

In Memoriam.

Rev. J. Henry Smith, D. D.

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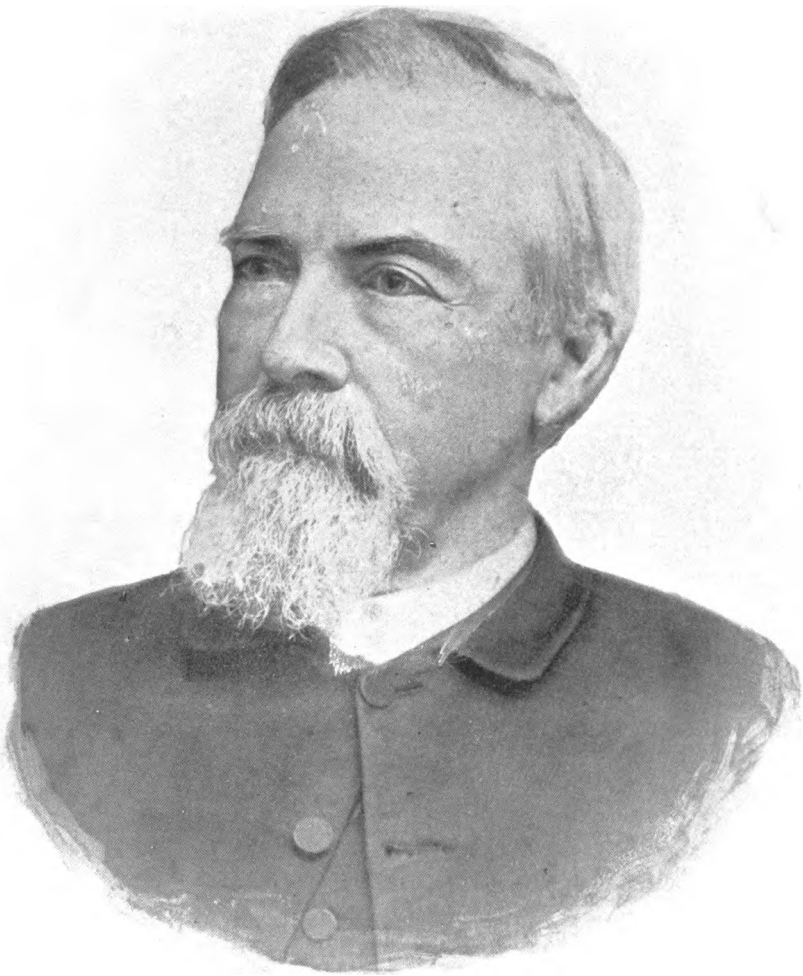
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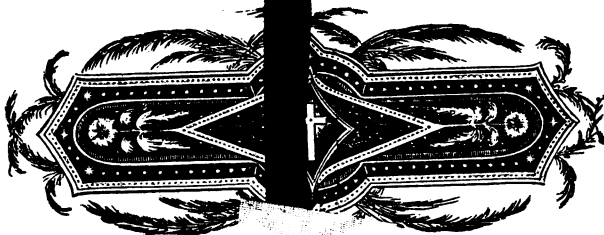
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Very truly Yours
J. Henry Smith.



In Memoriam.

Rev. J. HENRY SMITH, D. D.

Born in Lexington, Va., August 13, 1820.

Died in Greensboro, N. C., November 22, 1897.

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OF

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अमृतं नमो

I. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

REV. JACOB HENRY SMITH, D. D., the oldest son of Samuel Runckle Smith and Margaret Fuller, was born in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Va., August 13, 1820, and died in Greensboro, Guilford County, N. C., November 22, 1897. His father's parents, Henry Louis Smith and Margaret Runckle, were of German extraction and spoke only the German language. They had moved shortly after their marriage from the South Branch of the Potomac River (in what is now Hampshire and Hardy Counties, West Virginia) to Augusta County, Va., and settled on Jennings's Branch, northwest of Staunton. Here, in 1792, Henry Louis Smith, aged about forty, was captured while attacking a raiding band of Indians, and never heard of afterward. His oldest son, Samuel Runckle Smith, was four years of age at this time. At the age of twenty-one he engaged in business in Baltimore, and, as a volunteer in the War of 1812,

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was present at the bombardment of Fort McHenry. In 1815 he moved to Lexington, Va., and three years later married Margaret Fuller, daughter of Jacob Fuller, of that city. To them were born seven children, four of whom grew to manhood: Jacob Henry Smith; Alphonso Smith, born May 17, 1825, fatally wounded at Port Republic, June 9, 1862; Charles Smith, born January 8, 1843, died in the Confederate service, August 25, 1863; and Samuel Cunningham Smith, born May 23, 1837, now teaching in Greensboro, N. C.

Jacob Henry Smith at an early age joined the Presbyterian Church of Lexington, then under the pastorate of Dr. Geo. A. Baxter—the church in which Stonewall Jackson was later a deacon. He was prepared for college in his native town, and graduated with high distinction from Washington College—now Washington and Lee University—June 29, 1843. He had intended to practise law and for several years had devoted himself ardently to the study of law; but a sermon preached at this time by Dr. Archibald Alexander decided him in favor of the ministry. In the fall of 1843 he entered Union Theological Seminary, Va., and

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taking the full course received his certificate in 1846.

He was licensed August 24 of the same year by Lexington Presbytery, and transferred to West Hanover Presbytery. In September of this year he took charge of the church at Pittsylvania Courthouse, Va., where he was ordained and installed July 31, 1847. Being invited to conduct the Samuel Davies Institute, Halifax County, Va., as Principal and Professor of Latin and Greek, he assumed the duties of this position in the beginning of 1850, and conducted the Institute with marked success until 1854. During this period he received many evidences of growing favor with the church, having invitations from Chicago, Richmond, Petersburg, Danville, Greensboro, Charlottesville—indeed, such overtures were frequent and urgent all through his life. Accepting the call to Charlottesville he preached there until 1859, during which time he had built a much larger and more commodious church than the congregation had formerly occupied. The call to Greensboro was renewed in 1859, and he began his life-work there April 20, 1859. In June following he was re-

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ceived by Orange Presbytery, and installed over the Greensboro Church in July.

On June 16, 1861, he submitted and advocated a paper before Orange Presbytery on "The Reported Action of the General Assembly in Relation to the Political Crisis in the Country." "The outcome of that paper," says Rev. D. I. Craig (see p. 32), "was one of the first leading and official steps, if not the very first, toward the organization of the Southern General Assembly."

The church in Greensboro grew steadily and rapidly. "It became," says Dr. W. W. Moore (see p. 91), "the State's chief nursery of pure and learned lawyers, judges, and governors;" ten of its members became Presbyterian ministers and are now occupying prominent pulpits in different sections of the country.¹ Two churches have been colonized from the membership of the First Pres-

¹ How many men entered the ministry through Dr. Smith's influence, it would be impossible to say; besides those here referred to from his own congregation, there are at least four from other congregations who are known to have attributed their conversion to his ministry, making certainly not less than fourteen ministers now in the active work of the gospel, who look upon him, under God, as their spiritual Father.

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byterian Church, and are now large and growing organizations. The needs of the church at last outgrew the limits of the old building, and in 1890 the present new and beautiful structure was erected.

In 1870 the General Assembly appointed Dr. Smith Chairman of the Committee on Education, and in 1888 Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Missions. From 1866 he was a director of Union Theological Seminary, Va., and for many years President of that Board and a member of the Board of Directors of Davidson College, N. C.

In 1872 Hampden-Sidney College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1877 the University of North Carolina gave him again the same degree.

His last public duty in the church was as chairman of the General Assembly's Committee to prepare a program for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the Westminster Assembly. He was unanimously selected for this duty, and its discharge was his last official service to the church at large; but he was too ill to attend when the celebration took place.

Dr. Smith was twice married: On March 15,

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1848, to Miss Catherine Malvina Miller, daughter of Hon. Thomas Miller, of Powhatan County, Va.; she died June 9, 1854. And on January 8, 1857, to Miss Mary Kelly Watson, daughter of Judge Egbert R. Watson, of Charlottesville, Va., who survives him.

He leaves two daughters, Mrs. L. Richardson and Mrs. R. G. Vaughn, both residents of Greensboro; and five sons, Rev. S. M. Smith, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, Columbia, S. C.; Dr. Henry Louis Smith, of the Faculty of Davidson College; Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D. D., now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro; Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the Faculty of the Louisiana State University; and Rev. Hay Watson Smith, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Little Rock, Ark. One daughter, Elizabeth Clark, died in infancy, June 14, 1854; and one son, Norris Kelly, at the age of seven, November 23, 1882.

II. DEATH AND BURIAL.

[From *The Daily Record*, Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 22, 1897.]

HIS LIFE-WORK ENDED.

REV. J. HENRY SMITH, D. D., DIES THIS
MORNING.

*Surrounded by All of His Family the Venerable and
Beloved Pastor of the First Presbyterian
Church Passes Peacefully Away.*

“DR. SMITH is dead,” came the announcement this morning soon after 9 o’clock. Notwithstanding his long illness the news came as a shock, for he had been getting along very well for two weeks past, though it was known that he could not recover. He breathed his last at a few minutes after 9 o’clock, surrounded by all the members of his family, relatives, and a few friends.

During the day yesterday it was noticed that he was growing very weak and consequently worse,

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though he was perfectly conscious all the time. Last night, with all his children gathered around him, prayer was offered and several texts and hymns were repeated to him, and while he was then too weak to talk much, he showed by words or by the motion of his hand that he understood and enjoyed all that was said.

His favorite hymn was "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." When the last lines were quoted, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing," he repeated in a feeble voice—"With the shadow of Thy wing." The text—"I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day," was repeated to him and he said—"I have committed everything unto Him."

One of his very last utterances was, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Two or three mornings ago he imagined he was conducting prayers in his church, and he prayed in a strong voice for his people, weak as he was. The only reference he made to himself was that God would give him ease and rest.

This morning early it was seen that the end

DEATH AND BURIAL.

was not far off and he continued to sink, though very gradually, until the end came, peacefully and quietly—in fact it could scarcely be noticed that he had breathed his last, some of those present thinking that he had dropped off to sleep.

What a glorious ending of a glorious life, and on such a beautiful, spring-like morning!

Why speak of his readiness? We all know he was ready, has been ready, no matter how sudden the summons, for years and years—in fact, all his life.

Dr. Smith has been peculiarly fortunate, seldom being sick and never seriously until his last illness, which made its appearance a year ago, since diagnosed as Bright's disease, always fatal. Last spring many of his friends thought he would never again be able to preach, but such was his vitality that he grew better and filled his pulpit regularly for some weeks, but the disease had a firm hold on him and some weeks ago he was confined to his bed, since which time he has not left his room.

And thus passes away one of the landmarks of Greensboro—a man who has labored continuously among this people for almost thirty-nine years.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

Think of it! Yet in all these years there has not been a jar, a particle of friction in his church membership—a record seldom made by any one. This is attributed solely to his wise counsel and conservative management. The writer remembers hearing him remark once that he had never alluded to any one from his pulpit in anything like a personal manner and that he never intended to. In other words he preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, plainly, simply, and with deep conviction. His death is a calamity. Not only is it felt by his own church membership, but by the community—by other churches—for Dr. Smith loved them all, often exchanging pulpits with ministers of other denominations. His heart was ever in the right place and he always had a kind word for all, be he sinner or saint.

The voice loved so well, heard so often, is stilled in death, yet he is the gainer, for he is now with that Father whose name he has so often invoked. "The throne of the heavenly grace" (who has not heard him use the expression from his pulpit?) is now opened to his gaze and he has his reward. Who doubts what it is?

