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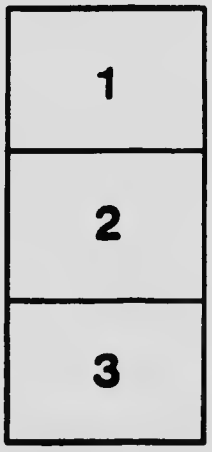

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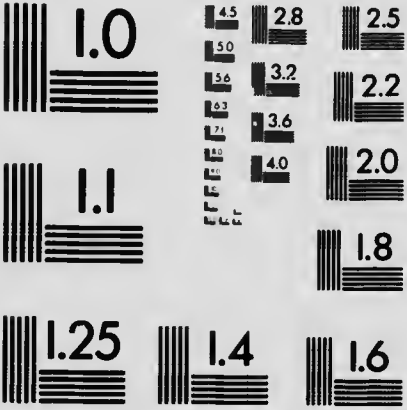

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Samuel Hopkins Hadley

An Appreciation

By

Bartle E. Bull

Toronto, 1907

Samuel Hopkins Hadley

PREFACE

When I began this little sketch of S. H. Hadley I had no thought of publishing it, my intention being merely to condense and collocate the leading events in his life from his own writings and those of others, and to give my own impressions of his character and work, in order to preserve the memory of a man who did so much for God and humanity. When it was completed I found it was much longer than I originally anticipated, and it occurred to me that possibly by printing and publication, it might be the means of encouraging some poor victim of intemperance to seek and find the same source of strength as he did, and at the same time of quickening the zeal and inspiring the energies of Christian workers in their Master's service.

I am indebted entirely for the facts of his life and work to his own book, "Down in Water Street," a copy of which he personally presented to me, and to Dr. Wilbur Chapman's "S. H. Hadley of Water Street," from both of which I have made long quotations; in fact, the following pages are largely made up of extracts from these books. To those who wish to know something more of this remarkable man I would recommend a careful reading of these works. I cannot do better than to quote the closing words of his own preface: "I pray God that those who read this may realize that thousands of bright jewels—men and women—are lying to-day in the slime of the saloons simply waiting for loving hands to gather them in. Who will respond to this call from Him who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost'?"

B. E. B.

SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY.

SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY was born on the 27th day of August, 1842, in Malta Township, Morgan County, Ohio, the youngest of six children. the next to him being his brother Henry Harrison Hadley, whose work as a city missionary was only second to that of "Hopp," as he was familiarly called. His mother was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman, and her only brother, after whom he was named, Samuel Hopkins Riddell, was also a clergyman. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of the celebrated American preacher and theologian, Jonathan Edwards. The children were brought up in the fear of God, family prayers were daily observed, and the influence of the home was pure, tender and Christian. Thus by heredity, descent and by Christian environment and example, Mr. Hadley started on the voyage of life with every prospect of success, but only too soon to be shipwrecked and all but lost. The neighbourhood in which they lived was very primitive, entirely a farming section. Most of the people lived in log cabins and opportunities for education were very meagre. S. H. Hadley says he and his brother attended school altogether about four months in the year in an old log schoolhouse, but they owed more to the efforts of their parents than to the schoolmaster. At night they would lie on the floor in front of a great wood stove and study their lessons. They were too poor to burn

candles, so they would tear off hickory splinters, and lighting them, catch a sentence from their books and memorize it in the dark. The two brothers were inseparable and loved each other with a devotion that extended all through their lives. In those early days they worked, planned and slept together.

Some interesting extracts from a diary kept by their sister Lucy show how anxiously this devoted sister prayed for her brothers. In February, 1853, she writes that her brother Henry united with the Methodist Church at Young's Chapel, and in March: "This morning during family prayer my dear little brother Hopkins obtained the witness that he is a Christian ; he felt his sins forgiven and was enabled to rejoice in the Lord." On December 20th, 1857, she writes : "Hopkins cut his right knee about six weeks ago with an axe and for five weeks he lay in one position suffering intensely, and when he was able to get around again his knee was so bent that he was not able to straighten it."

