AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE

GEORGE A. YEOMAN

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OR,

DYING TO THE LORD ILLUSTRATED IN THE LATTER END OF

GEORGE ADDISON YEOMAN,

FREE CHURCH TEACHER, NEWHILLS, ABERDEENSHIRE.

"We shall see Him as He is."

EDINBURGH:

W. P. KENNEDY, 15 ST ANDREW STREET.

GLASGOW: D. BRYCE. ABERDEEN: G. DAVIDSON.

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AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE.

In a provincial journal, dated June 25th, 1856, appeared the following obituary paragraph:—

"At the Free Church School-house, Newhills, on the 19th inst., Mr Geo. A. Yeoman, F. C. Teacher, in the 36th year of his age. Most faithfully discharging, for upwards of ten years, the onerous duties of his office, he neglected not the foundation of all true education—sound religious instruction, ever seeking, with heartfelt earnestness and affection, to urge upon his pupils timely attention to the one thing needful."

Under protracted bodily suffering, of no ordinary character and degree, he was enabled to manifest holy composure, meekness, patience, and enlightened acquiescence in God's will, with unclouded faith, admiration of all his Father's dealings, desire for his glory, and longing for the conversion of sinners. He sweetly fell asleep

with the expressed humble confidence, that "the everlasting arms were around him," that he was "going home," and would soon see Jesus "as he is," his "faith and patience" clearly evidencing his meetness for inheriting the promises.

An anxious wish having been expressed by several friends of the deceased, to possess, in a permanent form, a brief memorial of his character and dying experience, we would attempt to meet this laudable desire, ere intervening time might dim the remembrance of scenes and interviews, as yet, for the most part, only chronicled in the page of deleble memory. And it may be, as the stranger perused the above cursory notice, a wish for farther acquaintance with its interesting subject might present itself to his mind.

Further, we believe that in these days of unmeaning profession, sceptical indifference, and stunted attainment, the bringing forward of an authentic illustration of the riches of divine grace, the nature and power of true godliness, and the promise-keeping faithfulness of the believer's God, may not only serve to confirm those who, through grace, have obtained like precious faith, but also to stir up to self-examination and serious effort such as are yet ignorant of the experience of living Christianity. But chiefly would we seek, by thus endeavouring to embody the precious sayings and experience of one so well known to

us, and so justly held in estimation by every lover of vitality in religion, to erect, as it were, a monument to the praise, honour, and glory of Him, "of whom, through whom, and to whom" were emphatically all things connected with the spiritual history of our beloved friend. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance;" and one means for securing the fulfilment of this promise certainly is that of recording, with truth and faithfulness, what the Lord did in and for the righteous man, as apparent in his daily walk and conversation.

Our departed friend has already been introduced to the reader by name and calling. Born in the village of Lochee, in February 1820, he resided there with his parents until their removal to Aberdeen in 1842. Having early chosen the honourable profession of teacher, he commenced his course as assistant in Bon-Accord Juvenile School. In 1845, having been elected Free Church teacher at Newhills, at the close of the year he entered upon his office. Devotedly attached to his profession, he continued to discharge its duties with energy, unwearied attention, and success, till within a few weeks of his death.

As this brief sketch, however, makes no pretensions to biography, we leave unrecorded much that might otherwise have been interesting, and

now hasten forward to that period of his earthly career which constitutes our warrant for thus bringing before the church and the world, one who would have sensitively shrunk from the special notice of either. Without closely analysing his natural endowments, we may say of his mind as a whole, that it was strong, firm, and clear. His memory was excellent, and his power of abstraction great. He made an admirable use of the facilities he enjoyed for acquiring knowledge, and was consequently a man of intelligence and sound information. As regards his moral qualities, he was most upright, faithful, and unwavering. Possessed of a truly affectionate disposition, a loving and expansive heart, a modest, retiring demeanour, self-diffident, yet inflexible, where principle was concerned, he passed through life with as few enemies and as many real friends as it is the lot of humanity to meet.

Deprived of his father in 1844, his love to, and care for his widowed mother were traits in his character, at once lovely and commendable. From his naturally retiring disposition, his circle of intimate friends was necessarily circumscribed, but no one could be any time in his society without desiring to become better acquainted with him, there being few subjects of general knowledge with which he was not more or less con-

versant. In his latter days, as we shall see, much of his natural reserve was thrown off, and his now world-embracing affection became beautifully prominent. His love to, and interest in his scholars was another marked feature in his character. He seemed to have them ever on his mind, and would, after the usual summer recess, express how he longed again to meet his dear children. Possessed of peculiar facility in communicating knowledge, his instrucion was at once interesting and valuable.

Mr Yeoman entered upon his labours at Newhills with all the ardour of a devoted teacher, and soon secured, through his high moral character and amiable disposition, a place in the affections and esteem of those amongst whom his remaining days were to be spent.

But as yet, by his own account, he was an entire stranger to genuine Christian principle, consequently his morality and amiability were only those of the natural man.

In the winter of 1851, his mother, the care of whom devolved entirely upon himself, being for some months confined by severe indisposition, he watched by her bedside day and night, till at length his devoted solicitude told evidently upon his own health. Other providential dealings, crosses, and disappointments, at this dark period, so operated upon his mind, that the re-

sult was a chagrined dissatisfaction with all "things under the sun." He could find neither rest nor relief from any quarter whatsoever. "God," he said, in his last sickness, to a friend, "so hedged me in, that I was never permitted to overstep the bounds of outward morality, yet ofttimes was I angry with himself and his dealings; but at length he led me to look within, and, in a short time, I got such a view of myself as a sinner, that I was well nigh driven to despair." We remember more than once to have met him during this trying season, and could plainly discover, from his manner and mode of expression, that no ordinary weight lay upon his mind, but we knew not the untold secret, the one heart alone knew "its own bitterness." The law, with its terrors and increasing convictions, had made him diligent in the discharge of duties, religious and moral; but no relief came. Anxiety increasing, often would he wander, under the covert of night, in restless, lone anguish, along the banks of a canal near his dwelling, and more than once did morning dawn upon him, as he still walked to and fro by its side.

The arrows of the King being sharp in his heart and conscience, his inward misery continually increased as month after month was spent between legal exercises and soul-harrowing convictions. But some cessation in the conflict

was at hand. At midnight he had left his dwelling, and was pacing the oft-traversed path in the same distraction of spirit. He had gone some hundred yards when he paused under a bridge—looked into the water, deeper there than at other parts. The enemy was busy—"There is no hope, free yourself at once from this state of despair." He was listening,—dallying with the tempter,—and we knew not how near he had been to the obeying of the impious command, "Throw thyself down from thence," when his eye was directed to the bridge over his head; there he espied the figure of a man, and was thus effectually deterred from the awful act. Quickly his steps were turned homewards, whilst the question, "Why wouldst thou take away that which thou canst not give?" pealed in his ears. He reached home, and never again left it under such circumstances.

His medical attendant urging his instant removal to the bracing air of Braemar, he repaired thither in July in 1852. The communion being dispensed shortly after his arrival, Mr Yeoman was present on the fast-day, when the late Rev. William Brown of Cray was the preacher. Nothing, however, seemed to arrest his attention, till towards the close of the discourse. The servant of the Lord, in counselling inquirers, urged upon them the duty of "looking without to One

able and ready to save, and to cease looking within for that light and comfort which are alone to be found in Christ." This was a new idea to our friend—not indeed in the letter, but certainly new as an experimental Spirit-taught truth. His whole mind immediately became engaged with this previously untried exercise, and he attempted at once to act upon the counsel given; but, alas, nature proved as powerless in bringing the soul to Christ, as it had previously done in enabling it to fulfil the law.

Mr Yeoman had heard of Jesus as "the way," but, like other inquiring souls, became more engrossed in devising a way to the way, than with the Way Himself. He was not yet sufficiently convinced of the fatal effect of sin upon all the powers of the soul,—he had yet to learn that the darkened understanding must be enlightened, the stony heart taken away, and the dead soul be quickened and raised up to newness of life.

