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# C. SILVESTER HORNE

In Memoriam

APRIL 15, 1865—MAY 2, 1914



"There is nothing but the love of Christ that can make men and women heroes every hour of the day in the great common life they have to live. It will be the greatest thing about us if it can be said of us and known of us as true that neither wealth, nor fame, nor pleasure, nor position, nor power, nor anything the world can give, inspired our actions and directed our lives, but that the love of Christ constrained us."

C. SILVESTER HORNE.

LONDON

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14 FLEET STREET

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C. SILVESTER HORNE

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C. SILVESTER HORNE.

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A BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF \*

By ARTHUR PORRITT

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE, the youngest son of the late Mr. Charles Horne, of Newport, Shropshire, was a son of the manse, and was born at Cuckfield, Sussex, on April 15th, 1865. His father's health failed, and he resigned the ministry for journalism, to become editor of a country newspaper at Newport, where Silvester Horne spent his early years. His preliminary education was acquired at Newport Grammar School. As a boy he began preaching, and drew crowds to tent services in Shropshire villages. An interesting sidelight is thrown on his earliest efforts as a preacher by a communication from Mr. Charles Wedge, of Newport, who was a deacon along with Mr. Horne's father in the church with which Silvester Horne was associated in his boyhood: "I should like to say (writes Mr. Wedge) that by the death of Mr. Silvester Horne I have lost a true friend and a brother in the Christian life. He was a member of our church at Newport, Salop, was in our Sunday school, and it was at a village three miles from here, 'The Outwoods,' that he preached his first sermon—in a farm-

\* Reprinted from *The Christian World*.

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house kitchen occupied by the late Mr. George Beard, who opened his house for preaching. This work was carried on by local preachers from the church at Newport. I once asked Mr. Horne if he would take a service, and his reply was : ‘ I will go on the condition that you go as well and stand by me in case I break down, and then you must take up the service.’ We went, and he took the whole of the service, and on our way home he thanked me for giving him his first service for the Master. This was the beginning of his great work in the ministry.” Mr. Horne’s first sermon was preached from the words, “ If the Lord be God, follow Him.” With the ministry as his objective, Mr. Silvester Horne proceeded to Glasgow University, where he took his M.A. Mansfield College was just then being established at Oxford, with Dr. Fairbairn as its Principal, and to Mansfield Mr. Silvester Horne went among the first batch of six students. Dr. Fairbairn’s influence on Mr. Horne was strong and formative, and the younger man always regarded his old principal with the deepest veneration and affection.

Eighteen months before Mr. Horne had completed his college course, the church at Kensington invited him to its pastorate. The invitation was accepted, and in the interval between Mr. Horne’s accepting and assuming the pastorate Rev. Edward White acted as *locum tenens*. Unfortunately, Mr. Horne’s health was endangered at the outset of his ministry, and the Kensington church sent him for a voyage round the world. As soon as Mr. Horne had entered upon his Kensington ministry it was recognised that a new and vital force had emerged in the Free Churches. His combination of qualities made his

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path to distinction clear. He combined the flower of culture with a Puritan fervour that made his preaching stimulating in the highest degree. As a platform speaker he was irresistible. Few men of his time could capture and enthrall a public meeting as did Silvester Horne by his eloquence and power. Along with these greater gifts he commanded a versatility in other directions. His knowledge of literature was deep and wide, and he possessed and cultivated the literary gift himself. One of his earliest and most charming essays was a paper in *The Temple Magazine*, entitled "My Favourite Novelist." It was a delightful study of his little girl as a story-teller. To *The Speaker* he contributed occasional verses. He wrote a novel, "A Modern Heretic." A close student of history, he wrote a popular history of the L.M.S., then a popular history of the Free Churches—both of which obtained a wide circulation. In every branch of art Mr. Horne was interested, but to music he was especially devoted. He wrote several hymns, and made it a habit to write the libretto for a little opera for his children to play privately at Christmas. But Mr. Horne's greatest asset was his character. There was a magnetism about his personality that captivated and enchained people. And those who knew him best loved him most. In his case intimacy revealed no flaws. His sincerity was transparent, his charity unbounded and his sympathy deep and quick. No man escaped the perils of popularity so completely. He remained unspoilt, high-souled and splendidly unselfish. During his ministry at Kensington (*i.e.*, on August 3rd, 1892) Mr. Horne married Katharine Cozens-Hardy, the eldest daughter of the present Master of the Rolls.

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After about ten years at Kensington Mr. Horne's eager spirit began to crave for some braver sphere. He was sorely tempted by invitations to central churches in Bradford and Liverpool, but yielded to pressure to remain in London. But it became evident that a "tough job" had to be found for him. A way opened through Whitefield's Tabernacle, newly rebuilt, falling into the hands of the London Congregational Union. The building was just a red brick chapel—a mere shell—with a heavy debt resting upon it, but the London Union, led by Mr. W. H. Brown, determined to make it a central mission for West London. Mr. W. H. Brown offered to erect an institute and to subsidise the effort in its initial stages. To the superintendency of this bold enterprise Mr. Silvester Horne was invited. He eagerly embraced the opportunity, and promised to give ten years to the work. How wholeheartedly he threw all his splendid enthusiasm and manifold energies into establishing Whitefield's need not be recorded now. It has been truly said that *he was* Whitefield's. His ardent spirit made the Mission what it is.

When he assumed the superintendency he found a faithful handful of worshippers. In a few months he had transformed the situation. He recognised from the first that a conventional Congregational church could not live in the Tottenham Court Road; but that a great mother church, inclusive of all the healthy interests and activities of life, might have gorgeous possibilities. Whitefield's opened its doors as a Central Mission whose boast was that it was the cleanest, brightest and lightest mission in the world. It was modern in everything but its message, which was to be the old Gospel presented in

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the language and spirit of to-day. From the outset Whitefield's has been in the limelight. It lived on advertisement and thrived on criticism. "No quest, no conquest," was Mr. Horne's motto. His methods were aggressive. He used Whitefield's to fight social evils, and he fought them *à outrance*. When the great arc lights outside Whitefield's were turned on for the first time, a working man, passing along the Tottenham Court Road, remarked to a comrade, "I say, them lights make the pub lights opposite look small, don't they?" Three or four years later that public-house was closed through the influence of Whitefield's, and during one winter the Central Mission hired what had been the bar parlour for use as a Bible-class room. Mr. Horne and the coadjutors who gathered around his standard fought publicans, brothel keepers, slum owners, indecent picture purveyors, and all the allied forces of vice. He established a Sisterhood for work among the poor, opened a hostel and a day nursery, started a model Sunday-school, ran an adult school, founded a great men's meeting, and created clubs of various kinds for young people and working men and boys. Thrice every Sunday Whitefield's saw large congregations gather. The morning service was on conventional lines, and an influential assembly gathered there. In the afternoon between a thousand and fifteen hundred men met to be addressed on some topic of the day—social, political, economic or international—from the New Testament standpoint. Men of all ranks and of all shades of opinion gathered at this meeting. Once Mr. Horne, when standing for the London County Council, appealed for canvassers from the meeting. One man excused

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himself in these terms : " I'm sorry I can't canvass, but I'm not on the same side as Mr. Horne. I'm a Conservative, but I'd follow Mr. Horne to hell." On Sunday evenings the building was crowded out for an evangelistic service. Mr. Silvester Horne's conception of the Free Church ministry was large and comprehensive. He believed that religion is a seven-days-a-week matter—that it must penetrate and permeate all relationships, economical, social and political, as well as family and personal. During his later years at Whitefield's this view of the ministry deepened. He would not have it that the religious and the secular could be separated, and he carried out this principle to its logical conclusion. Throughout his ministry, from his earliest years at Kensington, Mr. Horne had carried his religion into politics, speaking on Liberal platforms and using all his influence for the advancement of Liberal principles.

