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A PATTERN OF MERCY AND OF HOLINESS,

EXHIBITED IN THE

CONVERSION AND SUBSEQUENT CHARACTER

OF

COL. WILLIAM YEADON,

RULING ELDER

IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

A DISCOURSE,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS SMYTH, D. D.

CHARLESTON:
JOHN RUSSELL, KING-STREET.
1849.

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THIS DISCOURSE,
DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF
THE LAMENTED DEATH
OF HIS
REVERED UNCLE,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
RICHARD YEADON, Esq.
(BY WHOM IT IS NOW PUBLISHED,)
WITH GRATITUDE
FOR ALL HIS KINDNESS TO THE DECEASED;
AND WITH FERVENT PRAYERS
THAT HE MAY PARTICIPATE,
BOTH IN LIFE AND IN DEATH,
IN ALL THE BLESSINGS
WHICH MADE THE LIFE OF THE DECEASED HAPPY
AND HIS DEATH
TRIUMPHANT.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

DISCOURSE.

Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting. 1 Tim. 1: 16.

IF there is any knowledge, which ought to fill the heart of man with joyful emotions, it is the knowledge of Jesus Christ "as He is set before us in the gospel." It is like sunshine to the dreary waste of a Lapland winter. All is cold, dark and desert. The earth is bound with adamantine chains. Vegetation is at an end. The green verdure of the fields—the foliage of the trees—and the varied beauties of the landscape, are all lost in one dull and cheerless monotony. Man himself escapes from the misery around him only by burying himself in his darkened hut, and by drowning all thought in an endless round of dreamy occupation. And just such is the condition of every human heart until "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, as exhibited in the face of Jesus Christ, shines within him." All around is dark and dreary. All nature reflects the angry frown of a holy and offended God, against whom man has sinned and whose "anger burneth unto the lowest hell." The whole animated "creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." Man, everywhere and in all circumstances, is "subject to vanity." He "walks in a vain shew." "The fashion of the world passeth away," and all the joy and pleasure of earth are like sparks of fire, which appear but for a moment

and then vanish away. But dark as is man's present, still darker is his future. Death stares him in the face—the grave yearns before every step—and “hell from beneath is moved to meet him at his coming.”

Oh, yes! man, every man, is a slave—a slave to fear, anxiety, disquietude and trouble, “in bondage all his life.” Guilty and condemned, he is now “reserved against the judgment” “which is after death”—the “everlasting destruction” “that shall devour the adversaries” of God.

How worthy, then, of the acceptance of every man is that “faithful” and infallible “saying”—that glorious gospel of the blessed God—the “good tidings of great joy”—that “Christ Jesus,” the eternal Son of God, though “in the beginning with God and equal with Him,” nevertheless came down into this sinful world that “He might save” from present danger and everlasting ruin, miserable sinners. Oh, how worthy to be heard, regarded and obeyed! How worthy to be welcomed, not only into the understanding, but even into the inmost heart, is this merciful message of our most gracious God—this “unspeakable gift”—this adorable Redeemer, “in knowledge of whom standeth eternal life.”

Oh, what a new and wondrous song,
That name affords the human tongue!
Of joy it prompts the sweetest strain,
It wings the heavy hours of pain.
When life draws near its dread eclipse,
'Tis the last sound upon our lips;
When heaven unfolds, 'twill be the first.
That from our raptured hearts shall burst.

Such, undoubtedly, is the case with every man who is led, by the spirit of God, to the true knowledge

of his disease and danger--of his guilt and the way of deliverance and escape.

Behold the Apostle Paul. Once he was the most proud, haughty and confident of men. He regarded himself as superior in morality, and even in religion, to most of those who stood highest in the community and the church. He could even challenge the scrutiny and claim the approbation of God, as in all things "touching the righteousness which is by the law blameless." But his religion was no more than a proud and self-righteous observance of ordinances, rites and ceremonies, and his morality offered no rebuke to hatred and revenge, intolerance and persecutions. Enlightened, however, by the teaching of God's word and spirit, Paul saw that his religion was hypocrisy and his morality selfish pride, and that he possessed neither love to God nor love to man. He saw that he had been employing God and His religion for the mere purpose of self-exaltation and of securing the honor and applause of men--that a due regard to the character and claims of God "was not in all his thoughts"--and that he was "steeped to the very lips" in ungodliness, unbelief and sin. His views of God, of God's law, and of the nature, extent, and malignity of sin, were entirely changed, so that instead of regarding himself as the greatest of saints he felt himself to be "the chief of sinners." It was no longer a question with him, how he might secure the greatest favor and friendship on the part of God, and the highest honor from his fellow men. But filled with self-loathing and contempt, and conscious of having insulted and provoked God to the very uttermost, his wonder and amazement were, that God had

borne with him in such long enduring patience, and was still willing and waiting to be gracious. That God, whom he had so foully dishonored and blasphemed, should be even yet willing to be reconciled—that Jesus, whom he had persecuted, nay, even “crucified afresh and put to an open shame,” should magnify in his conversion and apostleship the riches and omnipotence of His grace—and that he who had been the greatest enemy of the gospel, should now be noted as its chiefest apostle—this was to Paul a mystery and a miracle of mercy.