DEATH AND BURIAL.

Funeral services will be conducted from his church, the First Presbyterian, to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, by Rev. Dr. Jethro Rumple, of Salisbury, a life-long friend of Dr. Smith's, selected by him in his last illness to perform the sad rites. The pall-bearers will be composed of the deacons of his church, the elders acting as honorary pall-bearers.

[From *The Greensboro Telegram*, Nov. 22, 1897.]

DR. J. HENRY SMITH IS DEAD.

HE PASSED PEACEFULLY AWAY THIS MORNING.

An Estimate of the Man.

It is impossible to describe the deep feeling of sadness, which so many hearts have felt as the tidings went from house to house that the voice of Dr. J. Henry Smith will be heard no more. The beloved form, so familiar to us all, will soon be deposited in the grave, no more to meet our view till the resurrection morn. The death of such a man is a loss which is deeply felt, not merely by

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his own church and congregation and the entire community, but it will thrill the hearts of thousands, irrespective of denominational differences, throughout his native State. While it is true the church at large has been deprived of one of its ablest and most useful divines, the blow falls most heavily upon his bereaved family and his own church.

He was a model father and husband. His tender affection for and his careful training of his children awakened in return their filial confidence, love, and obedience, and has been rewarded in the position they now occupy in church and society. Amid his arduous, indefatigable, and unceasing ministerial duties and labors, he never failed to realize that, as a father, he had a work to do, certainly of as great importance as any that rested upon him as a minister. Knowing well the dangers to which small as well as older children are exposed when absent from the parental roof, it was his constant effort, aided by the mother of his children, to make home so attractive that they would not desire to seek happiness or pleasure elsewhere. Both wisdom and care were exercised in directing their reading



**TAKEN AT THE AGE OF 26, ON LEAVING
THE SEMINARY.**

DEATH AND BURIAL.

and studies so as to make pleasant even such tasks as are often considered irksome, or when this could not be done he wisely encouraged such offset as would overcome difficulties. He sympathized with them in their plays and amusements, often himself entering heartily into them, thus making himself their companion while they loved and revered him.

It is needless to speak of him as a pastor and minister. The deep and ever-growing affection in which he has been held by the people of his own charge, or perhaps it is more proper to say the mutual love and esteem between the pastor and his people, tells its own tale. In these days of unrest and change, when long pastorates are exceedingly rare, an exception the rule, that the mutual affection of which we have spoken should have continued not only unabated, but with ever increasing strength, is a more effective and enduring monument to his worth than any one of marble can possibly be. As we look back over these years, how many and tender memories crowd themselves upon us. How often his presence in the chamber of sickness and death, together with his prayers and wise and divinely directed words of instruction and comfort,

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have cheered and strengthened both the dying and the bereaved survivors. How many anxious inquirers after life and peace have found that which they sought, the Holy Spirit using him as His instrument in leading them to Christ as their Saviour. His widely extended fame as an able and sound divine makes it still less necessary to speak of him in this capacity. Here again his record is in the hearts and the minds of the vast multitudes who have heard him.

This day is a day of wide-spread grief and mourning, for a great and a good man has been taken from us. But there is a bright side to the picture. We sorrow not as those without hope. That which we call death is not such, but only a transition into a higher and nobler life. Write, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." The reward awaiting such labors is unspeakably great.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

[From *The Greensboro Telegram*, Nov. 23, 1897.]

THE LAST RITES.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF REV. DR. J.
HENRY SMITH.

This afternoon, before the hour appointed for the funeral, business houses were closed and people by the hundreds were sadly and sorrowfully wending their way to the First Presbyterian Church to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom in life they loved and whose memory they cherish in death.

The church which was the scene of the life-work and labors of Dr. Smith was the sad scene of his funeral obsequies. Draped in the emblems of sorrow, the pulpit decorated with beautiful wreaths of autumn flowers, the church was literally packed with the friends and loved ones of the deceased, attesting the profound respect and love of the entire community for the good man whose remains were about to be consigned to mother earth.

As the remains were being carried in, the soft

DEATH AND BURIAL.

and muffled notes of the great organ were heard in the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Then the favorite hymn with Dr. Smith, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was sung in sad and measured tones, while tears of sorrow flowed from hundreds of eyes.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Jethro Rumple, an old friend and admirer of Dr. Smith, after which the remains were followed to Green Hill Cemetery by a large part of the congregation. Thus a good man, a landmark of Greensboro, has passed to his reward.

[Poem by MRS. E. D. HUNDLEY, member of the First Presbyterian Church.]

IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED PASTOR, DR. J. HENRY SMITH.

He sleeps in beautiful Green Hill
With the smile of heaven on his face,
And the arms of the Lord about him
In a sweet and solemn embrace.

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We laid him beneath the roses
And flowers of snowy white,
When the golden glow of the sunset
Bathed all the world in light.

It was meet that one so loving
Should rest where the violets spring ;
Where the flickering shadows of evening
Fall soft as an angel's wing—
A sunny spot 'mid the lilies,
Where gold-green willows weep,
Where song birds come in the morning,
“In the beautiful garden of sleep.”

He is not here—far, far away
His ransomed soul has flown,
The casket remains, the jewel is set,
A gem, in the Saviour's crown.
So we lift our eyes, o'erflowing,
To follow his shining track,
His glorious flight toward the great white throne,
We would not call him back.

Oh ! far away beyond the stars,
Through the blue, ethereal light,

DEATH AND BURIAL.

Through the gates of pearl, o'er the crystal sea,
He has winged that heavenly flight,
Where 'midst the grand, seraphic choir,
He strikes a higher chord ;
And though absent from the body
Is forever with the Lord.

Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 26, 1897.

III. TRIBUTES.

[From *The News and Observer*, Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 25, 1897.]

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

IN every section of North Carolina there is profound regret at the death of Rev. Jacob Henry Smith, of Greensboro. For nearly forty years he had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that city, and during all these years he was a leader of his church. He was a man of big brain, originality, vigor, power with God and man. He was a student and a scholar : uplifting, instructive, and invigorating as a preacher ; true, just, and loving as a man ; a father whose instruction and example bore fruits in a family of strong and able children.

It is rare as it is beautiful to see a preacher devote almost all his life to the pastorate of one church, becoming so much a part of it that the

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children and young people come to regard his ministrations as almost essential to their growth in grace. He was a learned and noted divine when he went to Greensboro in 1859. With every passing year he grew in intellectual power as in spiritual gifts, and was so esteemed that the thought of a change of pastors was never present to his people. He poured out the best that was in him for their improvement, and gave fully his sympathy and love. Pastor and people were knit together by ties as strong as life.

[From *Our Church Visitor*, Graham and Burlington, N. C., Dec., 1897.]

JACOB HENRY SMITH, D. D.

Few men have more efficiently served their generation than did he whose name heads this paragraph. He was for thirty-nine years pastor of the First Church of Greensboro. A warm-hearted, sympathetic friend; a wise and devoted son, husband, and father; a faithful, systematic, and

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judicious pastor ; a preacher of rare eloquence and power ; a scholar of large and varied learning ; and above all, a Christian of deep and satisfactory experience, and of childlike faith in the Saviour whom he preached to others ; he was, preëminently, a man of spiritual power. His life was beautiful in its gentleness and purity and love ; his ministry, so tender and affectionate that all his congregation loved and revered him as a father ; his death, so in keeping with his life—full of peace and holy joy, as he steadfastly trusted in One who was mighty to save. Every minister in the Presbytery of Orange loved and revered him as a Father in Israel, and sadly will we miss him in days to come. May the God of all consolation deal gently with his sorrowing wife, and make his life and death a perpetual inspiration to his sons and daughters.

TRIBUTES.

[From *The Charlotte Observer*, Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 23, 1897.]

REV. DR. J. HENRY SMITH DEAD.

*After a Pastorate of Thirty-nine Years in Greensboro,
He Fell Asleep at 9 O'clock Yesterday Morning.*

Greensboro mourns the death of a great and good man, the venerable and beloved Rev. J. Henry Smith, D. D., for thirty-nine years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city. His death occurred at 9 o'clock Monday morning, and while it came not as a surprise to his family and friends the shock was severe. For twelve months the health of this good man had been slowly succumbing to that dread Bright's disease, but previous to that time he had been remarkably blessed in point of physical strength. Toward the close of the summer he was compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties and for several weeks had been confined to his bed. Yesterday it was discovered that the end was near and it came this morning, peacefully and calmly. To him religion was the highest good,

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from which flowed the purest and sweetest joys. His pastoral relations began early in 1859, and the mutual harmony that has since prevailed in his church has exemplified his ability, zeal, and strength of purpose. He performed a great and lasting work for the Master and merits the reward that is assured.

[From *Our Fatherless Ones*, Barium Springs, N. C., Nov. 24, 1897.]

To-day the Synod of North Carolina mourns in the death of Rev. J. H. Smith one of her most useful and honored ministers. It has fallen to the lot of few men to be so blessed in his own person, in his family, in his church, and in his relations to fellow laborers as was Dr. Smith. Through a long life he enjoyed excellent health and a close communion with his God. In his family, love and wisdom reigned, and not a member of it but with increasing years brought increased honors to the family name. In his church he had the rare happiness of ministering in his mature years to those to whom he had given the prime of his life.

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And among his brethren he was held in affection and esteem by all, without the slightest trace of envy or jealousy. Happy man, honored and beloved in life and lamented in death.

[From *The Central Presbyterian*, Richmond, Va., Nov. 24, 1897.]

DR. JACOB HENRY SMITH.

Our readers will hear with sorrow that the Rev. Jacob Henry Smith, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro, North Carolina, died at his home in that city on Monday, November 22nd, after an illness of six months. He was one of the most esteemed and valuable ministers of the Southern Church, a pillar of strength in the Synod of North Carolina, and tenderly loved by his large pastoral charge. He was recognized as a minister of ability, of scholarship, and of wide influence. A good theologian, he added much literary culture and faithful toil in the preparation of all his sermons, lectures,

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and addresses. As a preacher he was impressive and effective, having a rich voice and fine elocution. His sermons were adorned with the choicest thought, imagery, and illustration. He was richly blessed with seasons of revival again and again, and with constant accessions to his church. A leading and influential man in his own Presbytery and Synod, he was active and useful in the General Assembly; as in 1870, when he was chairman of the Committee on Education, and in 1888, when he was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Missions. From 1866 he was a Director of Union Theological Seminary, and from 1883 he was for some years President of that Board. His last public duty in the church, was as chairman of the Assembly's Committee to prepare for the "Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Westminster Assembly." To the great regret of the last General Assembly Dr. Smith was prevented by his impaired health from personal attendance upon the exercises, to which he had given so much careful preparation, and for the success of which the church was largely indebted to him.

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A letter from Davidson College says :

“The news received here to-day of Dr. J. Henry Smith's death, while anticipated for some time, is heard with very deep regret and a keen sense of what a loss the close of such a life is to the church and State in which he has labored. To few men is a life of such usefulness and one so rich in lasting results allotted. Through a long series of years he has been permitted to see the work of the Lord prosper in his hands, himself an honored and loved minister of the gospel, his praise in all the churches, and even years before his death seeing a goodly number of sons established in posts of responsibility and honor, and helping to advance the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth. To few have the lines ever fallen in more pleasant places and few have ever employed to greater advantage the opportunities which came to them.”

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[From *The Southwestern Presbyterian*, New Orleans, La., Nov. 25, 1897.]

REV. JACOB HENRY SMITH, D. D.

