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OBITUARY

OF

Mrs. Eliza Leland,

CONSORT OF

REV. A. W. LELAND, D.D.,

Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Columbia, S. C.

AND

EPITAPHS

FROM THE BURIAL-PLACE.

CHARLESTON :

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MRS. ELIZA LELAND.

DEPARTED this life in Columbia, S. C., on the 29th of December, 1856, Mrs. ELIZA LELAND, wife of the Rev. A. W. LELAND, D.D., in the 65th year of her age.

Mrs. LELAND was born in Christ Church Parish, near Charleston, on the 17th October, 1792. She was the daughter of JAMES and SARAH HIBBEN, most worthy and estimable persons who, having served God in their day and generation, and passed a life distinguished by piety and the offices of charity, went down to their graves honored by the community in which they had lived, and lamented by the recipients of their bounty freely and ungrudgingly bestowed. Of them, it may truly be said, that their works did follow them. Their children have risen up and called them blessed; and even to this day the recollection of the sleeping saints mingles with the most cherished reminiscences of the olden time.

The noble virtues which graced their lives seemed to have been all inherited by their daughter. From early youth she displayed those lovely traits which marked her mature life, and beautifully adorned her age. Not very long after her marriage, Mrs. LE-

LAND removed, with her husband, from her native Parish, to James Island, where he exercised his ministry, and where she won the love of all who knew her. The fragrance of her memory still lingers about the place; and although, for many years subsequently, she resided in a distant community, her death is sincerely lamented there by the surviving friends of her early years.

The latter part of her life was passed in Columbia, in the quiet discharge of her appropriate duties. She walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the LORD, as blamelessly as one may walk who is subject to the infirmities of human nature, and has not yet arrived at the perfection of the heavenly state. Her life was a practical exposition of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel; one of those living arguments for the reality of the Christian Religion which no Skepticism has ever met, and in the presence of which the confidence of Infidelity itself is shaken. The holiness of the Gospel—a holiness which no earthly system of Philosophy, and no human education ever produced—was the pervading state of her soul, and the *fruits* of holiness hung in golden clusters about her character, and illustrated it in the eyes of all beholders. To her, the name of JESUS was the symbol of all that is lovely, and all that is glorious. Her love of Christ was not a mere sentiment; it was a passion. His name was as ointment poured fourth, which perfumed and enriched the smallest offices of life. Seldom did she pen a letter or a note in which there was not "*aliquid Christi*," a

sweet savour of CHRIST, which hallowed her counsels, and imparted the spirit of HIS Religion, and the dignity of HIS name to the minutest details of domestic life. She has gone to behold HIM "whom having not seen she loved;" to "look upon that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for her."

Another conspicuous feature of her character was, a faith in the special providence of GOD, and in the promises of the everlasting Covenant, which no vicissitudes of life, no shocks of affliction, and no tempest of cares could shake. It rendered her calm when others were perplexed, and peaceful, when others were disturbed. And hence she was enabled to maintain a tranquil equanimity amid all the changes of her earthly circumstances. She seemed to lean, with the most perfect repose, upon that "righteous, omnipotent Hand," which had upheld and guided her through all her pilgrimage. Thus, though subject to often infirmities and sicknesses of body, she became a stay for others; a pillar of support, and a minister of consolation to her family and friends. She has received the end of her faith, and now enjoys the rest which remaineth for the people of God; but, alas, the pillar of support has crumbled to dust, the staff of strength is broken, the ministering angel is gone; and naught of her remains but the precious legacy of her example; the fadeless memory of her love; and the mute and touching memorials of a departed wife and mother.