The Education Act of 1902 spurred him to gigantic efforts. " There are creeds," he said, " that we will never sign, liberties that we will never forfeit and taxes we will never pay." Through *The Christian World* he appealed for Free Churchmen to come forward to fight even " forlorn hope " constituencies as a manifestation of their righteous indignation against the Balfour Education Acts. Moreover, he helped to raise a campaign fund to assist Free Church candidates in the fight. In the election of 1906 he exerted himself to the uttermost, and his powerful platform advocacy had its direct bearing on the size of the Liberal majority at that election. When the House of Lords threw out the Budget in 1909, Mr. Horne, believing that all the democratic liberty for which Free Churchmen had fought in

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the past was jeopardised, determined to stand for Parliament himself. He regarded it as a religious duty. His friend, Rev. J. H. Jowett, supported him in this resolve, urging that Nonconformity needed a man in the House of Commons who could voice the Free Churches as Lord Hugh Cecil—at that time—voiced the High Churchmen. Rev. J. D. Jones helped to make Mr. Horne's course to Parliament open by overcoming the objections raised in certain quarters. Mr. W. H. Brown, on behalf of the London Union, approved Mr. Horne's candidature. In January and again in December, 1910, Mr. Horne was returned as junior Member for Ipswich (Sir Daniel Ford Goddard being his senior) by majorities of 268 and 344 respectively. In Parliament Mr. Horne did not thrust himself forward. He spoke rarely, but when he did speak his utterances were heard with evident respect. Had the Liberal party been in opposition, Mr. Horne's opportunities might have been greater. Then the fiery eloquence and irresistible *elan* which won him the title "The Prince Rupert of the Free Churches" might have been brought into play and served his party nobly. Though not, in a spectacular sense, a great success in the House of Commons, Mr. Horne's counsel was freely sought by Ministers, and his influence was far greater than the general public could gather. By his investigations in Ireland and his subsequent advocacy of an Irish Roman Catholic University he materially paved the way for that concession to Irish sentiment.

As might have been expected, the strain of the superintendency of a great Central Mission, and the exacting duties of a Member of Parliament at a time when long

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Sessions were a political necessity, soon proved too severe a task for Mr. Horne's physical and nervous resources. As he neared the end of his promised ten years' term at Whitefield's he faced the question of his future. The condition of his health settled the matter of the Whitefield's superintendency for him—he had to relinquish that burden. Even up to the end he was undecided as to whether he would pursue his Parliamentary career. He was tempted to throw the energies of his remaining years into the Brotherhood movement, in which he saw the machinery for Christianising democracy and infusing the idealism of Jesus into the working men of England. He loved preaching. He was a very great evangelist. He had seen great changes occur in men's lives owing to his direct influence, and he loved the Congregational ministry. A month ago, speaking to the present writer, he hinted that he might yet revert to a quiet pastorate where he might exercise his ministry. The preparation of his Yale lectures on preaching was his last piece of work. He lavished infinite care on them, and read the whole history of preaching in order to extract the romance which he had chosen as his special theme for treatment.

Attractive and influential as Mr. Silvester Horne was in his public life, and gigantic as he seemed when he held some great assemblage in the hollow of his hand, playing upon its emotions, stirring it to its depths and rousing it to a white heat of enthusiasm, he was noblest and best in private life. He had a genius for friendship. Men loved him with wholehearted devotion. He was incapable of a selfish act or an ignoble thought. Nothing was mean or common that he did. His home life was

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idyllic, and among his seven children—four daughters and three sons—he was a delightful, exuberant boy, and he was their idol. In his relations with his brother ministers Mr. Horne's brotherliness was unfailing. Country ministers had a staunch friend in him. With his friend "J. D.," Mr. Horne year by year made lightning motor tours to stimulate the village churches and inspire country brethren. Wholly free from any mercenary instincts, Mr. Horne served the churches with unstinted generosity, which was recognised by his early election to the chair of the Congregational Union. He has left behind him a memory whose fragrance is indescribable, for he was one of God's gentlemen—and a knight without fear or reproach.

## A TRIBUTE OF LOVE

BY DR. R. F. HORTON

It is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen to pay a tribute to my friend, my younger brother, that source of hope and cheer and gaiety from whom I have derived encouragement to go on a thousand times. The thought of him does not consort with gloom or sadness, and I should do him wrong if I allowed my own profound sorrow to creep into what I say. He was the most radiant, the happiest, the most contented man I have ever known. Life did serve him well, it is true. He always had his heart's desire. Every year was packed with goodness and blessing, but even so I marvel at his optimism, his boyish glee in life. I asked him once if he was not depressed by the mass of sin and trouble with which he was confronted at Whitefield's. "Oh, no," he laughed, "it's such fun meeting it." He had the gaiety of a troubadour, combined with the valour of the knight in the lists or on the field of combat. Yes, life served him well. Before he could get through his college course the leading Congregational church in London wanted him to be the successor of Stoughton and Raleigh. With buoyant zeal he stepped into the place. There he found the love of his life in that loyal, gifted woman who has made his home beautiful and enriched him with his beloved boys and girls, the woman who, in the awful anguish of her loss, must be borne up by the knowledge that she has filled his life to over-

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flowing with joy and peace—a widow's richest consolation.

Then he began to throw off his books with a lightness and ease which made one think that they cost him nothing—that defence of Job's wife, the "Modern Heretic," a novel which, in my judgment, showed that he might have been a great success in fiction if he had not been so enamoured of reality, and the sermons which were delighting and edifying Kensington.

Presently he laid all the Mission world under obligation by writing, at his own cost, that fascinating story of the L.M.S. Then he helped us all by producing the book of services, "Let us pray," which I, along with many others, keep in constant use. His history of the Free Churches was just as gay and sparkling. There was indeed no subject which could remain dry in his hands, no situation of men in which humanity did not elicit humour and call for love. Horne's wit was entirely the wit of love; he had no element of the cynic or the satirist in him.

But, meanwhile, life dealt with him more kindly still. He was quickly accepted—mature while he was quite young, a leader while he was willing to be a follower. I remember at Bristol, after I had taken a mission, he preached one Sunday, and one of the hearers, who confused him with me, remarked, "How marvellously Mr. Horton has matured in so short a time!" Yes, he was as mellow at twenty-five as he ever was, and at forty-nine he was as youthful as he had been at twenty-five. Life used him well in giving him just the gifts which endear and enchain people to a public man.

From very early days it was plain that he was a

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political as well as a religious leader. He was more pre-eminent as a platform speaker than as a preacher. He had the joy—yes, I think it must be one of the greatest joys in life—of being always acceptable. Always crowds were drawn, always audiences were entranced; always, in the Assemblies, if he were on the platform, voices called on him to speak. He took it lightly, gracefully, modestly. But the most intoxicating joy of a public man was his continual reward. Life treated him well even when he undertook the forlorn hope of Whitefield's. For directly he came it ceased to seem a forlorn hope. He made a great social mission; he provided a platform on which the best in the nation could speak to the mass of the people, and the mass of the people could express their religious and social aspirations. And in this difficult but congenial task he was able to illustrate his conviction of the essential unity of religion and politics, and to prepare for his own entrance into Parliament.

Surely his heart's desire was given him. He was able to enter the parliamentary arena which he loved without leaving the ministry to which his life was dedicated. In time he would have been a success in Parliament. No one at once can change the manner of the platform or of the pulpit for that of the House of Commons. But in ten years' time—and then he would only have been my age!—especially if he had elected to give his whole strength to that branch of Christ's service, he would have had the ear of the House and would have been a member of the Liberal Government. For his possibilities showed no sign of exhaustion.

Yes, and though I say it with tears in my heart, life

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treated him very well even in its ending. It is for us, not for him, that the shock shatters and the darkness of night settles on the day. It was wisely and lovingly ordered that he should not have to make the difficult choice between the pastorate to which he was devoted and the Parliamentary life in which he was involved ; that he should not be laid aside to do half-work or no work ; that he should go joyously from Niagara, with its resounding glory, to embark on a great enterprise, appealing to the preachers of the future, rallying the brotherhoods of the New World, never conscious of laying down his arms or cancelling his engagements, in the full tide of life and service, with the shout of the captains and the pawing of the horses in his ears, to pass instantly into the not unfamiliar realm of the unseen. God has dealt kindly with our beloved and honoured leader. So might any man wish to live and to die ; for so not only did his life preach, but his death preaches too. His work is not broken off or left unfinished. It is full-orbed and complete. He passed, radiant, gallant, inspiring, to where we would be.