'Mid these humble surroundings and Godly influences young Hadley spent his boyhood and early manhood. "No whiskey or tobacco," he says, "ever invaded the sacred precincts of our log cabin home. I promised my mother as early as I can remember that I never would drink. Often in her busy cares she would stop and hug me to her bosom and say, 'My darling boy, you never will drink, will you ?' and I would look into her lovely face and say, 'No, mother, I will never drink.' " This promise he kept until his eighteenth year, when he

was induced to take his first drink. He gives a graphic picture of his first downward step. He tells how a neighbour much older than himself stood by the wayside one beautiful moonlight night for half an hour, coaxing him to drink from a bottle he held in his hand. Again and again he refused. Then came the taunt, "If you don't drink with me, I will think you feel yourself above me." Stung by this reproach, he took the bottle and his first drink. That first drink changed his whole life—within ten minutes he seemed possessed with demons, within a week he could drink half a pint of whiskey right down. Trouble and change followed swiftly on. His precious mother, who had been such a wise and loving councillor and guide to him, died shortly after, leaving as her last message, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heaven." In six months after his father died, and the home was broken up. He went to study medicine with a physician who was clever but a drunkard, but got into trouble while drunk and had to clear out as fast as his horse could carry him. In fact he says, "I kept clearing out for some years after in pretty much the same way from every place I settled." We next find him a professional gambler. One of the most thrilling accounts of a gambler's experience I have ever read is given by him, when without interruption for two days and two nights he sat at the table playing cards for money. He staked and lost all the money he had, and all the money a friend who was with him had, then his horse went, then a second horse—saddles, bridles, and all—his friend's watch,

his own watch ; last of all he put up his revolver, when his luck changed and he began to win, and he won back all his property and $480 of his opponent's money—all he had. It is almost impossible for those of us who knew him personally—the sweet, refined, loving Christ-like Hadley—to think of him as a cursing, drunken gambler. "It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

In 1870 Col. H. H. Hadley, who was in business in New York, married and had his first home in Newark. He soon had a situation for "Hopp," who came to New York and made his home with his loved brother. Slowly but surely the awful chains of appetite were fastening around him. In 1874 he married, and the next year the young wife and mother—only 19 years old—passed away. Next the brothers moved to Washington. The Colonel opened a law office and Hopkins went into the insurance business with a desk in his brother's office. In 1879 he married again, the present Mrs. Hadley. His moral descent was now more rapid. One position after another was lost. Strong drink had the complete mastery of him. To get it he lied, stole and forged. He was a confirmed drunkard, and when a man arrives at that stage there is very little he will not do in order to satisfy his awful craving for strong drink. He tells with graphic power and effect the awful craving that mastered his whole being and made him its slave ; the horrible delirium when the fiends of hell would gather around him and he could feel their hot breath on his cheek as they would urge him on to self-destruction. Very

often he determined to do it. On one particular night at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, he went to the window several times determined to jump out and end it all, but an unseen hand restrained him. During these terrible years his devoted wife remained true and loyal to him, nursing him in his delirium and doing all in her power to reclaim him, but her efforts and those of his friends were unavailing. His staggering steps were ever downward, until it seemed as if nothing could rescue him. His home was gone. Everything had been sold or pawned for drink. But his mother's prayers and his mother's God were still following him even to the brink of hell. "On Tuesday, 18th April, 1882," he says, "I sat in Kirker's saloon in Harlem on a whiskey barrel for perhaps two hours, hungry, sleepless, for the four preceding nights raving in delirium tremens, when all of a sudden I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not then know what it was; I learned afterward it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. Never until my dying day will I forget the sight presented to my horrified gaze. My sins appeared to creep along the wall in letters of fire. I turned and looked in another direction and there I saw them again. I have always believed I got a view of eternity right there in that gin mill. I believe I saw what every poor lost sinner will see when he stands unrepentant and unforgiven at the bar of God. It filled me with unspeakable terror. I supposed I was dying. I got down from the whiskey barrel with but one desire and that was to flee from the place. I walked up to the

bar and pounded with my fist until I made the glasses rattle. 'Boys,' I said, 'listen to me. I'm dying, but I will die on the street before I'll ever take another drink.' A voice said, 'If you want to keep that promise go and have yourself locked up.' Though I was living in daily fear of being arrested, I went to the station near Lexington Avenue and asked the captain to lock me up, 'because I want to be placed somewhere so I can die before I can get another drink of whiskey.' They locked me up in a narrow cell, No. 10 in the back corridor. That has become a famous cell for me since. For twenty years I have visited that same cell on the anniversary of that awful night of darkness and have had sweet communion there with Jesus. It seemed to me that all the demons that could find room came in that place with me that night. They were not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord! The dear Saviour who came to me in the saloon was present and said, 'Pray.' I did fall on my knees on that stone floor and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' " From the cell he was taken to his brother's house, where he remained in bed until the following Sunday. That evening under the direction, no doubt, of the good Spirit, he was induced to go to the Jerry Macauley Cremore Mission. The house was packed with the usual mission crowd—thieves, drunkards, harlots, and sporting men and women. Jerry as leader told his experience —how he had been a "tief and outcast and a regular bum. I gave my heart to God and He saved me from tobacco, and everything that's wicked and

