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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvii BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1900 No 1

SALE

Five days of special prices, commencing

Tuesday, January 9, 1900

A Cleanup Sale

—OF—

DRY GOODS

At less than present wholesale prices.

This announcement should be sufficient to crowd our store all this time as the public know the character of our sales.

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Sacrifice Sale

4 DAYS

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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER IV.

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.

Henry Maxwell paced his study back and forth. It was Wednesday, and he had started to think out the subject of his evening service which fell upon that night.

Out of one of his study windows he could see the tall chimneys of the railroad shops. The top of the evangelist's tent just showed over the buildings around the Rectangle.

The pastor of the First church looked out of this window every time he turned in his walk. After awhile he sat down at his desk and drew a large piece of paper toward him.

After thinking several moments he wrote in large letters the following:

"A NUMBER OF THINGS THAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN THIS PARISH.

"1. Live in a simple, plain manner, without needless luxury on the one hand or undue asceticism on the other.

"2. Preach fearlessly to the hypocrites in the church, no matter what their social importance or wealth.

"3. Show in some practical form sympathy and love for the common people as well as for the well to do, educated, refined people who make up the majority of the church and parish.

"4. Identify himself with the great causes of humanity in some personal way that would call for self denial and suffering.

"5. Preach against the saloon in Raymond.

"6. Become known as a friend and companion of the sinful people in the Rectangle.

"7. Give up the summer trip to Europe this year. I have been abroad twice and cannot claim any special need of rest. I am well and could forego this pleasure, using the money for some one who needs a vacation more than I do. There are probably plenty of such people in the city.

"8. What else would Jesus do as Henry Maxwell?"

He was conscious, with a humility that once was a stranger to him, that his outline of Jesus' probable action was painfully lacking in depth and power, but he was seeking carefully for concrete shapes into which he might cast his thought of Jesus' conduct. Nearly every point he had put down meant for him a complete overturning of the custom and habit of years in the ministry. In spite of that, he still searched deeper for sources of the Christlike spirit. He did not attempt to write any more, but sat at his desk absorbed in his attempt to catch more and more of the spirit of Jesus in his own life. He had forgotten the particular subject for his prayer meeting with which he had begun his morning study.

He was so absorbed over his thought that he did not hear the bell ring, and he was roused by the servant, who announced a caller. He had sent up his name—Mr. Gray. Maxwell stepped to the head of the stairs and asked Gray to come up.

"We can talk better up here."

So Gray came up and stated the reason for his call.

"I want you, Mr. Maxwell, to help me. Of course you have heard what a wonderful meeting we had Monday night and last night. Miss Winslow has done more with her voice than I could, and the tent won't hold the people."

"I've heard of that. It's the first time the people there have heard her. It's no wonder they are attracted."

"It has been a wonderful revelation to us and a most encouraging event in our work. But I came to ask if you could not come down tonight and preach. I am suffering with a severe cold. I do not dare to trust my voice again. I know it is asking a good deal for such a busy man, but if you can't come say so freely, and I'll try somewhere else."

"I'm sorry, but it's my regular prayer meeting night," said Henry Maxwell. Then he flushed and added: "I shall be able to arrange it in some way so as to come down. You can count on me."

Gray thanked him earnestly and rose to go.

"Won't you stay a minute, Gray, and let us have a prayer together?"

"Yes," said Gray simply.

So the two men kneeled together in the study. Mr. Maxwell prayed like a child. Gray was touched to tears as he kneeled there. There was something almost pitiful in the way this man, who had lived his ministerial life in such a narrow limit of exercise, now begged for wisdom and strength to speak a message to the people in the Rectangle.

Gray rose and held out his hand.

"God bless you, Mr. Maxwell. I'm sure the Spirit will give you power tonight."

Henry Maxwell made no answer. He did not even trust himself to say that he hoped so, but he thought of his promise, and it brought a certain peace that was refreshing to his heart and mind alike.

So that is how it came about that when the First church audience came into the lecture room that evening it was met with another surprise.

There was an unusually large number present. The prayer meetings ever since that remarkable Sunday morning had been attended as never before in the history of the First church.

Henry Maxwell came at once to the point. He spoke of Gray's work and of his request.

"I feel as if I were called to go down there tonight, and I will leave it with you to say whether you will go on with the meeting here. I think perhaps the best plan would be for a few volunteers to go down to the Rectangle with me, prepared to help in the after meeting, and the rest remain here and pray that the Spirit's power may go with us."

