



MEMORIAL DAY.

Address Delivered in Forest Grove M. E. Church Sunday, by Rev. Daniel Staver.

It is a commendable instinct which has led all nations to set apart certain days for the commemoration of great events in their history.

Such was the fourteenth day of the month Nisan to the ancient Israelites; such the 15th of June to Great Britain; January 18th to Germany, and September 13th to France.

At one time the Fourth of July commemorated that which was most sacred to the American heart; but as the second birth—whether of the individual or of the nation—is more important than the first, so the 30th day of May is more significant now than any other day in the American calendar, as commemorating the second birth of the nation of freedom and union, its redemption to a higher and better life.

It is on this day that the nation bows in memory of the nation's slain, and stands uncovered in the presence of their splendid achievements.

It is on this day that their comrades reverse their arms in memory of the ties of comradeship severed by shot and shell in the heat of conflict.

It is fitting that today we should pursue in our course, and, looking back through a vista of over forty years, recount the deeds of our union soldiers, recall the sacrifices they made, recognize the true significance of those sacrifices, and with the inspiration of their example resolve anew to consecrate ourselves to the service of our country, that we may transmit to our children that heritage which we received with its glories undiminished.

This day, forever among the most illustrious in our history, is crowded with patriotic memories.

It belongs to our history, and celebrates that which is grand and inspiring in our history.

It is the baptismal day of freedom. And I am glad to join with you in observing this national anniversary, that we may gather fresh inspiration in the cause of human liberty and equality, and dedicate ourselves anew, in common with all citizens, to the good work of maintaining this free government which was preserved to us at so great a cost.

Forty-two years ago, on the 12th day of last month, the first blow was struck. It was our national emblem, that received the blow, the old flag, for which our fathers bled and died. Every patriotic heart in the land felt the shock.

The shots that were battering down the walls of Fort Sumter were felt by the men of the North to be battering down their freedoms.

As if by magic, 75,000 men responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln.

The plow was left in the April furrow; the tall woodman in the forests of Maine left his axe buried in the quivering pine; the sailor left his vessel swaying to her buried anchor; the spindle ceased its whirl, and the shuttle lay silent in the box; the miner hurried from his dungeon, and the brawny arm of the smith dropped its hammer on the anvil, and the carpenter flung aside his plane; from counter and from counting house, from office and from college, sprang thousands responsive to the nation's call.

It was the nation's need that hurried them to the front.

The North and the great Northwest responded to this call with an enthusiasm that showed that the attempt to destroy the unity of the republic, and to blot it from the map of the nations, was to be resisted to the last man and to the last dollar.

Soldiers, will you ever forget the moment when you learned that Sumter's flag had been hauled down?

Can you ever forget your mingled emotions when, with flushed face and moistened eye you took the oath that made you a soldier of the republic? You remember that it was not with the rashness of a fanatic, but with the love of your country that you went forth. You responded in the spirit with which the President made the

call: "To maintain the honor, the integrity, the existence of our national Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

I would be ungrateful to the fallen soldier, and unmindful of the honor conferred upon me by this post, composed of surviving soldiers, should I fail to speak of his fidelity to duty. He was a soldier neither by profession nor from the love of it; but from a sense of duty.

He felt that there was something due his country, and he paid the debt with his own blood.

Do not call it madness, nor blindness; it was an overmastering sense of duty that sustained him in the camp, on the march, and on the field of battle.

Soldiers, you have marched with him, side by side; you have seen him fall; you have bent over him to catch his last message; did you ever hear him utter one word of regret that he was dying for the sake of his country?

Never; he was no "hireling," fighting for money or for fame; he was there for principle.

He knew what the destructive heresy of secession, if unchecked, would do, and he knew that the day had come when that heresy had passed beyond the debating ground of congress, to be decided in a war where the best bayonet would write the final decree.

He knew more than this; he knew, and fully realized, that the time was at hand when slavery, having appeared from the ballot to the rifle, ought to be destroyed, and it is but justice to his memory to recall the fact that his was the prevailing sentiment of the common soldiers long before the emancipation proclamation was issued.

That this sentiment was endorsed by the rank and file in the very beginning of the contest, living soldiers will remember.

The soldiers who sleep in the hallowed graves we honor today, knew that one of the results of the great struggle in which they were engaged would be that the slave would go free; and doubtless many of them were consoled in the cruel ordeal of death with the thought that—

"The fittest place for man to die is where he died for man."

To the men whose graves we deck with flowers from year to year, peace was as sweet as it is for us today.

Visions of success in life gilded their anticipations and floated in their dreams.