bad. I used to be one of the worst drunkards in the fourth ward, but Jesus came into my heart and took the whole thing out of me and I don't want it any more." This was followed by the testimony of probably twenty-five more redeemed drunkards, every one of whom told his own life story. Hadley was soon kneeling with the others, and Jerry prayed: "Dear Saviour, won't you look down and pity these poor souls. They need your help, Lord—they cannot get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole; won't you help them out? Speak to them, do Lord, for Jesus' sake." Then Mrs. Macauley prayed: "Dear Saviour, I was a drunkard down in Cherry Street fourteen years ago and you saved me. Save these poor drunkards, for Jesus' sake." Next came the familiar hymn, "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood." Then Jerry laying his hand on the heads of each in succession said: "Now tell the Lord what you want Him to do." But the powers of darkness were struggling for supremacy as well as the good Spirit. Crimes that he had long ago forgotten came trooping back. There were standing against him 125 forgeries on one man alone. "What are you going to do about these matters if you are going to be a Christian? Wait and fix these things up and then make a start." Jerry's hand was on his head. "Pray, brother." "I can't pray; won't you pray for me?" "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." Then with breaking heart he said, "Dear Jesus, can you

help me?" Then follows this remarkable testimony: "Although up to that time my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sunshine in my heart. I felt that I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ with all His love and power had come into my life. From that moment until now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey and have never seen money enough to make me take one. The precious touch of Jesus' cleansing blood in my soul took from my stomach, my brain, my blood and my imagination the hell-born desire for whiskey. Hallelujah! What a Saviour! One other thing has ever been a wonder. I was so addicted to profanity that I would swear in my sleep. I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. The form or thought of an oath has never presented itself to me since. Bless His dear name forever." Going out into the starlight night it seemed as if Jesus were looking down on him out of a million eyes. But the tempter was following him. "You are saved, but you'll fall, and you will be awful sorry for the fuss you have made tonight." But Jesus said so plainly, "My child, work for Me. There are thousands who would come to Me if they only knew Me. Go and tell them." And he might well have added, like the great apostle to the Gentiles: "Whereupon, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but from that hour to the present I shewed first to the drunkards and outcasts of New York and then to the poor degrad-

ed wrecks of humanity in all cities and towns which I have visited, that they should repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance. Having therefore obtained help of God I continue unto this day, witnessing unto small and great the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him." There and then, under the starlit sky, alone with God, S. H. Hadley was, he firmly believed, ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel.

The conversion of S. H. Hadley which we have just recorded challenges all philosophical theories that exclude the miraculous. It cannot be accounted for on any scientific or philosophic hypothesis, without the assistance of the supernatural. No operation of the mind or will, however powerful, can explain it. No bodily healing from natural or scientific causes, however efficacious, could work such a stupendous change. Here was a man who for twenty-two years had been a drunkard, and for probably the last fifteen, an apparently hopeless wreck, who would sell the clothes off his own or wife's back to satisfy his appetite, who as he says himself would almost commit murder for a glass of rum, who was so profane that he could hardly form a sentence without an oath, who was gambler, thief and forger, to whom a lie was easier than the truth. In a moment there is a great psychological, physiological, moral and spiritual transformation. That terrible craving, the power of which none but its victims really know, disappears, never to return, and in its place comes a loathing and abhorrence

only equalled in intensity by the desire of a moment before. The tongue blistering with oaths in an instant is shouting hallelujahs, and refuses for another twenty-four years, until "it lay silent in the grave," to again blaspheme the Sacred Name. The mind, filled with evil thoughts, plotting its dishonest schemes to obtain money for drink, by some strange alchemy is instantly filled with thoughts of God and all that is pure and lovely. The gambling passion, heretofore unchecked, preferring to win a dollar rather than earn one, is forever quenched, and the man immediately starts to earn an honest livelihood. The moral and physical wreck becomes a strong man, morally, mentally and physically, not by a gradual evolution, but by a new creation. Such a transformation defies all purely rational theories, all medical science, all speculations of men. It can only be explained in the words of the man himself: "It is simply the divine miraculous power of Jesus casting out demons as He did when on earth."

In 1889 I attended the fourth convention of Christian Workers at Buffalo. It was a gathering of those engaged in active, aggressive Christian work—principally in city missions—and was presided over by Rev. R. A. Torrey, who has since become such a well known and successful evangelist, and our own W. H. Howland was one of the committee. It lasted a week and I have often said I never before was among so many gamblers, drunkards, thieves, and dissolute men, saved by the grace of God, and yet I never before or since felt the