## A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN

BY DR. CHARLES BROWN

WHAT a strong, pure, eager soul he was ! And what a generous soul he was ! How kindly and chivalrous was his nature ; how large and charitable his outlook, and how keen and fervent his evangelism, and how eagerly and strenuously he lived ; how difficult he found it to say no to requests for service ! Truly a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. The greatest platform speaker the Free Churches had, a man absolutely free from selfish aims or ambitions, one of the purest and most generous souls God ever made. He never knew how to take care of himself. It is to be earnestly hoped that in time somebody will be found to write his life. One cannot imagine a more inspiring story for young people to read. I expect there are people who will blame him for the too prodigal expenditure of his magnificent powers, who will say that he ought never to have attempted to do the work of two or three men. We can all see that he might have lived carefully and methodically at Kensington, idolised by his people. Surrounded by comfort and taking long and leisurely vacations, his life might have been lengthened out to a serene old age. But God did not make Silvester Horne that way. The flame of his enthusiasm and humanity burned too fiercely for that. He was always longing for immediate contact with the people, to be fighting their battles and righting their wrongs. His

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conception of life was not that a man should stay in this world as long as he could and get the most possible out of it, but that he should crowd into it all the service of God's cause and man's that he could, and the sheer joy of service was always in his heart.

Each man must be the judge of his own life, and as we grieve over our dear comrade who has fallen by our side in his apparent prime, we know that he has done a far greater day's work than many a man who lingers on past the age of threescore years and ten; for we live in deeds, not years. And though our eyes are dim with tears, we look up and thank God with a full heart for the noble soul whose presence and speech and unsullied enthusiasm were a constant inspiration to us.

## AN APPRECIATION

BY SIR DANIEL F. GODDARD, M.P.

I AM writing this under the shadow of a great loss—the full meaning of which cannot yet be realised. My late colleague, Mr. Silvester Horne, was not only a personal friend of long standing, he was a splendid fighting comrade in the great battle for progress and reform. I think I never shall forget the scene when he stated his political views to the Liberal Four Hundred at Ipswich. He had consented to come down at the shortest notice to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Felix Cobbold. It was in December, 1909. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and his very first words laid hold of his audience. They felt they had before them not only a strong man, but the right man. They hung on his words; they cheered his brilliant sallies; they instantly caught up every point; they responded to his vigorous appeals. The enthusiasm grew every moment, and amid universal acclamation they adopted him as their candidate. We fought shoulder to shoulder throughout that notable contest, which was to decide whether the Lords, who had spurned the People's Budget, could flout the Commons with impunity, and I felt proud and glad that I had so brave, so eloquent, so winning a colleague to stand by my side and to lead to such a triumph.

In the second contest in December, 1910, I was even

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more indebted to Mr. Horne, for I was laid aside with illness early in the election, and my friend had to do the work single-handed, which he did in the most loyal manner, and won a second important victory by even larger majorities.

He had an extraordinary power on the platform. He was so simple-hearted and yet so earnest and sincere that he won his way into the hearts of the people, and whenever he addressed an audience he never failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. One felt it was not merely his remarkable gift of speech that brought him his triumph; it was the evident sincerity of the man that carried conviction to his hearers.

In the House Mr. Horne did not speak much, but he always attracted a good house, and he was listened to with the closest attention. I remember his maiden speech; it was on the subject of the Congo, and his deep-seated sympathy for the tortured people in that troubled country gave his words a pathos and a power which greatly impressed opponents and friends alike. The rapidity with which he grasped his facts, his well-stored memory, his power of imagery and his strong convictions gave to his utterances a force and effect which few men command. Though his speeches in the House were few he was constant in his attendance, and he followed the debates with keen interest, and in spite of the amount of strenuous work which he crowded into his life he kept in close touch with all the great questions of policy which engaged the attention of Parliament. He was a man respected and loved by all in the House. He made no enemies, his lovable, simple nature disarmed all bitterness of opponents, and his words were

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received as those of a man of high thought and earnest purpose.

His loss will be sorely felt by all who have at heart the uplifting of humanity and the greater happiness of the people, and by no man more than myself, who loved him as a loyal friend and was privileged to fight by his side.

## “ THAT HIGH-SOULED MAN OF GOD ”

BY REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

NOT since \* the death of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has British Nonconformity lost a leader who will be so greatly missed in his particular line of service. In a certain sense Mr. Horne was the legitimate successor of Mr. Hughes, and occupied a similar position in Free Church life. Like him a man of culture and refinement, he deliberately chose to cast in his lot with the people, and to that end he, too, founded a great central mission with the object of reaching the masses in the heart of our vast metropolis. How wonderfully successful that project has been all the world knows. Like Mr. Hughes, he was also a great platform orator, an exponent of Free Church principles, and a fearless defender of Free Church rights. In this capacity I can as yet see no one fully qualified to take his place. A more lovable man I never knew. There was no trace of meanness, or bitterness, or self-seeking in his nature. He was absolutely frank and ingenuous in all his dealings with his fellows. He was as chivalrous as he was courageous, as simple as he was able, and as good as he was earnest. When he espoused a cause he gave himself for it ungrudgingly—too much so, as we are now sorrowfully aware. He was an eager spirit, ever desirous to be up and doing, ever buoyant and cheery in the discharge of his tasks. He was as playful as a child at times—indeed, there was

\* At the City Temple, Thursday, May 7th, 1914.

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much of the child in his temperament. He was always optimistic, and his very presence put heart into other people. Unyielding in his advocacy of what he believed to be right and just, he never kept a grudge against anybody. If he had an enemy in the world I have never heard of him ; no one could be his enemy who had ever been in his company. He gave himself no airs, never posed as a superior person, never took himself too seriously. He was devotedly and enthusiastically loved, and the more people knew of him the greater the respect they put into their love. . . . .

My object in coming here \* this morning is to express to you, as briefly and as simply as possible, the sympathy of a sister church to the members of this church and congregation in the great trial that has befallen us all. It is no exaggeration to say that we in the City Temple share equally with you in the great sorrow that God has sent upon you to-day in the sudden death of your beloved minister, Mr. Horne. Indeed, the same might be said of many, many thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land. To you at Whitefield's the blow must be specially terrible to-day. You miss the familiar face and form, you hear no longer the ringing tones of the beautiful voice that has sounded so often within these walls. There are tears in many eyes and in every heart. Believe me, we can enter into your feelings, and we do realise the greatness of your loss. We loved him too, that high-souled man of God. The shadow of bereavement rests upon all the churches to-day, and we join in your grief. Poor Mrs. Horne, our thoughts go out to her

\* At Whitefield's, Sunday, May 10th.

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upon her sad and lonely journey home, and we shall not forget her in the silence of our prayers.

But if this were all that one had to say, there would be little object in my standing here in Mr. Horne's pulpit this morning. I have already said at my own Thursday service what I felt about his character and the greatness of the work he has done, and you will not expect me to repeat it here, nor is there need that one should. But I should like to say at least this: I believe that if our departed friend and brother could give us a message this morning, he would bid us be of good cheer and look to the Lord for grace and strength to make the very best of that he has bequeathed to us. He would want us to be up and doing, to consecrate ourselves all the more earnestly to the cause of Jesus Christ, to keep the banner flying that has fallen from his strong hand. Let us be thankful for his life; let us show that we are the better for it. After all, the worth of any life is not to be measured by length of days, but by the intensity with which it is lived and the loftiness of purpose with which it is governed. And, estimated in this way, Mr. Horne's short life counts for more than many that have passed the point of threescore years and ten. Let us continue our service for God and humanity in his spirit, and sing to-day, if we can, no dirge of mourning, but rather a triumph song. Our hearts may be sad, but our faith will be bright and our vision clear. We shall praise God for all that He has given to us through His servant Silvester Horne, and try to live the more bravely and nobly because we have known and loved him on earth and expect to greet him again in heaven.

## THE PILGRIM KNIGHT\*

By REV. THOMAS YATES

“Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee.”—Psalm lxxxiv. 5.

