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ANNALS

OF THE

AMERICAN PULPIT;

OR

COMMEMORATIVE NOTICES

OF

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMEN

OF

VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS,

FROM THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

WITH HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS.

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BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

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VOLUME IV.
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JAMES WHAREY.*

1818—1842.

JAMES WHAREY was born in Rutherford County, N. C., June 15, 1789. His parents were Thomas and Letitia (Denney) Wharey, both of Scotch Irish extraction. They were in barely comfortable worldly circumstances, but were eminently pious members of the Presbyterian Church, and much devoted to the spiritual interests of their children. While he was very young, he had a severe illness; and, after all hope of his recovery had been abandoned, his excellent mother resolved once more to make intercession for him at the throne of mercy. And while she wrestled earnestly for his recovery, she solemnly vowed that if his life might be spared, and the means of his education secured, she would devote him to the Christian ministry. She returned to his sick room, greatly cheered by a conviction, for which she could hardly account, that he would recover. He did recover, and she was mindful of her vow.

The precise time when he made a public profession of religion is not known, but it is supposed to have been when he was very young. He continued to live and labour with his parents till he had reached his twenty-first year. About this time, a clergyman by the name of Morrison, came to preach in the neighbourhood, and lodged at his father's house. In the course of conversation, he incidentally inquired concerning his plans for the future; and this led to a candid statement of his wishes, and of the hindrances which existed to their accomplishment. The result was that Mr. Morrison proposed to take the superintendence of his education, promising to teach him without charge, if he could get boarding in his neighbourhood; and the proposal was received by both himself and his parents with gratitude and joy. Accordingly, at the age of about twenty-one, he became Mr. Morrison's pupil, and so diligent and vigorous a student was he, that he committed his Latin Grammar to memory in a single week. After pursuing his studies here for a year, Mr. Morrison accepted a call from another State, in consequence of which Mr. Wharey was compelled to look out for another teacher. He accordingly placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Kilpatrick;† but as he lived in an unhealthy part of the country, Mr. Wharey's health soon began to suffer, and, after remaining there a year, he returned to his father's house. Here he spent another year, seeking to regain his health by active exercise on the farm; but his constitution had already received an injury from which it never fully recovered. He still, however, adhered to the purpose of preparing for the ministry.

At this time, the Rev. Dr. Moses Hoge held the double office of President and Professor of Theology in Hampden Sidney College. Mr. Wharey

* MSS. from Rev. William S. White, D. D., and Mrs. Dr. J. H. Rice.

† JOSEPH D. KILPATRICK was ordained by the Orange Presbytery in 1793, and became Pastor of the Third Creek Church, which was formed from the middle ground between the Churches in Iredell and Thyatira. He was a zealous friend of the great revival, so distinguished for the "bodily exercise," and saw nothing seriously objectionable in the irregularities by which it was marked.

repaired to this institution; and while he pursued his studies under Dr. Hoge, he paid for his board by teaching several children in the family of the steward. It is supposed that he never graduated; but prosecuted both his literary and theological course simultaneously. Here he spent about five years, being employed, during part of the time, as Tutor in College.

He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Hanover, at Lynchburg, in the autumn of the year 1818, when he was in the thirtieth year of his age. He commenced his ministry in the Counties of Amherst and Nelson,—a part of the country deplorably destitute of the means of grace, and where he was compelled to spend a portion of his time as Principal of an Academy. His home was in the little village of New Glasgow,—the County seat of Amherst. Among the few who sympathized with him in his evangelical labours was Dr. James Brown, an eminent practitioner of medicine, and brother of Dr. Thomas Brown, the Scotch metaphysician. He and his accomplished and lovely family contributed much to cheer and help Mr. Wharey in the discharge of his arduous and self-denying duties.

On the 22d of April, 1819, Mr. Wharey was married to Elizabeth Fisher, daughter of Major James Morton, of Prince Edward County, Va., and sister of Mrs. Doctor John H. Rice. The connection was in every respect a most suitable one, and proved to Mr. Wharey and their children, the richest of earthly blessings.