The death of this distinguished minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church was not unexpected. The attention of the whole church was last spring called to his failing health, by his regretted absence from the Westminster Celebration, to whose success as chairman of the Assembly's ad-interim committee, he had so materially contributed. Then we were informed that prayer was offered for him at the meeting of the North Carolina Synod, of which he had long been an influential member. Later on, one of our Church papers gave us a touching picture of the patriarch "strengthening himself and sitting upon his bed" to apply with his trembling hands the sign and seal of covenant love to "his seed's seed." His was the joy and privilege, not only of claiming for grandchildren the blessing of the Abrahamic covenant, but of feeling that God had "made with him the covenant of Levi," for three sons in the ministry carry on the blessed

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succession. His departure thus fore-announced to the church he loved so strongly and served so long and so well, and anticipated by his loving family, was to him no surprise, but in peace and trust he went at the call of his Master into His presence chamber. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace." Among the many lessons of this life and its fitting close is this: The large and influential place one may win by ability and piety in the church, local and general, by fidelity to daily duty in an unchanged pastorate, and equal faithfulness in the periodically occurring obligations of the presbyterate.

IV. MEMORIALS.

[Memorial by Synod of North Carolina, at its Eighty-fifth Annual Session, Gastonia, N. C., Oct., 1898.]

REV. JACOB HENRY SMITH, D. D.

IN the death of Rev. Jacob Henry Smith, D. D., which event occurred on the 22nd of November last, this Synod sustained the loss of an able, faithful, and honored servant of Jesus Christ, and our servant for Christ's sake.

For a period of a little more than thirty-eight years he was identified with the interests of our Church in North Carolina.

Coming to us in the very prime and vigor of his strong manhood, both physical and intellectual, from a sister Synod, he gave that splendid manhood, a heart in all its wealth of affection and zeal, and a life in all the eminent services which it yielded, frankly, loyally, unreservedly to the

MEMORIALS.

Church of this Synod. We bow reverently and with submission and profound sense of loss, to the will of our God in taking His gifted and beloved servant from us ; but at the same time record with gratitude that the Master gave to us the best years and the best work of this kingly man, and that we are called upon to cherish the memory of him as a noble father in Israel, an able and consecrated minister of the New Testament, a powerful preacher of the everlasting Gospel, whom the Spirit of God delighted to honor with abundant success in his varied ministrations ; a wise and judicious counsellor of his brethren, especially the younger ones whom he loved always ; a warm-hearted, sympathetic pastor of the flock ; a bright, genial spirit in all social fellowship ; a devoted friend, an earnest champion of the faith, and a warm advocate and helper of everything good and uplifting to humanity.

We deplore in tears his going away from us ; but his spirit, his influence, his example still live to guide, animate, and bless us who are left to continue the work of the blessed Master he loved and served.



AGE, BETWEEN 40 AND 50.

MEMORIALS.

Synod directs this Minute to be spread on the records, and a copy conveyed to the bereaved widow and family, to whom Synod tenders sympathy and condolence, and commends them to the tender and sure consolations of a like precious faith with us.

[Memorial by Orange Presbytery, prepared by Rev. D. I. Craig, of Reidsville, N. C., during the meeting of Presbytery in Durham, N. C., April 13, 1898, and published in *The North Carolina Presbyterian* of May 5, 1898.]

IN MEMORIAM.

The Presbytery of Orange, in view of their sad bereavement by death of a beloved and honored brother in the Lord since their last stated meeting, and with a profound sense of their loss, and in humble and devout recognition of the will of God, and with tender feelings aroused by the memory of sweet and hallowed associations of the past, and with a sincere desire to place upon record an affectionate and fitting tribute to the memory of the dead, do adopt and order to be spread upon their

MEMORIALS.

Minutes the following memorial tribute to the

REV. JACOB HENRY SMITH, D. D.

This beloved brother and faithful servant of the Master was born in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Va., August 13, 1820, and entered into rest from his home in Greensboro, N. C., after a protracted illness, on Monday, November 22, 1897, in the 78th year of his age.

He became a member of Orange Presbytery at a meeting held in Danville, June 16, 1859, and from that day until the day of his death, a period covering more than thirty-eight years, Dr. Smith was identified, heart and soul, with the interests and welfare of the Greensboro Church, the Presbytery of Orange, and the Synod of North Carolina; yea, we might well say of the entire Southern Presbyterian Church. For it was he who, in those stirring and stormy times of 1861, submitted and advocated a paper before Orange Presbytery (June 16, 1861) on the "reported action of the General Assembly in relation to the political crisis in the country," and the outcome of that paper was one of the first leading and official steps, if not the very

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first, towards the organization of the Southern General Assembly.

As a man Dr. Smith was of sterling character ; he was a man among men, and he was easily recognized as such, not only by his brethren in the ministry, but by everyone with whom he came in contact. He possessed great natural abilities and all the vital forces and cultured attainments, as well as the abundant gifts and sweet graces of the Holy Spirit, which combine to make the true man. He was both wise and learned, pure and noble, gentle and kind, firm and resolute ; and he impressed men with his high sense of the dignity of true manhood, and the exalted position he held as an ambassador of the King of Kings. His genial kindness of nature and generous breadth of view, taken along with his deep convictions of truth, his sweet reasonableness with all men, and his rich spiritual experience, gave him great influence as a man, as a pastor, and as a preacher, with both the old and the young. He was one of the brightest of companions. His nature was as sweet as it was intelligent. He had read widely and mingled much with men ; and his most retentive

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memory enriched his conversation with poetry and story and anecdote, as well as with the vast resources of his acute mind in all the wide fields of language, literature, and the classic tongues. And yet, underneath all the brilliancy and charm of his society as a man and as a scholar, no one ever forgot for a moment that there lay the ever-satisfying element of his "correspondence fixed with heaven."

Dr. Smith was a profound theologian, as well as a scholar of great attainments in almost all the departments of learning, and he gloried in the fundamental and conservative doctrines of the Bible and Presbyterianism as they were given to the world by the apostles and preached by the intellectual giants of the past. In Bible study and research Dr. Smith was the peer of almost any theological professor, and yet with all his attainments, he humbled himself before God, and cheerfully accepted on faith with the loving simplicity of a child, what God did not choose to reveal and what was too deep for finite man to grasp or fathom. With him the Bible was God's own inspired Book—inspired from the beginning to the

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end—every word of it, and no one could know Dr. Smith and doubt his deep conviction of this truth, or fail to admire his loving and believing heart, which unhesitatingly accepted it.

And this was one of the great secrets of his power as a preacher, and Dr. Smith excelled as a preacher. He preached the Bible, and he believed what he preached. His whole soul and mind and body were enlisted in the pulpit. The pulpit was his throne. His great work was to preach and he loved to preach. His sermons were the result of deep thought and devout meditation, and were prepared with scrupulous care. They were delivered in a most impressive and convincing manner, and with a deep, strong voice peculiar to itself and unlike that of most men—rich, mellow, musical, and eloquent, and when once heard never forgotten.

His sermons were rich in apt illustrations and filled with the precious truths and promises and teachings of the glorious gospel of Christ. And God greatly honored His own word at the door of His servant's lips, by making him instrumental in gathering a host of ripened sheaves for the heavenly harvest home.

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In the councils and deliberations of this Presbytery, Dr. Smith will be sadly missed. As a presbyter he was calm, wise, deliberate, prudent, and resolute. He was noted for his punctual attendance, and he unshrinkingly met every duty with the determination to perform it in the fear of God. Even in the heat of debate or argument, it might be said of him as was said of a celebrated Scotchman, that "no one ever combined more gracefully the zeal of a partisan with the honor of a Christian gentleman." His example, his advice, his examinations of young men, his criticisms of sermons, and his own preaching and influence have been invaluable in the Presbytery of Orange.

Dr. Smith was often greatly honored by the Church at large, and especially and repeatedly by this Presbytery. To him were committed the most sacred trusts and positions of great responsibility. For more than thirty years he was a valued director of Union Theological Seminary, and for many years a trustee of Davidson College.

The Assembly of 1896, of which he was not a member, unanimously selected him to be Chairman of the Committee to arrange a program for the

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celebration of the 250th anniversary of the Westminster Symbols. We all know the great success of that program and the great and lasting interest the celebration awakened throughout the Church. But alas! Dr. Smith could not be present and personally enjoy and take part in these exercises, the plan of which he had formulated. The heavy hand of affliction was upon him, and in a letter to the writer a few days before the meeting of the Assembly of 1897, he said: "I am still acting, but I think it extremely doubtful as to my being able to go to the approaching Assembly."

His work was done! His long, bright, and joyous day of usefulness was drawing to a close. His tent was struck, and he was ready for the summons which quickly came: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Among his last utterances were the words, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Quoting from the beautiful tribute paid to his memory by his own devoted Session and people, and prepared by a committee of which Judge R. P. Dick, his life-long friend and companion, was

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chairman, we adopt their language and say: "From a happy earthly home, and from the midst of a loving and godly family, and a devoted people, he passed calmly and peacefully from earth to the higher and holier joys and the blessedness of the Heavenly Home, leaving his memory enshrined in sacred veneration and love, in noble and loving hearts, to be fondly cherished until all shall meet again before the throne of God and of the Lamb, near the crystal sea and by the River of Life."

"Servant of God, well done;
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

[Memorial by Committee appointed by Session of the First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N. C., prepared by Judge Robt. P. Dick, and published in *The North Carolina Presbyterian* of January 27, 1898.]

In preparing the work assigned us we were deeply impressed with thoughts, feelings, and emotions of sadness, sorrow, and bereavement, but we

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were cheered with many pleasant associations and memories, and our hearts were brightened and elevated by the glorious hopes of the immortal life upon which our beloved pastor has entered, as we realize the perfect bliss and precious joys promised by our merciful Lord and Master.

We had no difficulty in forming an estimate of the general life and character of Dr. Smith, for he had always in his walk and conversation so let his light shine before men that they had taken knowledge of him that he was a man of God—and public opinion on this subject seems to be unanimous.

In every community in which he resided he was regarded as an upright, useful, and leading citizen. His influence was always on the side of Christian truth, virtue, brotherly kindness, and charity.

He took much interest in public affairs relating to the common welfare—and as far as was appropriate to his sphere of duty as a minister of God he advocated all measures of public policy that tended to lessen or suppress the evils of vice, poverty, and crime, and were calculated to promote the cause of education and enlightened morality—

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the elevation and material happiness of mankind, and the advancement of Christian civilization.

Dr. Smith was gifted with a high order of intellect, which was expanded and enlightened by diligent culture, by the extensive reading of good books containing the thoughts and knowledge of the ablest and wisest men of all the ages. His self-culture was chiefly derived from careful thought, patient investigation, mature reflection, and prayerful meditation in the calm seclusion of his study. He also received mental and moral training and benefit by association with scholars and cultured men, and with good men in the ordinary walks and avocations of practical business—who learned and taught wisdom by the observance of common sense.

He was a profound theologian and also a scholar in science, philosophy, history, and general literature, and he readily bestowed upon the public the benefits of his rich acquisitions of knowledge and refined culture by delivering many literary lectures and addresses.

There was much of the poetic element in his nature, and his refined taste enabled him to

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appreciate and treasure up such poetry as was pure, truthful, noble, and beautiful, and apply the same in his work for the Master and his fellowmen.

He was regarded as an industrious, useful, liberal, and wise Presbyterian, and in Orange Presbytery and the Synod of North Carolina he won the confidence, love, and veneration of his brethren, and by his labors contributed much to the advancement of enlightened Christianity.

He was a very positive Presbyterian in his views as to the correctness and wisdom of his Church creeds and polity, but he always extended the kindest courtesy and manifested a very liberal regard for the feelings and opinions of his brother ministers in other communions; and they generously and cordially reciprocated his Christian spirit in their frequent ministerial and social intercourse.

