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## MEMORIAL SERMON.

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BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

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“Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.”

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# MEMORIAL SERMON.

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BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

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COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—

In the midst of life's toils and sorrows we have met again upon what is called Memorial Day. Only a few of us now remain, who were comrades in the past, in camp, in field, and upon the long and dreary march. For, as we commemorate the passage of another year, we remember that, as time has swept along, since last we met in annual assembly, thousands who were our comrades have passed away, among them, comrade Joseph Hammer, whose memory as an honest man, a valued friend, and an esteemed citizen, as well as your faithful com-

rade in the Allendale Post, will not soon be forgotten, nor, I trust, his influence be lost upon those who so well knew and so fully trusted him, who wronged no man and whose memory will long remain green with immortal bays of honor. As an associate and friend of mine, in the same faith, I join you in the highest tokens of honor and esteem to the memory of this man.

Therefore it is with a feeling of sadness as well as with those of pleasure that we meet to-day. I am glad that, notwithstanding the thinning of your ranks, some yet live who were engaged in the great struggle by which our heaven-born nation became more firmly established as the home of the free and no longer the land of the slave, so far, at least, as African servitude is concerned.

But it was a sad and unnecessary tragedy, one of bloodshed and destruction that lasted through years; an unhappy conflict because it seemed as a death struggle between brothers, a grappling between those

whose fathers had fought side by side in 1812-15, and their grandfathers in 1775-82. But the unhappy conflict, upon which a world gazed with wonder and with disfavor, ended at last, and the remnants of great armies that had gone into the field during four years of war came home, leaving a half million of men asleep on the field, or in the prison pens of the South, or in the national cemeteries, those coming home following the emaciated forms that the prisons gave up, those left unslain by fever, starvation, and the bullet.

I use for my text this morning a few words found in the tenth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, as follows:—

“Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.”

And I shall speak chiefly of liberty, believing it to be the God given right of all men, whether it be inherited by all from their fathers or not, or whether the oppressor may yet hold some in political, moral, or

spiritual bondage. And when I speak of liberty I do so recognizing that she has often gained her own only by force of arms and by bloodshed, sad comment upon the race that is next to the divine, and to which the Creator said, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." He said it because he knew that freedom was the right of man, of all men; and only in it can men flourish, either as the race, as nations, or as individuals. It was the command of God, IT STILL IS THE COMMAND OF GOD, to all the kings and lords, to all the rich and the powerful, to proclaim liberty by every act and every deed, by which any and all may take burdens and bondage from off their fellow men; and there are none so poor or weak that they have not obligations of this character, as well as have the great, to thus bless their fellow-men by every deed of kindness and love that shall lighten the toils of man and let him go free, to permit him to be happier, stronger, braver, and more intelligent and useful.

To me war is not a pleasant theme. The very name of war brings to you and to me the thought of hatred and violence; of untilled farms and empty shops; of town and county desolate of men, and the thought that, as beasts of prey fall upon man and drink his blood and eat his flesh, so, likewise, does man fall upon his fellow man, having neither love nor pity in his breast; and it matters not where he thrusts him, or where his bullet strikes, in heart or throat, so that he whom he knows not is killed or disabled, and thus unfitted to oppose those for whom he fights.

In Europe today are said to be eight millions of armed men, all prepared for, What? Not to obey the divine injunction, not to proclaim peace; no, but to obey kings and rulers, who by a nod may command them to destroy millions whom they have no reason to hate, and to lay waste the fairest fields of earth, the fairest produced under the highest liberty and by the arts of peace, such products as war

knows not; to make them run red with crimson blood of man, who is the crowning piece of God's workmanship on earth; yes, to sweep him from the earth as if he had no right, no place in the heritage bestowed upon him, no part either in life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. And by the same powers ten millions more may, within ninety days, be set in motion for like destructive purposes. And it is all, or chiefly, to increase the dominion or add to the territory of each kingdom, or to prevent some other from success in the same line of acquirement. Thus, mainly, have been the causes of the wars that have at times devastated portions of the earth, and destroyed agriculture, commerce, arts, education, and all the fruits of peace, and the happiness of families and of nations.

On the other hand liberty is sacred, liberty is the guaranteed right of man, whether he is rich or poor, heathen or Christian, ignorant or learned. Liberty, as declared in the immortal Declaration of Inde-

pendence, is the inalienable right of every human being to be free, free to do as he pleases, so long as he does not thereby prevent the proper freedom of some one else, or interfere with the privileges and happiness belonging to others, their rights being also equal to his own as to life, liberty and happiness. In other words, liberty is the right of every person to be free, and to regard all others as likewise free, and equal with himself to the common gifts of the great Creator.