THRICE does this psalm rise to a pure, high note of supreme joy. “Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are they that dwell in Thy house; Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are they whose stronghold is in Thee; Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are they that trust in Thee.” It is the psalm of a pilgrim, the song of a girded crusader, whose steps are in difficult ways, but whose heart is fixed. He is a wayfarer, but his soul has a home. He longs for the holy places where the praises of God cease not; he passes through arid places, but within him are resources of faith, hope and courage which transform the weariest march and the dreariest waste so that the dry places are full of singing rills; he is in perils oft and speaks much of strength and a shield, but he has light in which to smite truly and well, and a covering in the hour of his danger. His God is the Lord Sabaoth, the Lord of armies, Himself an army making the valiant heart into a host though it stand alone.

Behold, then, the pilgrim knight singing as he goes, his heart

“Far in the spiritual city.”

Hear him confess the home of his soul, the strength of his courage, the choice of his life.

\* Sermon preached in Kensington Chapel on May 10th.

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I. *In God was the home of his soul.* "Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are they that dwell in Thy house."

You expect me this morning to speak of Mr. Horne, and, indeed, I could do nothing else, for thoughts of him have wholly held my mind as they have yours since we heard of his passing hence. Many here have long, long thoughts as they recall him, and many have sacred and intimate things to ponder as they remember what his ministry in this place meant to them. I could not escape this psalm. It is Silvester Horne's face that looks out at us from its lines; it is his spirit that sings this song. He was a knight pilgrim, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure; our Galahad home now in the city he sought. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." Many saw his brave fighting who knew not where his brave heart was strengthened, nor where his soul had its home. But here these things were known. In fourteen years of ministry you knew his secret. God was the great reality of his life. His soul had its home and rest in the sacred places, and his life was hid with Christ in God.

None could know him well without feeling the deep, glad reverence of his life, and without becoming aware of its central peace. Multitudes were thrilled when he spoke on almost countless platforms, but here you heard him when he prayed, and it is then that a man is known. Who of us who were present when one of our number, himself early translated, was set apart for missionary service in China, can forget the intense and almost unbearable quiet of Mr. Horne's words that night? It was one of his revealing times, and he brought us to

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where he himself lived, to the heart of the redeeming love of God in Christ, and we knew that God Himself was very near. But I know that many such remembrances must be in the minds of those who revered and loved him for his great ministry here.

I do not think I am wrong in telling you of a little fraternal of ministers to which I shall always count it one of the great privileges of my life to belong. Often in those gatherings Mr. Horne left us little knowing how he had quickened us by his insight into deep spiritual verities, moved us by his passionate reverence and devotion. He left us amazed also, for it was difficult to realise that this early morning speech of a true mystic, so much at home with God, came from one all whose day and half whose night before had been filled with the strain and excitement of public life and vehement controversy. But his soul was as quiet and his spiritual sight as keen as if he had come from a cloister. As indeed he had, for he was at home with God within himself, and you could not know our beloved friend if you knew not that. He was abroad on great crusades, but he dwelt in the courts of the Lord, and his humble and reverent soul made its home where the psalmist saw and envied the birds: "at Thy altars, my King and my God," and reverence, faith, moral peace and spiritual worship made a sanctuary wherein his heart and his flesh were jubilant in the living God.

2. *God, who was the home of his soul, was also the strength of his courage.* "Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are those whose stronghold is in Thee."

The pilgrim knight is making his way to the city of

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the holy. He counts the moments lost in which he lingers or is anywhere but on the road. "In his heart are the highways to Zion." It was true of Mr. Horne. He sought a city, even the city of God which cometh down out of heaven among men, and the highways toward it were in his heart. I think his favourite quotation, a sentence from which he confessed he had never been able to escape, was the saying of Dr. Hatch, "The unaccomplished mission of Christianity is to reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood."

The banner of Whitefield's, with its armed and armoured knight making the steep ascent to the shining towers afar, burdened with a broken but succoured comrade, is Mr. Horne's life in a picture, and its motto, "No quest, no conquest," is his biography in little. His last book is written "to prove how deeply enshrined in some hearts is the idea of a Mother Church, to whom nothing that is human can ever be alien, and with whose progress the hope of regeneration for our social order is bound up." Some have spoken as if this were a new consecration with the re-birth of Whitefield's, but here we know better. You know how his preaching and teaching thrilled always with the passion of our Lord for the world of men, and with purpose that the highways be cleared for the march of God's Liberator and Redeemer. You will recall his inspiration under which our own church's redemptive service in Notting Dale was developed, and to me his first word was almost always to inquire eagerly about our now wide-ranged service in that strange belt of London life.

"Nothing human ever alien," because nothing human is alien to God, and His crusaders go, in the words of

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this psalm, "from battlement to battlement in order to appear before God."

On his way to the city the knight pilgrim passes through a valley, some dry and cheerless defile, but God maketh it for him a place of springs, so that the arid, perilous and depressing march is for him musical with promise and has its happy tokens of the divine presence. Mr. Horne had the great gift of imparting to causes which captured his allegiance his own lofty spiritual ideals, and the springs of his idealism he found flowing through what others deemed barren and depressing secularities. He saw the springing of the living waters in the dreary places and soiled hearts of Notting Dale. "Oh if we only knew it, if we were not so blind, what secret wistful longings for a purer, happier, holier life we might read in tens of thousands of our brothers and sisters." "I seem to see clearer than I did," he said, "that we must base all our hopes of better things to come upon that which is best in man." He saw Tottenham Court Road as a highway of Zion, and set about to clear its paths of offence ; he turned a murder site into a home for the sisters of the poor and a crèche for poor children, building out an evil memory and building up a happy and holy one. He took the platform of our municipal politics, but even his opponents felt that his vision was far and pure and that he moved, far above common, sordid wranglers, securely on the highway of the city of God.

It was so also in Parliament, to which service many of his friends grudged him, deeming it a mistaken way for a minister of the Gospel. But I know how he saw the matter, and it was with a feeling of admiration and even

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of envy for so lofty a mind. "If anyone doubts," he said, "the truth of the famous saying that every political question is at its roots a religious question, let him come to the House of Commons." "There is no church meeting held in this country that is more constantly and practically concerned with living religious problems than the House of Commons" is another of his sayings. It was impossible for him to acknowledge the old sharp distinction between the sacred and the secular; politics were as truly sacred to him as theology. He could not hold the glass case theory of the ministry, and he said, with a touch of irony, "how best to safeguard youth against cruelty, manhood against temptation, human life against poverty and disease is as Christian a study as to expound the doctrine of election, the ecclesiastical use of incense or the legitimacy of the chasuble."

He was out on his holy quest and himself followed no wandering fires. There is dust and mud and many fight there without ideals.

Ah Galahad, Galahad, said the King, for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these.

Honour to him who took his own lofty mind and untarnished spirit into the struggle, for truly he was a servant of God. He made the unpromising valley a place of springs. It was not his home, but it was his call, and God's shield was about him and the highway to Zion was ever in his mind.

3. *God who was the strength of his courage was the choice of his life.* "Jehovah Sabaoth, happy are they that trust in Thee." So ends the song of the pilgrim knight. "Better than an age in the tents of the wicked is to love

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the Lord. I choose to be prostrated at the threshold of the house of my God." It is the utterance of a deliberate choice. What the great and fine gifts of Mr. Horne would have made of him outside the Christian ministry, none can tell. For him there was but one thing, and it was the service of God. He had chosen, and his early choice was his last also. He carried his service into ranges where subtle perils lie for the soul of a man, but his spirit was invulnerable in its pure radiance and the graces of the gentleman of Christ clothed him. "A sun and shield is Jehovah my God, kindness and faithfulness, grace and glory He giveth."

