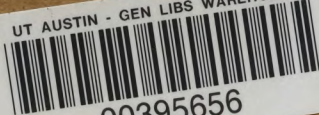


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COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE,
CHARACTER AND LABORS

OF THE

REV. THOS. SMYTH, D. D.

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

DECEMBER 14th, 1873,

BY THE

REV. G. R. BRACKETT, PASTOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR CROWNED.

A DISCOURSE

Commemorative of the Life, Character and Labors

OF THE

REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

DELIVERED IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 14th, 1873,

BY THE

REV. G. R. BRACKETT, PASTOR.

2 Tim. 4: 17. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

"I do not fear to affirm," says Cousin, "that the two pursuits which most promote the development of great individualities, are war and philosophy. * * * Nowhere do the masses identify themselves more visibly with great men than on the field of battle; but if the identification is more brilliant in the great captain, it is more intimate and profound in the great philosopher." We are assembled to-night, dear friends, to contemplate the character and life of a Christian warrior, and a Christian philosopher. Great in action and great in thought, he fought bravely and successfully the "good fight of faith;" and, in the solitude of the closet, ceased not, day and night, to gather the precious seed, and sow the golden harvest of philosophic wisdom.

The name of Dr. Smyth belongs as much to history as to biography ; as much to posterity as to the generation he so valiantly and faithfully served. He so identified himself with the age in which he lived, he sympathized so heartily and so profoundly with the cause of truth in every department, and the cause of humanity in every aspect, that justice to his memory would require us to ascend above the level plain of his daily life, above the lower summits of his ordinary ministry, to some historical height, overlooking the world-wide sphere of his influence. My brief and limited acquaintance with the private character; the protracted ministry, and published writings of your late greatly beloved and venerated pastor, oppresses me with a profound sense of my inability to do ample justice to his character and labors, and present you with a worthy memorial. To reproduce the lineaments of youth, and the countenance and form of manhood from the wreck of disease and the infirmities of age, is a rare attainment of art. It is still a cherished hope that some master-hand may be found to fill up this dim and defective outline, and present the world with a complete and satisfactory portraiture of this remarkable man.

If, in sketching the more prominent features of his mental and moral character, the ardent love of the artist should seem to supply the lack of details by too great brilliancy of coloring, no apology will be required by those who enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the original, in his prime. We are disturbed by no fears that even the partialities of friendship will betray our pencil into an exaggerated representation of those virtues and deeds which the "finger of truth has already drawn upon your hearts."

We may do more honor to the memory of a great and good man, by glorifying the Master who so royally endowed him with the gifts of nature and of grace, than by burning idolatrous incense at the shrine of human merit.

The Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., was born in Belfast, Ireland, on the 14th of June, 1808, of English and Scotch parentage. He was reared upon Irish soil in an eventful period of her history. A philosophic mind might trace with interest and profit the influences of four nationalities in the formation of character, and show how the roots that drew their original life from the blood of two races, germinated and grew in the soil and climate of a third, and in the free, bracing atmosphere of a fourth, expanded into summer bloom, and autumnal ripeness. And how this interest would increase at every step, as the analyst discovered that he was tracing the history of a life that absorbed every element of nourishment from every soil and clime into its own intellectual and moral character.

His mother is described as a woman of superior intelligence and attainments, of deep and earnest piety, whose highest aspiration was to train her children in the fear and love of God. He ever cherished her memory with filial tenderness, and always mentioned her name with the utmost reverence. Alluding to her maternal kindness and care for him during the critical season of his youth, he wrote in his private journal as follows: "Most blessed mother, could my thanks now reach thee, in thy bright throne above, I should here, amid these falling tears, pour forth the grateful acknowledgments of thy long cherished son. I love to think of thee, my mother, of thy illimitable, inexhaustible love."

The youngest of six sons, he was of so frail a constitution, that no one expected him to live beyond the period of childhood. But he was a "chosen vessel." Consecrated from his birth to the Gospel ministry, his pious mother committed her treasure to a covenant-keeping God. Her strong faith and earnest prayers were interwoven with that sovereign and gracious Providence, that marvellously preserved him, notwithstanding the continuance of his delicate health, and girded him for his extraordinary mission.

His excessive fondness for books was early developed. When his youthful companions were enjoying the diverting sports of boyhood, he might have been found, in his favorite cloister, embosomed in the dense foliage of a tree poring over the pages of a juvenile book, and often "shedding his sympathetic tears over DeFoe's inimitable story." Robinson Crusoe, he remarked, was to his credulous youth, a true history, and, in later life, he loved to speak of it as one of his classics. The influence of fairy tales and ghost stories upon his imagination was so "deep and ineffaceable, that neither philosophy nor religion could wholly eradicate it."

It is interesting and instructive to observe how those whom God elects to be leaders and champions in His cause, are trained in the school of adversity, and called to bear the yoke of discipline in their youth. At the early age of seventeen, the young and enthusiastic student was interrupted in his studies by one of those great commercial disasters which sweep away the fortunes of the most wealthy in a day, and which reduced his father from the easy and independent circumstances of affluence to comparative poverty. Feeling that he was now thrown upon his

own resources, and also called to aid his parents in bearing the burden of their misfortunes, he resolved to accept a profitable business offer, and exchange the academy for the counting house. But with a strength of will and firmness of purpose equal to her Christian faith and hope, his heroic mother determined that the fond expectations she had planted in so promising a soil, should not be suddenly blighted by the untimely frosts of misfortune. She would labor with her own hands and her noble boy should pursue his studies.

He, accordingly, entered the Institute at Belfast, which was then connected with what is now the Queen's College, as a preparatory or High School. His academical career was bright with glowing prophecies of his future eminence. The love of books was the strongest passion of his nature, and the acquisition of knowledge his highest ambition. It is not surprising that, with a mind so early trained by habits of close and protracted application, and so richly nourished by various and extensive reading, he should have been prominent among his fellow-students, and borne off a prize at every examination.

In reviewing his early, youthful experience, he remarked: "This period of life is regarded generally happy. I am persuaded that it is only so comparatively; and, when viewed retrospectively, my experience testifies that it is a troubled dream, a mingled scene of joy and sorrow, of hopes and fears, of delights and disconsolations, of boisterous mirth and gloomy sadness. Youth, to me, was a wild and feverish romance. It was the poetry of life, only because it was full of the most tragic incidents, and convulsed by tempestuous and whirlwind passions."

So intense was his love of study at this period, that he looked forward to every academical term with sorrowful regret. Vacation was a dreary interval, during which he was to be deprived of his favorite pursuit, which constituted for him the chief charm and privilege of existence. Speaking of his vacation days, he said : " I lingered behind the racing throng hurrying homeward, as if fearful of losing a moment of the precious season. I have felt a most unaccountable sickness, of a most painful kind, and I have walked along, as in sadness, even when carrying an armful of prizes."

In 1827, at the age of nineteen, he became a student at Belfast College. Exhibiting here the same avarice of knowledge, and the same indefatigable industry in his preparations for the class-room, he maintained his relative position, as *primus inter pares*; and, winning prizes in every branch of study, his superior scholarship was acknowledged by his entire class, of nearly a hundred students, who, by their unanimous suffrage, awarded to him the highest prize.

It was within these classic walls that, under the private instructions the famous tragedian, Sheridan Knowles, he began to develop those powers of elocution, which afterward gave him a place among the princes of pulpit oratory.

During his senior year, his religious impression, which had been early developed and always lively, were, by the effectual grace of God, ripened into deep, settled convictions. Knowing his strong self-will and independent spirit, we are prepared for the statement that he did not find peace in believing until after a long and bitter struggle with his carnal nature.

The exercises which the soul undergoes in this great spiritual change, undoubtedly exert a decided influence over the subsequent life. The conversion of young Smyth seemed to have been ordered with reference to the sphere of eminent usefulness for which the Providence of God was training him. Through darkness, doubt, and conflict, he emerges into the serene light of the Gospel, with decided, unequivocal views of truth, prepared, as a good soldier, to follow his leader with no hesitating or faltering step.

He was twenty-one years of age when he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. He became at once an active, zealous member of the Church, and an earnest Sabbath-school teacher.

It was in a Sabbath-school that he made his first public prayer. His father was an Elder for many years in the Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Samuel Hanna, (father of Dr. Wm. Hanna,) was pastor. "The Presbyterian Church, at this time," he writes, "was sadly degenerated, both in doctrine and discipline, and the erection of an independent church on principles of Evangelical purity, was received with favor. In this church I was brought up."

He was now prepared and graciously inclined to fulfil the desire cherished from childhood and devote himself, with all his talents and acquisitions to the sacred calling to which his pious mother had consecrated him. He prosecuted his theological studies at Highbury College, in London. Here, to quote his own emphatic language, his "appetite for books became rapacious," to procure which he would undergo the most painful self-denials, sacrificing his comfort, in the severest inclemency of winter, bartering his very food and fuel for his coveted treasures.

In addition to his theological studies, he attended a course of scientific lectures in London, "read the higher classics, and roamed at will through the tomes of learned antiquity." But his feeble constitution began to relax under the constant, unrelenting strain of exhausting study. He believed that he was sinking into a rapid decline. He afterward wrote, however, that it was probably "no more than the exhaustion resulting to a feeble constitution from excessive habits of intense study, and an enthusiastic vehemence and endeavor, which sought to read everything, study everything, and accomplish at all hazards, what I determined to undertake."

All the bright hopes he had cherished of entering the Gospel ministry seemed suddenly to wither, with all their summer bloom, in the wintry atmosphere of disappointment. At this painful crisis his parents were preparing to remove to America, where the most of their children were already settled. Compelled to relinquish his studies he was the more readily persuaded to quit his native land, and follow the guiding hand of Providence, across the seas, to the shores of the New World. This was his second lesson of discipline in the school of adversity. The shadow of the cross fell darkly upon him as he bowed his lofty, ambitious spirit, under this crushing trial, and calmly submitted to the sovereign will of the Father.

He embarked with his parents for New York in August, 1830. Immediately upon his arrival he joined his eldest brother in Patterson, N. J.