In a few weeks he returned to Newhills, improved in bodily health, and his mind, at the same time, occupied with new subjects. What precise time elapsed between this period and his conversion, we cannot exactly ascertain. The vision had tarried, but it came at last. For the sake of continuous connection, we give the following account of this effectual work, as he related it to us within five hours of his death. He lay

upon a sofa in his parlour, on the afternoon of Thursday, June 19th, his eye beaming with more than earthly lustre, whilst a heavenly smile lighted up his pale countenance. We sat close by him, together with his tenderly loved partner, and another friend. "I was," said he, "one Sabbath morning engaged reading the Word of God, under great distress of mind. I had sat down at the end of my house, scarce knowing how I was occupied, but well nigh giving up all for lost. Blasphemously I said to God, 'Now, do your worst, for I can do no more.' In a moment God shewed me how he could hold me up, and pour his wrath into me throughout eternity without an effort. I felt as if in a sea of guilt, while my sins rose like mountains over my head. Divine justice was present to claim me, and all appeared lost for ever. The words, 'complete in Him,' darted forcibly into my mind, while a voice seemed to say, 'Art thou willing?' 'How can I?' 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out,' was next suggested. A wave of Christ's righteousness rose then above all the mountains of my guilt, and covered every one of them. Then came a calm, and peace, and expansion of mind, I never knew before, nor since.' With a sweet smile, in a gentle whisper, he added, '*I was with Jesus!*' 'He shewed you Jesus,' we replied. '*Jesus shewed himself*,' was

the striking answer. Then laying his hand across his breast, he feebly said, 'But I am not able to speak more.'"

We needed no more to confirm us that what he had related had been the work of God.

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed,
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There I was found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed and bid me live."

Thus was the foundation laid by the Spirit and Word of the Lord Jesus, and by the same Divine architect and instrument was there gradually raised a beautiful superstructure. We regret that no record has been left illustrative of his soul-exercise after this great change, but we can distinctly remember how very visible that change was. He immediately became a regular attendant upon Sabbath ordinances, prayer meetings, and other religious exercises, in some of which he took a valuable part. He became all alive to the eternal welfare of his pupils, as well as to the spiritual iuterests of the congregation and district. He was a *new* man. He had "been with *Jesus*,"

and Jesus had left a sweet savour of his presence with his disciple.

A few extracts from Mr Yeoman's letters, about this period, may serve more fully to acquaint the reader with his state of mind, in so far as it is there developed :—

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

"*Newhills, 28th December* 1852.

"MY DEAR JAMES,—I am more than obliged by your kindness, in sending to me so promptly such a sweet little souvenir of one whose experience we might envy, and that without doing despite to any precept of God's holy law. If so, then let us strive that we may obtain like precious faith, for to this end Christ hath been manifested. Oh the exceeding love of the highest God to guilty man, as exhibited in the gift of his only and well-beloved Son! Here alone can we have peace, joy, comfort, and happiness in this world, and the blessed assurance of the *rest* prepared for those that put their trust in him alone. And what is more, it matters not what they have been hitherto, for it is all one with God to forgive a repentant sinner his trespasses, whether great or small, many or few, for they are all paid with the same ransom. No sin, properly speaking, is little in itself, and none greater than the grace of God,

and the infinite price paid for it. Whatever sins, therefore, a man feels, yet may he throw himself upon the abounding grace of God, but this grace must always be our comfort to depend upon alone, even when it is best with us, for then only is it best for us, when we depend entirely on grace, and live in it as in our element. As well might we expect fishes to delight themselves on dry sand, as our souls to prosper and be in health without the daily watering of the dews of heaven, and recourse to that blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Again to the same correspondent he thus expresses himself in a letter, dated April 21st, 1853 :—

". . . . . I have been reading lately a small, but precious little volume by Mr Bonar of Collace, entitled, 'The Person of Christ,' and can affirm that I have learned more from it than from larger treatises. If you have not seen it, pray do so now, and I think you will agree with me in saying, that sin has another appearance when you are led to look on it as he there directs, and how glorious, unspeakably glorious and precious, the Lord Jesus appears as the sinner's surety and substitute, to interpose between a guilty creature and an offended God." . . . .

Part of the month of July 1853, was spent by

Mr Yeoman at the Bridge of Allan, with the hope of invigorating body and mind, in prospect of re-opening the school after the summer vacation.

Here we find him thus addressing the same dear friend :—

"*Bridge of Allan, July* 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I find that, however comfortable one may be in a strange place, there is no real lasting pleasure; so much to distract the mind, and so little time one can with advantage dedicate to God, that I feel the 'home sickness,' beginning to take hold of me. How much constant rubbing and chafing does it require to make the blood circulate in these cold frozen souls of ours, and after all it avails us nothing if the Sun of righteousness shine not upon them; but remember, 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' Precious words!"

Again—

"*Bridge of Allan, 22nd July* 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not feel much inclined for writing; but as I have just now a spare moment, I thought I could not better employ it than in communicating with you, though I should have no more to say than that I still am experiencing much goodness and mercy at the hand of our gracious God; but how ill requited on my

part; I feel as dull and lifeless as some granite block.

"I feel indeed this to some extent, which is a great blessing, for which gratitude is due. Oh that we could render unto Him according to the measure of His goodness, but that we cannot do; no, no, for we can only give Him back his own, and this but adds to the debt. I feel very much depressed that I am such an ungrateful wretch towards so good a God. O that He would send forth the spirit of adoption, that I might be emptied from vessel to vessel as by the Spirit of the Lord, especially that He would drive out that demon '*self*,' which is sure on all occasions to enter in, and by its noxious poison, turn my every blessing to wormwood and gall. This is the destroyer of my peace, so that I am led sometimes, in the words of David, to exclaim, 'I shall perish one day by the hands of Saul'—even now I feel it boiling up within me. Oh for faith to take hold upon the promise, 'Sin shall not have dominion.'

"My dear friend, cultivate a spirit of dependence; how sweet to lean on the bosom of Christ, but I mourn his absence, which I attribute to the exaltation of '*self*,' and the neglect of the means of grace. I find I cannot get on without devoting a portion of time daily to the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and I would advise you to

strive to gain as much time as possible for this secretly; and now, in conclusion, I would direct you to a passage, (Colossians, 3rd chapter), which has occupied my thoughts much for the past week; and may the Lord deal graciously with you, and all your household, and bring you all home to heavenly glory.

"Offer my warm regards to Miss M——, &c."

After his return to Newhills, we find him thus expressing himself:—

"*Newhills,* 16*th August* 1853.

". . . . . And here I am again in the midst of my raw recruits, already numbering about a hundred strong. I am much improved in health and strength; but oh, my dear friend, how difficult it is, while moving from place to place, to fix the mind upon God. To such a degree did I feel this, that the last few days, instead of affording pleasure, were really painful. You can scarce form an idea how soporific the air of travelling is, and how irresistible the power with which the world assails one when from home. The moment you step out of doors, it rushes in at the eyes and ears in ten thousand shapes; so that if the heart is not pre-occupied with better things, it is filled at once. And how difficult to prevent it, though you strive against it."

. . . . . .

Since Mr Yeoman's death, the following deeply interesting papers having been found by his widow, were kindly handed us, with permission to give them a place in these pages:—

"*Newhills*, 12*th September* 1852.

"In taking a retrospect of God's goodness, exhibited towards me throughout a life which shows that I have been more 'a lover of pleasure' than of that God who gave me being, so that I might glorify Him who has preserved me through all my career of forgetfulness and sin; and who has fed me all my life long, even though I have been evil and unthankful; and who has, by his providential dealings these few months past, led me to think of these things (not that I have not had qualms of conscience before); but has also, I humbly trust, enabled me, by faith in his Son, to see that He is still waiting to be gracious, and in some measure to experience that He will in no wise cast off any that come unto him; I would glorify His name who has done these things for me. Blessed, ever blessed be His name for this, for I feel and know from experience, that nothing but almighty power could overcome the tendency of the carnal mind to establish a righteousness of its own; and nothing short of the Spirit's operation can give us a right sense of our naturally depraved and utterly

undone condition, or open our eyes to see the inestimable preciousness of the gift of God, who sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sin, and that by faith in his blood we might have peace with God, and be accepted by him as righteous in his sight, vile and miserable as we are.

"Having some sense of these things, and mourning over a life spent in the service of Satan, I would now seek, by God's grace, to dedicate myself to his service, and strive, through Christ strengthening me, to redeem my time, seeing that 'the night cometh when no man can work.'

"O God! Thou who knowest all things, knowest and seest the thoughts of my heart, that I desire to glorify Thee. Oh, keep me from presumptuous sin, and forgive this, and all sin, for the sake of Jesus, thine only Son, my Saviour, while I put on this paper what I now resolve, by the grace of God, to perform.