But in the full spirit of the noblest self-sacrifice they waived every selfish project, surrendered every private ambition, and, leaving hope behind, went forth to labor and, if need be, to die, in order that the priceless blessings of liberty might be preserved.

Having given all that men can give, these husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, friends and old-time neighbors of yours are at rest forever in their graves, in the presence of which how poor our words and how utterly insufficient our acts to fitly express the profound sense of obligation and thankfulness which every grateful heart must feel.

It is pre-eminently fitting, therefore, that we should meet once a year to scatter flowers of fragrant gratitude upon their graves.

It is fitting, also, that we should meet upon this Sabbath day to give thanks to the God of our nation, who gave to her sons a patriotism so deep and vital.

Now, what are the purposes of this yearly gathering in all parts of the land?

It may not be amiss if I should be somewhat specific. The purposes of this day are manifold.

Primarily it is to commemorate the loyalty and the sacrifice of these soldiers.

But not alone is the dead soldier to be thought of, but the cause for which he died.

It is to foster an undying love for our free institutions, bought and maintained at so great a cost of money and precious blood, and to hand them down to posterity unscathed.

While we gather today to keep alive the memory of our brave and beloved dead, we at the same time meet to rejoice in a preserved Union under one flag—a nation which in 1861 had but one assured friend among European powers, but now profoundly respected by them all. And we meet to recount the sacrifices which made us what we are.

And what a sacrifice it was: What most men supposed would be the work of a few months, called for four years of terrible war: It called for the enlistment of 2,690,000 men.

Of this number 56,000 were killed in battle, 35,000 died of wounds received in action, 184,000 died of disease, and 55,297 from unknown causes, making in all 330,297 who perished in the war for the Union.

Of those who went forth with heart beating with loyalty to home and country, more than one-eighth never returned.

But this is not all. The deaths in battle and by disease in prison, camp, and hospital, do not measure all our Union cost us.

Of those who lived to be mustered out of the service at the close of the war, over 300,000 have since died from wounds received in battle or from disease contracted in camp and rebel prisons, making a total sacrifice of over 630,000 lives, while thousands more were maimed and diseased for life.

Not less than 100,000 wives were widowed during and by war, and over 400,000 children were orphaned. These are the wards of the nation.

But why this fearful sacrifice? I will tell you. When the war began we were unwilling to wipe from our national escutcheon the stain of human bondage. We were willing that the disloyal states should come back and bring with them the curse of slavery. But the God of heaven was unwilling that peace should be purchased at so small a cost.

It was not until over 600,000 patriots should yield up their blood on the field of battle; not till 892 battle fields should be drenched in human blood; not till 500,000 widows and orphans should cry out from homes made desolate. "It is enough; it is enough."

It was not till the shackles were broken from the wrists of every slave on American soil that the Almighty brought this fearful carnage to an end.

Of the cost of treasure, a few sentences will suffice:

The cost of supporting our great armies and fleets was \$3,500,000 per day. In 1860 our national debt was \$64,769,703. In 1868 it was \$2,749,491,745.

But to this should be added the sums expended by the individual states and local bodies in raising and fitting out their several contingents. The total rises above \$4,000,000,000.

We do well today to pause in the midst of the enjoyment of our beneficent institutions to consider their cost and their subsequent value.

We do well to learn ourselves and to impress upon our children those lessons which will be for the perpetuity and peace of our government through all the years to come.

We would have them learn to respect their forefathers, who gave us the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and to hold in equal esteem those who fought to preserve the Union and maintain the principles of freedom and equality, in accordance with the divine revelation that "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth."

We would have them learn that all men are brothers, and possessed of inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I question not the honesty of purpose, the sincerity, the conscientiousness of the men of the South, but, nevertheless, the surrender of Appomattox was a victory for the cause of civil liberty.

Do not let us confuse issues. All honor, eternal gratitude, to the veterans, and the men of blue. To these men we owe this day the glories of our freedom.

And let us determine, we of every religious belief, let us determine to guard this precious blessing as among the most sacred of our treasures.

We have seen our country rent with sectional strife. We have seen the ensign of our country with some stars obscured, some stripes obliterated, but we have seen that flag emerge from the clouds and smoke of battle. And we may well ask whether the ends achieved do not fully justify the sacrifices made on the field of battle.

The answer is, that on this whole continent there is one people, and we see in the blending tints of the man-colors on our maps of states naught but the harmony of the Union.

The political heresy of secession by states, and the awful crime of slavery have both been burned out of the system of our government.

With feelings of charity for those who arrayed themselves against our government, we are yet to preserve a clear distinction between right and wrong.