He connected himself with the Presbyterian Church of which Dr. Fisher was Pastor, and by whom he was introduced to the Newark Presbytery. Being

taken under their care as a candidate for the ministry, he was sent by them to Princeton Seminary. He entered the senior class, and before graduating received an invitation to the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C. This Church having applied to Princeton for a young man to supply their vacant pulpit, the letter was placed in the hands of Mr. Smyth, and with the advice of and earnest solicitation of his Professors, Dr. Archibald Alexander and Dr. Miller, the invitation was accepted, and in November, 1831, he entered upon his ministerial labors in Charleston, S. C.

During his seminary year at Princeton, he supplied, for about two months the pulpit of Dr. Phillips, of New York, whose church building was then located on Wall Street, now a part of Jersey City. With this exception, we may say that the long and useful ministry of Dr. Smyth began and ended with the favored people of the Second Presbyterian Church of Charleston.

Preaching with great acceptance for six months, he received a formal call to become your Pastor, which he gave the preference over several other calls from important fields. To use his own words: "I came here a perfect stranger, my only introduction being a letter from my Professors to the President of the Church Corporation, certifying that I was the individual recommended by them." In one of his anniversary sermons, he says: "It was in April, 1832, that we first became acquainted as minister and people. Very wonderful were the leadings of Providence, by which I was brought to this country, and to this part of it, and by which you were led to extend to me an invitation to supply your pulpit, for a year. In August, 1832, you presented to me a permanent call to the pastoral charge of this church. This, in pursu-

ance of a long-established conviction that to the happiness of such a connection, intimate acquaintance with each other is required, I long retained, and left open to any change in your views. Having rendered this building everything I could desire, and proportioned it to my feebleness of body. I cordially accepted your unanimous call, and was installed by the Charleston Union Presbytery, on Sabbath evening, December 29th, 1834."

In 1832, he was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. James Adger, of Charleston, S. C. By this union he had nine children, six of whom—three sons and three daughters—survive him. The bonds of this happy alliance were sundered after a lapse of forty years, by his decease; but not until after he had enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing his whole family bound together by those higher and holier ties that can never be broken, of seeing all his children consecrating themselves to Christ, under his own ministry, and becoming active and useful members of his own church, two of the eldest sons occupying official positions—the one, a ruling elder; the other, a deacon.

We interrupt our narrative, at this point, as the thread of biography is so interwoven with his public life, that to consider each separately would do violence to both, and involve needless repetition.

As the ministry was his chosen vocation, to which his life and talents were supremely devoted, it will be proper, in analyzing his powers, and estimating his influence upon the generation he served, to contemplate him, in the first place, as an ambassador of Christ, in his *ministerial* and *pastoral* labors.

Dr. Smyth was in an eminent degree furnished by nature and mental training, with those qualities which

render the ministry brilliant and successful. His erect attitude, lofty carriage, and dignified bearing, imparted to his person a prepossessing appearance, which at once attracted and challenged attention, and made the impression upon his audience, that they were in the presence of a princely orator, in whom intelligence, manliness, self-reliance and courage, were already foreshadowing the surpassing eloquence that was about to flow from his lips. To borrow the elegant language of one who knew him thoroughly: "Nature designed him to be an orator, and endowed him splendidly for that office. But 'coveting earnestly,' what appeared to him, 'the best gift,' he always seemed to aspire to speak to future generations, rather than to the present; preferring to the triumphs of an almost matchless eloquence, the toils and pains of authorship." Though trained in the highest school of eloquence, his oratory was not of a professional or mechanical type. He had learned to modulate his tones to suit every variation of feeling, but without the stiffness and formality, which so often attend a carefully cultivated articulation. This dry precision was, indeed, impossible to one of such fervid imagination and genial sympathies.

Dr. Smyth was gifted with a vigorous and brilliant imagination, a quick, poetic sensibility. An ardent admirer, and a devoted lover of nature, he had a keen perception of the beautiful, the grand, the picturesque, in all her varying aspects. It has excited our wonder, that he should have found so much in our tame and monotonous scenery to feed and delight his imagination. But, like the Poet of Rydal Mount, he was

" A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and all that we behold

From the green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive : well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul
Of all his moral being."

During his vacations, which were usually spent amid the picturesque scenery of Virginia, he almost lived in communion with nature; finding companionship in every flower and tree, wind and wave, cloud and living creature, when cut off from the society of man.

He was accustomed, in his recreations from study, to spend some portion of every day in rural meditation, in the suburbs of Charleston; and, sometimes, for hours, at night, he sat beneath the quiet stars, looking out upon the moonlit sea, and listening to its solemn roar. Thus, every object of nature became to him a bosom friend, "social and benevolent," keeping him pleasant company in his solitary hours, and befriending him in his afflictions, when no human heart could enter the sanctuary of his grief; "finding too

Like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His maker there to teach his listening heart."

His capacious memory thus became a gallery of natural imagery, drawn from the various climes he had visited, and from the poets of nature with whom he daily communed. From this inexhaustible storehouse he fed his exuberant imagination, and adorned his sermons with its riches and magnificence. His style could not be described as ornate or florid. Nothing was added for the sake of rhetorical embellishment, or

to round a period. But such was his marvellous affluence of diction, his thesaurus of language, and overflowing fulness of ideas, that when the fountains of the great deep of his soul were broken up, and the windows of his mind, like the bursting cisterns of the skies, were opened, his thoughts poured forth like a deluge. The sequacious waves followed one another with a tumultuous rush and unabating flow, that must have oppressed and fatigued the hearer, but for the illuminating splendor of his ever-radiant imagination.

In 1845 he attended the Synod of Indiana, and was invited to preach. "His audience," says a journalist, "were so struck with his profound reasoning, his fervor and energy, his entire freedom from ostentation, and his evident sincerity, that their demonstration of respect and regard were enthusiastic. His co-laborers testified their high gratification by purchasing a large number of his works, and requesting him to publish his sermons." His discourse on the Lord's Supper "was pronounced, by the clergy present, to be the ablest exposition of the text, in point of argument and learning, as one of the most powerful efforts they had ever heard from the pulpit."

Dr. Smyth entered upon his work with a lofty ideal of ministerial excellence, laying down carefully prepared rules for his guidance, and frequently reviewing them with a searching self-examination. He considered it his "great business to be a good and faithful preacher, and his most necessary duty, to fit himself for this work, to be a systematic, persevering student." He projected for himself, at the outset, a regular progressive course of reading; and that the cultivation of the imagination might keep pace with his intellectual development, he always had on his table some stan-

ard book of poetry, and endeavored to cultivate a taste for general literature. To keep himself from "solicitude and possible disappointment; to gain a self-command and independence equal to any emergency," he kept on hand a stock of prepared sermons and skeletons. Hence he was never embarrassed when called upon suddenly and unexpectedly. This habit, explains too, in part, the wonderful fertility of his ideas, the copiousness and fluency of his language, and his cool self-possession. It could hardly be said of him that he ever spoke without premeditation; for upon what subject did he not profoundly meditate, with the aid of the best authors, and with a marvellously retentive memory, that was a magazine of knowledge, always full, always fresh, and always at his command. His extemporaneous addresses often exhibited the fulness of matter and excellence of style which characterized his most careful preparations.

During the greater part of his ministry, his sermons were elaborately composed, and preached from the written manuscript. This greatly interfered with his natural flow of eloquence, and robbed his pulpit of much of that efficiency which comes from the unction of extemporaneous delivery. But he regarded the sacrifice as essential to carry out his ideal of pulpit instruction. "It is easier," he said, "to talk and visit and hunt for popularity, than to dig deep in the mine of a thorough and careful research, and thus to bring "beaten oil" into the sanctuary, by which our profiting may, ultimately, if not immediately, appear to all."

It was one of his rules, that he would aim to indoc-trinate his people by regular courses of sermons, expounding the whole evangelical system, and "con-

firming them in their attachment to the faith and order of their own church."

Dr. Smyth was a thorough going preacher of the old school. The gospel trumpet in his mouth, uttered no uncertain sound. The cup of salvation in his hands, was not corrupted by the "wine of Sodom," and the "grapes of Gomorrah." The basis of all his preaching was a sound theology of a thoroughly Calvinistic type. He was a deep student of divinity, and drank to the bottom of the original fountains. Augustine, Turretine, Calvin, Howe, Owen, Chamock and Edwards, were the giants in whose company he "wrestled against the principalities and power" of error, until he grew muscular in the strife. He bravely resisted the clamor for popular effusions, and sensational preaching. He dared to "declare the whole counsel of God," in precise, categorical, dogmatic statement, in profound doctrinal discussion, and in the systematic elucidation of every article of the Christian faith. Dr. Smyth was a standard-bearer. He was not ashamed of his confession of faith and church catechism, or of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. He labored earnestly to make his people familiar with those distinctive doctrines, which during the ages of theological controversy, and the fires of persecution, crystalized into the grand, clear, concise formulas which seemed to him to embody the whole "truth as it is in Jesus," so far as human generalization grasp a supernatural revelation in its imperfect deductions, and which seemed to be settled for all time. No one ever toiled more faithfully and untiringly to transmit this precious inheritance to coming generation.

He believed that the most rational and effective

method of preserving sound doctrine, was "by bringing himself and his people to relish the true and ancient scriptural and most profitable custom of *expository* preaching." His memoranda of texts and subjects shows how fully he carried out this method, in expounding all the parables and miracles ; the life, person, and work of Christ; all the Psalms, and most of the Epistles, particularly the Epistle to the Romans. In commendation of this mode of preaching, he said : " From all that I have been able to learn, it would be the general testimony of my people, that there has been more interest, profit and satisfaction, in my expository discourses, which I delivered extemporaneously, from the use only of a skeleton, than in my written discourses, upon which I expended all my energies."

