"What Would Jesus Do?" By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

"What is the test of Christian disci-pleship? Is it not the same as in Christ's own lifetime? Have our surroundings modified or changed the test? If Jesus were here today, would he not call some of the members of this very church to do just what he commanded the young man and ask him to give up his wealth and literally follow him? I believe he would do that if he felt certain that any church member thought more of his possessions than of his Saviour. The test would be the same today as then. I believe Jesus would demand, he does demand now, as close a following, as much suffering, as great self denial, as when he lived in person on the earth and said. 'Except a man renounceth all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple' -that is, unless he is willing to do it for my sake he cannot be my disciple.

"What would be the result if in this city every church member should begin to lo .s Jesus would do? It is not easy to go into details of the result, but we all know that certain things would be impossible that are now practiced by church members. What would Jesus do in the matter of wealth? How would he spend it? What principle would regulate his use of money? Would he be likely to live in great luxury and spend ten times as much on personal adornment and entertainment as he spent to relieve the needs of suffering humanity? How would Jesus be governed in the making of money? Would he take rentals from saloon and other disreputable property or even from tenement property that was so constructed that the inmates had no such thing as a home and no such possibility as privacy or cleanliness?

"What would Jesus do about the great army of unemployed and desperate who tramp the streets and curse the church or are indifferent to it. lost in the bitter struggle for the bread that tastes bitter when it is earned, on account of the desperate conflict to get it? Would Jesus care nothing for them? Would he go his way in comparative ease and comfort? Would he say it was none of his business? Would he excuse himself from all responsibility to remove the causes of such a condition?

"What would Jesus do in the center of a civilization that hurries so fast after money that the very girls employed in great business houses are not paid enough to keep soul and body together without fearful temptations, so great that scores of them fall and are great that scores or them late and a sweet over the great, boiling abyes; where the demands of trade excrince hundreds of lads in a business that ignores all Christian duties toward them in the way of education and moral training and personal affection? Would Jesus if he were here today, as a part of our age and commercial industry. feel nothing, do nothing, say nothing. in the face of these facts, which every

"What would Jesus do? Is not that what the disciple ought to do? Is he not commanded to follow in his steps? How much is the Christianity of the age suffering for him? Is it denving itself at the cost of ease, comfort, luxury, elegance of living? What does the age need more than personal sacrifice? Does the church do its duty in following Jesus when it gives a little money to establish missions or relieve extreme cases of want? Is it any sacrifice for a man who is worth \$10,000,000 simply to give \$10,000 for some benevolent work? Is he not giving something that costs him practically nothing, so far as any personal pain or suffering goes? Is it true that the Christian disciples tosoft, easy, selfish lives, very far from any sacrifice that can be called sacrifice?

What would Jesus do? "It is the personal element that Christian discipleship needs to emphasize. 'The gift without the giver is bare.' The Christianity that attempts to suffer by proxy is not the Christianity of Christ. Each individual Christian, business man, citizen, needs to follow in his steps along the path of personal sacrifice for him. There is not different path today from that of Jesus' own times. It is the same path. The call of this dying century and of the new one soon to be is called for a new discipleship, a new fellowship of Jesus, more like the early, simple, apostolic Christianity when the disciples left all and literally followed the Master. Nothing but a discipleship of this kind can face the destructive selfishness of the age with any hope of overcoming it. There is a great quantity of nominal Christianity today. There is need of more of the real kind. We need a revival of the Christianity of Christ. We have, unconsciously, lazily, selfish-ly, formally, grown into a discipleship that Jesus himself would not acknowledge. He would say to many of us when we cry, 'Lord, Lord,' 'I never knew you.' Are we ready to take up the cross? Is it possible for this church to sing with exact truth:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee?

"If we can sing that truly, then we may claim discipleship, but if our defi-nition of being a Christian is simply to enjoy the privileges of worship, be gen-erous at no expense to ourselves, have a good, easy time, surrounded by pleas-ant friends and by comfortable things, live respectably and at the same time because it is too much pain to begun and carried on by other disciples—if this is our definition of who had also taken the pledge.