As a preacher he was learned, logical, forceful, and eloquent. His sermons were always well considered, were rich in illustrations, and in delivering them he seemed to be inspired with ardent enthusiasm to show forth the principles, truths, promises, and teachings of the glorious Gospel which he so dearly loved to preach.

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Each sermon presented Bible truths in some new phase and arrangement intended to make them definite, attractive, suited to the occasion, and easily comprehensible to his whole audience. He believed that the apparent variety in the numerous truths contained in the Bible all blended in harmony and perfect unity. He was a very successful preacher, and during a ministry of more than fifty years he was, by Divine grace, made instrumental in gathering many ripened sheaves for the Heavenly harvest home.

As a pastor and friend, visiting the homes of his people, he was always a welcome guest, as he was so genial, cheerful, and cordial in social intercourse, and his radiant face was a benediction. He spoke words and did acts of consolation and sympathy in chambers of sickness, suffering, and death; and with the precious truths and promises of the Gospel he gave comfort to the sorrowing hearts of those who stood by the grave where loved ones, with kind hands, were laid to rest, with the glorious promises and hopes of resurrection and an immortal life of bliss and joy.

He was an admirable moderator of the Church session. He expressed his views clearly and defi-

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nitely, but he was by no means dictatorial in carrying through the measures he advocated. He consulted each member of the session, and when a majority were opposed to his opinion he readily acquiesced in the adverse decision of the Church court. To further show his qualities as a presiding officer, it will be sufficient to say that in the course of thirty-nine years there never were any elements of discord and disturbance in the session, and all the members discharged their duties in harmony and warm brotherly affection.

The Sunday School was always an object of his tender solicitude and care. He visited the School every month for the purpose of examination and instruction, and he greatly enjoyed this loving association with the children of his people, whom he had consecrated to the Lord by the ordinance of baptism as lambs of the fold of Christ, the Good Shepherd. He seemed to feel that there was no department of the Church in which a pastor could more surely obey the commandments and walk more closely in the footsteps of the Master, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

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The private and domestic life of Dr. Smith was truly blessed by God and was crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. He had his cares and sorrows, but most of his days extending to venerable age were spent in the enjoyment of health, peace, and comfort—surrounded by the sacred love of home and the devoted love of his people. His faithful, congenial, and beloved wife and his loving and dutiful children—all members of the Church of God—dwelling together in the unity and harmony of mutual confidence and love, afforded him all the contentment and pleasures of the Christian home, and their conduct and mental and moral development gave him bright hopes of their fidelity and success in the pathways of honor, usefulness, and Christian duty. From such a home and from the midst of such a family he passed calmly and peacefully from earth to the higher and holier joys and blessedness of the Heavenly Home, leaving his memory enshrined in sacred veneration and love, in noble and loving hearts, to be fondly cherished until all shall meet again before the throne of God and of the Lamb, near the crystal sea and by the River of Life.



AGE, BETWEEN 50 AND 60.

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The mortal existence of our beloved pastor has ended, and we cherish for him a holier love now that he dwells among the blessed immortals; and we feel sure that his earthly love for his people is still remembered by him, and is now glorified by the raptures of infinite love.

Why in gloom and sadness should we think of him as dead, when we know by faith that he has only passed in transition to a higher and nobler existence—the mortal has put on immortality and “death is swallowed up in victory?”

All of the consolations of our Christian faith and hopes are not, at once, sufficient to stop the inflowing tides of earthly sorrow for departed ones, but they will in due time be soothed, assuaged, and sanctified by Divine grace imparted by the Blessed Comforter.

He will be greatly missed in the family circle, in daily association, and at the altar of prayer. He will be greatly missed in the congregation of the sanctuary, and in the weekly prayer meetings, where the devout prayers and the warm throbbings of earnest Christian hearts keep aglow the life, energy, charity, and brotherhood of the Church.

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He will be greatly missed in the homes of his people ; in the entire community and the State. He will be greatly missed by his brethren in the council halls of the church courts, and by many whom he often assisted by his presence, his sermons, and his prayers.

He will be greatly missed by the young men and women of his congregation whom he guided and strengthened by his counsels, admonitions, and fatherly kindness ; by visiting strangers whom he cordially welcomed to the sanctuary, earnestly invoking God's blessings upon themselves and their homes ; by the sorrowing and despondent whom he so often comforted, and by the poor whom he so often helped and cheered with kind words and deeds of benevolence and charity.

He will be greatly missed by the children of the Sunday School, whom he regarded as lambs of the fold, and watched over with a tenderness inspired by the words and spirit of the Master ; by the middle-aged, who were growing in divine grace under his ministry ; and by the old, who had long been his companions in the pilgrimage of life, as they together journeyed towards the valley of shadows where open the gates of heaven.

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He will be greatly missed by the elders and deacons, so closely associated with him in the culture of the vineyard of the Lord our Blessed Master.

Beloved pastor, beloved moderator, and beloved companion and brother of former days, you still live within our hearts, and we rejoice in the full assurance of a confident faith, that while absent from the body you are present with the Lord.

After preparing the foregoing memorial deemed appropriate to present only a few brief resolutions.

1st. *Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the departure of our beloved pastor, Rev. Jacob Henry Smith, D. D., and we will cherish his memory with warm personal affection, sacred veneration, and devoted Christian love.

2nd. *Resolved*, That we will earnestly strive to follow his example and precepts, and perform faithfully the duties of our offices which he so often explained and enjoined upon us, and thus contribute more effectually to the advancement of Christianity, the progress of our Church, and the extension of the sentiments and feelings of Christian brotherhood among our fellowmen.

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3rd. *Resolved*, That a copy of our proceedings be sent to the family of our beloved pastor with sincere assurance of our profound sympathies, and that we will in our prayers implore the richest blessings of Heaven upon them, and the constant presence and ministry of the Divine Comforter.

ROBT. P. DICK,
Chairman.

ROBERT M. SLOAN.

W. S. MOORE.

THOS. J. SHAW.

NOTE.—We deem it fitting to give the names of those who served as Elders during Dr. Smith's long pastorate. They were his intimate friends and co-workers:

William H. Cumming,	Judge Robert P. Dick,
Watson W. Wharton,	Prof. Samuel C. Smith,
Dr. D. Cummings Mebane,	Judge John A. Gilmer,
Dr. David P. Weir,	Robert M. Sloan,
Hon. Ralph Gorrell,	Dr. Robert F. Robertson,
Jesse H. Lindsay,	W. S. Moore,
John C. Wharton,	Gov. Alfred M. Scales,
Prof. Richard Sterling,	James T. Carson,
Charles G. Yates,	Lunsford Richardson,
Lyndon Swaim,	J. W. Scott,
Hon. Junius I. Scales,	Judge Thomas J. Shaw,
Judge John H. Dillard,	Hon. Alfred M. Scales, Jr.

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[Memorial by Board of Deacons, at Monthly Meeting, Dec., 1897, published in *The Greensboro Presbyterian* of Dec. 18, 1897.]

The Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church at their regular monthly meeting adopted the following resolutions on the death of their pastor, Rev. Doctor Jacob Henry Smith :

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in his all wise providence, has removed from us our beloved Senior Pastor, who has served our people so ably and faithfully for nearly forty years, now we as a Board and individually, of the many who have so much profited by his labors, desire to testify our respect for his memory and to express our tender and sincere sympathy for his sorrowing family. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death our church has suffered an irreparable loss, our Board a faithful adviser, our congregation an able and eloquent preacher, and each of us a loving pastor and friend ;

That we extend to the bereaved wife and family of our beloved pastor our most sincere and tender sympathy in this great sorrow, and pray that the

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God of the husband and father may sustain and comfort them in this sore bereavement ;

That to our pastor who mourns the loss of a loving father and faithful co-worker, we extend our sympathy and assure him of our hearty support and co-operation in the work before him ;

That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and a copy be sent to the family of our deceased pastor and be published in our church paper.

Board of Deacons :—

NEILL ELLINGTON,
WILLIAM E. BEVILL,
WILLIAM C. McLEAN,
ROBERT R. KING,
WILLIAM B. BOGART,
S. S. BROWN,
ROBERT G. GLENN,
WILLIAM E. ALLEN,
SAMUEL A. KERR,
JESSE T. ABBOTT,
EDWARD M. HENDRIX,
LEE G. WHARTON.

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[Memorial by the Woman's Missionary Society, Dec. 6, 1897,
published in *The Greensboro Presbyterian*, Jan. 29, 1898.]

The following resolutions were adopted by the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, on Dec. 6, 1897 :

Whereas, This Society now meets for the first time in thirty-nine years without a benediction either from the presence or the prayers of our Senior Pastor—that wise and tender shepherd, in whom our hearts and our mothers' hearts did safely trust—now called away from earthly love and care to behold the King in His beauty and to serve Him day and night in His temple, and

Whereas, So much of the spirit of missions as has been by God's grace vouchsafed to this people has all been given through his faithful ministry to us and to those who have gone before, while his sympathy, his loving encouragement, his pleadings at the throne of the Heavenly grace have been through all these years both joy and strength to all mission workers in his devoted church; therefore, it is resolved by this Society

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1st. That while we mourn with unspeakable sorrow the departure of our Father in Israel, honored, revered, tenderly beloved by us and ours, we would still endeavor to submit humbly (as he taught us) to the will of Him who has held and who still holds shepherd and temple, people and home in the hollow of His hand, and who has promised to all His own an eternal reunion in a shadowless land where our love shall be forever perfect and our joy forever full.

2nd. That through all our remaining days we shall be grateful to our Heavenly Father for this blessed life of service; for the radiance with which, by the Spirit's power, this dear friend illumined for us the Oracles of God; for his patient guidance from childhood to youth, from youth to middle age; for the tenderness with which he drew us away from worldliness and sin and gently guided our faltering feet in the way of life; for that sweet sympathy that entered heartily into all our joys and never once failed to bring us comfort when we stood desolate on the borders of the valley of the shadow of death.

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3rd. That as a Society, we hereby most affectionately extend our heartfelt sympathy to the members of this bereaved home in which this precious life so long exemplified every truth taught from his pulpit ; that we promise to pray earnestly for his broken-hearted sons and daughters, and especially for his helpmeet, our beloved Corresponding Secretary. For, while we realize deeply the weakness of human sympathy in this supreme hour, we know that the Holy Ghost the Comforter to whom we commit them is infinite both in tenderness and power, that the Eternal God will be their refuge, and that underneath them are the everlasting arms.

4th. That from this sad hour our lives shall be more consecrated to God's service because of our departed Shepherd's example ; that we will humbly endeavor to follow his footsteps on earth till we too are called to join him with so many of his loving flock in the Heavenly home ; and that by loyal love and prayer and service we will daily strive to uphold the hands of that devoted son, who now standing in his father's place shall break unto us the bread of life.

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5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our friends of this bereaved home, and another be spread upon the minutes of this Society.

MRS. S. L. GILMER,
MRS. F. M. HALL,
MISS ANNIE DICK,
MRS. NANNIE WEATHERLY,
Committee.

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V. REMINISCENCES.

[By Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., LL. D.]

IN October 1844 I joined the middle class of our Seminary and found in it brothers J. H. Smith, the two Humphreys (David and James), S. A. Stanfield, A. L. Hogshead, and a few others. Dr. Smith's death removes the last of these except myself. It was difficult for me to avoid envying his gifts and habits as a student. He was compact in build, with perfect vigor and health, of a cordial and joyous temperament, with methodical habits, and the greatest capacity for labor. His classmates said that he studied fourteen solid hours out of the twenty-four. Hence his preparations were uniformly perfect, and his recitations and other exercises of the first grade.

