

L. P. FISHER, Advertising Agent, 21 Merchants Exchange, is sole agent for the MORNING APPEAL in San Francisco.

A MEMORIAL SERMON.

Delivered in Carson City, Sept. 26, 1881, by Rev. H. V. Rice.

ISALAH, LXIV, 6.—"We all do fade as a leaf."

The face of the earth is God's blackboard upon which He draws figures and diagrams to impress upon our memories the truths of Scripture. All Egypt is written over with hieroglyphics, and recently a sepulchre has been opened where, among the Kings and Queens of over thirty centuries, these figures are telling us hidden truths of the dead past. But God has written upon the face of the earth truths pertaining not to the dead past but to the living future. He writes upon so simple a thing as a leaf, our destiny. When He produces a painting let artists stand back. The Equinox has come, bringing God's paint brush with the frost. He has stretched his canvas along the rivers, by the shores of the lakes, and upon the mountain side. Within the last few days what a picture has He painted along the shores of Huron, upon the Hudson's highlands, and on the banks of the rolling Oregon. Here are the trees with their tips blossoming into fire. There is the foliage of underwood that looks as though the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. Here are bushes protected by overhanging rocks and the frost has been warded off. There is a mass of foliage in which the fire of colors has caught, and it runs from branch to branch until the glory of God seems to submerge them all. The torrents of the mountain canyon plunge over cataracts as though they would put out the conflagration, but still the fires deepen and the painting progresses with a crimson banner that would exhaust the paint tanks of God, if His colors were not of infinite supply. But from this panorama we learn a lesson. All this grandeur is a mark of death—beautiful or otherwise; the leaf has been death-struck—its colors come, then it fades. Strains of sadness, yet strains of gladness may be evoked from this harp of Nature's God. "We all do fade as the leaf."

We notice that the foliage does not fade all at once, but gradually the change comes, almost unperceived. Some three weeks since there was a light frost, but the foliage did not show it all at once. Again last week there was another. Then still another came. The leaves which three weeks ago felt the frost have been changing tint day by day. The flush has been deepening, the veins have been opening, and the preparation has been going on for the bleeding of its life away. From now leaf by leaf they fall, first from the outer branches, then from the hidden branches until they all drop away. And so the changes come upon us, gradually, unperceived. Today, the day after, and the next will pass without a seeming change, but the frost has touched us and its effects are going to show by and by. In our ferns the work of decay is now going on, and soon there are the slight colds, the frequent fatigues, with a fever now and then, neuralgia, rheumatism, pains, waning vigor, fading sight, deafness, then the staff and spectacles, and then the grave. These changes have not been sudden, but gradual fading, fading, slowly fading, fading "as the leaf."

Like the leaf we fade away for others to take our places. The timber round our homes will next year be dressed as richly as in the summer past. The cottonwood and the poplar will be clothed next year with another foliage of leaves that take the place of those that are falling now. With the nuptials of another Spring the month of May will rock in the cradle of the wind the young buds of another generation. Elijah-like, the trees of our yards will drop their mantle only to fall upon the shoulders of another Elisha, going hence in a chariot of fire. The Autumnal battalions open their blast and sweep the ranks away, but reserved forces take their place to defend the hamlets of the vale. From the nuggets of the seasons, Old Time with hammer swinging high, has been beating out the golden leaves for the crown of

Autumn to wear, but to-day old Autumn, preparing to die, is hanging his crown upon the willow tree and soon it will drop, to be picked up and handed down to coming seasons for other brows to wear. And so, as we go, others take our place. We will live our life of preaching, lawing, doctoring, selling, sawing and planing, then others take our place to have their day of preaching, lawing, doctoring, selling, sawing and planing. And we must not envy them as we fade away. Autumn does not envy Spring; Winter does not envy Summer. Let others come and take our places; the great and good must die. We say this one or that one must not die. Time will be fairly out of joint and it will shock a continent, but by and by he fades as the leaf. Then the end comes. He is mourned, he is lamented. We weep over his memory; the heart grows sick that the great, the noble and the true must leave us and be supplanted so soon, but God has so arranged that when we fall we fall so like the leaf, so gently, that the shock is averted, though the worthy are remembered, tearfully remembered, ever remembered, as the years are passing by.

