

General Religious Intelligence.

THE LATE DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

(Funeral Sermon by Rev. Dr. Candlish.)

On the Sabbath morning after the funeral of Dr. Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. Candlish preached in Regent's Square Church, to a large and deeply affected congregation. He selected as his text, Phil. iii. 10-11.

"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Towards the close of his discourse Dr. Candlish said: Coming to you on this sad occasion, I intend, instead of a funeral oration, simply to preach the Word to you, as the most becoming course, the course he whose presence haunts us to-day would prefer if he had the choice, as I would prefer when my time comes. I have a message to deliver to you from him, "Love to the Session and congregation," to some by name and many more. "If any inquire the ground of my confidence, it is not that I have been a minister of the Gospel, or have been kept from some sins, for I feel utterly unworthy. My hope is in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, and in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and I wish to go into God's presence as the rest have gone, a sinner saved by grace—a sinner saved by grace." That is his latest message to you—lay it solemnly to heart, as I desire to lay it to heart. With this preface I may be allowed to give utterance to some impressions and reminiscences clustering in my mind around James Hamilton. I so loved your pastor that I cannot venture to refer to the subject at any great length, but the intimacy of friendship which long existed between us induced me to offer to preach on this occasion. Such was the transparency of his nature, such the perfectly guileless simplicity of his character, that none could meet with him without knowing him, or know him without loving him. A brotherly conversation will illustrate this. "He was," said his brother, "surprised by seeing me step into his room. 'My dear William, how glad I am to see you; how kind of you to come so far.' 'I have just come, dear James, to tell you how many of us are envying you in your being so near at home.' 'I sometimes hope it will be so, but fear I may be disappointed.' 'You won't be disappointed in this—you will be at home in a day or two, perhaps in a few hours.' 'Oh, William, you have brought me good news indeed, how kind to tell me this.'" The conversation was resumed. "I had been preaching from these words, 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord,' and had been much interested to find that the Greek for to be 'present with the Lord' might be translated 'at home with the Lord,'—at home because He is there, at home because the family of God is there; oh, how beautiful! That is the meaning of 'I go to prepare a place for you,'—I go to make it a home for you. 'Oh, William, you are a happy man—you are strong and well, and you have the wondrous privilege of preaching the glorious Gospel.' Asking for my wife and children, and hearing they had all sent their love to him, he said, 'I am lying in love and hemmed in by love on every side—nothing but love around, but too little love within me.'" It was the very fulness of his love that made him feel the shortcoming. He had so much love that he never would be satisfied that he loved enough. There was no weakness in his love—it was a strong, manly affection. Loving the truth—the truth of God—the truth as it is in Jesus, never was there any compromise of principle, never any indulgent softness towards sin or error