To that mercy, and to it alone, he refers all his hope and all his salvation. The grace of our Lord “was exceeding abundant,” and as high above all merit or expectation as are the heavens above the earth. It had pardoned all his sins—his blasphemies—his persecutions—his evil and malignant example—his murderous connivance and co-operation in the destruction of Christ’s faithful followers—and the whole spirit and temper of his ungodly heart. That mercy had renewed his soul, and sanctified his motives and principles of conduct. An entire change was effected in his sentiments, feeling, and character. All the faculties of his mind received a new impulse and direction. New views of Christ, of religion, of life and death, of time and eternity, took possession of his mind. “Old things passed away, and behold all things became new.” The mercy of Christ brought both regeneration and pardon to his guilty and depraved spirit. And having made him “a new creature in Christ Jesus,” the grace which had begun continued to carry on the work of salvation in his soul, to influence his affections, and to mature his

Christian character. This grace filled him with a love to Christ, whose mercy he had obtained, which rose and triumphed over every other feeling of his heart;—led him infinitely to prefer his Master to every other being in the universe; and led him to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. That mercy made his spirit yearn with tender and earnest compassion over all who still rejected the salvation he had found. It consecrated him with an absorbing and untiring devotion to the service of Christ and the spiritual welfare of his fellow men. It inspired him with unequalled fortitude and magnanimity in the endurance of shame, obloquy and disgrace, of hunger, nakedness and peril, so that he “took pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ’s sake,” and when at last death itself appeared in its most frightful form of martyrdom, he was “ready to be offered up,” since “to him to live was Christ, and to die was gain.” And, above all, while “not a whit behind the very chiefest of apostles,” with what unparalleled humility did this grace of our Lord Jesus Christ fill the Apostle’s soul. In his own estimation, he was “the chief of sinners,” not worthy to be called an Apostle, because he persecuted the church of God; and “the life that he now lived, he lived by the faith of the Son of God,” who was to him “all and in all.”

All this the Apostle became in open and manifest contrast to what he once was; and all this the Apostle ascribes to the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. “In me,” says he, “Jesus Christ has shewed forth all long suffering,” “not willing that I should perish, but that I should come to repentance.” To that mercy

Paul had no claim and made no solicitation. It was as sovereign as it was long-suffering. Like the lightning flash by which he was cast headlong to the ground, the mercy that was manifested to him was altogether from above, invisible and inscrutable—the offspring of that divine sovereignty which gives blessings to the man who deserves nothing but curses, “having mercy on whom He will have mercy, and having compassion on whom He will have compassion.” And, like that lightning’s flash, which in a moment subdued the pride and chivalry of Paul’s mounting ambition, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was efficacious, “not in word only, but in power.” The enmity of his heart was completely dissolved, and the voice of blasphemy became the voice of prayer.

Behold! the rebel low is laid,

To rise in arms no more.

He prays, who thought he often prayed,

But never prayed before.

Conviction, penitence and obedience were thus imparted to the depraved, hardened and injurious Saul of Tarsus, and he entered Damascus a professor and a preacher of the faith which he intended to destroy.

“And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord,” says the Apostle, “who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,

of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me Christ Jesus might shew forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting."

How does the Apostle, in this passage, annihilate the spirit of selfish pride. The mercy thus manifested, he considers as intended, not so much for himself, as for others. In the reception, influence, and transforming efficacy of this grace, he tells us he was a pattern, a form, a copy, or a sketch of what the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ is—what it is able to effect—and how freely and sovereignly it is bestowed. In the case of Paul, Christ gave an example of what His grace is able to accomplish, and what His mercy is willing to perform, for the very "chief of sinners." We have here a monument more enduring than brass, and more persuasive than eloquence, attesting to the faithfulness of this saying, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief," and that He is both able and willing to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

How touching were the circumstances under which the Apostle makes this overpowering appeal to his own example, as a motive and an encouragement to every needy sinner. Thirty years had elapsed since he had found this mercy. He was now "such an one as Paul the aged." The spring and summer of his life had departed. Winter had crowned his head with the snows of age, and bowed his body beneath the weight of many infirmities. He had endured also every conceivable trial, because of his adherence to the cause of Christ. "In every city, bonds and imprisonment awaited him," and at all times his life and

liberty were exposed to the greatest jeopardy. But “none of these things moved him.” He was at this very time a prisoner, and nothing but apostacy could secure him against the sudden execution of anticipated death. Instead, however, of being either ashamed or afraid, he was “exceeding joyful in all his tribulations.” As his “outward man perished and decayed, his inward man was strong in the Lord,” and “renewed day by day”;—and “thanking Christ Jesus his Lord” for the mercy manifested towards him, he was now “ready to be offered up,” assured that he should receive “a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge should give him, and not him only, but all them also who should love his appearing.”

And now let me observe that, as Paul, the chief of sinners,* was thus made an illustrious example—a pattern—of the sovereign, free, and efficacious grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; so it has pleased God from time to time to “find those who seek Him not,” and to magnify in their conversion, and subsequently holy life, the riches of His grace and the security and perseverance of believers, as a pattern and encouragement for all those who “believe on Him for eternal life.”

Such was Augustine in ancient times. Such was Bunyan, Newton, and Col. Gardiner, in modern times. Such, more recently, was the remarkable conversion of Dr. Capadose, a Jewish physician of Amsterdam, of which such a touching account, written by himself, is published in a tract by the American Tract Society. And such, also, to a very remarkable extent, was the conversion of our departed friend, Col. WILLIAM

* This he repeats in the term *protos*.

YEADON, in whom, during the yast week, I saw so beautiful a display of that most comforting truth, that

Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on His breast we lean our head,

And breathe our soul out sweetly there.

Mr. YEADON was born in this city, August 12, 1777. He had a very pious mother, of whose care, in consequence of the death of his father, and his removal from her, he was deprived, when he was only seven years old. He was thus left an orphan, and brought up without the advantages of that religious education, and of that "nurture and admonition of the Lord," which it would have been the first great object of that pious mother to bestow. Her character, example and prayers were still, however, for some time left him, together with the mercy of a covenant-keeping God, who is "the judge of the widow and the father of the fatherless," and who, when it pleases him that father and mother should forsake us, "takes up" those for whom "the effectual fervent prayers of a righteous parent have availed much."