And though men have contended that the Old Testament Scriptures sustain slavery, yet I gather from them the reverse, and that the subjection of one man to another as a slave was ALWAYS in opposition to the will of the Almighty. In his time Christ spoke of certain things that were permitted because of the hardness of their hearts, not because these things were pleasing to the Creator or for the good of man. The Almighty is compassionate in his efforts to educate man up to his requirements of virtue in them. So

also he wishes them to learn that liberty is not simply the right to do as they please, but it is the right to do right, the right to respect all others in their rights, and to be free in the sense of keeping the laws by which they may remain forever free and have all other men free with them. So polygamy was permitted and slavery was allowed until they should learn better things.

See the commandment that was not extreme but was educational, namely that in the year of jubilee all in bondage should be made free as shown by the word, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." This was the process of the Almighty until slavery was eliminated. If it was a slow process so has the education of the race during six thousand years been a slow one, in many respects. And we in America wonder why all Europe does not welcome the same freedom from kings and from vast standing armies such as we have freedom from; why those nations persist in increasing their

already immense national debts each year, why they continue royalty and why they sustain millions of non-producers who profit nothing, but only eat up earth's substance while they prepare for war; who add nothing to the wealth, but instead, who take from it; and the nations stagger under the burdens that they never can pay only as a poor man pays his debts when he pays the debt of nature and is carried to his burial.

Perhaps you have never thought that this passage from Leviticus was prophetically copied upon that bell which has lately been brought from Philadelphia to Chicago, called the "liberty bell," which so recently was followed through the streets of Chicago by a reverent throng, all anxious to look upon the bell that in 1776 pealed forth the glad tidings that the Congress of the Colonies had signed the renowned Declaration of Independence, whose adoption resulted in their becoming a free and independent nation among the kingdoms of earth.

If you have thought of the bell and of the message upon it you may have supposed that it was engraven there after it had rung out the proclamation of liberty to all the people of the land. But such was not the case; for it was placed there twenty-three years before the Declaration was adopted, namely in 1753, or one hundred and forty years ago this present year. You may never have thought of this, that nearly a quarter of a century before there was a thought of such a declaration or even that the colonies would ever be united in federation, this bell was prepared as a messenger and its message stamped upon it, that which it was to proclaim and sound abroad as the beginning of a new era to the world, the era of a broader, deeper, and grander liberty than the world had seen before, though some had dreamed of such and sought to plant something like it, but had failed.

Yes, I believe that this bell was to have a voice in the great drama of life, perhaps divinely intended to give fervor and strength to patriot-

ism as it literally pealed forth the inspiring tones that seemed to speak the engraven words, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." No wonder, then, that the bell is so safely guarded by soldiers all the way from its home to the city of the west, and there watched lovingly by them, and gazed upon with pride and honor by all who come and go. And these actions show how the Americans of today revere the freedom that was bought by our fathers, and how the spirit of patriotism burns within the breasts of millions of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those patriot sires. Not only does this spirit dwell within the full grown man and woman but it is in like manner manifested by the youth, and the small boy, too, and it is not confined to sex, but is found as nobly exalted in the wives and daughters, as was evinced during our recent great struggle for a continuance of that union. There is everywhere, as though it came to us by inheritance, and also in the

air we breathe, a veneration for liberty and for the principles of liberty, and for everything that has had part, whether it is animate with life, or inanimate as the bell, a veneration for everything that aids or has aided in the securing of freedom to humanity.

I have said that evidently the Creator intended universal freedom to be the rule, as manifest by the advice and counsel given, even as this one that the world awoke to at last and prophetically graved upon the bell of which I have spoken. Then, again, the word that was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, as a warning and a reminder, as in chapter thirty-four, verse seventeen, that reads as follows: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, \* \* I will make you to be removed unto all the kingdoms of the earth."

Thus we see that judgment was threatened, and it came fully to pass, because the Jewish nation failed to give liberty to the bond-

men, as they had been commanded to do. So there came upon them trouble and destruction. And so, for like cause, trouble and destruction came upon our land thirty years ago, following a sufficient waiting time wherein the Lord of hosts seemed proving us if we would carry out the very principles avowed by the nation as being its foundation. For the immortal Declaration set forth that all men had an equal right to life and liberty, and the men who framed it appealed to God to witness the justice of their cause. Yet they failed to comprehend the full scope of their own words. They did not think that it referred to slaves, for then twelve out of thirteen colonies were slave holding. But in time it was forced upon the attention of their posterity, and the nation stood before the world as having framed something that, before heaven, meant not white men alone, but the black man as well as the white. The Supreme Ruler held the nation accountable, and America must stand by her

principles, not only by outward appearances and by what they MEANT in framing but also by the true spirit of that which they appealed to God to help them to defend and to maintain.