We should mention, in this connection, as one of Dr. Smyth's distinguishing characteristics, that he was a *controversial* preacher. He was a bold and skillful defender, as well as an able and successful expounder of the truth. While he " held fast the form of sound words," he " contended earnestly for the faith," which he believed had " once been delivered to the saints." He was born a soldier. Like Cyrus, he was girded from his birth, with a martial spirit, and through a discipline of suffering, that gave him a deep, experimental acquaintance with the truth, he was qualified to " endure hardness as a good soldier " of the cross. He would have been a terrible foe, had he espoused the cause of error, and brought all his talent, learning and courage into the field against, instead of for the Christian faith. But grace had laid her hand upon him at his birth, and caused him to be a leader and a cham-

pion in the cause of truth. He was armed by nature and by grace with the weapons of warfare, and providentially furnished with an inexhaustible armory, from which he could draw in any emergency. He was never caught without his arms and ammunition, or sleeping on his panoply. The first tocsin of war aroused him, and he was ready to attack or defend, to meet the enemy in the open field, or dislodge him from his secret ambush.

If, therefore, his earlier ministrations were pervaded by a controversial and polemical spirit, it was because he believed the age demanded Christian warriors to defend the evangelical system, especially in its Presbyterian form, from the bold assaults of infidelity, the perversions of its professed friends, and the arrogant assumptions of false pretenders. And if the times made it necessary to lift the voice of stern remonstrance and earnest protest against the invasions of falsehood and heresy, who should obey the summons, but they whom the Master has qualified to lead on the sacramental host to victory? Who, but our military heroes who have the strength to wield the "sword of the Spirit," courage to mount the batteries of the enemy, sagacity to interpret his most subtle manœverings, and generalship to take command of the whole field. This intrepid and valiant defender of the faith felt that he was only following the cloudy pillar that went before him, and obeying the divine voice that articulately summoned him to "Go forward!" when the camp of Israel were generally faltering in the presence of the mountains and the sea, and the advancing hosts of the enemy. He certainly was instrumental in doing a work, which would not have been done by others; either, because constitutionally

averse to warfare; or, too timid and self-distrustful to grapple with a dangerous and formidable foe; or, too indifferent to theological doctrine, to appreciate the importance and sublimity of the contest; or, too indolent in their temperament to contend for truth at all.

But the crowning excellence of this illustrious preacher, the chief inspiration of his eloquent discourses, which charmed away the weariness, that his extreme prolixity would otherwise have occasioned, was his absorbing *love to the Saviour*. The tongue of the preacher was kindled with a live coal from the altar of Calvary. His discourses abounded with doctrinal discussion. They were often controversial, as well as argumentative. They were sometimes scholastic, replete with erudition, laying a severe tax upon the understanding of the hearer; and yet his lecture room was crowded, overflowing, with interested and enthusiastic audiences, to listen to an hour's discussion of the principles of Presbyterianism. It was not the intellect that towered like a mountain, nor the imagination, that shone like the sun, but the heart, that heaved like the ocean with the love of Jesus—that caught the sympathy of his hearers, and bore them away upon its rolling waves. Christ, and his cross, were all his theme. He presented the doctrine, as the mirror of Christ, and the creed as a breakwater, to roll back the tide of error, that would, if unchecked, sweep away the cross, and its sacrificial victim. He preached Presbyterianism, because he believed that no other polity preserved in its integrity, the Calvinistic system, and no other system does full honor to "Christ and him crucified." The cross, he viewed, primarily, as a manifestation of love, rather than

justice—love, surmounting the obstacles of law and justice. We have heard him remark, in substance, that justice should form the dark background, and love, the bright foreground of Gospel preaching; that Sinai should stand behind Calvary, and, at least, so far away, that the thunders of the law shall not drown the accents of mercy. He never left the guilty, condemned sinner, at the bar of judgment, or on the brink of hell; but always at the foot of the cross, or at the household door, within the sound of the Saviour's inviting voice, and the Father's extended arms of love and mercy. He could not preach, without pleading with sinners. He could not reason and argue, without pouring out his heart in the most tender and melting expostulations. His great, generous, benevolent heart was strung with the chords of love, like an Æolian harp, that responds to the gentlest breath that passes over it; so that, whatever theme he touched, his heart could be seen vibrating with the love of Jesus, in the moistened eye, the trembling utterance, the tender manner, and in language, in which all the synonyms of love seemed to flow as naturally as waters gush from a fountain. "Our pulpits," he said, "may glitter with the beauties of learning and eloquence and orthodoxy, but if these be not warmed with love, universal love, the brilliancy will prove like the glitter of that region, where all is chill and dead."

Another element of the success of his preaching, was its remarkable *appropriateness*, its studied adaptation to the times in which he lived, and to the immediate wants of his people. No public event, from which he could draw a useful lesson, escaped his notice. The startling providences of God he used, with

great power, as interpreters of the divine word, and emphasizing its teachings. No spiritual want of any member of his congregation was overlooked. He would preach a series of discourses to relieve a single anxious soul of doubt or distress. He would lay aside his laborious preparations for the Sabbath, near the close of the week, to adapt his preaching to any sudden change of circumstances of a public, domestic, or personal character.

But we cannot leave the consideration of his labors as a preacher, without adverting to his zeal in the cause of *Missions*. If love to Jesus was his crowning excellence, his missionary spirit was the crowning form of this excellence. If the former furnished the material, the latter determined the position and shape of the crown. No theme so absorbed his large, expansive heart, or developed, and exalted the mighty forces of his intellect, as that of Missions. The most exalted title that can be applied to Christians, in his estimation, is "Christ's representatives and agents for the conversion of the world;" the most essential element of "Christian character and happiness, self-denying love and liberality." "The Gospel" he remarked, in his eloquent discourse upon the above theme, "is the expression of God's love, and the believer is a man, who, filled with Heaven's emanating kindness, becomes, in turn, a living Gospel." When a student of Highbury College, pursuing his theological studies, he was expecting to enter the missionary field, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, but was disappointed by the failure of his health, and removal to this country. Resuming his studies at Princeton, N. J., he was on the point

of making a missionary tour to Florida, in company with some fellow-student, when he received an invitation to supply your vacant pulpit. He seemed to have dedicated himself to this great work, and probably nothing but ill health would have deterred him from planting the standard of the cross on heathen shores. He was, for many years, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Missions, in the Synod of South Carolina, and, doubtless exerted a more direct and extensive influence, in awakening and diffusing a missionary spirit than any other minister in our Church. No one preached so much, and wrote so much on the subject of missions. It was during his able and zealous discharge of the duties of this office, that he prepared those soul-stirring missionary discourses, entitled: "*The Conversion of the World*;" "*Faith, the Principle of Missions*," and "*Obedience, the Life of Missions*," which were preached before the Synod, and published by their order. We know of no pastor who did so much to infuse his own burning enthusiasm into the hearts of his people. His missionary lectures were among his most elaborate preparations. Every means was exhausted to make the monthly concert for missions an interesting and profitable exercise.

He preached and published several earnest discourses or "*Juvenile Missionary Effort*." He regarded it "as one of the most hopeful signs of the time—the attention paid to children, and the increasing efforts made to educate them in a missionary spirit, and for missionary effort." He argued that, as a missionary spirit is the most essential characteristic of Christianity, and as baptized children are members of the visible Church, and ought to be educated as Christians;

therefore, they should be taught to pray, to give, and labor, in their humble way, for the cause of missions.

As early as 1832, he organized a Juvenile Missionary Society, in connection with his church, which was held quarterly; and in the same year he commenced the publication of a Juvenile Missionary Paper. His missionary zeal burned on a brighter, warmer flame, as the smoking flax of life sunk into its socket. Always present, at the monthly concert, in the most inclement weather, his stammering tongue glowed with the eloquence of former years, when he poured out his heart in prayer, or plead for a perishing world, and for the glory of the Redeemer. He was accustomed to say that the monthly "Missionary" possessed, for him, the interest of a novel or romance, and that he felt reluctant to lay it down until he had read the last page. We here discover the secret of this man's greatness, energy, and self-sacrificing devotion in every department of Christian labor—the reflex influence of his missionary spirit. His mind and heart were in living, active, unceasing sympathy with a lost world, with its teeming populations, and unborn millions; with the eternal purpose of God, that "all flesh shall see" the Great Salvation; with all the glowing predictions of the Hebrew Prophet; with the everlasting kingdom of Messiah; with the suffering Son of God in the travail of His soul; with the great cloud of witnesses, who, through faith and obedience have inherited the promises; with the sacrifice and self-denial of missionaries of the Cross, and all "Christ's martyred clan," and with the dawning millenium, when the sun of Righteousness shall flood the hemispheres with his life-giving beams, and the whole world shall be given to Christ.

The soul that lives amid these grand and sublime realities, whose faith gives them a present subsistence, whose love expands until it circumscribes the globe—such a soul must grow great. It feeds upon the elements of greatness, and wherever its energies are expended, at home or abroad, in the lecture room, in the sanctuary, on the platform, or in the deliberative assembly, they will exhibit something of the grandeur and sublimity of the missionary theme. It was this spirit which gave to Dr. Smyth the reputation he so generally and deservedly bore, of being a “working pastor of a working church.”

Passing from the pulpit to his household ministrations, we follow him to the homes of his people, and we are as much impressed with the fidelity and tenderness of the *pastor*, as with the ability and power of the preacher. He regarded his church as a family, and watched over it with a paternal care and solicitude. This great and good shepherd knew all his flock, and could call them all by name; and he entered, by a personal and heartfelt sympathy, into all their temporal and spiritual trials. He was, as a pastor, no respecter of persons, and showed no partiality save that which is imperatively demanded by the poor, the lowly, and the ignorant of his flock. He wrote, in his diary, at the beginning of his ministry, that he “determined to discharge the duties of the pastoral office without the fear, or favor of any individual or family, excepting as capacity and character justly demanded special consideration.”

He was a frequent visitor to the lowly dwellings of the poor, and many a desolate home was gladdened by his soothing and healing charities, to use their own language, “as by the visits of an angel.” The touching

and eloquent tribute of Dr. Chalmers to the pastoral fidelity of Andrew Thompson, might be quoted here, and applied in all the fulness of its meaning to the subject of this memoir: "As at the base of some lofty precipice, a spot of verdure, or a peaceful cottage-home seems to smile in more intense loveliness because of the towering strength and magnificence behind it; so the man of strength shows himself the man of tenderness, and, sturdy and impregnable in every righteous cause he makes his graceful descent to the ordinary companionships of life, and mingles, with kindred warmth, in all the cares and sympathies of his fellow-men."

