"What Would Jesus Do?"

IN HIS STEPS.

By OHAELES M. SHELDON.

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CONTINUED.

The bishop sat down, and immediately a man near the middle of the hall rose and began to speak.

"I want to say that what Mr. Maxwell has said tonight comes pretty close to me. I knew Jack Manning, the feilow he to'l about, who died at his house. I worked on next case to his in a printer's shop in Philadelphia for two years. Jack was a good fellow. He lent me \$5 once when I was in a hole, and I never got a chance to pay it back. He moved to New York. owing to a change in the management of the office that threw him out, and I never saw him again. When the linotype machine came in. I was one of the men to go beard shook with the deep, inward out, just as he did. I have been out most of the time since. They say in ventions are a good thing. I won't always see it myself, but I suppose I'm no use trying to hide it or cover it up. prejudiced. A man naturally is when takes his place. About this Christianity he tells about, it's all right, but I never men, women and children. I thank expect to see any such sacrifice on the part of church people. So far as my observation goes, they're just as selfish and as greedy for money or worldly Home! Talk of hell! Is there any bigsuccess as anybody. I except the bishop and Dr. Bruce and a few others, but I never found much difference between men of the word, as they're called, and church members when it came to business and money making. One class is just as bad as another there.'

Cries of "That's so!" "You're right!" "Of course!" interrupted the speaker, and the minute he sat down two men who were on their feet for several seconds before the first speaker was through began to talk at once.

The bishop called them to order and indicated which was entitled to the night go into any one of a dozen arisfloor. The man who remained standing began eagerly:

"This is the first time I was ever in here, and maybe it'll be the last. Fact

"That's for Mr. Maxwell to say." said the bishop.

"By all means," replied Mr. Maxwell quickly. "Of course I will not promise to answer it to the gentleman's satisfaction."

"This is my question." The man leaned forward and stretched out a long arm, with a certain dramatic force that system that shall start from the comgrew naturally enough out of his condition as a human being. "I want to know what Jesus would do in my case?" Carlsen had evidently forgott I haven't had a stroke of work for two months. I've get a wife and three children, and I love them as much as if I was worth a million dollars. I've been during the World's fair jobs I got. I'm a carpenter by trade, and I've tried evwe ought to take for our motto, 'What bishop reminded him of the rule, and

I have tried to be his disciple at all GRANDMA sad smile th. t was more pathetic to the bishop and Mr. Maxwell than the young man's grim despair-"yes. I have begged, and I have been to the charity organizations, and I have done everything when out of a job, except steal and lie, in order to get food and fuel. I den't know that Jesus would have done some of the things I have been obliged to do for a living, but I know I have never knowingly done wrong when out The of work. Sometimes I think maybe he would have starved sooner than beg. 1 don't know.

The old man's voice trembled, and he looked around the room timidly. A silence followed, broken by a fierce voice from a large, black haired, heavily bearded man who sat three seats from the bishop. The minute he spoke nearly every man in the hall leaned forward eagerly. The man who had asked the question. "What would Jesus do in my case?" slowly sat down and asked the man next to him, "Who's that?"

"That's Carlsen, the socialistic leader. Now you'll hear something."

"This is all bosh, to my mind," began Carlsen, while his great, bristling anger of the man. "The whole of our system is at fault. What we call civilization is rotten to the core. There is We live in an age of trusts and comhe loses a steady job because a machine bines and capitalistic greed that means simply death to thousands of innocent God, if there is a God, which I very much doubt, that I, for one, have never dared to marry and try to have a home. ger than the one this man with his tened in his beard as his face softened three children has on his hands right thousands, and yet this city and every to know what Jesus would do in his this minute? And he's only one out of other big city in this country has its place sat with grimy hand on the back thousands of professed Christians who have all the inxuries and comforts and month partly open, his great tragedy who go to church Sundays and sing for the moment forgotten. The song their hymns about giving all to Jesus and bearing the cross and following him all the way and being saved! I don't say that there aren't some good men and women among them, but let the minister who has spoken to us here totocratic churches I could name and propose to the members to take any such pledge as the one he's proposed here and see how quick the people would laugh is, I'm about at the end of my string. at him for a fool or a crank or a fanatic. I've tramped this city for work until I'm sick. I'm in plenty of company. Say, I'd like to ask a question of the minister if it's fair. May I?'' and the persons in that room, and a can't ever amount to anything. We've got to have a new start in the way of government. The whole thing needs re-while Rachel was singing that if the

