofty slopes pearls of purity, diamonds of devotion, gems of genius, mines of benevolence and love which we do not now see. We behold enough to know that in conversation he was chaste as a woman. No oath or obscenity polluted his lips, no anger nor revenge filled his bosom, no bribe or abuse of official position stains his name. Such a character is worthy the study of the youth of America.

We pass to consider Grant's religious views and experiences. He was not a church member, though we believe him to have been a Christian long before his illness began. His parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal church, as were all his sisters, one of whom, Mrs. Cramer, is the wife of a Methodist clergyman. Young Grant was indoctrinated in the faith of this church and was a constant attendant during his life. He was president of the board of trustees of the Metropolitan church at Washington, and a liberal contributor to its success. One Christmas day he sent the following letter to his pastor:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Dec. 25, 1869.

Dear Doctor:—Inclosed please find my check for $100 for distribution among the poor. Don't forget the ragged school over on the island. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

One of his pastors once said: "Grant would join the church to-morrow were it not that his public position would afford an occasion for a misconception and misrepresentation of his motives." Who shall say that these reasons did not have great weight upon his mind? And though we regret his determination who will call it a sin?

The Hon. Hamilton Fish, for eight years his secretary of state, says: "He was strongly impressed with religious views, and was a firm believer in the fundamental principles of Christianity."

The Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, ex-minister to England, writes the following in a letter to the *Independent* on Grant: "The next day we got to talking about religion, and he said that it always shocked him to hear people speak lightly of it, that he was brought up religiously, that he had never questioned any of the general doctrines, and that it did not make any difference to him whether they seemed logical or not. He said that, although he could not undertake to reconcile all things in Revelation with the discoveries in science, the scientific discoveries had not, in the smallest measure, shaken his faith in immortality nor in the great principles of religion. He was, beyond all doubt, a firm believer in religion and had great respect for all its ordinances; and I know that he never took part in or listened to with any complacency, any ridicule of sacred things."

The following incident is related by one of his men when Grant was colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois regiment. "Shortly after I came into the regiment our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner table when he remarked: 'Chaplain when I was at home and ministers were stopping at my house I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat.'"

Family prayers were usual in his household. One of his pastors says: "I recall a visit to his Long Branch cottage, where daily we had prayers after breakfast. One morning an English gentleman called while we were at the table. He remained so long that there was no opportunity that day for morning devotions. The next morning the president brought the old family bible into the breakfast room with him. Handing it over to me he said, 'Doctor, we were cheated out of our prayers yesterday, but to make sure that it shall not happen again we will have devotions after this before breakfast.'"

In coming to a correct estimate of Grant's Christian character we must remember all the moral traits which adorned his life, his gentleness of heart, his resignation in suffering, his remarkable reticence under the keenest censure and defamation; remember also that in his tour around the world he turned his wine glass upside down when feted and honored among aristocrats and noblemen in all lands. Is is not also significant, that when Grant approached Paleestine he said, "I shall allow no person to pay honors to me in a land where the Son of God died for the world."

When Rev. Dr. Newman in the month of April suggested to him that he might be restored, and accomplish much for his countrymen by his religious example, his response was, "If I am spared I shall throw all my influence in that direction."

Just before his departure he said to Dr. Newman: "I believe in the holy scriptures, and whoever follows them will be benefited thereby." And then he wrote on a tablet: "I pray that the prayers of the people offered in my behalf may be so far answered that we may all meet in a better world."

Such sentiments could only flow forth from a soul in harmony with the Almighty.

Yesterday we stood with the stricken family, the sorrowing nation and the civilized world around the bier of one of "the noblest men that ever lived in the tide of time." Never before has our country been so draped with the emblems of mourning. Never such a funeral cortege on this continent. What a contrast between the funeral pageant and the procession of the grand review in the city of Washington at the close of the war, when 200,000 victorious veterans received the honors of their grateful countrymen. It was my privilege, as I was then returning from service in the United States Christian Commission to gaze for two days on that sublime spectacle. On either side of the street passing the White house were erected immense galleries, which were crowded with the officers of the government, senators, congressmen, governors and other distinguished citizens from all parts of the nation, while the sidewalks were lined with a still vaster concourse of people. Suddenly the strains of music and the booming of cannon announced the starting of the immense army. On they came, down Pennsylvania avenue towards the treasury building, passing under grand floral arches amid the tremendous huzzas of the multitude. Behold the sea of gleaming bayonets, the waving plumes, the streaming banners, the gilded uniforms, the solid mass of infantry, the proudly prancing cavalry. What military glory passing in review before the splendid display of civil grandeur! What a supreme moment when Lieut.-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant appeared riding at the head of that victorious column! A hundred thousand voices rent the air with shouts of welcome to the conquering hero, and he is triumphantly borne upon the shoulders of the multitude to a seat beside the president. Memorable scene; its like may never again appear on this continent. Yesterday, all is changed. True our beloved chieftain rode at the head of a vaster procession—stretching through all lands and composed of people of every kindred and tongue, but the once erect form is prostrate, the commanding voice is silent, the strong arm is nerveless, the solemn tread of surviving comrades and friends marching to muffled drums and the funeral dirge amid the vast display of mourning drapery, tell us that Gen. Grant is no more for earth and time.