It was in the family circle, that he exhibited that rare gift of prayer, which was at once an opulent endowment of nature and of grace. Naturally of a devotional turn of mind, all the resources of his intellect and heart, all the affluent treasures of his knowledge, and all the precious riches of his religious experience, varied and amplified by peculiar sufferings and trials; all were baptized by the spirit of prayer, and poured out in the channels of supplication, both in the pulpit and in the household; and in both, alike, did he seem to identify himself with his people, and make their manifold experience his own. Everything with him seemed to crystalize into prayer. Every vicissitude of the weather, and every changing aspect of the times; the smallest as well as the greatest events, furnished him with material for devotion, and imparted an endless variety, an inexhaustible copiousness, and an exceeding richness to his prayers.

His extraordinary conversational powers and social qualities, eminently fitted him for pastoral usefulness. With all his absorbing love of study, his sympathies

took a deeper hold upon men, than upon books, and nothing gave him more genuine delight and satisfaction than to communicate the treasures of his learning to the humblest listener. It was here, also, that his ready wit, and genial humor found an easy, and a happy vent, in interesting and instructive anecdotes, and personal reminiscences, of which he had gathered a vast store, in his extensive reading and foreign travels.

His genial and exuberant nature overflowed on all occasions, even when greatly depressed, and tortured with pain. He was often most companionable and entertaining when his sufferings were greatest. Nor did he ever regard his bodily infirmities and weaknesses as an excuse for pastoral inactivity, but seemed to forget his own sorrow in bearing the burdens of others.

It was another of his rules that pastoral visitation should be performed as regularly and systematically as was consistent with his pulpit preparations, which he always considered as of the first importance. Nothing in his estimation could compensate for a poorly prepared sermon. "I have always considered preaching," he said, "and what is necessary to a right preparation for preaching, as prior in its claims upon my time, and attention, to visiting, or any other duty." Later in life, however, he confessed that he had erred somewhat, in regard to the comparative results of pulpit and pastoral labor, and that he had possibly, unduly exalted the former. But, whatever may have been his views of pastoral duty, its apparent neglect, in the earlier part of his ministry, finds its vindication in the claims of authorship, which at that period, were urged upon his conscience with a force that he could not resist.

As a pastor, he embraced with avidity every opportunity to press the claims of Christ upon every individual of his congregation. If he erred here, it was an error of the judgment, not of the heart, which under the restraining influence of love to Jesus, and love to the souls of men, led him, like Paul, "to warn men day and night, and with tears." A burning zeal for the salvation of souls may betray a minister into injudicious and unreasonable appeals, but, in the day of judgment, God's faithful servants will have occasion to rejoice that they are free from the blood of all men, and that imprudent measures were better than lukewarm indifference, or cold-hearted neglect.

Both as a preacher, and as a pastor, Dr. Smyth ever felt and manifested a deep and affectionate interest in the *colored people*, who filled the gallery of his Church, and largely composed his membership. He prepared his sermons with reference to their instruction, held a special service for them during the week, and as a pastor, kindly ministered to their spiritual wants, and bore to their humble homes the cup of consolation in seasons of sickness and affliction. He was a warm supporter of the Zion Colored Church, in Calhoun street, Charleston, which at its inception was chiefly composed of members of his own Church. He spoke of it as "a noble and glorious enterprise in which he heartily rejoiced." The crowd of colored people who attended his funeral attested their continued and unabated love for him. One aged woman exclaimed, as his coffin was borne into the Church, with streaming eyes and choked utterance: "Go to Jesus, faithful preacher!"

But our portraiture of the pastor would be incomplete, were we to omit his tender, passionate fondness

for the *children* of his congregation, and his zealous interest in their welfare. He enjoyed, with a keen relish, the sports of childhood around his own fireside, and heartily participated in their juvenile merriment. He gathered the children around him, in his visits from house to house, and by his gentle and affable familiarity, won their hearts. Their names were all engraven on his heart, as well as his memory, and they knew it. No one was, to these little ones, a more welcome guest at the family fireside. They ran to meet him, at the open door, and followed him, regretfully, as he took his departure.

His frequent presence at the Sabbath School excited their eager and delighted attention. He always remembered the lambs of his flock in his study, and was constantly collecting materials from every source, that he might be ever prepared to interest them in the Sabbath School, and on anniversary occasions, with appropriate and pleasing addresses. The painful sacrifices which he made to attend the last annual festival, and the evident delight with which he entered into their youthful pleasures, will never be forgotten by the children. It will linger in their memories, as they advance in years, as one of the last affecting tokens of their aged and infirm Pastor to the dear lambs of his fold.

The affection which he felt for the children of his own Church, was shared, in all its depth and tenderness, by the children of the Orphan House. He always delighted to officiate, in his turn, in the Chapel of that Institution, and by his condescending manner, his affectionate earnestness, and his happy art of illustration, rivetted their attention and gained their hearts. Numbers of them gathered around his casket,

as it was about to be lowered in the grave, and covered it with wreaths of flowers.

As an *ecclesiastic*, Dr. Smyth was thoroughly qualified to be a leader in the courts and councils of the Church. Dr. R. Breckenridge said of him, that "no one was better versed in our Church polity." Whatever has been written on the subject of Church Order he had read, and he, probably, had access to more numerous sources of information than any of his cotemporaries in this country. He was perfectly familiar with the whole history of the ecclesiastical controversy, and had thoroughly studied the constitution of his own Church. He had traced up the principles of Presbyterianism, through all the tangled wilderness of controversy, to their original source, in the Word of God, and followed the historic course of the mighty River, in its sublime and steady flow down the ages, sending out its tributaries in all directions—streams that "make glad," not only "the City of our God," but bless the whole social and political world, with the principles of civil and religious freedom.

On the floor of our deliberative assemblies, Dr. Smyth had but few equals, as a debater, and nowhere did his master-spirit so exhibit the fulness of its intellectual energy, and overpowering eloquence. It was remarked by one who knew him intimately, and as a co-laborer, in his palmy days, "that he was not so great in the Pulpit, where he generally read his sermons, as he was in the Lecture-room; nor was he so great in the Lecture-room, as he was on the Platform; nor was he so great upon the Platform, as he was on the floor of the Deliberative Assembly; nor was he so great on the floor of the Deliberative Assembly, when he was on the strong side, as when

he was on the weak one. But, in reply, and for a lost cause as it seemed, and when there was no hope for his side apparently, then was Dr. Smyth strong, and then was he dangerous to his opponent."

This is substantially the testimony of all who encountered him in the halls of debate, and who attempted to resist the tide of his forensic eloquence.

As a churchman, Dr. Smyth might be described as intensely denominational, and intensely unsectarian. This distinction, so admirably drawn in his memorable discourse on "Denominational Education," was so gratifying to Dr. Chalmers, who heard him deliver it, that he afterwards remarked, that "he could never cease talking about it." A loyal son of the Presbyterian Church, he loved her denominational peculiarities with a patriotic fervor. But while he cherished her glorious history and precious traditions, with an almost idolatrous reverence, he was, at the same time, an utter stranger to the narrow-mindedness of party, or the exclusiveness of bigotry. The Apostolic benediction, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," was inscribed upon his Church Banner. "Let brotherly love continue," was his motto. In his chapter on the "Catholicity of Presbytery," he remarks, "Christ must be first, fellowship next, and then as much uniformity as will follow from the two." Of naturally a Catholic spirit, the liberalizing influence of a wide culture, and extensive travel led him to recoil from all extreme views of doctrine or Church polity. He was never happier than when he united with brethren of other denominations in Christian fellowship, and associated activity, and had he lived, he would have entered heart and soul into the Evangelical Alliance—a

movement of which he spoke with great enthusiasm, and for the success of which he fervently prayed. One object he had in view, in visiting Europe in 1846, was to be present at the Evangelical Alliance, at its first great World meeting, "when the platform, creed and basis of union was discussed and adopted," he remarked, "I was truly delighted to find how patriotic feeling extinguished all sectional jealousies, and united various denominations in one compact, solid phalanx."

It was to him, one of the glorious features of Presbyterianism, as an Ecclesiastical system, that it was "at once capable of extension to the widest circumference of humanity, and contains within itself the germinant principles of vitality, diffusion, unity, universality." Under the term Presbytery, he was wont to "include those generic principles which are common to Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Reformed Dutch, Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists," and rejoice that, while he differed from them in some points, "he would be found agreeing with the liberal-minded of them all." He would thus hope "to draw closer the bonds of Christian truth, harmony and affection, by which we are leagued together."

It was for this liberal, Catholic type of Presbyterianism that he contended, toiled, suffered, and consecrated all his talents and acquisitions. He strenuously opposed the "Revised Book of Discipline," because he honestly believed that it was susceptible of an interpretation subversive of these grand principles. According to his view, Presbyterianism was *jure divino* in this sense," that the *doctrines* of the Church are given by Christ in inspired words; the *government*, in general rules and principles, in the actions and examples of the Apostles, and in the

exercise of a wise, Christian expediency, based on natural and social law, as expressly declared in the confession of faith. The one is given to us as a system of doctrine taught in the scriptures; the other, as agreeable to Scripture, and yet both *de jure divino*." He believed that the "Revised Rules" virtually identified the form of Government, Discipline and Worship, with Doctrine, and claimed for them the same conscientious belief and conformity, which "tend to make Presbyterianism High Church, intolerant and illiberal, robbing it of its crown-jewels, love, charity, and brotherly kindness, towards all Evangelical Churches, who hold Christ in all his glorious divine offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King of his blood-bought people." The Scriptures, and not Church standards, are the ultimate appeal in all matters of controversy.

