

THE LIFE

OF

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Southern District of New York.

He thought Turin inferior to Munich and Philadelphia. Even in his travels he must dip into a book now and then. Here, the book was Botta. He writes :

“I have been reading Botta with great satisfaction ; I finished the first book to-day. It is a singular fact that I should read the Stamp Act for the first time in this howling wilderness (*Pace tua Augusta Taurinorum!*). I do not admire Italian. It is very feeble and mawkish ; though, no doubt, good for music. How far below Latin ! I begin to like Latin again.”

The following record is pleasing :

“The verse which I have been studying to-day is Matthew ii. 10 : am astonished at the ‘new light’ which shines from the lamp of life. Perhaps it looks brighter in consequence of the surrounding darkness. Since I wrote the last sentence I opened the Greek Testament and saw these words :—“*Ὁ ἔχετε κρατήσατε ἄχρις οὗ ἂν ἴξω.*” I must try to hold my little light fast. What a superlative language Greek is ! Since I began it anew in the spring of 1829, and read the *Cyropaedia* and *Anabasis* through without stopping, I have regarded it as the first of earthly tongues.

“Soft and gentle is thy hand,  
 Shepherd of the chosen flock ;  
 On the ocean, on the strand,  
 On the mountain and the rock.  
 Wandering in a foreign land  
 In perils oft, in sadness much,  
 I have felt it to be such,  
 I, I have known its soothing touch.  
 (Caetera desunt.)”

Here are more of his Italian verses, composed at Turin :

When with aching head and heart,  
 I have laid me down to rest,  
 Melancholy's poison dart  
 Deeply planted in my breast :  
 A voice has bid the fiend depart ;  
 A hand—what hand I need not say,  
 Has sought my anguish to allay,  
 And gently plucked that dart away.

Sometimes nature seems a waste ;  
And to my deluded eyes  
All signs of beauty are effaced,  
From the ocean, earth, and skies ;  
While I seem miserably placed,  
Like one upon a sea-washed deck,  
An undistinguishable speck  
Amidst the universa! wreck.

But when that gentle hand is laid  
Upon my eyes to give them sight,  
The world at once appears arrayed  
In living robes of liquid light ;  
As if my sadness to upbraid :  
Rebuked, amazed, delighted, awed,  
On land and sea I look abroad  
And bless the handiwork of God.

Oft when I have wandered long,  
Led by some deceitful star,  
And pause for fear of going wrong ;  
Suddenly I hear afar,  
The echo of the shepherd's song :  
The welcome and familiar sound  
Turns my bewildered feet around,  
And guides them to the pasture ground.

And now at length before me lies  
A valley dark and unexplored ;  
But through the gloom my soul descries  
The stately steppings of her Lord ;  
I hasten on in glad surprise ;  
Let life recede ; let death draw near.  
I cannot, will not, dare not fear,  
His rod and staff are with me here !

The thought that he was nearing Rome seems to have proved inspiring to him ; or perhaps it was only the unwonted cup of coffee. After conning over the stanzas given above, he says :