constructing. I don't look for any repeople. They are with the aristocrats, with the men of money. The trusts and

are their slaves. What we need is a mon basis of socialism founded on the

about the three minute rule and was launching himself into a regular oration that meant, in his usual surroundings, before his usual audience, an hour living off a little earnings I saved up at least, when the man just behind him pulled him down unceremoniously and rose. Carlsen was angry at first and gift as well as of others?" ery way I know to get a job. You say threatened a little disturbance, but the

HAD CONSUMPTION and I am afraid I have inerited it. I do not fee! rell; I have a cough; my ings are sore; am losing sh. What shall I do? Your doctor says take care of urself and take plain cod-liver

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love of it peculiar to his nationality. and a tear ran over his check and glisand became almost noble in its aspect. The man out of work who had wanted of the bench in front of him, with his while it lasted was food and work and warmth and union with his wife and babies once more. The man who had spoken so flercely against the churches and the ministers sat with his head erect at first, with a look of stolid resistance, as if he stubicruly resented the introduction into the excreises of anything that was even remotely connected with the church or its form of worship, but gradually he yielded to the power that was swaying the hearts of all the persons in that room, and a

while Rachel was singing that if the form worth anything to come out of world of sinful. diseased, depraved, lost the churches. They are not with the humanity could only have the gospel preached to it by consecrated prima donnas and professional tenors and altos monopolies have their greatest men in and bassos he believed it would hasten the churches. The ministers as a class the coming of the kingdom quicker than any other one force. "Why, oh, why," he cried in his heart as he listened, "has the world's great treasure in song been so often held far from the Carlsen had evidently forgotten all poor because the personal possessor of roice or fingers capable of stirring divinest melody has so often regarded the gift as something with which to make money? Shall there be no martyrs among the gifted ones of the earth ? Shall there be no giving of this great

> And Henry Maxwell again, as before, called up that other audience at the Rectangle, with increasing longing for

members, would the Christians, not only in the churches of Chicago, but throughout the country, refuse to walk to his steps if. in order to do so, they must actually take up a cross and follow him?

This was the one question that continually demanded answer. He had planned, when he came to the city, w return to Raymond and be in his own pulpit on Sunday, but Friday morning he had received at the settlement a call from the pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago and had been invited to fill the pulpit for both morning and evening services.

At first he heritated, but finally accepted, seeing in it the hand of the Spirit's guiding power. He would test bis own question. He would prove the truth or fability of the charge made against the church at the soldement meeting. How far would it go in its self donial for Joza' enhe? How close would it wal's in his steps? Was the church willing to coffer for its lister? Saturday night he spent in prayer nearly the whole night. Shere had never been so prest a wrestling in his sort even during his strongest experiences in Raymond. He had, in fact, entered eyon a new experience. The definition of his own discipliship was receiving

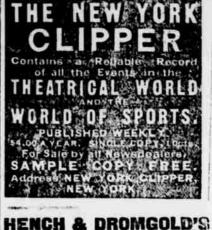
an added test at this time, and he was

being led into a larger truth of his

Lord. The great church was filled to its ut most. Henry Maxwell, coming into the pulpit from that all night vigil, feit the pressure of a great curiosity on the part of the people. They had heard of the Raymond movement, as all the churches had, and the recent action of Dr. Bruce had added to the general interest in the pledge. With this curiosity was something deeper, more serious. Mr. Maxwell felt that also, and in the knowledge that the Spirit's presence was his living strength he brought his message and gave it to the church that day.

