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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

reach me until he had sailed for Europe. I know not how  
he felt but his letter left me ready to cry out "My God! My God!  
why hast thou forsaken me?" - I had counted the months. Within a  
day from first hearing of his coming - not doubting he would give  
me timely warning of his arrival - It was not to be, and  
I felt really and truly then that I had bidden him a last  
farewell ten years before - I have only received a stray letter  
at long and uncertain dates since - the world around him knows  
much more of his public career than I pretend to do -  
His has been a hard working life, he began with a "Purpose", stuck  
to it and has been successful - though I am rather disappointed  
at his accepting an E. L. D. from an American College, after the  
very decided "for them views" he held during the progress of  
the War - I have hastily sketched only the salient points of his life  
and now when I glance over I feel how little I do know - his  
Secret Struggles with Poverty and class prejudice none can tell  
but himself - I remember when he went to St. Andrews he boarded  
with the Toll Keeper, Andrew Mitchell at something like "Five  
shillings" a week, which furnished Porridge & Milk three  
times a day - and in vacation time I got from him many  
valuable letters on "how to renovate board cloth by the use of  
Loak and Lapwood chips", after assisting him in these labors,  
and making "wild class look amiable as well as men" -  
It is amusing to think the "boy" thus engaged at home in vacation  
time - in college was ~~at the same time~~ <sup>the</sup> friend & companion  
of Porteus, Tarrant, Sir David Brewster, & Dr. Chalmers,  
last but not least the bosom friend and for years the chief