

to live a better life at the meetings conducted by converts. Not all of these have stood firm in their new faith, of course, but it is safe to say that the percentage has been as large, if not larger, than would be the case following any ordinary revival. Men of all nations and of all professions and trades have there begun life anew. One of the wealthiest citizens of Australasia, who is at the head of a great system of rescue work in Australia and New Zealand, calls the Water Street Mission his "mother church." Dr. John H. Kellogg, head of the Chicago Life-Boat Mission and other rescue agencies, refers to it as "my inspiration"; only recently the vice-president of one of the great railroads of the South recalled that there was a time when he was one of Hadley's "dear bums."

At the funeral in Old St. John Methodist Church the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson stated that he had never known the equal of S. H. Hadley as a winner of souls. In his death the Christian Church has experienced the greatest loss in half a century. This man's title to God's Hall of Fame was his implicit, humility, cheerful self-sacrifice, and inexhaustible patience. He once said, "If a man cheats me nineteen times, I shame him out by trusting him the twentieth." This referred to men who received help on promise reformation, and relapsed.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman's address over the body of his best friend was delivered under stress of great emotion, which at times melted many in the audience to tears. Some



PLATFORM OF THE WATER STREET MISSION, N. Y.

Where S. H. Hadley labored for 20 years.

of the anecdotes sent a ripple of smiles through the house, which showed once more how closely humor is allied to tears. He solemnly affirmed his belief that Mr. Hadley was the greatest American of his time—not measured in money or in fame, but in love and in likeness to Christ. He reckoned him great in ancestry, great in his fall, great in his recovery, and he preached a great salvation. At his call a broad-shouldered, white-ribboned man rose from among the mourners and stood by the coffin. He was the first convert whom Hadley brought to Jesus. Dr. Chapman told how Hadley, after piloting him through the slums one night many years ago, had said to him, "Brother, as long as you live preach a Gospel that can reach people like these."

On his deathbed he had said, "Tell Chapman I can be of more use to him at the throne than here in New York." The speaker pictured his joyous entrance into heaven, no longer limping (here he held aloft Hadley's heavy walking-stick), and met by his brother, "the Colonel," by Jerry McAuley, Phil McGuire, and hundreds of whom he had known "down in Water Street." "Oh," he exclaimed, yesterday must have been a high day in heaven!" All present were greatly moved when Dr. Chapman took his seat, and the choir sang with quivering voices, "I am a stranger here."

In the closing prayer the Rev. F. Mason North commended the stricken family, the bereaved fellow-workers, the converts and the ministers and churches to the God of all grace and wisdom, that they may receive consolation and be taught

more perfectly how to win souls. The choir sang, "Just as I am, without one plea," and then Dr. Johnston read the solemn words of the ritual, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the crowded assembly dissolved into units, each man and woman realizing that it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting, and best of all to go where the mourning is transmuted into sacred joy.

In speaking of the great work of Mr. Hadley the *N. Y. Christian Advocate* says: "How can his marvelous success be explained? To us who believe in natural gifts and spiritual gifts there is no mystery. As a man he was of more than ordinary ability—his imagination was vivid, vocabulary large and of good quality, his susceptibility and suggestibility great, his wit unusually bright, his sympathies easily excited, and he was master of the art of good fellowship. Down to the depths he sank; up from the depths he rose; regenerated and moved upon by the Spirit he 'felt the infirmities' of those he would help. More than that, he loved them. This is all; but this is everything! How would John Wesley have welcomed him and gloried in him as a 'brand plucked from the burning!' And how great the resemblance between Samuel H. Hadley and THOMAS OLIVERS!"

An Eloquent Congregation

MUCH is said about eloquent preachers, but it remained for the *California Christian Advocate* to pick up the Bible motto, "Like people, like priest," and turn it to excellent purpose in suggesting how congregations can be eloquent. We quote:

"We do not know much about telepathy nor other occult forces, but we know that a thoughtful, eager, responsive congregation will make a very ordinary preacher go far beyond himself. We believe, moreover, that the sort of thought, feeling and inward volition and energy possessing the congregation will measurably affect the quality of thought, feeling and power of the sermon. Why is it that a stranger can sometimes come in and preach a 'great sermon' stirring the congregation? It may be in the man, but the chances are nine out of ten that it is due to the co-operation of the congregation."

And again: "If the congregation will pray and think and spiritually organize itself for an evangelistic campaign, the preacher, sensitive to the currents of thought and feeling in his congregation, will be drawn into evangelistic preaching. If ten men in any Methodist congregation will think and feel and spiritually act, sympathetically co-operative, with the pastor, any pastor, they can make him an irresistible power in the community. The pastor left alone is like any other man in the community. Rightfully he is the personal expression and exponent of moral and spiritual power of his entire congregation. The average pastor does not need much empty sentiment or flattering words, but solid co-operation."

If the above is true philosophy—and we think it is, in part at least—then any congregation has the power to develop a preacher who will not fail to edify the saints and alarm the sinners. Just make the preacher feel that back of him is a consecrated church, in earnest alliance with God for spiritual victories, and that nothing is wanted from the pulpit but candid, serious and energetic handling of the weightiest truth to be found in the Word of God, and there is not likely to be much pulpit trifling before that audience; but instead, there will be rousing reasoning and decisive appeal which must bring deathless souls to quick decision. Phillips Brooks said: "To be dead in earnest is to be eloquent."

An earnest congregation will make an earnest pulpit. It will bring the speaker and his message into welded harmony, and thus make thunderbolts to hurl against the enemy.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, as to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices!—*Longfellow.*