Your speaker believes that the Almighty prepared the land that we call America, as the special land of all lands, as the special portion of the earth, kept until the last, that here he might establish a people whose character he had been framing through ages of ancestry and by the working of his Spirit upon men and nations, thus preparing many people to come here and lift up the standard of liberty, of justice, of human free-agency, unto the happiness and peace of all who take part in the administration of justice and mercy, or who are affected thereby.

In the "dark ages" men were divided into bands and clans, and the men who really had homes and houses called them castles; and they gathered to them the lesser ones as retainers, and with them made war

on other castle holders. Then every man who was not one of these small feudal lords had to attach himself to one who was; and he had to do his bidding or he had no place in the world, and no safety. I thank God that we of to day were not born under such a condition of things, although affairs may be unequal enough, through our own fault or the fault of others. But whether we have a voice against any or not, yet we praise the brave and noble men who established and defended our liberties with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

And if we give praise to men, if we honor a Washington, an Adams, or a Lincoln, I call your attention to the fact that God is to be praised above all others. He first spoke the words which became our national battle-cry, "Proclaim liberty through all the land," and to which our nation was compelled to bow as to the divine edict before peace could be had. The manacles had to be taken from four millions of

slaves before either the north or the south could be free, or have rest from war in that otherwise irrepressible conflict, as it was called by one of the great statesmen of the day.

Yes, the Almighty said, "Proclaim liberty," and he also gave judgement and said: "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty." And I do not believe that it was a happen-so that America became the special and abiding home of freedom. I believe that a mightier power was back of John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Robert Morris, Roger Sherman, and other brave souls that framed and adopted the grand declaration of rights, in fact the power that moves the universe, one that not only inspired their hearts but also their pens when they wrote and their voices when they spoke forth sentiments that dwelt first in the bosom of God in his love for the race. And when he found men who were honest for their fellow-men as well

as for themselves, men who were not fawning courtiers, who bent not their knees to kings, in them he placed his inspiring Spirit, causing them as has been well said, "to build better than they knew," or a grander and a more enduring structure than they anticipated building.

The Almighty did not want Israel to have a king, and so long as he could he prevented it; but, when they persisted in their request, he consented. He has always desired men to be free, but they have loved royalty and the pomp and splendor of courts. Many do so now, and they have their way; but they suffer the lash, endure increased taxation, and millions are added yearly to the national debts; yet they seem to kiss the rod while they groan under the crushing weights.

When the young Virginian, Patrick Henry, uttered the lofty and sublime sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death," he but spoke the sentiments of the new world that was then awakening to its birth-right. And Henry spoke the words

in the right time and in the right place, even upon the land designed of God as the place where such sentiments should be uttered, the one prepared and upon which only could they have been uttered with success and carried on to victory.

And thank God, their faith, their prayers, their labors, and their sacrifices were indeed crowned with success, the Lord of hosts being with them; and we have entered into the fruit of their labors. And if all the people of this great nation, which has been so favored of heaven would but carry out the divine principles of freedom, of justice, and of truth, "throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof," then everything would be well with us as a nation, and there would be nothing to fear in our land.

I wish to say something more upon this subject of the freedom of this country being under the watch-care of the great Ruler of the universe. First, that, from the days of Columbus, the men who accomplished the most for our land were

those who not only recognized the highest principles of truth and freedom, those who were the most unselfish in their own ambitions, but also they had such a love for their country and their fellow patriots that they have also loved their Creator, and they continually and personally appealed to him for aid, presenting the justice and purity of their cause as warrant for their supplications. Especially in the beginning, before lust for office and for wealth had so corrupted the very souls of men and perverted their judgments, in those days the most of the leading men were praying men, men who believed in God and in his power and will to intervene in behalf of the oppressed and in favor of the liberty of mankind.