With all the powers of his mind and soul he from his youth ranged himself on the side of righteousness and held no parley with evil. He cried with that fair knight to whom he stands likened in my mind: "If I lose myself I save myself." He was mastered and controlled by his Lord, and all the strength and freedom of his life he owed to that acknowledged mastery. I remember him telling an incident of his early ministry. He was called to minister to a dying man who feared that in his weakness he might lose hold of Christ. And it was given to the young minister in that hour what he should say: "My dear friend it is not our hold of Him, but it is His hold of us. That is enough; to be a man in the grip of God." That was what our friend was, a man in the grip of God. He has lived a crowded hour of glorious life. Too early it would seem to us is he gone from our midst. But who shall measure a life by years since we live in deeds. "The zeal of the Lord's house hath eaten him up." But better far than to be eaten of the rust of selfish ease. He will live on here in the causes he

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fought for, in the principles he preached and embodied, in the inspiration of his chivalrous example. He lives now with God and he has entered into the promise. "If thou believest thou shalt see the glory of God." He hath his desire, and we are comforted in hope. "His pilgrim feet stand at last within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Through the solemn gladness of our remembrance of this unstained knight of the Cross there comes the great plea of his example, and by this noble life comes to us the plea that we pledge ourselves with all our powers and all we have in glorious self-abandonment for the service of God and for the good of humanity.

## A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST\*

BY W. CHARTER PIGGOTT

“A good soldier of Jesus Christ.”—2 Timothy ii. 3.

WE are gathered together this morning that we may worship God, as all our fathers have worshipped Him, in joy and sorrow, in hope and fear. Since a great apostle wrote in the dawn of the Gospel, it has ever been true that “we have this treasure in earthen vessels.” Every age has had to lay to rest its noblest soldiers of the Cross. Every church and each generation have bowed in such regret and sadness as stills our hearts this day, and have made fresh confession in their loss that the excellency of the power was of God, and not from themselves. They have come in mourning to the House of God and have worshipped Him. They have laid their tribute to their holy dead upon His altar and have reaffirmed their faith and hope in the Gospel.

And as the past has done, so we do to-day. We have a Te Deum to sing out of tears. We are one with the Church Universal throughout all the world. “The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs” praise God—and we praise Him too.

We should wrong the sacred memory that holds us hushed to-day if we did not set it in the brightness of the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel. How should we honour this man whom we have loved

\* Preached at Whitefield's on Sunday morning, May 10th.

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and lost, save as we look on him in the presence of the God he served and in the fellowship of the Christ he followed? How should we be true to him in death, but by remembering and hallowing the faith he preached, being yet with us?

This is what he would wish who was by nature and by grace a very humble and simple spirit. Like John's guide through the spiritual visions of the Apocalypse, he who has opened the deep things of God to very many of us would say, "I also am a fellow servant with thee and with them that keep the words of this book: worship God!" It would be his will that every loving tribute we pay, so hard to express in measured language because our hearts are so involved, should end with the acknowledgment of thanksgiving: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be all the praise." He would have Christ magnified, whether by life or by death.

And indeed it is impossible to say any right or true word of Charles Silvester Horne without magnifying Christ. By birth he was richly dowered with a peculiarly fine and radiant temperament, with high intellectual gifts, with a nature ardent and strong. But the man whom we revered and loved, who is missed by his brethren of the ministry in the most personal and poignant way, who drew men to him in a passionate loyalty it is given few to receive, who worked unceasingly and inspired the work of others, who made every cause of righteousness his debtor, is not explained by his natural endowment. He was essentially, finally, completely, a minister of Jesus Christ. It was in the service of Christ, and by the love of Christ, he became what he

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was. When he consecrated himself to the Christian ministry, the seed was sown of every noblest quality of which the service of humanity has seen the fruition. His religion was his all, and he lived and grew in his religion. His interests were wide and catholic, his mind roamed free in the fields of history and literature, he had the sense at once of the greatness and the caressing littleness of things, he enjoyed the world, he rejoiced in life. All things were his—but with the inevitable link of the apostle's thought, he was Christ's. None of us who knew him intimately ever approached him without the sense that we were coming into the atmosphere of faith, into the presence of Christian hope and love. None could sit under the spell of his potent ministry without knowing where the secret springs of his own life and character were to be found.

Not of Stevenson himself could it be said more truly, "Glad did I live," than of him. He was the happiest of companions, the most delightful friend of his own children, a prince of holiday makers. On the Monday after I first joined him at Whitefield's he insisted on celebrating our union by a "morning off" together, and for some hours there was not a care or a serious thought in the air. He infected the whole of this place with his gay spirits. Never did a great enterprise know more of happy laughter. He would not have his workers dull, nor the Gospel served with sullen faces. He ran something of almost boyish humour and freakish mirth through it all. He was never old, and he would never have become old however long God spared him to us. But his youthfulness was not that of the boy who had never quite grown up. There was no imma-

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turity in him. He was a full-grown man with the ripened thought, the practical wisdom and the serious purpose of manhood. His joy was the joy of faith. His gladness was directly of the Gospel which bids men enter into the Kingdom of God as little children, and so it became one of the ministries of his religion to others. About the mind of Silvester Horne in relation to other men there was a quality of what one would call innocence, did not one know it for something higher and more tried than that. His was in this respect the character of Tennyson's ideal knight: "the mind that utters nothing base, that speaks no slander, no, nor listens to it." There were times when he drew passing criticism upon himself for some casual association with those over whom more sophisticated men shook their heads. He sometimes trusted where worldly wisdom would have been cautious and suspicious. He showed a pertinacious incredulity to idle talk; indeed, to no man was the gossip of the club and smoke-room less easily repeated. In this there was no inexperienced simplicity. It was the love which believeth and hopeth all things. Even of those whose character and hostility he could not question or doubt, he never spoke with rancour. Yet was there no toneless mildness in him. He was what one of our mutually admired authors calls "a bonny fighter." He could use every weapon of irony and indignation in retort, but his weapons were clean. His anger was white, there was no malice in it. To his friends he was generosity itself. He did not scan their faults, he paid full tribute to their virtues. For carping criticism his mind found no place. To his brother ministers he was the kindest and most appreciative of listeners, and those

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who worked beside him, glad to see him the centre of admiration and applause, knew how truly he honoured their toil.

After my first Sunday's service at Whitefield's some reference in my sermon made my dear colleague say to me, "I am glad to see you are a sound Calvinist like myself." It was one of his humours to claim that there was a strong vein of Calvinist thought in his mind. It certainly was not in his gospel, which was always the amplest and fullest declaration of the free grace of God to men. If there was any predestination and election for him in life, it lay in the sense of his own high calling and in the two momentous changes in his ministry. He came from Kensington to Whitefield's, and midway in his ministry here he decided to go into Parliament, with the emphatic sense that these were the appointed ways of God for him. Both were steps that involved real sacrifice. For the things he did, there were other things that had to be left undone. There were aspects of his ministry at Kensington that found no equal scope in his work at Whitefield's. There were sides in his work at Whitefield's that could not receive the same attention after he took up the duties of Parliament. Some will ever regret the undeveloped gifts, but all must remember that every life has to follow its own lead, and that he took what he felt to be the divine path for him. What it meant was, that as he threw out the many organisations of Whitefield's as so many points of contact with, and attack upon, the great complex life of London, the cry of humanity with its suffering and its wrong, its sin and its shame, became ever louder in his ears. He had always heard

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it, in Glasgow as a student, in his ministry at Kensington, but the call grew more clamant with the years. He had an ever clearer vision of evils that must be attacked at their roots, and those roots were often economic, social, political, and not to be grappled by vague declamation against sin. Charles Silvester Horne was never more assured of his calling as a minister of the Gospel than when he decided to go into Parliament. Among his friends judgment of his action varied. There were some who could not understand his genuine and sincere inability to draw a line between religion and politics, his serene and utterly untroubled faith that in the one as in the other he was fulfilling his ministry. There were some who assailed him with malice and hate, whose malice and hate and all that they represented were not an argument against but rather for the puritanism that urged him on.

But those who really knew him, even if they disagreed with his convictions and were his political opponents, will confess that it would be to the health of the nation, to the healing of its wounds, to the settlement of its problems, to have in high places more men who fight in his spirit, whose weapons are clean as his were always clean, whose fairness to opponents is as scrupulous, who are as free from the imputation of battling for anything but high principle and earnest conviction. And meanwhile, over against those who have trembled and been perturbed, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who never cared much for the Church or believed that the Christian ministry cared much for them, who suffered and did not think we suffered with them, who felt that their social quarrel was not ours, who lay wounded by

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the roadside and saw the priest and the Levite go by—for whom religion has become a real thing and a big thing through his ministry, touching their personal lives because it dared to voice their social wrongs, speaking to their own conscience because it challenged the conscience of the nation, claiming their hearts because it cared for their conditions, making them Christ's because it carried Christ out into their common working world. There was no real change in his gospel in these later years. He did not cease to appeal for personal faith in his Lord as he claimed social righteousness in the name of his Lord. He did not become less a pleader as he became more a fighter. The sword of his battles was still the cross of his preaching. He did the work of an evangelist, and men responded to his appeal because he fought for them.

