

was conspicuous in his prayers—whether he was conducting the devotions of a congregation, or pouring out his soul to God in the bosom of his household. So that we may transfer to him, what Bates said of Baxter:—"His prayers were an effusion of the most lively melting expressions, and his intimate ardent affections to God; from the abundance of the heart the lips spake. His soul took wing for heaven, and rapt up the souls of others with him. Never did I see or hear a holy minister address himself to God with more reverence and humility, with respect to his glorious greatness; never with more zeal and fervency, correspondent to the infinite moment of his requests; nor with more filial affiance in the Divine mercy."

The same spirit, which impressed such a character on his approaches to the throne of grace, communicated a peculiar savour to his familiar intercourse with others, whether by word or by letter.* Of the former, we can say truly, that it was "always with grace"—"good to the use of edifying."—Here religion, apparent yet unobtrusive, strict yet without constraint, lived and reigned in mingled dignity and sweetness. Dr. Hamilton was one of the few men, into whose company the writer of these remarks never entered, without hearing something which had a direct and manifest bearing on personal religion. Exactly similar seems to have been the strain of his correspondence. Those of his letters which are given in the Memoirs shew on what his heart

*Some months previous to my departure for Canada, I had the happiness to spend part of three days at the manse of Strathblane. Dr. Hamilton was expected to be absent on ministerial duty and I was requested to supply his pulpit. From some cause his absence became unnecessary, and I thus enjoyed a taste of his society, a privilege—for even an hour's fellowship with an enlightened and holy man deserves the name—which fell to my lot but once. My recollection of his manner, spirit and conversation is distinct—and all indicated how much his soul dwelt in habitual communion with things invisible. I had accepted a call to a congregation in Canada and our conversation naturally turned on the probable result of that step. I remember his discourse was designed to impress upon me the *oneness* of the church and people of God—that the being useful to it in any quarter was the highest honor—that distance in the sphere of labor was a transient and insignificant accident, since we are all one in Christ Jesus, and where he is we shall shortly be;—and while I listened to him I felt that I looked upon one, who, though Providence had assigned to him but a narrow sphere of labor in a strath of his native country, was yet prepared in spirit to go far hence among the Gentiles to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Having then but just commenced my exercise as a preacher of the gospel, I was gratified to receive his prudent and affectionate counsels—some of which were new to me. Being led in the course of conversation on the Sabbath evening to remark on the character of Dr. —, of B—, as a preacher, he spoke to this effect—"Yes, he is a man of superior abilities, but he has not improved them. I have known him above 20 years. At College he took his place among the first rank of scholars, and was even acknowledged to possess genius. I have associated with him occasionally since. His mind has always been filled with some great project—just conceiving the plan of some important work—but there it ended. He had talents, but they are wasted. Destitute of application, he has accomplished nothing. Even as a preacher he has come immeasurably short of what he might have been, and although not aged, I am afraid—his day is passed." The estima-