manifestation of so much spiritual power in any assembly. The very air seemed surcharged with it. I remember also that the one whose testimony most interested and influenced me was that of Col. H. H. Hadley. He was then in his prime—tall, handsome, with soldierly bearing. His addresses were delivered in his earnest, aggressive style, with his crisp, laconic, expressive sentences, tinged with dry humour but full of love for the drunkard. Even during the short week of the convention he could not rest from his labours, but was the means of starting a rescue mission in Buffalo down on the waterfront. Col. Hadley was over a year older than his brother Samuel, but the younger was the one who offered him his first drink. Shortly after the Civil War broke out Henry enlisted in the Northern army and served through the whole of it, and came out, as I heard him say, "a lieutenant-colonel but a drunkard." Notwithstanding his drinking habits he succeeded at first in establishing a good practice as a lawyer, from which he was in receipt of a large income, but as the habit grew on him he gradually lost it and about the time of Samuel's conversion he was going very rapidly to the bad. The devotion of the two brothers to each other all through their lives was most marked, and it was only to be expected that Samuel's first thought after his conversion was for his dear brother. He took the manly course, the very first night, though strongly tempted to put it off, of telling him all about it. It was four years, however, before he had an answer to his prayers. The Colonel's experience is best told in his own words.

"On 26th July, 1886, at midnight I entered a saloon at the corner of Third Avenue and 17th Street with a lawyer who was also a heavy drinker, and had six brandy cocktails. I had been drinking terribly all day, but it seemed as if every drink made me strangely sober. I had fifty-three drinks that day and night. I feared I would drop dead. The lawyer and I grasped hands and took a solemn oath that we would never touch another drop. I meant it, but had often meant it before. I walked home and sent for a physician. On the 28th I again went out to try the hopeless and oft repeated task of living without strong drink. My business took me down town and on my way back in the evening, trembling in every nerve with a thirst no man can describe, I concluded to call at the Macauley Mission and see my brother, who was then superintendent. I never failed at such times to get sympathy from him and from my wife. Strange as it may seem, neither of them ever scolded or complained, and though almost discouraged, they prayed and waited. Oh! was faith ever so tried? My brother was delighted to see me and persuaded me to remain for the meeting. As I sat there listening to the testimonies I thought how true he had been for more than three years and what a hopeless drunkard he used to be. Then a Scotch printer arose and told how he had been saved from the very gutter. All at once it occurred to me that possibly I might be saved too if I were to stop trying to do it all myself, follow Jesus and trust Him, and I determined right there to test His power and love. I

stood up and told the condition I was in, and then coming forward with all my sin I fell down on my knees at the bench in front and cried to God with all my heart for mercy and forgiveness. As I asked God to forgive me for the sake of His dear Son I felt that Jesus died for me alone. How real it seemed! I could almost hear them driving the great spike nails into the rough cross, and through His hands. I confess that as I entreated God to take away the terrible appetite for drink I had not much faith. It had been fed and growing for twenty-four years, had controlled me asleep and awake. Then I thought, 'Well, He bore all that agony for me on the awful cross, and I'll bear this thirst as long as I live.' As soon as that thought entered my mind it was precious and I felt a bond of sympathy between the Saviour and myself, and said, 'Oh, yes, Lord Jesus, I will gladly bear it for Thee.' I did not pray any more to have it removed, but that He would comfort me for bearing it with His strength. As Brother Smith, the assistant superintendent, prayed I felt resigned and with a fixed purpose to see the end of a Christian life took my seat. Somehow I had lost my load. I could feel sad no longer and from that moment to this I have had no desire, longing or thirst for alcoholic beverages. Surely I was turned into another man. I was controlled by the habit of profanity until then, but since have not thought an oath. The next morning I awoke singing. I felt I was free. The birds never sang so sweetly as then; the very rocks seemed to wear smiling faces for me, poor wicked, sinful

me, the chief of sinners but saved, forgiven, redeemed, converted, sure enough this time. It was no trouble to keep out of saloons then, nor has it been ever since. My first testimony was given next morning to a brewer who insisted on my taking a drink. 'No, I was converted last night.' I immediately committed myself in all possible ways through the columns of my paper, which had been largely devoted to beer and liquor interests. I informed its readers that the editor was converted and would no longer receive advertisements of saloons and brewers, thus throwing away many hundreds of dollars yearly which came from that source. It was a severe struggle, but I had decided that Christ and I would live this life together, cost what it would. Oh, how tenderly and beautifully He had redeemed every promise! I was determined to trust Him absolutely and am very glad that I did, for it has pr ved His promises, and given me wonderful faith."

Thus we have presented to us the re-creation of the Hadley brothers, and never was the work divine more thoroughly done. All God's work would be done thoroughly if men would only let Him do it as these men did. From the moment of their conversion until the pearly gates opened to receive them they laboured body and soul for the good of the drunkard and the outcast. They were undoubtedly two of the most successful and devoted rescue mission workers who have ever lived.