He continued to labour in Amherst but a year and a half. Finding himself unable to obtain there a competent support, and imagining at least that little good was accomplished by his labours, he felt constrained to relinquish the field. Just at this crisis of distressing perplexity, when he knew not which way to turn, his excellent father-in-law, Major Morton, invited him to bring his wife and daughter to Willington,—for so the old homestead was called,—to remain there, while he should look about for employment. He gratefully accepted the invitation; but scarcely had the removal been effected, before Mrs. Wharey was prostrated by a severe, and as it proved, protracted, illness; and when she had only begun to recover, he was himself seized with the same fever, and brought to the gates of death. During this scene of severe trial, he is said to have been one of the most beautiful examples of calm, cheerful, Christian endurance.

His health was so far regained by the following spring, as to enable him to attend the meeting of his Presbytery which was held in the town of Petersburg. At the close of this meeting, he resolved on visiting his friend and brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Rice, who was then settled at Richmond; and the result of this visit was that he left Mrs. W. and their infant daughter in Doctor Rice's family, and went on a missionary tour through the Eastern portion of the State, having received a commission from the Young Men's Missionary Society of Richmond. He spent two months in exploring a region in which the Presbyterian Church was almost wholly unknown; and, although he had reason to believe that he had not laboured in vain, he saw no good reason to seek a permanent settlement there, nor even to prolong his labours as a missionary.

He returned with his family once more to Willington, and, soon after their arrival, their little daughter—their first-born—was attacked with a fever, which, after a long and tedious course, had a fatal termination. He subsequently attended a meeting of Presbytery, in the hope of hearing of

some field of usefulness where he might be advantageously employed ; but here again he was disappointed. Shortly after this, however, an opening presented itself, which occasioned an auspicious change in his circumstances. Mr. J. P. Cushing had succeeded Dr. Hoge as President of Hampden Sidney College. But as Dr. H. had also held the offices of Professor of Theology, and Pastor of the College Church, and as Mr. Cushing was not a clergyman, it became necessary for the congregation to secure a pastor. Just at this time, Mr. Wharey returned to the house of his father-in-law, Major Morton, who was a Trustee of the College and a ruling elder in the Church. As soon as Mr. Cushing was apprized of his arrival, he called to see him, and proposed to employ him, at his own expense, as Chaplain to the College. Mr. W.'s extreme modesty led him at first to hesitate about accepting the proposal ; but when he found that it met the opposition of none, and the approval of all, immediately concerned, he did accept it, and entered at once upon his labours,—with a distinct understanding, however, that the engagement was but for one year. The congregation soon united with the College, and insisted on assuming the payment of the salary, and seldom has any man served a people more to their comfort and edification. His audience steadily increased in numbers, in attention and solemnity, until his engagement terminated ; and the effect of his labours was visible long after he had withdrawn from the field.

Near the close of the year 1822, just as the period of his service at the College closed, he acceded to a proposal to go to the village of Cartersville, in Cumberland County, about fifty miles distant from Hampden Sidney. Here there were a few pious and intelligent Presbyterians, but no organized church, and he was again forced to eke out a scanty support by teaching a school. It was not long, however, that he was suffered to remain in this position. His able and useful ministry at the College was “known and read” of many. The Churches of Bird and Providence, in Goochland County, near the place where he now resided, had become vacant, and they gave him a unanimous call to become their Pastor. He accepted the call, and in 1824 was installed, and took up his residence among the people, with whom, after eighteen years of useful labour, he ended his days.

These were old churches so near to each other that he could easily serve both of them ; but they were neither numerous nor strong. Hence he was compelled, even here, during the earlier part of his ministry, to resort to teaching in order to make out an adequate support. But this he soon relinquished, purchased a small farm on which he wrought with his own hands, and by his manifold efforts for the good of his people, attached them to him to an extent seldom equalled.

Mr. Wharey was never otherwise than an invalid from the time of the illness that obliged him to leave the family of Mr. Kilpatrick. But his complaints became more serious in the latter part of his life, and his physicians were of the opinion that he suffered from an ulcerated or cancerous affection of the stomach. Though his decline was gradual, it was steady, and he preached regularly until within two weeks of his death. As soon as he was confined to his house, his physician deemed it necessary to administer to him freely of opiates, to moderate the incessant and violent pain suffered in the region of the stomach. This rendered it impossible for him to converse, or even to attend to the conversation of others. The last day of his life he was comparatively free from pain, without being under the

influence of opiates, but he was so feeble that he found it very difficult to speak. Still he was able to assure his family and friends that in the faith he had long professed and preached he was now most willing to die. He was always distinguished for a tranquil and peaceful, rather than a rapturous, state of feeling. And so it was now. He died, just as all who knew him expected him to die, calmly and serenely, on the 29th of April, 1842. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. E. D. Saunders, who had founded a classical school in the bounds of Mr. Wharey's congregation.

