

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*

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**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

relieve the needs of suffering humanity? How would Jesus be governed in the making of money? Would he take rents 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 swept over the great, boiling abyss; where the demands of trade sacrifice 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 business man knows?"

"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 denying 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 today in most of our churches are living soft, 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 a 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, selfishly, 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 definition of being a Christian is simply to enjoy the privileges of worship, be generous at no expense to ourselves, have a good, easy time, surrounded by pleasant friends and by comfortable things, live respectably and at the same time avoid the world's great stress of sin and trouble because it is too much pain to bear it—if this is our definition of Christianity, surely we are a long way from following the steps of him who trod the way with groans and tears and sobs 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 Christian. A great silence fell over the congregation. Through the silence there came to the consciousness of all the human homeliness all about them. Stranger to them now for years, of a Divine power. Every one expected 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 results.

women in great numbers and the platform to see well and to bring him the their consecration to do as Jesus would do. It itary, spontaneous move- sponse upon Maxwell's soul he could not measure. But been praying for this very as an answer that more desires.

There followed this movement a prayer service that in its impressions repeated the Raymond experience. In the evening, to Maxwell's intense joy, the Endeavor society, almost to a man, 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 a 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 knelt to pray, as he always did now, before going to sleep, and it was while he was on his knees this night that he had a waking vision of what might be in the world when once the 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 longings that they might be realities, and this is what Henry Maxwell saw in 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 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 sums and dark places of despair and sin and drew lost souls back to God and heaven once more.

He saw President Marsh of the college 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 distinction 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, 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 nation, to mold its principles and actually shape its policy, a daily illustration of the might of a Christian press and the first of a series of such papers begun and carried on by other disciples who had also taken the pledge.

He saw Jasper Chase, who had denied his Master, growing into a cold, cynical, 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 relation that had no love in it on her part because 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 homeliness 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 redeemed and going in turn to others, conquering their passions by the Divine grace and proving by their daily lives 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 knelt he began to pray, and the vision was more of a longing for a future than a reality in the future. The church of Jesus in the city and throughout the country—would it follow Jesus? Was the movement 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

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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 sin 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 steps.

THE END.

## CASTORIA

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