So half a dozen of the men went with Henry Maxwell, and the rest of the audience staid in the lecture room. Maxwell could not escape the thought as he left the room that probably in his entire church membership there might not be found a score of disciples who were capable of doing work that would successfully lead needy, sinful men into the knowledge of Christ. The thought did not linger in his mind to vex him as he went on his way, but it was simply a part of his whole new conception of the meaning of Christian discipleship.

When he and his little company of volunteers reached the Rectangle, the tent was already crowded. They had difficulty in getting to the little platform. Rachel was there, with Virginia and Jasper Chase, who had come instead of the doctor tonight.

When the meeting began with a song in which Rachel sang the solo and the people were asked to join in the chorus, not a foot of standing room was left in the tent. The night was mild, and the sides of the tent were up, and a great border of faces stretched around, looking in and forming part of the audience.

After the singing and a prayer by one of the city pastors who were present Gray stated the reasons for his inability to speak and in his simple manner turned the service over to "Brother Maxwell of the First church."

"Who's de bloke?" asked a hoarse voice near the outside of the tent.

"De Fust church parson. We've got de whole high tone swell outfit tonight."

"Did you say Fust church? I know him. My landlord has got a front pew up there," said another voice, and there was a laugh, for the speaker was a saloon keeper.

"T'row out de life line 'cross de dark wave!" began a drunken man near by, singing in such an unconscious imitation of a local traveling singer's nasal tone that roars of laughter and jeers of approval rose around him. The people in the tent turned in the direction of the disturbance. There were shouts of "Put him out!" "Give the Fust church a chance!" "Song, song! Give us another song!"

Henry Maxwell stood up, and a great wave of actual terror went over him. This was not like preaching to the well dressed, respectable, good mannered people on the boulevard. He began to speak, but the confusion increased. Gray went down into the crowd, but did not seem able to quiet it. Henry Maxwell raised his arm and his voice. The crowd in the tent began to pay some attention, but the noise on the outside increased. In a few minutes the audience was beyond Maxwell's control. He turned to Rachel with a sad smile.

"Sing something, Miss Winslow. They will listen to you," he said and then sat down and put his face in his hands.

It was Rachel's opportunity, and she was fully equal to it. Virginia was at the organ, and Rachel asked her to play a few notes of the hymn:

Saviour, I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me.
Hushed be my heart and still;
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

Rachel had not sung the first line before the people in the tent were all turned toward her, hushed and reverent. Before she had finished the verse the Rectangle was subdued and tamed. It lay like some wild beast at her feet, and she sang it into harmlessness. Ah! What were the flippant, perfumed, critical audiences in concert halls compared with this dirty, drunken, impure, degraded, besotted humanity that trembled and wept and grew strangely, sadly thoughtful under the touch of the divine ministry of this beautiful young woman? Henry Maxwell as he raised his head and saw the transformed mob had a glimpse of something that Jesus would probably do with a voice like Rachel Winslow's. Jasper Chase sat with his eyes on the singer, and his greatest longing as an ambitious author was swallowed up in the thought of what Rachel Winslow's love might some time mean to him. And over in the shadow outside stood the last person any one might have expected to see at a gospel tent service, Rollin Page, who, jostled on every side by rough men and women, who stared at the swell in the fine clothes, seemed careless of his surroundings and at the same time evidently swayed by the power that Rachel possessed. He had just come over from the club. Neither Rachel nor Virginia saw him that night.

The song was over. Henry Maxwell rose again. This time he felt calm. What would Jesus do? He spoke as he thought once he never could. Who were these people? They were immortal souls. What was Christianity? A calling of sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. How would Jesus speak? What would he say? He could not tell all that his message would include, but he felt sure of a part of it, and in that certainty he spoke on. Never before had he felt "compassion for the multitude." What had the multitude been to him during his ten years in the First church but a vague, dangerous, dirty, troublesome factor in society, outside of the church and his reach; an element that caused him occasionally an unpleasant feeling of conscience; a factor in Raymond that was talked about at associations as the "masses" in papers written by the brethren in attempts to show why the "masses" were not being reached. But tonight as he faced the "masses" he asked himself whether, after all, this was not just about such a multitude as Jesus faced oftenest, and he felt the genuine emotion of love for a crowd which is one of the best indications a preacher ever has that he is living close to the heart of the world's eternal life. It is easy to love an individual sinner, especially if he is personally picturesque or interesting. To love a multitude of sinners is distinctly a Christlike quality.

