



GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
TO THE CHURCH.

A S E R M O N

PREACHED IN ADDINGTON CHURCH, ON WHITSUNDAY MORNING, 1883,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE PLACING, BY THE PARISHIONERS,

OF A

NEW WINDOW IN THE CHURCH,

TO THE MEMORY OF

ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

BY

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Some of the friends who heard this Sermon have expressed a wish to read it. It was not composed with any view to publication, but I shall be thankful if it shall prove in any degree profitable or interesting as an explanation of the beautiful memorial which the Addington people have put up to the memory of their illustrious and loving parishioner, and I know that what I have spoken concerning him will find an echo in all their hearts.

My dear friend and successor, in his evening Sermon, brought out two points which I have begged him to allow me to quote, as I hardly touched upon them at all.

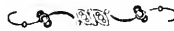
First, the connexion of Archbishop Tait's name with those of his two predecessors, Augustine and Langton, illustrates first his zeal for missionary work at home and abroad, and also his statesmanship and patriotism. "He claimed for the laity that they formed as true a part of the Church as the clergy did, and refused to dissociate in any way the interests of the laity from the interests of the Church at large."

And the second point is this. It is so beautiful and touching that I quote it at length—"If you look at the words written on the scroll round the head, you will find a line taken from a hymn familiar to us all—'*Jesus, lover of my Soul.*' That hymn is most closely connected with our recollections of him; it is associated with each of the great trials of his life. Again and again it was repeated to him on his death-bed. We sang it at that most impressive evening service when, at his own request, we met to pray that his illness might be blessed, not only to

his own soul, but to ours. Once again we sang it as we laid his body to rest by the side of those he loved. And yet once again, God willing, we will sing it to-night, as we welcome to its place in our Church this memorial of our reverence and love.

“‘*All my help from Thee I bring.*’ Are not the words a fitting expression of the simple trust in Christ which supported him in the darkest days and under the heaviest trials?”

I will only add that I have not attempted to elaborate my Sermon, but print it exactly as it was preached, and dedicate it affectionately to the Vicar and his people.



Eph. iv. 8.

“HE GAVE GIFTS UNTO MEN.”

ONCE more we are called on to praise God, because as on this day He sent His Holy Spirit down to give birth to the Church for which His blessed Son had become incarnate, and yielded up His life upon the cross, and risen from the dead. The atoning sacrifice was finished, the price of the world's redemption was paid, now came the first fruits of that sacrifice—the world was to *confess* itself God's. The gift of the Holy Spirit, as to-day, was to enable men to do this, and the truth which is expressed so easily by the lips ought to kindle a real joy, a real comfort to us, every one, that God the Holy Ghost did come into the world, did inspire men to believe that they had a Saviour from sin, and a living Helper to abide with them always.

Gathered here in a small village Church, we know that there are hundreds upon hundreds of congregations assembled to-day all round the world thanking God that on this day of Pentecost God taught the hearts of His faithful people, by the sending to them the light of His Holy Spirit. Well, when we join in that song of thanksgiving, shall we do it in form and our hearts not go with it? God forbid. Look to it even now. Think of your own life. You have had much to make you sad, more to make you happy. Once there were those by your side dear to you, and

now they have returned to their dust in the churchyard outside, and you still think of them so lovingly, and yet not unhappily ; for kind nature, " busy with her hand of healing," has softened down the pain of parting, and you are able to look forward to a time when once more you shall meet before the Throne of God, and look upon the face of the Lord that redeemed you and bought pardon for your sin. Whilst you remain in the world you can come aside from your daily work and daily cares into this house and tell God of your needs, and go home comforted and refreshed. And it is all because God the Holy Ghost came down into the poor, weary, sinladen, darkened world, and gave birth to the living Church, which is to bear witness by the Word and Sacraments of Life, that Christ has come and will come again.

Ah yes ! it is the old, old story ; and yet if we will only bethink ourselves, it will always be fresh to the very end of our lives ; as fresh as each morning finds us to enjoy once more the life and beauty of earth. You all know the hymn which speaks of the sense each morning of new mercies, new perils past, new thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven. Even so each heart that has learned its own sinfulness before God and its loose hold of this life, and has laid hold on the hope of immortality, will not let Whitsuntide pass over without remembering that all these blessings and comforts are the fruits of the Spirit of Life, which God gave us at this time.