Mr. Wharey had ten children, five of whom survived him. One daughter is married to the Rev. Archibald Curry, of North Carolina, and one son is now (1855) a member of the Union (Virginia) Theological Seminary, and another a member of Hampden Sidney College.

Mr. Wharey wrote for the religious periodicals of the day on a variety of topics. A series of articles which he furnished for the Southern Religious Telegraph on the subject of Baptism, and another series in the same paper on Church History, were so popular, that their publication in a more durable form was called for. They were accordingly collected and published in separate volumes. These volumes may be found among the publications of the Presbyterian Board. They are highly esteemed, and have had an extensive circulation.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM S. WHITE, D. D.

LEXINGTON, Va., January 18, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am pleased to learn that you intend to give a place in your forth-coming biographical work, to the life and character of the Rev. James Wharey of Goochland, Va.; and cheerfully comply with your request to furnish you with my views of his character.

My acquaintance with Mr. Wharey commenced in the spring of 1819. I had then just entered College, and he had very recently been licensed to preach. I met him first at his own wedding, which occurred in the vicinity of Hampden Sidney College. Through the whole of my course in both the College and Seminary, I often met and had such intercourse with him as is common with persons thus relatively situated. During a year of this time, I sat regularly under his ministry, and derived as valuable instruction as I ever received from the ministry of any man. From my licensure to preach, until his death,—a period of fifteen years,—our relations and intercourse were intimate and agreeable.

Mr. Wharey's person was tall,—not very symmetrically formed, nor very graceful in its motions. He had blue eyes, fair complexion, and sandy hair. His voice, originally feeble, was rendered still more so by long continued ill health. This detracted very much, in the estimation of some persons, from the effectiveness of his preaching. But in churches of ordinary size he was heard distinctly, and the sound instruction embodied in his discourses, delivered in a manner so solemn and tender, abundantly compensated, with all well-informed people, for any deficiency of voice, or mere oratorical display. Upon the whole, his person was prepossessing,—especially to those who knew him well.

In a large or mixed company he was silent; but with a few friends, and still more, with only one in whom he fully confided, and whom he really loved, he

was in the highest degree communicative and agreeable. A stranger or casual observer might think he was of a melancholy turn. But nothing could be further from the truth. It has fallen to the lot of few in this world to enjoy more constant serenity and peace of mind. When fully engaged in conversation with his friends, he was often both humorous and witty.

He was remarkable for his hospitality—he was not “forgetful to entertain strangers.” His residence for many years was near to a much frequented road, along which there were very few houses of public entertainment. In consequence of this, his hospitality was often heavily taxed. In some instances he was much imposed on—sometimes as many as four or five would call at one time, asking a night’s accommodation for themselves and horses. Such applicants were never rejected, and of such imposition he never complained; but he would say very good-naturedly,—“Who knows but in this way we may entertain angels unawares?”

His mind acted slowly, but safely and vigorously. He was not distinguished for imagination, and yet he highly relished the writings of our best poets, and the speeches of our most eloquent orators. His own style of composition often rose to a high degree of beauty, nor was it wanting in poetical merit. He was rather remarkable for the accuracy of his knowledge, than for its extent or variety. He owned but few books, because the smallness of his salary and the largeness of his family would not allow him to procure much of a library—an inconvenience which too many of his brethren have to share with him.

Perhaps there never lived and died a man more free from pride and ostentation. Weaknesses of this sort he regarded only with disgust. He was emphatically of a “meek and lowly mind.” And yet there was nothing vassal-like or mean in his spirit or manner. He despised all affectation of great sanctity, said little about himself, and always seemed pleased when, in our Church courts or elsewhere, the precedence was given to others. But he loved to preach, to serve on committees, or to engage in any service, however humble, or however arduous, to which the voice of his brethren or the voice of Providence might seem to call him. He was a very industrious man.