The revision movement roused all his old martial spirit. The veteran warrior, girded on his armor, and through many a long and weary night, in the midst of sufferings, that would have unmanned a spirit of ordinary mold, he prepared a series of articles, in which the dying Hercules seemed to be gathering up all his remaining strength to strike one more effectual blow for the principles for which he had contended all his life. He would not have felt that he had "finished his course, and kept the faith," had he remained silent during this controversy, even on the verge of the grave. The scarred and weather-beaten soldier fell on the field of battle, with his armor on and with his drawn sword in his hand.

On another occasion, pending a heated discussion upon this theme in Presbytery, when a motion was made to adjourn on account of his failing strength,

he replied, with his panting breath, that he was willing to go on, he could not die in a better cause.

At the time of the great disruption, in 1843, Dr. Smyth urged, with a glowing zeal and eloquence, the claims of the Free Church of Scotland, to the sympathy of American Christians. It was for these very principles, so dear to his heart, that the Church of Scotland separated from the Establishment, viz: "the utter renunciation of all the bigoted and exclusive views which prevented free intercourse among true-hearted Christians of every name." He saw in the foundation of that Church, "the first link in the golden chain which is to bind together in one body all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth."

It is of such sound and Catholic principles as these, that the large-hearted *philanthropist*, and the sturdy *reformer* are made; and such was Dr. Smyth. He entered with a cordial, active sympathy, into every great, social and moral movement, looking to the elevation of mankind. He had a quick, sensitive ear to the "sad footsteps of humanity." Like his Master, he identified himself with the poor, the miserable, the unfortunate, the outcast everywhere. One prominent element of his missionary zeal was his hearty love of man; for the love of Christ develops a genuine philanthropy, a world-wide charity, a heart-felt desire to "do good to all men, as we have opportunity;" or, as he, himself, expressed it, a true Christian is "a holy beneficent presence in society; a sick world's healer; a sad world's comforter; a sympathizer and a worker with the Supreme Beneficence."

He was an active, efficient member of the Bible Society. He advocated the claims of the Young Men's Christian Association, with great earnestness,

as promoting the "communion of citizenship, the brotherhood of Christianity, and the cause of Christian philanthropy." He was deeply interested in the Orphan House, which he regarded as a noble, Christian charity, "as representing the benignity of heaven, in its parental care for the fatherless, and a bond of union between the rich and poor." The cause of education found in him a staunch and enthusiastic supporter, and an eloquent advocate.

It was in the spirit of a Christian philanthropist that he cordially favored and zealously defended the institution of slavery, for "however it may be denounced as imperfect and attended with evil," he held that "it had been employed by unerring wisdom and an overruling Providence, as an instrument for the preservation, elevation, and conversion of millions who would have lived and died in heathen ignorance, superstition and cruelty." He believed that in so far as masters rendered unto their slaves that which is "just and equal," in their condition and sphere of life, that involuntary servitude was for them that which is best fitted to promote their well-being and happiness. But while all his learning and ability were enlisted on the side of slavery, he was equally earnest and bold in denouncing the unnecessary evils, and reforming the abuses and perversions of that domestic institution: His celebrated work on the "Unity of the Human Races" was written in the interests of philanthropy, as well as science and religion. The denial of unity he regarded as uncharitable, as it is unphilosophical. To degrade the African below the standard of the human species, is to exclude him from the benefits of redemption, and justify his barbarous and cruel treatment. The critical reviewers of England, Scotland, and Ire-

land, gave him the credit of being "the first to come forward in this controversy, to assert, in behalf of the black man the unity of the race," and commended his "fearless vindication of this doctrine, in the midst of a slave population, which was calculated to render him unpopular and odious."

He exhibited the same bold, uncompromising spirit of the Reformer, in his public, out-spoken denunciations of the stage, the lottery, and every evil which he regarded as detrimental to the peace and order of society.

Dr. Smyth was too sound a Presbyterian, to be anything but a whole-souled *Patriot*, when patriotism involves the spirit of loyalty to the principles of true Republicanism, and a readiness to defend them at any sacrifice. It was because he believed the principles of our constitutional, representative, republican government, were derived from Presbyterianism, and are the only safeguards of civil and religious liberty, that he became, in this land of his adoption, an enthusiastic, patriotic, American citizen. He wrote a volume of several hundred pages, the result of weary months of laborious study and research, to demonstrate the identity of the origin of our ecclesiastical, and civil government. I use his own language: "The more decidedly a man is a Presbyterian, the more decidedly he is a republican." He espoused the cause of the South in the late war, because he believed she was contending for these very principles of civil liberty and free government.

A few months previous to the outbreak of the war, he lamented the prospect of disunion in language like this: "When I was a child upon my mother's knee, I heard thy praises, my adopted country. In

my childhood's visions thine image rose proudly magnificent before me, towering aloft to heaven, and spreading thy branches over the seas. Boyhood's sports were jubilant of thee, and manhood brought with it eager expectations of becoming inseparably thine. Here, for thirty years, I have heard from every lip, on every festive occasion, thy praises. And must we take up the lamentation and say, from this glorious constitutional union all the beauty is departed? For these things I weep, and my soul is troubled." As he thus poured out his unavailing tears, he was ready to pour out the last drop of his blood, to preserve the inestimable blessings of republican liberty, which he felt were at stake. "He, who would choose life at such a sacrifice," said he, "is not worthy of life, or fit to die." Dr. Smyth was a true Christian patriot, believing that his country was a union of States, not a union of people.

Dr. Smyth was also a voluminous and learned *author*, and has left to the world, the "life-blood of his master-spirit," in many a page and many a volume which will be read with profit for many a generation.

It has doubtless been a matter of surprise with many, that one who was called to take the oversight of a large and laborious pastoral charge, could justify himself in consuming so much time and strength in the distracting cares, and exhausting toils of authorship.

In his unpublished writings, we find an "Apology for Authorship," which furnishes a complete vindication of his course from all suspicion of literary vanity or ambition. He entered upon this painful, laborious, and self-sacrificing work, as a faithful steward of the manifold gifts of God, who desired to

make the most of his abilities and opportunities. But upon this point we will allow him to speak for himself: "I believe that capacity to do, brings with it the consciousness of its own impelling energy, determination, and will; and that when the heart is sanctified and set right, this consciousness brings with it a corresponding sense of responsibility to put his talents out to usury, and to the very best advantage. I believe, also, that with such conscious ability and responsibility to do, there is a proportionate sense of "Woe is me, if I do not," of humility in view of what is done, and of much that is not done. A man must know that he can do, and what he can do, and all he can do, and to have confidence in undertaking, boldness in execution, self-approval in having endeavored to do his duty, and self-condemnation, if he, through the fear or favor of men, fails to do."

The interval from 1836 to 1838, he styles his period of controversy, "arising from agitations in the Church of New School doctrines and measures, which led to a division of presbytery and ecclesiastical isolation. This was followed by the next period, of hard study and frequent publication for the confirmation of his own faith, and the general edification of the Church." Having been brought up in an Independent Church, he was early led to the study of Church government, and was greatly stimulated in these investigations by the exclusive claims of prelacy, which were at that time proclaimed with great boldness and arrogance. About this time, also, appeared the "Oxford Tracts," which he styled "the Goliath of the host of the Philistines." He accordingly, gave himself to the collection of standard works on these controversies, that by thorough study, he might become master of the

whole subject, and afford his brethren the advantage of a convenient access to original authorities. It was under these trying and perilous circumstances, that he began to prepare his Lectures on Presbyterianism and Prelacy. His object was catholic and defensive, and he was warmly encouraged by leading men among the laity, as well as among his ministerial brethren. When the work on "Apostolical Succession" first appeared, its authorship was questioned by a prominent English publisher, who said that he had been accustomed to associate such extensive research and profound learning with mature age and experience. This work was "the first of the kind published in this country, and distinctively in any other, by a Presbyterian, and to any great extent by other writers. The subject was novel and the attempt hazardous." What he judged to be most needed was an elaborate compilation of arguments and authorities. Its publication was followed by other popular and able compends. But how far they were indebted to his voluminous work, he never knew. It was remarked, however, by a prominent minister, that it was evident they had been "milking his cow." This was what he expected and desired; that his scholastic labors and researches, should furnish material for more popular works. Thankful for the ability to write, and gratuitously circulate them, he was content that they should remain on the students shelves of reference.

The works on "Apostolical Succession" and "Presbyterianism and Prelacy," had a wide circulation among all denominations in this country and in Europe. Both Dr. Alexander and Dr. Miller, of

Princeton, commended them in the highest terms. The former said, that when he looked around for a text-book, he settled on Dr. Smyth's "Presbyterianism and Prelacy" as the best, and determined to introduce it at once. Dr. Duff, of London, remarked to the author, that he was using the work on "Apostolical Succession," in his College, in Calcutta, and that when he was consulted on the claims of Prelacy and Romanism, he found it a complete armory. His work on the "Unity of the Races," was criticised in Great Britain, as a "masterly and valuable book." Principal Cunningham wrote: "It displays a thorough knowledge of the subject, and of all that has been written upon it, down to the most recent productions. The argument is conducted with much ability, and brought to a triumphant conclusion." Dr. Duff said: "It may be characterized as scholar-like, without pedantry; elaborate, without tediousness, comprehensive, without diffuseness; argumentative, without dryness."

He published, in all, about thirty volumes, embracing almost every subject. The most popular works are, "The Well in the Valley," "Why do I Live," and the volumes on Missions. These are works that will live. He received scores of letters from all parts of the world, thanking him for their publication, and expressing the pleasure and profit derived from their perusal. They are written in his most earnest and engaging style, and replete with solid doctrine, in the most practical and attractive form.