We notice again, that as the leaf we fade and drop in one common burial place with the unenumerated hosts of others. Plume after plume are the hillsides plucking to-day, and away in the vale, to deck the rivulets and decorate the caverns, to soften the lair of the wild beast, and to fill the eagle's eyrie. Brussels from the loom of God will now carpet the forest aisles, and then the fires will spread the embers of the dead leaves beneath the funeral pyre, while the incense of Nature's obsequy will rise up from this vast cathedral of Nature's God to the worship of the mighty. But they all die in concert; they all lie together. So with us. Many thousands go with us as the clock strikes the hour of our departure. The tramp of the feet that take us to our burial will keep step with hundreds of processions going on the same sad errand. One hundred and fifty-three thousand of the dead are dwelling in Greenwood's tombs. From fifty to one hundred lie down to rest there every day. Numbers of other cemeteries at the metropolis have as many more. What great cities are those cities of the dead! We speak of London, Paris, Pekin and Jeddo. These are not the great cities of the earth. They are but suburban retreats compared with the city of the dead. This great city has larger populace, greater men, longer streets, thicker darkness, brighter lights, than all other cities of the globe put together. Millions upon millions, billions upon billions, numbers greater than the blades of grass multiplied by the fading leaves, multiplied by the drops of Niagara, greater than all this aggregate is the population of the city of the great King Death. O, city of rich men, O, city of paupers, dwelling place of Caesars, home of the martyrs, how silent thy voices, how still thy hoofs, how motionless thy wheels! Where is thy clash of saber, thy smiting hammer, thy flying loom? Why of all thy million hands none are lifted? Why from all those million eyes no sparkle? Why from all those million hearts not one pulsation? Fallen, and "faded as the leaf!"

But we notice that the leaf departs with a vast variety of appearances. So do we. Some trees lose all the beauty of foliage with the first touch of frost. One blast of the north wind and they are scattered everywhither, withered, ragged, uncomely, waiting their burial in the mire. The setting sun may throw its golden splendor, but no beauty is reflected from those leaves. They are touched with the black death and are thoroughly dead. Who cares to study them, whose vase will have them, whose walls will be decorated with leaves so ragged, leaves so dead? How many people are smitten with death in just this way! Their departure is without a beauty, without a memory worth the keeping. They are gone forever with the first cold spell that comes, with the first rough blast that follows. They are gone without a tinge of hope, without a single prophesy of Heaven. Their Springtime was abloom with every prospect. What did they do with it? Summertime came with thickening opportunities. What did they do with it? But with Autumn days their glory went. It was a black frost that came to them; it killed them.

They had no hope of immortality in Christian salvation. All the life was noise. They did "not" kill, they did "not" rob, they did "not" wallow in their lusts, but alas, they did "not" listen to the call of Heaven, they did "not" make their peace with God in life, and they did "not" gain salvation in death. They had "not" grown into a religious fibre during the Springtime, and the Summer days—fallen and "faded as the leaf," but as the dead leaf; no beauty left, no beauty of character, no beauty of manhood or womanhood wound up with a fibre of Christian worth to last eternal—no beauty of mind or soul to be retained like a chaplet of golden leaves in the vase of loved ones' memories—no picture of a noble life to hang upon the walls, an ornament of the past—fallen and "faded as the leaf," but as the dead leaf! O, what scattering this visitor death makes among those not ready for his acquaintance! His first summons is, "Come, you must go with me." "Must" is the word he uses. Far more gracious would be the word "may;" but it is "must," you "must" go with me. Those formerly born to command now obey.

