

IN MEMORIAM  
JAMES W. WEIR.

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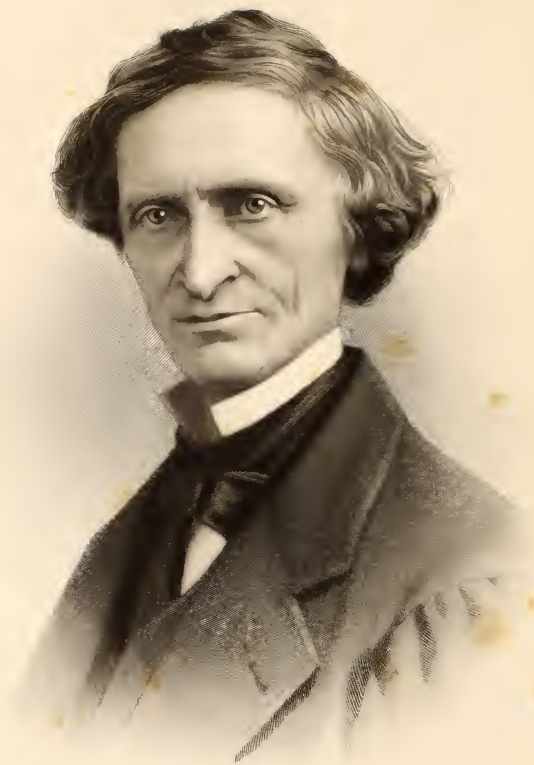
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Rev Dr Thomas Breigh.  
With regards  
T.H.R.



Engraved by James G. Thompson

W. W. Keith



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**In Memoriam.**

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JAMES WALLACE WEIR,

BORN, AUGUST 9, 1805,

DIED, MARCH 14, 1878.

## DEDICATION.

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TO JOHN A. WEIR.

The pages which follow contain some simple testimonials to the singular worth of your departed brother. There is no attempt to give a full record of his life and character; it is only a spontaneous tribute of the general reverence and affection in which he was held, and the fruit of a widely expressed wish to possess some reminder of the goodness that blessed the earth so long ere it went to its home in the skies. It is the voice of a living sorrow that cannot let his memory die; and as we, the officers and teachers of the Sabbath School, where for so many years he was the wise and beloved leader, gather these testimonials of respect and love, that we may lay them as flowers upon his tomb, we would tenderly connect with them, your name, who knew him longer, and loved him more deeply than any other of the thousands who weep with you at his grave. For more than three-score years and ten, through childhood, youth and the ripened years of age, you were his constant companion, entering most closely into his sympathies, sharing his joys and sorrows, bearing with him common burdens and common honors in the family, the community and the church. It gives an added pleasure to this tribute of our veneration and love for him, that we may blend your honored name with his, and in so doing, soften for you the grief of his removal. We invoke upon you the blessing of his God and ours, and assure you that the Church in whose communion you have spent your whole life, will surround you declining years with love and prayer.

We now lay before you a record of the various services held to his memory, by the Sabbath School of the Church, and of the tributes of respect and love paid by his friends.

## THE TEACHERS' MEETING.

On Friday evening, March 15, 1878, a meeting of the teachers of the Sunday School was held at the residence of Mrs. Isabella S. Kerr. The occasion was marked by sorrow too deep for utterance. A sense of the great loss which had fallen so suddenly upon the School and Church, possessed the thoughts and added poignancy to the feeling of personal bereavement experienced by every one present. It was like the first meeting of a family after the decease of its honored head. Few words were spoken. Hon. David Fleming, the oldest in service of the teachers, was called to act as Chairman, and Mr. G. M. McCauley, as Secretary. Committees were appointed to purchase a crayon portrait of Mr. Weir for the Sunday School room, to drape the room with emblems of mourning, and to prepare resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the teachers.

After singing and prayer, they adjourned to meet at the close of school on the following Sabbath.

## THE SESSION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

On March 17, 1878, was most impressive. The Superintendent's chair was vacant, his desk unoccupied. Both, together with the arch above, were heavily draped. On the opposite wall hung (the gift of the teachers,) an excellent life-like portrait of the honored Superintendent, whose earthly life had just "faded away into the light of heaven." Although the room was crowded, the restlessness of youth was stilled, and undisturbed quiet

reigned. The whole School was over-shadowed with the great sorrow which had fallen upon it. The thoughts of all turned sadly to the stricken home across the avenue, where the loved form of the absent Superintendent lay, waiting for the resurrection morn. The silence was oppressive. The Assistant Superintendent, standing at the end of the platform, proceeded with the opening exercises, speaking in a voice almost choked with emotion, substantially as follows: "You miss the tap of the school-bell to-day because the hand so long accustomed to call forth its clear tones, has forgotten its cunning, and is still in death. You miss the music of our opening song because the ear of him, who so much loved to listen to your singing, is closed to all earthly sounds, and hears only the "sweet celestial strains which float along the painless, peaceful shores of heaven." I need not tell you the meaning of this vacant chair, I need not tell you the significance of these habiliments of mourning seen for the first time in this room to-day. You understand them all too well. Our honored Superintendent, after forty-four years of loving, faithful service, has gone home to his Father's house of many mansions. He is happy to-day in the "rest which remaineth for the people of God." He loved this School. This room was perhaps to him the dearest spot on earth, outside his home. If it be true, as some think, that the departed are permitted to revisit the scenes of earth, and look in upon those dear to them here, we may feel assured that at this hour our honored Superintendent, from out the walls of the heavenly city, is in the spirit looking down upon this his beloved School. We miss his personal presence. We miss his voice. He cannot join us in the reading of the lesson, as was his wont. Let us then read silently without



the utterance of a word, the verses of the lesson which he would have read had he been here, and I will lead you in the reading of the other verses, as has been my custom."

The School then read the lesson of the day, (2 Chron. 12: 9-21,) in the manner indicated; reading the first verse in perfect silence, then joining with the Assistant Superintendent in reading the next verse audibly, and thus silently and audibly by turns throughout the lesson. The silent reading of the Superintendent's verse was broken by many a bitter sob, and when the reading of the lesson was ended there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. The Assistant Superintendent then read from the 103rd Psalm, and other Scripture selections showing the certainty of eternal happiness to the Christian, and the glories of the home prepared for the people of God.

The School choir then sang Hymn No. 60, of Gospel Hymns, No 2.

"Give me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how fresh their joys,  
 How bright their glories be."

*Chorus.*—Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,  
 Happy on the golden strand,  
 Many are the voices calling us away,  
 To join their glorious band:  
 ||: Calling us away, calling us away,  
 Calling to the better land.:||

Prayer was offered by the Assistant Superintendent, after which a few minutes were devoted to the lesson of the day.

Dr. Robinson, accompanied by the teachers of the Infant School, soon entered the room, and the remainder of the session was conducted as a memorial service.

THE ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT, said :

“ It seems to me that no one in this city would have been missed so much as our honored Superintendent. Who here has not lost a friend in him? I cannot think of a person, or a class of persons in this community, not bereaved by his death. It is a singular coincidence that he should have put that text upon the black-board: “ *Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.*” He placed it there one week ago to-day—the last of his earthly Sabbaths—for the purpose of directing our thoughts to the Saviour of the world, as the perfect pattern by which our daily lives should be fashioned and moulded. Now the same text, points our thoughts to his own long Christian life, to his own signal devotion to Christ and His cause. He has indeed left us an example which we should all seek to imitate. While all have been bereft, this Church and this School have been most signally bereaved. This School has lost its best earthly friend. He loved it and cared for it and watched over it for nearly half a century, as tenderly and affectionately as parent over a beloved child. My recollections of him will always cluster around this Church and School. It was here that I first met him, and here I last saw him when he was able to recognize me. He was a most faithful servant of the Master, and to-day we know that our loss is his great gain. To-day he rests from his labors in the eternal home of which he had so often told us, and toward which he long had looked with joyous anticipation. To-day he greets the dear ones of his own family who preceded him to that blessed land, and with them rejoices in the presence of that Saviour whose service was his chief delight. We remain to serve a little longer upon the earth. Let us imitate the example he has left us.