So it was with Col. YEADON. For a long time he seemed utterly abandoned to his own evil and ungodly heart, and like every "child left to himself," to "go astray like a lost sheep," departing from the living God and running into every excess of evil.

In early youth, he was accustomed to go to church, but like some children who are fatally and permanently injured, he was allowed to sit away from observation and restrain, in the singing loft, where he associated with wicked and ungodly boys, more evil than himself, so that instead of being profited, he was made more hardened by his church-going associations.

This training in evil, in connexion with the want of all religious training at home, made him, while young in years, a veteran in pride, passion and ungodliness. At a very early age, therefore, some dissensions in the vestry and among the members of the church—who, alas, little think how their harsh and acrimonious temper, their readiness to take offence, and their severity towards those whom they choose to make their enemies, serves in the hand of Satan to lead sinners to destruction—led Col. YEADON to make the desperate determination never to go to church again. Thus did Satan blind his conscience by a plea of false honor, and lead him, as he does so many, “captive at his will,” protected against all the assaults of truth, and exposed to every temptation and to every device of “the great adversary who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.”

From that early period of his boyish thoughtlessness, until his fiftieth year, Col. YEADON never read the Bible and never offered up a prayer. Nor did he ever go to church except on funeral and public occasions, until about his sixtieth year, when he was led there under deep conviction of sin by the invisible hand of the Divine Spirit.

During these many years, he “lived in pleasure” and was “dead while he lived,” “loving and serving the creature more than the Créator who is God over all and blessed for ever.” He studied and became a lawyer. He entered into public life, where he has always held some honorable office in connexion with the State.* He married and became the father of several children. He was all heart, and soul, and

* See the obituary at the end.

strength, and mind in military and political affairs, devoting himself with intense enthusiasm to whatever seemed to bear upon the honor and glory of South Carolina. But during all this time of God's long suffering mercy, he thought not of—he feared not—he honored not—and he cared not for—that God who was yet to “bring him into judgment,” and who was “able to cast, at any moment, both soul and body into hell for ever.”

It is truly astonishing how desperately wicked, and how deplorably ignorant and hardened a man may be, in the very midst of christian influences. Colonel YEADON lived during this lengthened period utterly destitute, as he affirmed, of any religious opinions whatever. He believed in God, but did not know who, or what, Christ was. He did not even realize or sensibly feel that he had a soul, and therefore he never thought of death, or of hell. He encountered, in this condition of fatalistic thoughtlessness, the most imminent and frequent danger. The Bible, or any other religious book, he never once read, and the presentation of the truth made no impression upon him whatever.

His manner of life during these years of his ignorance and impenitence, is known unto you all, and needs not to be by me rehearsed. To use his own expressive language, he was “living in the greatest wickedness and enjoying life very much.” But he was yet to be a pattern of the power and efficacy, of the sovereignty and the freeness, of divine grace. God had not cast him off, and a mother's prayers were yet to be answered. To this end God sent him a truly faithful, pious and devoted wife, who, though

she mourned in bitterness, and died without the sight of his salvation, "believed against hope," that he would be yet converted, and agonised for him in prayer to God, "that he might be saved." Dying, she left him her children, her prayers, her Bible, and her pious books, among which was Baxter's Saint's Rest.

Another step by which "redeeming grace first led his roving feet to seek the heavenly road," was by bringing him into retirement. He was located in the Citadel as Arsenal Keeper in the year 1832. Here he was necessarily much alone, and thus led to "consider his ways." The mercy of God had provided a shelter for him, and the Spirit of God "wrought in him" an inward sense of sin and misery. The actions of his first life, like ghosts of memory, crowded upon him, and while "conscience accused," "his own heart condemned him." The images of a departed mother and a saintful wife, arose before his troubled spirit even in the darkness of the night, when deep falleth upon men. He remembered that mother's prayers and that wife's interceding groans, and he now turned to her unopened Bible and her well worn and tear-bedewed Saint's Everlasting Rest, and found in them that peace which the world had never given, and which, blessed be God, it could never take away.

This transition from darkness to light, and from the Kingdom of Satan into the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was immediate in its character, and yet very gradual in its full development. He was, like Paul, at once determined to be a Christian, and yet, like him, it was necessary that he should

be instructed in order to know what he should do. While, therefore, he was delighted with the Bible, he was minded to remain a year in private and hide his convictions in his own heart. When in this condition of mind, he was led to attend a night service at the Third Presbyterian Church, when I preached on the character and conduct of Nicodemus. The truth was "a word in due season," an arrow which, though drawn at a venture, was guided by unerring wisdom. It reached his heart, and was made the power of God to the full conviction and complete establishment of his soul. He heard me again in my own pulpit, and very soon after called upon me, and originated that acquaintance which has since ripened into friendship and regard.

It was truly a delightful task to "explain more perfectly the way" of God to one so willing and eager to learn and to obey. His first act was an open and unreserved confession of all his past sinfulness, and his desire and determination to make all the reparation he could to man, and to acknowledge, bewail and repent of it both before God and man. Of this he gave a remarkable illustration. Soon after he had connected himself with the congregation, and before it was prudent for him to unite with the church, a communion season took place. I had entered the pulpit and was about to commence the service, when Col. YEADON came up the pulpit stairs. He expressed a most ardent wish, if it was still possible, to unite with the church at that time; and as he knew it was too late to be practicable, according to the rules of the church, he was ready, if deemed sufficient, to come out before the congregation and there acknowledge

his past sins, make an open confession of his penitence, and submit to any examination I might think proper. But when the inexpediency of such a course was pointed out, he cheerfully acquiesced.