Through those unstinted labours in which he spent himself the end has come. And we mourn his loss though we may not mourn the manner of his going. That he should have answered the last call instantly as he answered many a call in life was not unfitting, and it was surely blessed.

We pay to him to-day the tribute of our memory and of our love. Do you who are here with us as the sharers of our sorrow know what his loss means in this place, or how hard it is to speak at all what we feel about him? We thank God for the great preacher and evangelist, a truly prophetic soul, whose messages are written in many hearts and on changed lives. In the pulpit he was a master of assemblies. His gospel had that direct and challenging call to the soul which is the secret of all great preaching. Wise, strong, capable men

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whose daily tasks were onerous and responsible found their inspiration in his ministry, and to youth with its dream and its hope he spoke out of the fire and the gentleness of his own unpassing youth. The spirit of the Lord was present to heal when he uplifted Christ.

We thank God for the convinced and unflinching Nonconformist, eager, out of his great heart, for larger Christian unity because he could not bear to be at strife with his brethren, the honoured friend of many in other churches, yet with the history of our struggles and our principles too deeply written in his soul to sacrifice one holy liberty, to accept as a concession what should be acknowledged as a right, or to turn back from any battle for those free conditions in which alone he held peace to be possible.

We thank God for the faithful servant of all the churches, with special thought of his love and care for the small and struggling church upon the country-side. He never gave himself to any work more willingly than that, and when he gave at all he gave his best. And his service to the Church was wide as the Church itself. He gave his pen to tell the story of its missionary labours, and his brethren on the distant field praying the help of those at home had no more eloquent advocate than he.

We thank God for the minister of national righteousness who loved his country too well not to hate her faults, and for the friend of international peace whose voice never failed against the unnecessary enmities of kindred peoples or ceased to plead for the brotherhood of man. We thank God for the man of the people and the lover of the poor, for the eloquence hot with the passion of

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moral earnestness with which he was urgent for the rights of the dispossessed, the deliverance of the slum-dweller, the breaking of the tyranny of drink, the liberty and life of the toiler in the city and the labourer on the country-side. He knew no boundaries in these human sympathies. For persecuted Armenian Christians, for tortured slaves upon the Congo, for the backward coloured races he spoke as for his own.

And then the note grows almost too personal for expression. We thank God for the man himself, the high-minded, big-souled Christian gentleman, for his chivalry and gentleness and homeliness with us, for his frank friendship and his individual thought for others, for his sympathy in sorrow, his help in difficulty, his concern about all that troubled any of his people. There are those who owe to him their own souls also, and who, behind closed doors with one who had a compassionate tenderness for sinful men, had communions they will never forget.

And one word a brother minister may add as perhaps no one else can, for a minister knows that in any self-forgetting labours for Christ he has to claim also the sacrifice of wife and children. We have been speaking of one who was very happy in his home, and happiest in this, that through the years of his ministry his labours were shared and his sacrifices accepted by one to whom and to their mutual children our hearts go out in earnest prayer. God bring her back with her sorrowful burden to her home in peace, and surround with His comfort her reunion with her own.

It is very difficult to think that we shall not see him here again. We feel that we could ill spare him. His

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work did not seem to be done. His active mind was fertile with plans and prospects for the years in front. We cannot brook the thought that his life is ended. And surely we must have the courage of our Christian faith ! Neither his life nor his work is done. Has not one seer of the unseen world written in unforgettable words : " His servants shall do Him service and they shall see His face."

I could hold no other faith and lift up my head above his loss to-day. He on that side of the veil and we on this, but working still together ! So we take up the inheritance he leaves us, another bright and splendid tradition in this place that already bears an honoured name ; the memory of this loved and valiant soldier of the Christ who perhaps even to-day in mute and silent appeal shall win some who withstood the plea of his living voice, and who with his life laid down shall draw into fuller allegiance and pledge to their Lord's battle those who have only followed Him afar off.

## AN UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.\*

BY DR. W. B. SELBIE

Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales

WE are met here to-day, not for idle tears and vain regrets, but for a solemn office of remembrance and thanksgiving. By the death of Silvester Horne our churches have lost a great leader and a well-beloved friend—one in whom many hopes centred, and to whom we had looked for guidance and inspiration for many days to come. He has been cut off in his prime, and yet his work was singularly complete. He had had "his crowded hour of glorious life," and he lived every moment of it with an intensity and effectiveness given to very few. Though we grieve for him sorely, and feel that we shall not see his like again, we do not sorrow as those that are without hope. While his memory remains an abiding possession and a high incentive, we know that he has himself entered into the more abundant life which God has in store for those who love and serve him. We can, therefore, say of him :

Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep.

He hath awakened from the dream of life.

'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

He has out-soared the shadow of our night.

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

And that unrest which we men call delight,

Can touch him not and torture not again.

\* Address delivered at the Memorial Service in the City Temple, on Thursday, May 14th.

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From the contagion of the world's slow strife,  
He is secure: and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold or head grown grey in vain.

When I think of Silvester Horne I think first of the lifelong friend and comrade. It is eight-and-twenty years since he came from Glasgow to Oxford and formed one of the little band of students that gathered round Dr. Fairbairn to found Mansfield College. He was our bright particular star. Though not the official senior, he seemed naturally to take the lead. We loved him for his bright presence and winning speech, and his robust Free Church convictions and strong religious tone played a great part in forming the traditions of the young college. There was not one of us that did not predict for him a great future. What he was as a student he remained all through his days. There was a perpetual youthfulness about him, a happy and easy buoyancy of spirit, that gave a rare charm to his companionship. When his praise was in all the churches he continued the same—simple, generous and unspoiled. He wore lightly the burden of his toil, and in private was ever full of fun and ready wit. But the greatest thing about him was his Christian faith. His religion was like a burning fire in his bones, a thing of conviction and passion and compelling power. He was a modern Puritan, not a dour fanatic, but a practical mystic, one in whom the vision of God in Christ filled his whole horizon and became the ruling principle of his life. He preached because he could do no other, and he adorned his doctrine by finding the true service of God in the service of man.

Of the work he did for our churches it is needless to speak at length. At Kensington and Whitefield's he

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has left an enduring name. At both places he endeared himself to his people as much by his gracious human sympathy as by his pulpit power or his skill in affairs. He had the real pastoral instinct, and he exercised it in ways that were as effective as they were unconventional. At Whitefield's he found a great opportunity, and he made the most of it. He carved out his own course and pursued it steadfastly, in spite of much criticism, with the result we know. I well remember the eagerness with which, in the early days, he told us of his hope to do something to combat the vice, drink, and misery of the neighbourhood. He believed in applied Christianity, and he spent much of his strength in waging war against vested interests, church traditionalism and public indifference. He was a born fighter and loved the joy and tumult of battle, for he believed in his cause and could never doubt that he was on the winning side. In his ten years at Whitefield's he did valiant things for every good object, yet he never abated anything of his high spiritual ideals, and found the incentive for all the activities of the place in prayer, devotion and the love of God and man.

But his work was by no means confined to London. Himself a son of the village, he had a strong affection for our village churches and did them yeoman service. We are apt to think that he spent too much time in going from place to place and visiting the country-side. But he knew what he was doing, and, modest though he was, could not fail to realise that he had for these little churches a message and an inspiration which he dare not refuse to give. I believe that he never preached so well as to simple country people. He spoke to them as

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one who knew and loved and, therefore, understood them. He had a burning indignation for the wrongs they suffer, and he never condescended to them. Their patience and fidelity and the simple fervour of their faith appealed to him with peculiar force. He had, too, the same kind of sympathy for missionaries and a very hearty zeal for missionary work. Both with voice and pen he did much to help it. Among the last of his writings was his short life of Livingstone. It was a task after his own heart, and he did it *con amore*. We might say of him, as he said of his hero, "The absolute surrender of his whole will and mind to 'his fair Captain Christ' was the fact most fundamental to his whole career."