His method of writing and preparing his works for publication, though justified in his own case, he would not recommend to others. "After arranging and

digesting my materials" he says, "I wrote in great haste, and in a fever of excitement, so as frequently to bathe me in perspiration, and perfectly benumb my fingers. My mind was so entirely abstracted, that I was, often, unable to recall the most familiar household words at the table. I never copied for printing, or re-wrote any one work or pamphlet. They were printed from the original manuscript, or the manuscript copied, corrected, amended, altered, abridged or enlarged. Of course this is to my condemnation, and no excuse for their many imperfections. So it has been however; I never could bear re-writing, and the truth is I wrote everything in the expectation that I had but a short time to live, and must do quickly whatever I did. I wrote each work, thinking it was my last, and I must be willing to do whatever service I could, and lose the possible fame of greater condensation, correctness of style, and perfection of arrangement. I have also detracted greatly from the originality of my works by numerous quotations and a parade of multiplied references."

But this he did advisedly. His object was not originality and fame, but the diffusion of useful knowledge. Hence, his larger works partake of the nature of magazines or encyclopedias. It would be far easier, and save immense labor for writers to give as their own, the substance of other men's thoughts and investigations, than to trace out systematically the sources of their ideas, facts and arguments. Having the advantage of an extensive library, he determined to put the results of his researches in such a form, as to give his brethren, as well as himself, an opportunity for original investigation. His quotations and references, therefore, were in most cases,

subsequent additions, and the result of continued accession of books and knowledge.

These memoranda were recorded, he says, "simply as facts in my history, known only to myself, and so far a justification of my course, and a vindication of my own judgment, that I was, by opportunity and capacity, called upon to write and to publish; and that however temporary and limited their usefulness might be, they were approved by our Church and instrumental in promoting truth and charity." His publications were the result of long and very laborious study, and accumulated preparations for years, and were prepared chiefly at hours beyond pastoral claims and duties.

Dr. Smyth probably collected the largest library which has ever been gathered in this country, numbering at one time, nearly *twenty thousand* volumes. In all his travels in America and Europe, he was in quest of books, often spending whole days in stores and antiquarian stalls; and, for years, consuming the greater part of his salary in the purchase of books. He says, "I studied Bibliography, in order to collect a large, systematic, Presbyterian, Theological and Literary Library, as an armory for our Ministers and Churches in Charleston, similar to that of Dr. Williams in London. As it increased, I labored to adapt it for a Theological Seminary, in which I hoped it ultimately would find a providential location." This desire was fully realized. About eleven thousand of his volumes are now in the Theological Seminary, at Columbia, S. C., and are known as the "Smyth Library."

It seems a little singular that he should caution young ministers "to beware of a passion for books,

or a blind chase after a large library. It is, as a general thing, vain and useless. It is often impoverishing and infatuating. It becomes as insatiate as the grave, crying, 'Give! give!' I feel that I was an exception to the rule, a sacrifice, willingly offered up for the public good. I felt a special call to collect a large library, not for myself, but for my brethren's sake, and for posterity. This has been a part of my life-work. But, except for research and reference, I have confined myself within my rule, having my select library, preceptors, and social companions and bosom-friends, whom having early loved, I love unto the end, and hope to love in blissful eternity in a world of light, love and spiritual progress."

For the sake of general improvement, and to gratify a long cherished taste for the sciences, he attended the Medical Lectures in the College, at Charleston, for two seasons, and pursued the study privately. He also read Blackstone and other treatises on Law, together with a course of classical literature and general science. In the Literary Club, of which he was a member, he enjoyed a "delightful opportunity of widening his circle of study and resources of knowledge." He, also, commenced, at the same time, a course of reading, and the translation of the earliest Fathers, in which he made considerable progress. These items are mentioned to show the variety and extent of his studies. He was an omnivorous reader. His library was a microcosm—a little world of books. The wonder is not that he became a living encyclopædia of knowledge, but that his feeble frame endured the toil, and bore the burden.

"In consideration of his attainments in theological learning, and his labors in the cause of truth," he

was honored by Princeton with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the rule being suspended, which required six months' notice. Never, said Dr. Miller, had a degree been more deservedly conferred. He was at that time about thirty-seven years of age, and had graduated from the seminary only about ten years.

Any account of this extraordinary life would be imperfect, which did not give great prominence to the element of *suffering*. The weakling of the flock, he describes himself as a complaining, croaking boy, of whom his father said, "There is no cure for him but a plaister of earth." His sad words proved only too true, for the life-long sufferer found no respite from pain until the kind earth folded him to her bosom, and covered him with the mantle of the grave. Both in Belfast and Princeton, his health failed him. He came to Charleston to receive an additional burden of suffering in the form of sick headaches, which were very frequent and prostrating. In 1848, he was attacked with partial paralysis "which produced a stiff, abnormal condition of his left arm and fingers, causing a derangement between the nerves and muscles, from which he never recovered, and which often occasioned severe pain."

The second attack of undoubted, and confirmed paralysis, in 1853, left him long on crutches, and almost a helpless cripple. This attack, as he describes it, was "at the ganglionic centre, at the base of the spine, and never for a moment affected consciousness, memory or digestion."

"In my own estimation," he said, "I have lived from day to day, as a tenant at will, looking any moment for an ejection, and change of residence. I have searched curiously for the secret source of vitality, but

sought in vain. I awake in the morning, asking myself: Is it possible I am alive? And when worn and exhausted by pain and wakefulness, and oppressive sinking of the soul, in her pleading voice, crying to the body,

‘Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life,’—

I have wondered with a great amazement, what invisible power held together a body and spirit so willing to dissolve partnership, and so ill-mated with one another. I have often thought I could write a natural history of pain. I have known her from childhood. We have walked arm in arm, dwelt in the same house, occupants of the same bed. She is like the chameleon of every hue, and like Proteus, of every shape. She is sometimes as quick as light, and again, like an Alexandrian line, ‘drags her slow length along.’ Sometimes, she is as the forked lightning coursing in tortuous torture through every limb and fibre of the body, and dissolving the pent-up, and collected clouds of bitterness into flooding tears; and sometimes she is that lightning in its negative form, of quiet, dull monotony, or occasional playful flashes, just enough to rouse the attention and excite the fancy. Sometimes she languishes into the faint tones of an infant, talking in its sleep, or like the bubbling groan of some strong swimmer in his agony, or like a strong man in the whirlwind of his passion, she puts on an angel’s might, and mystery of power.”

During the war, he spent about two years and a half in Clarendon county of this State, and, while he was suffering these Protean forms of pain, he followed the Methodist minister through his whole circuit, of four or five Churches, preaching every Sabbath, in all

the vicissitudes of weather, the oppressive heat of summer, and the raw and rainy rigors of winter. The heroic sufferer could find no excuse for idleness, and the only reward he claimed was the joy of laboring for his Master, and for the salvation of souls.

About four years before his tireless energies were released from the fetters of the flesh, his organs of speech were suddenly paralyzed in the midst of his midnight studies. He rose to call a servant and was surprised to find that he was incapable of articulating a word. Doubtless believing that his speech was hopelessly gone, or that he was near his end, he wrote on a slip of paper, to his wife, "Perfect peace." But finding that his general health was not seriously affected by this local paralysis, he immediately addressed himself to the task of regaining his lost speech, with a resolute will that was never paralyzed by discouragement or despair; and, never did he appear greater in all his grand career, than when reciting, hour after hour, and week after week, the letters of the alphabet, advancing from vowels, and consonants to syllables, and from monosyllables to words, and sentences, until upon the anvil of his iron will, he broke link by link, the chains that bound his eloquent tongue, and, at length, shouting, like David of old, "Awake up my glory," his voice rang again with the praises of the sanctuary, and the "glad tidings of salvation." For many years, every one had spoken of him as "the *wonderful* man;" but when his mute tongue was unloosed, when this Samson had rent asunder his fetters with the sheer force of his giant will, his friends were themselves dumb with amazement. From this time, he continued his vocal exercises, repeating the scriptures and pages of sacred

poetry, which his memory retained with astonishing accuracy.

After the lapse of a year or more, he felt it his duty on account of growing weakness and an imperfect utterance, to resign his pastoral charge ; but he did not resign his determination to work for his Master, as long as life lasted. Although in the estimation of all but himself, he was honorably discharged from warfare, he refused to lay down his arms and retire from the field of active service. Without the slightest abatement of his former energy and zeal, he continued to preach whenever called upon, either in his own Church, or the Churches of other denominations ; and by his presence, prayers, counsel and active service, to help forward every good work ; in the Bible Society, the Clerical Union, the weekly prayer-meeting, (which he attended regularly in all kinds of weather,) in the higher and lower judicatures of the Church ; until within a few weeks of his death, he was regularly present every Sabbath in his own pulpit, generally offering the closing prayer, the unction of which still lingers in our memory, like a sweet savor ; and on communion occasions, he always made the sacramental address at the Lord's Table, when he often seemed to be literally looking within the veil, and holding visible communion with the Saviour.

Thus did he labor on with unflagging energy, working until his throbbing heart ceased to beat, and the "pulse of life stood still." When all his branches were bare, and the atmosphere bleak and wintry, his soul-life was budding, with new desires and hopes, and new plans and enterprises were struggling into bloom and fruit.

It was during these latter years of suffering, only two months after the last stroke of paralysis, that a disastrous fire swept away the choicest portion of his collection of books, which he called his "working library," together with valuable manuscripts upon which he had bestowed several years of laborious study. This melancholy loss he was never able to repair, partly from physical inability to bear the exhausting labor or research and investigations, and, partly, on account of the impossibility of replacing rare and costly works. It was a sore trial to him, and a serious loss to the world.

Such a life of suffering is replete with valuable lessons. As drawn out by himself, and expanded at considerable length, they would form an interesting and useful volume. We have space here only for the briefest summary. It teaches, first, "that great health is not necessary to great labor, and that a feeble and imperfect constitution is not inconsistent with a long life." The adage, that "a sound mind must have a sound body," and that the latter is essential to success, must be received with great qualification. The greatest thinkers and workers have, probably, been, on the whole, among the least healthy and vigorous, and often, among the most sickly, dwelling in tenements, shaken by every wind. There is, also, in such constitutions a resiliency and recuperative power, a buoyant elasticity and energy in its periods of restoration, as to give it great advantage.

Neither is perfect, uninterrupted health, necessary to enjoyment. "I am often as merry as the cricket which I have been endeavoring to attach to my room, that I may find a solace in its lively and soothing song, and a pleasing remembrance of childhood's scenes.