Let us devote ourselves more faithfully to the Master's work, so that when to each of us the summons comes, it may be, as it was to him, only a joyous longed for home bringing. Mr. Weir had long been identified with the Sunday School work, and took delight in it as being designed especially to draw the young to the Saviour. He has left an excellent collection of Sunday School Hymns compiled by himself and published by the American Sunday School Union, a book used here for many years, and distributed through the School to-day, so that in these hours of affliction it may recall to our minds more fully the one we have lost. Many of these hymns are his own composition, one of which, (No. 181,) we will now join in singing."

The School then sang, as best they could under their grief stricken circumstances, the following hymn:

- "The voice is hushed—the gentle voice,  
That told us of a Saviour's love;  
And made your youthful hearts rejoice,  
In hope of heaven, the home above."
- "But in the land beyond the grave,  
That voice shall swell in rapturous tone,  
The song of Him, who died to save,  
And bring the weary traveler home."
- "That brow shall wear its glittering crown,  
When sun and stars no more shall shine;  
When death shall lay his scepter down,—  
The grave her empire shall resign."
- "Then let us weep, as Jesus wept;  
Hallowed by love each gentle sigh;  
Since in the grave our Saviour slept,  
The Christian need not fear to die."

After prayer by Mr. Purvis; touching, simple, humble and accompanied by burning tears of grief from hundreds

of eyes at the irreparable loss to their school, Rev. Dr. Robinson, upon invitation of the Acting Superintendent feelingly responded as follows:

“Through nearly the whole of the last twenty-three years, I have been honored with the place of a teacher among you, and as a teacher as well as pastor and friend, I share to-day in this common grief. My heart feels more deeply to-day the great loss that is upon me, upon this School and this Church, than it did the hour in which our beloved Superintendent breathed his last. I learn that for others also this loss is growing weightier and larger every day. We are beginning to realize his departure. For months to come the sense of it will enlarge, become greater and harder to bear. Yet teachers and brethren, God is not dead, and His Spirit has not gone from us. The Saviour, whom Mr. Weir loved when he lived among us, is with us still.

It may be a sad pleasure to most of you, who were not permitted to be in his sick room, to learn of what transpired in the last sacred hours of his life. He was struck with paralysis on Tuesday afternoon, and until he died, was within its power, having only the use of his right side. The paralysis affected also his powers of speech and to some extent the brain, so that it became difficult for him to articulate any words, or to control the wanderings of the mind. During much of the time he was in a state of semi-unconsciousness, and at no time fully realized the disaster that had come upon him. During the last hour of his life, unconscious of the fact, that he was drawing so near to the eternal world, and to his heavenly home, his mind turned anew to the Church and Sunday School that had been the objects of life-long love. Reaching out his right hand, and while his eyes

were closed, feeling about for it, he said: "Give me my cane, I must go," I said to him: "You are too weak Mr. Weir to go out, the Lord has laid you upon this bed of sickness and suffering, and you must serve Him here." Again breaking in and eagerly feeling after the cane and trying to rise, he said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" quoting the words of the dear Redeemer, and then adding some broken words about the Sunday School that could not be caught. There followed in low, imperfect utterance some sentences of which we could only distinguish "the Sunday School," "meeting together," "though the world fadeth away." It was easy from the words, to know the train of thought that was passing through the enfeebled mind. His heart and thoughts were upon the Church and Sunday School. How appropriate that we should now and always, remember him whose last thoughts were of us, and whose last earthly wishes were to be in his place among us.

Years ago I was struck with an incident of his life narrated to me by himself, and which had also deeply impressed him. In one of his dreams, he heard voices in heaven, the sweet and touching voices of children, ringing down through the skies as clear as the tones of purest bells; they were the voices of Sunday School children, and he recognized the tones of some of them. They had gone up yonder from this School, and were now talking of him, and calling on each other, "Come, let us go and meet Mr. Weir."

How many were there waiting to welcome him? The beloved wife, dear friends and companions of his in the Church and Sunday School who had gone on while he remained. How many in the new and happy life, were talking of him, and waiting to greet him at his coming.

God grant that day by day, henceforth, his voice from heaven may be ringing in our ears; in the ears of these young men who have not yet come to Jesus, and in the ears of all these scholars who have not yet set their feet in the upward way of life. God grant that day after day, and week after week we may hear him bidding us, "Come up higher." Let us get ready for the journey. Let us prepare to see him again. Let us put our feet in the right path and keep them there. Surely every one of us would see at last that goodly, heavenly land. Surely we all desire again to hear the tender and loving voice of him who filled this vacant seat. Young men who have not yet come to Christ, do not his gentle appeals come home to you to-day? Who of you will turn to Jesus? Who of you will come to the Saviour? Bid His Spirit welcome to your hearts to-day, and at length you too will be of the number welcomed into the heavenly home by our absent and beloved friend and Superintendent."

MR. WILLIAM S. SHAFFER, said :

"It was twenty-two years last fall when I left Philadelphia to make my home in Harrisburg. I brought with me letters of introduction to Mr. Weir and some others. I well recollect the interview which took place between us. He read the letters and grasped my hand, saying: "You are a Presbyterian, cast your lot in with us, we have a place for you." I have been working in this Sunday School ever since, and I have always found him a gentleman, a Christian, and full of Godly charity. He was always ready to help, ready to succor the needy and relieve those in distress.

Now he has left upon the black-board words which have sunk deep into every mind and heart, and in pondering those words, we should also remember that Mr. Weir has

set *us* an example that we may follow *his* footsteps. Who present doubts that Mr. Weir is not in a better place? Who doubts that he has not cast off the natural life to put on spiritual life? Then why not trust the *God* that he trusted in?

These things should impress us deeply. We should not allow them to pass away as the wind, nor should we cast them from us. We have so many in our School upon whom the Gospel has not yet impressed its seal, so many in whose hearts *God's* love has never entered. At this time, under these circumstances, may we not say with double emphasis, "now is the accepted time!" "To-day is the day of salvation!" "To-day if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts! May *God* help you and us, that we shall all enter into the eternal city."

HON. DAVID FLEMING, then said:

"Perhaps I am one of the oldest of the teachers who have been attending this School. I think it was in 1835, now over forty years ago, when I came first to this city. I was then introduced to Mr. Weir, and his was among the first acquaintances I formed here. I have been more or less intimately associated with him ever since, and I owe him a large debt of gratitude for his many kindnesses. I have not only met him in the Sunday School and in the Church, but in the marts of business, where you find out who the true men are; and of Mr. Weir, it can truly be said, he was a pure Christian and an honest man. No one that knew him ever questioned his piety or the purity of his entire moral character; and although he revered truth and purity and could not endure deception or impurity in any one, yet his large heart of charity and benevolence led him to hail with favor, the first symptoms of reformation, and no personal sacrifice was deemed by him too great, if

thereby he could reclaim the erring. Many will rise up and call him blessed for the helping hand he has extended to them in the time of their almost despair.

Mr. Weir's life presented Christianity in an attractive form, not only to those with whom he came personally in contact, where his presence and conversation were like precious ointment, but it pervaded all his social and business correspondence as well. It would be a most interesting thing, if one could collect together his various business as well as social correspondence, and cull from them the glittering threads of cheerful pleasantry which sparkle and beautify the whole web. I have seen him in the midst of perplexing business, suffering at the same time much bodily pain, writing a letter to a correspondent on business, who when he received it, could not doubt from its cheerful tone, but that the writer was in the happiest mood, both mentally and physically; and indeed he was happy, because he was good. He never complained of his ills or his ails, nor put them on paper. It was his peculiar faculty to mix something pleasant as well as profitable in all his communications, and hence he was ever a welcome correspondent, as well as a delightful companion.

It is not the man who shuts himself up from the society of the world around (however good he may be,) that makes the most useful citizen, but he who for the good of his fellows can mix with the world around and do it good without suffering himself the slightest contamination; and such a man was our Mr. Weir. He was no *recluse*, but mingled much in society as well as in the Church, and wherever he went, he was a living epistle and embodiment of the good Samaritan and Christian gentleman. He had a heart alive to the welfare of his race, and was ever among



the foremost to give and labor in every good work.

