being conducted is concerned. I am so IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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"I'm glad you came. Go on, Fred." out a paper. Henry Maxwell had known the young

"I have sketched out what seems to man ever since his first year in the pastorate and loved and honored him for his consistent, faithful service in the go by in a business like mine. I want church

Yon know, I've been doing reporter work on The Morning Sentinel since I graduated last year. Well, last Satur-

"1 He would engage in business for day Mr. Burr asked me to go down the road Sunday morning and get the de-

"2 All money that might be made tra edition that came out Monday he would never regard as his own, but morning, just to get the start of The News. I refused to go, and Burr gave as trust funds to be used for the good

"3 His relations with all the perper, or I think perhaps he would not have done it. He has always treated me well before. Now, don't you think loving and helpful He could not help Jesus would have done as I did? I ask thinking of them all in the light of because the other fellows say I was a souls to be saved. This thought would fool not to do the work. I want to feel always be greater than his thought of that a Christian acts from motives that making money in business

may seem strange to others sometimes,

Fred. I cannot believe Jesus would do of any one else in the same business. 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 his customers and to the general busiyoung man's shoulder.

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 Nor-

man received into his room the minister and young Morris, and Henry Maxwell don't you think? If the men who work 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 themselves on the part of the firm, it winsome. "I want reporters who won't work Sundays. And, what is waste, more diligence, more faithfulmore, I am making plans for a special ness?' kind of reporting which I believe young "Ye Morris here can develop because he is business men don't, do they? I mean in sympathy with what Jesus would as a general thing. How about your re-

He assigned Morris a definite task. and Henry Maxwell started back to his principles ?" study feeling that kind of satisfaction -and it is a very deep kind-which a course." man feels when he has been even partly instrumental in finding an unemployed coming to be known as co-operation ?" person a situation.

He had intended to go back to his study, but on his way home he passed details carefully I am absolutely conby one of Milton Wright's stores. He vinced that Jesus in my place would be sang: thought he would simply step in and absolutely unselfish. He would love all shake hands with his parishioner and these men in his employ He would bid him godspeed in what he had heard consider the main purpose of all the ing to put Christ into his musiness to be a mutual helpfulness and

practically ignorant of all plans for coperation and its application to business hat I am trying to get information from every possible source. I have late-ly 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

me a programme such as Jesus might you to tell me what you think about "Well, the fact is I'm out of a job. WHAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN

MILTON WRIGHT'S PLACE AS A BUSINESS MAN

the purpose of glorifying God and not tails of that train robbery at the junc- for the primary purpose of making tion and write the thing up for the ex. money

me my dismissal. He was in a bad tem. of humanity

"4 He would never do a single disbut not foolish. What do you think ?" honest or questionable thing or try in I think you kept your promise, the remotest way to get the advantage

"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 ness world with which he was con-

"What are you going to do. Fred?" "I don't know yet. I have thought some of going to Chicago or some large 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, as employees begin to feel a personal share in the profits of the business and, more than that. a personal love for

"Yes: I think so. A good many other lations to the selfish world that is not trying to make money on Christian

"That complicates my action of

"Does your plan contemplate what is "Yes: as far as I have gone, it does. As ! told you. I am studying out my

Hope NO

for you, said four different physicians, but I still had sufficient left to try Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, as it was highly recommended to me. had suffered for years with heart trouble; so bad was my case I was given up to die several times. Had severe palpitation, short breath and much pain about the heart, fluttering and smothering spells, but Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gave me prompt relief

and finally a permanent cure. Mos. J. L. Taylor, Owantborn, Ky.

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first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

even the singing had softened its coneven the singing had softened its con-versation or its outward manner. It "Rachel," Jasper had said, and 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 "Just as I am, without one ples, 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 str

now striking midnight, and Jasper Chase sat in his room staring at the papers on his desk and going over the last half hour with painful persistence. He had told Rachel Winslow of his

love for her, and she had not given her love in return. It would be difficult to know what

was most powerful in the impalse that had moved him to speak to her tonight He had yielded to his feelings without any special thought of results to himself because he had felt so certain that Rachel would respond to his love for her. He tried to recall now just the impression she made on him when he first spoke to her.

