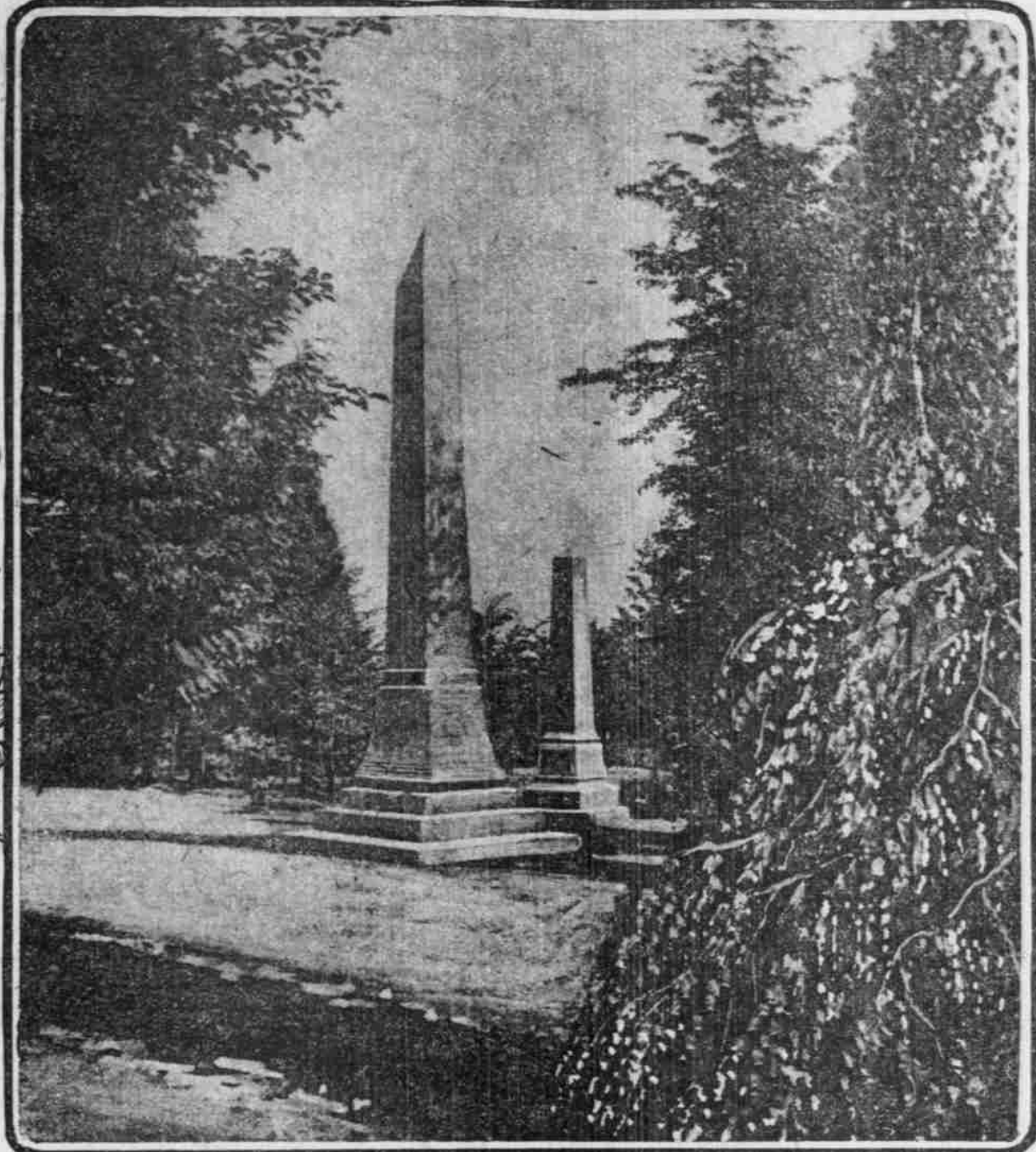


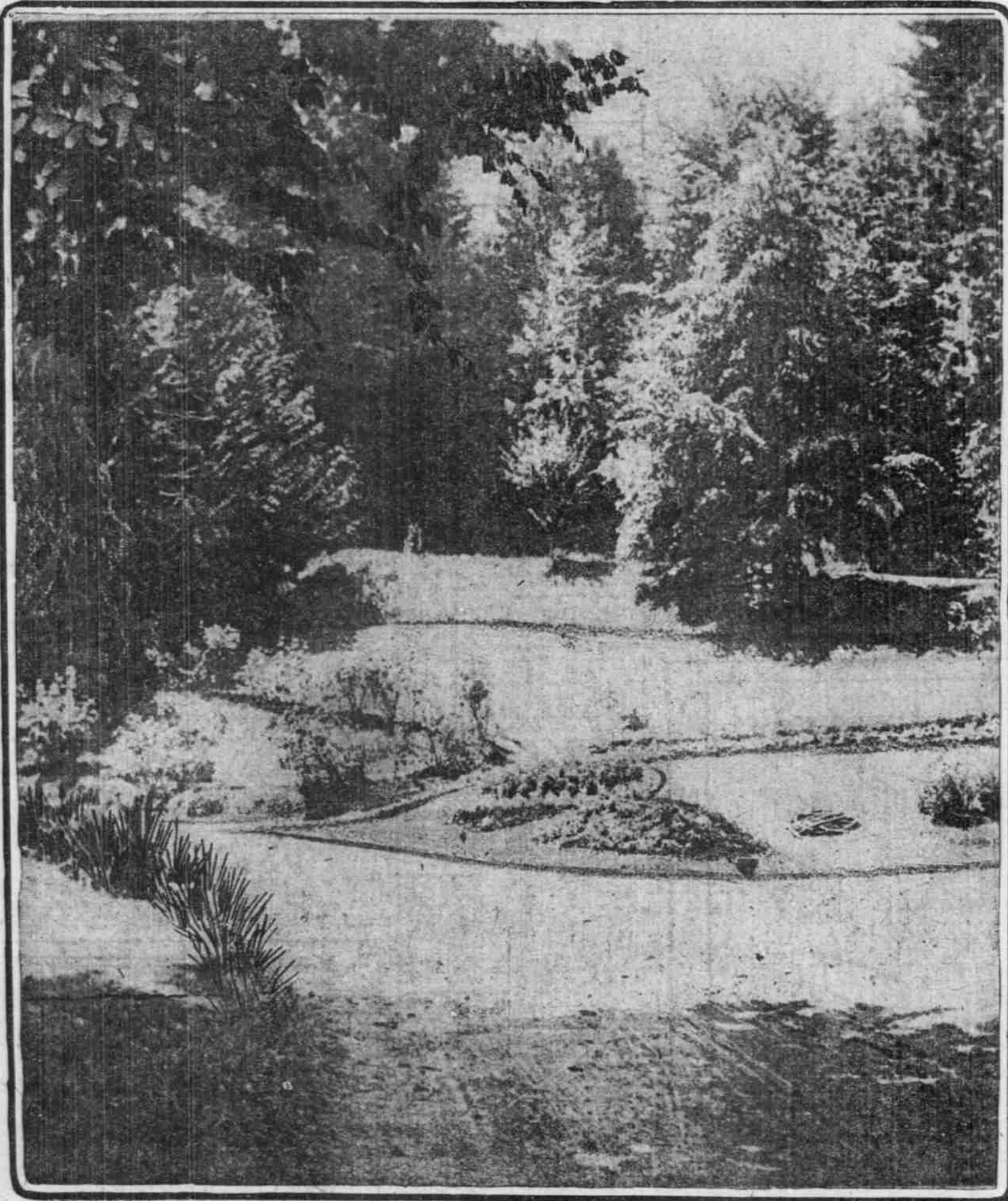
MOST BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY IS RIVERVIEW



The Lodge, Facing a Carpet of Flowers.



Two of the Handsome Shafts.



The Sloping Park Just Inside the Entrance.



THE loveliest spot in Portland is the Riverview cemetery. Here, in full view of the mountains, the forest and the river, lie the founders of the city who have left the ranks. As one enters the grounds there lies in full view the sloping hill dotted with monuments and shafts, shadowed by tall trees and open to the eastern sky. Every natural beauty has been preserved untouched; the simple changes necessary to bring out a finished loveliness are all that have been made.

Situated as it is, high on a promontory, there is the quiet atmosphere and the gentle solitude that yields the most fittingly to the purpose of the spot. High on the eastern horizon rises Mount Hood, the mountain of Oregon. To the south the river flows down in a limpid stream between the green hills, and to the north towers the virgin outline of St. Helens. The whole vista of the West lies before the visitor to this cemetery, and as he wanders among the monuments that mark

the resting places of the dead, he may raise his eyes and look abroad over the scenes of their life. In no other spot, perhaps, have more pains been spent than have gone to the beautifying of this cemetery. Within its borders lie those who chose the site, who lavished both time and money in clearing it and saving it in its native fairness. Every garden, every pool, every park in it is the memorial of affectionate care. To the Easterner used to the low-lying,