But it is here in the Church and in this Sunday School that we knew him best, and will miss him most. King David himself did not more earnestly desire the building of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem, and the prosperity of Zion, than did Mr. Weir the rearing of this goodly house and the welfare of this Church of God. We all know how much his heart was set upon the enlargement of this building and the prosperity of his beloved Sunday School. But he is gone to his reward! Let us cherish his memory and follow his footsteps."

MR. JAMES F. PURVIS, said:

"I have but little heart for public speech on this sad occasion. Ever since the shock of this bereavement struck my heart, I have felt rather disposed to retire apart and nurse the wound in silence. I do not think that any one out of the immediate circle of his family, can feel more completely than I the void created by Mr. Weir's death. For the last few years his life and mine have been closely intertwined, and have blended in an almost constant companionship. Our relations during the business hours of the day, made us constant associates, and our common church life especially, since my connection with the Session, extended into the evening, the intercourse of the day. I therefore felt when I realized that he must die, the shadow of a great personal calamity dropping suddenly upon my heart, and wrapping me in its chilling gloom. My heart is full to overflowing at this hour, with tender reminiscences of Mr. Weir. I do not believe that any being owes him a larger debt of personal gratitude than do I. Many years ago when my personal acquaintance with him was very slight, he had already won my confidence and esteem. Upon occasional visits to Harris-

burg, I would now and then drop into the Sunday School, and carried back with me to my home in Baltimore, the most admiring impression of him as the "model superintendent;" and I proclaimed to my associates in the Sunday School work there, the excellence and success of his method of management. A time came later in my history, when worldly distress overwhelmed me. I came to Harrisburg, bringing with me, from the wreck of my earthly fortune, nothing save energy and hope and a good conscience. At this juncture he came upon the scene of my distress and poverty a ministering angel of comfort and relief. Since that time, I have lived in the privileged atmosphere of his influence, and have felt my soul grow stronger and purer from the sweet contagion of his example. He was a remarkable man in the combination of qualities which are natural opposites, and which rarely blend into such shapely symmetry as they did in the character of Mr. Weir. He was one of the gentlest of men, but was always one of the firmest, strongest characters I ever knew. There is not a wavering line, not an obscure feature in that picture of his character so deeply impressed upon my memory. Every aspect of that character was as clear cut and well defined as the facets of a diamond wrought by the cunningest skill of the lapidary. But amid these elements of massive strength played the soft lights of a feminine tenderness and sympathy. Rarely does nature's mould produce a character in which masculine strength and womanly tenderness blend in such ripe and exquisite proportions. I never knew a man who with a more fastidious purity, preserved his own garments from moral defilement; and yet I never knew a man more ready to stoop from the pinnacle of his own moral exaltation to pluck a brother-man from degradations vilest depths.

Such strength of natural character leavened all through by Divine grace, and moving under the constraint of such yearning out-reaching sympathies could not fail to make any man a monumental figure in the religious and moral life, and in the social progress of the community in which he lives. Such was our departed friend; and therefore whichever way you turn you encounter the sepulchral void left by him in the varied spheres of his living influence. No one of our minds to-day, carries a complete knowledge of all the multiplied beneficences of this grand, self-sacrificing life. I have detected him in many an act of stealthy kindness and charity of which you have no knowledge. You know of many such unobtrusive and unheralded acts of noble generosity, which escaped my observation. Not all of us together, but only God himself, knows the complete register of this life of "living sacrifice" to God and to man.

He has gone to his reward, and left as a legacy and a solemn charge to us, that work in the Church, in the Sunday School and in the community, from which he has suddenly passed into the Excellent Glory. Friends of the Church, friends of the Sunday School! it will require more than one of us to lift and bear onward this fallen mantle of our ascended father in Israel. Ought we not, in this solemn hour, to ask with special importunity the aid of the Holy Ghost, that this service to the Church, to the Sunday School, to the world beyond these walls, may not languish in our hands. May God help and strengthen us for our new duties and our enlarged responsibilities."

The hymn,

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,"

was then sung by the School, and after prayer by Dr. Robinson, the saddest session ever held by the School in

all its history was closed. The scholars retired, without being dismissed by classes in the usual way, in perfect order and with impressive quietness.

The meeting of the teachers, adjourned from Friday evening, was then held, when the following report of the Committee on resolutions was unanimously adopted, viz :

WHEREAS, we have been called upon to mourn the sudden decease of our honored Superintendent, James W. Weir, Esq., who for forty-four consecutive years presided over, and cared for the interests of this School with a love that knew no failing, and an efficiency that has never been surpassed, therefore be it

*Resolved*, 1. That in his death, the Market Square Presbyterian Sunday School has lost its best earthly friend, and a leader, who by his intrinsic worth, cordial friendship, untiring labors and bright Christian example, has so endeared himself to both teachers and scholars, that every recollection of him is sweet and pleasant, and that his name will be cherished with grateful affection throughout all the remainder of our lives.

2. That while we cannot understand why one "whom we so much delighted to honor," and whose presence and wise counsel seemed so essential in our work, should have been so suddenly called from the service of earth to the rest of heaven, we desire to bow submissively, but with sorrowing hearts, to the infinite wisdom of our Heavenly Father, who tenderly regarding the best interests of all His children, has permitted another loved one, after a long life filled with faithful service, to enter the eternal rest and perfect happiness prepared for the people of God.

3. That although we feel that we have met with the loss of one whose place cannot be filled, we would here record our gratitude for his long spared life and the high

example which he has left us, and express our earnest purpose, relying upon Divine help, to be more faithful to the work which he loved so well and which is now left us to perform.

4. That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of our School, be published in the Harrisburg papers and copies thereof furnished to John A. Weir, Esq., the esteemed brother of the deceased, and to Miss Anna C. Weir, his niece.

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### THE YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETING,

was the only evening service upon this memorable Sabbath. It was very largely attended. The subject for the evening was the good fight of faith and its reward. The theme was singularly appropriate, and the prayers and addresses all told of the general sadness, and the stronghold which Mr. Weir had acquired upon the affections of the people of the Church and School. There was scarcely an eye in the whole assemblage that was not dimmed with tears.

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Robinson; the audience quietly and sadly dispersed; and thus ended a Sabbath which will ever remain memorable in the history of Market Square Presbyterian Church.

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### THE FUNERAL SERVICES

were held on Monday, March 18th 1878, in the Church at four p. m. The spacious audience chamber was filled to its utmost capacity. Many had come from a distance to join in the last sad rites. The casket, surrounded by

beautiful floral offerings, was placed in front of the pulpit. The vast assemblage was pervaded by a feeling of deep sadness, and the silence was solemn and impressive.

Rev. R. J. Keeling, D. D., of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, read the XCth Psalm.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Conway P. Wing, D. D., *pastor emeritus* of First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle.

The solo:

“I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

was then impressively rendered by Miss Rachel Briggs.

Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, of Salem Reformed Church, read from the XVth chapter of 1st Corinthians.

Rev. R. Hinkle, of Grace M. E. Church, then announced, and the Choir sang the hymn,

“Forever with the Lord.”

Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D., the Pastor of the Church, then delivered the following

### MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

“We have been repeating to each other for the last few days the utterances of bereaved friendship and love. They are as old as the race; they are as new as this day, which but a few hours ago had its birth. The human heart will never cease to ache over its griefs. We cannot renounce our nature. We must love, and then mourn when the bonds of love are broken. That God who made us in His image, and capable of communing with Him, also made us in the images of each other, and capable of communing with each other. It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun, pleasant to look into the face of kindly nature, to hear the music of birds, the hum of insects, and the sound of rippling waters; but more pleasant is it to behold the countenance of a friend, to be in

the midst of those whom we love and who love us; to feel the warm pressure of the hand of affection, to hear greetings of welcome and voices of sympathy and kindness. We were made for love, not hate; to be friends, not aliens, to each other. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." The bands of a common humanity enfold us all. God never intended that any man should suffice for himself, but rather that, as every star in the depths of space holds its place by a mutual attraction and inter-dependence with every other, so all human creatures should dwell in a state of mutual attraction and sympathy. "We are members one of another." It is sadly true that this harmony has been disturbed by the entrance of sin. There is now repulsion where there should be attraction. Society no more now resembles what it should be than the images of stars in troubled water resemble the calm and quiet heavens above. Yet, with all that sin has done to alienate man from man, the great bond of human sympathy has not been broken. Though wars and discords disfigure the earth, and make havoc of human happiness, yet the old and true nature in man asserts itself; it binds men into nationalities filled with a common patriotism; it forms them into communities, it fosters neighborliness; it creates the sacred bond of the family and the Church; it makes friendship a grand reality; it diffuses "charity, like the gentle rain from heaven;" it lightens the world with love.