Of his public work, his devotion to politics and his passion for social reform others can speak with more knowledge than I. But this much may be said here: this whole side of his activity was to him yet a part of the ministry of the Gospel. He believed that the Church was the agent of the kingdom, and that it was part of his function as a Christian minister to secure the doing of the will of God as in heaven so on earth. He had an immense pity for the poor and the oppressed, and he championed their cause with all the strength of his warm and generous nature. And he never despaired of ultimate success. He believed in the "soul of goodness" at the heart of things, and by his sober optimism continually inspired his fellow-workers to fresh efforts.

The story of his life suggests his own description of the story of the churches he loved and served so well: "An unconquerable spirit dedicated to the service of an indestructible ideal." No doubt he attempted too

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much. Flesh and blood could not bear the strain which he put upon it. But who shall blame him who sees the need as he saw it, and who has heard the imperious call, to which he ever listened. He died in harness as he would have chosen to do, and for that at least we can say of him, "*Felix opportunitate mortis.*"

Therefore it is not for us to grieve overmuch, but rather to thank God for so great a gift and to take courage from the high example he has left us. For many of us life will be the poorer for this great loss, but it will also be the richer by a hallowed memory and a lasting inspiration. In the thought of him we have a new incentive to duty and a larger ground of hope. He has let fall a prophet's mantle which every younger man among us should be glad and thankful to take up, and all of us may do our work with a quickened zeal and a deeper devotion because of this empty place in our ranks. We are Christians and, therefore, there is nothing here for tears, but rather a more certain hope of resurrection and of larger life.

This death is a fresh challenge to our faith in God. Let us greet it with the old cry, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And may we not send this message of faith and hope to the darkened home. What else can we say to his wife and young children, his aged mother and his brethren? They mourn him with a grief that we can never know. But among them he lives again in lives made better by his presence, and they too can "speak to each other softly of a hope." They have but to wait for

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the reunion which will come in God's good time, and meanwhile live to carry on his work. May God in His mercy help and comfort them as He alone can, "till the day dawn and the shadows flee away"!

## THE BROTHERHOOD LEADERSHIP \*

BY HARRY JEFFS

Acting President of the National Brotherhood Council

No man in this church stands in deeper need than myself of the upholding arms of prevailing prayer. To me most sorrowfully has fallen the burden of what remains of the broken Brotherhood Presidency. In Charles Silvester Horne the Brotherhood Movement found a chieftain to whom its heart leapt out in joyous salutation. He was the unhopèd-for incarnation of its ideals of the individual and the social man. In the Brotherhood Movement Silvester Horne found a field in which he could liberate without restriction all the forces of his saintly and virile soul. We looked to him for a presidential year in which the articles of our Brotherhood faith should be made clearer to ourselves, in which our army should be disciplined into a magnificent fighting machine; and after he had handed on the chain of office to his friend Arthur Henderson, it was to Silvester Horne that we expected still to listen as the voice most ringing and most triumphant when we advanced all along the line in our November campaign for the delivery of a Brotherhood message to every man in England.

At Manchester, in September, 1912, we elected Silvester Horne to the Brotherhood chieftainship.

\* Address delivered at the Memorial Service at the City Temple on May 14th.

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Then came the breakdown, and ominous rumours made some of us think he would be wise to withdraw for a time, and gladly would we have promised to re-elect him a year or two years hence. He could not bring himself to believe his strength would not be sufficient for the task. What we could do we did to lighten the task. We pressed him to take things easily till after Christmas, and he gave us a smiling half-assent. It was only a half-assent. He knew himself too well. Calls came that he found resistless, and in England and Scotland he thrilled audiences of thousands of men by the outpouring of his soul in the eloquence of his lips. Some of us were gravely concerned. He should have spared himself! Why, yes. If he had spared himself he might have lived for work and warfare for a full quarter of a century. So he might. On the night before he sailed for America he told William Ward, our honorary National Secretary, that he thought he had another twenty years' work in him. The providence of God is mercifully veiled. But why did he not spare himself? So we ask, who in getting and spending lay waste our powers. But who are we to judge men with such powers? They are driven by a compulsion we know not of. They see a world lying in darkness, and in their hand is a lamp kindled by Him who lighteth every man that cometh into the world. They see a world soul-famished, and to them is committed the breaking of the bread of life. They see a world in the power of the evil one, and theirs it is to wield the power of the right arm of the living God. The burden of the Lord comes to them, and it is in their bones as a flame of fire, that they cannot contain.

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Who shall say that Charles Silvester Horne died too soon? In the sight of the angels life is not measured by the tale of years; it is weighed by its divine content. Nine-and-forty crowded years of glorious, purposeful service for God and man is better than a millennium of sluggish meandering existence, losing itself at last in the sands of futility.

How can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds?

Granted that Charles Silvester Horne did pour out his life-blood with prodigal extravagance, are the "very gallant gentlemen" who fall in the zenith of their powers to fall only amid the South Polar ice and snow, or facing the scream of Mauser bullets and the mitraillede of machine guns, or worn out in the pursuit of professional or political glory, or in the piling-up of business success? Are not they the most gallant who let their life-blood stream freely that so the moral and spiritual blood of the race may be the richer and the redder? Silvester Horne loved men with the love that could not let them go.

The Brotherhood Movement feels that it has been sanctified by the fall of its standard-bearer still grasping the flag. Still will his soul march on with the increasing and advancing host in Great Britain, on the Continent, in Canada and the United States, in the Britains beyond the seas. The message he gave to us at Birmingham, on "The New Protestantism," will be read and read again, and as we read it we shall conjure up the speaker's form, and hear again the voice that is still, and in memory's picture his face shall shine as the face of an angel in the white light that streams from the Throne.

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From Whitefield's he came to us, for he was not Whitefield's, nor the peculiar possession of the Congregational Union—he was a prophet of God to our age, and no prophet of God can be confined within walls. For a year or two only we had him in our National and International Movement, but what great things he did! He led us in 1912 on a crusade to France. His eyes flashed in the gleam of the great hope that the manhood of France and the Continent might be recaptured for Christ. He had faith in the heart of man—Tertullian's "heart of man" that is "naturally Christian." He knew that men alienated from organised religion, whatever might be the reason, could not outcast themselves from the love of God, and from the world-embracing heart of Christ. Across the Channel, even through the veil of a translation, his heart spoke to the hearts of men, and the hearts of men flashed back their glad greeting. How could they but respond to the appeal of this gay and gallant cavalier of the Cross, this chivalrous knight of the Holy Ghost, this *débonnaire* good fellow of tenderest humanity all compact, who made them feel that in Christ alone was the leader of the world's democracy, that in Him alone was to be found the moral force that would make "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" not a glittering phrase but a divine and human reality, that "sonship to the Highest means brotherhood to the lowest"? French religion, Catholic or Protestant, is too sombre and not serious enough. The Catholic Christ is a bloodless Christ, a pale and drooping body, captive to a cross of wood. The Protestant Christ is too often an intellectual abstraction—the Christ of pious logicians, worshipped by ultra-respectable con-

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gregations of bankers, lawyers, philosophers, the higher bourgeoisie, out of sight and touch of the toiling proletariat. Silvester Horne, in the Temple de l'Oratoire at Paris, at Rouen, and at Havre, came with the evangel of a Christ robust and radiant, a "King who was coming to reign," and it was like breezes blowing from the sunlit hills of Galilee. His was the religion of "the glad-some mind" which "praises the Lord, for He is kind," the religion of a humanity and a Brotherhood which, he told them, had expunged from its vocabulary such words as "foreigners" and "frontiers."

Ah, well, he has gone; but we do not speak of a leader "loved and lost." Loved indeed, for he "drew us with the cords of love," and our hearts were not in our power to keep from him. But lost? Never!

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea.  
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong,  
Nay, but he aimed not at glory, no lover of glory he:  
Give him the glory of going on, and still to be.