Never had her beauty and her strength influenced him as tonight. While she was singing he saw and heard no one else. The tent swarmed with a confused crowd of faces, and he knew he was sitting there hemmed in by a mob of people, but they had no meaning to him. He felt powerless to avoid speaking to her. He knew he should speak when they were once alone.

Nees that he had spoken he felt that he had misjudged either Rachel or the opportunity. He knew, or thought he did, that she had begun to care for him It was no secret between them that the heroine of Jasper's first novel had been his own ideal of Rachel, and the hero of the story was himself, and they had loved each other in the book, and Rachel had not objected. No one else knew. The names and characters had been drawn with a subtle skill that revealed to Rachel, when she received a copy of the book from Jasper, the fact of his love for her, and she had not been offended. That was nearly a year ago. Tonight Jasper Chase recalled the

scene between them, with every inflection and movement unerased from his memory. He even recalled the fact that he began to speak just at that point on the avenue where a few days before he had met Rachel walking with Rollin Page. He had wondered at the time

was the first time he had ever spoken her first name, "I never knew until tonight how much I love you. Why should I try to conceal any longer what you have seen me look! You know I love you as my life. I can no longer hide it from you if I would."

The first intimation he had of a refusal was the trembling of Rachel's arm in his own. She had allowed him to speak and had neither turned her face toward him nor away from him. She had looked straight on, and her voice was sad, but firm and quiet, when she spoke.

"Why do you speak to me now? I cannot bear it-after what we have seen tonight."

"Why-what"- he had stammered and then was silent.

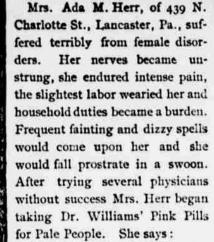
Rachel withdrew her arm from his, but still walked near him.

Then he cried out with the anguish of one who begins to see a great loss facing him where he expected a great joy.

"Rachel! Do you not love me! Is not my love for you as sacred as anything in all of life itself ?'

She had walked on silent for a few steps after that. They had passed a street lamp. Her face was pale and beautiful. He had made a movement to clutch her arm, and she had moved a

little farther from him. evening's experience at the tent came "No," she had replied. "There was crowding in again, thrusting out all a time-I cannot answer for that. You other things. It is perhaps the most ld not have spoken to me toni



The

House

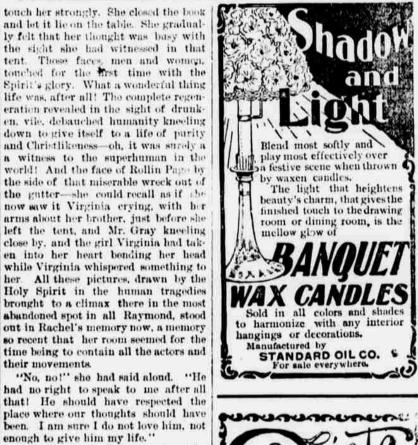
Wife's

Burden

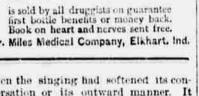
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business, but when he went into the office Milton Wright insisted on detaining him to talk over some of his new plans. Henry Maxwell asked himself if this was the Milton Wright he used to know, eminensly practical, business-like, according to the regular code of the business world, and viewing everything first and foremost from the stand point 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 Jesns 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 dosen of them with tears on ir faces. I kept asking, 'What would us do ?' and the more I asked it the their fa 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 a so far as its motive for

would conduct it all so that God's kingdom would be evidently the first object tation, and down the two aisles of the sought. On those general principles, as tent broken, sinful creatures, men and I say, I am working. I must have time women, stumbled toward the platform. 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 Marwell 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, power in the company of the First lips and in his heart he began the preparation of a sermon in which he was day the subject of the saloon in Raysaloon in this way before. He knew she went on: 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 de-

livery 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 Virginia and her uncle had gone Rectangle in the daytime might have home about 11 o'clock, and Rachel and

one way and another. It cannot be said far as the avenue where Virginia lived. that up to that Saturday night there Dr. West had walked on a little way impurity and heavy drinking. The Bec-tangle would not have acknowledged to her mother's to her mother's. that it was growing any better or that That was a little after 11. It was

Apr 7. 1878. aged 58y 11m 1d.

ed out his hand with a gesture of invi-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 who had shown himself with growing the others, pushed through the seats and came and kneeled down by the side church disciples, might abide long with of the drunken man who had disturbed them all, and with that prayer on his the meeting when Henry Maxwell spoke. He kneeled within a few feet of Rachel Winslow, who was still singing going to present to his people on Sun- softly, and as she turned for a moment and looked in his direction she was mond, as he now believed Jesus would amazed to see the face of Rollin Pagel do. He had never preached against the For a moment her voice faltered. Then

> "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 redomptive grace.

