



A Memorial

OF

EDWARD A. WHARTON:

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE BRAINERD CHURCH, EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

ON SABBATH EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1854.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM S. MARTIEN.

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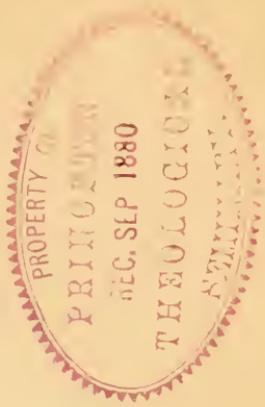
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WASHINGTON HALL, *September 25th*, 1854.

REV. GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Washington Literary Society, held this afternoon, it was unanimously

Resolved, "That a Committee of three be appointed, for the purpose of returning the thanks of the Society to the Rev. George Burrowes, D. D., for the truly eloquent and impressive discourse delivered by him, relative to the death of our much esteemed fellow member, Edward A. Wharton, in the Brainerd Church, on Sabbath evening, the 24th inst., and to request a copy of the same for publication."

The undersigned, in accordance with the grateful task assigned them, beg leave to comply with the foregoing resolution, and to express the hope that you will see fit to comply therewith, as they are well satisfied that its publication will tend to deepen the impression created by this dispensation of an All-wise Providence.

With sentiments of high respect,

Your obedient servants,

WILLIAM M. ALLISON, }
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, } *Committee.*
JOHN C. WILHELM, }

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton, Pa., *September 26th*, 1854.

GENTLEMEN:

I am happy to find that my estimation of the character of our lamented friend, Mr. Wharton, meets with your approbation; and as you think the publication of the sermon will do good, I place it at your disposal.

With my kindest regards for the members of your Society, I am,

Very truly, your Friend,

GEORGE BURROWES.

Messrs. W. M. ALLISON, }
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, } *Committee.*
J. C. WILHELM, }

MEMORIAL.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

How precious is the sympathy of friends in sorrow. Even when they cannot relieve our distress, and the cause of our anguish is too deep for any words of theirs to reach, the silent pressure of the hand, and the tear gathered in the compassionate eye, telling what language cannot express, goes with a soothing blessedness to the depths of the heart, and sheds an oil of gladness through the wounded spirit. But even here it is more blessed to give than to receive. Great as is the happiness of feeling sympathy extended to us in sorrow, it is a greater blessedness to possess a sympathizing heart, and be permitted to have these emotions drawn into deep and healthful action—to go to the disconsolate and make them feel we enter into their sorrows—to sit beside the weeping, and drop with them a tear. The heartless world may say it is unmanly to weep; religion teaches it is godlike to feel the tenderness of Him who mingled with the sisters of Lazarus his tears.

“For to the heart that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.”

This sympathy with distress is one of the features of the divine image in the soul, obliterated by sin, but restored by

grace; so that he who grows most in holiness has the deepest feeling for the distresses of others, and a happiness in fulfilling the command, "Weep with those that weep." Such is even unsanctified human nature, that common suffering begets sympathy, and creates a bond of union strong in proportion to the distress. But when this divine affection has been revived and made tender by the Holy Spirit, and we see as sinners, our common ruin, and feel our common woe, we are drawn more closely together by this delicate, but powerful bond; when crucified to the world, we sympathize most tenderly with those enduring its tribulations, knowing that we too are the bondsmen of grief, that the sympathy we extend to others, we too shall need in return, for "we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

In this passage, the prophet, as it were, viewing Israel, the Church, in a state of desolation, where all seemed lost in the ruins of their country, as immediately before the birth of Christ, prays that God would come down to deliver his people and revive his work. (v. 1.)—He is encouraged by considering, 1. That it was easy for God so to do, even to make the mountains melt at his presence, (v. 1,) the greatest obstacles to vanish. 2. That this would honour the name of God among the heathen, (v. 2.) 3. He had done great things for them in times past, (v. 3.) 4. None but God can know what blessedness he has prepared for his people; therefore, none but he can work out for them that blessedness, and none can prevent him from perfecting the salvation of his saints, (v. 4.) 5. He is always ready to meet every one who works righteousness, who conforms to the conditions of his plan of salvation, (v. 5.) There is then an acknowledgment that whatever God may

thus do, must be done as a favour, because we are all sinners, (v. 6.) “We are all as an unclean thing,” defiled like the leper, —our spiritual constitution is diseased. As the result of this, our actions, even the best of them, our righteousnesses, our excellences and good deeds, “are as filthy rags.” In consequence of this depravity of heart, “we all do fade as a leaf;” sin brings forth the bitter fruits of death in all our powers, and imparts to our nature the sickly, decaying character of the fading leaf. This native depravity is universal—“we all do fade as a leaf.” And like the falling leaves of autumn swept along by the eddying blasts of the storm, as the successive generations of men wither and fall, our iniquities, gathered into tempests, are sweeping us away. The contemplation of our frailty and decay is painful, yet necessary, salutary, and wise. The prophet mentions it for calling attention to God as the only deliverer, and exciting a trust in his redeeming power. Smitten by the distressing dispensation which has now brought us together, let us receive the wisdom it was designed to impress, and gather more closely to Him who is the fountain of life, and can make us, in our decaying state, like a tree planted by rills of water, whose leaf shall not wither.