Of the Bible, he was necessarily very ignorant. Calling to see him at the Citadel, he exhibited the armory with its terrible array of bloody weapons. I hope, said I, the time is not far distant when "men shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Beautiful, he replied, but pray where is it from? On learning that it was from the Book of Isaiah, he said I must excuse him, as he really was not acquainted with the books or contents of the Bible, but that with God's help it should not be so long. Nor was it—for, having procured for him Scott's Commentary on the Scriptures, he had within a year studied every portion of it, and continued to read it regularly, with the text and observations, once a year, even to the end. He became to his family a patriarchal priest, as well as protector, holding with them constant religious services, not only morning and evening, but also on every Sabbath, when prevented, as he has been very frequently of late, from attendance at the sanctuary. For years also, and until health failed him, he was a diligent reader of various religious and devotional works, and became "a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God," and "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work."

Like Paul, Col. YEADON carried all his natural boldness, affectionateness, and ingenious candor, into his religion. He appeared to have no thought of ridicule

or of the reproach, the jeers and the opprobrious insinuations of the world around him. He gloried in the cross and knew nothing among men but Jesus and Him crucified. He began at once to speak to all around him, and his blessed Jesus, and the joys of his salvation were the beginning and the end of all his conversation. Probably no one has ever come into contact with him upon such terms as gave him any opportunity of telling them what God had done for his soul, without being urged to "taste and see that the Lord is good" to all that call upon Him in sincerity. There are many living, and perhaps here present, with whom he has repeatedly labored, beseeching them, even with tears, to be reconciled to God, and have peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor did he confide in his words. He travailed for them in prayer, and wept over them in secret places. May those prayers still be answered, and those pleadings still be heard! .

Nor was he less ready to speak a word in season to his fellow pilgrims, as he met them on the way. His heart was full and his tongue eloquent; and it was indeed edifying to hear him as he encouraged the timid, cheered the desponding, enlightened the doubting, and stimulated all to aspire to the loftiest heights of assured faith, and hope, and joy. These he had himself attained in an eminent degree, and to their attainment he thought every Christian privileged to reach. He lived in unclouded sunshine. "God was his sun and shield," and "his exceeding great reward," "in keeping whose commandments he found great" and uninterrupted "delight." It was a thrilling scene when a distinguished scholar and christian, on taking

farewell of him on Monday afternoon, expressed to him the obligations under which he lay for his counsels, prayers and example, in all his christian course, and the earnest hope that they would be permitted to resume their intercourse and progressive advancement in a holier and happier world. Ah, yes! they who have turned many to righteousness, and comforted and edified one of Christ's least disciples here on earth, "shall shine as stars in the firmament of heaven."

Like Paul, Col. YEADON was characterized by active, devoted, and self-sacrificing charity. He was, indeed, willing to distribute, and zealous in every good word and work. "To his ability, yea, and beyond his ability," he was "forward" in every benevolent expenditure, "praying us, with much entreaty, to receive the gift." At one of our first interviews, he expressed his interest in the Missionary enterprise, and as he was then nearly 60 years of age, he wished to give a dollar for every year of his life, as an offering of his first fruits to the Lord. This he did, and that, too, out of a very moderate income, and he continued to give to that and every other religious object to an extent very rarely equalled. Nothing pained him so much as his inability to give more. So sure and clear was his faith in Christ, that he laid up with Him not only the treasures of the life to come, which, because they have never actually possessed them, men are ready enough to do, but also the treasures of the life that now is, as far as within his possession, which men are so reluctant to part with and so eager to obtain. He consecrated one-tenth of all his income to charity, in the proper sense, beside his general

contributions to churches and other objects of public benefit, and his private acts of munificent bounty to the poor and needy. Of his activity, the recent members of the church have no idea. For years he has been a dying man, having been poisoned, and brought down to the gates of death by various attacks of dangerous disease. Until thus enfeebled and incapable of going out at night, he was an invariable attendant upon every service, prayer meeting and lecture—frequent at the Sabbath School—and ready to serve on any committee on behalf of any interest of the church. He was then, also, a frequent visitor at the houses of the sick and poor, and by his prayers and alms, comforted and relieved many who will very deeply mourn his loss.

The Almoner of God!

Although with liberal heart his gifts he threw,
The good his right hand did, his left ne'er knew :

Yet in the path he trod

By dews of charity kept moist and green,

The holy impress of his walk was seen ;

A thankful heart he carried to his grave,

And the unrighteous Mammon made his slave.

Nor was Col. YEADON less analagous to Paul, or less a pattern to them who believe, in his maturity of piety. Faith was his crowning grace, as it was that of the Apostle. From having been a grain of mustard seed, it became a great tree. It was to him literally “the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen.” It “removed mountains”—“filled up valleys—made crooked places straight—and rough places smooth. It never failed him. Faith and prayer were his panoply against all adversaries, his fortress in all dangers, his “very present help in every time

of need." "In every thing by supplication and prayer with thanksgiving," he sought the Lord." And as in all his ways he acknowledged God, and trusted in Him, he found God verily faithful to His promises and better than His word. Of this, how very emphatic was the illustration, when his last hours were cheered by the intelligence that, through the kind agency of his nephew, his situation was secured to his son as a home for his family. He has literally lived and labored and walked by faith for years past, and found it his meat and his medicine. This nerved him for scenes of peculiar trial, and gave him boldness and an utterance which astonished and abashed his detractors. He prosecuted every work, performed every duty, encountered every hazard, and achieved herculean tasks, by the supernatural aid derived from this principle. His faith was more like that of the apostles and primitive believers, than that of any man we ever knew, and would have appeared fanatical and wild, had it not been associated with such modesty, such mildness, and such constant and wonderful attestations in the providence of God. Twice this faith seemed to restore him when pronounced to be beyond possible recovery, and I have not known how, without it, he could have lived for years past. This, he said, was his chief and only support, and while it made him ready at any moment to die, and unwilling to pray for a moment's longer life, left all that regarded his life, his health, his fortune, and his family, entirely to the disposal of his gracious God. His will was therefore swallowed up in the will of God, and while he was diligent in the use of all means for the improvement of his health and fortune, he had no anxiety

about the future and no unhappiness about the past, but had “learned in whatever state he was to be therewith content.” No man was more diligent and correct in business, and none so fervent in spirit serving the Lord.