We have once more heard this morning the manner of His coming—the rushing mighty wind, and the tongues of fire, and the wondrous gift of speech. The same signs were repeated afterwards, as we know from other chapters of the Acts ; but soon these signs passed away. What then was left ? The Holy Spirit is to abide with us *for ever*, Christ told us. There was left first the power and grace, transfused into the Sacraments. I am sure I need not remind you that these are no empty signs, but real means of grace depending, not on our poor words and thoughts, but on the word and promise of God. You come to

them, not because you feel good, but because you want to be good, and believe that God will give you grace in them to make you good. There is the ministry ordained by the Apostles, and continued unbroken until now. There is the written word inspired by that selfsame spirit. There is His voice speaking to the heart and conscience, whether by way of rebuke, or exhortation, or comfort. All these are the work of the Holy Gift of Pentecost. But we can go further. "He gave gifts unto men." S. Paul, who quotes the words, explains two or three verses further on, that these gifts are Apostles, Teachers, Evangelists, Pastors. That is then, the gifts which He gives to men are themselves men. It is not hard to understand that. If you are blessed at home with pious wife or husband, or dutiful children, or loving brother or sister, or kind friends, it comes natural to say that God has *given* you such a blessing. And here you have the Great Apostle talking in like manner of the Apostles and Teachers and Evangelists, who have been a blessing to the Church, as being *gifts* of God the Holy Ghost.

It is this plain and simple truth which has led up to my dear friend and brother inviting me to speak to you here to-day. With what thankfulness I come I cannot tell. Ten years is long to look forward to, how short a time to look back upon!—and yet what changes it has wrought. So many of the old familiar faces gone like a tale that is told. But the Word of God abideth ever. And they are gone not into cold forgetfulness, for the Whitsuntide message tells of Life—of Life which has conquered Death—Life Immortal. I have come, then, to say a few words to you about your new window, and certainly no better day could have been chosen for the occasion; for what I have to point out is that it bears witness of the gifts which the Holy Ghost has given to men.

I speak to many who know the facts commemorated, but as this is a village Church, I shall not hesitate to tell the story for the sake of those who do not know it.

When Christ was born into the world our forefathers did not live in this country. They lived far across the sea in Germany; the Britons lived here. Some 50 years later, the Romans came and conquered them. The Romans were heathen like the Britons, but it is very likely there were a few Christians among the soldiers even then, and certainly, as Christianity spread among the Romans, it would be sure to spread in this island. At first Christians were persecuted, and had to meet in secret; but 300 years after Christ His religion became the received religion, and then Christian churches were built here as elsewhere. But in the middle of the 5th century, our forefathers—the English—came, and they killed many Britons, and drove the rest away to the west, and called them “Welshmen,” which means *strangers*, and the name remains to this present. Our English forefathers were heathens for more than a hundred years after they came, and we call our days of the week to this day after the names of their heathen gods. They would not accept the religion of the people they had subdued, and whom, of course, they hated, and they went on worshipping their idols, and the churches were some of them turned into idol temples, some were left to fall to pieces. As they landed, some at one place, some at another, they founded several distinct kingdoms, till, as we commonly reckon, there were seven kingdoms in the country. The part we are in was part of the kingdom of Kent, and its chief town was called *Cant-wara-byrig*, that is, “Kent men’s borough.” When you see the Primate signing himself *Cantuar*, it will remind you that this is the old spelling, and that it means “Kent Man,” and the name goes back to a time before the light of the Gospel had shined upon us.

Now I will take you to the city of Rome. Just 1300 years ago a good ecclesiastic was living there, named Gregory. He was a benevolent and tender-hearted man, whose good deeds for his people and his Church were many; he was a very precious gift of God’s Holy Spirit to the world of his own time. There was one special evil which he strove against unceasingly, and that

was the slave trade. It was a common thing for traders to steal children from every country of Europe, and sell them to be slaves in rich men's houses, and Gregory use to buy them and then give them their liberty, even urging his clergy to sell the Church plate for the purpose. News reached him one day that a fresh cargo of this cruel merchandise had just come in, and with sad heart he walked down to the market place. There, amid swarthy Africans, Syrians, Spaniards, he saw three boys of fair face and golden hair; such a sight as perhaps he had never seen before. He looked at them lovingly, for he was always gentle towards children, and asked what nation they were of. "They are Angles," was the reply. "They would be angels," was his answer, "if they but knew Christ." He turned away from the sight of them sorrowfully, but the memory of the scene sank deep into his heart, and he wanted to go and preach the Gospel in their country, only the people of Rome loved him too well to suffer him to go. But when he became Bishop of Rome he sent Augustine, the monk, with 40 companions, to preach to the far off Angles.