Washington, the great man, the unselfish patriot, who was raised up to perform the very work he did so grandly accomplish, was one who sought divine guidance, one who poured out his soul before God, in solitary places appealing to the Most High for the deliverance of

his country and his countrymen from the yoke of oppression and of wrong. During that terrible winter that was spent by him and his army at Valley Forge, waiting for the spring to come, when his men with thin clothing and ragged shoes were camped in the snow, suffering hunger and all the tide of war against them when the fall campaign closed, even then Washington did not despair and give up the effort, but he continued to commit himself and the cause of American liberty to the care of God.

It was a dark hour, the darkest hour the colonies had seen, and even Washington was being defamed and his services belittled by envious ones who wished him relieved from all command. But he was not in Philadelphia asking personal favors of Congress; no, he was with his freezing and starving army at the front, and there, in unselfish devotion, sharing their privations and daily appealing to God in behalf of his country, for a turn in the tide of war that she might be

made free, never himself giving up hope but that it would yet come. Mr. Isaac Watts, with whom he boarded a portion of the time in the Valley, related his experience of finding Washington in the depths of the forest, where, upon his knees with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he was pleading with the Almighty for the aid that did marvellously come, even before the winter was over, such as astonished not only the British armies but also the colonies, such as roused the latter to greater activity and to the sustaining of the Commander in Chief with men and means to carry on the war. When Mr. Watts first found Washington thus praying he went to his house and told his wife, and, as is related, he used the following words: "If there is anyone on earth whom the Lord will listen to it is George Washington, I feel sure that our independence will be established, and that God in his providence has willed it so." And time proved this view to be correct.

And one whom I esteem to have been a true teacher in these latter days declared that God established the constitution of this land at the hands of wise men whom he raised up for that very purpose, and that he redeemed the land by the shedding of blood, because it was not just that any people should be in bondage to others; but that all of right should be free.

Also it is written in another book as follows: "And this land shall be a land of liberty, and there shall be no kings upon this land; and I will fortify this land against all other nations; for it is a choice land unto me above all others, saith God. And he that raiseth up a king shall perish; for there shall be no kings here."

And you may see that this word is true, especially by a circumstance that occurred many years after that was written. I speak of the effort made by Napoleon the Third to establish a throne in Mexico, to make the crowning act of his reign to consist of placing a monarch in

the new world, to form a kingdom and a court next door to the United States. See how it utterly failed. Maximillian landed at Vera Cruz on May 28, 1864, when our country was in her great trouble. But he and his empire were not acceptable to the Mexican people, and, after three years of turmoil and war, he and his coadjutors were overthrown and slain, thus, so immediately and ignominiously, bringing to an end the effort for a throne upon this continent.

And how soon after came to pass the words that he who should even raise up such a ruler should himself perish. In 1870 Napoleon himself fell from being the head of one of the greatest nations of earth, and died in exile a few years later; not only that but he came to dishonor and died unlamented by the civilized world.

You may say that Brazil had an emperor, Dom Pedro, but he was no more a king, except in name than our presidents are; he held no autocratic sway, and at last had to give

up even the empty title. How true, then, that no king has been permitted to reign as a monarch upon this continent.

Therefore, putting all these things together, I am sure that America was intended of God as the choice land of liberty and of plenty. Hear what one of the orators of our time, an ex-member of Congress, said a few years ago in a Fourth of July address. It was as follows: "There is, to my mind, nothing more evident than that Providence reserved the American continent as the promised land of the human family; and that God sent Columbus, guided by unseen hands, to bring it forth. Though obscured for thousands of years by an impenetrable vale of waters, yet it was beheld afar off."

I may add that history shows that Columbus claimed that he was inspired, that he believed that into his hands had been placed some work to be done in the discovering of a land that, up to his day, had been hidden from the world. And

I believe that he not only felt that he was moving in line with the divine will, but I believe that he was so directed and wrought upon to bring about the discovery when God was ready to plant the lovers of liberty upon it, when they were ready themselves to be placed upon it. The same speaker said further, as follows:

“Behold the wisdom of God in preparing this continent for the abode of man. He laid its foundations upon the eternal granite of its hills. He pointed its boundaries with mountains. He lined its rivers from zone to zone. He filled it with beautiful lakes and fountains. He spread out its prairies and planted its forests. He enriched the veins of earth with precious metals. He moulded mountains of iron and vast fields of coal. He surrounded it with seas and lighted it from on high. He filled it with animal life, and prepared food for all. So perfect have been the operations of the Eternal Will, in the creation of America and the creation of man,

that the most complete adaptability exists between the purposes of the Infinite and the government of the finite. In a word, 'In wisdom he has done it all; for humanity has he done it well.' "

