

The Rev. G. J. Tatham.

MEMORIAL BRASS UNVEILED.

SOME months ago the parishioners of St. Paul's, Roma, determined to erect a memorial "brass" in memory of the late Rev. G. J. Tatham, who for five years was rector of this parish. The "brass" arrived in Roma last week, and has been erected over the pulpit in St. Paul's Church. The inscription is as follows:—"To the glory of God, and in pious memory of the Reverend George Julius Tatham, M.A., for five years the Rector of this parish (1889-1894), who by his faithful service and manly bearing left a high and winning sample of Christian character and duty."

At morning service on Sunday last, the memorial was unveiled and dedicated by the Rev. L. Browne, B.A., the present rector of St. Paul's, who in a subsequent address also made special reference to the late Rev. G. J. Tatham and his work in the Roma parish. Taking as his text a portion of the 4th verse of the 11th chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Hebrews,—*"He being dead yet speaketh"*—the preacher said: It is nearly a year ago now since it pleased God to call to his rest George Julius Tatham, and here, to-day, we turn our thoughts to his life and his work in this parish and district. It seems specially fitting that in this church, and in this place where he so often spoke, there should be some acknowledgment that *"he being dead yet speaketh."* Our country is a changeable one. Men come and go, and there are no places which serve to stir up the history of ages. We have only the lives of men as our heritage, and it is well to preserve them, and have a finger pointing to those lives perpetually. And so we dedicate this gift to-day. First of all, we give thanks to God that he has crowned a victor of true manliness. It is sometimes thought that the Saints of Christendom are the pitoh of effeminacy. Yet, here we thank God for it, when we see one who was not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, whose very confession made him in every sense a man whom no one could accuse of cowardice or finching in his work. Rather than be the personification of true manliness, and we thank God for his Christian manliness, his gifts for his God that he was allowed to use has left a mark upon everyone who knew him, a mark which they would always be glad to see and remember. His name stood for all that was good, true, and pure. Wherever I have gone in this district—where he himself had been before—I know that his memory lives and will live. Men of all kinds admired him for his simple earnestness and manliness. And so it was in England, among the Yorkshire people. Sturdy themselves, they love those in whom they see

themselves, they love those in whom they see the same sturdiness. He was loved wherever he went. He never spared himself in his work, but went on and on. Even during the last four months of his life, when the painful illness with which he was afflicted gradually rendered him too weak to do the work he had to do, he resolved to make the most of the short time which remained for him. He redoubled his efforts, and even when he finally had to take to his bed, his thoughts could not be kept from those with whom he had been for so long a time. With the summons of death clear before his eyes, he wrote one last letter, and what he said to those Yorkshire people in that letter, written just about twelve months ago, he also said to us.

The preacher concluded an eloquent address by reading at length from the *"Church Chronicle"* the letter referred to.