

# An Address

Delivered at the Service held in  
Memory of His late Majesty  
— King Edward vii, —  
in the Cathedral of St. Paul,  
Mengo, by the Right Rev.  
A. R. Tucker, D.D., LL.D.,  
Bishop of Uganda

May 20, 1910.

ARTICLE 11A

The first section of this article shall read as follows: "The Board of Directors of the Corporation shall have the right to make, alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the bylaws of the Corporation, subject to the power of the stockholders to alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the same at any meeting of the stockholders called for that purpose. The Board of Directors shall also have the right to make, alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the rules and regulations of the Corporation, subject to the power of the stockholders to alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the same at any meeting of the stockholders called for that purpose. The Board of Directors shall also have the right to make, alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the rules and regulations of the Corporation, subject to the power of the stockholders to alter, amend, suspend, or repeal the same at any meeting of the stockholders called for that purpose."

Approved as read

Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.”  
*R. Kipling.*

BELOVED,

We meet together to-day under the shadow of a great national and Imperial calamity. Our Sovereign Lord King Edward has been taken from us—snatched from us with a suddenness almost bewildering. It was but the other day that we heard of his journeying to sunnier climes than that of the home-land in the Springtime of the year. And then all at once there pulses through seas and oceans—across lands and continents the sad and solemn tidings that he is no more—that he has passed within the veil into the world of eternal realities. And to-day his remains are laid to rest “With an Empire’s lamentations.”

It is but little more than nine years ago since we were gathered in this house of God at a similar service to this—a service of mourning and yet of thankful praise for the life and work of a great Queen—one might almost say England’s Greatest Queen—for who can read her lately published letters without realising how truly great she was and with how true an instinct she has been hailed and will be remembered by generations yet unborn as “Victoria the Good”

And now her successor—the loved Son of a beloved Mother—one whose reign though brief has been glorious, marked by strenuous endeavour and self—sacrificing effort, has been called hence and the Empire mourns her Sovereign, a Sovereign whose name I venture to think will go down to posterity as “Edward the Peacemaker.”

As Tennyson sings

“O Peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one, upon whose heart and hand and brain  
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung,  
 Ours the pain, be his the gain.”

Yes! it is indeed a day of pain and peace has cause enough to mourn the loss of him who has gone. For just think for a few brief moments what our King was able to accomplish for the maintenance of the peace of the world.

I suppose it is true to say that the greatest safeguard to the peace of Europe at the present moment is the understanding with France, the “entente cordiale” as it is called. That this understanding is due to our late King more than to any other man few I think, will venture to deny. Early and late, in season and out of season, he strove not merely to bring about that understanding, but to maintain it.

Then our friendly relations with Russia, and the equally friendly terms on which we live with the Austro-Hungarian and German Empires, are due very largely to his incessant efforts, his moderating influences and his wise counsels directed by a farseeing political vision.

Then with regard to South Africa it would be difficult to say where our late Sovereign's influence did not penetrate or where it stopped. General Botha has expressed his belief that it was due to the magnetic personality of the King more than to any other factor that the Boers began to see that the British were not only able to fight well but could be just and generous afterwards.

And the present Under Secretary of State for the Colonies has expressed himself, since the death of the King, to the following effect “the Kings influence” he says “from the moment that Peace was in sight in South Africa had been paramount in drawing together not only the white races but all men from all

the Colonies in South Africa" "The King" he declared "was, in his opinion, the greatest safeguard of the peace of the world within living memory, perhaps within a century."

And yet while exercising all this wonderful and far-reaching influence he never went beyond the limits imposed by his position as Constitutional Sovereign. It was in fact this realization of his true position as a Constitutional Monarch which gave him the singular power which he wielded to the very last as a dominating influence in the political and parliamentary life of our time. It was an influence felt but unseen, silent but forceful, gentle and yet penetrating.

And so it came to pass that the hopes of men—that is, men of moderate opinion—were turned towards the King in the expectation that in him, in his counsels and his wisdom, would be found the key to the present political problems which are distracting parliamentary life at home and the solution of which seems to have baffled the ingenuity of the various contending parties.