Mr. Wharey bestowed much time and labour upon the distribution of evangelical books. Our own Board of Publication did not then exist; nor, during the first ten years of his ministry in Goochland, had the “Volume enterprise” of the American Tract Society been undertaken. He was accordingly obliged to furnish himself from the booksellers in Richmond, who permitted him to return such works as he could not sell. He was allowed a small discount on the retail city prices, which enabled him to sell at such advances that he could in this way pay for those he gave away. There is no doubt, however, but he gave many for which he paid from his own scanty purse. His labours in this department were abundant, wise and useful, long before the American Tract Society, or any Ecclesiastical Board, had thought of the admirable system now in such general and useful operation. In his pastoral visits to the sick and others, which were frequent, and whenever he preached, as he often did, on other days than the Sabbath, he always took with him a supply of these books. I sometimes assisted him on Sacramental occasions, and commonly reached the church at eleven o’clock on Saturday morning. As I approached the church, I rarely, if ever, failed to see the excellent pastor, with his books spread out beneath the spreading branches of the venerable forest oaks which shaded the yard, and many of his people around him, making their purchases, as he, with calm and solemn dignity, indicated the book best suited to this or that purchaser.

In this way he greatly contributed to the development and cultivation of a taste for reading, and at the same time ministered to the taste thus cultivated, appropriate nutriment.

So unpretending and noiseless was he in this as well as in all his other methods of doing good, that the casual observer would suppose that he was really doing very little; and yet, by a silent process, he was laying the foundations so deeply, and scattering the seeds of truth so widely, that after his death it became obvious that his life had been one of eminent usefulness. This was proved by the fact that, after his earthly labours ceased, the Presbytery deemed it advisable to divide his charge, and install two pastors over the people whom he alone had served.

In the year 1834, a controversy arose on the propriety of ministers of the Gospel engaging in secular pursuits. Three or four writers took part on opposite sides in this controversy. A good deal of ability, and more warmth, was exhibited by both parties. Instead of coming nearer together, they got farther and farther apart, until the two parties found themselves on opposite extremes. When the contest had lasted long, and waxed very warm, a new writer appeared over the signature of "Spectator." The style of this writer was lucid, and his spirit eminently pacific. He professed, as his signature imported, to be only a witness of this contest, equally the friend of both the belligerent parties, and very anxious to make peace. He soon made it apparent that all concerned were giving forth more heat than light, and that the cause of Christian truth and charity would be promoted by a cessation of hostilities. This result was soon reached, even before the discovery was made that the peace-maker was the Rev. James Wharey.

In the troubles which arose from the division of our Church into Old and New School Presbyterians, he could not be called an active partisan. Many of his warmest and best personal friends took sides with the New School. His kind and generous heart made him very unwilling to separate from such. Yet when he became convinced that there was much of Presbyterian doctrine and polity involved in the controversy, he took his position firmly with the Old School. In establishing a paper for the defence of Old School views, he took an important part; and when established, he contributed his quota to its columns. But nothing he ever did, or said, or wrote, was characterized by bitterness or wrath. He spoke what he believed to be the truth plainly and fearlessly, but always spoke it in love. When party feeling had risen very high, he preached a sermon, as Moderator of Presbytery, on the words—"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed lest ye be consumed one of another;" and the impression made by it was eminently salutary.

The interest he took in behalf of the coloured people, and the Christian kindness which characterized his conduct towards them, were just such as the wise and good everywhere admire. He was not skilled in extempore speaking, nor did his voice or manner display great warmth. And on this account he was not much admired as a preacher by this class of persons. In their ignorance, they think him the most pious who *displays* the most feeling, and him the wisest who makes the most noise. Judged by this rule, Mr. Wharey would have been regarded as a cold and weak preacher; and so the coloured people generally esteemed him.

Still, in his personal intercourse with them, his manner was so condescending and kind, his instructions so appropriate and faithful, that many of them greatly admired and loved him. In travelling with him, as I often had occasion to do, I never knew him pass on the highway one of these people without a very respectful salutation, and, if the time permitted, a word of encouragement or instruction. He often preached to them, but, for the reasons above stated, was not successful in this way. But this difficulty he sought to obviate by securing, whenever he could, the services in their behalf of his brethren in the ministry, whose extempore powers, and whose vehemence of manner, made them more popular among them than himself.