Col. Hadley shortly after his conversion was

appointed superintendent of Avenue "A" Mission, and after eighteen months' service there took charge of St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission. To carry on the work of the mission a building was erected costing with the land over $300,000. Here he laboured for over seven years. Then he conceived the plan of introducing in America a branch of the Church Army, an agency used so effectively in England as a means of evangelistic and rescue work, and in order to do so he resigned his position as superintendent of St. Bartholomew's. He passed away to his reward in Heaven about four years before his brother.

S. H. Hadley after his conversion at once went to work for his Master and set about as far as he was able to undo or remedy any evil that he had been the means of doing to any one. The forgeries that he had committed especially troubled him, but after earnest prayer he went to the one he had so greatly wronged and told him all—how Jesus had saved him. In a few minutes this man of the world was in tears and exclaimed, "I don't know anything about the religion you have got, but I would give all I'm worth if I had what you have. Now go ahead and do all the good you can and I will never trouble you."

On 3rd May, 1886, two years after his conversion, he took charge of Water Street Mission, founded by the well-known Jerry Macauley, who transformed the old rookery from a dance house into a mission. Here for almost twenty years, until his death on the 9th February, 1906,

S. H. Hadley toiled night and day, with all the energy, patience, love and sympathy of a fully consecrated life, for the salvation of the drunkard and outcast.

It was my privilege to have known somewhat intimately both the Hadley brothers, and have had the honour and pleasure of entertaining them both at my home during some of their visits to Toronto. Endowed by nature with different talents and characteristics, they each possessed strong individuality. The Colonel was a man of more education, or at any rate of more extensive reading, more familiar with business and the world generally than his brother. His legal and business experience made him more of a man of affairs than Samuel. His manner was more brusque, his patience probably was not so long-suffering, but like his brother his whole heart's love went out for the drunkard. While he has not left such an enduring monument of his work as the Water Street Mission, he was a better organizer than Samuel and wherever he went created an enthusiasm for the salvation of the drunkard. He was the means of establishing either directly or indirectly a large number of rescue missions.

Of S. H. Hadley, Dr. Wilbur Chapman says in the preface of his book: "He was the most like Christ of any man I have ever met." Could a stronger statement be made of any man or woman? Dr. Chapman is a Presbyterian clergyman, was for some years pastor of Bethany Chapel in Philadelphia, where Rev. Mr. Patterson, who went from

Cook's Church here, is now labouring; and for some time has been an honoured and successful evangelist. He knew Mr. Hadley intimately for years. He is not one to overstate anything, even in the excitement of a public address, much less in writing. He has had a great experience and diversified knowledge in dealing with men owing to his long ministry and religious services in many places, and he states, without any reservation, "He was the most like Christ of any man I ever met." Dr. A. T. Pierson said at his funeral service: "I am impressed that there is not a man living that is adequate to write a true story of the career of S. H. Hadley. I do not believe that the Church of Jesus Christ in this country has sustained so severe a loss in half a century as it sustains to-day. Hadley was a Christian statesman. . . He had three great attributes and characteristics—a childlike simplicity, a lowly humility, and a mighty passion for human souls. In nothing was he more remarkable than in the patience he manifested toward those whom he sought to help." Dr. Chapman said also at the funeral: "I feel that we have come to pay our tribute not only to one of the greatest men that New York ever produced, but I feel as if I had a right to say that we have come to pay our tribute to one of the greatest men that our country has known in a generation. If you measure his greatness in love for the lost and in a passion for souls and in a desire to be like Jesus Christ, he is the greatest man New York has seen in a century."

Hadley's system of dealing with the drunken

tramp or outcast was contrary to all sociological rules, in fact many of us would be inclined to say was contrary not only to true philanthropy but also to Christian teaching and practice. He declared that no man ever applied to him for help and went empty away. The biggest fraud, the laziest tramp, the most good-for-nothing, canting hypocrite, would come to Water Street and was sure of a bed and meal if he asked for it, and although the superintendent knew he was lying he would give; and when the tramp returned, although he knew he was being cheated and lied to again, he would give. His patience was never exhausted, his love for the soul of the man never failed. In weariness and disappointment, through fraud and imposture, he kept on loving, giving, praying, working, until at last the spark of manhood, which is never entirely extinguished even in the most depraved, would kindle into a flame and in very shame and contrition the man would with heart-broken tears surrender to the great love and sacrifice whose human exemplar so resembled the Master. And this was not in one case, but in hundreds if not thousands. His book is full of the most remarkable instances of the reformation and salvation of those whom ninety-nine out of a hundred even good men would have given up as hopeless wrecks, and all these reached in the same way—through infinite love and patience. I must confess that I cannot reconcile such a system of dealing with these men with what I believe to be the true principle of Christian philanthropy. Not that I be-

lieve Hadley was doing wrong, but that such a system, made the basis or rule of philanthropy, would result in untold evil. If every Christian worker, every philanthropist, possessed Hadley's great loving heart, Hadley's inexhaustible patience, Hadley's entire consecration, then we might adopt Hadley's system, but not till then. S. H. Hadley was not of the common race of men. He was an exception among even Christian men. He has no successor, and therefore I think it would be unwise for us, unendowed as we are either by nature or grace with his unique characteristics, to adopt his system.