He saw Jasper Chase, who had denied ristianity, surely we are a long way He saw Jasper Chase, who had denied price of coffee. 15c. and 20 m following the steps of him who his Master, growing into a cold, cynical, age. Sold by all grocers.

trod the way with groans and tears and sobe of anguish for a lost humanity; who sweat, as it were, great drops of blood; who cried out on the upreared cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?

"Are we ready to make and live a new discipleship? Are we ready to reconsider our definition of a Christian? What is it to be a Christian? It is to imitate Jesus. It is to do as he would do. It is to walk in his steps.

When Henry Maxwell finished his sermon, he paused and looked at the people with a look they never forgot and at the moment did not understand. Crowded into that fashionable church that day were hundreds of men and women who had for years lived the easy, satisfied life of a nominal Christianity. A great silence fell over the congregation. Through the silence there came to the consciousness of all the souls there present a knowledge, stranger to them now fo years, of a Divine power. Every one xpected the preacher to call for volunteers who would do as Jesus would do, but Henry Maxwell had been led by the Spirit to deliver his message this time and wait for results to come.

He closed the service with a tender prayer that kept the Divine presence lingering very near every hearer, and the people slowly rose to go out.

Then followed a scene that would have been impossible if any mere man had been alone in his striving for re-

Men and women in great numbers growded around the platform to see Henry Maxwell and to bring him the promise of their consecration to the pledge to do as Jesus would do. It was a voluntary, spontaneous movement that broke upon Maxwell's soul with a result be could not measure. But had he not been praying for this very thing? It was an answer that more than met his desires.

There followed this movement a prayer service that in its impressions tion that had no love in it on her part repeated the Raymond experience. In the evening, to Maxwell's intense joy. the Endeavor society, almost to a member, came forward, as so many of the church members had done in the morning, and seriously, solemnly, tenderly, took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. A deep wave of spiritual baptism broke over the meeting near its close that was indescribable in its tender. joyful, sympathetic results.

That was a remarkable day in the history of that church, but even more so in the history of Henry Maxwell. He left the meeting very late. He went to his room at the settlement, where he was still stopping, and after an hour with the bishop and Dr. Bruce, spent in s joyful rehearsal of the wonderful events of the day, he sat down to think over again by himself all the experience he was having as a Christian disciple.

He kneeled to pray, as he always did now, before going to sleep, and it was while he was on his knees this night redeemed and going in turn to others, that he had a waking vision of what conquering their passions by the Divine might be in the world when once the grace a. a proving by their daily sives new discipleship had made its way into the conscience and consciousness of Christendom. He was fully conscious of being awake, but no less certainly did it seem to him that he saw certain results with great distinctness, partly as realities of the future, partly as great in the future. The church of Jesus in longings that they might be realities, the city and throughout the country this waking vision:

He saw himself first going back to the First church in Raymond, living there in a simpler, more self denying fashion than he had yet been willing to observe, because he saw ways in which he could help others who were really dependent on him for help. He also saw more dimly that the time would come when his position as pastor of the church would cause him to suffer more, on account of growing opposition to his interpretation of Jesus and his conduct, but this was vaguely outlined. Through it all he heard the words. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

He saw Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page going on with their work of service at the Rectangle and reaching out day in most of our churches are living | loving hands of helpfulness far beyond the limits of Raymond. Rachel he saw married to Rollin Page, both fully consecrated to the Master's use, both following in his steps with an eagerness intensified and purified by their love for each other, and Rachel's voice sang on in the slums and dark places of despair and sin and drew lost souls back

to God and heaven once more. He saw President Marsh of the col lege using his great learning and his great influence to purify the city, to ennoble its patriotism, to inspire the young men and women who loved as well as admired him to live lives of Christian service, always teaching them that education means great responsibility for the weak and the ignorant. He saw Alexander Powers meeting with sore trials in his family life, with a constant sorrow in the estrangement of wife and friends, but still going his way in all honor, seeing and living in all his strength the Master, whom he had obeyed even unto loss of social dis-

tinction and wealth. He saw Milton Wright, the merchant, meeting with great reverses, thrown upon the future by a combination of circumstances, with vast business interests involved in ruin, through no fault of his own, but coming out of all his reverses with clean Christian honor, steps. to begin and work up to a position where he could again be to hundreds of young men an example of what Jesus would be in business.