I might rehearse to you the series of wrongs that the colonies suffered, that led them to rebel against the mother government; also tell of the seven and a half years of war against the armies of King George, but probably you are all familiar with the story of those days. It should be a matter of study to the youth of our land always, that they may ever know what was done to found our liberties. I remember that from the time that I was eight or nine years old, the history of those times was of thrilling interest to me, the story of Warren and of Wayne, of Washington at Valley Forge and Trenton, of Gates and Greene, of Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and of many other daring patriots. I have read of a consultation being held between Marion and some British colonel, and that the

latter was taken blindfold into Marion's camp in the swamp; that dinner came while he was there and Marion invited the colonel to stay. But all that the darkey cook had to present was sweet potatoes and salt, to the astonishment of the man who was used to many luxuries in his own camp. And when he had returned to his fellows he said that it was no use to try and defeat these rebels, when they would defend themselves and their country while eating salt and potatoes. And he was so struck by the evidence of their sincerity and endurance that he resigned his commission and went home to England, so the story goes.

To give a few statistics I will mention that in the time of the revolution the colonies embraced only three hundred and forty-one thousand square miles of territory, and there were about three million people. Now there are nearly seventy million people and over three million, five hundred and twenty-seven thousand square miles of ter-

ritory, or ten times the surface that there was then, and twenty-two times the population. Then twelve out of thirteen colonies were slaveholding; now there are fifty states and territories and all are free.

Well may we apply to America the words of the poet Montgomery:

“There is a land of every land the pride,  
Beloved of heaven o’er all the world beside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Art thou a man? A patriot! Look around!  
For thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps  
roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy  
home.”

Of the recent war, and of those who participated in it, I will say that the young men and women of to-day cannot realize the exciting times and thrilling scenes of thirty years ago, when the nation awoke to the hard fact that the great crisis of war was at hand, perhaps a long and bloody contest of arms, whose end and result none could foretell of himself. There was to be no more compromise in the effort for peace by the North. The “irrepressible conflict” could only be settled by disastrous war, with his sword and torch.

Nor can many to-day comprehend in their hearts the almost innumerable severing of the dearest of human ties, many of them severed forever by the death of husbands and fathers, of sons and brothers, of those betrothed in love until the coming home, which never came. No, we cannot now realize what it was when millions at home, fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts, children and friends, looked eagerly for each day's paper or listened for telegrams from the various armies, from the army of the Potomac, or the army of the Cumberland, or from the army of the Tennessee, or from the force around Vicksburg, or on the Red River, or from those with Sherman in the Tennessee and Georgia campaign, which resulted in those terrible battles of Kennesaw, Lookout, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Atlanta, and more or less all the way to the sea.

Those were trying times, indeed, when parents, and wives, and children, and sisters, read daily lists of thousands gone down to death, per-

haps their own loved ones with the others. I remember that at the crossing of the Rappahannock six thousand men went down, either killed or wounded, within ten minutes. Think of it, and what it meant to thousands at home all along the hills and prairies of the North, not to mention the untold number who felt the same pangs in the southern land.

Will Carlton puts it pretty well, for one who was but small at the time of the war. He speaks for the boys who went, in the following language:

“We struck our camp at break of day, we  
marched into the fight;  
We laid the rose of pleasure down and  
grasped the thorn of right.  
The roll of drum was joy to us, the fife was  
sweetly shrill;  
The waving of our country’s flag, it made  
our pulses thrill.

“They cheered us as we walked the streets;  
they marched us to and fro,  
And they who stayed spoke well to us how  
brave it was to go.  
Our faces set with iron deeds that yet were  
to be done;  
Our muskets clean and bright and new, and  
glistening in the sun.

"It was so like a tournament, some grand-  
 er sort of play,  
 That day we bravely shouldered arms and  
 marched, marched away.  
 There came a sudden dash of tears from  
 those who said 'Good-bye;'  
 We set our teeth together tight and made  
 them no reply.

"Twould never do to droop our heads 'fore  
 goin in the fray,  
 So gallantly we shouldered arms and  
 marched, marched away.  
 But when the boy within us had to perish  
 for the man,  
 'Twas then the holiday was done, 'twas  
 then the fight began.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And O, it seemed a grander time, when  
 through the battle's cry,  
 We went to show, if needs must be, how  
 bravely boys could die;  
 It seemed so like some brilliant dream, that  
 glory-painted day,  
 We turned our faces towards the fight and  
 marched, marched away."

