

REV. WILLIAM S. WHITE, D. D.,

AND HIS TIMES.

[1800—1873.]

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

REV. H. M. WHITE, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE LOUDOUN-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, VA.:

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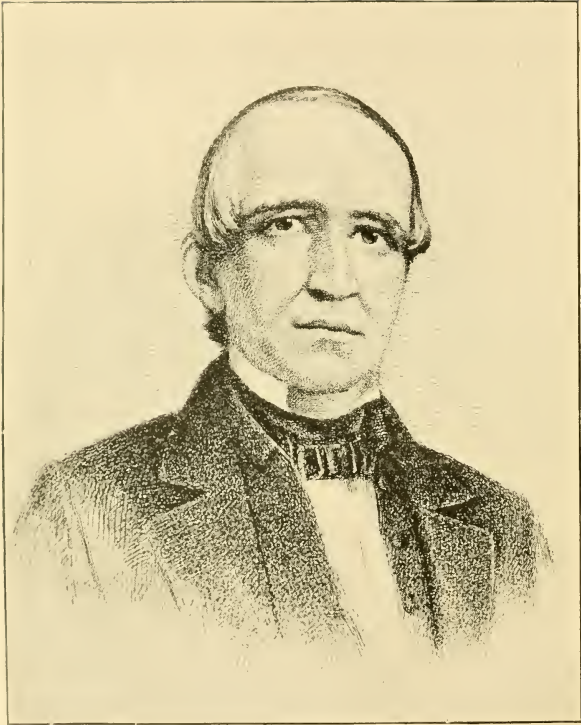
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Wm S White

enter thou.' He waited and taught us to wait, and he has entered into the joy of his Lord.

"We did not drape in black the church for his funeral. Why should we? There was nothing mournful there. Elisha did not mourn when he saw the chariot that bore Elijah from mortal vision; he cried, 'My father! my father! The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!'—anxious only not to lose the ascending prophet's mantle. And so we, if we may but share our pastor's spirit, needed not to weep when we saw a full life brought to a full end, and stood as a congregation with bended heads to receive his benediction at the close of the noblest sermon he ever preached—the sermon of a perfect life."

The following lines, adopted by the session, were composed by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and had the following caption :

"HARVESTED.

"WILLIAM S. WHITE, D. D., DIED IN LEXINGTON, VA., NOVEMBER 29,
1873, AGED SEVENTY-THREE.

"It was late in a life's calm autumn;
The green on the blades grew sere;
And ripened, and rich, and mellow,
The corn was filling the ear.

"In the flush of the budding springtime,
Had the living seed been sown;
And under the dews of heaven,
In shade and in shine had grown.

"The heat of the noon would wither,
At times, its marrowy leaves;
It bent to the brunt of the tempests
That darkened the summer eves.

"He knew how to temper and portion
The sunlight, the cloud, the air;
He knew what its root most needed,
He saw what its blades could bear

“And once and again he lopped it,
 For sake of the fruit, he said;
 And bravely it bore the wounding,
 Tho’ under the hurt—it bled.

“And so, when the dim November
 Came *with* its mists at morn,
 And the autumn frost into whiteness
 Was bleaching the tassel’d corn;

‘When the golden ears were fruited,
 And the grain was sweet to the core,
 Then the Master, who saw it needed
 To stand in the field no more—

“For the cold and the mould of winter
 To shrivel and shrink its leaf—
 Said, *Put in thy sickle, Reaper,*
And garner my full-ripe sheaf!”

At a meeting of the session of the Lexington Presbyterian Church it was—

“*Resolved*, That Dr. Pratt be requested to deliver a discourse memorial of the life and character of Dr. White.”

BY THE SYNOD OF VIRGINIA, IN WINCHESTER, OCTOBER, 1874.

“The Rev. William Spottswood White departed this life in Lexington, Va.

“He was born in the county of Hanover, Va., July 30, 1800. His parents were connected with the congregation gathered in that part of the colony by the Rev. Samuel Davies. His collegiate education was at Hampden-Sidney, and while a student of that institution the ministry of its venerable president, Dr. Moses Hoge, was blessed in awakening such convictions of sin as led to his conversion.

“His theological studies were pursued under the instruction of the Rev. John H. Rice, D. D., and he was one among the first students under that eminent professor of theology in Union Seminary. He was licensed to preach the gospel