

## In Memoriam.

THE news of the sudden passing away, from heart failure, of Horace Sidney Smith on Tuesday, December 31st last, came as a shock to his large circle of friends as well as to readers of *Words of Help*, which he had so diligently edited since May last. The following interesting details of our friend's life will, it is hoped, tend to stimulate in our readers a similar devotedness to the Lord.

Born on July 4th, 1864, Mr. H. S. Smith was brought up in the Anglican Church. His father was Governor of old Newgate Prison. His mother was a gifted singer. On her deathbed she sang, in tones which filled the house, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," leaving a lasting impression on her son's mind.

Educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, he did well both in Latin and Greek, whilst his mathematics were of a high order. In due course he acquired a knowledge of French and German and Hebrew.

In 1883 he entered the service of the City of London Corporation, with whom he continued for forty-six years, retiring only a few months before he died.

Soon after entering the Guildhall, Mr. Smith was invited to attend a Y.M.C.A. meeting and, later, to join several other young men for tea at the home of the late Sir George Williams, its founder. The latter delivered to them a simple gospel address on John iii. 31. This mercifully proved the means of Horace Smith's conversion. Immediately he began to confess Christ as his Saviour. But his father greatly objecting to this, he was eventually compelled to leave home and seek lodgings in the City.

A business acquaintance and he used to read the Scriptures together in their lunch hour. Among other truths which these studies stamped on their hearts was learning through the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians the

apostolic principles which governed the early Christians in their assemblies. Quite accidentally—for so it seemed—they discovered a company of Christians who were seeking to put these very principles into practice in London (see 1 Cor. xiv., etc.), and soon afterwards were led of God to link themselves with them in christian fellowship.

What marked the beloved subject of this brief notice from the beginning was great reverence for the word of God, of which in its details he had an exceptional grip. And it was from the conscious sense of its authority over his own soul that there sprang his untiring insistence on the importance of reading the Holy Scriptures from cover to cover, as well as his affectionate exhortation to young and old to make them the compass and companion of their lives.

“Apt to teach” truly describes the special form of our brother’s gift. He was never happier than when sitting down with individuals or gatherings to consider the word of God, and, like the householder of the parable, bringing “forth out of his treasure things new and old.” By these means many found salvation through him and rest from spiritual troubles. He had the heart of a true shepherd, and many assemblies of God’s people over widely scattered areas will cherish, till the Lord comes, grateful memories of profitable hours spent in reading the Bible with him. His courage in speaking to individuals of divine things and in witnessing for Christ, in all sorts of places, was a marked feature of his life. As might be expected his tastes were of the simplest and anything like forwardness and ostentation, especially among Christians, he abhorred.

Besides the sorrowing widow he leaves four sons and six daughters, all of whom, except one (who is in Canada), were present at the funeral. The burial at the City of London Cemetery, Manor Park, on January 6th, was attended by a large company of God’s people.

At the chapel W.R.K. gave out hymn 368 (New Book); prayer was offered by T.W.B., in which he thanked God for the useful life and testimony for Christ of His departed servant. He then read Psalm xxiii., and made some appropriate remarks applicable to the occasion. Hymn 171 was then sung, followed by prayer by H.L. At the graveside, by desire of the family, one of our brother's favourite hymns, No. 208, was sung with mingled feelings of sorrow and triumph. The reading of 1 Cor. xv. 49-58, suggested by the hymn, followed, concluding with prayer.

While comforted at the thought that our dear brother's pilgrimage and warfare are over, that he is at rest with the Lord, our hearts in our sorrow turn to God and say : Thy will be done.

May the Lord raise up many among His own, in these needy times, who will serve Him with the grace and devotedness of heart of our dear departed Editor.

W.M.R.

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## Submission.

It is Thy hand, O God !

My sorrow comes from Thee :

I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,

'Tis love that bruiseeth me ;

I would not murmur, Lord ;

Before Thee I am dumb ;

Lest I should breathe one murmuring thought,

To Thee for help I come.