"1. I give myself wholly and entirely—soul, body, and spirit, and all that concerns me—to Thee and to Thy service.

"2. I will strive by every means in my power, that this portion of Thy vineyard may have a rich and abundant effusion of Thy Holy Spirit; that Thy name may be glorified, and sinners saved.

"3. I will strive to bring before Thy throne of grace daily the case of—

"My mother, God bless her. Amen.

"My brothers and their families, may they be Thine.

"My minister, Thy servant, and family. . . .

"And now, O God and Father of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, do Thou enable me to perform my vow which I have vowed. I know, O God, that I cannot do anything without Thee; but for Thine own name's sake, and Thy glorious and gracious Son's sake, grant me my heart's wish, and fulfil my thoughts. Oh, humble me and keep me humble. Thou knowest I desire not mine own glory, but Thine. The work is Thine. Oh, glorify Thyself, and let sinners be saved. O God, hear and forgive all mine iniquities, and grant Thy blessing with this and the other matter which I have proposed; and oh make me faithful unto Thee, that I may at last receive the 'crown of glory that fadeth not away.' May Father, Son, and Spirit, set their seal unto this, and give a fulfilment of the promises which are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Amen.

"GEO. A. YEOMAN."

The other matter proposed, as above referred to, appears from the following exercise to have

been that of self-dedication unto the Lord, in an express, solemn, personal covenant. We subjoin the paper entire, like the preceding. No date being prefixed, we are at a loss to ascertain the exact time when it was written, but it was not long after the foregoing—most probably on his next birthday:—

"This day brings to a close my —— year, and commences my —— year; and on it I sincerely desire to humble myself before the Lord, to cast myself on His mercy, and to pledge myself to Him in the strength of His grace. I have, for some time past, kept before my mind the resolution of binding myself on this day to be the Lord's in a more formal manner than with the confessions of my lips; but now that the trial has come, I feel myself weak as water. I am full of fears. I cannot bring myself to recede, and yet I am filled with a feeling of weakness and insufficiency, and have not strength even to cast myself upon the Lord. Oh, my Lord and my God! Thou even now witnessest these feelings. I appeal to Thee, that the desire of my heart is towards Thee. Oh let thy grace be sufficient for me, and Thy strength be perfected in my weakness. Forgive the wanderings of my heart. Forgive me that I cannot watch with Thee one hour. Thou knowest that I am dust. Thou knowest that when the spirit is willing, the

flesh is weak. Thou seest mine enemy even now at my right hand. Take pity upon me and deliver me. *For one moment give me my heart into mine own hands, that in that moment I may give it unto Thee, to retain it for evermore.* All my hope is in Thee, Lord Jesus, who art the friend of sinners; and the effectual working of Thee, O Holy Spirit, who proceedest from the Father and the Son. Amen.

"Before proceeding farther into the solemn part of this transaction, I would have my views clear with regard to—

"1. The *nature* of this transaction.

"It is between the Supreme and Holy Majesty of the Universe, and a puny, guilty, worthless, but reconciled creature of his hands. It is to be a total submission of the latter—a promise of unconditional, sincere obedience to the laws of that Sovereign—a humble pleading for mercy and grace. A trust in Thee alone for fulfilling the engagement, and this for life.

2. My *motives.* It has been suggested first to me in reading the lives and works of those who had themselves done so, and had cause to rejoice in it. It has been confirmed by reading in Scripture of similar covenants with God by individuals, (Jacob, David, and Josiah), and collective bodies; from a feeling of the utter weakness of all internal resolves and oral confessions, of the

necessity of something more solemn, firm, and abiding, and from a feeling of the propriety of influencing the many weaker principles of my nature, which are carnal, by somewhat also of a carnal and earthly nature.

3. The *ground* of my procedure. I rest it on this—I am the creature of God, sent hither for his service. He clothes me, feeds me, supports me, and manages all my concerns; therefore I desire to bind myself to serve him faithfully, to obey him sincerely in my day and generation. In the years that are past, I have been disobedient, rebellious, and unfaithful; and have brought, therefore, upon myself, his anger, and, in the end, must have fallen a victim to a just curse. But He was pleased (as I humbly trust) to lead me unto Jesus, his beloved and crucified Son, to enable me to plead for mercy in Jesus' name, to pardon me, to accept me in the beloved, to call me again unto life and to his service, to promise me a glorious recompense of reward, if I continue faithful unto death, to offer me constant supplies of grace for attaining to these things, to leave with me most gracious promises with which to plead before him. All these proceed from the redemption wrought by my beloved Saviour Jesus Christ; and on the ground of all these things as proceeding from him as Mediator, do I rest my obligations to devote

myself, soul, body, and spirit, unto the Almighty God and Father of all spirits.

"4. The *spirit* in which I would desire to perform it.

"Convinced of the innate corruption of my nature, of the imperfect, the wofully imperfect degree of my sanctification, of the small degree of spiritual life in me, and my consequent weakness, and knowing the awful strength of the allurements of the world, Satan, and the flesh, when presented to such a nature, and the absolute impossibility of my holding out in my own strength—believing in the riches, sufficiency, and freeness of the Divine grace, relying on the truth of the Divine promises, and desiring, as a returning sinner, to appropriate all these as they are in Christ Jesus, yea, and amen—in this spirit it is my sincere desire and prayer to draw near to God in this solemn transaction. In the name, and depending on the mediation of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, do I now desire to come before thee, O God of heaven and earth—on no other ground than that of the atonement, dare I approach into thy presence. My purpose is to give myself up unto thee, in a solemn, personal covenant, but trusting only in thine own grace, as it is in Christ Jesus, for ability to do this.

"I have endeavoured, as in thy sight, and after earnestly imploring thy Divine direction in a for-

mer part, to lay down the motives and grounds of this my conduct. I have laid them before thee, and sought thy inspection, and have found nothing to retract, and now, again trusting that they were consistent with thy will, and further imploring the light of thy countenance, faith in thy dear Son, and the powerful working of the Holy Spirit, do I now proceed. And I do solemnly, and totally, and eternally devote myself unto thee, and do vow, in the strength of thy promised grace, henceforth to strive to walk worthy of that high vocation wherewith I am called; and also do vow, that I shall ever seek thy glory as the great aim of all my conduct, and shall also seek to promote that glory among my fellowmen to the utmost of my ability. My heart I surrender unto thee, and I vow to have a jealous watch over it, and if I find any object whatever acquire an undue ascendancy over it, that I shall not cease until I bring it down.

"My intellectual faculties also I surrender. I vow to employ them most in thy immediate service, and ever (as far as my weak nature will permit) for thy glory; that I shall strive to subdue every lust and desire inconsistent with thy holy law; that I shall endeavour to guard against all unnecessary losing of time, and shall strive to improve it to the utmost of my power. And I do also vow that, for these purposes, I shall be

much engaged in prayer to thyself, much engaged in reading thy Word; that I shall strive to make diligent and faithful use of all means of grace within my reach, consistently with other duties; that I shall ever consult thee in all the circumstances of my lot, and seek that only which shall be most for thy glory, and shall endeavour to follow the leadings of thy providence.

"All these, and whatever more may be included in making myself wholly thine, I do, at this moment, in the presence of a Three-One God, humbly resolve and promise to perform, but not in my own strength, but only in dependance on the grace that is in Christ Jesus my Lord."

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In 1853, Mr Yeoman was elected and ordained an elder in Newhills Free Church congregation. His health, however, beginning again to give way, he felt unable to discharge, in any measure commensurate with their importance, the duties of his new office. In looking back from the precincts of eternity upon life, how often would he say, "I have been a dead branch, an unfruitful branch! how little have I done for his glory." But although unable to take so active a public part in the spiritual concerns of the congregation as he desired, he was not idle in the closet on its behalf. "Oh for more Aaron and Hur societies among us," was his oft-repeated wish—"Oh for

more prayer among all classes." To hear of an inquiring soul, or a sinner being indeed born again, was like "marrow to his bones." Oh, how he longed to see the Lord's work prospering in the district. We can still recall his heavenly smile and brightening eye, as he listened to anything we had to relate concerning the true upbuilding of the Church, whilst his remarks during the narration added interest to the facts recorded.