It was on the evening of an autumn day, in the year 596, that the devoted band were landed out of a ten-oared galley at Ebb's Fleet, in the Isle of Thanet. Augustine sprang out first, "a man of almost gigantic stature," says an old chronicle, "silver haired and hollow of cheek, dressed in a long coarse woollen robe, with a leathern girdle at his waist, and a scrip containing all his worldly possessions." All of them knelt down on the ground and sought the blessing of their Saviour and King. The king of Kent, Ethelbert by name, went out to meet them, and the meeting took place under an oak tree hard by. Not much more than 50 years ago the old stump of the tree, which had always been known as Augustine's Oak, was removed. Certainly a sacred spot, though now there is nothing to mark it. Here the missionary preached Christ by an interpreter, whom he had brought with him. When he had finished, the king made answer, "Your words and your promises are fair, but because

they are new and doubtful I cannot assent to them, nor leave the customs which I and my people have so long observed. But since you have come hither as strangers, from a long distance, to deliver to us what you believe to be right and true, we do not wish to molest you; nay, rather we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and to give you all that you need for your support; and we do not forbid you to join all that you can to your faith." No answer could be more wise or more just, and Augustine and his 40 companions went fearlessly on to Canterbury. Your picture represents him preaching there. Only a few weeks ago the altar where he first celebrated the Communion was laid bare. I saw it ten days since, and I am sure it would have rejoiced you to see the absorbed interest of an American friend whom I had brought with me to see it. The Lord was working with the great missionary, and on Whitsunday next year—1286 years ago to-day (going by the *season*; for Whitsunday fell on the 2nd of June that year)—he baptized King Ethelbert, and at Canterbury you may still see the very font.* So began Christian England.

When He ascended up on High He gave gifts unto men. What a *gift* was that, the gift of a Christian missionary, followed by a Christian king, to our own dear country. Time passes, yet I cannot pass at a bound to the next picture. I wish I could take half-a-dozen sermons to tell you about Augustine's successors. Out of the complete list which lies before me—what a splendid roll it is—I take a few names. Archbishop Theodore, a fellow-townsmen of S. Paul—for he came from Tarsus—was a man of such ability and wisdom that, although the country was still divided into many kingdoms, he was able to unite it, for the first time, into one Church, and thus the Church of England is even older than the monarchy, and was, in fact, the main instrument

* The identity of this font has been doubted, but archæological researches have confirmed the old tradition. Mr. Loftus Brock, the secretary of the Royal Archæological Society, pronounces for the bowl without hesitation, but thinks the base may be later.

in uniting the monarchy. And not only so, but he established schools all over the country, and thus subjected knowledge of earthly things to faith in the invisible God. And thus he, too, was a gift of the Holy Spirit of God to men. Here is Archbishop Elthelred too, who moved King Alfred—not only the greatest of English kings, but, as I hold, the noblest king that ever lived—Archbishop Ethelred, who moved King Alfred to send a word for Christianity to far-off Hindostan; and here is Archbishop Plegmund too, in the same reign, who began the regular arrangement of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the oldest English history, the beginning of the magnificent records which any Englishman pondering upon must rejoice over with a heart swelling with thankfulness, or else must suspect himself of having lost the precious gifts of patriotism and the sense of brotherhood. Here is Archbishop Wulfhelm, who, when he crowned Alfred's grandson, King Athelstan, at Kingston-on-Thames, swore him to faithfulness on a copy of the Bible which is in Lambeth Library, and drew up the form of Coronation which has been used among our monarchs down to Queen Victoria, who, let us not forget to mention, is lineally descended from that same King Athelstan. Here is Archbishop Dunstan too, the first of the goodly roll of great English statesmen, wise to govern men and direct kings. England would never have risen to her greatness had she not been blessed with many such, *gifts given unto her* by the self-same Spirit who came down at Pentecost. Here is Elfric too, who shall be named as having written in our marriage service the touching vow of fidelity, "to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, from this day forward, till death us do part." And here is Alphege, who was Archbishop when the fierce Danes broke into the country, over-ran it, burnt down towns and homesteads, and slaughtered the people by hundreds. They seized Archbishop Alphege in his capital city of Canterbury, and dragged him with them towards London, because he withheld from them the money which had been collected for the poor, and in their wild fury they murdered him at Eltham, and then,