Mr. Wharey was a model husband and father. He was perhaps never exceeded in the tender love and faithful care with which the duties flowing from these relations were discharged. He had seven daughters before he had a son; and the good man, who was not wanting in harmless humour, used to say he was "concerned to know where seven good husbands could be found." He lost two charming daughters, who died of scarlet fever within three days of each other, at the ages of twelve and fourteen years. It devolved on me to preach the Funeral Sermon of these two lovely girls. When the sermon was closed, the father rose, and though almost crushed by the weight of sorrow which had come upon him, addressed the congregation for about ten minutes in a strain which literally bathed every person present in tears. The occasion was one never to be forgotten. He spoke of the great goodness mingled in the bitter cup of which he was then called to drink; of a Father's hand distinctly seen in this deep affliction; of the merciful design in all such chastisements; until it was impossible to say which was most conspicuous,—his grief as a father, or his submission as a chastened child of God. When he resumed his seat, silence reigned for some minutes, unbroken save by the audible expression of grief, which came from every part of the house. It was that peculiar sorrow which is felt by a confiding, affectionate people, when sympathizing with a deeply afflicted pastor, whom they honour and love as a father.

His children were chiefly taught by himself. He conducted the education of his daughters much as he would have done, had they been sons. He took particular pains in teaching them the ancient languages. He was an excellent classical scholar, and placed the study of the classics in the front rank of means for the development and strengthening of the intellectual powers. When in the midst of his family, he was always teaching. The questions he asked and the communications he made to them were all framed and directed with a view to their intellectual and moral improvement. In doing this, there was a careful avoidance of every thing like stiffness of manner. The greatest simplicity and freedom from ostentation characterized him every where, but more especially when, with a child on each knee, and several others at his side, he sought to guide their thoughts aright, and to store their minds with matter which might have an important bearing on their course in this life, and fit them for the higher services and purer joys of a better. He greatly delighted to have his children with him, and took great pains to introduce them at an early age to the wise and good. He also thought it a matter of some importance that the children of ministers especially should be made as extensively acquainted as possible with the Church of their fathers. Impelled by such views, he would take such as were old enough with him to the meetings of our Church judicatories. By the way, these meetings in Virginia are great occasions for the gathering together of God's people. Not only the members, but others—old and young, male and female, go in great numbers. So when the Presbytery to which Mr. W. belonged was about to hold its semi-annual meeting, in the autumn of 1837, at Lynchburg, and the Synod of Virginia their annual meeting, on the following week, in Lexington, he determined to take his two eldest daughters along with him. Neither was fully grown, but both just at that age at which the attention would be most fully arrested, and the feelings most strongly interested in what would be seen and heard.

The Presbytery closed its sessions on Saturday evening, and the Sabbath, which, with us, is always the last and the great day of the feast, was devoted with unusual solemnity to the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Early in the week, a very large company took up their line of march to Lexington, where the Synod was to meet on Wednesday evening. The road was circuitous and rugged, and the day was rainy. Some on horseback, and others in vehicles of different sorts, with covers and without covers, all went merrily on. Mountains were to