When the meeting closed, there was no special interest shown. The people rapidly melted away from the tent, and the saloons, which had been experiencing a dull season while the meetings progressed, again drove a thriving trade. The Rectangle, as if to make up for lost time, started in with vigor on its usual night life of debauch. Henry Maxwell and his little party, including Virginia, Rachel and Jasper Chase, walked down past the row of saloons and dens until they reached the corner where the cars passed.

"This is a terrible spot," said Henry Maxwell as they stood waiting for their car. "I never realized that Raymond had such a festering sore. It does not seem possible that this is a city full of Christian disciples."

He paused and then continued:

"Do you think any one can ever remove this great curse of the saloon? Why don't we all act together against the traffic? What would Jesus do? Would he keep silent? Would he vote to license these causes of crime and death?"

Henry Maxwell was talking to himself more than to the others. He remembered that he had always voted for license, and so had nearly all of his church members. What would Jesus do? Could he answer that question? Would Jesus preach and act against the saloon if he lived today? How would he preach and act? Suppose it was not popular to preach against license. Suppose the Christian people thought it was all that could be done—to license the evil, and so get revenue from a necessary sin. Or suppose the church members owned property where the saloons stood. What then? He knew that these were the facts in Raymond. What would Jesus do?

He went up into his study the next morning with that question only partly answered. He thought of it all day. He was still thinking of it and reaching certain real conclusions when The Evening News came. His wife brought it up and sat down a few minutes while he read it to her.

The Evening News was at present the most sensational paper in Raymond. That is to say, it was being edited in such a remarkable fashion that its subscribers had never been so excited over a newspaper before. First they had noticed the absence of the prizefight, and gradually it began to dawn upon them that The News no longer printed accounts of crime with detailed descriptions or scandals in private life. Then they noticed that the advertisements of liquor and tobacco were being dropped, together with certain other advertisements of a questionable character. The discontinuance of the Sunday paper caused the greatest comment of all, and now the character of the editorials was creating the greatest excitement. A quotation from the Monday paper of this week will show what Edward Norman was doing to keep his promise. The editorial was headed:

"THE MORAL SIDE OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.

"The editor of The News has always advocated the principles of the great political party at present in power and has therefore discussed all political questions from a standpoint of expediency or of belief in the party as opposed to other organizations. Hereafter, to be perfectly honest with all our readers, the editor will present and discuss political questions from the standpoint of right and wrong. In other words, the first question will not be, 'Is it in the interest of our party?' or 'Is it according to the principles laid down by the party?' but the question first asked will be, 'Is this measure in accordance with the spirit and teachings of Jesus as the author of the greatest standard of life known to men?' That is, to be perfectly plain, the moral side of every political question will be considered, its most important side, and the ground will be distinctly taken that nations as well as individuals are under the same law to do all things to the glory of God as the first rule of action.

"The same principle will be observed in this office toward candidates for places of responsibility and trust in the republic. Regardless of party politics, the editor of The News will do all in his power to bring the best men into power and will not knowingly help to support for office any candidate who is unworthy, however much he may be indorsed by the party. The first questions asked about the man, as about the measure, will be: 'Is he the right man for the place? Is he a good man with ability?'"

There had been more of this, but we have quoted enough to show the character of the editorials. Hundreds of men in Raymond had read it and rubbed their eyes in amazement. A good many of them had promptly written to The News, telling the editor to stop their paper. The paper still came out, however, and was eagerly read all over the city. At the end of the week Edward Norman knew very well that he had actually lost already a large number of valuable subscribers. He faced the conditions calmly, although Clark, the managing editor, grimly anticipated ultimate bankruptcy, especially since Monday's editorial.

Tonight as Henry Maxwell read to his wife he could see in almost every column evidences of Norman's conscientious obedience to his promise. There was an absence of slangy, sensational scare heads. The reading matter under the headlines was in perfect keeping with them. He noticed in two columns that the reporters' names appeared, signed at the bottom, and there was a distinct advance in the dignity and style of their contributions.

"So Norman is beginning to get his reporters to sign their work. He has talked with me about that. It is a good thing. It fixes responsibility for items where it belongs and raises the standard of work done, a good thing all around for public and writers."

Henry Maxwell suddenly paused. His wife looked up from some work she was doing. He was reading something with the utmost interest.

"Listen to this, Mary," he said after a moment, while his voice trembled:

"This morning Alexander Powers, superintendent of the L. and T. R. R. shops in this city, handed his resignation to the road and gave as the reason the fact that certain proof had fallen into his hands of the violation of the interstate commerce law, and also of the state law, which has recently been framed to prevent and punish railroad pooling for the benefit of certain favored shippers. Mr. Powers states in his resignation that he can no longer consistently withhold the information he possesses against the road. He has placed his evidence against the company in the hands of the commission, and it is now for them to take action upon it.

"The News wishes to express itself on this action of Mr. Powers. In the first place, he has nothing to gain by it. He has lost a valuable place voluntarily when by keeping silent he might have retained it. In the second place, we believe his action ought to receive the approval of all thoughtful, honest citizens who believe in seeing law obeyed and lawbreakers brought to justice. In a case like this, where evidence against a railroad company is generally understood to be almost impossible to obtain, it is the general belief that the officers of the road are often in possession of criminating facts, but do not consider it to be any of their business to inform the authorities that the law is being defied.

"The entire result of this evasion of responsibility on the part of those who are responsible is demoralizing to every young man connected with the road. The editor of The News recalls the statement made by a prominent railroad official in this city a little while ago that nearly every clerk in a certain department of the road who understood how large sums of money were made by shrewd violations of the interstate commerce law was ready to admire the shrewdness with which it was done and declared that they would all do the same thing if they were high enough in railroad circles to attempt it. [This was actually said in one of the general offices of a great western railroad, to the author's knowledge.]

"It is not necessary to say that such a condition of business is destructive to all the nobler and higher standards of conduct, and no young man can live in such an atmosphere of unpunished dishonesty and lawlessness without wrecking his character.

"In our judgment, Mr. Powers did the only thing that a Christian man can do. He has rendered brave and useful service to the state and the general public. It is not always an easy matter to determine the relations that exist between the individual citizen and his fixed duty to the public. In this case there is no doubt in our mind that the step which Mr. Powers has taken commends itself to every man who believes in law and its enforcement. There are times when the individual must act for the people in ways that will mean sacrifice and loss to him of the gravest character. Mr. Powers will be misunderstood and misrepresented, but there is no question that his course will be approved by every citizen who wishes to see the greatest corporations as well as the weakest individual subject to the same law. Mr. Powers has done all that a loyal, patriotic citizen could do. It now remains for the commission to act upon his evidence, which, we understand, is overwhelming proof of the lawlessness of the L. and T. Let the law be enforced, no matter who the persons may be who have been guilty."

Henry Maxwell finished reading and dropped the paper.

"I must go and see Powers. This is the result of his promise."

He rose, and as he was going out his wife said:

"Do you think, Henry, that Jesus would have done that?"

Henry Maxwell paused a moment. Then he answered slowly:

"Yes; I think he would. At any rate, Powers has decided so, and each one of us who made the promise understands that he is not deciding Jesus' conduct for any one else, only for himself."

"How about his family? How will Mrs. Powers and Celia be likely to take it?"

"Very hard, I have no doubt. That will be Powers' cross in this matter. They will not understand his motive."

Henry Maxwell went out and walked over to the next block, where the superintendent lived. To his relief, Powers himself came to the door.

The two men shook hands silently. They instantly understood each other without words. There had never been such a bond of union between the minister and his parishioner.

"What are you going to do?" Henry Maxwell asked after they had talked over the facts in the case and considered them well.

"You mean another position? I have no plans yet. I can go back to my old work as a telegraph operator. My family will not suffer except in a social way."

Alexander Powers spoke calmly, if sadly. Henry Maxwell did not need to ask him how his wife and daughter felt. He knew well enough that the superintendent had suffered deepest at that point.

"There is one matter I wish you would see to," said Powers after awhile, "and that is the work begun at the shops. So far as I know, the company will not object to that going right on. It is one of the contradictions of the railroad world that the Y. M. C. A. and other Christian influences are encouraged by the roads, while all the time the most un-Christian and lawless acts are being committed in the official management of the roads themselves. Of course it is understood that it pays a railroad to have in its employ men who are temperate and honest and Christian. So I have no doubt the master mechanic will have the same courtesy extended to him that I had in the matter of the room and its uses. But what I want you to do, Mr. Maxwell, is to see that my plan is carried out. Will you? You understand what the idea was in general. You made a very favorable impression on the men. Go down there as often as you can. Get Milton Wright interested to provide something for the furnishing and expense of the coffee plant and reading tables. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied Henry Maxwell. He staid a little longer. Before he went away he and the superintendent had a prayer together, and they parted with that silent hand grasp that seemed to them like a new token of their Christian discipleship and fellowship.

The pastor of the First church went home stirred deeply by the events of the week. Gradually the truth was growing upon him that the pledge to do as Jesus would was working out a revolution in his parish and throughout the city. Every day added to the serious results of obedience to that pledge. Henry Maxwell did not pretend to see the end. He was, in fact, only now at the very beginning of events that were destined to change the history of hundreds of families, not only in Raymond, but throughout the entire country. As he thought of Edward Norman and Rachel and Mr. Powers and of the results that had already come from their actions he could not help a feeling of intense interest in the probable effect if all the persons in the First church who had made the pledge faithfully kept it. Would they all keep it, or would some of them turn back when the cross became too heavy?

He was asking this question the next morning as he sat in his study when the president of the Endeavor society called to see him.

"I suppose I ought not to trouble you with my case," said young Morris, coming at once to his errand, "but I thought, Mr. Maxwell, that you might advise me a little."

"I'm glad you came. Go on, Fred." Henry Maxwell had known the young man ever since his first year in the pastorate and loved and honored him for his consistent, faithful service in the church.

"Well, the fact is I'm out of a job. You know, I've been doing reporter work on The Morning Sentinel since I graduated last year. Well, last Saturday Mr. Burr asked me to go down the road Sunday morning and get the details of that train robbery at the junction and write the thing up for the extra edition that came out Monday morning, just to get the start of The News. I refused to go, and Burr gave me my dismissal. He was in a bad temper, or I think perhaps he would not have done it. He has always treated me well before. Now, don't you think Jesus would have done as I did? I ask because the other fellows say I was a fool not to do the work. I want to feel that a Christian acts from motives that may seem strange to others sometimes, but not foolish. What do you think?"

"I think you kept your promise, Fred. I cannot believe Jesus would do newspaper work on Sunday, as you were asked to do it."

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. I felt a little troubled over it, but the longer I think it over the better I feel."

Morris rose to go, and Henry Maxwell rose and laid a loving hand on the young man's shoulder.

"What are you going to do, Fred?"

"I don't know yet. I have thought some of going to Chicago or some large city."

"Why don't you try The News?"

"They are all supplied. I have not thought of applying there."

Henry Maxwell thought a moment.

"Come down to The News office with me and let us see Norman about it."

So a few minutes later Edward Norman received into his room the minister and young Morris, and Henry Maxwell briefly told the cause of their errand.

"I can give you a place on The News," said Edward Norman, with his keen look softened by a smile that made it winsome. "I want reporters who won't work Sundays. And, what is more, I am making plans for a special kind of reporting which I believe young Morris here can develop because he is in sympathy with what Jesus would do."

He assigned Morris a definite task, and Henry Maxwell started back to his study feeling that kind of satisfaction—and it is a very deep kind—which a man feels when he has been even partly instrumental in finding an unemployed person a situation.

He had intended to go back to his study, but on his way home he passed by one of Milton Wright's stores. He thought he would simply step in and shake hands with his parishioner and bid him godspeed in what he had heard he was doing to put Christ into his business, but when he went into the office Milton Wright insisted on detaining him to talk over some of his new plans. Henry Maxwell asked himself if this was the Milton Wright he used to know, eminently practical, businesslike, according to the regular code of the business world, and viewing everything first and foremost from the standpoint of "Will it pay?"

"There is no use to disguise the fact, Mr. Maxwell, that I have been compelled to revolutionize the whole method of my business since I made that promise. I have been doing a great many things during the last 20 years in this store that I know Jesus would not do, but that is a small item compared with the number of things I begin to believe Jesus would do. My sins of commission have not been as many as those of omission in business relations."

"What was the first change you made?" asked Henry Maxwell. He felt as if his sermon could wait for him in his study. As the interview with Milton Wright continued he was not so sure but he had found material for a sermon without going back to his study.

"I think the first change I had to make was in my thought of my employees. I came down here Monday morning after that Sunday and asked myself: 'What would Jesus do in his relation to these clerks, bookkeepers, office boys, draymen, salesmen? Would he try to establish some sort of personal relation to them different from that which I have sustained all these years?' I soon answered the question by saying, 'Yes.' Then came the question of what it would lead me to do.

"I did not see how I could answer it to my satisfaction without getting all my employees together and having a talk with them. So I sent invitations to all of them, and we had a meeting out there in the warehouse Tuesday night.

"A good many things came out of that meeting. I can't tell you all. I tried to talk with the men as I imagined Jesus might. It was hard work, for I have not been in the habit of it, and I must have made mistakes. But I can hardly make you believe, Mr. Maxwell, the effect of that meeting on some of the men. Before it closed I saw more than a dozen of them with tears on their faces. I kept asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and the more I asked it the further along it pushed me into the most intimate and loving relations with the men who have worked for me all these years. Every day something new is coming up, and I am right now in the midst of a reconstructing of the entire business, so far as its motive for being conducted is concerned. I am so practically ignorant of all plans for cooperation and its application to business that I am trying to get information from every possible source. I have lately made a special study of the life of Titus Salt, the great mill owner of Bradford, England, who afterward built that model town on the banks of the Aire. There is a good deal in his plans that will help. But I have not yet reached definite conclusions in regard to all the details. I am not enough used to Jesus' methods. But see here."

Milton eagerly reached up into one of the pigeonholes of his desk and took out a paper.

"I have sketched out what seems to me a programme such as Jesus might go by in a business like mine. I want you to tell me what you think about it."

"WHAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN MILTON WRIGHT'S PLACE AS A BUSINESS MAN.

"1. He would engage in business for the purpose of glorifying God and not for the primary purpose of making money.

"2. All money that might be made he would never regard as his own, but as trust funds to be used for the good of humanity.

"3. His relations with all the persons in his employ would be the most loving and helpful. He could not help thinking of them all in the light of souls to be saved. This thought would always be greater than his thought of making money in business.

"4. He would never do a single dishonest or questionable thing or try in the remotest way to get the advantage of any one else in the same business.

"5. The principle of unselfishness and helpfulness in all the details of the business would direct its details.

"6. Upon this principle he would shape the entire plan of his relations to his employees, to the people who were his customers and to the general business world with which he was connected."

Henry Maxwell read this over slowly. It reminded him of his own attempts the day before to put into a concrete form his thought of Jesus' probable action. He was very thoughtful as he looked up and met Milton Wright's eager gaze.

"Do you believe you can continue to make your business pay on those lines?"

"I do. Intelligent unselfishness ought to be wiser than intelligent selfishness, don't you think? If the men who work as employees begin to feel a personal share in the profits of the business and, more than that, a personal love for themselves on the part of the firm, won't the result be more care, less waste, more diligence, more faithfulness?"

"Yes; I think so. A good many other business men don't, do they? I mean as a general thing. How about your relations to the selfish world that is not trying to make money on Christian principles?"

"That complicates my action, of course."

"Does your plan contemplate what is coming to be known as co-operation?"

"Yes; as far as I have gone, it does. As I told you, I am studying out my details carefully. I am absolutely convinced that Jesus in my place would be absolutely unselfish. He would love all these men in his employ. He would consider the main purpose of all the business to be a mutual helpfulness and would conduct it all so that God's kingdom would be evidently the first object sought. On those general principles, as I say, I am working. I must have time to complete the details."

When Henry Maxwell finally left Milton Wright, he was profoundly impressed with the revolution that was being wrought already in the business. As he passed out of the store he caught something of the new spirit of the place. There was no mistaking the fact that Milton Wright's new relations to his employees were beginning, even so soon, after less than two weeks, to transform the entire business. This was apparent in the conduct and faces of the clerks.

"If Milton Wright keeps on, he will be one of the most influential preachers in Raymond," said Henry Maxwell to himself when he reached his study. The question rose as to his continuance in this course when he began to lose money by it, as was possible. Henry Maxwell prayed that the Holy Spirit, who had shown himself with growing power in the company of the First church disciples, might abide long with them all, and with that prayer on his lips and in his heart he began the preparation of a sermon in which he was going to present to his people on Sunday the subject of the saloon in Raymond, as he now believed Jesus would do. He had never preached against the saloon in this way before. He knew that the things he should say would lead to serious results. Nevertheless he went on with his work, and every sentence he wrote or shaped was preceded with the question, "Would Jesus say that?" Once in the course of his study he went down on his knees. No one except himself could know what that meant to him. When had he done that in the preparation of sermons before the change that had come into his thought of discipleship? As he viewed his ministry now he did not dare to preach without praying for wisdom. He no longer thought of his dramatic delivery and its effect on his audience. The great question with him now was, "What would Jesus do?"

Saturday night at the Rectangle witnessed some of the most remarkable scenes that Mr. Gray and his wife had ever known. The meetings had intensified with each night of Rachel's singing. A stranger passing through the Rectangle in the daytime might have heard a good deal about the meetings in one way and another. It cannot be said that up to that Saturday night there was any appreciable lack of oaths and impurity and heavy drinking. The Rectangle would not have acknowledged that it was growing any better or that even the singing had softened its conversation or its outward manner. It had too much local pride in being "tough." But, in spite of itself, there was a yielding to a power it had never measured and did not know well enough to resist beforehand.

Gray had recovered his voice, so that Saturday he was able to speak. The fact that he was obliged to use his voice carefully made it necessary for the people to be very quiet if they wanted to hear. Gradually they had come to understand that this man was talking these many weeks and using his time and strength to give them a knowledge of a Saviour, all out of a perfectly unselfish love for them. Tonight the great crowd was as quiet as Henry Maxwell's decorous audience ever was. The fringe around the tent was deeper, and the saloons were practically empty. The Holy Spirit had come at last, and Gray knew that one of the great prayers of his life was going to be answered.

And Rachel—her singing was the best, most wonderful Virginia or Jasper Chase had ever known. They had come together again tonight with Dr. West, who had spent all his spare time that week in the Rectangle with some charity cases. Virginia was at the organ, Jasper sat on a front seat looking up at Rachel, and the Rectangle swayed as one man toward the platform as she sang:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

Gray said hardly a word. He stretched out his hand with a gesture of invitation, and down the two aisles of the tent broken, sinful creatures, men and women, stumbled toward the platform. One woman out of the street was near the organ.

Virginia caught the look of her face, and for the first time in the life of the rich girl the thought of what Jesus was to a sinful woman came with a suddenness and power that were like nothing but a new birth. Virginia left the organ, went to her, looked into her face and caught her hands in her own. The other girl trembled, then fell on her knees, sobbing, with her head down upon the back of the bench in front of her, still clinging to Virginia. And Virginia, after a moment's hesitation, kneeled down by her, and the two heads were bowed close together.

But when the people had crowded in a double row all about the platform, most of them kneeling and crying, a man in evening dress, different from the others, pushed through the seats and came and kneeled down by the side of the drunken man who had disturbed the meeting when Henry Maxwell spoke. He kneeled within a few feet of Rachel Winslow, who was still singing softly, and as she turned for a moment and looked in his direction she was amazed to see the face of Rollin Page! For a moment her voice faltered. Then she went on:

"Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve.
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

The voice was as the voice of divine longing, and the Rectangle, for the time being, was swept into the harbor of redemptive grace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reason For Her Gratitude.

"You've no idea how grateful I am to you," she said after he had proposed.

"Grateful!" he exclaimed. "Am I to understand, then, that you accept me?"

"No; hardly that," she replied. "But I have now had more proposals than any other girl in our set, and I can't tell you how that pleases me."—Chicago Post.

The Business For Him.

Little Charles—Sister told mamma yesterday you was born to be a politician.

Mr. Skimpley—A politician? I wonder why she thinks so.

Little Charles—She says you can do so much talkin without committin yourself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Blissful Moments.

Hanlon—He assured me he was very sorry that I made myself appear so ridiculous.

Melville—That's all right. There are a great many persons who are never happier than when they are feeling sorry for somebody else.—Boston Transcript.

Patron Should Have Paid In Advance.

"The portrait," complained the patron, "makes me look like 30 cents!"

"Well, that was all the money I had," replied the artist apologetically.—Detroit Journal.

Schedule Time.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining station)—How soon will the train start, conductor?

Conductor—I'll start on time today. I ain't got much appetite.—New York Weekly.

A Great Help.

Parke—Don't you find it a great thing to have a telephone in your house?

Lane—Yes, sir! My neighbors tell me they couldn't get along without it.—Life.