filled with remorse, buried him with honour in London, and always afterwards held the church where they had done so in special reverence; and to this day it retains the name of St. Clement of the Danes. The greatest of their kings afterwards carried the martyr's bones to Canterbury, and he and his people became zealous Christians and dwelt peaceably in the land, and became a strength to it—a noble infusion of new blood into a nation which had become somewhat weak and effeminate. Here is Anselm too, mighty in the Scriptures, so gentle and saintly of life that the great roll contains no sweeter, holier name.

All these came between Augustine and the subject of your next picture—Archbishop Langton and the Great Charter. Stephen Langton was the 43rd of the Archbishops. England had already grown to an important place among the nations, and was now one of the chief powers of Europe. Her towns had become populous, and their burgesses were men of influence, feeling that they had rights and duties of their own. The Norman kings would have grown tyrants, and the one power in the State which prevented them was the Church of England. The Bishops saw that, if religion meant anything, it meant that man is responsible to God, that he is a being with soul and spirit, with a conscience, and, therefore, with freedom of will, and danger of ruin; and it would be easy enough to show you how the Church was the bulwark of national freedom, and the defender of such as were in need and necessity. On behalf of the liberties of the Church and the poor, Archbishop Anselm had been banished from the country, and Becket had been slain in his own Cathedral. And now King John, utterly mean and odious in character—yet not the coward and fool that he is sometimes represented—had filled the country with crimes and abominations. Great landholders and country townfolk alike regarded him with detestation, and took up arms against him. Archbishop Langton set himself earnestly to bring about peace, and he did so by drawing up the Great Charter—*Magna Charta* as it is called—containing the assertion of the rights of the people

against oppression by any ruler whatever. The story is a very grand one in its preliminary details, but I have only to do with the great scene. The king, driven to bay, for his friends had departed from him, was forced to consent to sign it. Let them come to Windsor Castle, he said, and he would do it. But the barons and Langton were wary. No, they said, they would rather not trust themselves in strong castles; they would rather meet him in open air. He raged at the message, but they knew better than to yield, and he agreed to meet them at Runnymede, not far off, a meadow by the Thames. They even stipulated for the day. Trinity Sunday was at hand; they would wait and adore the name of the Blessed Trinity, and on the Monday afterwards the oath should be taken in that thrice holy name. And they did meet that day. It was the 15th of June, 1215. The river was crowded with bargeloads of London citizens, spectators streamed over the hill sides, while the king stood silent and sullen. Langton read the Great Charter aloud. It declared that the property of wards and widows should be protected—a proof that there was good reason in that is seen in the fact that not long before the owner of Addington had died, leaving a daughter of fourteen as his only child, and the king had forced her to marry one of his favourites; the king was prohibited from levying money at his own will; law-courts were to be held at fixed places, and not to follow the king about wherever he went; fines for offences were to be proportioned to the offence and assessed by a jury; forest-laws, which set the life of a buck at a higher value than a man's, were abolished. But the key note of the Charter, the foundation of English liberty, lay in this sentence—"No freeman shall be arrested, or imprisoned, or deprived of his possessions, or outlawed, or banished, or anyway ruined, nor will we pronounce sentence upon him or allow judges to do so, except by the legal judgment of his equals, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell right and justice, to none deny it, to none delay it." The king is said to have ground his teeth, as his manner was, when this