He comes without knocking, He enters unbidden, approaches the bedside of the great and the humble, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; He lays his mailed hand upon the lung and says "be quiet;" He taps upon the heart and says "be still"—it stops. It would not seem so bold for death to enter the fisherman's hut, or the peasant's cot; but he comes stumbling along into the palace of the great King, through the chamber of the Prince, by the bedside of the magistrate, and makes quicker arrest than any sheriff. He never explains, never yields, but straightening himself he buckles close his armor, lifts high the shield, poises the cimeter and walks off the victorious Black Prince of our last great battlefield. But those dying in the Lord, while they leave everything pleasant behind, their honors, families, friends houses, books, pictures, landscape, sunshine and shadow, do not step out from light into darkness, from joy into pain. They do not hang their harp on willow and trudge off down into captivity, they quit not the presence of love and home to plunge off into darkness unbeckoned and unwelcomed, the powers of earth's Heaven woven around their fireside, hallowed by mother's love, wife's appreciation, children's prayers, those bowers are not blown away by the awful equinoctial death. They are only frosted, made more beautiful as with a crown of autumn foliage, faded as the leaf, as the leaf. Are the woodbine and ivy ever more beautiful than to-day, tipped with many shades by the late equinoctial ushering in the frost King. Is Christian character ever so beautiful as in the dying hour? "Is there a chance?" he said, "I will take the chance." It would be pleasant to live and carry out great purposes for a nation's weal. It would be pleasant to witness a nation's sympathy for his sufferings, and gratitude at his deliverance. It would be pleasant indeed to stand longer by the side of her he loved best, to cheer the old age of his broken mother, to establish his growing family of children in a dangerous world. It would be a sweet joy if he could live a few years longer and reap the worthy reward of many years of struggle and sacrifice. So bright was everything he was leaving behind him, it would be worth while he thought to make a brave heroic struggle with the shadow of death if perchance it might please God to restore him yet a little while. And so he says "I will take the chance," and then he says with the Christian's fortitude "I am ready if it be His will that I shall go! How it reminds us of the anguish of Gethsemane when He who died for the nations of the earth wished the cup of bitterness to pass from him, but says to God "not as I will but as thou wilt." "I would stay longer if thou wouldst be pleased not as I will but as thou wilt." How like the parting words of Him who said, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is now at hand." He faded as the leaf, as the leaf growing more beautiful in the verdure of his Christian manhood until fifty millions of people with uncovered head stood gazing up into heaven at the sight, and beyond the sea a hundred millions were responding to the throb of the

American heart, and blaspheming lips were struck dumb with awe at the Christian heroism of this man of valor, until millions of voices were subdued in prayer that erstwhile learned only to curse. Fading as the leaf, as the leaf, looking to the Christain's home in glory.

"Where remains a land of rest,
Where his savior went before him
To fulfill his soul's request.

"He was fitting up that mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
Where his stay shall not be transient,
In that happy, holy land.

"Sing, O, sing, ye helms of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go,
Zion's gates shall open for you,
You shall find an entrance through."

All is over. How grandly he sleeps—a giant resting after battle,—the chariot of God coming to take him home,—to him the shout of captives break not on the morning air,—no clank of chains is heard,—but Heaven rings again and again with coronation anthem. Monarch of the forest illumined with autumnal sunset, with the beauties of Heaven's rainbow, let come the frosts; thy glories ascend in a chariot of fire. O great man and loved, thou hast gone with the autumn sunset, an immortal name reflecting the blendings of the rainbow in a nation's tears,—gone in a chariot of fire,—faded as the leaf. Though thy wounded body enters the tomb it shall come forth again as the leaf, as the leaf enters into the growth of another foliage. For God shall drag the deep and enter the tomb, upturn the wilderness, and search the mountains, and He will find us. Then the faithful unto death shall rise with no dimness of sight, no wounded side, no wandering brain, no feverish lips asking to be taken home. 'Tis well that hamlets, cities and palaces are draped in mourning. 'Tis well that kings and queens and princes bow in humility at the pitiable sight of royalty, more than royal, struck down; well that Beichtags, Parliaments and Courts beyond the sea are draped in mourning, as they are, a testimony that the sacrifice of this life not born to royalty by accident, but made royal by God's own moulding, is a loss not local, but a loss that strikes at the welfare of universal brotherhood, whether high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, from the rising of the sun to its setting in the Western sea.