Under deep anxiety for the cause of truth and godliness around him, Mr Yeoman writes thus to a valued friend:—

". . . . . My anxious desire is to see the prosperity of Zion in the land of the living; and having the same sure word of promise, how is it, my friend, we are so easy and contented? Why not stir ourselves up, and give Him no rest until Jerusalem be made a praise in the whole earth? Verily, I am amazed at the indifference I sometimes feel, and can truly say, 'I am as a beast before him,' and feel a need of power greater than man's. Nothing is to be done in this work without a special outpouring of the Spirit of Jesus, the obtaining of which requires, and is worthy of, much wrestling in prayer. Nothing but 'floods on the dry ground," 'rivers of living waters.'"

The following deeply important letter was writted in answer to an inquiry as to what he

considered necessary qualifications for Sabbath-school teaching. Himself much interested in the spiritual welfare of the young, the subjoined appears to us a vivid reflection of his own appearance among them in that capacity:—

"I will now specify what I consider the *sine qua non* qualifications of a Sabbath-school teacher.

1. It seems to me scarcely necessary to mention, as the first requisite of a Sabbath-school teacher, viz., a sincere and paramount love to the Saviour; a belief that the most important period of life is, when the soul comes to a saving knowledge of Christ; that the truest joy consists in being brought to Immanuel, and that the greatest glory redounds to God, when a soul is turned from sin to the Saviour. A soul filled with the grace and grandeur of the gospel will contrive means to expound it, and, to a heart burning with love to the Saviour, it will yield an intense joy and relief to commend Him to others. And this will be best accomplished by the glad eye and glowing tongue of one who exults in God his Saviour. In such a genial moment, when his spirit is melted into sympathy with the Saviour's, then a verse, a simple sentence, will do more in the way of endearing Christ to the hearts of the children, than years of dry, heartless routine, by which they are led to look upon the exercises as some intoler-

able task, from which they are glad to escape; and if this be the feeling instilled by the conduct of the teacher, can we suppose them to think kindly, even of the things of the kingdom, when they are impressed with the idea that religion is just another name for gloominess and melancholy.

"2. Affection to children is another qualification. In order to be a child's teacher, you must be his friend, for in this, or some such way only, can you gain ascendancy over your charge. Now, this is what some cannot be. They are severe and sullen, putting on a sour, demure appearance, which chills the affections of the children, and, by degrees, they soon are participators of his spleen. They are precise and formal, and think it improper, or at least unmanly, to employ children's ideas or children's phrases, and, therefore, make use of abstract language, of which the children have as much conception as of Newton's 'Principia'. Can it be doubted that this man will do more evil than good? If a teacher desires to do good, let him become a boy to a boy, an infant to an infant. Let him imbibe the Saviour's spirit, who, conscious of the perversity of children, yet with the knowledge of the important position they fill in the kingdom of God, said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' put no obstacle in their way, either by word, look, or gesture. Feed my lambs, don't merely

tend them for my sake, but learn to feed them with somewhat of my loving-kindness.

"3. Another requisite, or rather two in one, is a knowledge of his subject, and a felicity in breaking it down to the capacities of children. If you are not prepared, you will soon get weary, besides being muddy all the time, and looking your watch or to the clock, showing to the children that you are on tenter-hooks till the hour. What idea will most readily seize the child's mind? If it be true, as you say, that religion is such a good thing, why are you so soon tired of it.

"4. Besides these, he should strive to possess a warm disposition, not easily daunted or disheartened, viewing matters in much the same light as yon rag-gatherer when he picks up a rag from the mire of the street; he looks not so much to its unpromising appearance when he takes it, as to the time when, after a certain process, it is converted into snow-white paper, ready for the poet's pen or the painter's pencil.

"5. Conscientiousness.—The more pains a teacher takes, the more profoundly will he feel that there is a something essentially necessary to insure success beyond what he himself possesses. The farmer may plough beautifully, and sow the choicest seed, yet there is one element which is essentially necessary, and over which he has no power."

. . . . . .

After a painful bereavement, we find him, under apparent darkness and deep sorrow, thus pouring out his soul into the bosom of a loved friend, in a letter dated February 1854:—

" . . . I seem to myself now to be isolated in the world, having, as it were, lost the sheet anchor that bound me to life. I appear cast adrift upon the billowy ocean of life, without end or aim, but merely to drift with the wind and tide. Indeed, so painful and oppressive does this feeling of loneliness sometimes manifest itself, that my mind seems crushed beneath its weight, and I can say with sincerity, that I feel this world a 'desert drear.' In these desponding moments, how prone the 'evil heart of unbelief' is to entertain hard thoughts of the righteous ways of God; frequently am I thus led to meditate upon the providential dealings of Him who is 'wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working,' and who 'does all things well.' I do assure you, I feel it hard, hard work indeed, to track the sovereign footsteps of our gracious God, in his conduct as regards myself. How many *wherefores* am I put to as to his doings! How many doubts and fears do I entertain! Oh, that I had faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, to believe the spotless beauty, order, and perfection of all his procedure. It would prevent much of the despondency, impatience, and murmuring into

which, alas! I but too frequently fall. Ah! the horror and anguish of these moments! What blackness and darkness without the presence of the enlightening Spirit! If such can be experienced here, amidst abounding mercies, what eternal horror will attend the sinking of the perishing soul!—that endless sinking! Who can comprehend it? who can even endure to think of it? Can we wonder that the saints in glory cry out of that salvation they have obtained, 'Blessed are they who are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!' May God in his infinite mercy, and sovereign love, grant us to join the cry even here and hereafter, is the earnest prayer of your sincere, but afflicted friend,

"GEO. A. YEOMAN."

As illustrative of his experience in connection with the Divine Word, and earnest desire that those in whom he was interested should become partakers of like precious hope, we quote the following from a letter addressed to a dearly beloved friend:—

"Your remark at parting last night, about the unhinged state of your mind, set me a-thinking while going home, and, on examination, I found my own in no better condition, and when at worship, in the usual course of our reading, I met such precious words as in the 40th of Isaiah,

I could not forbear writing to you, that I might tell you of the delight (if I cannot impart the same to you) I experienced, at meeting, in so unexpected a manner, with so appropriate a passage. Fitted as it is to convey that comfort of which the world knoweth not, it also exhibits, in the liveliest colours, the faithfulness, condescension, and loving-kindness of the gracious covenant God. While reading, the wish that I could speak to you of Him who is 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,' seemed paramount in my soul. My heart's desire is, that you may daily experience the blessedness of being sprinkled with the atoning blood of Him that is mighty to save, and that your chief desire may be, to have a closer walk with God."

In January 1855, Mr Yeoman was united in marriage to one long known to him. In the confidence of friendship, we know somewhat of his mental exercise, in connection with this important era in life; but we judge the ground too sacred to trench upon, in company with even a Christian reader. His gentle, sensitive nature would at once have said, "Do it not." As a husband, his love seemed to be regulated by the high standard of Christ's love to his Church, and was, in consequence, full of beauty and comely proportion. His house was ruled by the fear of

God, and while he enjoyed natural life, with its blessings, his chief enjoyment was in Him whose favour he knew to be better than life and its dearest ties. At evening worship, his custom was to read two passages from the Old Testament, historical and prophetical, and in the morning, the Psalms formed the portion read at the same family exercise. On Sabbaths he usually read from the New Testament; and in this order he continued to the close of his days.

But, alas! seventeen short months had scarce fled away, when the sin-entailed clause of the earthly marriage covenant,—"Until God shall separate you by death,"—was, in his case, most affectingly implemented.

And now we approach the more solemnly interesting part of our memorial,—that period when the gates of death began gradually to open for the reception of our dear friend; not, indeed, as *conquered*, but as a conqueror, through Him who had already triumphed over it in resurrection-power and glory. Towards the close of February 1855, Mr Yeoman was suddenly visited, during night, with what was at first considered a severe rheumatic attack in the left limb. Unable, from the violence of the pain, to remain in bed, he paced to and fro until morning. His sympathising partner being overcome at the sight of suffering she had in vain attempted to allevi-

ate, he turned to her sweetly, repeating these appropriate lines:—

> "Still trust in God, for him to praise
> Good cause I yet shall have;
> *He* of my count'nance is the health,
> My God that doth me save."

These precious words dwelt with him ever after, and ere long became household words. "Remember our motto," he would gently say, as any new phase in his case appeared, or any little trial occurred. This attack passed over without any very visible effect upon his general system. By the advice of his physician, however, he repaired to Strathpeffer, during the ensuing summer vacation. The few weeks spent there, in company with his beloved partner, was a time of much enjoyment to both. Delighting to trace the hand of his Heavenly Father in all his works, he constantly directed the mind of his companion to the same blessed source of wisdom and grace. Trees, flowers, hill and valley,—each became a medium through which he held communion with his God. His little Testament and pocket microscope were never left behind in these instructive walks. On returning home, though he expressed himself sensibly benefited by his sojourn in the north, yet he felt that his soul was not in so lively a state as he could desire, and accordingly he wel-

comed his quiet home, with all its blessed privileges.

With invigorated health, he returned to his much-loved avocation, and soon gathered once more around him many happy, smiling faces. In October, he was about to open an evening class, for the benefit of such as were employed during the day, when an impediment appeared, and at length entirely prevented his intention being carried into effect. Whilst waiting at the station for the Aberdeen train, he suddenly felt his knee more than usually pained. This, at the time, was ascribed to the premature frost of the day. On his return, however, the uneasiness continued to increase, until he became the subject of pain the most acute and agonizing, the limb, at the same time, swelling to a great extent. Still his general health did not decline, and, though entirely confined to the house, he was never absent from his work in the school-room below. Two months after his second attack, we find him thus expressing himself by letter to a friend:—

"*Free Church School-house,*
"*Newhills, 29th December* 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your welcome note reached me this morning, to which I now hasten to reply, lest it should be laid aside, and thus escape my memory. As to your kind inquiries regard-

ing me, I am happy to state that I have enjoyed remarkably good health, although I have been detained within doors for the last nine weeks by a severe attack of rheumatism in my leg, which has almost deprived me of locomotion. But now it is much improved, the pain having almost gone, along with the swelling, although it has left me very weak after so much pain. Perhaps you will wonder when I tell you also, that I have never been out of the school a day, which is very full at present.

"When we look upon the wondrous dealings of God in providence, how apt are we to conclude that His ways are not equal, or that my way is hid from my God, else why thus deal with me? Why am I treated so, while most men escape unscathed? Ah! such would be the sayings of my heart were I not led to think that God has thoughts of mercy towards me, otherwise He would not take the trouble with me He does. I feel I required something to stir me up, for my heart was getting cold and indifferent. I desired that God would not allow me to settle down on my lees, and now he has granted my request, though much sharper, and in a way quite different from what I looked for, and against which my stubborn rebellious heart would at times oppose all its native hatred. Yet, thank God, I think I can say with David, 'It hath been

good for me that I was afflicted,' for I now have clearer views of God's providential dealings with the children of men. But, oh! we are dull scholars at such tasks. How trifling does everything else appear when once we are laid aside from the ordinary walk of life, and permitted calmly to contemplate matters as they really are.—Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE A. YEOMAN."

During the whole winter, our suffering friend was confined to the house and school-room. Many a sleepless hour,—many a weary day, and many a trying week was now spent by him. The physician had pronounced the disease in his knee to be white swelling, and had gently whispered to his partner, that only amputation could "rid him of the incumbrance."

In the beginning of April, matters assumed a more alarming aspect. Induced by the genial appearance of the day, Mr Yeoman had ventured into his garden. In a moment he felt "as if plunged into a cold bath." A severe fit of shivering ensued, and ere the week closed, he was under a severe attack of influenza. Alarming as this epidemic at times becomes, had it alone been visiting our brother, to all appearance he would have quickly rallied; but the limb! the limb! This was the cause of the phy-

sician's anxiety, and he now wisely hinted to himself the necessity of amputation, leaving it as a matter entirely for his own decision. In a few days the attack of influenza began to subside, but the fate of the limb became the all-engrossing subject of consideration. Whilst the outer man was thus evidently weakening, the soul was not an idle occupant within.

On the morning of Tuesday, Mrs Yeoman seeing him much distressed, asked "if this arose from bodily uneasiness?" "No, no," he replied, "I cannot get him whom my soul loveth! Oh this is terrible! Leave me, leave me, leave me." His minister coming in shortly after, Mr Yeoman repeated his complaint to him, adding, "Oh it is terrible beyond utterance! It is dreadful to be without Him, and not to know where to find Him!" Among other remarks made in reply, it was observed "that Christ gives sovereignly even to his own." "This," Mr Yeoman replied, "is a new thought to me at present." Ere the interview closed "the horror," at least, of the darkness had been dispelled. Next day, on calling for him, we asked, "if he had yet found Him for whom his soul had been in search?" "I am more composed; I am calmer to-day; but He is not so near as I could wish." "Was this produced through his own Word?" Repeating the remark that had impressed him the previous evening, he

added, "but it was more through a text, which has done it before, 'Ye are complete in Him.'" "One verse will answer this end, in the hands of the Spirit." "A word can do it." He seemed to dwell with peculiar delight on the marginal reading of Isaiah lv. 7, latter clause, "multiply to pardon." "I have often thought," he continued, "could a star be put over each passage that had given a sinner rest, what a Bible that would be!" He then spoke of heaven and its employments, and especially of Him who was the all-engrossing centre there. And thus we left him outside that cloud which was to return no more for any length of time. From this period he seemed to pass into the "land of Beulah," and there to remain until he crossed the river. He looked like one going home, we could not help remarking to the friend who accompanied us on our present visit.

At the end of a fortnight, Mr Yeoman was again in the school-room in company with an assistant, and for another month laboured there in much weakness and suffering. His case was now in the hands of two skilful physicians, both of whom urged parting with the limb. For this he was now quite willing, believing it to be his Father's will, and on this ground chiefly, gave his entire consent. He had put all that concerned him into Divine keeping, and his mind

remained in perfect peace. The prospect of the operation did not appear at all to unhinge him. When asked, what view he took as regarded the issue? "I have scarce thought of that at all," was his ready reply. "It is all in God's hands. I am willing just to have what he wills." About this time he sent for two long-known friends, who resided in Aberdeen. Informing them, on their arrival, of the decision of the doctors, he added, "I have no will in this matter. Let God be glorified—let God be glorified. I will unreservedly put myself into God's hands, and into the hands of the doctors." "This is victory," was the remark of one friend." "I trust I have got the victory over self, through the Lord Jesus Christ," was the immediate answer.

His friends now becoming anxious regarding the issue of his protracted sufferings, a few were led to unite in prayer in prospect of the impending season of trial. On being informed of this, tears started to his eyes, as he meekly said, "O what am I, such a vile sinner, that God's people should thus make me a subject of prayerful interest." Sleepless nights were now appointed him, but the night-watches witnessed no interruption in his communion with God.

"Patience, Lord! patience!" was at these

seasons his oft-ejaculated prayer, and every short sleep was followed by an almost unceasing song of "Praise! praise! mercies! mercies!"

His increasing delight in God's word and prayer was now very remarkable. The Bible was his constant companion. As he read aloud John xix. with his partner, he remarked with tears, "How sad that we can read such a chapter with no feeling." "*You seem* to be feeling." "I weep," he replied, "because *I cannot feel!*" It was always directly through this channel that he sought communion with God and Christ. Though not despising the aid of uninspired writings, his special delight was to read the Word without comment, comparing text with text, recognising therein the voice of his beloved. The various graces that adorned him were now more and more clearly developed. Now it was that they seemed to hang like fruits in beautiful ripe clusters. In his pilgrimage, as before stated, he had come to the land of Beulah, where the inhabitants live in constant view of the celestial city. "What will they be doing in heaven just now? Let us speak a little about this." One evening as he sat by the fire after family worship, he appeared more than usually cheerful. He spoke not, but a smile from heaven lighted up his whole countenance, while his soul seemed absorbed in something far beyond time. "You seem very

cheerful since worship," Mrs Yeoman remarked. Apparently interrupted in his meditations, he sweetly replied, "Oh, my soul has just been rejoicing in God my Saviour."

On being informed of an aged sinner being in soul-anxiety, he at once became deeply interested in her, daily remembering her case at family worship, and asking after her so long as he was able. We can now recall, with solemn pleasure, many precious conversations with him at this trying period. How his whole soul exulted as Jesus was the theme! How he gloried in him, as the *alone* and all-sufficient, free, loving Saviour. How he longed after the salvation of friends and acquaintances. How kindly would he encourage the anxious mother to hold up the case of her little ones before God. "Take encouragement. I never heard of a prayerful mother being disappointed; pray on, pray on!" At times Heaven would be the subject of converse. Oh how did he long to join its employments, to get within the vail *near* Him whom his soul loved. He would speak of the "whole life of the believer being a life of trust, and of the hour of death being the time for the *crowning act* of trust. We can never forget his look of holy ecstasy as he exclaimed, "And, oh, what a shout when the soul finds itself in His arms!" At times he would speak of the "soul engaging

Christ to meet it on the river's side, and carry it safely through;" adding, "and He *will be there* if he promises." Again he would say, "Oh to get as much of heaven *here* as a soul can get—to be as holy below as God can make us. Oh to get *far ben*—as far ben as we can on *this side* of death, and then as near Him as possible in glory." "I will be nearer him than the angels," he would remark with much delight. Like Brainerd, he would again say, "But I do not go to heaven for any personal advancement, but to give all possible glory and honour there."

In such a prepared state of soul did he advance towards the time when he must cross the river "over which there is no bridge." Finding him at an unusual hour in his parlour, the afternoon of the day previous to his closing the school, we expressed a hope that he was not going down again that day, and gently remonstrated against his doing so. "I have just another day—it may be the last—and I want to speak a word to my dear children. Come, give me my crutch; I must now be going." Enfeebled, pale, and emaciated, a crutch under one arm, and a staff in his hand, he dragged his steps towards the door, his wife tenderly watching his every movement. He left us, sweetly saying all the way, "Oh, praise him! oh, praise him! oh, what mercies I have! Praise him! praise him! Let him be glorified!" This

is a scene we cannot fully transfer to paper, but it is one we can never forget. There might be silent tears in the room, but he was full of holy joy and blessed resignation, and in a few minutes, we heard his deep-toned voice below, as cheerful as formerly. But his public work was near a close. Another day, and it was wound up for ever!

Next afternoon, he spoke most tenderly and earnestly to his dear pupils, beseeching them to seek Jesus *now*—to remember death—reminding them that one had generally been taken away during the vacation, and that this time it might be himself. He then gave out the usual summer holidays, whilst the whole was concluded by the children singing, at their own request—

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

The scene was a melting one. Dearly was he loved, and tenderly did he love in return. With many tears was his young flock of 140 scholars dispersed, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake unto them, that they might see his face *no more*."

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

"Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreaming,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

"Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the soothing and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

"Beyond the gathering and the strowing,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

"Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, &c.

"Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Having, through the advice of his physicians, agreed that the operation should take place in Aberdeen, preparations were now made for removing Mr Yeoman thither. His child-like reliance upon his heavenly Father kept his mind in calm exercise as regarded every circumstance attendant upon his situation. He doubted not but that "the Lord would provide suitable accommodation for him in town. Other things had been smoothed, and this would be smoothed too."

Everything being at length arranged, Tuesday, May 27, was fixed upon for his removal. "Not on Monday," he said, "this might distract us on Sabbath." On Monday night he slept more soundly than he had done for months. On communicating this to his dear wife, in the fulness of her heart, she rejoined, "You rejoice my very heart when you say so." "Hush," he replied, "give Him the glory;" He has done it; thank Him."

On Tuesday morning, as we went to say "Farewell" for a season, we found him seated in his chair, pale, and a little unnerved. He had a few hours before received intimation of a brother's death, without any previous notice of his illness. The thought of his sudden call from a probationary into an unalterable state of existence, was, in his weak condition, almost too heavy for him.

Seeing he was too much agitated to dwell upon the event, we sought to turn his mind to the theme ever near and dear to his heart—his own beloved Saviour. Tears stole down his cheeks as we quoted these lines:—

"What is it best can ease thy plaint,
Spread morning o'er thine even?
Is his approach, thine heart's content,
Thy Husband's presence, heaven?

"And when denied this sweet relief,
Can'st thou assert full well,
His hiding is thy greatest grief,
Thy Husband's absence, hell?"

He added, with much earnestness "I am sure it is so with me; to be without Him is just hell."

We once more adverted to his prospects during the week, but he "had no will in the matter," and had no doubt that his ever-present Saviour would be near at the hour of trial. We said "Farewell" with many painful forebodings, while he affectionately held our hand, praying that "the presence and fellowship of the three-one God might be with us." In a few hours the conveyance arrived for his removal, and, on hearing that all was ready, he gathered his friends together and engaged solemnly in prayer.

As he neared Aberdeen, he said to Mrs Y., "Do you know my motto has come with great

power into my mind! It has been absent for some days until *now*." His mouth was filled with praise as he looked round his apartment in Aberdeen, particularizing several things in it as a cause of thanksgiving. His brother-in-law, who had kindly accompanied him, being about to depart, he most cheerfully commissioned him to "tell all the friends to rejoice that he had got into town with so little fatigue, and was so comfortably accommodated."

The operation was fixed to take place on the ensuing Saturday, and everything was now got ready for it. To a friend visiting him he said, "I have no wish of my own, I desire to have no will of my own! If the Lord wills to use me longer as an instrument among the young, he knows I would serve him gladly; if otherwise, let His will be done! let *Him* be glorified." During the same interview, he expressed it as his conviction, from his exercise that day in prayer, that the Lord was about to lead him into deeper waters, adding, "I have not told Mrs Yeoman, she will feel it so much; pray for her, she stands more in need of your prayers for supporting grace, than I do."

On the forenoon of Friday, we went to see him once more ere the amputation should take place. After a very warm welcome, and inquiring after his body, we entered upon topics ever precious

to his heart. He spoke of heaven and "of the redeemed following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; of the body being no more a clog to the soul; of the inhabitant no more saying, "I am sick." On once more adverting to the prospects of the morrow, he again expressed his belief "that Jesus would be with him, and carry him through the operation, at the same time, leaving the issue in his Father's hands." But a darker part of the cloud was approaching. On the evening of this day, the friend, before alluded to, called for him and found him alone. He stated that he had enjoyed a short visit from Professor S., adding, "He is a man that knows his Master, he has so much of the same spirit." He then informed his friend that Mrs Y. had been sent for by one of the doctors; that he feared, heavy tidings were about to be communicated to her, "they always tell their heaviest tale to her. Why not tell me—I am prepared to hear the worst." Mrs Y. now returned, much cast down, saying, "Oh, I cannot let you go, I cannot let you go," when he repeatedly said, "Oh, my dear, do not be so troubled, do not be so troubled. Tell me the worst of it; I am quite able to bear it. Why did they send for you, and not come and tell me? What did they say?" She then told him, that, on their late visit, they had discovered water in his system; that, consequently, the amputation could

not take place, and that he must be removed home without delay. "Well, well," he calmly rejoined, "it's all one to me. Let Him be glorified! I came into town willingly, because I thought it was the Lord's will, and I will go home again as willingly. Just get the cab again, and we will go to-morrow." Seeing his dear partner in such anguish on account of the report of the doctors, which she considered tantamount to his death-warrant, he often exclaimed, "Oh, I feel for you, my dear, I feel more for you than I do for myself; but compose yourself, *time's nothing!* there is a long eternity before us to praise Him in." "But we have been such a short time together." "That is true, my dear, but we have had much of His presence these past months, and our separation will be short. I am going home, and I hope you will follow me. There is a long eternity to spend together." "During the whole of this trying scene," adds his friend, "the smile of composure was beaming upon his countenance."

Saturday forenoon saw him once more within his own dwelling, to quit it no more, until removed to his "bed of rest in the grave." In the afternoon, in company with his minister, we were privileged again to visit him, and never can forget the affectingly solemn scene. He lay upon the sofa, wearied, enfeebled, and sore pained,

his cup of suffering well nigh filled. He was asked in what light he viewed this new aspect of his case. "It is dark, very dark, but it is just to humble us. We thought if the limb were removed all would be well—this was our way, but it was not God's. On discovering dropsy," he continued, "I cried to the Lord to rebuke the disease, but no answer came, no; I then cried for his *presence;* then, quick as a flash of lightning, these words were darted into my soul, 'My presence *shall go with thee.*' My very heart danced for joy, and they have sustained me ever since." As prayer was about to be engaged in, he said, "And, oh, pray for sustaining grace to dear Margaret."

Measures were now taken for the removal of the water, but with scarce any visible effect, while pain and weakness increased day after day. The night season also witnessed his agony, and, at the same time, his faith and patience. His soul continued in perfect peace. His natural reserve being now much thrown aside, he had a word of appropriate counsel or comfort to all who visited him, whilst his expansive love to souls was only bounded by the world itself! He had long prayed for a revival of godliness in the congregation and district, and believed that God would, in due time, answer these prayers. "I have had such a sweet night for —— and

——," he said to us one of those days, "how I should like to see them once more!" To a dear relative, who was with him on the Sabbath afternoon, he said, "I have often admired your moral influence over your children, but there is something more needed; oh remember that each of them is a candle, lighted for *eternity*, and will burn in heaven or hell for ever and ever! Pray with them daily; speak often to them of Jesus, and always do so cheerfully." "You are well, I hope," he said to one, "and not forgetting the one thing needful." In taking leave of another, —"Cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart," was his loving counsel;—indeed, he allowed no opportunity to pass without lovingly entreating his visitors to "seek Jesus," or, if they had found him, "to follow on." Now, it would be a young father or mother; again, a much-loved pupil, a young man, or some well-known friend. Frequently would he say, after a visitor had left, apparently interested or solemnized, "If only this one were gained to Christ, it would be more than worth while to suffer all I have done over again."

Sabbath, June 1. During this day, he was visited with a brief season of spiritual darkness, saying to his partner, "I fear I have just been a noisy professor. I wish you would send for ——, to converse with me;" then, quickly check-

ing himself, he added, "No, I will not go to an arm of flesh; the Lord alone can do it, and I will go to Him." In a short time, the cloud was dispelled through the passage, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," &c. "The Lord, I know, *has heard me;* therefore, I am not a mere professor."

Being confined by indisposition, we were unable to visit our valued friend for ten days. We had hoped to have spent part of every day with him after his final return, and to learn much from those lips so soon to be sealed in death; but the Lord's ways of teaching are not ours, and a brief message was all we could mutually exchange. "Come away, I have been wearying for you," was his warm exclamation, as again we were permitted to see him. "I am rejoiced to see you, but I have had many sweet thoughts concerning you." We soon got into our usual train of discourse. He seemed so cheerful and comparatively free from pain, whilst at the same time the water was decreasing, that a gleam of hope shot through our mind that he might yet be restored. This we even expressed, in the event of the water being removed. After we had left, he said to Mrs Y., "You should not speculate as you were doing. It is all in God's hands. You know I have never come to any decision on the matter; let us leave all with Him."

Friday, June 10. Being in such distress of body, he could not be removed to bed, but spent the night between the sofa and the chair. The frail tabernacle was fast coming down; and, oh, how did the imprisoned spirit long to get away! As his minister, who visited him on Saturday, remarked, "You will be slipping away to glory one of these days, and leaving us behind," he sweetly rejoined, "I would willingly soar away and be at rest, were it not for my dear wife; she has been a helpmeet to me in all respects, a dear gift from the Lord." To a friend from town, who visited him, he replied to her question how he was, with much animation, "I am just living upon that passage, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;'" adding, "that when the Father's will, and Christ's will, and the believer's, so sweetly harmonize, the promise will soon be fulfilled." In parting with her, he sweetly said, "Oh may His presence be with you, whereever you may be in this wilderness, and *He will be with you.*"

On Monday evening, feeling very weak, Mrs Y. hinted his being unable for worship. He said he would attempt it. His voice at first threatened to fail in prayer, but ere long strength was given. "I am glad we had worship," he said, when finished, "for I have had much nearness

to Him to-night." No more was he thus to bless his house. This was his closing family supplication, and in it the prayer-hearing God sensibly blest and owned his faithful servant.

On Tuesday an air-pillow having been given him, if possible to ease the weary body, his heart was filled with gratitude, as he blessed God for such an invention; mentioning again the gift to two dear friends who visited him in the evening. In parting with them he affectionately said, "God bless you, bless you all three, (alluding to the absent husband of one). Strive earnestly to win Christ, the great prize; if you win him, you have won all that you need—farewell."

On the morning of Wednesday, his minister was sent for about seven, to see him, as he was now evidently drawing near his last change. He found him very weak, but full of faith, hope, joy, and patience. He received him with much affection, taking his hand in both of his own, and kissing it, said, 'The clay tabernacle is coming down now." In a short time we were by his dying couch. He lay upon a sofa in front of his parlour window, his lips pale, and his countenance slightly changed. "Come away, my dear friend," he gently whispered, as with both hands he grasped ours; "I am getting home now." "Yes, you will soon be with Him; you are blessed thus to get away from sin and suffering, to

see His glory." "I want to get *far in*, very near *Him*." We never witnessed so much human suffering as we did on this occasion. The diseased limb was unable to bear the most tender touch of the most loving hand, indeed he could scarcely allow us to approach it. The other, swollen to a fearful extent, was beginning to ooze out water, which he compared to scalding water poured over a tender part. Now and then an attack of sickness supervened. At one time his lips moved, then looking towards us, he said, "I have been praying for patience, and I have got it." At a time of great agony, closing his eyes, he said, "Oh how could a sinner seek pardon now." Endeavouring to turn for ease, he falteringly said, "But, oh, why am I dishonouring my Lord thus?" It was replied:—

> "Such pity as a father hath,
> Unto his children dear,
> Like pity shows the Lord to such
> As worship him in fear."

Looking out from the window, he said, "There's a bonny cloud; my Father made it." While standing by him, he said, "I had a fine Sabbath on 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" In the afternoon he continued much the same, only gradually getting weaker; still he did not apprehend death to be so near. His eye now became brighter and brighter, whilst a smile

of heavenly sweetness beamed over his countenance. He continued to speak words of tenderness and soothing affection to his weeping partner, and to fix his loving eye upon each as we approached him. As we stood at his feet, he smilingly said:—

"'Oh, if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet!
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!'"

He then spoke of the grave "as no prison-house to the believer, but a bed of rest—a bed in which Jesus had lain before him;" then adverting to the resurrection of the body, exclaimed, "And, oh, what a pattern! to be 'made like unto Christ's own glorious body.'"

His minister remarked to him, "You seem to enjoy the Word very much, it comes so readily to your remembrance." "Sometimes," he replied, "and at other times (pointing to the window-shutter) it is as dark as *that*." Hearing him recommend Christ as a Saviour, the same friend added, "I daresay you would now like a day in my pulpit, that you might commend Christ to sinners?" Very meekly, he replied, "Oh, I don't know, I'm not fitted for that; I would just like to speak to the children." He frequently exclaimed, "Oh, that I could sing: oh, for ten thousand tongues to praise him! but I *shall* praise

him yet." During the afternoon, as his wife sat by, he fixed his eyes upon us, saying, with much affection, "Oh, be sure ye be kind to my dear, dear wife; but her Maker will be her husband. Remember, dear, my motto, that first night, 'Still trust in God.'"

He now adverted to the perfect peace and assurance he enjoyed, adding, "I sometimes fear I am too confident, yet why should I not trust Him." When parting with him in the evening, we said, "We shall see you again," meaning, in a short time. Grasping our hand, he warmly exclaimed. "See me again! oh, yes, you will see me again; it would never do without that."

In the evening, he was visited by two friends. To one, who quoted the verse, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee," he replied, "I have done that long ago. Alas! if I had had that to do now! He bears all my burdens." To the other, he said, "You and I have been old friends; oh, strive to win Christ. That's a prize worth a contest! That's a prize worth a struggle! 'So run that ye may obtain.' What a prize! What a prize! I have it! Could it be valued?"