passage was read, but he said nothing. The parchment was signed, and next time you go to the British Museum you may see the document itself, blackened and disfigured with age, but how full of suggestions of English greatness, English goodness, English liberty, I need not add. And once more I would ask which of us, contemplating the blessings which God has showered down upon old England, the security in which her people have dwelt, the blessings of liberty and good government, and an unbroken line of monarchs, will doubt that men like Stephen Langton was one of the Holy Spirit's gifts unto men? Many years afterwards it was found necessary to alter the position of one of the walls of Canterbury Cathedral, to re-build it over the spot where Langton is buried, but—honour to them for the thought—they would not disturb the bones of a patriot so honoured, so brave, and self-sacrificing, so they threw an arch over the tomb, and left it untouched. Next time you go to Canterbury, go into the Trinity Chapel, and there you will see the tomb half in the chapel, half under the arch in the wall. You will see the memorials of many great men, but there is none nobler, more deserving of reverence, than the plain and unornamented tomb of Stephen Langton.

If your window had twenty compartments, one could find subjects for them. We have seen already how the noble army of martyrs has had recruits among this roll of Primates. Two others should be named—two who were beheaded on Tower Hill. One was Archbishop Sudbury, beheaded by the mob in Wat Tyler's rebellion, because he had preached against the superstition of pilgrimages and the evil results which came from them; and Archbishop Laud, on the charge that he had sought to restore popery in England. I cannot pause upon the evil influences which for awhile perverted the mind of the nation against him, they were not of his making; but there are two points which I cannot here pass by. One ground of the charge was that he had endeavoured to introduce the Book of Common Prayer into Presbyterian Scotland. It was sent down there in 1637, and was

appointed to be read for the first time on the 7th Sunday after Trinity. You may remember the beautiful collect for that day—"Lord of all power and might," it begins. Indignant bigotry raised an outcry against it, and when the minister began to read the collect, a fanatic woman threw a stool at him, a riot ensued, and a fierce civil war began. Well, last year, on the 7th Sunday after Trinity, in the same Church, the Presbyterian minister began the service with reading the same collect, and preached on the beauty of the Liturgy. Last October I went down to bury a friend in the very churchyard where those Covenanters are buried whose slaughter is described by Sir Walter Scott in *Old Mortality*. I saw the graves and read the inscriptions. There were three Presbyterian ministers present when I said our Service, and they one and all exclaimed afterwards, "What a beautiful Service. What a pity we have not got it." So much for Archbishop Laud's Prayer Book. But may not his martyr's death have helped to bring them to a better mind. Another charge was that he put up stained glass windows in Lambeth Chapel. So he did; and the people who put him to death broke them, and Archbishop Tait restored them. And not a dog moved his tongue. But a greater and better change than all is that the English people, the working men and artizans, have come to love this Liturgy, and to recognize the fitness of making it beautiful in its external forms. They do not regard baldness and bareness as meaning the same thing as devoutness. And let me not pass over, without a word, the name of Archbishop Crammer, a thoughtful and kindly man, a very learned man, a man of pure and high intentions, a man too doubtless of serious faults of character. You know that the great Reformation of religion began in his days. Now if you ever read the history of the great religious changes of the 16th century at home and abroad, you will find that along with the blessings which they brought there were also grievous evils. In many places men clothed their crimes and shameful lusts with the name of religion. They ran into horrible extremes of fanaticism, and prepared the way for

downright infidelity, under the name of Protestantism. It was so both in France and Germany; but in our own dear country the Church was reformed, not destroyed; its life was not checked, its very form was preserved uninjured. The Archbishop of Canterbury still sits in the chair of Augustine, and Anselm, and Langton, and Warham, the parochial divisions remain substantially as Archbishop Theodore arranged them when he wrought the English Churches into one, the sacraments are still administered in the same manner, and, we may assert, with the same words that were used in the primitive Church. How to account for all this? Not by the firmness of Archbishop Cranmer, for firmness was not one of his virtues; it was because whilst the whole world was tossing and heaving under the storm, Cranmer devoted all his strength to giving the English people the Bible in their own tongue. I hesitate not to say that the stability of the throne at this time and the affection of the people for the Church, are owing to the value which from the very beginning of the movement in England was set upon the Holy Scriptures. When King Alfred was waiting in exile in the Isle of Athelney, his foes swarming around him, he had only two possessions in the world, and they were his harp—for he was skilful with it—and his Bible, which he was translating into Saxon for his people. And now, when you hear of his descendant, Queen Victoria, going into cottages and reading the Bible to sick and blind men, is it strange to feel that the heart of patriotism and of loyalty to the old paths still beats strong and true? The reign of Henry VIII. had ugly features enough about it. There were violent spirits who would fain have uprooted many a landmark, but, as a matter of fact, the only change of any moment which Cranmer made in public worship in his reign, was to provide for the Scriptures being read to the people in English. In the next reign, that of Edward VI.—let me note this coincidence—it was on *Whitsunday*, 1549, that the Book of Common Prayer, in English, was used in public worship. The Reformation came to a wreck under Queen Mary. Cranmer