Col. YEADON’S piety was therefore cheerful and happy. Joy was his constant companion and guest. He rejoiced evermore. In sickness or health—when at home or abroad—when in difficulty or distress—when persecuted or defamed—he was at all times and alike happy—happy in the assurance of God’s favor, which is life, and that “all things work together for good” to them that love Him. This joy increased as death drew near. It was his habitual spirit days and weeks before any signs of sickness appeared, and it soothed and comforted him in all time of his last days of suffering and prostration. “His faith was like the shining light” of the rising sun, “shining more and more unto the perfect day.” One of his last acts was an act of praise. Learning that he was approaching death, he requested his wife to have family worship, and as his hearing had become impaired, to let the children sing as loudly as they could that he might hear. And as they proceeded, he united in the song of praise, while the tear of joy rolled down his fading cheeks.

My brethren, would you know the secret of the extraordinary faith and hope and joy of our departed friend? I can tell it to you. It was his extraordinary devotion, spirituality, study of the word of God, and prayer. His faith was no antinomian boast, or fanatical enthusiasm. It was the pure flame of heaven, fed by constant oil bought at the heavenly fountain, and

rising from a lamp daily trimmed and kept burning. He was continually in the spirit and frame of prayer, and he spent hours every day in family and private devotion. At sunrise, morning, noon and evening, he was found using his favorite guide, Bishop Andrew's Devotions, which he interspersed with frequent and full ejaculations. And when all around him were curtailed in sleep, he has been in the constant practice of spending from one to two hours in midnight reading and devotion. In these nocturnal vigils he found so great delight and such increasing happiness, that while evidently dangerous to his health, he could not be induced to relax or abandon them.

Ah, yes, it was in that spirit of prayer and in those constant communings with God in Christ, the strength of this Samson lay. It was from this he derived uninterrupted peace and joy. And it was by this he was made victorious over the world, the flesh and the devil, and even while here on earth, meetened in no ordinary measure for the inheritance among the saints in light.

To die, therefore, was to him an easy task; nay, it was rest from all his labors. His work was done. His course was finished, and he was ready to depart. He yielded himself at once to God's will. He lay upon his bed in peace, willing that his friends should do for him all they thought advisable, but conscious that his hour was come, and rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The election of grace—Christ and His righteousness—and the exceeding great and precious promises of God—these were his own declared foundations of faith and hope. Blessed be God, while he is gone,

these are left, and though dead, he yet speaketh. For he obtained mercy, that in him the chief of sinners (Christ) might shew all long suffering for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.

He was a pattern to those who are still impenitent sinners, teaching you that your only hope of salvation is the mercy of God, as in Christ Jesus he is reconciling sinners unto Himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses." Pardon and eternal life are not to be obtained by human merit, or by man's doings. They are the free gifts of God's great and gracious mercy. Not according to works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy. He saves us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He sheds on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs, according to the hope of eternal life."

"Mercy determined on our salvation in the ages of eternity, and provided a Saviour for us in the fulness of time. Mercy brought him from the skies, and prolonged his visit to our world, and disposed him to weep and to die for our redemption. Mercy arrests the sinner in his course, and enlightens his mind, and softens his heart, and teaches him to pray, and enables him to be faithful even unto death. And mercy opens for him the gates of the celestial city, and conducts him to the throne, and places on his head the crown of everlasting life. And when this great doctrine of redeeming and regenerating mercy is believed—believed so as to influence the thoughts and affections, then the sinner abandons all hope of effecting his sal-

vation by his own merits, or of rendering himself *worthy* of being saved by Christ, and he carries all his guilt and all his worthlessness to the Saviour's cross, and smites upon his breast and cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This, my brethren, is just the picture which our text exhibits; and the only picture to be found on any of the walls of Zion, is that of a guilty and condemned sinner, asking and receiving the mercy of Christ, as his only source of pardon and salvation. Sinner! whosoever thou art, mercy is thy only hope, and the cross of Christ is the only place where that mercy is obtained. Go, then, O sinner, whosoever thou art, and there renounce thyself. Ask for the salvation of thy soul as the free gift of mercy, and humbly say to God, through Christ, "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity for it is great."

But let none suppose that Saul of Tarsus needed mercy merely because he was a persecutor and a blasphemer, and that, if you avoid such crimes, pardon and regeneration will, in your case, be unnecessary; for there may be much that is both moral and amiable in the character of the man who is living without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world. 'One thing thou lackest,' said the omniscient Saviour to the man who declared that he had kept the commandments from his youth. And the 'one thing' which he lacked, and which in every case is the 'one thing needful,' was 'a new heart and a new spirit'—a heart which trusts in Christ's redeeming mercy for salvation, and in which love to Christ is cherished as the supreme and best affection. This is the only heart which is right in the sight of God—the only

heart that can stand the test of future judgment—the only heart that can participate in celestial blessedness. ‘CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD; AND RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME.’ AMEN.”