Here is an illustration in his own words taken from his book: "We have had many, though, who played the game right through. They were the first ones to pray and the first ones to speak. One would say, 'Thank God I'm saved, there's no doubt about it.' The leader would add, 'Praise the Lord. Indeed, I think that is something to praise God for that you can say you are saved.' Perhaps the fraud winces, but goes on and speaks every night for a month. All the converts who are testifying with prayerful sincerity know that every word he says is a lie, but it wouldn't do to tell him so, or you would lose your man. We keep praying, keep loving and keep believing. Give the man all the rope he wants and he will be sure to hang himself. If you were to call him aside and tell him you knew he was lying it would be a boon to him. Every night he gets his ticket for a place to sleep and twice a day he gets some food. He has been made

clean and respectable in appearance. After a while he halts and does not speak. The leader will call out, 'George, what's the matter with you to-night? Haven't you anything to thank God for?' He slowly gets to his feet and says: 'Mr. Hadley, every word I've spoken since I came to this place is a lie. Is there any hope for me?' 'Yes, indeed, my brother, there is hope for you. Come up here and let us tell Jesus all about it.' And he comes up sobbing and prostrates himself before God. We all gather around him and help pray him through. This time the start is genuine."

This is no suppositious case. I have heard him tell of many such men whom he would take to his own house, would clothe them, feed them at his own table, care for them, love them; in return they would lie to him, cheat him, steal from him, sometimes taking his hat, overcoat, or anything they could lay their hands on, and he knew it but would never accuse them. After a while they would come back, only to be loved, cared for and given another opportunity to defraud and rob him. And no word of reproach or condemnation would they receive from this long-suffering saint, until finally such Christ-like forbearance, love and pity were too much even for the hardened criminals and tramps, and they would yield themselves to "love's resistless power." "Come on, let's do up Hadley for a bed and meal," was the common salutation among the New York "bums," and they invariably succeeded. "Ask and ye shall receive." There was no condition precedent. There was no committee of inquiry as

to whether the man was worthy or not; on the contrary, Hadley and his fellow-workers knew he was a lazy, drunken outcast. They had heard his lying story from a hundred other mouths, but what of that? Here was an immortal soul more precious in God's sight than all the golden stores of earth. The love-light that shone from the Master's eyes even in the last agonized moments on the cross when He cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," was theirs, and while others saw the rags, dirt and squalor, they saw beneath all these the deathless soul which by the transforming power of grace might yet be re-created into the very image of God.

It was not credulity. S. H. Hadley was no fool. No man could more quickly discover the hypocrite than he. Years of close familiarity with the most degraded men and women and the most hardened criminals, had sharpened his naturally quick perceptions, so that he intuitively knew them from the moment he came in contact with them. No, it was not credulity; it was love—Christ-love—that filled his heart, that pervaded his whole being, that controlled his every thought, that prompted his every action. No man ever exemplified the 13th of 1st Corinthians more fully than "Hopp" Hadley.

It does not require much time or space to outline Mr. Hadley's work for the twenty years he was superintendent of the Water Street Mission, from 1886 to 1906. With many successful men such a sketch would mean tracing a gradual ascent in the professional, business or social world, from one posi-

tion of trust, honour, or emolument to another still more responsible or remunerative. With Hadley it is the same old story. Select any week and record its doings, then multiply that by fifty-two and you have the year—by twenty and you have practically his life's work. The same daily patient, loving toil, the constant struggle day by day with vice, intemperance and sin in its most hideous forms, the defeats and disappointments, great enough to chill the zeal of the greatest enthusiast, the victories, the transformations in life and character so wonderful that the greatest and most successful preachers and revivalists came to Water Street to learn of him. No man ever followed more steadily and persistently the single object he had set before him as his life work. To save the drunkards and outcasts of New York was the end for which he consecrated all his ransomed powers. Not that his work was confined altogether to New York. He travelled extensively, speaking from many pulpits and platforms. He visited Toronto a number of times, addressing the large audience at the Temperance League meeting at Massey Hall and in many of our churches. He was present at almost every Northfield conference for ten or twelve years before his death, where his addresses always thrilled and inspired these great gatherings of Christian teachers and missionaries. But these visits were only incidental — his work was at 316 Water Street. "More thieves and drunkards," he used to say, "have crossed the threshold of this mission than any other spot in the city except the Tombs Prison. Water Street is a

place where drunken men are more welcome than sober, the thief more welcome than the honest man, the fallen woman more welcome than the virtuous one. If a man comes to our mission without shoes we give him a pair. That's the policy of our mission."