But the element of character which chiefly dis-

tinguished her, was her unselfish and untiring devotion to the interests and comfort of others, especially her family and friends, and as a consequent, a most fervent spirit of intercessory prayer. In serving others, she seemed to forget herself. It mattered little that she was sick, if others were well; if her rest was broken, that theirs might be enjoyed; the midnight hour was frequently passed while she toiled for their comfort; and how often did she prevent the dawning light, that the stranger, who had lodged within her gates, or the friend, who had slept under her roof, might be refreshed for early travel, and receive her parting words of kindness and affection. The poor and friendless student for the ministry was ever welcome to her hospitable board and fireside, and received from her the sympathy of a mother and a friend. The needy and the destitute found her door open to them, and her hand of charity extended for their relief. Her domestics were treated rather as children, than as servants; as is attested by the fact that she contracted her last illness from exposure and fatigue, undergone while nursing one of them in sickness. But who may describe the watchful assiduity, the exhaustless patience, and the tender and yearning affection with which she ever ministered to the temporal and spiritual wants of her beloved husband and children. "In all their affliction, she was afflicted," and all their joys were enhanced by the fact that she shared them. It was such a love as this which formed the source of appeal from which a covenant-keeping God has drawn, in order

to illustrate His own unchanging affection for His people. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" For her children, (a numerous family of whom she was permitted to rear to mature life,) her intercessions were incessant and importunate. Indeed, as one observed of her, "hers was a life of intercession;" and God heard her prayers. All of them, save one, she had seen connect themselves with the Church of CHRIST. For him, her youngest son, absent in a distant State, she continued to wrestle in prayer; and her joy seemed to be full when she received the tidings that he had experienced a hope in CHRIST, and that he had determined to unite himself to His people. Upon reading the letter conveying this cheering intelligence, she touchingly remarked, "now my work is done." And singularly enough, in a few days after, having replied, as was fitting, to this letter, she was seized with the illness which terminated her earthly labors.

The record of her last moments is a brief one. When first attacked with the fatal disease (pneumonia) and while suffering intensely, she remarked to one of her children who was with her, that she must prepare herself for the worst, as she did not expect to rise again. Shortly after she lapsed into a state of insensibility, which lasted until she expired. George Whitefield once said, that God often extorts, in a dying hour, that testimony to His grace which was not fully yielded in life, but that *one* who had lived faithfully, could afford to die

silent. In her case, no necessity existed for a dying testimony. Her whole life had been an illustration of the vital power of the Religion of JESUS. As to her, to live was CHRIST, so death, in any form, was gain. Thus, too, she was mercifully spared the pain of witnessing the passionate and irrepressible grief that broke forth at her bedside, and the distress which sometimes results from the last desperate efforts of the adversary to mar the peace, and cloud the prospects of the dying saint.

It had been her uniform custom to spend the closing moments of the old year and the opening hour of the new, in intercession for each of her children, whom she carried by name to the Throne of the Heavenly Grace. On the last night of the year just past her mortal remains, attended by the loved ones, for whom, at that season, she was accustomed to pray, were brought to her native Parish for interment. The reflection was sad and affecting, that a mother's prayers were not then anticipating the issues of the coming year; but it was a matter of heartfelt thanksgiving, to believe that she had just entered upon an eternity of praise.

Her body was taken to the town of Mount Pleasant, where she had passed her early days. The funeral service was attended by the friends of her youth; and her remains, accompanied by her family, and some of her friends, were borne to the burial ground, about seven miles from the town, called "Cook's Field." There, according to her own wish, beside the graves of her beloved parents; remote from the bustle of life; in the silent forest;

and amid the tears of her kindred, her precious dust was committed to its final resting place. Fit spot for the last sleep of the saint, whose life had been gentleness, and whose end was peace! No rude foot will tread upon her grave; the morning and the evening dew will fall upon it; and the sweet voices of nature, in this still retreat, will hymn her gentle requiem. Many bodies of CHRIST'S dear people there rest in death—a goodly company. The sacred spot has been further signalized and hallowed, by receiving the dust of this noble and excellent mother in Israel; and not the least among those who shall there rise at the sound of the archangel's trump, and the call of the descending SAVIOUR, will stand the glorified form of our departed friend.