But, in the next place, this pattern, like that of the apostle Paul, teaches us the willingness and ability of Christ to shew this mercy to the greatest sinners, if they will repent and believe in the Gospel. The pattern thus exhibited in the Apostle, and in Col. YEADON, has been displayed in every period of the church.

“What is the language of one? “The time was when I knew nothing of Jesus Christ. I was careless of my soul. I thought not of eternity. Sunk in ignorance and vice, I was wholly given up to sensual enjoyments. I had no pleasure but in gratifying my fleshly lusts. I wrought the will of the Gentiles, and lived without God in the world. But the Lord in mercy brought me to myself. By his word and spirit he quickened me, when dead in trespasses and in sins, and breathed into my soul a spiritual life. Trembling and astonished, I was led to seek that God and Saviour, for whom I had not asked. Blessed by the Riches of divine mercy, I did not seek in vain. I found Him whom once I sought not. I found Him faithful to His promise, and mighty to save. He has blotted out all my sins, and filled my soul with peace. He has delivered me from the bondage of corruption, and enabled me to walk in newness of life. I stand a monument of redeeming grace, to the praise and glory of his holy name.”——What is the confession of another? “Once I loved the world, and the things of the world, with supreme delight. My affections were all set on earthly objects. My only aim was to

grow rich and increase my substance. As for God, I had no knowledge of him ; no fear of his wrath, no desire after his favor. If my worldly affairs prospered, my utmost wishes were gratified. But the Lord met me in my ruinous course. He mercifully opened my eyes, which the god of this world had blinded. He taught me to see the vanity of all earthly objects and pursuits. He taught me to compare the things which are not seen. He revealed to me the only valuable treasure, a treasure in Heaven. There my affections now are fixed. The Lord himself is my portion. I prize his favor above all things. There is none upon earth that I desire besides Him. When he lifts up the light of his countenance upon me, I find far greater and more genuine pleasure than I ever felt at the increase of my corn, and cattle, and gold." Listen to the declaration of a third. Great has been the Divine mercy to me. I was long led captive by Satan when I expected it not. I was puffed up with a proud conceit of my own goodness. Because my conduct was free from gross sins, I presumptuously thought that I was righteous before God. At least, I supposed that my good actions would fully make amends for my evil deeds ; and, consequently, that I had nothing to do with being 'saved by grace through faith.' But it pleased the Lord to take away the veil from my eyes. By His spirit He convinced me of sin. He showed me what I really was. He set before me the spiritual demands of his heart-searching Law. He led me to see how far short my fancied goodness fell of this holy standard. Thus He humbled my pride. He taught me to cry for mercy ; to renounce my own righteousness ; to re-

ceive with thankfulness the gift of free salvation ; and to 'live the life which I now live in the flesh, by faith in the Son of God.' He hath 'brought me by a way that I knew not. He hath led me in paths that I did not know. He hath made darkness light before me, and crooked things straight.' These things hath he done unto me, and hath not forsaken me."

Are you then a trembling, broken-hearted, and despairing sinner, who fears that you have sinned beyond hope of mercy. Despair not, oh sinner. Look at the patterns of Divine mercy set before you for your encouragement and hope. Are they not brands plucked from the burning? And is that mercy which delivered them, shortened that it cannot save and deliver you? Oh no, sinner, it is not. Christ is just as able, and just as willing, to save you as He was to save them. Yea, to save even **TO THE UTTERMOST** all who come unto Him. "Sir," said a gentleman to the celebrated John Newton, respecting a notoriously wicked man, "Sir, if that man become converted and saved, then I shall despair of no one." "Sir," replied Mr. Newton, "I never have despaired of any one since I obtained mercy myself." This is the doctrine taught us by these patterns. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

But, in the *third* place, these patterns here exhibited, teach us that this mercy is sovereign and given to whom Christ wills to give it. It is only to be found when, and where, and how He wills. And if, there-

fore, any sinner wilfully and knowingly neglects the great salvation, tramples under foot the Son of God, and crucifying Him afresh, puts Him to an open shame—he runs fearful hazard of being abandoned to final and hopeless impenitence. Paul did what he did ignorantly, through unbelief, thinking he did God service, and Colonel YEADON “thought if he had really known the truth he would have accepted it.” Seeing therefore, that “God’s Spirit will not always strive with men,” and that “he who, being often reprov’d, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy”—take heed, lest by provoking God to anger, you find Him a consuming fire, and now, therefore, in the day of His merciful visitation, lay hold on eternal life.

Finally, this pattern teaches us that, through mercy, a sinner may become not only saved, but sanctified. Christ saves his people from their *sins* as well as from their *danger*. He is a purifier as well as a pacifier, and imparts His Spirit, as well as His grace. He gives to all who believe, “power to become the sons of God, and is able to do for them exceeding abundantly above all that they can ask or think according to the power that worketh in them.” So it was in the case of Paul, and in the case also of our departed friend. So completely was he transformed in thought, word and deed, in the subjugation of pride, passion, temper and revenge,—so humble was he, and gentle, and affectionate, and meek,—so essentially was he a christian in all places and in all cases,—that I have never heard of any one who questioned the sincerity or the reality of his piety.

Let this pattern, then, at once encourage and ad-

monish us. He still speaks to us, and he has a claim to be heard. He became, by choice and upon conviction, a member of our church. "He believed, he said, it was the church in which he ought to be, and he believed all that is taught in its standards; not, he added, because it is there, but because it is all according to the word of God; and we will all think so in heaven." He was publicly united to our church, and ordained to the Eldership, in presence of most of you, and at the same time with some of you. You stood together at the altar, and you shall stand together at the bar of God, and be there judged together. "Tell my brethren," he said, "of the happiness I am enjoying and the misery of those who are shut out from the blessed Saviour, and beseech them to be much in prayer and more in effort."