be passed, and rivers crossed. Dr. G. A. Baxter, with his large body and still larger soul, might be regarded as the leader of the caravan. At the distance of twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, James River had to be crossed in a small ferry-boat. The day was far spent, and the night was at hand. To take over so large a company, it was necessary for the boat to cross and recross many times. The ladies, and all in any way connected with ladies, were first put over. As I had the good or ill fortune to have no lady in any way dependant on my care, I was reserved for the last to be accommodated, and accordingly when I reached the opposite shore of the river, it was growing dark. The rain had ceased, and was succeeded by a very dense fog, which threatened as dark a night as ever came. The place of rendezvous for the night was still eight miles distant, and the Blue Ridge chain of Mountains had to be crossed. To add to the dreariness of the prospect, the end of the road last to be travelled, for two or three miles, was known to be in so unfinished a state, as to be very dangerous. I travelled in a vehicle then common, and very appropriately called a "sulky," drawn by a good horse. After proceeding a mile or two, I came up with a barouche drawn by a feeble horse, through many rocks and much mud, slowly ascending one of the steepest parts of the mountain. It was too dark at once to recognise the carriage, and supposing all my company to be far ahead, I attempted to pass. As I did so, a voice issued from the carriage, saying, in a somewhat plaintive tone, "Brother, you will not leave us?" It was good Brother Wharey, and his two daughters. The reply to his interrogatory was instant and earnest—"Why surely not." So, on we went together. In a little while, his carriage broke, and we were stopped. The darkness was now so great as to render the sense of sight useless. We had almost concluded that the dark night must be passed just there in the mountains; when, recollecting how much the loss of one sense improves the power of those that remain, we determined to resort to that of feeling. Thus we soon discovered that the fracture could be temporarily repaired by the help of our trunk straps. This being done, we moved slowly on, relying chiefly on the instinct of our horses. Mr. Wharey insisted on leading the way, partly, he said, because his horse was the more quiet, and partly because he was the better driver. The last reason was given with a good-natured laugh. Presently he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed,—“We are at the water’s edge, and at the end of the road.” He left his carriage, and reconnoitered with his whip-staff, and recollecting his geography, said,—“O, this must be North River, which just here enters into the James,—the two forming a right angle; and we must keep along the side of the latter.” He advanced, feeling his way, sweeping his whip-staff in front to trace the road, and holding above his head a white handkerchief as our guide,—this being the only visible object. Neither of us had ever travelled this road before, and we were now just in the unfinished and most dangerous part of it. On our left the North River rolled and dashed furiously, and on our right rose the high and rugged cliffs of the mountain. The road was extremely narrow,—barely wide enough for a single carriage to pass. Just here we met the stage. Mr. Wharey, being ahead, first encountered the driver, who rudely ordered him to “*give the road to the mail.*” The kindness with which the good man bore with this rudeness, and the Christian gentleness with which it was met and conquered, furnished an admirable illustration of overcoming evil with good. But one thing could be done. The road was too narrow to turn our vehicles, and guided by the lights attached to the stage, we disconnected the horses from our carriages, *lifted* them round, *hitched up* again, and drove back to the angle formed by the two rivers, and thus gave the stage an opportunity to pass. Then turning again, we resumed our dismal journey. The light we had temporarily enjoyed from the stage lamps had only served, now that they were gone, to add to the dreariness of our condition. They had just given us such a view of the perils which surrounded us, as greatly to increase our fears. A divi

ation to the right or left of even a few inches would have thrown us over the precipice into the river. But soon a bright light was seen in the distance, moving rapidly towards us. It proved to be in the hands of a messenger, mounted on a fleet horse, and dispatched by our friends, who had reached the hotel,—in search of us. We were soon safely in the midst of them. A comfortable supper was already growing cold,—for our dear brethren had said they could not eat until they knew our condition, or had us with them. The repast being over,—all assembled in the largest room of the hotel, and led by the good Dr. Baxter, the hymn of praise was sung, the word of God was read, the prayer of faith offered, in which the dear man of God did not fail to give thanks, even with tears, for the safety of the brethren who had been left behind.

I have related this story as furnishing a specimen of the difficulties and dangers often encountered by those who labour in the uncultivated and mountainous portions of the Lord's vineyard; but more especially to illustrate one or two points in the character of Mr. Wharey. Through all these difficulties, it was impossible to detect a discontented or murmuring spirit in this eminently good man. In no part of the journey was he more cheerful. "The Lord reigneth." "I will guide thee with mine eye." "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield." These, with kindred passages, seemed to live, and burn, and rule, in his heart.

And then, there were the dear girls shut up in that barouche—the eldest driving, as the father walked before, holding up his white handkerchief in one hand, and sweeping his whip-staff across the road with the other. They were often cheered by kind inquiries as to their condition and feelings. But no tear fell from their eyes, no complaining word escaped their lips. So effectually had the father infused his own meek spirit into his daughters, that they submitted to all the inconveniences and dangers of their situation with something of a martyr spirit.

Mr. Wharey formed his opinions cautiously and slowly, but when formed, he held and expressed them with a tenacity and fearlessness which could not easily be overcome. And the same was true of his friendships. He was cautious, but candid. When his confidence was once gained, it was not easily lost; and when trusted, it never deceived. In a word, he was altogether too unpretending and childlike, too modest and self-sacrificing, to attract, to much extent, the public gaze, or to call forth popular applause. He was more than content to occupy the place, and serve the purpose, of those parts of a building, which, though never seen, are yet indispensable to its permanence and utility. Such men are rare in this bustling, noisy age, but all the more valuable because rare. If not duly appreciated while they live, they never fail to leave, when they die, a name which "is as ointment poured forth." Being dead, they yet speak. Unseen, they are still felt, and known, and valued, as they were not while they lived. Such was this good and useful man. May the Church be blest with many such sons!

Yours truly and affectionately,

WILLIAM S. WHITE.