STOCKS.

MORNING BOARD.

- 335 Ophir—8½
- 180 Mexican—11½
- 465 Gould & Curry—8½
- 30 Best & Belcher—14
- 110 California—1 10
- 80 Savage—3 05
- 1400 Con. Virginia—3 10, 3
- 515 Chollar—2 10
- 725 Potosi—3
- 170 Crown Point—1 60
- 210 Yellow Jacket—5½
- 300 Imperial—20c
- 450 Belcher—3 05
- 1745 Sierra Nevada—22½
- 180 Utah—11½
- 220 Bullion—65c
- 550 Exchequer—1 05
- 260 Overman—2 40
- 5 Seg. Belcher—8½
- 170 Justice—90c
- 700 Union Con.—14½
- 410 Alta—5½
- 100 Caledonia—20c
- 400 Sutor—20c
- 400 Silver Hill—20c
- 150 Lady Washington—20c
- 1065 Scorpion—2 35
- 270 Benton—1 05
- 480 New Wells-Fargo—15c
- 50 Andes—2 10

IN BRIEF.

Dr. S. W. Lee, of this place, was called to Reno last night to see S. C. Scoville.

Copies of to-day's APPEAL may be had at this office and at the news stand of Cagwin & Noteware.

Members of the Committee of Arrangements of the late memorial services are requested to meet this evening at the office of Gen. T. D. Edwards, at 7:30 o'clock, to transact important business.

Remored that the assessment of the V. & T. R. R. will be raised from \$11,500 to \$20,000 per mile, and that the Superintendent of the road will appear before the Board of Equalization tomorrow to inquire "what kind of conducts are those?"

Dr. Billings, the dentist, has received a new and extensive stock of dental material and is fully prepared to attend to the wants of the public in his line. Receiving his wares direct from the manufacturers enables him to perform dental work at much less rates than heretofore.

Notice.
The members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Episcopal Church are requested to meet at the residence of the Rector to-day at 2 o'clock.

MRS. HYDE, Secretary.

Ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup.

Tty 15 cent bottle—Ammen's Cough Syrup.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MY OFFICE, AFTER BEING CLOSED for the 1st two weeks, is now open. I have lately received a large stock of Dental Material direct from the manufacturers, which enables me to make still further reductions in the price of my mechanical work. Respectfully,

C. BILLINGS, Dentist.

Office—In RINCKLE BLOCK.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

A SLAUGHTER IN DRY GOODS.

ALFRED LILIENFIELD.

Having Come to the Conclusion to

RETIRE FROM BUSINESS.

Will Sell His

ENTIRE STOCK

AT

COST!

CALL EARLY AND INSPECT GOODS AND COMPARE PRICES.

ALFRED LILIENFIELD,
County Building.

July 14

P. L. VUCANOVICH, Virginia | C. L. VUCANOVICH, Carson

REOPENED.

VUCANOVICH BROS.,

SUCCESSORS TO J. IVANOVICH,
Dealers in General

GROCERIES PROVISIONS,

FRUITS, VEGETABLES

FISH,

ETC.....ETC.

Received daily by express, which will be sold at reasonable market rates. All orders will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. VUCANOVICH BROS., Carson street, opposite Capitol.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN!

KOPPEL & PLATT

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING NEW

Invoices of Goods at the

CORNER OF CARSON AND THIRD STREETS

Opposite the St. Charles Hotel.

Now is the time to examine their stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

Consisting of

Mens', Youih's and Boys' Clothing

Of all the latest and most approved styles

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Collars, Etc

C. BOERNER,

Piano Maker and Tuner,

Of San Francisco.

HAS ARRIVED AND WISHES TO inform the people of Carson City and vicinity that he is now prepared to receive orders for

The Tuning and Repairing of Pianos.

OFFICE AT H. C. McLAUGHLIN'S JEWELRY STORE.

Inventor of the Celebrated BOERNER PIANO.

ALL WORK entrusted to me will be done promptly, in a first-class manner and at reasonable prices.