

Men who heard him roared with laughter, wept like tender-hearted women, and made holy resolves like sturdy men captured by the spirit of God. Mary A. Livermore often preaches as she lectures. Wendell Phillips was an Elijah who made sinners rage, and who stirred up the careless to serious thought. Our genial old friend, Dr. A. A. Willetts, who lingers on the American lecture platform because the lecture-loving public will not let him leave it, still proclaims in gladsome way the gospel of "sunshine" in the home, the neighborhood, and the church. Many lectures are almost sermons; and yet, on the whole, we are bound to remember that the sermon is one thing and the lecture another.

There are preachers who are not lecturers, and who cannot be. They are first saints, then pastors, and they preach. They lack the natural "gifts" of some of their honored and more widely known brethren. One of this class "talks" when he preaches; but he talks to tell the old, old story to hearts that are hungry to hear it, and who believe the talk because they know the life of the preacher. He builds up the Church. A good preacher he is, but not "great" or "eloquent" as the world speaks of preachers. He "wears" well. People who know him, and who care for religion, are sorry to have him leave when "his time is up," under the itinerating system of one church, or when a "worldly" and an "influential" set in a church that believes in the "settled ministry" wants a "change." This acceptable preacher is not a famous man. He is not a platform man. His name never got into the lecture bureaus.

There are preachers who would make great lecturers who never accept an invitation to lecture. They do nothing in a public way but preach. They say they have no time for the platform; no call from the Spirit to that line of labor; no taste for it. They do not chide their brethren for trying to do the two things. But they try to do but one thing.

There are preachers who are also lecturers who sometimes soliloquize very seriously in such interrogations as these: "Do I give as much time as I ought to the preparation of new sermons and to the careful revision of old ones? Do the lectures interfere? Do I visit the sick and afflicted as much as I ought, *first* as a pastor, whose presence and consolations they need, and *second* as a preacher, needing the tenderness and knowledge which come to the pulpit through the ministrations of the pastorate? Do the lectures and the lecture tours interfere? Do I enter my study in weariness of body, with abnormal nervous conditions and with want of power to concentrate my thought on my one great work? Did the lecture of last night, fifty miles away, exhaust my nervous force? Is the love of money growing upon me? Do I like too well the change and variety and new companionship which the lecture field supplies? Does the hearty laugh of the crowd and the thunder of applause that punctuate my lecture make me enjoy this rather than the other—the Sunday, the pulpit service? How came it that I thought seriously one day of giving up the pastorate and going into lecturing as a 'business'? Could I 'like' it? Do I forget sometimes my