was burned in the fire, as were 300 more, and the people outwardly returned to the Roman faith. But one thing the persecutors never attempted, and that was to take away the English Bible which Cranmer had given them. It had become part of the cherished heritage of the nation, and probably not a village in England would have willingly suffered it to be taken from the Church in which Cranmer had placed it. Peace returned after five troubled years, and the wisdom of the Reformation settlement has made itself felt to this hour, and we, assembled here to-day, loving our Church and her services, can thankfully acknowledge that God, in His guidance of that crisis, signally gave gifts unto men.

If I were beginning my Sermon, instead of ending it, I could unfold to you a history containing some beautiful features, of the early planting of religion in America. There are certainly some dark shades in the picture, and one ought always to fear vain-gloriousness in comparison of self against others. Yet it is not vain boasting to contrast the history of the Spanish Conquests in America with our own. There was a time when Spain possessed nearly the whole continent, and the history of her zeal in robbing and murdering the poor Indians and converting them to religion at the same moment, exceeds in abomination almost every chapter in history. And now Spain does not possess one foot of ground on the American Continent. It has not been so with our own nation. But I dare not carry you step by step through the planting of the English Church on the Great Western Continent. Let it suffice to tell that, in 1787, Archbishop Moore and three of his suffragans consecrated three American Bishops in Lambeth Chapel, and from that time to this the American Church has grown in numbers and influence, and certainly can show, at the present moment, as brilliant a body of preachers as any Church in Christendom. I do not remember the exact number of Bishops in the American Church, but it must be near upon seventy. I once asked the late Dean of Westminster, after his return from America, what he thought of the prospects of the

Church there, and his answer was, "When I went out I expected little, now I see that the Church will carry all before it." Sixteen years ago, several of the American Bishops came to England to hold brotherly counsel with the Bishops of the English Church, both at home and of the Colonies. The meeting left bright and happy memories behind it. How could it be otherwise, with Longley at the head? Well I remember the presiding Bishop, Dr. Hopkins, of Vermont, worshipping in our little Church here on the day before the meeting, singing the hymns lustily, and with a good courage, and hanging on the earnest words of Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, whom he had persuaded to preach in his place, he having first engaged himself to me to do so. That meeting, however, was regarded as an experiment. It only lasted three days; but the experiment was so happy that they always longed to come once more, and in fuller numbers, now that success promised well. And this brings us to our third picture—Archbishop Tait receiving them. He did so first of all at Canterbury. It was on St. Peter's Day, June 29th, 1878. In the morning he joined with them at the Anniversary Service at S. Augustine's College, when one of their Bishops, Dr. Cleveland Coxe, preached a very moving and affectionate sermon, and I remember well how they walked, with bated breath, through the ruined Chapel, under which the first Archbishop of Canterbury lies buried. I, myself, conducted two of them from Margate a few days before to see the spot where he had landed; for scenes connected with the English Church are not more dear to any of us than they are to the Americans. In the afternoon there was a grand service at the Cathedral. It was crowded from end to end, and the Archbishop received them seated in what is called S. Augustine's Chair. None who witnessed it will ever lose the sense of that solemn scene. That day month his only son had died, and, at the close of his weighty words, he turned specially to these Americans, "My brothers from across the Atlantic," he called them, and talked to them so earnestly, so impressively, and withal so simply of the kind-

ness they had shown to his boy on his visit only a few short months before. The few pathetic words, in harmony with every one's thoughts that day, were the crowning point of the day's ceremony.

