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"What Would Jesus Do?"

(Copyrig' at and published in book form by the A ance Publishing Co. of Chicago.]

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Henry Maxwell sat there staring at the great sea of faces all intent on his. and no answer to this man's question sire 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 applauded by the rest of the company. charity at the hands of friends or Finally the bishop called time on the strangers or suicide or starvation? What would Jesus do? It was a fair question for the man to ask. It was the 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 sec-

At length Mr. Maxwell spoke: "Is there any man in the room who is a Christian disciple who has been in this 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 room, and then a man near the front of the hall slowly rose. He was an old Box 358. Oregon City, Oregon. man, and the hand he laid on the back of the bench in front of him trembled *******

"I think I can safely say that I have many times been in just such a condi-E. E. G. SEOL tion and have always tried to be a Christian under all conditions. I don't know that I have always asked this question, 'What would Jesus do?' when I have been out of work, but I do know I have tried to be his disciple at all times. Yes," the man went on, with a sad smile that was more pathetic to the bishop and Mr. Maxwell than the young man's grim despair—"yes, I have beg-ged, and I have been to the charity organizations, and I have done every-General House Painting thing when out of a job, except steal and lie, in order to get food and fuel. I don't know that Jesus would have done some of the things I have been obliged never knowingly done wrong when out to do for a living, but I know I have of work. Sometimes I think maybe he would have starved sooner than beg. I

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," be-

gan Carlsen, while his great, bristling beard shook with the deep, inward anger of the man. "The whole of our system is at fault. What we call civilization is rotten to the core. There is no use trying to hide it or cover it up. We live in an age of trusts and combines and capitalistic greed that means simply death to thousands of innocent men, women and children. I thank 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. Home! Talk of hell! Is there any bigger than the one this man with his three children has on his hands right this minute? And he's only one out of thousands, and yet this city and every other big city in this country has its thousands of professed Christians who A learless exponent of scientific government, as taught by the most artvancture, as taught by the most artvancture their hymns about giving all to Jesus have all the luxuries and comforts and get sample copy free if you mention this paper A. D. HALE, Editor,
Albany, Ore. Say that there aren't some good men and women among them, but let the minister who has speken to us here toand women among them, but let the minister who has spoken to us here tonight go into any one of a dezen aris-tocratic churches I could name and pro-WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation: 806 salary per year, payable weekly; \$\frac{1}{2}\text{ fill per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona 6de, definite salary, no commission; starsy paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. \$\frac{8}{7}\text{ANDARD}\$ pense money advanced each week. \$\frac{8}{7}\text{ANDARD}\$ BOUSE, \$\frac{3}{2}\text{ DEARBORN ST., CHECACS}\$ Can't ever amount to anything. We've can't ever amount to anything. We've got to have a new start in the way of government. The whole thing needs reconstructing. I don't look for any reform worth anything to come out of the churches. They are not with the people. They are with the aristocrats, with the men of money. The trusts and monopolies have their greatest men in the churches. The ministers as a class are their slaves. What we need is a system that shall start from the common basis of socialism founded ... the rights of the common people"-

Carlsen had evidently forgotten all about the three minute rule and was ings, before his usual audience, an hour

at least, when the man just behind him pulled him down unceremoniously and rose. Carlsen was angry at first and threatened a little disturbance, but the bishop reminded him of the rule, and he subsided, with several mutterings in his beard, while the next speaker began with a very strong enlogy on the value of the single tax as a genuine remedy for all the social ills. He was followed by a man who made a bitter attack on the churches and ministers 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 corporseemed, for the time being, to be possi- ations, especially the railroads. The ble. "O God!" his heart prayed. "This minute his time was up a big, brawny is a question that brings up the entire fellow who said he was a metal worker social problem in all its perplexing en- by trade claimed the floor and declared tanglement of human wrongs and its that the remedy for the social wrongs present condition, contrary to every de- 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 Finally the bishop called time on the