As one with you, as one who be-  
 lieved that the nation should remain  
 undivided, I, as a boy in my teens,  
 enlisted at the first call for 300,000  
 more in 1862, which call was soon  
 increased to 600,000. Those of us  
 who were sent to Louisville, to the  
 assistance of General Buel, march-  
 ed out of that city on the first day

of October, 1862, the portion I was with going through Bardstown and Springfield to Perryville, where a battle was fought on the 8th.

Our march was through a dry land, no rain having fallen for many weeks. Little water was to be had except in ditches and holes. Where the water was an inch or two deep we skimmed our cups carefully over and got what we could as free from mud as possible. Where we couldn't do that we put down our pieces of pumice stone and sucked the dirty water through the rubber tube attached until the mud became so thick on the stones that we could get no more without cleaning them. It was nauseous and bad enough. And there was misery in marching through deep dust under a hot sun, day after day, carrying gun, canteen, haversack, and perhaps a knapsack also. One's blood seemed to be at boiling point by day; and then at night, without tents, and many without blankets, we suffered with cold until morning came to begin another day in dust

and heat, without water and sometimes with little to eat. We were fortunate if we got time to boil some coffee or partially cook a bit of beef held on a stick over the fire built by the wayside.

The correspondent of the Louisville Journal wrote of this march in the following language:

“Along the roads there was one continuous stream, day and night, of infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and baggage and ammunition wagons. Both men and beasts were almost strangled by the dust, and there was no relief of water to check the suffering. The enemy boasted that they had us in the dry valleys and we would perish. And they held the springs about Perryville and Danville as long as they could keep us from them. \* \* \* But it is over now, yet I have a recollection of it that will last me to the grave.”

Comrad John Hunt of this congregation was there in the 75th Illinois, while I was in the 74th. Perhaps others of you were there.

I remember that the night after the battle was over we camped near a dry creek, but finding a low place, holes were dug in the sand and gravel, and we stood in line waiting our turn to dip the dirty water from out those holes, glad to get even that to moisten our dry tongues and fevered lips.

After the battle came a cold rain that chilled us, for we had no tents and few blankets; many regiments having left knapsacks and blankets at Louisville. We built rail pens and sheltered ourselves the best we could. But all that is past now, and we shall never again join in the march, nor bivouac on the field. With each recurring Memorial Day your number is lessened by tens of thousands, and, ere long, we also shall be mustered out of service on earth and enter into the beyond. But while here we should ever abide in the principles of freemen, free in the liberty that regards all other men as free and their rights as sacred as our own, free to walk in manhood

along the way that yet remains to us, and free in doing good; free in every act of truth and mercy to our fellows, and in protecting innocence, virtue, and the right wherever we may find them. The watchwords of brotherly love, charity, and loyalty should be the sentiments in the hearts of all true men, and of all who were ever soldiers in any good cause upon earth.

I close with a few brief but important statistics about the Union soldiers, who perished during the war of the rebellion:

The total enlistments in the northern armies were two millions eight hundred and forty thousand (2,840,000) men. Of these sixty thousand were killed in battle, forty thousand died afterwards of wounds received, making one hundred thousand slain by bullet and sword. Forty thousand, at least, died in captivity, in those cruel places where they were starved, beaten, and shot, of whom about fourteen thousand lie at Andersonville, Georgia, over twelve thousand at

Salisbury, South Carolina, seven thousand at Belle Isle, Virginia, and six thousand at Florence. Statistics say that two hundred thousand died of disease and exposure during the war, and untold thousands soon after, so that three hundred thousand are buried in the National Cemeteries, north and south, besides all that were brought home and buried by friends. Therefore not less than a half million men perished as the direct result of the service, that is of men in the northern armies, to say nothing of those of the south. Then all along from that day to this the lives of thousands have gone out far sooner than they otherwise would have done. Hence we have some idea of the blood poured out and of the strength taken from the nation by the war had for the continuance of the nation and to perfect the pledge given in the Declaration of Independence, namely, that all men have an equal right to life, liberty, and happiness.

And, my comrades, may you still be soldiers of honor, and stand both publicly and privately as lovers of truth, justice, righteousness, and purity, as those worthy of the trust that may be reposed in you, and as guardians of virtue in yourselves and of the honor of all men. And, breathing a prayer for the perpetuity of our nation, and desiring to see a greater degree of political honor and integrity than seems now to exist in our land, but committing it unto God until he shall accomplish his great purpose for the redemption of man and of the earth, I bid you, comrades, adieu until we meet again, here or in the hereafter.

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