Warrior of God, statesman of the Kingdom of Heaven, prophet, preacher, poet, his shall still be the "glory of going on." Once, in the midst of a sermon, I heard Spurgeon, rapt as a seraph before the throne, in tones sweet and clear as of a silver bell, say, "When my service of my Lord ends here, still I look to serve Him. Would that I might stand in some central sun, and to all the circling planets tell the story of Christ's redeeming love!" So, we believe, with the heroes of the faith of all the ages, Silvester Horne will still serve the King in His glory. And as for us, he is not lost. He, being dead, will yet speak. He will live in hundreds of lives made brighter and better by his presence. He lives in

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the undying echoes of his clarion notes. He lives in the fruitful ideas he threw out in familiar talk with those on whom most of the responsibility for Brotherhood statesmanship falls. For their gift of a prophet of God to the Brotherhood Movement the Brotherhood Movement says: "God bless Whitefield's! God bless the Congregational Union!"

## IN MEMORIAM \*

BY DR. CLIFFORD

“AND devout men buried Stephen, and made great lamentation over him.” Their beloved leader had been suddenly and tragically taken away from their midst. His courageous and brilliant apostleship was eclipsed. The one man amongst them who knew best the past of the Hebrew Church, saw its divine significance, its relation to the new fellowship, and carried the key to its interpretation, was removed at the moment he was needed most. The voice that had cheered and thrilled their hearts was hushed in the silence of death. The keen debater who had routed their opponents, quieted their fears and inspired their brave adventures had fallen at his post. His sword was sheathed, and no soldier was at hand who was able to draw it from its scabbard. The outlook was gloomy. The day was dark and cloudy for the young Church, and they “made great lamentation.”

The Stephen of our Free Churches has, alas! been taken away from us, and taken with appalling suddenness and whilst in the full tide of his boundless activities. The news fell upon us last Monday week with painful effect. We felt it as a personal blow, and our hearts have been sadder ever since. He had become so precious to us. Association had passed into affection,

\* Address at the Memorial Service at the City Temple, May 14th.

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and gratitude for services lavishly given to all noble causes made us feel that in him we had a personal friend. He had drawn us into his heart. His personal magnetism had captured us. We could not resist his buoyancy, his radiant hopefulness, his infectious joy. His deep and great sincerity had given us an unhesitating confidence in the purity and loftiness of his purpose. His balanced judgment and clear vision had filled us with trust in his counsels; and his adventurous spirit and broad-based character had made us glad to follow his lead. Wherever we met him, in his vestry or in the street, in the closer intimacies of the home or in our public gatherings, it was always the same—his winsomeness, his beautiful unselfishness, his strong faith, his real greatness of soul cast their spell over us. We felt as though we had been on the hill-tops and been invigorated by the winds of God. Oh, how we loved him! and he has gone—gone from us who needed him so urgently; but gone to the Father's Home and to that other portion of the eternal life that completes and crowns this.

Our beloved friend belonged to all the Free Churches, and it is for them I speak, in sorrow—even poignant sorrow—for our loss; but also with gratitude to God for the great gift He has bestowed upon us in His servant. He was born in our midst. His childhood was steeped in the hallowing associations of Free Church life. His youth was fed and braced with the story of their heroic apostles and martyrs and leaders. Their annals were his daily bread. Their principles entered as iron into his blood. His powers were called out in their service. In the soul of him he was a glad, strong, cheerful, radiant

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Puritan. A Churchman, and a high Churchman, but assuredly a Free Churchman. The freedom was not an accident, but of the essence of his churchmanship. Like Paul, he was the happy and proud bonds slave of Jesus Christ, and, therefore, he resisted every invasion of his personal independence, and fought like a true soldier of Christ for the rights of the free-born children of God. He was a defender of the spiritual ideals of the Free Churches, and a fighter as courteous as he was courageous, as chivalrous as he was cheerful, and as magnanimous as he was resolute and strong. He built out of the annals of our churches a bulwark of our principles, an instruction for young disciples, and made them an inspiration to all. Yet his catholic spirit carried his cultured gifts, disciplined abilities and strenuous toil into many other fields, and the results of his many-sided labours have spread themselves far beyond the Free Churches, indeed throughout the whole of our Fatherland and the world, and constrained thousands upon thousands to glorify God in the gift of Himself and His Gospel in and through one of the truest, ablest, and most accomplished of the Free Churchmen of our day. For the basis on which he built the work of his life was a clear, strong and comprehensive evangelicism. His fine gifts, his searching and passionate appeals, were all directed to winning the human soul to God in Christ. His ministry was the ministry of Reconciliation, of the reconciliation of all men and of all life to God ; first the man himself and then the whole of his world. He was the most effective interpreter of that larger ministry of Christ to man which is at the centre of the Free Church conception of the Gospel. He saw humanity in it, as Paul did, and there-

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fore could not despair of any man ; but felt that necessity was laid upon him to seek the salvation of all men, and of the whole of each man and of the whole of society.

Thou wouldst not *alone*  
Be saved, my brother ! *alone*  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.

No ! that could not be ! He gave himself with ardent enthusiasm to the saving of all that man has lost ; looked on all life as sacred and sought to bring all its departments and administrations, domestic and political, artistic and civic, under the sway of the Lord Jesus Christ. He not only preached the Social Gospel, but he set it to work out the immense task of delivering the oppressed, abolishing poverty, suppressing vice and reconstructing, on evangelical principles, the entire social order. He said, " The stain on the national flag is as deep if that flag floats over slum-bred children, or over ill-housed, ill-paid, ill-fed men and women as if it drooped in defeat on the field of war."

Thus he was our leader and we Free Churchmen gladly rose to his clarion calls. He rallied us with his burning eloquence. We could not resist the wisdom with which he spake, the practical directness of his appeals, the flaming moral earnestness of his challenges. His words, like Luther's, " were half battles." They were an attack on the obsessing tyrannies of the world ; vital factors in a crusade of liberation. Despondency fled as we listened to his rousing sentences. Cowardice slunk away. Hope leapt to newness of life. Stragglers were recalled to the front. The brave were re-inspired.

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Courage, never to submit or yield to evil, filled and fired us. With him leading us we felt called to

Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march  
On, to the bound of waste,  
On, to the City of God.

He was a great leader because he was a great Christian. To him Christ was all. In Him he lived and for Him he worked. He travelled far, for all worlds were sacred to him ; but he never lost sight of the Saviour and of His Cross of Redemption. His resources were in Him. He drew his strength and purity, his nobleness and tenacity, his self-sacrifice and zeal, from Him. Wherever he went Christ was his standard of values, his test of truth, his power for service and his irrepressible and exhaustless joy. This kept him fighting to the end. He could not drop his sword. "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." He fell at his post of duty. Nay ! we know he rose at the call of his Saviour and Captain and ascended to receive the crown of righteousness which the Lord delights to give to all that love His appearing.

Our Great-heart has gone ! We miss him and shall miss him, and, may I be forgiven if I say it, few more than I, who loved him so deeply, trusted him so fully, and worked by his side so gladly. Yes, we miss thee, O Great-heart ! Brother beloved ! but our hearts overflow with thankfulness to God who gave thee to us, and enriched our churches and our land so greatly through thy blameless life, thy loving heart, thy noble and tenacious fight for God and men, thy serene and consecrated spirit ! And we pray that we may catch his

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spirit, rise to the height of his calling, seek his equipment for service, share his far-reaching outlook, his steadfast patience, his strong love of men, his whole-hearted dedication to the Saviour; and so make, wide as the world, the Kingdom of our God—the Kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

IN MEMORIAM: C. S. H.

BY G. CURRIE MARTIN.

Soul strong for God! Heart filled with love for Man!  
Clear in thy vision of the things unseen!  
Milton inspired thee; Cromwell's sword still keen  
Flashed in thy hand again to lead the van.  
Never a doubt through thy brave spirit ran  
That right would triumph, and that we might glean  
A holier harvest than men yet had seen  
Of all our travail. God had laid His plan.

In life and death uniting all our race,  
Thou, who still strove for Brotherhood, didst seal  
Thy day's work with thy passing. Yea, thy face  
Is radiant with the dawn. Thy brethren feel  
The moving spirit of thy life's sweet grace,  
Puritan Prophet! Preacher of the Real!





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