



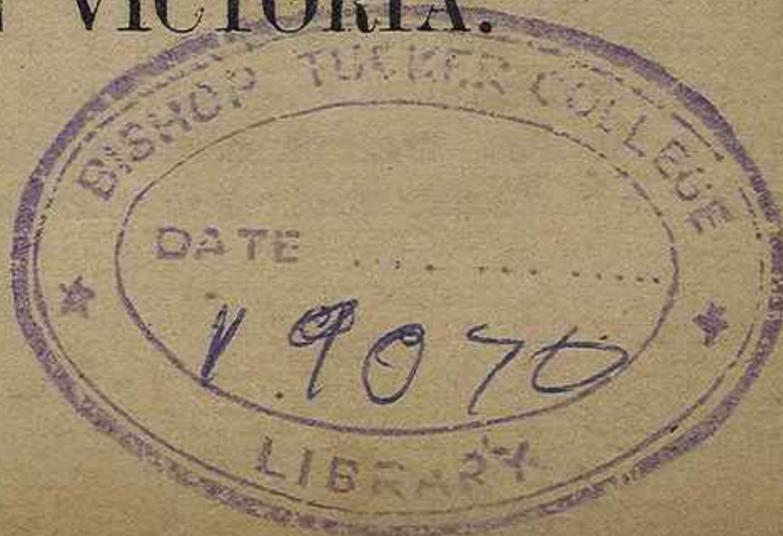
UGANDA,
EAST AFRICA.

A 276.761
TUC

IN
MEMORIAM.

An
Address delivered by the
Right Revd. A. R. Tucker, D. D.,
Bishop of Uganda,
on Saturday, February 2nd 1901,
in
The Cathedral Church of St. Paul,
Mengo, Uganda,
on the occasion of the service held

IN MEMORY
of
HER LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA.





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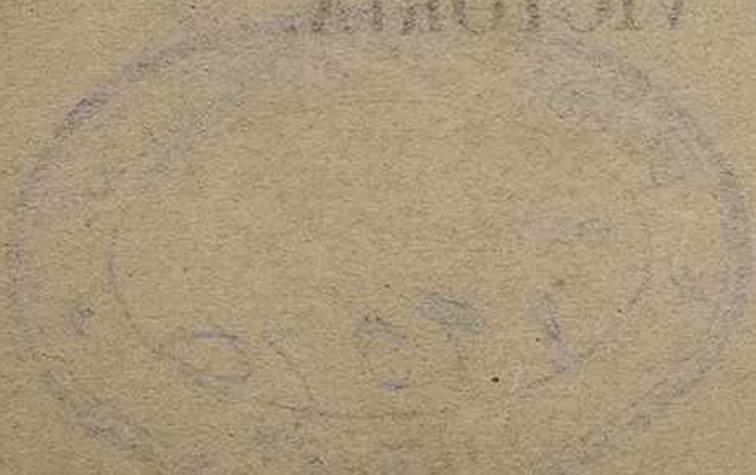
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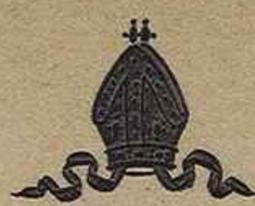
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HER LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA



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UGANDA,
EAST AFRICA.

A PRAYER.

Almighty and most merciful Father, Thou who art the God of all comfort, and the very consolation of Israel, look down, we humbly beseech Thee, in mercy upon our King, the Queen Consort, and all the members of the Royal Family, who at this time are mourning the loss of one so near and dear to them, as our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria. Pour into their hearts that peace, comfort and consolation which Thou alone canst give, and enable them even in the midst of their sorrow to thank and praise Thee for, giving to her, as to all Thy servants who depart hence in Thy faith and fear, that rest that remaineth for the people of God. May they one and all be sustained in their hour of trial, and with faith strengthened, love deepened, and hope brightened, be enabled so faithfully to serve Thee in this life, that they fail not finally to attain Thy Heavenly promises, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. P. M. A.

Beloved in Christ:

We meet to-day under the shadow of a great sorrow. Our beloved Queen, who for more than sixty years has held sway over the British Empire, is no more. And we in common with multitudes of her subjects in every land and in every clime, are gathered together to do honour to her memory.

We think of those in the dear home-land, who at this time are engaged in laying those loved remains in their last resting place, and our hearts are with them in their sad and solemn task.

Amid all the pomp and pageant of a State and stately service, there is we know the deep heart pulse of a nation's throbbing grief. If ever England mourned she mourns to-day. If ever nodding plume or sable garb were true indications of a sorrow deeper than words, they are such to-day. If ever the wailing tones of a funeral march—the creation of a Handel or a Chopin—gave utterance to the anguish of a nation's grief, they do so to-day as the strains of weird and weeping melody, with muffled peal of bells and beat of drum, encircle this Empire “upon which the sun never sets.”