Brethren, let me press upon you the necessity and propriety of imitating this pattern, so far as he resembled and imitated Christ. Soon you too shall die. This may be to you what the last communion season was to him—your closing earthly sacramental occasion.* And as the primitive christians were accustomed to rehearse the memory and deeds of departed brethren who had been eminent and faithful, and to pledge each other around the communion table to a similar fidelity and devotion, so let me now, around this table, engage you all to consecrate yourselves, this day, with all your powers of body, soul and spirit, to the more faithful, active and devoted service of Him who is here evidently set before us as He was crucified and slain—a sacrifice and propitiation for our sins.

Since our last season of communion, two Elders,

* Delivered on a sacramental occasion.

Mr. MOFFETT, and now Mr. YEADON, have been called to go up higher and to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, at the marriage supper of the Lamb, where Christ “drinketh wine anew with them in his kingdom.” And it is a blessed thought, that as one and another and another are thus removed, we are surrounded with an increasing cloud of witnesses, who testify to the truth and efficacy of this faithful saying, and encourage and animate us to “give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.” And if, in the opinion of any, the pattern I have presented in the portraiture of our departed friend, may be overdrawn, one thing is certain, I have not overdrawn the picture of what he and every christian ought to be, if they would secure their own happiness, the salvation of sinners, and the glory of God.

May He, therefore, who had mercy on Paul and the others referred to, and who enabled them to exhibit a pattern of sanctification and holy obedience, grant to each of us the same mercy, that we too may be perfectly conformed to His likeness, and “glorify Him by a walk and conversation according to godliness.”

From the Charleston Courier, Nov. 13th, 1849.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 8th inst., at the State Magazine, on Cooper River, Charleston Neck, (where he resided,) after an illness of ten days, (arising from Neck Fever and ending in an affection of the lungs,) Col. WILLIAM YEADON, closing a long life of uncommon activity and usefulness, by a peaceful and happy death, at the advanced age of 72 years, 2 months and 27 days.

Col. Yeadon was born of revolutionary parentage, in this city, on the 12th of August, 1777, a little more than a year after the Declaration of Independence. At the early age of seven years, he was deprived of his father by death, and, his mother being left, with her family of orphans, in very narrow circumstances, he was kindly taken charge of and brought up by his and his mother's relative, the late Major Charles Lining, long known as the Ordinary, or Judge of Probate, for Charleston District. Col. Yeadon was bred a lawyer, and was, at one time, extensively and lucrative'y engaged in the practice of his profession. On the death of Major Lining, in 1812, he temporarily succeeded that worthy and benevolent gentleman, in the office of Ordinary, by the appointment of Gov. Middleton, until the ensuing session of the Legislature, when his competitor was elected by that body. In 1813, he was chosen to the Sherifffalty of the City Court of Charleston, and continued to hold the same, by annual re-election, until he was displaced, in 1823, by an untoward turn in the wheel of local politics. While City Sheriff, in the year 1823, he was appointed Arsenal Keeper, by the late Gov. Wilson, and held that office, with the subsequent additions of Powder Receiver, and Resident Officer at the State Magazine, up to the time of his death. The duties and responsibilities of Keeper of the State Arsenal having been greatly increased, during the troublous time of nullification, and in consequence of the complete arming of the State, in that memorable crisis, the salary of the office was raised, by the Legislature, to one thousand dollars per annum, partly in consequence of its increased duty and responsibility, but mainly as a tribute to merit, and as a just compensation of the services of a long tried and faithful public officer. The new and enlarged duties of the post rendered the incumbent an important, although a subordinate, officer of the Executive Department, and brought

Col. Yeadon into close contact with the Chief Executive Magistrates of the State, and he had the high satisfaction of winning the approval and confidence of Governors Hamilton, Hayne and McDuffie, and, it may be added, of all their successors.

During Col. Yeadon's series of investitures with civil office, the energy and activity of his character and nature were also developed and displayed in his devotion to military affairs. In the war of 1812, with Great Britain, as Captain of the Republican Artillery, he commanded one of the most numerous, patriotic and efficient corps of our State militia—a corps, which he imbued with his own gallant and enthusiastic spirit, and which stood in the van of the Artillery service, as did the Washington Light Infantry, in that of the Infantry service, vieing with that company in numbers, discipline and soldierly bearing. On the death of Colonel Charles O'Hara, he became Colonel of the Charleston Regiment of Artillery, and, on the death of Gen. Vanderhorst, he succeeded as eldest Colonel, or senior Colonel, in Charleston, to the command of the 4th Brigade of South Carolina Militia, or of the troops in Charleston, during a period of peculiar responsibility, until the election of General Hamilton, after two excited contests, to the command of the Brigade. Shortly after General H.'s election as Brigadier, Colonel Y. resigned his commission as Colonel of Artillery, and was subsequently complimented, by Gov. Hayne, with the Staff appointment of Commissary General of Purchases, which he valued mainly as a mark of kindness and confidence on the part of his military and political chief, and held also until the day of his death.

For several years past he was one of the Commissioners of the Poor for Charleston Neck, and, at the time of his death, filled the office of Chairman of the Board of Commissioners.

In all his various civil and military appointments, Col. Yeadon displayed a zeal, energy and ability, which won him the meed of general approbation.