I often soar with the lark in its jubilant flight toward heaven, and join in its carol and ecstatic rapture and joy. And when not in humor of positive joy and self-amusing laughter, I can often sympathize with the peaceful, playful contentment of the little kittens that perform their antics around my table, and partake of my simple fare."

Dr. Smyth was a *cheerful*, happy sufferer. His sufferings never made life dark, dismal or undesirable. He had cultivated a merry, joyous spirit. He had learned to smile on suffering, and extract pleasure from pain. The cares, anxieties, disappointments, afflictions and sorrows, that swarmed around him like bees, armed with piercing stings, were all laden with honey for his hive of cheerfulness. He recommended the student to "cherish a lively, cheerful, joyous, laughing spirit," and suggests as auxiliaries to cheerfulness, "a growing acquaintance with natural scenery, a cultivation of the taste and the imagination. With such knowledge and taste, no one need ever be alone or unhappy, *i. e.* when the eye of faith looks through nature up to nature's God."

"A knowledge and love of singing and instrumental music, will be a great help in reviving the drooping spirits and dissipating morbid feelings."

His own favorite resource was poetry. He wooed her tenderly and constantly, and found her as a well of living waters to his thirsty soul. He carried a large volume of well selected poems and hymns in his memory, which he was in the habit of repeating to himself in his solitary walks or drives, and in the loneliness of the sick chamber. His works abound with poetical quotations, without which no book would bear the impress of Dr. Smyth's mind and heart.

We should not omit to say that he regarded "the inward, happy communion of the soul with God," as the ultimate fountain of a cheerful disposition, whose living waters fill every channel of labor and suffering, nature and society, music and poetry.

He once remarked that it was "of great importance to a man, especially of sedentary habits, to be able to raise a laugh when he is growing moody and phlegmatic. For this purpose let him treasure up any scenes of particularly ludicrous and laughter-exciting merriment, that may have formed a comic interlude between the more solemn scenes of the tragedy of life. A good laugh is a great exhilarant. It puts body, soul and spirit in good humor, and in a ready disposition to work." Wit and humor was one branch of his study, and he kept comic pictures hanging behind his study door that he might, at any time, work off his moody feelings.

In reviewing his years of suffering, he gave it as his opinion that "a life of pain and a body of weakness, are perhaps the best, and on the whole, the happiest, and, for the soul, always the most prosperous condition of its probationary state."

Dr. Smyth was as great in *humility*, as he was great in suffering. He was uttering the sincere language of humble submission to the Divine will, when he said, "I am sensible of my entire weakness, dependence, and unworthiness. I have desired to take my place and position as God assigns it, neither taking the direction nor refusing to follow; neither avoiding humiliation nor exaltation; having a profound sense of my own sinful nothingness, and of my ill-desert of any the lowest seat among the great, wise and good; and yet believing I can be, and do all things

God requires of me, through his wisdom guiding, and grace strengthening. I have endeavored to distrust myself without distrusting God, and have endured many rebuffs, many hard blows, many contemptuous remarks and actions. I have been scorched, peeled and annihilated; filled with shame and self-loathing, and would gladly, a thousand times have sunk into the earth, or fallen as a star of night, into darkness and nothingness. I have prayed God to disappoint all my desires, blast all my schemes, and throw contempt on all my pride, so far as is necessary to my sanctification and usefulness. I have endeavored to walk humbly and softly, and to receive as well-deserved the chastisement of the Lord. If a course of discouraging circumstances, and adverse prospects be designed expressly for my chastisement, may I not hope that it was meant in mercy? Raise and fix, Almighty Spirit, my fainting, wavering heart, to a true resignation, the only atmosphere of peace. O, penetrate me with deeper, holier, happier views of things eternal, as imminent and near at hand, as swiftly approaching and inconceivably glorious. Then, O, my God, let earthly hopes be darkness, earthly joys expire, intervening sadness, as well as final sickness and death, with all their pains lie before me, I will adore thee with a grateful heart, and pray never more to complain, but chide my every regret, and suppress all my repinings."

But underneath all these various aspects of his life, lay a noble *Christian manhood*. In concluding this hasty and imperfect survey, let us glance at the entire man. Those of you who knew him in his prime, will readily recall his tall, erect, commanding figure, crowned with raven locks of luxuriant growth, and

always arranged with care and taste ; his bright, blue eyes, always wide open ; wearing in repose a tender expression ; sparkling with humor in social converse, and flashing with fire in animated debate, or pulpit discourse ; his voice, naturally sweet and mellow as a flute in its conversational tones, and which imparted to his persuasive appeals an irresistible pathos, that moved and melted to tears the most hardened hearer ; but when he rose to the height of his great argument, and to an impassioned and eloquent declamation, it became as sonorous as the blast of a bugle, and filled his vast audience-room with its expansive volume. His brow was not massive, nor his features and face large, yet they bore the image and superscription of greatness, which the most ordinary beholder could read. During the last twenty years of his life, his bent form, crippled gait, and growing infirmities, reminded one of the wreck of a noble ship, which, with its rent sails and dismasted hulk, still rides proudly and grandly upon the billowy sea, and weathers its raging storms, when scores of staunch and sea-worthy vessels are stranded and wrecked around her. The hobbling gait did not lose its dignity, nor the shattered form its manliness.

In his intellectual and moral character he presents a singular spectacle of opposite, antagonistic qualities. He was at home, in company with Calvin and Owen, and delighted as a school boy, over Robinson Crusoe or a nursery rhyme. He wrestled with the giants of theology and philosophy, and roamed the woods with the poets, and communed with the cricket on his hearth, and gambolled with the children and kittens around his fireside. The stern, uncompromising advocate for truth, he was bubbling with Irish humor.

The lion-like warrior was a gentle-hearted lamb. He was a bold, gallant spirit, fearless of an opponent, reckless of consequences, however disastrous to his own reputation or interest. Yet, he never "broke the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax," but bore his wounded ones in his arms, and carried them in his bosom. His manner in the halls of debate was often stern, imperious, relentless; sometimes even harsh, cruel, unmerciful to those who opposed him. But they who were acquainted with the man, knew how much to attribute to a strong, passionate nature, whose energies were all aroused, stimulated, and fired by the heat of discussion, and zeal for the cause of truth, until he burned like a volcano; and how much allowance to make for the deep spring of love hidden beneath this flaming Vesuvius, and which was ready to gush like a pent-up fountain, as soon as the lava of controversy had spent itself. Dr. Thornwell, who often encountered him in the deliberative assembly, said of him, that no one had a kinder heart and a more forgiving spirit, than Dr. Smyth. He never nursed a grudge. His capacious memory had no room for garnered wrongs, or treasured wrath. All injuries were forgiven and forgotten. We have the declaration in his own handwriting: "I cherish no ill-will, no envious dislike to any human being, as I never had any personal pride, or self-interest to gratify in any ministerial or Church plans."

He had an unbounded ambition to make the most of his talents and opportunities, and to attain to all possible human excellence and usefulness. There was no limit to his aspiring soul, and every successful achievement only stimulated him to bolder and loftier

endeavor. It deserves to be noticed that, with a natural desire to be prominently useful, it had been impressed upon him by pastors, teachers and friends, from the time that he "officiated as chaplain of the nursery, with the high easy chair for a pulpit," until he entered the Theological Seminary, that he had before him an extraordinary career. Yet he was as meek and humble as a child when disappointment and defeat were interpreted as expressions of the Divine will. When he was taken to the exceeding high mountain of carnal ambition, and offered a brilliant career and a world-wide fame, in the midst of this temptation of the devil, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and then laid upon the altar of sacrifice, his ambition, his studies, his writings, his preaching, his success—all that he had ever desired or designed to do—a whole burnt offering, and turning away from the burning pile, he prayed again: "I beseech thee, Lord, to forgive all my self-righteousness and self-seeking, and grant that I may be saved, as by fire, with the loss of all things, for which I have been commended, and that I may not be a cast-away, but a trophy of all-conquering and all-sanctifying grace. Amen and Amen."

That he was ambitious, without vain-glory, is demonstrated by his whole ministerial life, during which, in every measure, to which he laid his hands, he adopted the very course that imperils reputation and the very last that vanity would have chosen; at the same time declining complimentary and enticing calls in every direction, most any one of which would have been advantageous to his reputation and fame. He was called to the South Carolina College; to the Editorial chair of a Presbyterian newspaper in New

York, at the urgent request of leading ministers; to the College at Danville, Kentucky; to Union Theological Seminary; to the Theological Seminary at Columbia; to a College in Indiana; to Magee College. Add to this that a professional life was always his choice, to which all his tastes and studies led him; and that the Professorship most consonant to his studies was pressed upon him by Dr. Thornwell and many other brethren—and what a sacrifice of reputation was made on the altar of duty. He felt that Providence had not opened wide the door for him, and he would not climb up some other way, for the sake of reputation, and leave a post of duty and of danger, where he had been set for the defense of the Gospel, and as a standard-bearer of the Church in a season of perilous strife. “My congregation,” said he, “was isolated from others, and had to stand against much public opprobrium. Therefore I determined to live and die with my people, unless Providence opened a wide door, and forcibly and fairly ejected me.”

As a minister, he was profoundly theological, yet thoroughly practical. As a Churchman, he was as thoroughly denominational as he was catholic. He would go to the stake for Calvinism or Presbyterianism, and, on the way to martyrdom, he would gather faggots to burn bigots and sectaries. As a philanthropist, he would reform the evils of society, with an almost iconoclastic severity, while, like the tender and compassionate Saviour, he visited the widow and the fatherless with a sympathetic heart and tearful eye.

As a public speaker, he was singularly cool and self-possessed; yet he said, “this has been only to a

certain extent real, and to no extent natural or constant. I was originally very diffident, and was punished for my embarrassment at school. In my early attempts at prayer, I wrote and committed. In my efforts at speaking and debating, I have been so disconcerted as to lose all presence of mind." He never rose to speak even at a prayer-meeting without solicitude and nervous trepidation, and never trusted himself on any occasion, to speak without preparation when it could possibly be avoided.