It was truly affecting to see her venerable partner, who, like Abraham, bearing the body of his illustrious wife to the field of Machpelah, had come with *his* dead, to this quiet spot, to discharge for her the last mournful offices of affection. The light of his dwelling has been extinguished; the prop of his age has been withdrawn; and the noble heart that had beat with ineffable love for him and his children is still; but may HE, who has promised that HE will be with his people when they “pass through the waters,” and “walk through the fire,” and that “even to hoar hairs,” HE “will carry them,” graciously comfort and sustain him under this sore and heavy trial.

REV. J. L. G.

Here

REPOSE IN HOPE
OF THE RESURRECTION UNTO LIFE,
THE PRECIOUS MORTAL REMAINS OF
MRS. ELIZA LELAND,

Daughter of
HON. JAMES AND SARAH HIBBEN,
and Consort of
REV. A. W. LELAND, D.D.,
Professor of Theology in the Seminary in Columbia, S. C.,
Who calmly fell asleep in Jesus Dec. 29, 1856,
Aged 64 yrs., 2 mos., and 12 days.

For nearly 48 years she was the light of her Husband's home,
And had become the untiring prop of his age.
She did ALL that a Mother COULD do, and
Lived to see all her Children the professed followers
Of her "Blessed Saviour,"
Her youngest son a few weeks before her death,
When, with a full heart, she exclaimed:
"My Work on Earth is Done!"

Every department and duty of her active life
She nobly filled, exalted, and adorned.
"For her to live was Christ—for her to die was gain."
Her memory is embalmed in the fondest recollections of all.
Her consistent life and importunate prayers are a priceless legacy
To her Children and to the Church.
In view of her whole character, influence and labors,
We seem to hear a voice from the Throne of God, saying:
"Well done, good and faithful servant,
Enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

Noble wife and matchless mother!
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Holy, wise, and good as she,
Time shall hurl his dart at thee.

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when she dies!"

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

This Tablet

IS INSCRIBED

BY A BEREAVED AND MOURNFUL FAMILY,
AS A MEMORIAL OF THEIR AFFECTION AND GRIEF,
TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR MOST BELOVED
AND EXCELLENT FATHER,

JAMES HIBBEN,

Who having served God and his generation
Faithfully,

By a life of active usefulness,
And enlarged benevolence,
Finished his course with joy,

January 4th, 1835

Aged 68 years.

Let the remembrance of the virtues
That adorned his character
And honored his name,
As the friend of the poor,
The patron of the deserving;
As the benefactor of the community,
And the devoted servant of CHRIST,
Assuage the sorrows of his
Afflicted Children;
And excite them to give all diligence
To follow his example and partake of his faith,
And thus obey his dying injunction,
"Prepare to meet me in Heaven."

BEING DEAD, HE YET SPEAKETH.

Here

SLEEP IN JESUS, THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
 MRS. SARAH HIBBEN,
 THE BELOVED WIFE OF
 JAMES HIBBEN,

Who finished a course of distinguished
 Piety and Usefulness,
 And entered the joy of her LORD,
 On the 26th day of July, A. D. 1827,
 In the fifty-sixth year of her age.

Eminently devoted to GOD from early youth,
 She lived a life of Faith and Prayer,
 And abounded in the fruits of Holiness,
 In works of Duty, Charity, and Mercy.

A most affectionate Wife,
 A most tender, faithful mother,
 She filled those endearing relations of life
 With kindness, dignity, and fidelity,
 Prayerfully training up her Children
 For Heaven.

In the midst of domestic harmony and affection,
 Honored and beloved by all,
 She filled up the brief measure of
 Here allotted days on Earth.
 With uncomplaining patience she endured
 The severe and long-protracted sufferings
 Of her last illness,
 And thus, through much tribulation,
 Entered into Immortal Glory.

Let her Descendants,
 From generation to generation, cherish
 With grateful veneration, the memory
 Of their excellent Ancestress,
 To whom they will be indebted for
 Inestimable blessings.