I rejoice that this episode has been chosen as the illustration of his life. No other could have been so happy. There were other important and stirring scenes in his long episcopate. Take for example the visits of himself and his wife to the cholera districts in 1866; but here you have not merely a great Union of the Church of England with her daughter Churches, the representatives of the English-speaking Christians all over the world, under a Patriarchate grander than Augustine himself ever could have dreamt of; but blended with this in indissoluble union one has the thought of the great sorrows of his life, turned even in the very moment of their coming into the earnest of an eternal and unfading hope; and further there is the memory of the beautiful courage which brought him in that sad hour away from Stonehouse to come down to Canterbury and go through his duty. Ages yet unborn will ponder upon the record of that meeting. I have it from the Americans themselves that the warm affection which has grown of late years between the two nations, the reverential feeling with which our cousins across the water regard the ancient land of their fathers, must be attributed to the deep love which goes on between the two Churches.

My friends, I do not think you expected me to come here to-day to pronounce a panegyric on Archbishop Tait. I feel, indeed, that while I personally reverence every step of ground on which he trod for his kindness to myself, I revere yet more, if it were possible, his public character and life. But you will not need to have that dwelt upon. You all know it; you know what a kind, considerate, gentle neighbour you had in him. The greatest men are the gentlest. This man, born to be a prince among men, to rule so firmly and wisely, to be listened to in the High Court of Parliament with a reverence such as is accorded to

few, and not surpassed to any, is there a cottager among you who did not rejoice to see his pleasant face at your hearth, or enjoying himself at the children's feast? and is there any man you ever met that you would sooner trust to minister to you in the last hour of all? But though you will thus remember him in your own personal lives, that memory will in part die with you, *there* is a record which you have put up that he who thus befriended the poor and ignorant also rose to the magnificent traditions of the Church of England, that he takes his place among her worthiest and greatest fathers, that he recognised her position as the greatest factor in our national greatness, an abiding thread through the tangled history of more than a thousand years. The student of the history of England, who regards it with honest eyes, will find that, as in all other countries, so here, political impulses have gone from one side to another with tremendous force; but that here these impulses have been moderated and controlled by a wonderful power, and that power has been the Church of England. When kings have been self-willed and tyrannical, it has been the Church which has checked them; when their subjects have been lawless it has called them back to obedience. At this present moment, I look in vain in the news of any foreign country in the world to find what I find in England, the Church allying itself with science, with social improvement, with humanising influences of every kind, and its alliance accepted and acknowledged. It was the recognition of the necessity of it which made Archbishop Tait a great man. And his success was owing to the deep personal piety which was the very root of his life. Starting from the belief that his duty, and every man's duty in this world, is to glorify God and live with Him for ever, the first sentence in the Scotch catechism, which his eldest sister had taught him in his childhood, he looked upon all created things as ministers of that Divine glory, all fulfilling the law of Christ. The fear of God was his guide, and the love of God his animating principle, and therefore, whilst always active and business-like, and enjoying

his work, he nevertheless fulfilled, in a way that I, for one, have seen in no other man, the Apostle's exhortation, "Pray without ceasing."

Dear friends, you have put up your window to his memory—a very beautiful memorial too. But there is one yet more beautiful within your power. Remember the good words which he has spoken to you, the beautiful example which he has set you, and let that tell upon your life so long as it lasts. His ardent desire, that for which I believe he would have given up a hundred lives, was for the peace of the Church, and for the holiness of its members. You can do something for that. You can pray for it; you can strive for it. O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they shall prosper that love Thee.

And specially I call on you who are young. Many of us are growing old—it may be that our place here shall know us but little longer—the future of the Church of England lies more with you than with us. You be good and zealous Churchmen, pious, God-fearing, manly Christian people, pure of heart and life, brave for truth, zealous for the welfare of men. It may be that forty or fifty years hence some of you who hear me may be living and pointing to that window and telling your children how you saw it on its first day here. Oh, that you may be able to say also that you resolved afresh on that day that you would try to be good Christians, to say your prayers, to make those prayers real, to set an example to your fellow countrymen which should make them love the Church of England, for the fruits of it which they saw in you. I will go further and give you one special exhortation. Set apart one day in the week, and ask God specially on that day to give peace to His Church, holiness to His Church, to fill our people with love for it. I have said it to the young, I say it to all. And if it shall commend itself to your conscience, good Archbishop Tait's zeal will still live among us, and though he rests from his labours his works will follow him.