But alas! these hopes in one sad moment have been dashed to the ground and now, unless in the presence of death and of mourning a truce of God be proclaimed, nothing to all human seeming remains but a continuance of that bitter strife which has been engendered by the most pitiable party passion which this generation has seen.

But in all this sorrow, bereavement, and disappointment let us not forget the great and glorious fact that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth: He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords and as he has kept us as a nation in days gone by he so will keep us in the days to come.

Never shall I forget the impression made upon me at the Coronation of the King in Westminster Abbey on August 9th, 1902, when, as the regalia—so typical of England's chequered history passed in solemn procession down the nave from the Jerusalem Chamber, all alike, people, choir and organ, with trumpets and drums,

joined in that most inspiring and noblest of hymns

“O God our help in ages past  
Our hope for years to come  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.”

One was thrilled through and through. It was difficult to restrain one's emotion as one thought of how wondrously down through the ages dear England had been kept through sunshine and shade—storm and tempest; and one felt then, and one feels now that as God has been with us in the ages past so he will be with us in the years to come

“Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our Eternal Home.”

Remember it is written “They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for evermore.”

And so “we will not fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the depths of the sea. The Lord of Hosts is with us the God of Jacob is our refuge.”

And now beloved, as we remember that at this time the remains of our late loved Sovereign are being consigned to their last resting place, what shall be the thought of our heart? Shall it not be, *first* of all, thankfulness and praise for all that our late King was able to accomplish for his country's good and the peace of the world. As we thank and praise God for all his servants departed this life in His faith and fear, we will especially thank and praise Him for Edward our King.

And then, *secondly*, shall there not be the breathing of a prayer for that Gracious lady whom seven and forty years ago England welcomed so joyously as a Bride and who by her kindly sympathy, her loving devotion, her tender pity, her womanly bearing, her Queenly dignity has in a singular way entwined herself around the

heartstrings of her people, that she may be sustained and comforted in this her time of sorrow and widowhood.

And, Brethren, she asks us for our prayers. Listen to one of the most touching appeals ever addressed by a sorrowing Queen to a sympathising people. This is what Queen Alexandra says:—

“From the depths of my poor broken heart I wish to express to the whole nation and to our kind people that I love so well my deep-felt thanks for the touching sympathy received from all classes high and low in my overwhelming sorrow and unspeakable anguish. Not alone have I lost everything in my beloved husband but the nation has suffered irreparable loss by our best friend Father and Sovereign thus suddenly called away. May God give us all His Divine help to bear this heaviest of crosses which He has seen fit to lay on us. His will be done. Give me a thought in your prayers which will comfort and sustain me in all I have still to go through.”

Beloved, shall we be silent for one brief moment while we breathe that prayer for which that stricken heart so touchingly pleads.

And now, *thirdly*, shall we not pray also for him upon whose shoulders so suddenly has descended the awful burden and solemn responsibility of the Kingship. Nay, does he not too ask our prayers. Surely it is so. Addressing the Privy Council at the moment of his Accession he thus pleads for our help “I am deeply sensible” he says “of my heavy responsibility but I know I can rely on my Parliament, on the people of these Islands, and on those in the dominions beyond the seas, to help me to discharge my arduous duties, also on their prayers that God may grant me strength and guidance.”

Those prayers beloved shall not fail him. We will ask that the strength and guidance may be vouchsafed

for which he pleads. Grace according to his need, holy wisdom and a right judgment in all things.

And then lastly shall we not pray for our own beloved country? Oh! how much she needs our prayers. Her difficulties and perplexities at this moment are many and great. Think of the strife of tongues which for months past has deafened our ears, reaching even to this distant corner of the world. Think of that struggle for political power which to many minds threatens the stability of our constitutional structure, undermining, as some think, its very foundations.

It seemed a little while ago as though amid all the hurly-burly of political strife that no one voice could be heard—that there was no one strong personality with sufficient power to silence the din of battle. But suddenly the voice of the Lord God Omnipotent is heard—yea, and that a mighty voice—and in a moment all is hushed and still.

And now in this solemn silence, a silence that has fallen upon the whole Empire, let the voice of Prayer be heard.

“Guard us, guard the eye, the soul of Europe,  
Keep our noble England whole.  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That Sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings.”

*Tennyson.*