A truth so important as that of our frailty, has been set before us in many points of view by the Author of our being. The condition of the whole world was affected by the fall of man. Then the habitation was changed so as to harmonize with the character of its sinful occupant under sentence of death; and this harmony is visible in its blighted loveliness, its fading beauty, its decaying flowers, and withering leaf. These are living memorials of our guilt and decay. And when the Scriptures take up these comparisons from natural

objects; when they tell us that our "life is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv. 14; that man "cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 2; that "we all do fade as a leaf;"—they are not using illustrations at random, but are interpreting the language of nature, and giving us the meaning wrapped up by the Creator in those beautiful symbols. Creation is beheld in its true light, not by the man who goes abroad like the brutes, and sees in all things nothing more than a preparation for meeting the mere animal wants of man; nor even by him who traces out the philosophical relations of things; but by the man who in addition to both these classes of designs, sees in all things that highest kind of knowledge, moral truth for the instruction of spiritual beings. "Man shall not live by bread alone." The fruit got from the tree whose leaf may be referred to in the text, or from the harvest whose grain is pointed out by Paul as the symbol of the resurrection, is not the only thing for supporting our life. Truth is equally necessary for supporting our spiritual nature. And hence the tree, while supplying fruit for the body, shade to protect, and fragrance to refresh us, is formed so as to convey to us, among other truths, the lesson written in this scripture. A lesson so natural has not escaped the eye of unaided reason. Homer says,

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay."

Some one has said, "flowers are the alphabet of angels,

whereby they write on hills and dales mysterious truths." We would rather say, the truths of revelation and of nature form pages like the illuminated volumes of the dark ages, wherein great skill and labour were bestowed in filling the margin with devices and emblems of various colouring and forms, illustrating and harmonizing with the text: and in the rich scroll which the hand of God the Creator has unrolled before us, written full, not of lamentations, and mourning, and woe, but of the words of eternal life—the sacred Scriptures are the text, and the various beauties of creation—Spring, with its landscape of flowers; Summer, with its golden harvests; the mellow shades and fading hues of Autumn; Winter, with its gloomy desolation; the wavy margin of the deep blue ocean; the clouds that gather round the setting sun; the constellations of the evening sky;—all, all are but the illuminated embellishments of this volume of revealed truth, gathering new beauty and instructiveness around every word and every letter, beyond all power of imitation by human genius and human skill. Nature without revelation, presents a more pitiable blank than those illuminated manuscripts with all the embellishments left but the writing withdrawn. It is often remarked, that doubtless every weed, however noxious, contains medicinal properties, could they only be known. We may feel that every created thing, every circumstance, has embodied in it by the Creator some important truth, could it only be discovered. Enlargement of our powers of vision by the microscope, enables us to see exquisite beauties in things so trifling as to be overlooked by the unaided eye; an increase in our powers of spiritual apprehension would cause us to see truth in things

now neglected, and love in dealings now viewed with pain; to see that not only the decay of nature, but that adversity, with its woes,

“Though like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

God has himself revealed to us the lesson written on the fading leaf.

1. The beauty and vigour of man decay. The influence of beauty over the human heart has ever been great, and even now has lost none of its power. It is an element of perfection. Where there is perfect holiness, there must be perfect beauty. All deformity and disease of body has sprung from prior deformity and disease of soul. Hence the Scriptures speak of the beauty of holiness; and the Redeemer shall beautify the meek with salvation. In the absence of moral worth, physical beauty is a hateful thing. As age sobers our wisdom, we place less value on mere beauty of face and form; we dwell rather on the more attractive graces of the heart. These stand unchanged by time; they become more beautiful with the advance of age; sorrow, sickness, bereavement, the tribulations of earth, develop their hidden beauty, and draw forth their hidden power. Never do they shine with such attractive lustre as in the dying saint, when the last remains of mortality are crumbling around him, and his liberated soul is just on the wing for heaven. But what is more fading than the beauty which the world so much covet and admire? The youth

Narcissus of the ancient fable, enamoured with his own charms, tired not with the contemplation of himself in the clear waters of a fountain, and pined away as he gazed. The reality of this is everywhere visible. And this strange weakness does not depend on the possession of beauty. Never was there a form, however ugly, which did not think itself beautiful; never a mind so weak, a soul so mean, as not to be proud of some imaginary endowment. Multitudes who would blush to acknowledge it, live in the constant cultivation of this self-love and self-worship, never tired with contemplating their own form in a glass, using every means art and wealth can furnish to heighten their charms, to conceal their blemishes, and to draw around them worshippers at this shrine of their own idolatry—self—who may offer there the incense of flattery and praise. What sums are squandered in this pitiable folly. In the very gratification of this pride, its freshness is fading away. The young person who now prides himself or herself on being the centre of all eyes, sacrificing thousands to dress and fashion, nothing for benevolence and piety, shall soon, even if life is spared, find the paleness of old age on the cheek, and its wrinkles on the brow; and even the good looks, of which she is so vain, are beginning, in the very spring-time of life, to fade as a leaf. “Verily every man, at his best state, is altogether vanity. Selah. Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth. They dwell in houses of clay; their foundation is in the dust; they are crushed before the moth. Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.”