The bonds of Christian fellowship and sociability between the members of the little class were very close and warm. I have ever believed that here we

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had an advantage, both intellectual and spiritual, which students in the larger seminaries can scarcely enjoy. We helped to educate each other's heads and hearts as much as our beloved professors did, who were also in close relations with us.

I met brother Smith again when he was pastor of the Charlottesville church. The Synod met there, I think in the autumn of '57. It was memorable chiefly for the excellent spiritual condition of the church, and the revival which followed.

Of course Dr. Smith's great life-work was his pastorate in Greensboro, which lasted nearly forty years. I regard such a pastorate, sustaining a commanding influence over a populous and intelligent community, and keeping up the freshness of his instructions and so successfully enlarging the work to the end, as the greatest of ministerial exploits. It calls for far more of resource and ability than starring for a few years, however brilliantly, in a succession of prominent pulpits. Certainly few ministers succeed in doing the former. Such success represents a huge aggregate of diligent toils; yet Dr. Smith was behind few of those who devoted themselves exclusively to study and teaching.

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In theological learning he was an accurate scholar ; in the Biblical languages an accomplished exegete. He was not only a profound theologian but kept abreast with the general literature of the day.

Dr. Smith's genial temperament and cheerful humor were a charm of his society, and doubtless contributed much to sustain his health and strength under his arduous labors. Well, these are over, and few of God's people have left behind them more enviable results in good done to their fellow-men, in churches built up, and in children trained to continue the great and good work.

This death leaves me with my feet next to the very verge of Jordan, and I will soon follow.¹ May I be as ready when the cry is raised for me, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and my work as well rounded.

¹Dr. Dabney died Jan. 3, 1898, not quite a month after this writing.

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[By Rev. Paul Whitehead, D. D., Presiding Elder M. E. Church South, Richmond, Va.]

My acquaintance with Dr. Smith began in Charlottesville, Va., in 1855. Appointed to that place by the authorities of my church, I found the Presbyterian church in charge of Dr. Smith. The shadow of a recent great bereavement was upon him. He boarded at the Monticello House, just across the street from my home. We were introduced by some mutual friend, and I was at once impressed by his brotherly, cordial, unreserved manner, and the elevated Christian spirit he manifested. He preached for me in a series of services I had in May 1855, and I also heard him on other occasions and at once recognized his general ability, his learning, his fervor of spirit, his love of souls, and the evident genuineness and depth of his religious life. I was attracted toward him, also, by the general esteem in which he was held, and the commendation of him which I heard on every side.

I was invited to join a Literary-Theological Club which had been formed largely by the influence of

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Dr. John A. Broadus and Dr. Smith, and in the membership of which such men as James C. Southall, the two Davises (Eugene and Dabney), Judge Egbert R. Watson, William Dinwiddie, Hardin Massie, Frank Carr, and Mr. Latane (afterwards Bishop) were numbered. We discussed, orally, subjects such as The Inspiration of the Scriptures, The Christian Sabbath, The Personality of Satan, The Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, Temptation, The Deluge, Everlasting Punishment. In these meetings, Dr. Smith took a prominent and highly edifying part; he and Dr. Broadus and Mr. Southall were the life and glory of the exercises. The friendships then formed were life-long; and with me the strongest was that (which from that time grew in intimacy and strength) with Jacob Henry Smith.

Ere long, that is in the Spring of 1856, a circumstance fixed and confirmed our loving fellowship. His congregation determined to pull down their house of worship and rebuild on the same lot. This would necessitate their seeking some building in which they could meet until the new church should be sufficiently completed to admit of occu-

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pying its lecture-room. As they began to cast about and consider the desirableness of this or that public hall, that catholic-spirited man of God, Rev. Jacob Manning, then my Presiding Elder, suggested that we invite the Presbyterians to worship with us, in such manner as would be agreeable to them and enable them to have the free use of our church building. This was no sooner suggested than heartily acted upon and the invitation cordially and gratefully accepted. We arranged that on the morning of each Sabbath, the two congregations should worship in joint assembly, the pastor serving alternately; that in the afternoon a Presbyterian service should be held, and at night a Methodist. As a matter of fact, each pastor rarely or never attended the special service of the other, but many private members of both churches attended three services, very often. Dr. Smith having a louder voice and more animated delivery than mine, was by many styled "The Methodist Presbyterian preacher," and I "The Presbyterian Methodist." In August, the nights being short and the days very warm, it was decided to have two services only, both joint, and the preachers alternating; and this,

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thenceforward, was the order, till the end of my term, in the winter of 1856 and for several months of that of my successor Rev. J. C. (now Bishop) Granbery.

There was never the slightest jar between the pastors or the people. The choirs were mingled under the leadership of the skillful musician, Mr. James M. Deems, who had been long a choir-leader in the town and had for some time had charge of music in the Presbyterian church, the Methodists furnishing some of the best female voices. I have never heard, anywhere, better church music than I listened to in those days. It was accurate, hearty, and devout; and the spirit of the preachers and people extended to the musicians, whose harmony far exceeded the traditional concord of similar organizations.

When, in 1857, I went from Charlottesville to Lexington, the native place of Dr. Smith, where his parents and other kindred were then living, his kind mention of me to them and to his brethren of the strong Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Wm. S. White was pastor and "Stonewall" Jackson a deacon, gave me such welcome to their homes, their

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courtesies, and their brotherly notice as I had not expected, and but for him had hardly received.

During our association in Charlottesville, our personal friendship was rivetted. We were much together. Every morning we walked together in various directions in that beautiful scenery, but especially on the road to Cockrane's Mill and beyond ; and in these charming rambles, our conversation was confidential and unrestrained on all topics. We looked into each other's hearts. We "spoke often to one another" of all the gracious things we had learned of our Lord in His Word and in His Providential dealings with us. He helped me much in many ways ; for he was older, he was much better educated, and far more extensively read and informed ; he was more experienced in the things of God and in observation of human life, except in a few phases. I at least gave him all I had, whatever I could think or say that might encourage him or be suggestive or, coming from a different ecclesiastical connection, shed an unexpected light upon his thought. But he was so truly and unreservedly catholic in spirit—the Christian so deeply and constantly dominated the Presby-

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terian in his nature, so interfused were they—that he naturally cleaved in spirit to every child of God.

The memory of those pleasant days comes across my soul whenever I pass in sight of the place and especially when I tread again that well-remembered road, as a breeze from Araby the blest.

During the following forty years we met occasionally and sometimes corresponded. In 1859 he removed to Greensboro, N. C., and from 1866 to 1873 I resided in the northeastern part of the same State in charge of a school for young women at Murfreesboro, Hartford county. Twice during that time (in 1869 and 1872) he came, at my invitation, to deliver addresses to my pupils. These were admirable and profitable and greatly added to the interest of the occasions. At the first visit he preached also, giving us a specially good sermon, as I remember, on Jeremiah II, 12 and 13. Some of his illustrations of the vanity and unsatisfying nature of a life without God, even the most fortunate and apparently prosperous, were very striking. On the second visit, he gave me the volumes of John Ker's sermons ("The Day-Dawn and the Rain") published by the Carters. He

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greatly admired these discourses, as exhibiting a high order of poetical prose imbued with the truest spiritual-mindedness.

During my life in Farmville, Va. (1873-1882), he came on similar invitations and rendered similar and equally valuable service. This was near the Union Theological Seminary, at which he graduated and of which he was a Trustee. We occasionally met when he came to the annual meeting of the Board.

My first visit to his Greensboro home was in 1864 during the Civil War; and during the last few years I made several short visits to him in passing through, my last being in February 1897. His tender parting with me lingers sweetly in my thoughts. I then discerned, as I thought, that he had begun a decline from which he could not permanently rally. As I was busy at Conference in Danville, in November last, only 49 miles away, the sad tidings of his decease smote my heart.

No friendships outside my own denomination, and very few in it, have been to me like our unbroken "fellowship in the Spirit" and personal attachment to each other. Looking back over it, I recall

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nothing which, in the least degree, mars the sweetness and tenderness of the memory of it. From every scene, the half-forgotten as well as the vivid incidents, the rambles together, the talks by the quiet fireside, the association in religious work, the letters when sorrow crossed his threshold or mine—the same blessed odor as of “ointment poured forth” exhales before my spiritual perception to-day.

As a “man of God” he stands preëminently before my mind’s eye. The thorough Bible scholar, the faithful and tender Christian pastor, the fervent, powerful, impressive preacher of the Word of Life, the catholic saint loving all God’s people “with a pure heart fervently” —

“Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!”

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[By the Rt. Rev. Edward Rondthaler, D. D., Bishop of the Moravian Church, Salem, N. C.]

My first impressions of Dr. Smith were made in his study, among his books. He was then already somewhat advanced in life, but his studies were being kept up without abatement. It was an inspiration to me, as it doubtlessly has been to many another young man in the ministry, to sit with Dr. Smith in his well-known office-building to the right as you entered the grounds about his house. There you found a true and enthusiastic scholar in the midst of his books. At the time when I first visited him he was re-reading Thucydides in Greek with all the ardor of a young student. His readings were wide and appreciative. His books were well marked with his own comments and with the best criticisms gathered from other sources. This was, doubtless, part of the secret of his wonderful freshness of thought in old age. He retained his full grasp upon the treasures of a library in which ancient and modern authors were ranged side by side and were studied with equal enthusiasm.

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When I came at a later time to hear him preach, his sermon, as I remember it, was like Elijah's altar on Carmel, built up with the stones of a solid culture, but consumed with fire from on high. He was a Holy Ghost preacher, full of the force and the fervor of one who had received the unction of the Holy One. I could understand, as I first listened to him, how easy it was for him to make the transition from being a pastor to being an evangelist. It is seldom that the two gifts are united in one person, but in Dr. Smith they were eminently united. He was a preacher equally gifted in awakening sinners and in edifying saints.

It was a tender and loving heart which beat within the breast of this erudite scholar. Thus he was fitted likewise to be an eminent pastor. A large part of his busy life was spent among his people. They were bound to him with ties of strongest affection. He was, what few are, a pastor for a life-time. As far as I was able to judge, he was never thinking of the possibility of another charge, and they were never thinking of the possibility of another pastor. The eldership which

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he gathered around him was a representative body. They were fine men, in every fibre of their moral and spiritual life, showing in every way the robust Christian training which their pastor under the blessing of God had given them in the course of a long ministry. They loved him and he loved them. To be with Dr. Smith, as I have been on several communion occasions, with his elders grouped around him and his congregation gathered about them, was a sight never to be forgotten. It gave me a deep and vivid impression of a true Church of Jesus Christ.

One reason why Dr. Smith was able to preach so powerfully, and labor so vigorously even in old age, was to be found in his sympathy with young people. He was a boy among his boys, as full of life and mirth as any of them. To sit at his table, graced by the presence of his admirable wife, and circled around with his happy children, was an experience worth having. I should say that it would have been a tonic even for the most melancholy temperament. There was a joyous confidence of the one in the other; there was a fund of fresh information; there were bright sallies

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of wit, in which even the youngest at the family board would heartily join.

On one occasion when the Doctor was accompanying his boys on their annual mountain-trip, they all set up their first camp beside me in Salem. The Doctor would not hear of the offer of shelter under my roof. There was a vacant house beside my own, for the use of which he asked, and there he camped out gloriously among his boys, the master-spirit of mirth in all that merry company.

In the Alps, in a summer tour, I have seen the green mountain-bush half covered with a bank of new-fallen snow. If ever there was a human life, which such a sight might illustrate, it was the life of Dr. Smith,—with a heart, fresh, tender, loving, young, under the hoary exterior of old age.