He had never been what would be called a great preacher. He had not the force or the quality that makes remarkable preachers. But ever since he had promised to do as Jesus would do he had grown in a certain quality of per-suasiveness that had all the essentials of true eloquence. This morning the peo-ple felt the complete sincerity and huhad grown in a certain quality of perple felt the complete sincerity and huple felt the complete since the deep into mility of a man who had gone deep into After tellthe heart of a great truth. After telling briefly of some results in his own church in Raymond since the pledge was taken he went on to ask the question he had been asking since the settlement meeting. He had taken for his theme the story of the young man who came to Jesus asking what he must do to obtain eternal life. Jesus had tested him: "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And, come: follow me.' But the young man was not willing to suffer to that extent. If following Jesus meant suffering in that way, he was not willing. He would like to follow Jesus, but not if he had to give up so

much. "Is it true," continued Henry Maxwell, and his f ghtful face glowed with a appeal that stirred the people , mey had seldom been stirred-"is it .rue that the church of today, the church that is called after Christ's own name, would refuse to follow Jesus at the expense of suffering, of physical loss, of temporary gain? The statement was made at a large gathering in the settlement last week by a leader of workingmen that it was hopeless to look to the church for any reform or redemption of society. On what was that statement based ? Plainly on the assumption that the church contained for the most part men and women who thought more of their own ease and luxury than of the sufferings and needs and sins of humanity. How far was that true? Are the Christians of America ready to have their discipleship tested ? How about the men who possess large wealth? Are they ready to take that wealth and use it as Jesus would ? How about the men and women of great talent? Are they ready to consecrate that talent to humanity, as Jesus undoubtedly would do? "Is it not true that the call has come in this age for a new exhibition of discipleship, Christian discipleship? You who live in this great, sinful city must know that better than I do. Is it possible you can go your ways careless or thoughtless of the awful condition of men and women and children who are dying, body and soul, for Christian help? Is it not a matter of concern to you personally that the saloon kills its thousands more surely than war? Is it not a matter of personal suffering in some form for you that thousands of ablebodied, willing men tramp the streets of this city and all cities crying for work and drifting into crime and suicide because they cannot find it ? Can you say that this is none of your business? Let each man look after himself? Would it not be true, think you, that if every Christian in America did as Jesus would do society itself, the business world-yes, the very political system under which our commercial and governmental activity is carried onwould be so changed that human suffering would be reduced to a minimum? "What would be the result if all the church mem ers of this city tried to do as Jesus would do? It is not possible to say in detail what the effect would be, but it is easy to say, and it is true, that instantly the human problem would be gin to find an adequate answer.



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he was out of work like me? I can't be in his beard, while the next speaker be- a larger spread of the new discipleship. somebody else and ask the question. I gan with a very strong eulogy on the want to work. I'd give anything to value of the single tax as a genuine grow tired of working ten hours a day remedy for all the social ills. He was the way I used to. Am I to blame because I can't manufacture a job for my- attack on the churches and ministers once follow Jesus as he gave commandself? I've got to live and my wife and my children. But how? What would Jesus do? You say that's the question we all ought to ask."

Henry Maxwell sat there staring at the great sea of faces all intent on his, and no answer to this man's question seemed, for the time being, to be possible. "O God !" his heart prayed. "This is a question that brings up the entire social problem in all its perplexing entanglement of human wrongs and its present condition, contrary to every desire of God for a human being's welfare. Is there any condition more awful than for a man in good health, able and eager to work, with no means of honest livelihood unless he does work, actually unable to get anything to do and driven to one of three things-begging for charity at the hands of friends or strangers or snicide or starvation? What would Jesus do? It was a fair question for the man to ask. It was the only question he could ask. supposing him to be a disciple of Christ, but what a question for any man to be obliged to ask under such conditions!"

All this and more did Henry Maxwell ponder. All the others were thinking in the same way. The bishop sat there with a look so stern and sad that it was not hard to tell how the question moved him. Dr. Bruce had his head bowed. The human problem had never seemed to him so tragic as since he had taken the pledge and left his church to enter the settlement. What would Jesus do? It was a terrible question, and still the man stood there, tall and gaunt and almost terrible, with his arm stretched out in an appeal which grew every second in meaning.