Sin has not made us utterly selfish. We still can love. There are blessed relations of life, parent and child, brother and sister, husband and wife, where love rules, where souls flow together, and all interests blend into one. Nor there alone. The utterances of bereaved friendship and love which have broken from so many hearts among us,

have not been caused by the sundering of family ties alone. They have had a far wider range. Beyond all the boundaries of family, of church, of profession, of social rank, of wealth and poverty, of condition, have they risen, showing how one link may hold us all; how we may all be gathered around one common centre, and share a common love and a common grief. It is well for us, who are prone to live in ourselves, and in our own households; and to confine our interests to our own party, our own church, and our own circle, that at times one stands among us who seems made to be beloved by all men—to be the friend of all; one who, breaking over all boundaries by which others hedge themselves in, becomes the centre of all men's thought, and draws to himself every man's regard. It is well for us that sometimes God places among us a man so large-hearted, so universal in his sympathies, that, as it were, the whole community becomes one in him; and all conditions, all ranks, all varieties of life feel that in him their common humanity finds a bond.

Standing to-day by the remains of one so long known and loved and honored among us, no man, no church, no society, may lay a special claim to the sorrow of the occasion. It is no man's peculiar inheritance. Childhood and age, poverty and wealth, learning and ignorance, the professions and the trades, and the humblest toiler on the street; religion, charity and education, may all come and say, as they look into the calm, pale face of our common friend, as David said over the body of Johnathan: "I am distressed for thee, my brother." Probably few men could be taken from our community whose death would call forth more generally from the hearts of men the sentiment of this man of centuries ago, than he whose name is to-day upon our lips.



Let us, then, gratefully recognize His goodness "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," and humbly bowing to His wisdom who gives and takes away, recall a few of the facts in the life of our departed friend, and then look at some of those traits of character which made him so widely revered.

JAMES WALLACE WEIR, the youngest son of Samuel Weir and Mary Wallace, was born in this city, August 9th, 1805, and was, therefore, at death, in the seventy-third year of his age. His father, Samuel Weir, was one of the distinguished triumvirate who formed the first board of Ruling Elders at the organization of the Presbyterian Church in Harrisburg, in 1794.

The three fathers of the Session of this Church—Adam Boyd, Moses Gilmore and Samuel Weir—were all of them of that Scotch-Irish race that, from the time of John Knox and the Reformation, has been noted for strong and unwavering attachment to Calvinism in theology, to Presbyterianism in the forms of Church government, and to civil liberty in the State.

Mary Wallace, the mother, was of the same origin, and both the grand-parents (Weir and Wallace) fought side by side as valiant defenders of Derry, in the famous siege by King James, 1689-'90, when almost incredible hardships were endured in the cause Protestantism.

Samuel Weir landed on these shores shortly after the opening of the Revolutionary war, in 1775, and scarcely a year elapsed before he was in the Army of the Revolution as a Lieutenant of infantry, and fighting as valiantly for the civil liberties of his newly-adopted country, as an hundred years before his ancestors had fought for civil and religious liberty on the walls of Derry.

From such an ancestry, men of industry and temperance,

men of high integrity, of simple manners, of consciences trained by Bible teachings—woman, too, equal to their fathers and brothers, who could be martyrs for Christ and truth, Mr Weir inherited a mind strong in natural faculties, keen in its search for truth, and a will earnest and positive. He was brought up on the Bible, and on the Catechisms and Confessions which were brought over to this country from the Scottish churches. The home of his early childhood and youth was a home of prayer, of strict religious training, of daily worship, and of Sabbath observance; a home where serious religious earnestness mingled with household love and care. It was an honest, godly, incorrupt, virtuous home. While still a mere youth, Mr. Weir showed the effect of family training, and of a good, intelligent ancestry, in his mental powers, in his rapid mastery of his studies, in his taste for the most solid and substantial literature of the day—reading, with great eagerness, works which generally only persons of advanced age would care to read.

He excelled as a scholar, was ready in composition, eager in the pursuit of the natural sciences; before the age of seventeen was a fluent writer for the press, and, while yet young, indulged in the calculation of eclipses, and made astronomical drawings which evinced a high order of talent.

In early life, and, and it is believed, before his conversion to God, he seriously contemplated entering upon the work of telling the story of the Cross in heathen lands, after he should have become a Christian. But this was not the Divine plan for his life. His taste for study and reading drew him into the printing office of John S. Wiestling, of this city, the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Intelligencer and Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal*, where he

was both a journeyman printer and a contributor to the columns of the paper. Subsequently he spent some time in the printing-house of the Messrs. Johnson, in Philadelphia.

On the 26th of November, 1833, having been chosen teller of the Harrisburg Bank, he accepted the position, holding it until October 30, 1844, when he was chosen cashier of the bank. When the institution became a National Bank, in 1874, he was unanimously elected its cashier, which office he held until his death, having been connected with the bank for over forty-four years; and though, through the whole period, a man of delicate health, yet he survived several of the presidents of the bank, and a large number of its directors. It is but just to say of him, that as a bank officer and a financier, he gained an enviable distinction for his uniform courtesy, for unimpeachable integrity, and for ability of the highest order. Few bankers in the Commonwealth can present a record equal to his, in years of service, in successful administration of affairs through financial trouble, and for such rigid (I had almost said Divine) honesty. It is a joy, and a tribute to humanity that, in days when our ears are so often smitten by tales of defalcation and the betrayal of trusts, we can point to men like Mr. Weir, who, for nearly half a century, carried millions of others' moneys, and by no single act of his ever stirred the faintest suspicion against the purity of his dealings. It strengthens our faith in human nature.

*As a Man*, men everywhere had perfect confidence in Mr. Weir. To come into his presence was like coming into a clear and healthy atmosphere, in which we are able to see and enjoy all other objects. In our intercourse with other men we may be conscious of no distrust; but

in all intercourse with Mr. Weir—as a friend, or in matters of business—there was a positive feeling of confidence and security. There was no deception in him; there were no ugly concealments, no mere professions. Men all felt that they knew him. He was transparent in the integrity and purity of his heart and life. Men saw that in an unusual degree for so public a man, he was not only honest and well-meaning, able and kind, but that he was a man in whom they could perfectly confide. They could consult him on the most difficult and delicate matters. He was free from ill-nature, and from selfishness; he lived in an atmosphere of honesty and good-will. Hundreds of men, who were in trouble, has he lifted up and carried along, bearing their burdens until a calmer day should dawn.

*Socially, also, Mr. Weir was one of the most pleasant of men.* His home, for twenty-seven years presided over by a woman of engaging manners and beautiful piety, was the centre of happiness and hospitality. For thirty two years that home continued to be the daily resort of charmed friends, the open house for innumerable guests. Because of the elegance of his mind and the refinement of his taste, and his wide familiarity with men and books, and the events of his time; because of that playful unbending of his mind, when the toils of the day were over, there was a charm in his society not often met in business men, especially in these days of intense occupation and railroad speed. In all his feeling and associations and habits, he was refined and gentlemanly. He was accessible to all—courteous to the most persistent trespasser upon his time, and the most inveterate beggar for his bounties. He was peculiarly pleasant to his friends, because of his genuine kindness of heart and sincere attachment to them.

The civilities and polite attentions which sometimes go under the name of good breeding, but which are unmitigated selfishness at heart, were utterly foreign to his nature. In social as in business life, there was no sign of deception about him. Acts of kindness were as natural to him as to breathe. He waited not to be asked; he was ingenious and thoughtful in seeking the good and gratification of others. This kindly social nature; moulded as it was by Divine Grace, filled him with the love of his kind, and made him one of the most prominent promoters of all the reformatory, benevolent and religious movements of his time. Nothing that could be done for the good of his fellow-men was alien to his sympathies and his help. He was the friend of the black man, and the antagonist of slavery when yet a young man, and when nothing was more unpopular in society, State and Church than that.