We will not say that he is dead for "heroes never die." We cannot exclaim, "conquered at last," for our faith beholds visions of the living spirit grander and mightier than ever, riding at the head of a vast column of victors, toward the capital, not of a nation or world, but the metropolis of all worlds, to pass in review before grander personages than rulers and princes—the heroes of the ages, the angels of heaven and the King of kings. The scarred warrior having fought the good fight, enters the city which hath foundations, hears the "well done" and receives the crown of glory, which fadeth not away.

All that is mortal reposes in the grave, on the banks of the historic Hudson. Henceforth this tomb at Riverside park will divide with Mount Vernon and the grave of Lincoln the pilgrimages of all lovers of mankind throughout the world. After all, if you would see his real monument, you must look around you and behold the great nation he delivered, her liberties and achievements, and gaze at the imperishable deeds of his soul.

Under the guiding hand of divine providence he chiseled his own monument; a statue of fadeless beauty and majestic proportions. The foundation stone was his loyalty to his home and inscribed thereon are the sentiments of "filial devotion," "lasting friendship," "love of family." The next stone is loyalty to God, and the inscriptions are "truth, "integrity," "honesty and virtue." The next stone is loyalty to country, and written here are "patriotism," "presidency," "heroic courage," "a hundred victories for the Union."

There is a crowning piece to the monument which arises like a flower from its stalk, illuminating and unveiling the matchless beauties of the image—it is patience in suffering. And written in immortal characters are the words, "Perfected through affliction," "national unity," and "universal brotherhood."

This monumental character has reached an altitude where the nations of the earth behold shining upon its crest the rising sun of a brighter morning for America and humanity.

Then when this hour of sacred grief is past,
And while beneath the bloom and beauty of his native sod his body lies,
Look we adown the pillared aisles of time,
Far as swift-pinioned fancy bends her sweeping wings,
E'en to the golden portals of eternal day,
And we shall catch the echo of his stately tread,
And see the imperial beauty of his form
Among the throng of mighty spirits gone before,
Whose godlike wisdom blest the world,
And left on men the deathless impress of superior minds.

LETTER LIST.

Remaining in the postoffice at Portland, Oregon, Aug. 9, 1885. Persons calling for these letters will please state the dates on which they are advertised:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Aubrey, Miss Alice
Allen, Mrs Ida
Bradley, Mrs H M
Brown, Harriet C
Baldridge, Mrs Alice
Carney, Miss Maud
Cook, Mrs Geo C
Coleman, Miss Carrie
Crosley, Matilda
Curren, Miss Nellie
Comstock, Eda
Clark, Ella
Devoy, Miss Maud
Dean, Miss Clara
Dan, Miss Emma
Engburg, Emma M
Engburg, Mrs O
Fuller, Mrs Bertha
Furlong, Mrs M J
Findley, Mrs Mary
Failing, Mrs B C
Fredericks, Mrs Annie
Franklin, Mrs Emily
Grigg, Mrs Katie
Garnett, Mrs Martha
Greyson, Miss Julia
Grey, Miss Mable
Hart, Mrs R E
Humbold, Mrs Wm
Hoffman, Mrs Julia
Henly, Mrs Loretta
Howard, Miss Emma
Howard, Miss Nettie
Hansen, Miss Bell
Harrison, Mrs Delia A
Irwin, Mrs Ella
Jones, Jennie C
Keffer, Mrs H M
Keffer, Miss Hattie
Kinzel, Ida
Kelley, Mrs M E
Locke, Mrs Martha
Mires, Mrs Nellie
Mooney, Mrs Anna
McQuellon, Nettie
Morgan, Sarah
Morgan, Mrs M G
Marcle, Louise
Morton, Mrs E I
Mathieu, Mrs Chas
McGrath, Miss Mary
Miller, Julia
Morrison, Miss Belle
Nixon, Miss L
Poppie, Mrs Dr
Pearson, Miss Carrie
Pierce, Miss Jennie
Pope, Sophia A R
Peterson, Mrs J
Reed, Mrs F L
Ryan, Mrs W F
Ray, Mrs Harriet
Rippner, Anna
Robert, Mrs Henry
Spicer, Mrs Lucinda
Sampson, Miss M
Sellers, Mrs A H
Sheely, Nancy
Smith, Daisy
Smith, Mrs Elmira
Simmons, Mrs Lizzie
Tyrrell, Lizzie
Tomlinson, Mary M
Turner, Mrs E A
Taylor, Mrs T E
Vincent, Kittie
Wagner, Mrs Ellen
Wiegand, Bertha
Wills, Ida
Woodard, Mrs Sarah
Warner, Matilda
Walker, Mrs Frank J

MEN'S LIST.