"free for all" and asked Rachel to sing. Rachel Winslow had grown into a very strong, healthful, humble Chrisonly question he could ask, supposing tian during that wonderful year in him to be a disciple of Christ, but what Raymond dating from the Sunday a question for any man to be obliged to when she first took the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and her great talent of 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

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

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 the common people because the owner of it would charge \$2 or \$3 for the privilege. The song poured out through the hall as free and glad as if it were a

foretaste of salvation itself. Carlsen, with his great black bearded face, absorbed the music with the deep love of it peculiar to his nationality. and a tear ran over his cheek and glistened in his beard as his face softened and became almost noble in its aspect. The man out of work who had wanted to know what Jesus would do in his place sat with grimy hand on the back of the bench in front of him, with his mouth partly open, his great tragedy for the moment forgotten. The song while it lasted was food and work and warmth and union with his wife and babies once more. The min who had spoken so fiercely against the churches and the ministers sat with his head erect at first, with a look of stolid resistance, as if he stubbornly resented the introduction into the exercises 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 look of sad thoughtfulness crept over his face.

The bishop said to himself that night while Rachel was singing that if the world of sinful, diseased, depraved, lost humanity could only have the gospel preached to it by consecrated prima donnas and professional tenors and altos and bassos he believed it would hasten 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 poor because the personal possessor of voice 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

gift as well as of others?' And Henry Maxwell again, as before, called up that other audience at the a larger spread of the new discipleship. tlement burned into him deeper the belief that the problem of the city would be solved if the Christians in it should once follow Jesus as he gave commandment. 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 lender said 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 a minister stood for less than a saloon or a beer garden as a source of comfort church members were all doing as Jesus much. would do, could it remain true that

that's all. No energy, no vim, no viger, no ambition. The head aches, thoughts are confused, memory fails. Life becomes a round of work but half accomplished, of eating that does not nourish, of sleep that fails to refresh and of resting that never rests. That's the beginning of nervous prostration.

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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 question 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 and poured out his soul in his petition for spiritual baptism on the church in America such as it had never known. He asked it the first thing in the morning and all through the day as he went over the settlement district and saw the life of the people so far removed from DR. FRANCIS FREEMAN the life abundantly. Would the church members, would the Christians, not only in the churches of Chicago, but throughout the country, refuse to walk in 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 E. planned, when he came to the city, to

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 hesitated, but finally ac-

cepted, seeing in it the hand of the Spirit's guiding power. He would test his own question. He would prove the truth or falsity of the charge made against the church at the settlement meeting. How far would it go in its self denial for Jesus' sake? How close would it walk in his steps? Was the church willing to suffer for its Master? Saturday night he spent in prayer nearly the whole night. There had never been so great a wrestling in his soul, even during his strongest experiences in Raymond. He had, in fact, entered upon a new experience. The definition of his own discipleship was receiving M. C. STRICKLAND, M. D. an added test at this time, and he was being led into a larger truth of his

The great church was filled to its ntmost. Henry Maxwell, coming into the pulpit from that all night vigil, felt the pressure of a great curiosity on the part of the people. They had heard of the Rectangle, with increasing longing for Raymond movement, as all the churches had, and the recent action of Dr. Bruce What he had seen and heard at the set- 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 persuasiveness that had all the essentia 3 of true eloquence. This morning the people felt the complete sincerity and humility of a man who had gone deep into the heart of a great truth. After telling briefly of some results in his own church in Raymond since the pledge was 7aken he went on to ask the quesabout the uselessness of looking to the tion 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 being held quiet for awhile by Rachel's in heaven. And, come; follow me. voice, represented thousands of others But the young man was not willing to just like them, to whom a church and suffer to that extent. If following Jesus meant suffering in that way, he was launching himself into a regular crast or happiness. Ought it to be sof If the Jesus, but not if he had to give up so

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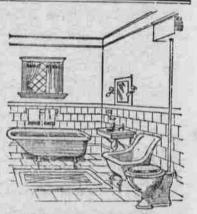
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