The entire work of the place was carried on by converts—men who had once been highway robbers, tramps and drunkards. Absolutely undenominational, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, were welcome to its benefits. There is love enough for all, was his doctrine, and if a man who is "down and out" only shows a true desire to be "up and in," the workers are well rewarded, and he may choose his church home for himself.

It is stated that not less than 75,000 persons have announced their intention to live better lives during his term of service at Water Street. Not all of them have stood firm in their new-found 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 an ordinary revival.

And here in that old building under the first great span of the Brooklyn Bridge lived Mr. and Mrs. Hadley during nearly the whole of his term of superintendency, preferring the atmosphere of poverty and distress, the remoteness of the place from refined people, to the quieter residential parts of the city. Despite the crash of the cars overhead day and night, the din of a huge cooperage adjoining, the unpleasant proximity of a large boarding stable, and the tired stream of drunken,

dejected and forlorn human wrecks in and out of the place, he declared : "I'd sooner live in old Water Street than in any other place on the civilized globe." Here was no class distinction or distinction of righteousness. In his parlor, sitting-room and dining-room, as well as in the mission hall and eating rooms down stairs, convict or bum was welcome. The only difference between the man at the head of this haven of refuge and the refugee was that the latter needed help more than the former. This same community of sentiment and practice prevailed throughout the whole place. His workers had received their education through terrible experience. They were fitted for the work chiefly, he said, in the gin mill, the penitentiaries, the hospitals and the station houses. He could not, he said, recommend this kind of an education for a theological career, but he would hold up his converts as among the most sincere, able and deeply spiritual men in the world.

While the great work of the Water Street Mission has been of course done among the lowest and most degraded, there are many instances of the conversion of the more educated and refined in this God-honored place. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Whittemore came in one evening in a somewhat patronizing way to see the work of a saved thief, but the good Spirit touched them and responding to His call under a deep conviction of sin, they soon were kneeling with the tramp and the drunkard at the penitent bench, crying to God for forgiveness. They went out of that little mission hall with changed

lives. From being merely nominal, worldly Christians they became active and honoured agents in God's hands of rescuing others. The work of Mrs. E. M. Whittemore for lost and ruined girls is well known and through her "Door of Hope" mission she has been the means of rescuing thousands of her own sex from ruin and despair.

He remained in charge of the Macauley Mission until his death, but about two years before he died he was appointed also superintendent of the new Wesley Rescue Hall on the Bowery, which he had been largely the means of founding. He had long worked and prayed for a rescue mission on this "great thoroughfare to hell," as he called it, and he lived to see it established and for nearly two years to take part in its growth and development.

I have not given any of the marvellous stories of redeemed drunkards, of which his book, "Down on Water Street," is full. On one page there is a photograph of forty-six of them. These sketches of real life are more wonderfully interesting than any you will find in fiction. These redeemed men are his monument, more enduring than any granite column that may mark his last resting-place. I described at some length his own conversion and that of his brother, and they are but typical of hundreds of others, many of which are recorded in his book.

We now reach the last stage, when the summons to "come up higher" reaches him. For several years his health had been poor and he was compelled frequently to seek rest and recuperation

at Clifton Springs or elsewhere. It was not, however, thought either by his friends or himself that his work was so soon to end. While busily engaged in it he was suddenly taken very ill and had to be removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, where after examination an operation seemed imperative. When urged to submit to the surgeon's advice he gracefully yielded, saying, "Very well, living or dying I am the Lord's." The operation was successful, but his recuperative powers were not sufficient to withstand the suffering and weakness which followed. He lingered on for a few days and went to be "forever with the Lord," whom he so much loved and so faithfully served. The nurse states that in his delirium he was leading the meetings in Water Street, appealing to the lost to come to Christ, and singing the hymns so familiar in his mission hall. So many times during the night before he died she heard him say in his sleep, "Precious Jesus," "Precious Jesus," and when he opened his eyes on the morning of February 9th, 1906, it was to look in the face of Him whom having not seem he loved. His last message to his friend, Rev. Wilbur Chapman, was "Tell Chapman I can do more for him at the Throne than I can do here."