dismal burying grounds of the Atlantic coast, it will appear especially characteristic of the West that the people who built Portland should have chosen for their burial ground the cheerful, lofty heights above the Willamette. Here there is no darkness, no gloom, nothing of the trappings and paraphernalia of death. It is the spirit of the pioneer that made this place, the feeling that nature was the surest road to peace. And to the one who stands on the brow of this hill, his

eyes upon the mountains, the river rolling at his feet, about him the breath of the forest, there will come the realization of what the West means to those who lived and wrought here—to fight against nature for the supremacy, to struggle with natural force and acquired skill against the unruly, slow-working, yet yielding, might of the untamed earth. Then, after all is lived and wrought, to lie down in view of a world now rendered gentle and peacefully receptive. Those who now lie under the shadow of the rustling trees, and those who visit with affection the

spot where some time they are to sleep—all are seeking outlet for the most natural impulse of the strong man's heart. As it was sung by one who loved the setting sun, in the requiem of Robert Louis Stevenson:
Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here be the verse you grave for me:
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Strangers who have visited this cemetery place it above all others, both for natural beauty and for careful preservation. One man who visited it lately after a long afternoon viewing it, said that he would rather lie within its boundaries than anywhere else on this earth. Such is the present feeling, and within the next half century it may confidently be asserted that Riverview cemetery will rank first among those of the world. It has the advantages that led Cecil Rhodes to choose his lofty tomb, and the beauty that makes the grave of Stevenson doubly a shrine.