Above the mounds of those who perished for a "lost cause," pity may drop tears and strew flowers, but it must be remembered that they perished victims of a blunder, and that the memorials of a republic and Decoration Day belong to those who fell in a warfare which humanity applauds, and for a cause which experience proves to have been just.

If the cause for which the South fought had succeeded, then the clock of progress would have been turned back upon the dial.

Adopting the sentiment of Abraham Lincoln, "With malice to none and charity for all," we are yet to preserve the fact that these men were wrong, and that the eternal right and the eternal wrong will never blend. Do not let us forget this.

This we are bound to remember by every consideration of duty to the

dead and duty to the living, duty to the past, the present, and the future.

Friends, our beloved dead have not died in vain. Here is consolation for those whose husbands and fathers and sons were sacrificed on Freedom's altar. They have not died in vain, and the whole land expresses on this Memorial Day its deep sense of obligation to your dead, and undying gratitude to you.

This annual expression of flowers is not merely a ceremony begotten of personal love and respect; it is the public voice saying: "Thanks, for the Union is preserved; thanks, for the slaves are free; thanks, for the nation is forever master and the states are subordinate."

This is the meaning of Memorial Day, and it is the desire and the necessity of emphasizing this that has caused the observance of this day to become more and more important from year to year.

On this occasion we should vow anew our allegiance to those great principles for which our comrades fought and died, the principles of freedom, self-government, the undisturbed enjoyment of life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed to every man without distinction of race or color.

These principles are living realities. They lie at the foundation of all national prosperity and greatness, and should be held sacred by every true American. Let us maintain them intact, and transmit them to posterity unscathed and inviolate.

The best monument we can erect to the memory of our dead is to pledge ourselves afresh to maintain what they so dearly bought, and resolve that this nation so far as we have any influence, shall forever practice that righteousness which exalteth a nation and stand apart from all sin which is a reproach to any people.

In the language of the immortal Lincoln at Gettysburg: "It is for us, the living, to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. Here let us resolve that they shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish forever from the earth."

One thought more, and then I am done:

Let us believe that we have a mission in the earth. Ours is not an idle experiment. Soon the dockyards of other realms will resound with the hammer-stroke, forging and framing and building ships of state like ours.

Men will say: A craft that can weather such gales is a model craft; let us build one like unto it.

Our flag will be respected more and more as the centuries roll on. The bats and owls of monarchies have gone to roost, while the eagle soars to the light of day.

This nation is born to live. But the future of the nation needs the care of every patriot. It has given the world more than one hundred years of grand history, but its future is yet an experiment, but an experiment only because the character of its coming citizens is yet undetermined.

If they take fast hold upon divine instruction and guard the country's rights because they fear God and love their fellow men, then it will stand while time endures, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The prosperity and the perpetuity of this government depends upon the character of its voters.

Select for your officers impure and venal men, scoff at religion, neglect your churches, feed your spiritual life on the husks of material prosperity, and the nation will soon totter to its fall.

It takes something besides material prosperity to insure a nation's permanency.

Pagan Rome was never so rich as when she had scarcely a freeman left. Pagan Rome stood raking into chests the countless gold of her jubilee just before she suffered her most humiliating shame.

Spain was dropping to pieces of inward decay when all the gold of the New World was flowing into the treasury of her kings.

Wealth may be but the sign of inward weakness, just as the gorgeous coloring of the autumnal woods is but the precursor of death and the evidence of decay.

The perpetuity of this government is to be cherished and guarded by a love of the Bible as the Word of God. This government was founded on the Bible, an open Bible, the grand old Saxon Bible. Our liberty was not born in the club-rooms of French and German infidelity, but in the hearts and homes of men who believed in God and His Word.

In obedience to its precepts, and in emulation of their example, let us learn to cherish from this day forth a new sense of American citizenship; new pride in the national glory; true

devotion to the nation's service, and hollower veneration for the nation's flag.

And with gratitude to God and to the Union armies for the free institutions they have left us, let it be our endeavor to transmit the same to future generations.

And may the time of prophecy soon come, when implements of war shall be transformed into implements of agriculture, and when men shall learn war no more.

Just as natural as life are those new photos now being made at the Pacific gallery. Don't cost much, either.

A SYLVAN MERCHANT BANKRUPT

D. W. Prince, a Sylvan merchant, of the little town sometimes called Ziontown, on the Multnomah border at the head of the canyon, is having his business affairs adjusted in the U. S. Court in bankruptcy proceedings. At a meeting of the creditors Tuesday, they decided they were satisfied with his good faith in turning over all his property, so Mr. Prince was not examined, and Mr. R. L. Sabin, of the Portland Merchants' Protective Association, was appointed trustee to wind up the business.

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