

**LIFE STRUGGLES: AN  
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC RECORD OF  
THE EARLIER TRIALS AND LATER  
TRIUMPHS OF THE REV. JAMES  
INCHES HILLOCKS**

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Life Struggles: an Autobiographic Record of the Earlier Trials and Later Triumphs of the Rev.  
James Inches Hillocks by James Inches Hillocks & George Gilfillan

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**JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS & GEORGE GILFILLAN**

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# LIFE STRUGGLES:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC RECORD OF

THE EARLIER TRIALS AND LATER TRIUMPHS

OF THE

REV. JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS,

Author of "Mission Life in London;" "Christian Revivals;" &c., and General  
Superintendent of The Christian Union for Christian Work.

EDITED, WITH REMARKS,

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN, M.A.,

Author of "The Bards of the Bible," &c.

*The larger portion of this Volume is based on Mr Hillocks' "Life Story."*



GLASGOW:

JOHN S. MARR & SONS, 194 BUCHANAN STREET.

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1876.

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“His motto through his severe Life Struggle has been the very brief but most pregnant sentence—‘I’ll rise again!’—expressing in one terse phrase his **energy as a Man**, and his hope as a Christian.”



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## DEDICATION.

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TO JAMES COX, ESQ., EX-PROVOST OF DUNDEE.

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

My little book, "Life Story: a Prize Autobiography," was dedicated to Maggie, my beloved helpmeet. This I did as a mark of sincere gratitude to God, for the aid she so lovingly and bravely rendered in the midst of our struggles for life and usefulness, "with all the fortitude of a true woman's moral heroism."

And the dedication of this volume—"Life Struggles"—to you calls forth additional thoughts of gratitude, many of which are associated with the early days of preparation, in what was then the small village of Lochee—in which the name you bear has had, and still has, a remarkable and beneficial influence. There I was the "Young Weaver" employed by you; then, too, it was that you and your worthy brothers kindly encouraged the young lad to persevere in his onward course; and this, let me add, was done in a spirit that is still characteristic of the large firm of the enterprising members of which you are the oldest.

But pleasing as it is thus to remember that "kind words can never die," the thought is greatly enhanced by the fact

that he whose sympathetic words soothed and animated, has himself perseveringly triumphed, rising in social position and Christian usefulness—becoming the Chief Magistrate of my native town—one of the leading commercial centres of this great nation.

I say "Christian usefulness," and rejoice that this can be added; for, after all, to me this is the chief source of attraction—that in which we are of one mind and one heart.

Such, Dear Friend, is an indication of the reasons why I desire that your name and influence go with this volume; and hence I rejoice that you have so readily and kindly complied with my wish.

I have referred to "Life Story," because it forms the basis of the larger portion of this work; and I may state, in passing, that the latest edition of that autobiography was 5000 copies. It has been out of print for some time, while the calls for copies have been increasing, especially since the Railway Collision at Harrow, in which I nearly lost my life.

The labour of editing "Life Struggles" has been generously undertaken by my warm and constant friend, the Rev. George Gilfillan. As you know, this is only one of the many proofs of his hearty desire to help those who are endeavouring to rise. He has done more than linked the passages together. As you will find, his occasional remarks are to the point, and are likely to be useful. You will, I am sure, agree with me in my conviction, that I have reason to be thankful because of this proof of his hearty kindness.

This letter, I fear, is already sufficiently long, and yet I would hope that another sentence or two may not be out of place here. Whatever strength or charm the Editor may add to the work, it is an "Autobiography," and in this I am deeply concerned. Almost every one who writes an autobiography presents an apology for doing so. But why? If it is *proper* to give a record of some of the several features of one's own

life, then no apology is necessary. If it is *wrong* to do so, an apology cannot mend the matter. Perhaps it is the severe pouncing upon the pronoun "I" that frightens such writers; but every thoughtful reader knows that an autobiography is necessarily subjective, and must involve the frequent use of that pronoun. Knowing this, and knowing that apologies are awkward offerings, and seldom accepted, I shall rather give a brief word of explanation.

It has been said that an autobiography cannot be "excused" unless there is something extraordinary in the narrative, or unless the writer has reached the crowning-point of a brilliant career, having worked his way to a position at once lofty and distinct. Now "lofty," as a qualifying term, is calculated to frighten one who does not belong to the tall class, especially if he is conscious of having lived a humble life. And this is my weak point. The truth is, I am still pressing onward, though, I trust, rising upward. Indeed, my position in the great "Life Drama" has never been very exalted, socially at least. Looking from that point, my life has been what some would call commonplace, and may be regarded as the life of almost all who have lived among the lowly; but who, by God's help, *have tried to raise themselves and those around them*. And hence I lay no claim to any special mark of distinction separating me from those who have struggled as I have struggled, and laboured as I have laboured, to be useful. It would be sheer hypocrisy on my part to say I have neither special ability nor large experience in relation to the life I have endeavoured to lead. That would be a species of sham humility which honesty detests. God in His providence and by His grace has trained me (severely, I sometimes thought) for my mission, and I have endeavoured, in the Name and Spirit of my Saviour, to sustain the responsibilities connected with whatever work He has given me—whether as Teacher, Evangelist, or Pastor. Yet it would be as unbecoming in me as it is distant from my