He loved his denomination and knew how to deal champion-like blows for it, when needed ; but he loved Christ more and therefore the whole Church of Christ may well mourn, for itself, over his departure ; but rejoice, with him, in his well earned rest, as now “being absent from the body, but present with the Lord.”

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[By Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, D. D., Norfolk, Va., published in
The North Carolina Presbyterian, Dec. 23, 1897.]

This venerable and useful servant of God entered into rest, Monday morning, November 22d, 1897, in his happy home in Greensboro, N. C., with his wife and children about him. How greatly honored, how sincerely beloved, and how deeply lamented—let the spontaneous tribute of affection and esteem from the church he so long and faithfully served, from the city in which he lived, from the State and the Synod to whose highest interests he had given so many years (nearly two score) of thought, study and rich experience—indeed from the whole Southern Church, and from Christians of all churches, let this loving, unaffected, and general and generous tribute of devotion and appreciative regard bear witness. How many hearts far away beat fast for grief, how many eyes that for years had not seen the loved face and form filled with tears, when the sad news reached them, “Dr. Smith is dead!”

But what a death! It is given to few of God's saints to have had such lavish and thoughtful atten-

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tion during the weeks of expectancy, to have had the presence and devoted service of those dearest in life, and to have known such solace of human love and sympathy. How honored and how favored those, who heard the simple and sincere dying testimonies—the unabated affection for his people shown in his prayer for them—the evidence of unwavering confidence in the Saviour into whose hands he committed his spirit, so that he could say with almost his last breath :

“Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.”

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.”

And so peacefully, as one whose work is done, he lay down to rest. “So He bringeth them into their desired haven.”

Such an ideal death indeed became a life that might be also considered ideal. I trust I shall be pardoned, if in making some estimate of its vast influence and inestimable value I speak with freedom and warmth. My personal love for my

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dear friend—one to whom I would defer as to a father, and to whom I could come as to a brother beloved—and my great admiration for his varied abilities and services may color my reckoning of his character and worth, and yet I am sure that those who knew him as I did, will agree with me in the details of measurement and could add much more.

Dr. Smith was a man of great natural abilities. He possessed a mind of fine grasp and admirably disciplined—logical, acute, analytic, broad, and just. He was nice in his distinctions, accurate in his deductions, thorough in his mastery. It was not the least of his mental powers though not perhaps regarded as a part of mental power, that he had an insatiable love of learning, and was indefatigable in acquisition. He was not only a scholar but a student, and not only a student but a scholar. He was not content, if there were any department of knowledge bearing on his life-work, not to explore and study it, and to do more, to *master* it. So that in theology in all branches, in mental and moral philosophy and kindred studies, in Biblical Introduction and Criticism, in the languages of the

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Scriptures, as well as in the classic tongues, and also in the knowledge and use of the English language and literature, he was the peer of any of our professors whose life-work it is to know and teach these things. Thus it was that he was so "thoroughly furnished," and "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Indeed, Dr. Smith's conscientious diligence and intellectual industry would have rendered one of less native talent well equipped. It was a special characteristic of Dr. Smith's scholarship and attainments that he was both accurate and thorough. I remember once relating to him an incident I had heard my father tell of the scholarship of John Randolph of Roanoke, and as I faltered on a line of Virgil, not exactly certain as to the quotation, Dr. Smith instantly prompted me and referred to the book and line in the *Æneid*. When at another time I ventured at family worship a remark as to the interpretation of a word from the significance of the Hebrew, after prayers he recalled the remark and showed me from the Hebrew word which he knew without the text before him, that I had erred. I told him whence I had gotten the idea, and that I

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had not carefully studied the passage. His reply in substance was : " Dig out the ore yourself, and your gold will be worth more to you."

He never wearied in study. And he was as indefatigable in his pastoral work. He visited with great attention to method, of course answering special demands. On my frequent visits to his study, I have been amazed at his attention to detail, and the careful systematic way he regulated his work. His memorandum-books showed every visit, every religious conversation, every prayer, in his methodical pastoral visitation. The name of every child baptized, of every one whose funeral he had conducted, of every one who had united with the church, of every one for whom he had performed the marriage ceremony, the date of every service, sermon, visit or other pastoral duty performed, were all recorded with utmost exactness. At any time he could turn and find the name and the date, for example, of any one who had joined the church under his ministry.

It was my great privilege to have been with him in times of religious interest in his church. I have preached during two seasons of this

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nature. It is sweet to think of those hallowed scenes

“When heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.”

What I now wish to mention is Dr. Smith's tenderness and wisdom in dealing with inquirers. I remember with what gentleness and fatherly fidelity he would talk with timid girls and young people who would come to his study, how encouraging, how faithful! Just the right word said in the right spirit, it seemed to me.

Dr. Smith was not only a man of great native ability, wide, profound and elegant scholarship, untiring industry, wise, loving and patient as a pastor, but more than this and above all, he was a man of spiritual power. He was blessed with revival after revival in his own churches and he was much sought in protracted services and in seasons of religious interest in other churches, and his ministry was greatly honored by the Holy Spirit. He was a man of deep religious experience, with earnest convictions, and a positive creed. He had quick insight into the workings of the human heart specially under conviction. He had a most wonderful

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knowledge of the word, not as a student only but as a believer, and could make most apposite quotation and application of truth. I have often wondered at the power of his prayers after sermon, when without preaching, he would use the truth of the message so effectively. It was because "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible," and dwelt in communion with His Lord whom he lovingly served.

It was as a preacher of the truth that Dr. Smith excelled. All his powers of mind, all his rich stores of knowledge, all his spiritual gifts and graces, all his intellectual and physical ability were made to contribute to this one great end. His great work was to preach. He prepared his discourses with scrupulous care. His sentences were finished with the skill and grace of the rhetorician. He drew lavishly on his accumulations of wide and varied study. He used with exquisite art apt citations of poetry and appropriate illustrations. He took the utmost pains in all the details of preparation, writing in full his discourse. Yet the sermon, work of thought and art as it was, was in his hands but a weapon, the sword of the Spirit, which he used with masterly skill. He was one of the most



OLD CHURCH AND LECTURE ROOM.

ERECTED IN 1846.

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solemn and convincing preachers to the conscience I ever heard. While he carried the fully written manuscript into the pulpit and read every word, his speaking was unfettered and most powerful. He had a strong, rich, full voice, which he could use with magnificent effect. His articulation was admirable, his pronunciation faultless—so attentive was he to all details that contributed to this one end. He was a type and a model of a great preacher of the word.

His manner in the pulpit was most impressive. Dr. Smith was deeply moved with the preciousness and solemnity of the service of the sanctuary. His conduct of public worship was admirable and most fitting. "Let all things be done decently and in order" was a favorite guide to him. His reading of the hymn and the Scripture was luminous and impressive. His reception of members into the church, his administration of the sacraments of the church, his marriage ceremonies, his funeral services, were all so becoming, so appropriate, so beautiful, as to be always a source of comfort and instruction, and a model for the young ministers. How well Cowper describes him :

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“Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture.”

In the social and domestic circle Dr. Smith was the genial friend, the sunny-hearted companion, the affectionate husband, and the wise and loving father. The sacred precincts of the family must not be invaded in these reminiscences—but among my most fragrant recollections are those connected with the happy home from which its honored head has been removed. It was indeed a happy home and Dr. Smith was as few men are a *house-band*. How faithful to a parent's responsibility he was, may be seen in the fact that of seven children reaching maturity all are Christians, and of five sons, three are honored ministers of the word, and two are distinguished professors in collegiate institutions. Dr. Smith was always a welcome guest in every social circle. With a keen sense of humor, he was full of mirth, and enjoyed the companion-

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ship of quick-witted and cultivated friends. He was an admirable story-teller, and often kept a room bright with merriment. And even in such company, such was his store of beautiful thoughts and lines, he would let drop some delicate fancy, some exquisite gem of verse, that would be remembered after the echoes of laughter had died away.

Dr. Smith has been often and greatly honored by the Church. For more than thirty years he has been a most valued Director and Trustee of Union Theological Seminary. Repeatedly has he represented the Presbytery in the General Assembly and served as Chairman of important committees. His latest service was as Chairman of the Committee to arrange for the celebration by the General Assembly of the 250th anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster Standards—and the brilliant and successful execution of the Assembly's plan was largely due to his care and wisdom. This was an honor all the more notable because Dr. Smith was not a member of the General Assembly that nominated the Committee with himself as Chairman. It was a matter of general regret to all who attended the Charlotte Assembly and the West-

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minster Celebration, whether as commissioners or as visitors, that failing health prevented Dr. Smith from being present.

The long, industrious, honored, and useful life has drawn to a close. Thousands have been converted under his ministry. What a greeting has he received on the shining shore! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

[By Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., published in *The Central Presbyterian*, Feb. 9, 1898.]

The first time I ever saw Dr. Smith was in a large book-store in Charlotte, N. C. If I had never seen him again I should have carried with me through life the memory of that compact frame with its decided and vigorous movements, the deep, rich tones of his voice, his genial and hearty greeting of the proprietor as he asked where the latest books were kept, and the intelligent sureness and

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authority of his manner, as with shrewd and racy comments he took down and ran through with his eye one volume after another of history, philosophy, and works on general literature. Having some taste for reading myself, though then quite ignorant of the particular books he was handling, I felt drawn to a man who was evidently so much at home among books, and lingered near him to hear his remarks; though I did not venture to speak to him, being only a lad of some thirteen years and very shy. He remained only a few minutes, but quite long enough to impress me with the fact that this was no ordinary man. I wished he had stayed longer.

It was therefore with uncommon pleasure that, a few years later when I was a student at Davidson College, I saw this same man walk up the aisle of the old chapel one Sunday with his neat black sermon case under his arm and take his place reverently in the pulpit. I settled myself as comfortably as the uncompromising pews of the old building which we then used as a church would allow, confident that we were going to hear something good, but thinking more, I fear, of

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the pleasure it would give me to listen to the play of that strong and flexible voice, and of the vigor of thought and the literary finish which must characterize the sermons of such a man as I had heard talking in that book-store, than of the truth itself which he was commissioned to deliver to us as an ambassador of Christ. That did not last long, however, after he began. The voice did indeed roll in rich volume through the house, crashing almost like artillery in impassioned passages and seeming to shake the building; and the style had indeed that unmistakable flavor of good reading which results only from years of familiarity with the master minds of the race. But attention to these things soon gave place to absorbed interest in the subject itself, "Turning points in life," Luke xix, 41-42: "And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." I can still see his hand follow with thumb and forefinger the edge of the pulpit in a straight line till it reached the corner and then turn sharply at right angles to

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its former course. I can still hear the earnest tones making the application to turning points in life. Hundreds of sermons have faded from my memory. That one stands out like a great promontory on a flat and sandy shore.

That afternoon I was introduced to him at the house of one of the professors and got a view of another side of his character, as his conversation flowed like a sparkling stream, with innocent humor breaking over it ever and anon like gleams of sunlight. I remember especially his pleasant badinage with the student who acted as precentor in the choir, his compliments on the character of the music, and his playful criticism of the too full exhibition of the "machinery" or "works," referring to the conspicuous manner of beating the time. So here was a man of range. One whose religion did not gloom the brightness of life. No hesitation in speaking of religion at any time, but no cant. No hesitation about enjoying the innocent pleasures of life, but no unseemly levity.

Students of all kinds were impressed with his preaching whenever he visited a college town. By the way, when he was pastor of the church at

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Charlottesville, among other students of the University of Virginia who attended his ministry and were converted under his preaching was a youth from New York by the name of Charles A. Briggs, a boy who was destined to achieve enviable renown as a great Biblical scholar and equally unenviable notoriety as a great troubler of Israel. By an inquiry and statement which the erratic professor himself made a few years ago to Dr. Rawlings in regard to the gentleman who had preached at Charlottesville just before the war, the fact was brought to Dr. Smith's attention that he was Mr. Briggs' spiritual father.

When I became a student in the Seminary of which he had been one of the most valued directors for many years before and continued to be for many years after, I saw him every spring and from time to time heard him preach or make addresses, being always struck with the thoroughness of his preparation, the richness of his matter, and his soulful manner of speaking. It gave one a rare sense of satisfaction to see him preside over public exercises as President of the Board; everything was done with so much strength and fitness. None of the

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young men who received from his hand their diplomas can ever forget the earnest and tender words with which he sent them forth to preach the everlasting gospel.

Whenever he was on the examining committee, the classes knew that after the professor had apparently covered the ground with them, there would be a few pointed questions from that watchful gentleman who never held a Hebrew Bible upside down and never nodded during these weary exercises, questions which somehow seemed to put their real knowledge of the subject to the proof more effectually even than those of the professor himself.

Nobody who had once travelled with him from Hampden-Sidney to Keysville, the route he generally took to and from the Seminary, was ever quite willing thereafter to make the trip in any other hack than the one Dr. Smith was in. Those eighteen miles seemed short, even when the rain poured steadily from beginning to end and the wheels toiled dismally through the mud and the passengers were slammed this way and that as successive mud holes were encountered. Nothing could dash the spirits of a crowd listening to those

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irresistible stories, told as nobody else could tell them—of the man who pronounced “patriarchs” *partridges* and who, the narrator said, was *making game* of holy things; of the ignorant preacher who read “badgers’ skins” *beggars’ skins* and commented on the severity of the old dispensation as compared with the new, saying that when a poor man died now he was given decent Christian burial, but then, whenever a beggar died, *they slapped his skin on the tabernacle*; of the darkey arraigned for stealing chickens, whom the judge asked if he didn’t know that was a “reprehensible offence,” and who replied that he “thought it wuz a plank fence, sah, but he found out it wuz a bobwire, sah;” of the colored woman whose infant he baptized and who, when asked what name he was to give the child, almost paralyzed him with the grave answer—“General Beauregard!”; of the ludicrous accidents which befell him and Dr. Pharr, or Mr. Doll, when they were preaching together, such as his attempt to raise the tune of “Blow ye the trumpet, blow,” when, just as he uttered the first word “Blow,” he inadvertently stepped off the high platform and found himself pitching forward

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with long strides down the aisle towards the door to keep from falling; of the Scotchman who wished to be made an elder and when asked about his qualifications said, "No, he could not pray in public, nor make pastoral visits to the afflicted," and so on, and when pressed to name his special qualification said he could "raise an objection." The woods rang with unrestrained laughter, trustees, students, drivers all alike under the spell of his humor. Then, it might be, in a few moments, all would be moved well-nigh to tears as he related the story of the Scotch girl who applied for admission into the church, and, awed by the presence of the session, could give no clear answers to their questions, and who, as she withdrew, disappointed, found her voice at the door and said "I canna talk for Jesus, but I cou'd die for him," and was immediately recalled and received into the communion of the church.

After I became a professor in the Seminary I had the good fortune to see Dr. Smith still more frequently, especially after my marriage to a lady whom he had known well from her childhood, and whom he always continued to call by her given

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name in a fatherly and affectionate way. Our house became his customary home when the Board of Trustees was in session. He would often come early, before the Board met, and stay with us for several days, to the unqualified delight of the whole family. It was on these occasions that we saw most deeply into his heart. His prayers in the family circle, his conversation at the table, his long talks in my study, chiefly of the joys and sorrows of a pastor's life—all revealed to us the strong and tender man more clearly than we had ever seen him before. Few people outside of his own charge knew the wealth of affection in his nature. He especially loved children and they loved him. I recall the deep satisfaction with which he related the incident of his little grandson whose mother was trying to give him some idea of the blessedness of heaven, and the little fellow asked, "Is it as nice as Dan'pa's?" And, truly, there were few places this side of heaven that were "as nice as Dan'pa's." All his brethren know how signally Dr. Smith was blessed in his home life: a gentle, wise, and godly wife, fully identified with him in all his work, and a troop of exceptionally

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active and gifted boys and girls, each of whom became early in life, under the influence of that home and pulpit, an intelligent, earnest, and fruitful Christian—in nothing was God's goodness to him more manifest than in his family relations. He told me once that when one of his sons was about grown he heard him one afternoon through the open window of his study, as the youth passed through the yard towards the house, decline a companion's invitation to meet him up town that night, adding that "he did not know how the streets of Greensboro looked by lamp light till he was eighteen years old." "Yes," said the listening and pleased father to himself, "and that's the reason you are what you are to-day." If I may speak of it without indelicacy I would like to say to parents in general that one secret of Dr. Smith's phenomenal success in bringing up that remarkable family of sons and daughters was that he and Mrs. Smith made their own home the most attractive place to them in all the world. There was no temptation to go elsewhere. It was not harsh restraint. Those boys enjoyed all boyish things. They excelled in all games, they skated and hunted and

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fished, Dr. Smith himself often going with them in their tramps through the woods.

One night at commencement a distinguished and beloved member of the Board, who had seen much sorrow, sitting next to me in the Seminary chapel before the exercises began, called my attention to Dr. Smith's beaming face as he sat on the opposite side of the room, commented upon his age and his remarkable vigor and elasticity, said he had had a busy, fruitful, and happy life, and spoke especially of the happiness he had had in his children, adding with a half sigh that he supposed no one of them had ever given his father a moment's uneasiness.

I have often heard another thoughtful minister of our Church say that he would rather have Dr. Smith's life work behind him than that of any man he had ever known. And where indeed could our young ministers find a man more worthy of their imitation? His diligence as a student kept his preaching fresh and rich to the very end—and by the way he preached to a larger number of thoughtful and eminent public men than any pastor that has ever lived in North Carolina, his church

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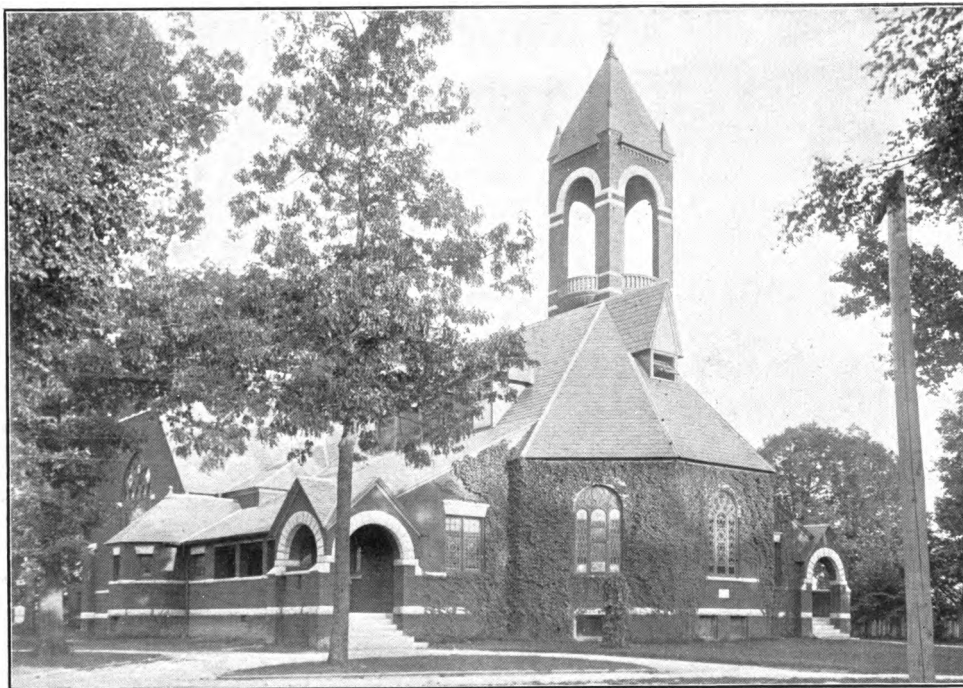
being for years the State's chief nursery of pure and learned lawyers, judges, and governors; his warm and tender sympathy with suffering made him an angel of God to the afflicted, his own deep experience of divine grace—his own deep knowledge of the preciousness of Christ—teaching him what to say for their comfort and making him a veritable Barnabas to the bereaved, the sick, and the dying; his firm grasp of the great doctrines of our Church, his intelligent conception of her mission to the world, his own experience as teacher, all combined to make him an invaluable presbyter and an invaluable counsellor on the boards of our great institution. Yes, it is certain that he has a great work behind him. It is not less certain that he has a still greater work before him.

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[By Rev. James M. Rawlings, D. D., Charlottesville, Va., published in the *The Central Presbyterian*, Nov. 31, 1897.]

As memory dwells lovingly upon the recollections of this good and useful man who died last week, it is stimulating and helpful to consider his intense enjoyment of life. More than any other person I have known he rejoiced in the sweetness and light of the Christian life, and escaped life's bitterness and gloom. Two characteristics probably contributed to this: First, his unusual industry; second, his loving spirit.

Aristotle, in his celebrated treatise upon happiness, argues that happiness consists in "virtuous energies"; that is, that the greatest enjoyment possible for man is to be attained in using his powers of mind and body for good and noble ends. Dr. Smith's whole life was full of "virtuous energy." A busy, methodical pastor, he surpassed others in ministering to the sick and sorrowful, and at the same time maintained a scholarship as full and accurate as that displayed by most of our seminary professors. His sermons were always carefully



NEW CHURCH.

ERECTED IN 1890.

REMINISCENCES.

and well prepared, and his pastoral work was never neglected. And this work did not seem a burden: he rejoiced in it "as a strong man to run a race."

Second, his heart was so full of love that intercourse with his friends and church members gave him great delight. No jealousies or resentments embittered the sweetness of his intercourse; but with sweet, strong charity, he found constant refreshment in the fellowship of the saints.

"O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call.
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all."

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[By Rev. E. H. Harding, D. D., Farmville, Va., published in *The North Carolina Presbyterian*, Dec. 30, 1897.]

Dr. Smith's scholarship and preaching were alike vigorous. Who can estimate the good his fine preaching has accomplished! Sunday after Sunday, what an amount of religious truth, enriched by a large culture and reading, and urged upon his hearers by an earnest, fervent declamation, was poured out in a rich, full-flowing stream from his pulpit! He not only sowed seed which in years to come will bring forth fruit, but reaped largely of his own sowing.

He made all his study and reading flow through his sermons. This kept him fresh and thoughtful. There was no letting down in his work; the average was always high. His people were instructed, built up, developed. No man was more at home in the pulpit; he belonged there; it was his natural sphere, his throne, and he reigned there as one born to the purple. "Let us now," says the author of Ecclesiasticus, "praise famous men. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them. Lead-

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ers of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, they were eloquent in their instructions. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom and the congregation alive will show forth their praise."—Amen and amen.

[By Rev. J. N. H. Summerell, Anderson Presbyterian Church, Anderson, S. C.]

Dr. Smith was more nearly a universal pastor than any man I ever knew. Whenever called upon, he exhibited wonderful tact in soothing injured feelings, in adjusting congregational disputes, and in removing any differences that might discount the influence of Christian faith in the individual life. Whenever he was in my field, I felt that for that length of time the best pastor in North Carolina was at work in every home that he entered. When he was appointed on Presbyterian Commissions to visit churches whose usefulness was crippled by dissensions, both parties soon

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felt instinctively that, though his loyalty to truth was uncompromising, yet his singleness of purpose and devout faith in God made him equally their friend.

With all the many choice gifts of this servant of God,—his intellectual vigor, his happy illustrative power, his spiritual insight, his fervent piety,—he was so bright and warmhearted, so interested in the innocent fun and in the sports of the youth of his congregation, that it is not surprising that his church and his own family should have been such a recruiting ground for the ministry. And so his works do follow him.

Though on earth I shall never see him more, nor hear his voice in prayer, God grant that in the future as in the past his name and memory may be to me a consecration.

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[By Rev. H. T. Darnall, D. D., Albany, Ga., published in
The Central Presbyterian, Jan. 5, 1898.]

In the death of this eminent minister of God, the church at large, and especially the church in North Carolina, has sustained a loss that is difficult to estimate. Dr. Smith was one of the strong men of the Church. With his broad culture, his full and accurate information and ripe scholarship, he was an exceedingly clear expounder of the truth, and with a heart always aglow with the fervor of the deepest piety, he loved to preach that truth and did it with wondrous power. For nearly forty years he ministered to the Greensboro church and during that long and laborious pastorate, it has been through his wise administration a progressive, united, and harmonious church, eminently free from the divisions and discords that are common even in some of the best and strongest congregations. Identified thus with a noble people, his church wielding a mighty influence in the community, it is hard even to think of Greensboro church and Dr. Smith no longer its pastor.

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But it was not only as an able preacher that Dr. Smith excelled. He was at the same time one of the best of pastors, a man of the very finest sensibilities, full of the tenderest sympathy; he was a wise counsellor, a loving comforter in times of affliction, a tender and safe guide to inquiring and anxious souls, making the way of life plain and clear, and in all his intercourse with men manifesting a spirit free from guile, full of cheerfulness, dignified without being stern, gentle, affable, bright, humorous, warm-hearted, a man you were always glad to meet, one to whom you were at once drawn and in whom you felt at once that you could confide. No pastor and people could have enjoyed closer or tenderer relations. His personal example and consistent life, his high standard of duty, his faithful care and love for his people, his great prudence and wisdom in the management of difficult and delicate cases arising in his ministry, and then his earnest gospel preaching, so free from all sensationalism,—all combined to win the love and respect of his people and the admiration of the community.

Nor was he less beloved and respected by his brethren in the ministry. In all the courts of the

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church he was felt to be a wise and safe presbyter, full of earnestness, far-seeing in counsel, courteous in debate, and animated with an ardent desire for the growth of the church in all her bounds.

It gives the writer peculiar pleasure to render this tribute to the memory of one who so richly deserved it ; especially is this true when he and several members of his own and his father's families, including the father himself, were brought into the church through Dr. Smith's earnest preaching. When only a youth and while Dr. Smith was still the pastor of the church at Charlottesville, Virginia, the writer, two sisters, and a brother were among those who at a meeting in Waynesborough, Virginia, were united to the church, then under the care of the lamented Dr. W. T. Richardson ; and in the year following, when called back again, Dr. Smith conducted a meeting lasting through several weeks and resulting in the conversion of about seventy souls, among whom were other members of the writer's family. Intimately associated with him for many years in the same Presbytery, it was his privilege to be engaged with this devoted man of God in a number of blessed meetings, both in the

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writer's church and in the church of Greensboro. This intimacy served to reveal to him the rare combination of gifts that rendered Dr. Smith such a power and won for him a deep and lasting love. With an unshaken faith and beautiful calmness he laid down the toils of life assured of the glorious reward that awaited him on high. Deeply, painfully will he be missed here on earth in the church he loved and so faithfully served, and in the bosom of his honored and loving family where he was ever the source and spring of happiness as a husband and a father. Many indeed are they who in the great day will rise up and call him blessed.

"He saw no messenger of gloom
In him whom we call Death, nor met his doom
As prisoner his sentence; but naturally, as bud unfolds to
flower,
As child to man, as man to angel—
He recognized in Death the glad evangel,
Leading to higher scenes of life and power."

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By Rev. Peyton H. Hoge, D. D., Wilmington, N. C., published in *The Christian Observer*, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 22, 1897.]

With the death of Dr. Jacob Henry Smith there passes off the stage one of the most interesting personalities of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, and one of the most useful, honored, and beloved ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church. He was the oldest minister in active service in this Synod, having completed the seventy-seventh year of his life and the fiftieth of his ministry. Yet long before he was the oldest, he was perhaps the most venerated.

In many individual particulars Dr. Smith was a prince among his brethren, but his eminence was more largely due to the beautiful balance and symmetrical development of his whole nature. His genial humor and sunny temper made him the life of any company in which he was present. His quick sympathies drew to him the hearts of all who came in contact with him. The warm glow of his faith was reflected on those round about him. His loyalty to truth and duty strengthened his

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fellows to wait for his counsel and defer to his advice. His clear intellect penetrated the heart of a subject and illuminated the truth to other minds. All these qualities, matured by careful and liberal culture, adorned by wide and accurate scholarship, and sanctified by the unction from the Holy One, made him a preacher of great power for winning souls and building up and comforting the people of God—one whom a scholar could listen to with delight, and whom the common people heard gladly.

His greatest work has been that of building up from small beginnings into one of the largest and most influential churches in the Synod, the First Presbyterian church, Greensboro, of which he was pastor for thirty-eight years. Not the least of the fruits of that ministry has been the large number of young men who have entered the Gospel ministry under his pastorate—notable among whom are his two sons, Rev. Drs. Samuel M. Smith, of the First church, Columbia, S. C., and Egbert W. Smith, his co-pastor in Greensboro. Another son is just entering the ministry, while two others are professors, Dr. Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson Col-

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lege, and Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Louisiana.

Of almost equal importance has been Dr. Smith's work as a presbyter—in Synod and Presbytery, on the Boards of Davidson College and Union Seminary, and from time to time in the General Assembly. The last work that brought him before the whole Church was his service as chairman of the Committee to prepare the program for the Westminster Assembly, a work which was crowned with such brilliant success, and by which he earned the lasting gratitude of the Church. In all the counsels of these bodies he showed himself wisely conservative and wisely progressive, never embracing a thing because it was new, but never rejecting a good thing because it was new. He had the wisdom of age, but his heart was always young, and his face was toward the future.

It was still toward the future when the writer saw him in his last illness, a few weeks before his death, but the future was not of earth. He was looking with undimmed eye for the dawn of the eternal morning.

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[By Rev. Wm. P. McCorkle, Graham, N. C., being remarks made at Memorial Service held by Orange Presbytery, April 13, 1898.]

Moderator, I have no wish to speak before others in this Presbytery, whose privilege it was to have known Dr. Smith longer than I knew him; but there are some facts which drew me toward him from the first, and which,—in connection with my memories of an intercourse which was most delightful, helpful, and inspiring, from the time when, as a young minister, it was my good fortune under Providence to make his acquaintance, until, after fatal disease had laid its hand upon him I was permitted to bid him our last good-bye,—impel me to lay one flower of affection upon his tomb. Dr. Smith was a boy in Lexington, Virginia, when my father was a young man. I had often heard my father speak of Dr. Smith's father, and of his gifted son. And so, when it was my privilege to meet him on the cars now twenty years ago, I thought of this passage: Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not. The fact that he had known my

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father, and that my father had known him, created a feeling as of kinship. And his bearing toward me, although my associations at that time were very different from his, was so cordial and so sympathetic, that from that hour to the hour of his death he bound me to him as with hooks of steel.

Years afterward, when I came into this Presbytery, it was he who examined me, and his welcome was most fatherly and cordial. It was he who was to have installed me in my first charge in the church of my fathers. It was he who installed me in my present charge. I loved, honored, and revered him. He was several times my guest. His visits were esteemed by my wife and myself as rare blessings. During all the years of my ministry I never had a guest under my roof whose presence was more delightful, and whose departure left behind memories more precious. His fire-side talk was charming. Brother Craig has spoken of his apt anecdote and his fund of humor. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to his anecdotes so full of contagious merriment, to his swift and witty repartee, to his recital of interesting and amusing reminiscence; but these things were but

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eddies in the current of the Godward flow of a devoted, pure, and mighty spirit. Again and again did he change the direction of our talk, and with brimming eyes remind us of the grace of our blessed Lord. Now it was an account of a remarkable conversion; anon it was the story of some great triumph of the gospel in seasons of revival, which he had witnessed: and once more it was some thought upon which he had been feasting his own soul: and so he ever fed us with the bread of life. His mind was richly stored with treasures, and he knew how, with happy art, to pour them out for our instruction and delight. Few men were as happy as he in his quotation of stirring and beautiful poems: few so filled with varied wisdom, gathered from classic and from modern sources and from so many tongues. And all his wealth of learning was ever lying, like the gifts of the wise men, at the feet of the Saviour. He had gathered it while he waited at the cross, and he used it but to bring others thither and hold them there.

Dr. Smith was a great preacher. His sermons were, in excellence of style, in pith and point, in

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wealth of illustration, in spiritual unction and evangelical power, worthy of a place among those of the foremost preachers of his generation. And in one particular he excelled—a particular in which it would be well for us every one and well for the church if we would emulate his example. His preaching was not only evangelical, but distinctively evangelistic. He preached the gospel, bringing to bear upon his congregation every gospel fact and gospel principle and gospel motive and always with immediate purpose to convert sinners, and with full faith in God's blessing upon his message. And his ministry was, for this reason preëminently, so rarely and so wonderfully fruitful. It was my very great privilege to have his aid in one never-to-be-forgotten series of services. The recollections of his impassioned appeals to the unconverted, his admirably clear and convincing scriptural argument, his overwhelming presentation of motives to repentance and to holiness, and his fervent petitions at a Throne of Grace, are blessing me still. He left behind him a blessing in the heart of the pastor whom he had helped, great as that left in any heart in the community.

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I sought his counsel sometimes, and he gave it unhesitatingly. Candid, and yet gentle and sympathetic to utmost tenderness, always appreciative of others, he loved his brethren and he loved his people. And we could not help loving him: the measure meted by him was but meted to him in return. In all these years—and I would to God that even so much as a shred of his mantle could fall on me—I do not remember ever to have heard him utter one word in criticism of the character, or one word reflecting on the usefulness, of any brother minister. I do not remember ever to have heard him utter one word that would not bear repetition on the floor of this Presbytery and in the presence of this Christian congregation. His conversation was with salt, seasoned with grace.

When he was buried, it was my coveted privilege to be at his burial. Having suffered a similar loss, I felt that I could enter into the feelings of his sons, brethren whom I love and honor. When my father died, Cowper's words had come home to me with a power they had never possessed before:

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“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth :
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

As I stood with them by his grave, I was able to enter alike into the fellowship of their grief and the fellowship of their comfort. Faith's vision made real to me the glory of those two crowned saints, meeting in the heavenly communion of the redeemed, and experiencing the joy of that Saviour in whom they had believed, and whose blessed gospel of grace they had so delighted to preach. We can preach with more power, when we think of fathers gone to their reward. Being dead they yet speak to us most eloquently from their graves.

Dr. Smith's life and his triumphant death were alike beautiful. As I looked upon his features in the majestic repose of his last sleep, it seemed to me that he was indeed as one who had but “ wrapped the drapery of his couch about him, and lain down to pleasant dreams.” Death, in his case, had shown himself an artist ; and touching the features of the aged saint, had, while freezing them into marble with his icy hand, smoothed out every

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line of care and of suffering, and given to the patriarch of more than three score years and ten the smooth features of youthful, manly beauty. The signet of divine peace was upon his brow, and his lips, closed in placid slumber, were yet expressive of a joy divine, as if, like Moses, his had been the blessing to receive the kiss of his God in the moment of his death. To my last hour I shall thank God that it was my privilege to have known Jacob Henry Smith.

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