He saw Edward Norman, editor of The News, by means of the money given by Virginia, creating a force in journalism that in time came to be recognized as one of the real factors of the injury as well as the adult. All who nation, to mold its principles and actu- try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that ally shape its policy, a daily illustra-tion of the might of a Christian press old the world's great stress of sin and , and the first of a series of such papers

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formal life, writing novels that were social successes, but each one with a sting in it, the reminder of his denial, the bitter remorse that, do what he would, no social success could remove.

He saw Rose Sterling, dependent for some years upon her aunt and Felicia, finally married to a man far older than herself, accepting the burden of a relabecause of her desire to be the wife of a rich man and enjoy the physical luxuries that were all of life to her. Over this life also the vision cast certain dark and awful shadows, but they were not shown to him in detail.

He saw Felicia and Stephen Clyde happily married, living a beautiful life together, enthusiastic, joyful in suffering. pouring out their great, strong, fragrant service into the dull, dark, terrible places of the great city and redeeming souls through the personal touch of their home, dedicated to the human bomesickness all about them.

He saw Dr. Bruce and the bishop going on with the settlement work. He seemed to see the great blazing motto over the door enlarged, "What Would Jesus Do?" and the daily answer to that question was redeeming the city in its greatest need.

He saw Burns and his companion and a great company of men like them grace a. a proving by their daily rives the reality of the new birth, even in the lowest and most abandoned.

And now the vision was troubled. It seemed to him that as he kneeled he began to pray, and the vision was more ment begun in Raymond to spend itself in a few churches like Nazareth Avenue and the one where he had preached today and then die away as a local movement, a stirring on the surface, but not to extend deep and far? He felt with agony after the vision again. He thought he saw the church of Jesus in America open its heart to the moving of the Spirit and rise to the sacrifice of its ease and self satisfaction in the name of Jesus. He thought he saw the motto, "What Would Jesus Do?" inscribed over every church door and written on every church member's heart. The vision vanished. It came back clearer than before, and he saw the Endeavor societies all over the world carrying in their great processions at some mighty convention a banner on which was inscribed, "What Would Jesus Do?" and he thought in the faces of the young men and women he saw future joy of suffering, loss, self denial, martyrdom, and when this part of the vision slowly faded he saw the figure of the Son of God beckoning to him and to all the other actors in his life history. An angel choir somewhere was singing. There was a sound as of many voices and a shout as of a great victory, and the figure of Jesus grew more and more splendid. He stood at the end of a long flight of steps. "Yes! Yes! O my Master, has not the time come for this dawn of the millennium of Christian history? Oh, break upon the Christendom of this age with the light and the truth! Help us to follow thee all the way!"

He rose at last with the awe of one who has looked at heavenly things. He felt the human forces and the human sins of the world as never before, and, with a hope that walks hand in hand with faith and love, Henry Maxwell, disciple of Jesus, laid him down to sleep and dreamed of the regeneration of Christendom and saw in his dream a church of Jesus "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," following him all the way, walking obediently in his

THE END.

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BICYCLES ABROAD.

One Comes Across Persons Awheel In Odd Corners of the Earth.