As a man, he was of an ardent, enthusiastic and high-souled nature and temperament; warm and generous in his friendships; and, although high-spirited and impatient of injury or insult, and quick to resent either, yet he was anything but bitter in enmity, and ever placable, kindly and considerate towards the feelings of others.—Charity and generosity were elements or instincts of his constitution; his purse was his friend's and his neighbor's; and the poor ever found in it an unfailing resource, and in him a sympathizing

friend. As a parent and a relative, he was indulgent and affectionate, winning a full return, in kind, from grateful hearts. As a politician, he was warm, zealous and decided, and yet liberal—and the interest and honor of Carolina were garnered in his heart, and constituted the pole-star of his opinions and his conduct.

When verging towards three-score years, having married a second time, he became a sincere convert to the blessed truths of Christianity, under the preaching and gospel ministry of the Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D., and united himself, in religious communion, with the Second Presbyterian Church, under the Pastoral charge of that able and distinguished divine; and became one of its most active and zealous Elders. He carried into religion all the ardor and enthusiasm of his nature, and became as remarkable and eminent for religious fervor and zeal, as he had been, for like features of character, in social, civil and political life—frequently provoking the remark that he was as ardent a Christian as he had been a nullifier. The bible became the man of his counsel, a light unto his feet, and a lamp unto his path; and religious books, bequeathed him by a pious and dying wife, were his constant study. Prayer was his daily bread and his nightly vigil. Charity, before an impulse, was now a principle and a duty, and yet as overflowing as ever—his hospitality knew no bounds, and was extended with a special liberality to the saints, although still unstinted to others. He systematically devoted one-tenth of his income to charity proper, besides his liberal donations to various religious objects and purposes, and his acts of private munificence, really wonderful for his means. His only regret was that he could not give more, and his pious friends had often to bridle his benevolence and liberality. “Faith was his crowning grace”—it was a faith that removed mountains, and proved a sure staff and support in sickness, difficulties and trials, under which many would have sunk or wavered. He was truly a patriarch and a priest in his own family, ministering at the domestic altar, not only in the ordinary routine of duty, but also on Sabbath, and other religious occasions, when sickness, infirmity, or casualty, denied him access to the house of God. He was ever ready to proclaim what great things God had done for him; making no secret that he had been, like St. Paul, the chief of sinners, and of the thorough transformation which, like that great apostle, he had undergone; and, in the fullness and boundless expansion of his christian and brotherly love, for those near and dear to him, and for the whole human family, he was ever

striving, by precept and example, by being instant in season and out of season, by open exhortation, and by prayer, and by agonizing in secret prayer, to win souls to Christ. He shrank not; in his consistent and steady christian walk, from sneers, ridicule or opprobrium, but was ever ready and willing to suffer reproach in the cause of his Redeemer, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord, and knowing nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He was literally mailed and panoplied in the whole armor of God—going forth into the world, armed with the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit—and having his loins girt about with truth, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Having been a soldier of his earthly country, he also became a soldier of his better country, even a heavenly one, enlisting under the banner of the cross, and going forth conquering and to conquer under the Great Captain of our Salvation. From having been altogether worldly and of the earth earthy, in youth and in maturity, he became, in his old age, a model of piety—a pattern of faith and holiness—that holiness, without which, no man can see the Lord—and shone, in the evening of his days, as a bright and shining light in the Church of Christ. In the very hour of dissolution, his faith and hope forsook him not, but were as strong and unshaken, and burned as brightly as in the day of health and strength, and, fully retaining his consciousness, and calmly conversing, even unto the last, with his relatives and friends, of the coming event, he ended his long and protracted, but not weary pilgrimage on earth, by a death of peace, and comfort, and joy in the Holy Ghost, gently falling asleep in the arms of Jesus, full of the hope of a blessed immortality. It was indeed a blessed and even a pleasant spectacle to see this aged Christian die—to see realized, even unto ocular demonstration, the beautiful idea of the poet—

* "Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there"—

* This beautiful verse, and the following subjoined one also, were repeated to him, by near and dear relatives, the one a few hours, the other a few minutes, before his death, and he replied, when questioned, that he heard them, and that they expressed his feelings:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heav'nly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast."

to behold, as it were, this corruptible put on incorruption, this mortal put on immortality, and death swallowed up in victory. It was, indeed a spectacle of beautiful and affecting interest, and one calculated to make every beholder exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Col. Yeadon leaves a widow and seven young children, the eldest twelve years, and the youngest fourteen months old, with but scanty means of subsistence, to feel and deplore his loss. But, even here his faith did not forsake or fail him, and was most signally and touchingly justified by the result. He always said, that he knew that his God—the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless—would provide for his widow and her little ones—and his last hours were soothed and cheered by the grateful intelligence, most thankfully received by him, that one of his sons, by his first marriage, would succeed him in the charge of the Magazine, and thus secure a home and a support to his destitute widow and her orphan brood.

An eloquent and instructive funeral discourse, on the occasion of the death of this good and pious elder, was preached, by his pastor, at the Glebe street Presbyterian Church, on Sunday forenoon last, to a crowded, and, at once, deeply affected and highly edified auditory; and much of the tribute, then paid to his memory, is necessarily reflected in and has insensibly colored this obituary.

FELLOWSHIP SOCIETY.

CHARLESTON, NOV. 4, 1849.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to remove from the sphere of his usefulness, the late Col. WM. YEADON, who was, for nearly half a century, a member, and, for a great portion of that time, the able and faithful Solicitor of this Society: Therefore,

Resolved That, in the death of the late Col. YEADON, this Society deplores the loss of a worthy man, a useful member, and a faithful officer.

Resolved That, in testimony of our respect for his character, regret for his loss, and honor to his memory, a special record of his death be made, with proper mourning marks, on the journal of the Society.

Resolved That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the widow and family of the deceased; and that the same be published in the daily papers of the city.

THOMAS STEEDMAN, Secretary.