From the very dawn of the Temperance Reformation until the hour of his death, he was among its foremost advocates and tireless supporters. During this last year of his life, when his wearied frame could scarce bear him from his door, when he needed the repose of his couch and the gentle ministrations of friends—when other men, the prominent business and religious men of the city, men of strong frames and unbroken health, have been enjoying the quiet and comfort of their homes, this man, in his feebleness of body, stirred by love and pity for tempted, fallen, enslaved men, has gone forth through this city with words of cheer and words of prayer, taking the drunkard by the hand, helping him up to manliness and Christliness, and letting every degraded and enchained man know that he should have a friend and brother in him. Let a thousand honors rain down upon the blessed memory of such a man.

Forgive me if, over the body of my best earthly friend, I seem to utter a reproof to the men of his high social and religious standing who went not with him in these missions of salvation to wretched men and the more wretched homes of our fair city. The words I utter never fell from his own lips. Never by word or sign did he intimate that you had "left your brother to serve alone." He was no censor of other men; he was never worried over other men's duties. He was full only of his own mission—and with a zeal and love of heart too great for flesh, he pursued it until the cords of life suddenly snapped under the tension; and now the wearied body and the loving spirit have found, at last, their rest.

From the memories and records of the long, active and useful life which Mr. Weir lived among men, fillin in social, business and religious circles, so prominent a place, there might be gathered the materials for a lengthened biography.

For many years a leading banker in his native city, and bearing among the business men of the country, a character untouched by the slightest blemish; a Ruling Elder in active and honorable service in his own Church for nearly forty-four years; a Superintendent of the Sabbath School for the same length of time, and known throughout the land for his peculiar efficiency for the office; a Life Director in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for nearly twenty years, and eagerly sought for his wise and prudent counsel; a welcomed delegate in all the higher courts of the Church and the Religious Conventions of his day; a contributor to the Religious press, and to the Theological Review of his own Denomination; a compiler and author of Sunday School Hymns, and the author of two volumes of Prayers,

one having already passed through several editions, and the other, being now in the hands of a publisher; a leader in all the reformatory and benevolent enterprises of the city, Mr. Weir won the regard which his fellow-men were not unwilling to pay.

But the character of Mr. Weir found its completeness in *religion*. He was a Christian. This was the great, the main thing in him. The roots of his character were imbedded in religion; they drew their life from Christianity, from its system of truth, from its mighty motives, from its central Christ. There is no explaining such a life and character as Mr. Weir's, without bringing in Christ and Divine Grace, and a deep, personal experience of the reality and power of religion.

He had been from earliest life under the influence of religious teachings and examples. While never really skeptical, his mind had become somewhat conversant with errors, and was in a measure moved by them. It was not until he reached his twenty-fifth year that he surrendered mind, heart and will to the sway of the Gospel. His conversion was a remarkable one. While on a journey of business in one of the lumbering coaches of half a century ago, Jesus met him as he met the young man Saul, on the way to Damascus, and conquered him. For him, too, "a brightness above that of the sun seemed to shine about him and the men that journeyed with him." The roof of the coach seemed to be lifted away, and the opened heavens of Divine reconciliation shone upon him. He was in a new world, and the glory of it appeared to fill all the senses of the body. The forgiven soul could scarce contain its rapture. The ends of life changed. He set out on a new orbit. As soon as he returned to the city he called upon his pastor, Dr. DeWitt, and surprised him

with the story of his conversion, and upon the next day, July 4th, 1830, he publicly confessed Christ, and united with the Church. From that day through life, Mr. Weir seems never to have doubted the reality of his conversion to God and his eternal salvation. He entered immediately upon Christian work, on the week following his profession of religion going forth, gathering a class, and bringing it into the Sunday School as its teacher. He at once became prominent in Sunday School work. As early as 1832, at the first National Sunday School Convention held in this country, though one of the youngest men in the body, he drew up a series of remarkable resolutions, which were adopted by the Convention, and were a sort of prophetic outline of the Sunday School work and progress of the whole country from that day to the present. In 1834 he was chosen to the superintendency of the Sunday School of this Church, and continued to fill the office with acknowledged and remarkable ability until his death—a period of forty-four years. His work in the Sunday School cannot be estimated in its value. Years ago he had won the name of “model superintendent”—a name that he, however, neither sought nor claimed. Others may have excelled in later days; but it would be hard, searching the world over, to find a man in the Church, who for an equal length of time, has filled that office with a more signal ability and thorough consecration.

In the same year (1834), on Sabbath morning, October 19, he, in connection with Alexander Sloan (who is still spared to us) and Alexander Graydon, lately deceased at Indianapolis, Ind., was ordained as a Ruling Elder of the Church. During the forty-four years that have elapsed since then, he has given this Church his toils and cares, his counsels and his love. He has been its unwavering



friend, through times of trials and of prosperity. His faith has never failed, nor his love waned. His feet have turned weekly to our places of prayer, and his voice has led us unnumbered times at the Throne of Grace. His benefactions have enriched us, and his hand has borne to us, and to many of our precious dead, the bread and cup of our Communion. He is inseparable from our history. Under God, the power and influence of this man have moulded all our lives. The touch of his vanished hand has been upon us, and we shall bear prints of it forever. Christ did not use him in vain.

The characteristics of his religious life were marked. He was a man who had a *deep and pervading reverence for God*. He felt the awe of God upon his soul. In the performance of religious duties, in the household or the Church, there was no approach to levity or familiarity. He lived in the sense that God was holy and man sinful, and that there was no access to the Holy One but by the blood of the Cross. He had no slavish fear of God. There was no tincture of gloom in his religion. He was no cringing, trembling worshipper. Conscious of his own acceptance, through the Redeemer, he came to God as to a Father reconciled, but a Father infinitely holy as well as good.

Mr. Weir was a man who had a *strong sense of his unworthiness*, and of the *imperfections of his Christian life*. He did not doubt that he was a Christian. That had passed forever beyond all doubt. He belonged to Christ; he would have no other Master. But his idea of the Christian life was high, and he felt that he had never attained it. Whilst others admired the steadiness and strength of his Christian life, and envied the unflinching step of Christian principle in him, he was himself, at times,

almost morbidly self-depreciating and condemnatory.

He was a man *familiar as but few are with truth*. He was a student of the Bible. His prayers showed his great familiarity with the Word of God. But lately had he repeatedly spoken of the new and absorbing interest with which he was daily reading some of the epistles of Paul.

He was a man *remarkable gifted in prayer*. At all times, even of his weariness or under the burdens of business, his prayers were models in their rich quotations of Scripture language, and in the compass of human wants which he presented at the Throne of Grace, but especially when the theme of some evening lecture had comforted or quickened him, or when his soul was more than usually stirred with Christian feeling, would he pour forth a prayer that carried away the soul of the listener.

He was also remarkable for *submission and patience under suffering*. For more than thirty years he had scarcely ever been free from pains of body, often severe and protracted. His life was preserved so long only by such care as few men would have given. He spoke of his infirmities, of the weaknesses that interfered with many a plan; but in all the close intimacy of nearly a quarter of a century, I never heard him drop the wish that God had given him a different lot.

He was not only submissive and patient under his sufferings, but a man of remarkable cheerfulness, seldom depressed, never gloomy, enlivening all around him by his buoyant spirit. His very extensive correspondence as a bank officer was relieved from the dull and dry formalities of business, by the overflow of his bright and happy pleasantries, his unfailing good humor and ready wit. And of the many hundreds who came to his desk

seeking counsel and help under the perplexities and burdens of business, but few failed of being better for coming into his presence.

Mr. Weir was a man of *uncommon beneficence*. None but God knew the extent of his charities. Seldom, if ever, was any worthy appeal made to him in vain. His gifts were incessant; to the Church and all its enterprises, to benevolent organizations, to struggling congregations of every denomination of Christians, to our common charities, to young men starting in business, to numberless borrowers who never repaid—to all, his heart was open. His money was Christ's; his catholicity was as broad and warm as the Gospel he loved, and for years more than half his income—often much more—has been regularly given to charity and religion.