New York has been the scene of many imposing and stately funerals, but has never witnessed a more remarkable one than that of this humble missioner. The Water Street Mission, where so much of his life's best service had been rendered, was where the first public ceremony was held. Here came in great numbers all sorts and conditions of men and wo-

men, some of wealth, culture and refinement, many the wrecks and off-scouring of the city's slums. There were prominent ministers, great evangelists, society ladies, redeemed drunkards, women and girls rescued from lives of sin—all come to pay their last tribute to one whom they loved so well. A simple, informal service, just such a one as he would have liked, was held. Chas. M. Alexander, the singing evangelist, was asked to sing the "Glory Song," but his heart was too full, and Charles Butler, whose "Pilot Song" still echoes in our ears, immediately responded, and every heart was thrilled. On the occasion of the first meeting after Mr. Hadley's appointment as superintendent of the mission he asked the Lord for one soul and his prayer was answered. That one was James C. Edwards, known before his conversion as "Scotty the Bum." He was the first one called on to speak at his funeral He began by saying: "Nineteen years, nine months and eleven days ago I came staggering into those doors there, a homeless, lost drunkard. . . I don't know what was said or what prayers were prayed, but I know this much, that I got up here somehow to the front and one dear soul came and knelt down beside me — Mrs. Hadley, God bless her. I went down on my knees drunk, but God saved me sober, and the best part of it is I've been sober ever since." We will not take time to repeat the many loving testimonies that were given of affectionate regard for his beautiful life and character. Beginning with the testimony of the redeemed drunkard, followed by a prayer by the Lieutenant-Governor of New York

State, the simple service closed with "Oh, it is wonderful," and "I must tell Jesus." The cortege consisting of first a great company of redeemed men, then the trustees, a number of New York's most representative business men, and after these a large number of sorrowing friends, slowly made its way to John Street Methodist Church, of which deceased was a member. Here followed a more formal church service; at which Dr. A. T. Pierson and Dr. Wilbur Chapman and others spoke, from whose addresses I have already quoted.

One of the most memorable gatherings was, however, the memorial service held about two weeks later, on Sunday afternoon, 25th February, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, that church situated in the heart of the most aristocratic section of New York City, the one in which Rev. Dr. John Hall, the celebrated divine, ministered for so many years. Here 2,000 people gathered together on one of the most miserable, rainy days of the winter. The mission men marched in a body and occupied special reserved seats near the front, while millionaires and richly dressed women sat beside men and women of the street. Here again eloquent and touching tributes to the zealous and consecrated labours of the devoted missionary were delivered by Rev. J. Wesley Johnston, Rev. Dr. Donald Sage MacKay, and others. These were followed by several touching testimonies by the converts—a novel event in this fashionable church—and when all those present who had been converted under Mr. Hadley were asked to rise, fully 400 men stood up like soldiers to a call, proud to testify for their leader.

Thus lived and died one of God's noblemen — a man with more than ordinary natural ability whose opportunities for getting an education were very meagre, who wasted twenty-two of the best years of his life as far as physical vigour and mental acquirements were concerned—from 18 to 40—in reckless dissipation, and yet during the remaining twenty-four years did more for the glory of God and the benefit of his fellow men than probably any other man who has lived during the last half century did in his whole lifetime. The secret of his power—what was it?—wherein did it lie? In an entire self-sacrificing consecration of every faculty and power of his manhood to a single purpose, the salvation of the lost—a life of twenty-four years with one object and that earnestly, steadily followed, through evil and good report, through storm and sunshine, through days of the brightest heavenly vision and nights of the darkest gloom of discouragement; a man who lived up to the injunction of the great apostle to the Gentiles when he said, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable always, abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord." The lesson such a life teaches is easily stated and encouraging. When we endeavour to draw such lessons from the lives of men of transcendent ability or genius and apply them to our poor lives we are discouraged, but when we square our natural or acquired talents with his we feel we are on a more common ground, and are encouraged to try and follow our Lord and Master as he did, in loving and constant service.

How the mere acquisition of wealth, of worldly honour and preferment, of literary, artistic or professional fame of any kind, shrinks into insignificance when compared with the record of such a life of usefulness to humanity! I suppose an evangelist travelling around the world, addressing thousands of people weekly, could point to as many professed conversions, but where will you find the record of another man who spends his working years in one little mission hall holding 200 people but whose professed converts number 75,000, and these, too, from the very lowest and most abandoned, and at whose funeral service 400 rise to testify that he was the means of their salvation?

As we consider the salient features of the life we have been reviewing, we mark how a boy may drift away from the most loving and Christian home surroundings and become a helpless and almost hopeless wreck through dissipation and crime, how such a life can be snatched from the brink of despair and saved by an almighty love and power, and how fruitful for good a man may make even the years of his life when they pass the prime of his manhood when those years are filled with a noble and lofty purpose. That we may catch something of the inspiration, something of the enthusiasm, the Christ-like love for others, the patience and enduring purpose manifested in the life and character of Samuel H. Hadley, and that it may be our happy lot to, in some measure, at least, emulate his years of toil and usefulness, is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished.