

LIFE

OF

JAMES HAMILTON

D.D. F.L.S.

BY WILLIAM ARNOT

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away from home, and had got to the following sentence :—
'It is however necessary, though painful, to reflect that a separation will, at no very distant date, take place, in which there admits no hope or possibility of ever again associating in the present life. How solitary and mournful will the remainder of existence be to the sorrowing survivor! how dreary the journey which must be travelled alone!' In the panic of the crash, which took place at this word, I had just time to think that perhaps the journey was ended. But it has been otherwise ordered. May the interval be spent in doing what will make the pang less bitter when it comes, and the memories afterwards still sweeter and more sacred."

"*Littlehampton, Sept. 2.*—Weary, weary, weary! After ninety-six Sabbaths of preaching, last Sabbath was the first day of rest I have had for nearly two years. The vital powers seem low, and even in my briskest movements there is a latent languor of which I am only too conscious. The difficulty is to get a little relaxation. This is a charming place, and our kind friend, Mr. Anderson, has taken us delightful trips to Arundel, etc., but loads of letters, college examinations, and such things often make it late in the day before I can get any good of the open air. Had a most kind message from the elders, urging me to get a month's supply for the pulpit, so as to get a thorough renovation."

The next letter, from a very eminent minister in New York, since deceased, lifts again a corner of the veil, and

gives us another glimpse of the real securities for peace between Great Britain and America :—

FROM DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

“ NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1855.

“ REV. AND DEAR SIR,— . . . Often have I recalled the home which, as a stranger, I enjoyed in your company in 1851 ; and often have I wished I could see you in my home and pulpit here. Late events have made my heart tremble for the ark of peace ; and this feeling has coloured both my preaching and public utterances in prayer. The dread of war between our respective countries has, however, been much more lively with you than with us ; to a degree which has caused nothing worse than a smile in most companies with which I am conversant. It is wonderful how much of the froth and foam is floated over to you in the shape of newspaper extravagance. I protest to you, on the word of a Christian, that, living as I do in our greatest town, I have never met with a human being who did not look on war with Great Britain as horrible. At the same time, I am not prepared to aver that there are not those who would (like Catiline’s fellows) seem to gain by outbreaks. By comparing your own public journals with those of the Continent, you will be able to conceive how the burst of a gazetteer in a hasty leader might come erroneously to be taken for the popular acclamation. And our newspapers are more reckless and licentious than yours. There is a profound and almost universal feeling, among thoughtful and religious people, of a common interest with our brethren in England, as having a com-

munity of blood, language, and faith. Demagogues and ambitious plotters might involve us, but our hope is in God. And, in my humble judgment, the sanctuaries of both countries ought to be filled with supplications concerning this matter to the God of peace. . . .

“I am older and graver than when we met. My honoured father and my beloved mother have since fallen asleep. My own health last autumn was impaired to the degree of imminent danger. For some months, however, I have been in full service, in a very large congregation, and with responsibilities which I need not describe to you.

“May we, through grace, fight the good fight, and lay hold on eternal life! My poor prayers shall be for you and yours.—I am, dear Sir, your friend and fellow-servant,

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

“No. 30 West Eighteenth Street.”

FROM MR. PETER BAYNE.

“4 NICOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH,
January 11, 1855.

“REV. DEAR SIR,—Permit me to offer for your acceptance the accompanying volume. I cannot but feel that there is a certain specialty in sending you a book which attempts Christian biography; and if I made out a list of those to whom I am more particularly indebted for assistance, you should certainly occupy a high place; your paper on ‘Simeon and his contemporaries’ (or predecessors, as I think it was) formed an epoch in my life. . . .

“I am a student of divinity in connexion with the Free