Agnew, Jas P
Atkinson, Mr & Mrs John
Alphonse, A
Allen, Wm
Allen, Chas F
Adams, H
Beaty, John, Jr
Boyle, Daniel
Blakely, Wm
Blakely, W M
Blaker, A M
Bridges, R E
Braken, Blatch
Burns, James
Burnett, S M
Burton, Chas
Butts, Albert
Byar, John H
Bryce, Wm
Brunens, Wm
Bruce, Henry A
Bolster, Sargent & Co
Beach, W I R
Becker, Julien A
Bovard, Henry P
Bailey, Wm H
Bayfield, Rich'd
Banfield, M C
Bishop & Co
Cannine, Mr
Cummings, H O
Custis, J S
Cherry, John
Church, G W
Cory, A
Cannon, J G
Dearing, O A
Dellingham, J B
Dillenback, J
Darrow, Jas
English, J G
Edwards, L B
Edwards, John
Ellis, Edwin
Flentye, F H
Flin C
Fleming, C L
Fitzpatrick, T J
Fege, I. George
Foot, Dr
Freidenreich, F
Friece, Henry
Geary, John
Gannon, T F
Gates, W F
Grimsley, Jas
Griffin, Jas E
Griffin, G A
Griffin, A E
Gooding, Ernest
Gooley, Edward
Hatch, C B
Hatch, G M
Hadden, A D
Hayes, F J
Hazlewood, Jhn
Harper, Richd
Hartley, Wm
Holbrook, H L
Holland, Charles
Howell & Smith
Howes, Wm H
Hall, Joseph T
Hannegan, W U
Hamilton, Alex
Hamblin, T F
Hogan, —
Jason, Chas F
Jenkins, Frncs J
Jackson, M W
Kuhn, W
Keith, W C
Kerr, Robt
Kincaid, J H
Kedlston, F P
Lincon, C D
Love, John
Logan, Bert
Merrill, And J
Mellon, A
Mean, H J
Mitchel, Leo
Muller, H
Maretti, Gabriel
Maloney, Thos
DMalone, Ter
Mackenzie, Jno
McFadyen, Dr J
McFarland, K
Morgan, Hiram
Murton, Wm
Mathias, R
Maron, W J
McGregor, J M
McCarty, Edw
McMahon, N
Morris, David
Nelson, A
Oates, Hon W C
Otis, Myron
Olsen, M K
O'Brien, John
Orr, Albert
Ordronneein, L
Payne, H C
Pavitt, Julian
Peck, P L
Pearson, Bevan
Peck, Otto
Potter, Wm
Potts, Chas E
Powell, Frank
Rankin, A F
Rice, Frank
Robinson, Wm
Robinson, Jack
Roetz, Gus A
Rigney, P
Rigney, Thos H
Rinehart, Wm
Rollins, J L
Rogers, Mr
Rogers, T J
Ross, D
Rosenthal, L
Springer, Thos
Sawyer, C
Sealey, Fred
Sharon, W L W
Sharp, J
Sherman, Edw
Strouse, Leo
Steffen, Piero
Simms, W
Sullivan, J D
Sledge, W N
Scheuren, Chas
Smith, Jas N
Spicer, Mrs Lucinda
Sampson, Miss M
Sellers, Mrs A H
Sheely, Nancy
Smith, Daisy
Smith, Mrs Elmira
Simmons, Mrs Lizzie
Stanley, Chas
Tapper, J B
Turpin, J J
Turner, D H
Taylor, E H
Taylor, Geo
Threber, Louis
Thacker, J L
Thrift, Chas
Vogel, Leonard
Von Fine, Alois
Van Ness, W W
Vinson, Aaron
Wittakofski, F
Wicks, Robert
Wilkins, Willis
Wright, Wm
Ward, C J
Watkins, W B
Watters, Hugh
White, W H
White, Jas
Whitcomb, H
White, W E
Walker, A
Walker, N B
Walker, B.
Wilson, Chas
Wiggins, Jas
Williams, Jas
Williams, Jas
Williams