As a student and author, he said of himself, "I am a living proof that tastes and inclination may be modified, and the mind made to give itself wholly and with delight to whatever course of study circumstances may render advisable or necessary. I became enthusiastic in antiquarian and historic lore; again, in physical science; again, in controversial discussion; again, in exegetical study and in practical and didactic discourse; and always, and most *con amore* in mental and moral philosophy; and always in poetical literature and belles-lettres. I feel that I could now engage in any one branch of study with interest and enjoyment. With God's help, therefore, a man can become what he ought to be, and what the demands of the age, of Providence and of the Church require."

Hence, he could turn with marvellous ease from scholastic studies and dry discussions, to finish a sacramental discourse, or memorize a page of poetry.

The most prominent trait of his character, that which most distinguished him from ordinary men—that, without which Dr. Smyth could not have been—was an *indomitable will*, that was never conquered save by the Omnipotent Being who made him. He never interpreted any apparently insurmountable ob-

stacle, or appalling danger, as a providential call to lay down his arms and retire from the field. Difficulties never terrified him. Opposition only goaded his determination to more resolute and persevering endeavor ; and the greater the odds against him, the higher would his courage rise to do all, and to dare all for the vindication of his principles. This giant will, that was never shorn of its locks, that laughed at impossibilities, that mocked at disease and suffering, inspired him with untiring industry and unflagging energy. He often remarked that the will can conquer pain, and command the shattered nerves to hold their peace. On one occasion, when the night was dark and inclement, and his whole frame writhing with agony, he assumed a posture of defiance, and emphasizing his words with his crutch, while his chamber rung with the echo, he rose with determination, declaring that he would not "stand it any longer." Pushing out into the dismal darkness, against the earnest remonstrances of the members of his household, he returned, after several hours of gymnastic exercise, and exclaimed, with an air of triumph: "I told you so. Any man may subdue pain, if he only has the will to do it."

Few men would have so valued life, or regarded the obligation to prolong existence, as to have endured one-half the trouble and sacrifice it cost him to live on from day to day. Sometimes when looking upon his "poor impoverished limbs, and almost formless frame, that he felt he ought to be in the grave, buried out of sight;" the struggle for life seemed utterly hopeless and equally undesirable. But the feeling of gloom was only momentary, like the shadow of a passing cloud, and applying again and

more vigorously the spur and the whip of resolution, he roused his lagging spirit, and the old war-horse was again shaking the dusty plains with his crippled, but iron-shod energies.

Living as he did for so many years, a mechanical existence, artificially supported, his life exhibits the most remarkable instance which we have ever known, of the sublime triumph of mind over matter—of the indwelling spirit over the external body. Here is a problem for the materialist; a mysterious exception to the theory that mind is the result of organization, and depends for its vigor and energy upon bodily health and strength.

When he lost the use of his limbs, he still continued to take his daily rides, being lifted into and out of his carriage; and, propped up in his old study-chair, he was still surrounded with all the leading papers and magazines of the day, both of American and European publication. He kept fully abreast of the age, and up to the last hour of his life, he could have traced out a complete map of modern thought, with all its broad currents and tributary streams.

On the Sabbath afternoon we accompanied him in his last daily ride, towards the setting sun, heaven seemed to be imaged in the still water, and green fields, and the dying believer in

“The western evening light,
That melts in deepening gloom.”

He seldom spoke; his soul seemed rapt in heavenly communion. It was evident that the great and good man was rapidly ripening for heaven. Having “brought forth fruit in old age,” he was ready to be gathered as a “shock of corn fully ripe.” The days

of controversy were over. He had "fought the good fight" for himself, and for the Church he loved against the world, the flesh, and the devil. He had "finished his course—the race that was set before him." He had "endured hardness as a good soldier." He had fought his last battle, and while waiting for his "crown of righteousness," he had nothing to do but lie passively in the hands of the spirit, and let him finish the "workmanship of his grace." How sweetly, fragrantly, and beautifully the passive virtues of humility, meekness, patience and submission, unfolded during these mellow, autumnal days!

Only once did he summon his wasting energies to urge upon his youthful successor, fidelity to the Church, which was his first and only love, and for which he had sacrificed all that he had to give. For forty years, he had planted and reaped in this field which the Lord had continually blessed, so that "seed time and harvest" had never failed. Frequently revived by copious and refreshing showers of grace, the Church was enlarged almost every communion season, with regular accessions. Since the beginning of his own ministry in 1832, he had received more than five hundred additions, many of whom are now useful ministers of the gospel.

During the period from 1832 to 1846, there were added three hundred and fifty-four white, and one hundred colored members, of whom nine became ruling elders and seven entered the ministry.

Well might he say, on reviewing his long and laborious life: "I rejoice that I have lived and labored. The contest is the same from the beginning to the end of time. One is the warfare, the issue, the combatants, the victory, the results, and the everlasting

glory. I rejoice to have mingled in it, and have been a soldier in the army of Immanuel. I have fought under His banner and eye, and for His crown and covenant. My name is upon the roll-book of heaven's heraldry, and will not be forgotten in the great muster day when the roll shall be called, and every man shall spring forth from his gory bed, on some embattled field, in the distant ages, and in the uttermost parts of the earth. To have been a private in some regiment, to have fought and fallen in some battle for the truth, will insure an immortality of fame. But to have won the hearts of some brave and loyal company, to have drawn them to yourself, to Christ, and to one another, to have united them with love to Christ, and inspired them with zeal and devotion to his cause, to have marshalled them among the sacramental host of God's elect, to have led them to the high places of the field, to have shared their dangers and privation, and been an example of suffering and patience, to have fallen at their head with the sword of the Spirit in his hand and his face to the foe, and words of victory and cheer upon his tongue—this is glory enough for any mortal. Surveying thus the whole history of this mysterious warfare, as I shall one day from heaven's Mount of Vision, I feel that the past, the present, and the future, are alike interesting to me, and that I am alike interested in each. It is one, and the glory, the grandeur of the whole, and the everlasting blessedness resulting from it are mine as much as they are another's. I shall soon die and my works too. But I shall not all die, nor all of them. They are among the links in the chain of consequences, and the procession of effects. The effects may abide when the causes are extinct. The

harvest may multiply when the original has perished. As I look back upon the past, I rejoice that a place has been given me among the ranks of Messiah's friends. As I look forward to the future, I rejoice that his cause is onward and triumphant, his kingdom everlasting, and that I shall have a glorious part in his inheritance among the saints in light."

On the third day after he was prostrated by the fatal disease, his sorrowing family and friends were called to stand beside his dying bed. They had laid him upon the couch of suffering, expecting that the tide of life would gradually ebb away, as the disease of dropsy slowly rose from his lower limbs toward the vital organs. But he had retired only to compose himself for his final sleep. His hard, spasmodic breathing, plainly showed that the disease was pressing upon his lungs. His suffering was not acute, but of that peculiar, indescribable kind, which proceeds from gradual suffocation. No part of his wasted, tortured body seemed to escape the ravages of disease but the unclouded brain, from which the broad, bright disc of his intellect shone out, like the setting sun from a clear sky. He did not seem to realize that he was so near his end. He never spoke of death, save to remind his family and friends that he was "leaning on the arm of his Beloved," and that the dark valley had no terrors for him. His last effort to speak was to dictate a message to his beloved people. He fell asleep, bearing them upon his heart; and on the wings of his departing spirit, he bore them to the bosom of his God. No act of his life was more positive than that of obeying the order of his Great Captain to put off his armor, and go up to receive his crown. He never marched more soldierly to the field of battle,

than he passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

"The faith was kept, the course was run,
The final victory grandly won,
And now the King
Doth grace that brow, all seamed with scars,
With wondrous crown of many stars,
While anthems ring."

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Smyth had his faults and imperfections, (and who has not?) But they were like spots on the sun. They who view a great and good life through the smoky glass of prejudice, or the magnifying glass of envy, will discover in the holiest of saints, who at best are but partially sanctified, glaring defects and disfigurements. But they who look at men as they look at the sun to enjoy its light and the objects of beauty it reveals, will find what we have feebly attempted to portray—the glorious image of Christ, and the precious fruits of His spirit. They will see that love to Jesus was the key-note of the life, character, and labors of this wonderful man.

Those who are acquainted with the science of music, are aware that the grandest, harmonic designs, are the result of the skilful combination of discordant sounds. This analogy may help us to understand how all the harsh and grating discords of the Christian's militant life, may be justified to the ear of faith, as they are made to "work together" for the good of the believer, himself, and to the Church for which he labored and suffered. We estimate the merits of our great Church instrument, not by drawing out a few unmusical stops, and pressing a few noisy pedals,

but by "putting on the full organ," and listening to the blended harmony.

There are some lives that are like a sweet psalm, breathing from a well-tuned harp. They have their mission, but not like that of Calvin and Luther. There are others whose lives, with all their varied and opposing aspects, resemble a full orchestra, or band of music, with its blast of trumpets, and roaring drums, and clashing cymbals, as they grandly harmonize with the softer, sweeter instruments. Such are the lives with which Jehovah leads on the sacramental host to battle and to victory. As we stand by the grave of this sleeping warrior, let our eyes take in the full-orbed character, and our ears be filled with the blended harmony of the entire life.

We cannot better close these remarks than by quoting his own conception of the true end and value of life:

"To feel that to live is Christ; to be so united to Christ that his work is our work; his will, our will; his sufferings, death, and sacrifice, ours; his self-denial, love, and charity, ours; his kingdom, triumph, and glory, ours; to feel that to spend and be spent in his service, to be instant in season and out of season, in winning souls to Christ—is our life; to feel that pain is pleasure, weariness rest, tribulation glory, and death gain, when endured as good soldiers of Christ; this is to shine with a glory which death itself shall not eclipse, but, which rising in a higher dawn, in a better land, in a hemisphere encircled by the eternal hills, watered by the river of life, and luxuriant as the Paradise of God, shall shine more and more throughout the unending day of our ever brightening immortality."



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