CHAPTER V.

If any man serve me, let him follow me. It was nearly midnight before the service at the Rectangle closed. Gray

staid up long into Sunday morning praying and talking with a little group of converts that, in the great experience of their new life, clung to the evangelist with a personal helpleseness that made it as impossible for him to leave them as if they had been depending upon him to save them from physical death. Among these converts was Rollin Page.

heard a good deal about the meetings in Jasper Chase had gone with them as was any appreciable lack of oaths and with them to his own house, and Rachel

He had seen in these words his an swer. He was extremely sensitive. Nothing short of a joyous response to his own love would have satisfied him. He could not think of pleading with her.

"Some time, when I am more worthy?" he had asked in a low voice, but she did not seem to hear, and they had parted at her home, and he recalled vividly the fact that no good night had been said

Now, as he went over the brief but significant scene, he lashed himself for his foolish precipitancy. He had not reckoned on Rachel's tense, passionate absorption of all her feeling in the scenes at the tent which were so new in her mind. But he did not know her well enough even yet to understand the meaning of her refusal. When the clock in the First church steeple struck 1, he was still sitting at his desk, staring at the last page of manuscript of his unfinished novel

Rachel Winslow went up to her room and faced her evening's experience with conflicting emotions. Had she ever loved Jasper Chase ? Yes-no. One moment she felt that her life's happiness was at stake over the result of her action; another, she had a strange feeling of relief that she had spoken as she did. There was one great overmastering feeling in her. The response of the wretched creatures in the tent to her singing, the swift, awesome presence of the Holy Spirit, had affected her as never in all her life before. The moment Jasper had spoken her name and she realized that he was telling her of his love she had felt a sudden revulsion for him, as if he should have respected the supernatural events they had just witnessed. She felt as if it were not the time to be absorbed in anything less than the divine glory of those conversions. The thought that all the time she was singing with the one passion of

her soul to touch the conscience of that tent full of sin Jasper Chase had been moved by it simply to love her for him-self gave her a shock as of irreverspce on her part as well as on his. She could not tell why she felt as she did; only she knew that if he had not told her tonight she would still have felt the same toward him as she always had.

What was that feeling? What had he been to her? Had she made a mistake? She went to her bookcase and took out the novel which Jasper had given her. Her face deepened in color as she turned to certain passages which she had read often and which she knew Jasper had written for her. She read them again. Somehow they failed to

triking evidence of the tremendou spiritual factor which had now entered the Rectangle that Rachel felt, even when the great love of a strong man had come very near her, that the spiritual manifestation moved her with an agitation far greater than anything Jasper had felt for her personally or she for him.

enough to give him my life."

their movements.

The people of Raymond awoke Sunday morning to a growing knowledge of events which were beginning to revolutionize many of the regular customary habits of the town. Alexander Powers' action in the matter of the railroad frauds had created a sensation, not only in Raymond, but throughout the country. Edward Norman's daily changes of policy in the conduct of his paper had startled the community and caused more comment than any recent political event. Rachel Winslow's singing at the Rectangle meetings had made a stir in society and excited the wonder of all her friends. Virginia Page's conduct, her presence every night with Rachel, her absence from the usual cirele of her wealthy, fashionable acquaintances, had furnished a great deal of material for gossip and question. In addition to the events which centered about these persons who were so well known, there had been all through the city, in very many homes and in business and social circles, strange happenings. Nearly a hundred persons in Henry Maxwell's church had made the pledge to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" and the result had been, in many cases, unheard of actions. The city was stirred as it had never been. As a climax to the week's events had come the spiritual manifestation at the Rectangle and the announcement, which came to most people before church time, of the actual conversion at the tent of nearly 50 of the worst characters in the neighborhood, together with the conversion of Rollin Page, the well known society and club man.

It is no wonder that, under the pressure of all this, the First church of Raymond came to the morning service in a condition that made it quickly sensitive to any large truth.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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