2. Our prospects fade like the leaf. In youth our sanguine feelings and the flattery of self-love people the future with

bright creations, and lead us to feel that the disquietudes of the present will be left with the past, that the discomforts of youth will be lost amid the pleasures of manhood, that the distractions of middle life will be forgotten in the tranquillity of a retired old age; nothing but happiness enters into our calculation, and our life is to be one from which the ordinary ills of humanity are to be excluded. One of the lessons we have to learn, is that these prospects are deceptive. They too, like everything earthly, do fade as the leaf. "Come now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Jas. iv. 14. The success you expect in business, may prove but disaster; your anticipated wealth be set aside by bankruptcy; health now the most robust, may unexpectedly fail; friends fall around you as the fading summer leaf; the husband of your love, the wife of your bosom, from whose affection you are expecting so much happiness, may prove your greatest earthly sorrow, and your heaviest earthly scourge; the children by whom you are hoping old age to be made happy, may bring down your grey hairs in sorrow to the grave; your son of brightest promise may live long enough to raise your expectations and blast them by death on the threshold of a promising manhood; your purposes of repentance will be lost amid the temptations and business of coming years, and your death-bed be a death-bed of gloom; ere the spring of youth is closed, "your way of life may be fallen into the sear and yellow leaf;" and your career, now opening bright as the cloudless summer morning,

will close in hopeless impenitence, under the displeasure of heaven, like the sun of that day of promise, going down amid clouds, and tempests, and lightning, and thunder, and gloom.

3. Our pleasures fade as the leaf. In the first freshness of enjoyment, there is a lively delight in earthly pleasures. But soon they begin to satiate, and we find at last, that the same principle of decay pervades them all. While the trees of earthly enjoyment, in such various kinds, are scattered along our way with fruits so tempting in the distance, they are no sooner plucked than they begin to wither, and lose their freshness before they reach our lips. Has anything heretofore desired, met your expectations? Never yet have you found at any party, on any card-table, at any ball, at any opera, in any theatre, at any fashionable gathering, in the splendour of any magnificent dress, in any promenade among the showy and the gay, that for which you were seeking. All these things, like the sensitive plant, withered at your approach, were found faded in your grasp, and you turned from them with wonder and sadness at your disappointment. In later life, often before middle-life, the man of pleasure, the devotee of fashion, the youth who has courted dissipation, the female whose life has been exhausted in studying to set off her charms and win admirers, find themselves with those old desires made rigid and insatiable by habit, and the means of pleasure from their gratification proportionally abated; the powers blunted by over-gratification, cease to receive their indulgence with so high a zest; and around, valueless and almost unheeded, faded pleasures are gathering and falling like withered leaves. We stand on the shady bank of a stream, as the yellow leaves are falling on its waters, placid beneath the rich sunlight of an autumn

sky, and see them float noiselessly away; so do our faded pleasures fall around us on the stream of time, and are soon borne beyond the reach of memory to sink in the ocean of oblivion.

4. Our mental powers do fade as the leaf. A life of impenitence is a continual wasting away of the spiritual powers of man. The intellectual faculties may often burn with great brilliancy, but in the absence of the fear of God, this very vigour gives a beauty like the hectic flush on the cheek of the consumptive, consuming the vitality of the system, while exciting the admiration of those around. Education and culture may counteract, to some extent, this decay; but the seeds of death are there; even if the man do not waste away his powers prematurely by the corroding effects of dissipation, he will find them failing under the withering blight of sickness, or the gathering frosts of age. And when we look at cases like the greatest of English statesmen, William Pitt, a wreck in the prime of manhood; or Robert Hall, with his magnificent mind and matchless eloquence, a maniac in the vigour of his days; or Robert Southey, standing in the proudest position among literary men, with the mind that had charmed nations, sinking into the imbecility of a second childhood; we are made to feel that even in the possession of the highest intellectual powers, there is nothing beyond the reach of decay; for even these do fade as a leaf.

And what on earth does not wither and decay? Its pomp and power, its kingdoms and crowns, its pyramids and palaces, its noble cities with their gates of brass, its trophies and mausoleums of kingly marble, all, all fading and crumbling to dust.

" All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flower dishevel'd in the wind;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves.
 Nothing is proof against the general curse
 Of vanity, that seizes all below.
 The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is virtue, the only lasting treasure, truth.
 But what is truth?"

The Son of God, the eternal Word, Jesus of Nazareth, says, "I am the way and the truth." Among the hills and valleys of our earth, filled with ruins and death, that voice is still moving in animating reverberations, which was first heard over the grave of Lazarus, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." In this day there is a fountain opened—to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem only? nay, to the whole world—for sin and for uncleanness. And from heaven the invitation comes—and they are the last words that heaven has spoken to earth, or that heaven will speak to earth, before the judgment—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17. "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. i. 18. Here, your fading beauty may be restored; here, your wasting vigour renewed. While the weary invalid betakes himself to the waters of some celebrated medicinal spring, or to the reviving air of the summer ocean and the refreshing plunge of its cooling waves; the fainting soul, burdened with guilt, comes

here, to a fountain of power more healing than Siloa's brook or Bethesda's pool, and rises with his whole spiritual nature renewed, in a freshness of beauty beyond that of Naaman at the waters of Jordan, from his baptism in the waves of that ocean of love and grace, and heavenly breezes of the Holy Spirit, to which Jesus has opened a new and living way. "Whence we also look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Phil. iii. 21. "According to his promise, we look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Pet. iii. 13. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John iii. 2.

Like the leaf which came forth with the opening spring, our beloved young friend was with us then in all the vigour and promise of youth; but now, alas, he is faded and fallen, like the leaf that is withered and rustling by his grave. In this dispensation, which has filled so many hearts with sorrow and so many eyes with tears, let us have the melancholy pleasure of gathering up the remembrance of his virtues, and open our hearts to the instruction his early removal was intended to impress.

Edward A. Wharton, son of Col. S. S. Wharton, was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, January 14th, 1835. He was the son of pious parents. His studies, preparatory to entering college, were pursued at the Milnwood Academy, under the care of the Rev. J. Y. McGinnis. In a revival of religion at that institution in 1851, he became a subject of redeeming grace, and connected himself with the Presby-

terian Church. He entered the Freshman Class of this college in March, 1852, and continued his studies without interruption, and in the best of health, until the 26th of last May, when he was confined with a lingering fever. After weeks of tedious suffering, he fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday, August 7th, in the twentieth year of his age.

It is not the lives of men most distinguished by startling adventures that are of most value to the world at large as examples. The life of Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Bonaparte, is of no importance to us as a model in the pursuit of integrity, virtue, and piety. We may be interested in the startling events of their career; but they moved in a sphere so very different from ours, that we can hardly draw from them a single lesson of practical wisdom applicable to our own condition. The brief pilgrimage of our departed friend, though marked by no variety of romantic incidents, furnishes more real wisdom for the young before me, than all the biographies of all the Cæsars. He lived the life that we are living; and what he was in many respects, we may well desire to become.

He was remarkable for deference to parental authority. Among the elements forming the basis of a life useful and happy in its intercourse with men, the wise man lays down, in the first chapter of Proverbs, three things, as the first principles of human conduct. They are the fear of God, obedience to parents, and the avoiding of bad company. In all these things, our young friend was eminent. From infancy he had always been a blameless boy. He never manifested a disposition to take the reins of authority from the hands of his parent. It was his pleasure to fulfil every

parental injunction, and anticipate every parental desire. How many of you are there of whom your parent can say, as his father said of him, "I never knew him to disobey me." In these times, when disregard of parental authority is one of the crying evils of our land, and the happiness of so many families is embittered by the unfeeling conduct of children, it is refreshing to pause and contemplate an example like his. Disobedience ever meets with retribution; such conduct as his receives its reward. Herodotus mentions a Grecian priestess who had to be conveyed to the temple at some distance from Argos, to officiate at a sacred festival; and as the oxen were not at hand, her two sons drew the chariot in their stead, as an act of filial piety. She prayed the goddess to bestow on them the richest reward possible for mortals; and in answer to her prayer, her sons lying down to rest in the temple, fell into a sleep from which they never awoke. After a youth adorned with filial love and duty, our friend has fallen asleep in Jesus, in the vestibule of that heavenly temple, "whose portal we call death."

As might be expected, this reverence towards parents, the neglect of which is the root of every vice, was in his case connected with great amiability of character. He often reminded me of the young man of whom it is written, "Then Jesus beholding him, loved him." Mark x. 21. He was not one of those captious, complaining spirits, who, being all ajar themselves, keep all persons and things around them in a state of disorder and unhappiness; whose first natural impulse is to contradict and oppose; and whose better feelings, when they have any, are a later and secondary growth. There was no jaundiced humour in his eye; it was limpid with

kindness, and threw over everything the hue of benevolence and love. Just as a fretful disposition at home, and insolence towards parents, prepares for peevishness to strangers, and arrogance abroad, so his filial goodness brought forth the fruits of gentleness and kindness in society. His associates loved him, as they felt the strength of this amiability based on principle; strangers were attracted by his bearing; children gathered around him with gladness, and said they loved him because he noticed them so kindly, and always took their part. And it was the beauty of this trait, that it was not a mere negative thing, but in alliance with great energy of character and purpose, when roused by a sufficient cause. While even too many young persons are like Nabal, who was such a son of Belial that a man could not speak to him; and to no persons greater churls than to their parents; he had a temper of remarkable evenness and loveliness, and when roused, still under perfect control.

He possessed by nature, in a very high degree, feelings of delicacy and honour. Some persons seem born gentlemen; others are natural churls. His inherent bias was towards what is noble and gentlemanly. No one acquainted with him would have suspected him of any unhandsome conduct. He could not have done a dishonourable deed had he tried. Anything deceptive, trickish, or mean, was the object of his scorn. His aims were honourable; his means were pure. He felt that the most elevated code of honour is that which is built on the principle, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." This had with him its attending delicacy for the feelings of others. So habitual was this, that in no situation was it forgotten. He was never so ill

as to overlook the little civilities of life to those who attended him in his sickness. Shortly before his death, when friends were standing around his bed weeping, as he had just recovered from one of those paroxysms which appeared death in all its terrors, unconscious of the struggle through which he had passed, his eye rested on a lady who was standing by his bedside, and ministering to his wants; and with a delicacy which, under the circumstances, was deeply affecting, he expressed his fears that she would be wearied with her efforts. This native feeling was refined by education and christian principle. He was careful of the feelings of others. Though possessing a playful wit, that could be made to tell with effect, he kept it under control, and avoided wounding the sensibility of his associates.

He was a young man of great purity of heart. Perhaps he had this trait in as full a degree, by nature, as ever falls to the lot of our fallen humanity. There was something in his very complexion and appearance, a fineness, as it were, in the earth of which his body was formed, that seemed to harmonize with this inward purity. Intemperance, with gaming and the kindred rabble-rout of youthful vices—who would ever think of naming them in connection with Edward A. Wharton? Those who have seen him in situations peculiarly adapted to put his principles to the test, can answer, that with him no coarse and ribald jest, no word calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of delicacy, no perversion of Scripture to create merriment, ever found favour. His conduct fulfilled the ideas of Isaac Walton: “Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. That man is not to me a good companion; for most of his conceits were either Scripture-jests or lascivious-jests; for

which I count no man witty; for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold." Such a companion was the deceased to those who enjoyed his friendship. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

He was remarkable for his modesty. This beautiful trait threw over his other endowments a delightful charm. Free from the mawkishness which under the name of modesty seeks to disguise a sickly vanity or pride, and which, when shrinking from public duty or society, does so only because fearing its success may not be commensurate with its ambitious desires—he was equally free from the presumption which is so offensive, and often shows itself with such repulsiveness in the young. He knew the place that belongs to youth, and under the control of that strong good sense which seemed in him almost an instinct, he quietly fulfilled the duties, and met all the requirements of his position, without assumption or neglect. His judgments were sober and sensible; there was a steadiness and dignity in his bearing beyond his years. Yet he deferred with becoming delicacy to the wisdom of the more experienced, and felt that the place of youth is to learn, not to lead. He was free from a fault very common, an over-estimate of himself and his powers. He conformed to the command, "Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly." Had he possessed some of the self-confidence of which some young persons have such an overflowing supply, it might have been to his advantage. His great modesty sometimes led to a distrust of himself, and thereby to a failure

to bring out fully his powers. Possessing a noble form, which might have been singled out among a multitude as one of the finest specimens of health and manly beauty, he never showed by his bearing or actions that he was aware of anything about him likely to draw attention or admiration. Others might possess talents marked by more brilliancy; few have such a combination of valuable endowments, fitted to carry them through life with confidence, usefulness, affection, and success.

His patience under suffering was worthy of admiration. Those young persons who are impatient of the least disappointment in realizing their coveted pleasures; who seem to think all nature should stand or fly at their nod; and who, when thwarted in anything, show on a smaller scale the same spirit which led Xerxes to scourge the Hellespont and try to fetter the waves—might have learned a wholesome lesson had they been with him in his closing days. With the best of health and life opening before him with flattering promises of wealth, respectability, and ease, he felt the chill dews blighting his hopes, he saw those pleasing prospects fade, and bowed to the allotment without a murmur or complaint. And when, on our national anniversary, he was propped up in bed that his sunken eye might look down on the festivities in the town below; and when, on the evening of the Junior exhibition, his companions were going to the public gathering, and though he had been selected by his society as one of the orators, he was left behind with but a friend or two in the chamber of sickness; and when, on the morning of commencement, as we gathered at prayers for the last time during the session, all of us were heavy with sorrow, and some of us were bathed in tears, and he, instead of leaving with you to meet the open arms and affectionate hearts

of home, had on that very day, his parent brought to his bedside to watch the dying moments of a loved and promising son; in the midst of all, those of us who were with him continually never heard from him a word of impatience or a repining breath. Amid the general gloom, there was shining yet brighter and brighter in his sick room, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

He was a Christian. In his character, this was the crown of pure gold on the head, amid so many attractive virtues. He had been more than three years a member of the church, and during that time, had maintained the walk of a consistent Christian. The religious exercises of persons take a colouring from their natural disposition; and his piety was marked by the same modesty, calmness, good sense, and consistency, which had from early childhood distinguished his conduct. During his illness, his heart rested with calmness and confidence on the Saviour who had loved him so well. And when, on reviving from a sinking state which we all thought death, a lady at his bedside asked him if he still felt Jesus precious, none present will forget the heavenly mildness and beauty with which he expressed his assurance of the preciousness and presence of the Good Shepherd with him even there, far down amid the chills and gloom of the valley of the shadow of death. None of us thought, until a few days before his death, that his end was nigh; to himself it was unexpected. Yet the midnight cry found him ready; and leaving behind the toils, the temptations, the sorrows of suffering humanity, he passed away, amid the quiet of a summer noon, to the sabbatical repose that remaineth for the people of God. In the evening of that day, sympathizing

friends gathered in the college chapel around his form, yet beautiful in death, mingling their tears with those of the weeping father and brother, in the services of religion, yet sorrowing not as those that have no hope. A few weeks before, one had been there in all the vigour of youth and buoyancy of hope; but now where was he?

“He that hath found some fledged bird’s nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.”

O could there be a doubt where he was gone? No—no.

“There, in the twilight cold and grey,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky serene and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star—
 Excelsior! With Jesus!”

There is somewhere an oriental apologue, that a gardener was entrusted by his Lord with the cultivation among others of one flower of remarkable beauty and value, which he watched with special affection and unwearying care. One morning he missed it in his walk, and was deeply grieved. He was told the owner had taken it; and he was silent.

Did time permit, I would speak of those young friends who so kindly and faithfully ministered to his wants through a lingering illness. You did well. You shall not lose your reward. “With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.” When your season of suffering comes, and the hands which held the sinking head and wet the fevered lips of this dying child of God, are cold and nerveless in

approaching death, Jesus will gather around you those who will attend you with equal faithfulness. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. x. 41.

My young friends, can I say anything that will add to the appeal which this touching dispensation makes to you as sinners needing repentance? There are times when it seems the part of wisdom to pause in silence and hearken to the voice of God. I can add nothing to the impressiveness of the tones here spoken to your hearts. What more can be done for bringing you to repentance? To the warnings and invitations of anxious instructors, and prayerful fathers, and loving mothers, He who wills not that any should perish, has added this last appeal. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. xii. 1.

TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Washington Literary Society, on Tuesday, September 8, 1854, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, Almighty God has been pleased to remove from among us our beloved fellow member, EDWARD A. WHARTON, of Huntingdon, Pa., therefore,

Resolved, That in his death the Washington Literary Society has lost one of its most valuable members, whose pride it was to maintain her interests and preserve her good name; truth a steadfast defender; justice an advocate; honour a guardian; friendship an ornament; filial piety and fraternal love one of their most exemplary representatives.

Resolved, That from our connection with him as fellow members of the same Society, classmates and companions, during the last two and a half years, we have witnessed that his life was one of exalted principle: with "wisdom, friendship, and virtue," for his motto, he took for his guide the truth of the gospel: confiding in Him to whose mercy he trusted, and at whose altar he had registered his vows, he endured a tedious illness with Christian patience, with pious thankfulness for the attentions of kind and sympathizing friends, and with calm submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender our expressions of deep condolence to the bereaved father and brother, and other surviving friends; and cherish a melancholy satisfaction in sympathizing with them in their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the friends of the deceased, and be published in the Presbyterian, Presbyterian Banner, and in the papers of Easton and Huntingdon.

H. D. T. KERR,
WM. M. ALLISON, } *Committee.*
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, }

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the students of Lafayette College, held September 9th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst an esteemed friend and fellow student, EDWARD A. WHARTON, therefore,

Resolved, That by his removal we have sustained the loss of one, who by his generous and honourable bearing, gentlemanly demeanour, friendly conduct, virtuous habits, and amiable disposition, had endeared himself to us all as a classmate and companion.

Resolved, That from our association with the deceased during his connection with College, we feel a saddened pleasure in thus being able to tender our sympathies and condolence to the family and friends in this their melancholy bereavement.

Resolved, That the dispensation which has struck down so unexpectedly one who was in the enjoyment of robust health, and gave promise of a vigorous and noble manhood, calls on us to feel the extreme uncertainty of life, and in the days of youthful hope, to remember the Creator and Redeemer to whom he had consecrated himself in earlier years.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and friends, and that they be forwarded for publication in the Huntingdon and Easton papers, Presbyterian, and Banner.

WM. M. ALLISON, *Chairman.*
C. M. ANDREWS, }
R. P. ALLEN, }
WM. CHANDLER, } *Committee.*
H. D. T. KERR, }
J. M. SALMON, }

To my Sister's Motherless Children :

“ There thou shalt walk in soft, white light,
With kings and priests abroad ;
And thou shalt summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God.”

DIED, on Saturday, June 6th, 1868, at Easton, Pa., Mrs. CLARA A. SHADWELL, wife of Mr. S. Leigh Rodenbough, aged thirty-seven years. The deceased was born in Manchester, England. She was one of nine daughters of the late Geo. Shadwell, Esq., and received her education at the seminary of Mrs. Thompson, at Bowden, Cheshire, where she remained until the family came to the United States. A guardian Providence, taking her by the hand in early womanhood, led her by a way she knew not, to find in this land of strangers a wide circle of loving friends, a happy home, a devoted husband, a redeeming Saviour, and a pathway of sanctified suffering, which lead to heaven through an early grave. With one of the best physical constitutions that ever falls to the lot of even an English woman, she seemed in youth to give the best hopes of long life ; but He who had chosen her as His peculiar treasure, in winning her from the world to Himself, touched her perfect health with incipient blight about the time when the Holy Spirit began to develop in her soul the germ of an Eternal life. In drawing her to Himself, the Redeemer seemed to say, “ I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”—Isa. xlviii. 10.

Though piously educated, and with a heart tenderly affected towards religion at times from early youth, the impression which led her to consecrate herself to Jesus, was made while listening to an address to the impenitent on a sacramental occasion by the Rev. Dr. McPhail. She had seen more than enough of the emptiness and folly of the world. She resolved to follow henceforth her redeeming Lord ; and she received evidence of discipleship and of His tender love, in being constrained by Him to go forth in His footsteps bearing a heavy cross. Crucifixion to the world is at best a painful process. In her case it was attended with years of keen, often of agonizing, suffering, increasing in intenseness to the last. During a long experience in the pastoral office, the writer never witnessed a case of affliction more clearly sanc-

tified, of suffering more protracted and intense, borne with a more quiet, uncomplaining submission to the will of Him who loves whom He chastens.

To those whose intimate relations enabled them to watch the progress of her hidden life, the development of her spiritual growth was interesting, beautiful, and attractive. There was much to bind her to earth. One by one those ties were loosened by the power of love to Jesus; until at last that deepest of agonies the yearning of the mother's heart in separating from her children, was hushed into quietness by the power of confidence in her beloved Lord. Like the Captain of our salvation, on whom her anxious, trusting eye did so calmly rest, she "was made perfect through sufferings." Her growth in grace was manifested not in the animation of a soul mounting up with the brightness of the eagle's eye and the vigor of the eagle's wing; but in sitting at the feet of Jesus, like Mary, in humble docility and submission, and in growing in "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," while receiving "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

During the many months of her constant suffering, the groans of her agonizing spirit were frequently heard; a murmur never fell from her lips. At such times, in reply to the words, "He doth not afflict willingly," she would say, "Oh no, no. My cross is very heavy; but it is needful for me. Oh how much lighter than I deserve. Jesus, give me strength to bear it." That beautiful poetry, "The Changed Cross," was specially genial to her heart. She read, and reread it; and kept the little volume under her pillow. It was found under her pillow after her death. The last two verses expressed her patient acquiescence in the divine will:—

"And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.
But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.
Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best shall choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end."

Nearly four months before her death, after a paroxysm of agony which those around her supposed was death, she said

that in the midst of the struggle she felt as though, had she been able, she would have found relief for her feelings in singing the words—

“Why should I shrink at pain or woe;
Or feel at death dismay?
I’ve Canaan’s goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.”

And it was not a little touching to hear her in the evening of the same terrible day, sing those words of submission and triumphant hope. Seldom has there fallen to the lot of woman a voice more sweetly musical than hers; and often during the last months of her earthly sojourn, has the heart been touched and tears brought to the eye by hearing from her room of suffering that plaintive voice, more beautifully musical through sorrow, giving utterance to her love, and trust, and hope, in singing such hymns as “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” “One sweetly solemn thought,” “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,” “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.” On the Sabbath before her death she sat, for the first time in many months, at dinner with her family; and on retiring she was led into the parlor, and, seated at the piano for the last time, played and sung with her children, “Shall we gather at the river?” while some present were thinking that even then her feet were feeling the chill of that sullen river’s cold plashing waves. Her duties as a woman, a wife, and a mother were tenderly and faithfully discharged. Her children were kept steadily under a discipline gentle, affectionate, and firm, which formed the habit of obedience without gainsaying, yet drew them to her with a confidential love seldom equalled between mother and child. During even confinement to her bed, her children were gathered morning after morning by her bedside, that she might read with them the Scriptures, and pray with them. On one occasion, when they were thus gathered, the mother, exhausted with debility and previous pain, fell asleep with the open Bible before her, while the children presented a touching sight, as sitting in silence for her to awake and lead their little worship, from whose affection and teachings they were so soon to be severed by death.

This discipline of suffering had, through sanctifying grace, prepared her to triumph in the last conflict. During four and twenty hours before death, her suffering was extreme; but

reason was unclouded and faith triumphant to the last. Not long before her dissolution, she was asked if she still felt Jesus precious; she replied, "Oh yes, precious—precious. He is my only trust; His blood cleanses from all sin. I am going home. Jesus is with me." Again she said, "All's well; all's well." Then she repeated, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Again, "All's peace—peace—peace. I am passing through the dark valley; but it is not dark. It is light—light; Jesus is with me." One present then said, "I see nothing here but victory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." She then raised both hands and said, "Victory! Victory!"

Her children were brought in; and with a calmness which showed she was the most unmoved of all the weeping company around her, she addressed to each of them a word of counsel; pointed them to Jesus; and with a mother's blessing, bade them a last adieu. After this, while lying calm and composed, her eyes were noticed to open wide and brighten up, while a smile gathered on her countenance as though she was gazing with delight on some new and unusual appearance. Some who witnessed this, looked on with holy trepidation and reverence, thinking, Is she too catching a glimpse of those shining ones who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, and have come to carry her, like one of old, to the bosom of Jesus?

And thus she died. The grave was despoiled of its terrors; death of its sting. The friends who had been permitted to watch for months and years the progress of her bodily decay and the development of her spiritual life, while they kneeled around the fallen walls of the earthly tenement from which the spirit had gone amid its escort of angels to glory, could not do otherwise than pour out their hearts in thankful love to Him whose redeeming grace had given her the victory; and had given the stricken and weeping ones yet lingering on earth, such grounds for feeling through all future loneliness and tears, that "The memory of the just is blessed;" and that "after she had patiently endured, she obtained the promise," fulfilled in all its glory by her redeeming Lord, "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

BURROWES' COMMENTARY

ON THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.

"It is little to say that it is the best commentary on 'The Song;' it is one of the best commentaries on an Old Testament book which it has ever been my happiness to peruse. For I have seldom found one which so delightfully combines scholarship and sound judgment with the devotional spirit, or one in which the results of much reading are so gracefully interwoven with the author's independent thinking. The book is especially valuable as a specimen of a kind of commentary much wanted in the present day—bringing out, as it does, the poetical charms of the inspired writer, and so commending the study to men of literary tastes. Almost the very day that I received your volume, a gentleman consulted me about a friend of his who had been sceptical, but who had now got the length of believing in the Bible as a divine revelation generally, but who still stumbled at the Song of Solomon. I advised him to go at once and get your book, which he said he would. I do not know that I shall ever hear the result, but I suspect there are not a few to whom, in the same way, this work will be a word in season."—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., Regent's Square, London, Author of "Life in Earnest," &c.*

"The commentary of Professor Burrowes on the Song of Solomon is a gift to the Christian community of eminent value,

and contains the rich results of a long-continued investigation of this remarkable portion of the Scriptures. Without encumbering the work with a parade of learning, he has, nevertheless, succeeded in presenting all the valuable points of ripe scholarship as well as of a devout study of the Word of God. The purity of taste and varied learning of the eminent author are conspicuous alike in the body of the work and in the admirable selection of matter presented in the notes. The reader, guided by such an expounder of the Scriptures, will continually find new beauties in the Song; and will, above all, be greatly edified, and taught to value the privileges of the true believer, by the practical observations found on every page. This mode of explaining and applying the various portions of the Song really shows it to be what he terms it in the introduction, 'the Manual of the Advanced Christian.' The work is worthy of the highest commendation."—*Rev. C. F. Schaeffer, D. D., Professor in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia.*

"I am delighted with your commentary on several accounts. It nourishes both the intellect and the heart. When I wish to get very near to my Saviour, and have my love to Him kindled up afresh or fanned into a flame, I can get on my knees in private with your precious volume before me, and feel greatly aided in effecting this end. You must yourself have derived great spiritual benefit in writing this work, obliged as you were to think and speak so much of the Beloved."—*Rev. J. M. Olmstead, Author of "Noah and his Times," &c.*

"You have executed a very difficult and delicate task with skill and judgment. I think the book will serve to bring that portion of the Word of God more into the course of practical reading of pious people, and enable them to enter into its spirit. There is doubtless a great falling off in the devotional exercises of Christians of our day, as compared with those of some other periods of the church. We have so many societies and so much outdoor life, that the work of the closet,

and communion with God, and devout pondering of His Word, are often sadly neglected. Your work is adapted to counteract this evil; and I hope you will have the satisfaction of finding that it has ministered to the greater spirituality of the church."—*Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton.*

"This is the most readable and satisfactory commentary on the Canticles we have ever seen. The work contains a copious introduction, a new and elegant translation, an analysis of the Song, and a rich and lucid commentary, maintaining in an eminent degree the pure evangelical spirit of the book. The author, in this work, has done a great service to the church, in rendering more instructive and attractive a very precious portion of God's word, which has been but too little read and appreciated by the general reader of the Bible. He has made a most valuable contribution to Biblical literature, and produced a work which will be read with pleasure and profit by coming generations."—*The Presbyterian, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

"An attractive work externally, and internally, and intrinsically. With this author for our guide, the Song of Solomon becomes one of the most spiritual and edifying books of the whole inspired canon."—*The Congregational Herald.*

"The author of this volume has rendered the cause of religion and the Christian world important service. The volume all through breathes the spirit of no ordinary piety. While it is learned and critical, it at the same time glows with devotion to 'the Lord of life and glory.' We have not of late met with a book in which we have been so much interested."—*The Christian Times.*

"This book of Dr. Burrowes is the most satisfactory exposition and elucidation of the Song we have ever seen. He finds in it the highest and best of spiritual truth, nor are his reasons far-fetched or unnatural. The introduction alone, in which he

shows the progressiveness of the Christian's ability to understand the Holy Scriptures, and adduces this as ever new and ever growing evidence of the truth of the Bible, is worth more than the price of the book. We advise ministers to study the Song of Solomon in the light of this exposition."—*Zion's Herald*.

"The loftier the reader's views are of Christ, the deeper his insight into the work of redemption, the more exalted, full, and joy-inspiring his appreciation of the beauty and bliss of that conformity to Christ and enjoyment of his favor to which the ransomed are to be advanced at their resurrection and admission to his eternal kingdom, the greater will be the ease with which he will enter into the teachings and spirit of this volume, and the higher the satisfaction he will derive from it."—*Lord's Theological and Literary Review*.