Lastly, let me add to this unfinished record of his Christian virtues, that this community has seldom, if ever, had in it a nobler example of *the elevating power of Christian principle and religious faith* than were presented in the life and character of Mr. Weir. A man may look forward for ten or twenty years, and plan for it and live for it. But it is only Christian faith, and an elevated principle of living, that help a man to look steadily and forever forward till eternity becomes a real home to him, and that makes things present—life here, the funeral and the grave—not the great end of all, but only the things which stand between him and the end. Years ago our departed brother had, in Christ, conquered death, and the eternal of Heaven had become for him a certainty. He had survived doubt. Some men have never believed enough to raise a doubt in their narrow minds. Mr. Weir was a *large believer*. He took in the whole field of revealed truth—the solemn, magnificent, and sublime doctrines of

of our Christian faith. He saw the mystery in some of them; but he lived above all doubt. Religion was real. The things not seen and eternal, were great certainties. They were the landmarks of his journey. He walked by them. Christ was real, living, personal, present, and by his habit of abiding trust in Him, and affectionate obedience to God, all doubt was driven out of his life. It was a steady, life-long, triumphant victory. He had a grasp on things that other men are groping after, and only touching now and then. The powers of the world to come were so manifest to him as to leave no room for question. He was only going at death to see the things that he had long felt, for he had been living amid heavenly and spiritual things while yet among us.

It has been, perhaps, a disappointment to us that, by reason of the paralysis which struck him down, his last earthly hours were clouded. We wanted for him—we expected for him—a death of triumphant hope, or at least, of calm and solid peace. We wanted to hear and treasure up the last and sacred words of the Christian friend and warrior; we wanted to see the glad light of Heaven shining in his eyes before they were closed forever, and to hear some Christly message from his lips as he passed through the gates of death.

The last words of his Lord and ours were: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit." Many a saint of ancient and modern days has left the world amid raptures. We look for assurances from the Christian's death-bed. When Neander, by the aid of friendly hands, stretched himself in bed for his last slumber, he whispered in tones of inexpressible tenderness, that sent a strange thrill through every heart: "Good night." But, after all, the broken words of a dying man are no certain index of his real

state before God. Christ's triumph may be in the heart while not a word of victory falls from the lips. Every day Christ's servants die, modestly and peacefully; they die, and the world hears nothing of them; they draw nigh death, and find in him no foe to fight; they come to the dark flood, and lo! they calmly walk over dry shod. The great triumph of the Christian is to live well, not to die well. Our beloved friend and brother left us no words of rapture from his dying bed. A few broken words about the "Sunday School," about his "Father's business," about "meeting together" somewhere, were all that he said. We need no more. Nearly half a century ago, in a published prayer of his, he asked of God: "Lord train me to such habits of obedience to Thy will, and trust in Thy dealings, and faith in Thy promises, that while I look upon the earthly house of this tabernacle as one that must be dissolved, I may rejoice in the hope that I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." That was the rejoicing hope of his entire Christian life. It was no vain hope. Speak, from thy rest, O, disciple of Jesus, brother among the conquerors, clothed in thy white robes, and with the palm of victory in thy hand!

From beyond the grave there comes to our listening hearts and assured faith, the response: "Thanks be unto God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Dr. J. Swartz, of the First Lutheran Church, offered a fervent prayer.

The following anthem, was then sung by the Choir:

"Brother, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown,

Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow is unknown ;  
 From the burden of the flesh,  
 And from care and sin released,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest."

"The toilsome way, thou'st traveled o'er,  
 And borne the heavy load ;  
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
 To reach his blest abode ;  
 Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus,  
 Upon his Father's breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest."

"Sin can never taint thee now,  
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;  
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest."

The casket was taken in charge by the following gentlemen, officiating as pall-bearers: Alexander Sloan and S. J. M. McCarrell, of the Church Session; Chas. L. Baily and W. O. Hickok, of the Church Trustees; Jno. J. Clyde, Sr. and Wm. Gorgas of the Bank Directors; J. Uhler and Jno. M. Sayford, Bank Clerks; and Wm. Buehler and Jacob F. Seiler, representatives of the Sunday School Superintendents of the city. As they passed down the aisle with their precious burden, the stillness of the place was broken by many manifestations of overwhelming grief, while scarcely an eye was undimmed by tears.

The long funeral procession, embracing about sixty

carriages, and delegations on foot from "The Temperance Union," "The Young Men's Christian Association," and "The Washington Hose Company," then moved from Market Square out Market Street. Many of the Church bells were solemnly tolled, while from the chimes of the First Lutheran Church came the notes of the familiar hymn

"I would not live always."

The sidewalks were filled with a quiet throng of citizens and children, and all places of business were closed while the procession passed.

At the cemetery the casket was sadly lowered into the vault, and just as the last rays of the setting sun shone out bright and clear, from a sky which through the afternoon had been partially beclouded, the benediction was pronounced by the Pastor and the solemn services were ended.

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#### RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SESSION OF THE CHURCH.

WHEREAS, Our venerable associate and father in Christ, James W. Weir, has suddenly been called to his rest, leaving vacant that place in our body which he filled with rare fidelity and abounding service from October 19th, 1834, to March 14th, 1878, when "he was not, for God took him"—

*Resolved*, 1. That, as members of the Session of Market Square Church, we record our solemn sense of the bereavement we suffer in losing from our counsels the guidance of his mature experience and sober wisdom; but chiefly do we mourn the absence of that example which

was the constant inspiration and stimulus of all our efforts for the welfare of his beloved Zion.

2. That we record our thanksgiving to God for the monument of Divine Grace given and so long perpetuated to our Church in the character and life of our departed colleague, for all that ministry of "word and work," whose precious fruits have been garnered into the life of the Church and of the community; especially for the influence of "religion, pure and undefiled," which made all his common life a "voice of one crying in the wilderness," a savour of Godliness and of Christ to human souls in all the wide intercourse of his long useful life; for the virtue of inwrought grace which went forth from him at every point of his varied contact with his fellow-men.

3. That we accept as a sacred bequest the care of the beloved Church whose welfare lay as a sweet but anxious burden on his heart until he "ceased at once to work and live;" that we will humbly strive to emulate his pure spirit of consecration to her service; and that, God helping us, we will fill up as worthily as we may, that measure of labor, and sacrifice and devotion to which we are summoned by his high example.

4. That we tender to his brother, our venerable associate, John A. Weir, our condolence and fellowship in the grief of that bereavement which has removed the prop and stay of his infirm age, and commend him to that "rod and staff" of which the Psalmist declares: "They comfort me."



## TESTIMONIALS.



### RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE HARRISBURG NATIONAL BANK.

Inasmuch as it has pleased God to remove from our midst our worthy Cashier, James W. Weir, we, the President and Directors of The Harrisburg National Bank, deem it proper to place upon record our appreciation of his long-continued and invaluable services to this Bank.

Whilst we bow with humble resignation to the will of Him in whose hand all human destinies rest, we cannot but mourn an event which has bereft us of one in whose counsels, wisdom and safety were so uniformly found.

James W. Weir entered into the service of The Harrisburg Bank, in 1833, as a Teller, which position he filled until 1844, when he was elected Cashier; he continued as such until the institution became a National Bank in 1874, when he was unanimously chosen to the same position, and held it until he was stricken by the Angel of Death whilst seated at his desk, in the performance of his duties, on the afternoon of the 12th instant. On the evening of the 14th of March, 1878, he gently passed into his Father's house above.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of any man to serve for forty-five years in a moneyed institution, with a personal record so pure and stainless. Kindness and courtesy, firmness and integrity, financial skill and wonderful acquaintance with Banking laws, State and National, acquired by his long experience, were all combined in him in an eminent degree. Though an invalid during nearly

the whole term of his service, he was equaled by few and excelled by none in his watchful care for the interests of the Bank—and the institution stands this day a noble monument of his fidelity.

But a void has been created not easy to be filled. It would be difficult to name any cause, having for its object the welfare of humanity, to which he was not either a public or private contributor. His pen and his purse, his talents and his time seemed consecrated to the Lord.

In this city his name is a household word, and his example one worthy of the imitation of all. Truly “he walked with God, and was not, for God took him.”

*Resolved*, 1. That we respectfully tender our deepest sympathy to John A. Weir, Esq., the venerable brother of the deceased, and to his family; and especially to Miss Anna C. Weir, the niece of the deceased, who, since his own sad bereavement, has so faithfully and lovingly ministered to all his wants.