One comes across bicycles in the oddest corners. Take Persia, the alleged land of gazelle-eyed damsels and limpid streams and rose bowers. There, around the city of Teheran, may be seen Englishmen and English girls having a jaunt, just as you might see them on the Portsmouth road. When the bicycle was first introduced into Persia. the late shah, Nasr-i-Din, while out riding one day, met a traveler on a bicycle. He was immensely amused and insisted on having a race. Then he borrowed the bicycle and had it taken to the palace. He insisted that his ministers of state should ride. It was more than the head of a grand vizier was worth to refuse, so the poor ministers jumped on and fell off, tried again and then came croppers, and altogether were obliged to supply his majesty with half an hour's amusement. The Persian dearly loves this sort of uncomfortable practical joke. Says a writer: "I had an experience

myself at Ispahan, in central Persia. with Zil-i-Sultan, brother of the present shah. I was spending an afternoon at the palace, and the prince, whose inclinations are chiefly military, asked me a lot of questions about the usefulness of bieyeles in warfare. Unfortunately, my knowledge of warfare was a minimum quantity, and I could only speak generalities. In the grounds of the palace I rode up and down, just to give his highness an idea of how easy bicycling was. Then he asked me to ride down a particular path as fast as I could. I didn't see the gleam in his eye as I set off. I was going at a tolerably swift speed, when, to my horror, 1 spied a wall-like drop in front of me. I was off the machine in a trice, and just saved both neck and bicycle from simultaneous breakage. Turning round, I saw the prince bent double, crimsonfaced and nearing apoplexy from laughter. I do really believe he would have enjoyed a smash-up. Since then I have sometimes thought that if only I had broken my skull he might have decorated me with the Order of the Lion and

the Sun. "Burmah is a country you conceive to be chiefly made up of thick jungle and pagodas. Yet there is plenty of cycling in the land of the Lord White Elephant. There is a good little club at Rangoon, and it has runs round the lakes and occasionally up to Pegu, some 60 miles away. I'll always remember my surprise when I reached Mandalay after a sloppy journey along the jungle paths. I was a little eager to see this famous city. Suddenly the rough road changed to a good level macadam; there were cabs rattling to the station, and there was a prettycheeked English girl, in blouse and straw hat, on her bicycle. It seemed stranger ') find a gir. e. i' g aw tu. ... ner of the world! And yet there are many English cyclists in Mandalay."-Chicago Evening News.

WOES OF STENOGRAPHERS.

The Girls Have Difficulty in Finding Substitutes During Vacation Time.

"This is the time of year when our troubles begin and when we have to do some hard thinking in order to lessen them," remarked a young woman stenographer in a large office, where more than a dozen young women who "play" the typewriter and draw "crow tracks" in notebooks are employed. She added:

"It is the hardest thing in the world for us to find substitutes to do our work while we are on a vacation. It isn't because there are not plenty of women who are willing and anxious to relieve us. Why, a two-line 'ad.' in any paper would bring applicants enough to fill each of our places twice over, but-"

"Wouldn't they be likely to prove satisfactory?" inquired a listener.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "if they attended to business. If the 'sub' is up to the mark in skill and looks after her duties, all goes well, but four times out of five such is not the case. We select our substitute and spend a couple of days showing her how things should be done, and then go away with a contented mind. Before the end of the first week we hear all sorts of discouraging reports from the office. The new girl has been sick half of the time and correspondence has had to lie over; or the work has been harder than she expected, and she has asked to be relieved of part of it until she became acquainted with the routine.

"If," continued the young woman, she is punctual and willing to work, it is not unusual to find that her services are of little or no value. She persists in spelling words with one I when two are needed, puts small letters where there should be capitals, and never makes more than one paragraph to the page. Of course this state of things makes it bad for the regular operator indirectly. If, for example, the operator that relieves me for two or bree weeks this summer proves to be s 'plug,' the chances are that next year I shall have to spend half the summer looking for a competent relief or else be deprived of a holiday altogether."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Badly Out of Gear.

Mrs. Novice-I would so love to go with you for a spin, but I just sent my wheel to be repaired. You see the hanger crank got out of order and something got the matter with the racket wheel, so that the chainless ends kept catching on the paddles or what-wer you might call them. Isn't it provoking?—Chicago Chronicle.

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