

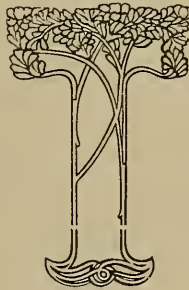


AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES,  
LETTERS AND REFLECTIONS

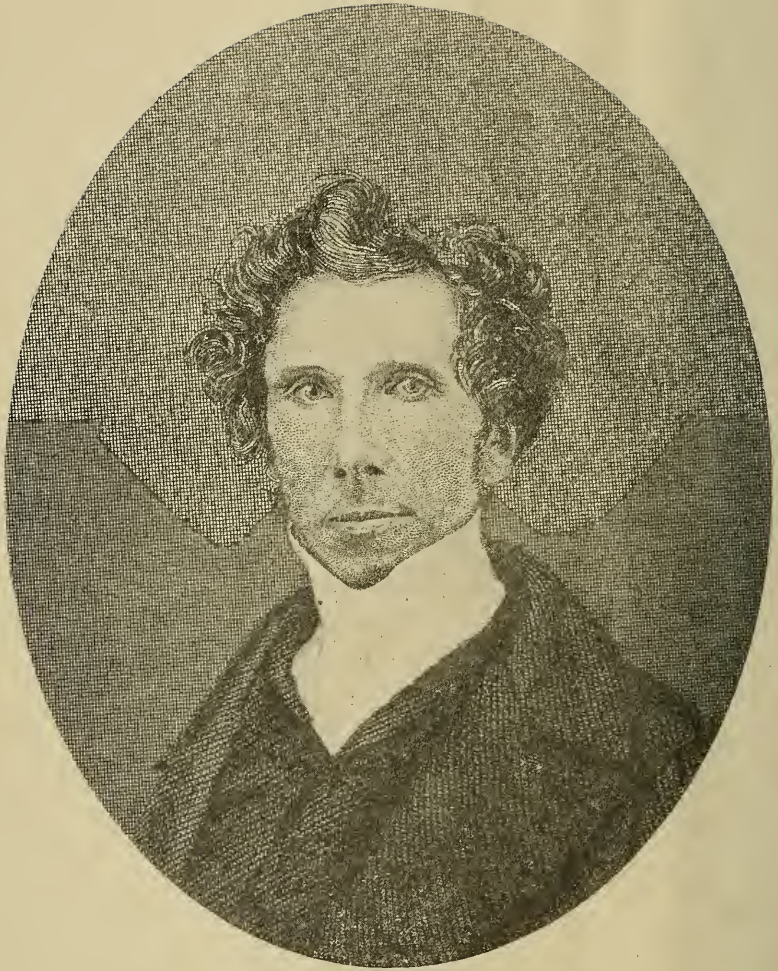
BY  
THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

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EDITED BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER  
LOUISA CHEVES STONEY



CHARLESTON, S. C.:  
WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL COMPANY  
1914



THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

From engraving made in Edinburgh in 1851  
as frontispiece for his book 'The Unity of the Human Races.'

style of evangelism. He had a terrible grip for the Lord's enemies, but the sweetness and balm of a Southern grove for a bleeding heart.

About three years ago, while seeking health in Charleston for one of our family, we called upon him. He sat bolstered up in his sick room, happy, eccentric, strong for God, gloriously expectant of release. We have seen but few men like him, his piety of the stalwart order, with a Cromwellian courage and positiveness. The chairs about him covered with newspapers and books, he was fully abreast of the times, and looked as if anxious to get on his crutches again, to go forth to give the sins of the world another sound pommelling.

For his sake, we are glad he is gone. Nothing could cure his bodily ailments,—but a bath in the river from under the throne. But neither his family nor the Church could afford to spare him. The world wants not less, but more, of his style of Christianity.

Much of our modern religion begins with an eulogy of human nature, instead of an exposition of its utter downfall. It makes us sick to hear all this talk about the dignity of manhood, which is a heap of putrefaction, unless Saint John lied when he described it as "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Oh! for more THOMAS SMYTHS, with foot on the eternal rock, and hand on a whole Bible,—daring to tell the whole truth, and always making pulpit and printing press speak out in behalf of an uncompromising Christianity.

## A TRIBUTE

*In Loving Remembrance of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.*

### I.

A noble mission is fulfilled,  
The dear, brave, faithful lips are stilled,  
The great heart's dumb;  
The busy hands find rest at last,  
The work is o'er, the conflict's past,  
And peace is come!

### II.

Gazing down on that quiet face,  
Did not your loving instincts trace  
Chis'ling divine?—  
The scripture of a hidden gain?—  
The mystic aftermath of pain?—  
God's solemn sign.

## III.

That we might see in some dim wise,  
 How underneath this mortal guise  
     The soul grew fair—  
 The stronger virtues grandly blent,  
 With child-like love and meek content,  
     In concord rare!

## IV.

Those white still lips beneath the sod  
 Many a soul have won for God;  
     And who may tell  
 How many hearts that patient pen  
 Has blessed, and soothed, and cheered again  
     At Baca's "Well"?

## V.

Loving seeds by the wayside sown,  
 Many an erring one has borne  
     To Jesus' feet.  
 And in our homes his words of prayer  
 Have made the sorrow seem less drear,  
     The joys more sweet.

## VI.

Then, when the Master's chast'ning hand  
 Had smitten with the sore command,  
     The brief—"Be still!"  
 With steadfast faith and courage high,  
 The cross was borne, the work laid by,  
     At Jesus' will.

## VII.

So day by day the faint feet trod  
 The path that led him nearer God,  
     And nearer "Home";  
 And then his footsteps touched the brim  
 Of Jordan's waters chill and dim  
     With dashing foam.

## VIII.

A solemn peace was on the face,  
 The pale lips smiled with saintly grace,  
     And then grew still;  
 And sunset's parting glory shone  
 On features white as graven stone,  
     And deathly chill.

## IX.

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

ANNIE R. STILLMAN.<sup>7</sup>

*Charleston, October 20, 1873.*

DEAR MRS SMYTH,

The kindness of your note, has caused emotions, which I shall not attempt to commit to paper, & I will only say that I have been much moved by it.

The Books will always be valued as a "Souvenir" of one whose ability & erudition commanded my admiration, whose sufferings elicited my deepest sympathy, & whose esteem & friendship I shall always recur to with feelings of pleasure & pride.

With Respect & Esteem,

I am yours truly,

W. H. HUGER.<sup>8</sup>

*Charleston, Nov 5, '73.*

*Mrs. Margaret M. Adger Smyth.*

Memorial services were held by a congregation composed of persons from most of the Protestant Churches of the city on the evening of December 14, 1873, in the Second Presbyterian Church. Dr. Brackett's address on this occasion was printed under the title "The Christian Warrior Crowned," the text being 2 Tim. 4:17. The following extracts are taken from it, but much is of necessity omitted, as already told in Dr. Smyth's own words.—Editor.

Dr. Smyth's erect attitude, lofty carriage and dignified bearing, \* \* made the impression upon his audience that they were in the presence of a princely orator, in whom intelligence, manliness, self-

<sup>7</sup>The daughter of Mr. Charles Stillman, an Elder in Second Church; a young girl in whom Dr. Smyth took a very special interest. This was her first essay in print—in which, however, she has since won her laurels.—Ed.

<sup>8</sup>Dr. Smyth's physician, and a faithful friend to him and to all the family, until God took him from his labours of many years.—Ed.