Yes, never has Sovereign been laid to rest in the midst of such true and heartfelt tokens of grief and sorrow, as those in the midst of which the remains of our late beloved Queen are consigned to their last resting place.

But the dark cloud of sorrow which at this time broods over our Empire is not, thank God, unrelieved in its sombre tones.

It is gilded and illumined with flashes of thankfulness and praise.

As we look back over the days that are gone, we think of all that our Queen has been to our realm of England. We think of her high and holy purpose, formed ere yet the "lonely splendour of the Crown came to her"—"I will be good." We think of the fulfilment of that purpose in her life and noble example. We think of her wise and sympathetic rule. We think of that great and noble courage with which, although well-nigh born-down by the burden of years and domestic grief, she yet fulfilled all the duties of her exalted station. I say, as we think of these things, and thank and praise God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, we especially thank and praise Him for Victoria our Queen.

I. We thank Him first of all for her life and noble example. The value of that example to our national life, who can estimate it? It told not merely upon England as a nation, but upon the civilized world at large. "Her court was pure," sings Tennyson. A noble epitaph, is it not? Her court was pure because she loved things that are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report. If England to-day is strong among the nations of the world, as strong she is, it is because of the sanctity and purity of her home life. And if that home life be pure we owe it in a large measure, under God, to the example of our late Sovereign Lady the Queen. "In that fierce light that beats upon a throne and blackens every blot," no spot or stain was ever seen to mar the unsullied purity of a queenly life.

II. Then secondly, we thank God for her wise and sympathetic rule. For sixty years and more that rule endured; and now as we look back over that period, fraught with issues of the most momentous character—issues upon which at times even the existence of the Monarchy seemed to hang—we are struck with the calm wisdom with which our Queen dealt with every situation as it arose. She never forgot the fact that she was a Constitutional Sovereign, and to the will of the people constitutionally expressed she never turned a deaf ear. The value of this attitude

in such times of peril as in '48 can scarcely be overestimated—times when thrones were overturned and kingdoms tottered to their fall. Men felt that however hard might be the language, and unsympathetic the attitude of political partisans, from the Queen at least they were sure of consideration, sympathy and love. There was mutual love betwixt Sovereign and people: It was this thought to which expression was so beautifully given in the Jubilee Hymn—

“Oh Royal heart, with wide embrace,
For all her children yearning;
Oh happy realm, such mother grace
With loyal love returning.”

III. And then thirdly we thank God, not only for her life and noble example, her wise and sympathetic rule, but also for that high and holy courage with which she bore the burdens of state although well-nigh borne down by affliction and years. You remember the Laureate's pleading tones when the husband of her youth was taken from her—

“Break not, O woman's heart but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure;
Remembering all the beauty of that star,
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendour.”

Right nobly did she respond to that appeal, and for well-nigh forty long and weary years did she endure in loneliness the burdens of the State. No despatch was ever too long for her perusal, no ceremony too irksome for her endurance, no journey too fatiguing if haply she might do her people good.

With what a thrill of admiration did we hear only last year, that notwithstanding her eighty years of life, she was journeying to Ireland, with the noble purpose of personally acknowledging the loyalty and bravery of her Irish subjects, fighting in the Transvaal for Queen and country.

This was but one instance among many in which self was

unflinchingly sacrificed for the welfare of her people. She measured her life

"By loss instead of gain:

Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth."

IV. And now this noble life is ended, and the reign of Queen Victoria passes into history. What the verdict of history will be with regard to it few can doubt. It will stand out as the brightest and most glorious page in our national story. As long as England shall endure, so long will the name of Victoria be identified with every womanly virtue and every queenly quality.

As we mourn her—truly and sincerely—we yet mourn with thankful hearts—thankful that she was spared so long to reign over us—thankful for her life and noble example—thankful for her wise and sympathetic rule—thankful for that high and holy courage with which she endured, and as Tennyson says, "wrought her people lasting good." But thankful above all for that grace by which alone she was what she was.

"Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears
The black earth yawns—the mortal disappears—
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

That the voice of the Poet. Now harken to the Voice of Revelation:—

"This mortal shall but on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

1 Cor. xv. 54-57.

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inherited her life
in the bosom of her
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As long as husband and wife shall endure, so long will the name of
Victoria be identified with every family name and every
nearly daily.

As we mourn her—truly and sincerely—we yet mourn with
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Thank the Lord, March ends in the month's end,
The bright and merry and those the sun and stars
The black earth below the ground the spears
Adieu to each, thus to die.

That the voice of the Poet Row Lankester to the Voice of
Revelation—
This world shall fall on impurity. Then shall be brought
to pass the saying that is written. Death is swallowed up
in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where
is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength
of sin is the law, but thanks be to God which giveth us
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I Cor. 15: 54-57