By his medical adviser's orders, all bandages were now removed from his limb, his clothes taken off, and he laid in bed for the first time since the Friday previous. Having complained of a burning heat in the diseased limb, from

severe inflammation having commenced, sponging was had recourse to. This refreshed him so much that he was hopeful he would spend an easier night; but, alas! he had scarce been an hour in bed when severe pain recommenced, and, for five or six hours he continued to suffer excruciating agony, whilst continually the prayer was ascending, "Patience, Lord! patience! Frequently he would say to Mrs Y., "This is not death yet, my dear." She at length asked, "How do you know that?" "Because there is one passage still unfulfilled to me." "What is it?" "'My presence shall go with you.'" "Have you not His presence?" "Oh, yes; but not so near as He has promised to come." About two A.M., being unable to remain longer in bed, he rose, and walked with his crutch and staff to the parlour at the opposite end of the house. "How he got from the one room to the other," says Mrs Y., "I can scarce tell; I walked before, and the nurse behind, whilst neither durst touch him, nor give any assistance." Sitting down upon his chair, he immediately gave thanks "that he had not fallen." He then took up the Word, read for some time, seemed engaged in prayer, and closed the book for the last time. A severe struggle soon ensued, when he seemed "so troubled that he could not speak," rolling his head from side to side, and drawing his hands

occasionally across his forehead, while the paleness of death sat upon his countenance. "Oh, I am sorry I cannot help you," said his afflicted wife. He immediately looked upwards, and with his usual smile, said, "It's all from above! It's my Father's hand! I won't have many more." In a short time he requested to be moved from the chair to the sofa, feebly adding, "The chair won't do to-day."

At an early hour his minister was again with him, when he requested him to pray, whispering, as he knelt by his dying couch, "*An abundant entrance.*" After this he appeared greatly refreshed, and entered into an animated conversation. From early morn till his dying hour, his last day was indeed a busy one. His mouth was full of Christ, and he declined all entreaties to take rest. "It is sweet to me to speak of Jesus," he would smilingly say. We once more took up the Word in his presence, reading, "There is none like the God of Jeshurun." "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." He appeared much delighted, frequently finishing the passages we read. After lying silent for a short time, he repeated the verse:—

> "My soul, wait thou with patience
> Upon thy God alone;
> On Him dependeth all my hope
> And expectation."

He also joined us as we quoted—

> "He only my salvation is,
> And my strong rock is he;
> He only is my sure defence,
> I shall not moved be."

We will never forget the pathos with which these two verses were repeated by him.

In the course of the forenoon, we said, "You have often welcomed us here; oh, will you ever welcome us above." "Gladly, most gladly," was the instant reply.

Here a friend, in whom he was deeply interested, and to whom he was much attached, was introduced. Warmly grasping his hand, with a smile, he said, "This is not death yet. J——, oh, seek Jesus! Seek Jesus, J——, I find him a very present help in trouble. Nothing else will do when you come to this." The friend interposed. "I am afraid you are wearying yourself." "Oh, no! it refreshes me; it is precious to my very heart to speak of Jesus. Oh, seek him! He will stick to you when everything else goes away." "You have been very patient," said his friend; "I never before saw such patience." Immediately he rejoined, "Oh, do not begin to praise now; I have no more patience than any other man—it is God's work in me—give him the praise." As his lips were now moistened

with water—"Thank you! thank you!" he said, with a smile. "I will never see you again." "Not see me again! oh, yes; I will see you again." "But not in this world." "No; but will you not come and meet me among the blessed throng?"

About eleven o'clock, a severe struggle again commenced, and lasted two hours. During this time he was frequently heard praying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." "Why are thy chariot wheels so long of coming." Some time after, he whispered to us, "I was very impatient to get home; but I fear it was only to be free from pain." He requested Mrs Y. to read from the book of Psalms to him. "Read all the Nineties," he said; "oh, that I could sing; but I will yet do it; I shall praise Him by and by." We now asked "if he could indeed recommend Christ from his death-bed, as a perfect Saviour!" With energy he at once replied, "Oh, yes, *fully, fully;* I have full confidence in Him."

In the afternoon, he again adverted to the hope he entertained that a revival of godliness would yet take place in the district, adding, "I have often enjoyed much liberty in prayer regarding this." "Do you think you will hear of this in heaven, should the Lord be pleased so to answer your prayers?" "Heaven *rings* with such news; the redeemed will hear of all that

concerns His glory. The angels rejoice over the conversion of sinners; and through them I may hear of this." He now related to us his conversion, as before given. Leaving him for a little in the evening, we said, "Good night." With an animated look and heavenly smile, he replied, as he held our hand, "Night! Why say night? Can't you say *day?*" "Yes," we replied, "it will soon be all day with you, for there they serve Him day and night." On our return about seven, we found him apparently much relieved. With his usual smile he welcomed us, saying, "I am better now." "Could he even yet be spared?" was our silent inquiry; and we could not help asking, "Would you be willing to remain with us, were it His will?" "And for His glory," he sweetly added. "Oh yes. I would be years this way *for that.*" Drowsiness now occasionally came over him. When awake, he would fix his eyes upon his beloved wife, whispering endearing epithets to her so long as he was able. Then another struggle would ensue. Gradually, very gradually, was he descending into the valley—heart and flesh fainting and failing—but his portion remained, and his faith and hope continued unclouded and steadfast. In answer to the question, "Have you His presence?" with a look of inexpressible sweetness and satisfaction, he replied, "His everlasting arms are

round about me!" About ten o'clock it was evident that his release was just at hand. He spoke not, and reclined to the left. He lay in the same position for nearly twenty minutes, his breathing becoming softer and softer, and his whole countenance, meanwhile, lighted up with a calm joyfulness. "It seemed," says one who was present, "as if Jesus were close by, taking care of him, and watching every movement." So sweetly and almost imperceptibly did he breathe back his soul into the bosom of his first Father, that a few minutes had elapsed ere it was certain all was past. We heard not the shout which doubtless went forth as the emancipated spirit found itself in the arms of Him whom it had so eagerly desired to see!

And what, blessed spirit, were thy thoughts, when for the first time thou didst behold thy Redeemer as he is? What were thy feelings when, with holy ecstacy, His praise burst forth for the first time from thy grateful lips?

Methinks, ere the door is shut behind thee, we can see thy gentle smile, and holy abashment of countenance, as thou shrinkest intuitively aside while "the exceeding weight of glory" is placed upon thine head, and the palm of victory put into thine hand! Methinks we look again, and behold thee in holy gladness wending thy way across the sea of glass to Him who

"sitteth in the midst of the throne," there to cast at His feet that crown bought thee by His blood; and, as again He crowns thee therewith in the very act of thine adoring praise, anew do the heavenly arches ring with thy song, "Unto Him be all the glory." There we leave thee to linger, "as they shut up the gates, which, when we had seen, we wished ourselves among them!"

On the Tuesday following, Mr Yeoman's mortal remains were laid in their bed of rest in the Spittal burying-ground, Old Aberdeen, and over them the omniscient eye of an omnipresent Saviour keeps faithful watch, until, by his almighty power, he recall them to life on the resurrection morn, "to meet Him in the air." So shall he, with all the redeemed, "be ever with the Lord." Wherefore, sorrowing survivors, let us "comfort one another with these words."

Our dear friend has been removed in "a cloudy and dark day," when the Church stood in special need of faithful praying men; but the time for the fulfilment of his Redeemer's prayer, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold thy glory," had in his case arrived, and he cannot remain longer from home. The invitation, "Come up hither," had fallen upon his willing ear, and the tenderest earthly ties can

detain him no longer below. The time had fully come when, like his Saviour, "he must be received up into Heaven." Angels had arrived to "carry him into Abraham's bosom," and with joyful consent he departs "to be with Christ," and enter upon "the rest which remains for the people of God."

And now our solemnly pleasurable task is ended. We leave with our readers the responsibility of having had a bright illustration of the power and riches of sovereign grace set before them. Where a star of more than ordinary lustre has been sent to shine, God is in a particular manner summoning the attention of all beholders, and will in due time reckon with them for the privilege. "Whose faith follow," is in these circumstances a doubly emphatic injunction. While, therefore, we behold in our departed brother a work of conversion and sanctification so clearly of God, let us seek to make use of the same atoning blood for our cleansing, and of the same blessed Word and Spirit for our growth in grace and preparation for glory. We have stood in the place where "Jesus first shewed himself" to our departed friend, and we have lingered in the apartment of which he said, "If ever I gave my heart to God, it was in this little room;" but we have been only the more deeply convinced that a "Bethel" or a "Peniel" can alone be

constituted by the felt presence and gracious power of Jehovah himself.

That presence and power in connection with the means of grace—whether these means embody precept, promise, or holy example—are still offered to guide and effectually preserve all who yield to their blessed influence; and as each living impersonation of truth and godliness on the earth is a seal set by God to every doctrine of his holy Word, let us be encouraged by this new example of "faith and patience," to be stirred up to become followers of him who is now "inheriting the promises."

THE END.

ANDREW JACK, PRINTER, CLYDE STREET.