2. That we, together with the employees of the Bank, will attend the funeral of the deceased in a body on Monday afternoon, 18th inst., at 4 o'clock.

3. That a full copy of these minutes, signed by the President of this Board, be sent to each, John A. Weir, Esq., and Miss Anna C. Weir; and a copy thereof also published in the newspapers of this city.

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## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE MANAGERS OF THE HARRISBURG HOSPITAL.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove our fellow-manager James W. Weir, one of the founders of The Harrisburg Hospital, and since its commencement the Treasurer of the institution, thereby depriving us of the benefit of his valuable counsels and our whole community of one of its brightest ornaments; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we deem it but just to his memory thus to place upon our minutes, this testimony of our high appreciation of that noble Christian philanthropy which always marked his connection with this Hospital.

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to Him whose

hand has done this, knowing that our loss, though most keenly felt by us, has been an infinite gain to our departed friend.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully tender our sympathies to his venerable brother, John A. Weir, and the members of his family, and that a copy of these proceedings be furnished them by the Secretary of this Board.

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### RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, OF HARRISBURG, PA.

WHEREAS, Mr. James W. Weir, one of the founders of this Association, for more than half a century actively and prominently engaged in the promotion of every Christian work and benevolent enterprise which has been begun in our city, has been called to his reward; therefore, be it resolved,

1. That in his death, this Association has lost one of its oldest and most honored members, as well as one of its most liberal supporters.

2. That in his long life, characterized as it was, by untiring industry, strict integrity, sterling honesty, great benevolence, and honest, faithful devotion to the cause of Christ, we have a bright example, commanding the admiration of, and worthy of being imitated by every young man.

3. That while we deeply regret his sudden decease, we are grateful for the good which he was permitted to accomplish, and for the many liberal things which he devised and executed for the welfare of the young in this community.

4. That we tender our hearty sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, feeling that in him we too have lost a friend and helper, and as a mark of our respect for his useful labors and stainless character, we will attend his funeral in a body.

5. That these resolutions be published in the daily papers and be entered on the minutes of our Association, and a copy thereof furnished Mr. John A. Weir, the esteemed brother of the deceased.

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### RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE METHODIST MINISTERS OF THE CITY OF HARRISBURG, PA.

WHEREAS, By the sudden demise of James W. Weir, this community has suffered the loss of one well-known for his many noble

qualities and Christian virtues, and unbounded catholicity of spirit, as well as for his zeal and efficiency in all Christian work ;

*And whereas*, His nobility of Christian character is the common heritage of the Church of God, and of all who are in any degree in sympathy with moral excellence ; therefore,

*Resolved*, 1. By the Ministers of this Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Harrisburg, that we recognize the common loss which Christian society and the cause of Christian charity have suffered.

2. That we sympathize with the congregation of which he was a most faithful and exemplary member, and especially with our co-worker, Rev. T. H. Robinson, D. D., his pastor, to whom he was a most valued friend and counselor.

3. That we tender to the relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence.

4. That a minute of these proceedings be entered upon our record, and a copy be furnished to the friends and pastor of our deceased brother.

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## ACTION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF THE CITY, MARCH 17, 1878.

In nearly all the Sunday Schools, appropriate reference was made to the death of Mr. Weir, and delegations were appointed to attend his funeral.

### PINE STREET PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mr. Jacob F. Seiler, Superintendent of the Pine Street Presbyterian Sunday School, paid the following brief but sincere tribute to the worth of Mr. Weir. Referring to the subject of the lesson, which was "*Hezekiah's good reign*," Mr. Seiler said :

"When Hezekiah died all Jerusalem was in mourning, for there was not an interest in the kingdom of Judah that had not felt his influence for the better. His gold had been given freely to the Temple. The priests had been the object of his special regard. The worship of Jehovah had so occupied his kingly mind that he

was identified with God Himself by both aliens and friends. Every home in the land had felt the influence of this one man's consecration to the God of Israel. But God had other preachers of righteousness besides those who have passed into history. In every generation he has raised up living witnesses who were to testify of Him—the living to the living. More people in this community know God through James Weir living than through the dead Hezekiah. Many a house of God in this land had his gold upon it. No man, so far as my knowledge extends, was a better friend of the ministry, or more jealous of Christ's servants, than the deceased. All sorrows found in him sympathy, as every good agency received his ready and intelligent help. While we mourn for his loss let us also pray the Master to increase the number like him."

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#### THE ELDER STREET PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, 1. That in the death of Mr. James W. Weir, we lose an esteemed and valued friend. We bow to the hand of God in this with the full hope of a perfect rest with Him. "He cannot come to us, but we will go to him."

2. That we attend the funeral services.

3. That Rev. George M. Bonner, Elder Thomas Miller, Baker White, Mr. Barnetts and the Superintendent, be a deputation to the cemetery.

4. That these resolutions be published, and a copy, with the condolence of the school, be sent to the family.

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#### ACTION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS.

Extract from the proceedings of the

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION,

held at Atlanta, Georgia, April 19th, 1878.

The hymn

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

was sung, when Mr. Searles announced the fact of the

sudden and quite recent death of Mr. James W. Weir, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, one of the veterans in the work. Rev. George A. Peltz offered the following :

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has called to Himself our late fellow-worker and beloved brother, James W. Weir, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania ;

*And whereas*, Mr. Weir was an active member of the National Sunday School Conventions of 1832, 1833, 1859 and 1869 ; participating by letter and by telegram in the Convention of 1872, and addressing the First International Convention in 1875 ;

*And whereas*, at the time of his death, Mr. Weir held his commission as a delegate to this Convention, and hoped to attend with us here ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That by his sudden removal we also are admonished to be ready.

*Resolved*, That we put on record our high appreciation of the peculiar worth of our departed brother ; and we further record our sincere purpose, like him, to endure to the end in the blessed work of teaching the Word of God.

By a rising vote the resolution was adopted, and ordered to be spread upon the minutes of the Convention.

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#### THE PENN'A STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

in session at Williamsport, Penn'a, June 13th, 1878, adopted the following resolution, viz :

That in the death of Mr. James W. Weir, of Harrisburg, the Sunday School cause in general and in this State in particular, has lost a wise counselor, an efficient worker and a liberal supporter. May his mantle fall upon many, and may we all abundantly inherit his spirit, for it was that of the Master.

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#### ACTION OF COLORED CITIZENS OF THE CITY.

At a meeting of colored citizens held Saturday, March 16th, to consider the propriety of appointing a deputation

to attend the funeral of Mr. James W. Weir, Major J. W. Simpson was called to the chair. A committee of three was appointed to express appropriately the feeling of the colored citizens in reference to Mr. Weir's death, viz : Prof. Wm. Howard Day, Mr. Spencer P. Irvin and Mr. Joseph B. Popel.

The committee submitted the following paper for action which was unanimously adopted, viz :

While we reverently bow to the decree of Him "who doeth all things well," our hearts are sore-stricken in that we have lost a friend, who, early and late, was true to us in following his convictions of justice. He, early in the anti-slavery struggle, joined himself to our cause, and forty-five years ago, assisted in founding the first Anti-Slavery Society formed in this city. For the rights of man he suffered obloquy, and consented even to be abused. In all the changing years past, when others forsook our cause and fled, we found Mr. Weir still the defender of the right and the friend of the friendless. And to-day, as we humbly gather around his coffin, we humbly lay our laurel wreath upon his memory, thankful to God that such a man has lived.

In respectfully tendering the expression of our sympathy to the bereaved relatives, we can invoke for them and ourselves the same unselfishness, the same devotion to principle and calm Christian spirit which Mr. Weir exhibited.

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## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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### HARRISBURG EVENING TELEGRAPH.

"We doubt that if in the last half century this community has felt a more poignant pang of sorrow than that which penetrated it last evening, when the death of James W. Weir was announced. It has been appalled by the knowledge of great calamities, and afflicted by disasters which could not be averted—but all of which

could be overcome or repaired—but the death of an eminently good man—good in the sense which made him a blessing to all with whom he came in contact, is so far-reaching in its melancholy effects that no skill of man can repair the loss. The all-wise Providence of God provides for vacancies thus made in the community, and therefore it is not strange to hear men ask, who will take Mr. Weir's place—has the Church of which he was the prominent figure a man to fill *that* vacancy? Easy indeed, it is to ask such a question, but its solution is not within our power.

In Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, we find the following :

“Weir, James Wallace, a great-grandson of two of the valiant defenders of Derry (Weir and Wallace,) was born in Harrisburg, 1805. Manual of Prayer, with an introduction by Rev. Albert Barnes, Philadelphia, 1838, 12mo; 4th edition. The Closet Companion, or Manual of Prayer; New York, 1854, 12mo. Excellent. Also, tracts published by American Sunday School Union, and contributions to periodicals.”

Herein we have glance at the true character of James W. Weir. If he had been a knight of old, his shield would have been emblazoned with the words, *Do good*. Though for over fifty years filling the most important financial trust, he blended with every hour of his life something of good for those around, as well as for all whom he could reach. We never saw a man so intensely in love with his own Church, so liberal, tolerant and brotherly in feeling to Christians of all denominations. This was the result of magnificently cultivated mental forces. Whatever had God in it, always commanded his reverence; he adored the truth, practiced charity as a duty which must go into every day's labor, and while the most liberal contributor to every cause in aid of suffering humanity, nothing was more offensive to him than to be reminded of his gifts. He never absented himself from any public movement for the general good, nor did he pause to consider what might be the effect of his position on such occasions, touching his personal interests. If a fallen man needed lifting up, his hand was the first to be outstretched to the poor wretch—if a reformed man needed animation it was only necessary to go to James W. Weir, who to all such, was a fountain that never failed to refresh.

His character was perfectly symmetrical in moral organization, and of mental balance so nicely adjusted, that it was seldom, if ever, disturbed by impatience. His tastes were all refined. Join-



ing a love of literature to that of art, he delighted in the study of the classics, and in his more relaxed moments could talk of art with a confidence and clearness that evinced an extensive knowledge of the old masters. His public addresses in this city were models of chaste conception and polished elaboration. And while always shrinking from any public display, he never addressed an audience, either as a lecturer or a casual speaker, without impressing his hearers with the purity of his character and the loftiness of his purpose. And this, after all that may be said or written of Mr. Weir, is the true index of the man. *He was pure in character and lofty in purpose.* No matter what he did, where he spoke, with whom he came in contact, this, like a golden thread, ran through the woof of his life. *He was pure in character and lofty in purpose.*"

"His life was gentle and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

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#### HARRISBURG MORNING PATRIOT.

"The death of James W. Weir, Esq., the well-known Cashier of The Harrisburg National Bank, which occurred yesterday afternoon at his residence in this city, will be regretted and mourned not only by a large circle of personal friends but by this community in general. For many years the deceased was the controlling spirit in the management of the very reputable and well-established banking institution with which he was connected at his death, and it may be said with entire truth, that he discharged the trust committed to him with the utmost fidelity and integrity. He was a man of strong convictions, honest and earnest in his undertakings, but always liberal and charitable toward those with whom he found occasion to differ. He was gifted with rare social qualities and a graceful wit, which made him one of the most companionable of men. In movements for the reformation of society he was always foremost, not only giving his time and labor, but contributing freely of his means to the accomplishment of what he thought a philanthropic purpose. To the poor and lowly he was always a kind and true friend, and his charities though

not ostentations, were made with a free and open hand. Truly, a man of noble attributes, and in respect of decision and energy of character, one possessing qualities of true greatness, has passed away. Long may his upright and honorable life be an example for imitation, and long may his memory be green in the hearts of those who survive him."

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## NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

### DEATH OF JAMES W. WEIR.

"Our New York correspondent writes us that one of earth's brightest lights went out, when the gentleman whose name heads this article passed to his rest from his late residence in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 14th inst.

Mr. Weir was known by rich and poor through all the length and breadth of his native town, and of him it could be said with the veriest truth—

"None knew him but to love,  
None named him but to praise."

He lived three years beyond the "three-score and ten," and it is safe to say that in that life was crowded the work of a century; and what is best of all, his life was an unspotted life. There are few indeed of whom this can be said, but it can be said of James Wallace Weir.

Columns have been both spoken and written since his decease, yet the noblest epitaph that could be engraven upon his tomb would be: "He went about doing good."

In all charitable works—in errands of love and mercy—in the Sabbath School and Church—in the helping hand to the needy and unfortunate, no matter what their race, color or religion, the deceased was ever modestly foremost. He did not wait to see whether others would do, or what others would do—he carried out instantly the noble promptings of his heart, and in blessing others he himself was blest. Hundreds, yes thousands, can testify to the unselfish, Christlike deeds of this grand old soldier of the Cross.

The Presbyterian Church at Harrisburg, in which he had been a Ruling Elder for nearly fifty years, and the Sabbath School of

the same Church over which he had been Superintendent for nearly the same space of time, were the scenes perhaps of his deepest fervor and his most glorious seasons in the Christian life. The Church was his home, and in the Church militant on earth he realized in the fullest manner possible, the splendors and joys of the Church triumphant in Heaven.

Mr. Weir's secular occupation was banking. For eleven years from 1833, he held the position of Teller in The Harrisburg National Bank, and for thirty-four years—making a total of forty-five years—he filled the post of Cashier in the same institution. In short, it might with truth be said, Mr. Weir was himself the Bank, for it was virtually under his control and rested upon his shoulders.

He stood, though with infirm and bending body, as its strong support down to the day of his death—and when he closed his books for the last time, there was not a stain of dishonor—not a figure to be erased or changed upon any page. They were a clean record, and he presented them, with all the other countless transactions of his life, without fear before the Great Judge of earth and heaven.

While living, Mr. Weir would not knowingly have permitted such eulogy as this, but now that he has passed on and upward, these lines are written as a bright example to those who remain behind.

“Forever with the Lord” was most appropriately sung as Rev. Dr. Robinson finished his tribute to the deceased, in the presence of the largest assembly of mourners ever witnessed in the capital of the Keystone State, and then lovingly and tenderly they bore him to his rest.

And from that rest there will go out a fragrance for long years to come, for

“The ashes of the just,  
Smell sweet and bloom in the dust.”

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#### TYPOGRAPHIC ADVERTISER, PHILADELPHIA.

“James Wallace Weir, a former compositor in our establishment, and afterwards Cashier of The Harrisburg National Bank.

He held this responsible position over forty years, and earned the distinction of a financier of the highest ability. He was a most excellent man in every respect; and, notwithstanding his frail health, for many years he earnestly gave himself to the promotion of benevolent, reformatory and religious movements of his day. His literary taste and ability were of high order. He was born August 9th, 1805, and died Thursday, March 14th, 1878. His last words were characteristic of his energetic life: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

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### JAMES W. WEIR.

*By a former Pupil in the Sunday School.*

How little worth were monarch's envied name,  
 Or statesman's honor, or the conquerors fame.  
 And garlands rare, that victor's brow entwine,  
 Compared, O! sainted man of God, with thine,  
 A conqueror thou! Ne'er nobler warfare done,  
 Nor mightier victory gained than thou hast won.  
 Illustrious! Not in vengeful deeds of blood,  
 But in a life-time spent in doing good.  
 Constant as needle to the attracting pole,  
 Was bent on mercy's work, thy steadfast soul.  
 From youth, through manhood, to thy latest age,  
 God's holy service did thy heart engage;  
 That, with a never faltering purpose, gave  
 Its efforts, fallen, sinking man to save.  
 Humanity's compassionating friend,  
 Thy pity knew no hindrance to the end.

By rescued sons of sin and sorrow blest,  
Thou goest to thy peaceful, honored rest ;  
And deeds of heaven-born charity divine,  
Like fadeless laurels, deck thy hallowed shrine.  
Oh, friend ! Why should we shed the bitter tear,  
Or hang the gloomy cypress on thy bier ?  
Why weep as though a cherished one had died,  
When only death humanity hath glorified ?  
Why should we count thy endless gain a loss,  
Who hung thy trophies on thy Master's cross ?  
Why sorrow, hopeless, at thy bliss begun—  
Thy blessed Lord's approving words—" Well done ?"

CHARLES N. HICKOK.

Bedford, March 18, 1878.