At length Mr. Maxwell spoke:

"Is there any man in the room who is a Christian disciple who has been in is condition and has tried to do as Jesus would do? If so, such a man can answer his question better than I can." There was a moment's hush over the

m, and then a man near the front of the hall slowly rose. He was an old man, and the hand he laid on the back of the bench in front of him trembled as he spe oka:

that I have always asked this tor, 'What would Jesus dot' when been out of work, but I do know face, absorbed the music with the deep

would Jesus do?' What would he do if he subsided, with several mutterings followed by a man who made a bitter and declared that the two great obstacles in the way of all true reform were the courts and the ecclesiastical machines.

When he sat down, a man who bore every mark of being a street laborer sprang to his feet and poured out a perfect torrent of abuse against the corporations, especially the railroads. The minute his time was up a big, brawny fellow who said he was a metal worker by trade claimed the floor and declared that the remedy for the social wrongs was trades unionism. This, he said, would bring on the millennium for labor more than anything else. The next man endeavored to give some reasons why so many persons were out of employment and condemned inventions as the works of the devil. He was loudly applauded by the rest of the company. Finally the bishop called time on the 'free for all'' and asked Rachel to sing. Rachel Winslow had grown into a tian during that wonderful year in just like them, to whom a church and very strong, healthful, humble Chris-Raymond dating from the Sunday a minister stood for less than a saloon when she first took the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and her great talent of or happiness. Ought it to be so? If the song had been fully consecrated to the service of her Master. When she began to sing tonight at this settlement meeting, she had never prayed more deeply for results to come from her voice-the voice which she now regarded as the

Master's, to be used for him. Certainly her prayer was being answered as she sang. She had chosen the words:

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling, Follow me, follow met

Again Henry Maxwell, sitting there, was reminded of his first night at the Rectangle in the tent when Rachel sang the people into quiet. The effect was the same here. What wonderful power a good voice consecrated to the Master's service always is! Rachel's great natural ability would have made her one of the foremost opera singers of the age. Surely this audience had never before heard such melody. How could it ? The men who had drifted in from the street sat entranced by a voice which "back in the world" never could be heard by and poured out his soul in his petition "I think I can safely say that I have the common people because the owner any times been in just such a condi-on and have always tried to be a privilege. The song poured out through bristian under all conditions. I don't the hall as free and glad as if it were a

What he had seen and heard at the settlement burned into him deeper the behef that the problem of the city would be solved if the Christians in it should ment. But what of this great mass of humanity, neglected and sinful, the very kind of humanity the Saviour came to save, with all its mistakes and narrowness, its wretchedness and loss of hope-above all, its unqualified bitterness toward the church? That was what smote Henry Maxwell deepest.

Was the church, then, so far from the Master that the people no longer found him in the church? Was it true that the church had lost its power over the very kind of humanity which in the early ages of Christianity it reached in the greatest numbers? How much was true in what the socialist leader said about the uselessness of looking to the church for reform or redemption because of the selfishness and seclusion and aristocracy of its members?

He was more and more impressed with the appalling fact that the comparatively few men in the hall, now being held quiet for awhile by Rachel's voice, represented thousands of others or a beer garden as a source of comfort church members were all doing as Jesus would do, could it remain true that armies of men would walk the streets for jobs and hundreds of them curse the church and thousands of them find in the saloon their best friend? How far were the Christians responsible for this human problem that was personally illustrated right in this hall tonight? Was it true that the great city churches would, as a rule, refuse to walk in Jesus' steps so closely as to suffer, actually suffer, for his sake?

Henry Maxwell kept asking this ques tion even after Rachel had finished singing and the meeting had come to an end, after a social gathering which was very informal. He asked it while the little company of residents, with the Raymond visitors, were having a devotional service, as the custom in the settlement was. He asked it during a conference with the bishop and Dr. Bruce which lasted until 1 o'clock. He asked it as he kneeled again before sleeping for spiritual baptism on the church in America such as it had never known. He asked it the first thing in the morn-

TO BE CONTINUED.

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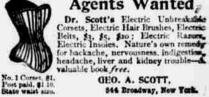
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