

Chapter One

“To this you were called, because Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps.”—1 Peter 2:21 (NIV)

It was Friday morning and the Rev. Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon. He had been interrupted several times and was growing nervous as the morning wore away, and the sermon grew very slowly toward a satisfactory finish.

“Mary,” he called to his wife, as he went upstairs after the last interruption, “if anyone comes after this, I wish you would say I am very busy and cannot come down unless it is something very important.”

“Yes, Henry. But I am going over to visit the kindergarten and you will have the house all to yourself.”

The minister went into his study and shut the door. In a few minutes he heard his wife go out, and then everything was quiet. He settled himself at his desk with a sigh of relief and began to write. His text was from 1 Peter 2:21: “To this you were called,

because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that you should follow in his steps.”

He had emphasized in the first part of the sermon the atonement as a personal sacrifice for each of us, calling attention to the fact of Jesus’ suffering in various ways, in His life as well as in His death. He then went on to emphasize the atonement by the use of examples, giving illustrations from the life and teachings of Jesus to show how faith in Christ helped to save us because of the pattern of character traits He displayed for us to imitate. He was now on the third and last point, the necessity of following Jesus in His sacrifice by His death and example by His life.

He had put down “Three Steps. What are they?” and was about to enumerate them in logical order when the doorbell rang sharply. It was one of those clock-work bells and always went off as a clock might go off if it tried to strike twelve all at once.

Henry Maxwell sat at his desk and frowned a little. He made no movement to answer the bell. Very soon it rang again; then he rose and walked over to one of his windows which commanded the view of the front door. A man was standing on the steps. He was a young man, very shabbily dressed.

“He looks like a tramp,” said the minister. “I suppose I’ll have to go down and—”

He did not finish his sentence, but went downstairs and opened the front door. There was a moment’s pause as the two men stood facing each other, then the shabby-looking young man said:

“I’m out of a job, sir, and thought maybe you might help me in the way of getting some employment.”

“I don’t know of anything. Jobs are scarce,” replied the minister, beginning to shut the door slowly.

“I thought you might perhaps be able to give me a contact in the city railway or the superintendent of the shops, or someplace else,” continued the young man, nervously shifting his faded hat from one hand to the other.

“It would be of no use. You will have to excuse me. I am very busy this morning. I hope you will find somewhere to work. Sorry I can’t give you something to do here. But I keep only a horse and a cow and do the work myself.”

The Rev. Henry Maxwell closed the door and heard the man walk down the steps. As he went up into his study, he saw from his hall window that the man was going slowly down the street, still holding his hat between his hands. There was something in the figure so dejected, homeless, and forsaken that the minister hesitated a moment as he stood looking at him. Then he turned to his desk and with a sigh began to write where he had left off.

He had no more interruptions, and when his wife came in two hours later the sermon was finished, the loose pages gathered up, neatly tied together, and laid on his Bible all ready for the Sunday morning service.

“A strange thing happened at the kindergarten this morning, Henry,” said his wife while they were eating dinner. “You know I went over with Mrs. Brown to visit the school, and just after the games, while the children were at the tables, the door opened and a young man came in holding a dirty hat in both hands. He sat down near the door and never said a word; he only looked at the children. He was evidently a tramp, and Miss Wren and her assistant Miss Kyle were a little frightened at first, but he sat there very quietly and after a few minutes he went out.”

“Perhaps he was tired and wanted to rest somewhere. The same man called here, I think. Did he look like a tramp?”

“Yes, very dusty, shabby, and downtrodden. Not more than thirty to thirty-three years old, I should say.”

“The same man,” said the Rev. Henry Maxwell thoughtfully.

“Did you finish your sermon, Henry?” his wife asked after a pause.

“Yes, all done. It has been a very busy week with me. The two sermons have turned out to be a lot of work.”

“They will be appreciated by a large audience Sunday, I hope,” replied his wife, smiling. “What are you going to preach about in the morning?”

“Following Christ. I take up the atonement as a way of example and sacrifice, and then show the steps needed to follow His example and sacrifice as found in His life and death.”

“I am sure it will be a good sermon. I hope it won’t rain Sunday. We have had so many stormy Sundays lately.”

“Yes, the audiences have been quite small for some time. Some people will not come out to church in a storm.” The Rev. Henry Maxwell sighed as he said it. He was thinking of the careful, laborious effort he had made in preparing sermons for large audiences that failed to appear.

But Sunday morning dawned on the town of Raymond one of the perfect days that sometimes comes after long periods of wind and mud and rain. The air was clear and bracing, the sky was free from all threatening signs, and most everyone in Mr. Maxwell’s parish prepared to go to church. When the service opened at eleven o’clock, the large building was filled with an audience of the best-dressed, most well-to-do looking people of Raymond.

The First Church of Raymond believed in having the best music that money could buy, and its quartet choir this morning was a source of great pleasure to the congregation. The anthem

was inspiring. All the music was in keeping with the subject of the sermon. And the anthem was an elaborate adaptation to the most modern music of the hymn, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee."

Just before the sermon, the soprano sang a solo, the well-known hymn, "Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way."

Rachel Winslow looked very beautiful that morning as she stood up behind the screen of carved oak, which was significantly marked with the emblems of the cross and the crown. Her voice was even more beautiful than her face, and that was saying a great deal. There was a general rustle of expectation from the audience as she rose. Mr. Maxwell settled himself contentedly behind the pulpit. Rachel Winslow's singing always assisted his sermon. He generally arranged for a song before the sermon. It made possible a certain inspiration and mood that made his delivery more impressive.

People said to each other they had never heard such singing even in the First Church. It is certain that if it had not been a church service, her solo would have been vigorously applauded. It even seemed to the minister when she sat down that something like an attempted clapping of hands swept through the church. He was a bit startled by it. As he rose, however, and laid his sermon on the Bible, he said to himself he had only imagined it. Of course it would not occur. In a few moments he was absorbed in his sermon and everything else was forgotten in the smoothness of his delivery.

No one had ever accused Henry Maxwell of being a dull preacher. On the contrary, he had often been charged with being sensational—not in what he had said so much as in his way of

saying it. But the First Church people liked that. It gave their preacher and their parish a pleasant distinction that was noticeable.

It was also true that the pastor of the First Church loved to preach. He seldom exchanged pulpits. He was eager to be in his own pulpit when Sunday came. There was an exhilarating half hour waiting for him as he faced a church full of attentive people and knew that he had a hearing. He was peculiarly sensitive to variations in attendance. He never preached well before a small audience. The weather also decidedly affected him. He was at his best before just such an audience as faced him now, on just such a morning. He felt a glow of satisfaction as he preached on. The church was premier in the city. It had the best choir. It had a membership composed of the leading influential people, representatives of the wealth, society, and intelligence of Raymond. He was going abroad on a three-month vacation in the summer, and the circumstances of his pastorate, his influence, and his position as pastor of the First Church in the city were unchallenged.

It is not certain that the Rev. Henry Maxwell knew just how he could quietly display these feelings in connection with his sermon, but as he drew near the end of it, he knew that at some point in his delivery he had conveyed all of them. They had entered into the very substance of his content; it might have been all in a few seconds of time, but he had been conscious of defining his position, and his delivery partook of the thrill of deep, personal self-gratification.

The sermon was quite interesting. It was full of striking sentences. They would have commanded attention if printed. Spoken with the passion of dramatic utterance that had the good taste never to offend his listeners with a suspicion of ranting or

judgment, they were very effective. If the Rev. Henry Maxwell that morning felt satisfied with the conditions of his pastorate, the First Church also had a similar feeling as it congratulated itself on the presence in the pulpit of this scholarly, refined, somewhat striking face and figure, preaching with such animation and yet free of all vulgar, trite, or uncomfortable mannerisms.

Suddenly, into the midst of this perfect concord between preacher and audience, there came a very remarkable interruption. It would be difficult to indicate the extent of the shock which this interruption caused. It was so unexpected, so entirely contrary to any inkling of any person present, that it offered no room for consideration or, for the time being, resistance.

The sermon had come to a close. Mr. Maxwell had just turned the half of the big Bible over upon his manuscript and was about to sit down as the quartet prepared to arise to sing the closing selection, "All for Jesus, all for Jesus, All my being's ransomed powers," when the entire congregation was startled by the sound of a man's voice. It came from the rear of the church, from one of the seats under the gallery. The next moment this man came out of the shadows and walked down the middle aisle.

Before the startled congregation barely realized what was going on, the man had reached the open space in front of the pulpit and had turned around facing the people.

"I've been wondering since I came in here"—they were the words he used under the gallery, and he repeated them—"if it would be the right thing to say a word at the close of the service. I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy, and I am perfectly harmless, but if I die, as there is every likelihood I shall in a few days, I want the satisfaction of thinking that I had my say in a place like this, and before this sort of a crowd."

Henry Maxwell had not taken his seat, and he now remained standing, leaning on his pulpit, looking down at the stranger. It was the man who had come to his house the Friday before, the same dusty, worn, shabby-looking young man. He held his faded hat in his two hands. It seemed to be a favorite gesture. He had not been shaved and his hair was rough and tangled. It is doubtful if anyone like this had ever confronted the First Church within the sanctuary. It was a tolerably familiar scene with this sort of humanity out on the street, around the railroad shops, but no one had ever dreamed of such an incident in the sanctuary here.

There was nothing offensive in the man's manner or tone. He was not excited and he spoke in a low but distinct voice. Mr. Maxwell was conscious, even as he stood there smitten into dumb astonishment at this spectacle, that somehow the man's action reminded him of a person he had once seen walking and talking in his own sleep.

No one in the church made any motion to stop the stranger or in any way interrupt him. Perhaps the first shock of his sudden appearance deepened into a genuine perplexity concerning what was best to do. However that may be, he went on as if he had no thought of interruption and no thought of the unusual element which he had introduced into the decorum of the First Church service. And all the while he was speaking, the minister leaned over the pulpit, his face turning white and sad. But he made no movement to stop him, and the people sat spellbound into breathless silence. One other pale face, that of Rachel Winslow from the choir, stared intently down at the shabby figure with the faded hat. Her face was striking at any time. Under the pressure of the present, unheard-of incident, it was as personally distinct as if it had been framed in fire.

“I’m not an ordinary tramp, though I don’t know of any teaching of Jesus that makes one kind of a tramp less worth saving than another. Do you?” He put the question as naturally as if the whole congregation had been a small Bible class. He paused just a moment and coughed painfully. Then he went on.

“I lost my job ten months ago. I am a printer by trade. The new linotype machines are beautiful specimens of invention, but I know six men who have killed themselves within the year just on account of those machines. Of course, I don’t blame the newspapers for getting the machines. Meanwhile, what can a man do? I know I never learned but one trade, and that’s all I can do. I’ve walked all over the country trying to find something. There are a good many others like me. I’m not complaining, am I? Just stating facts. But I was wondering, as I sat there under the gallery, if what you call following Jesus is the same thing as what He taught. What did He mean when He said, ‘Follow Me!’? The minister said”—here he turned about and looked up at the pulpit—“that it is necessary for the disciple of Jesus to follow in His steps, and he said the steps are ‘obedience, faith, love, and imitation.’ But I did not hear him tell you just what he defined that to mean, especially the last step. What do you Christians mean by following in the steps of Jesus?”

“I’ve wandered through this city for three days trying to find a job, and in all that time I’ve not had a word of sympathy or comfort except from your minister here, who said he was sorry for me and hoped I would find a job somewhere. I suppose it is because you get so imposed upon by the professional tramp that you have lost your interest in any other sort. I’m not blaming anybody, am I? Just stating facts. Of course, I understand you

can't all go out of your way to hunt up jobs for other people like me. I'm not asking you to.

“But what I feel puzzled about is, what is meant by following Jesus? What do you mean when you sing, ‘I’ll go with Him, with Him, all the way?’ Do you mean that you are suffering and denying yourselves and trying to save lost souls, suffering humanity, just as I understand Jesus did? What do you mean by it? I see the ragged edge of things a good deal. I understand there are more than five hundred men in this city in my case. Most of them have families. My wife died four months ago. I’m glad she is out of trouble. My little girl is staying with a printer’s family until I find a job. Somehow I get puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury and singing, ‘Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee,’ and remember how my wife died in a tenement in New York City, gasping for air and asking God to take our little girl, too. Of course I don’t expect you people to prevent everyone from dying of starvation, lack of proper nourishment, and foul tenement air, but what does following Jesus mean? I understand that Christian people own a good number of the tenements. A member of a church was the owner of the one where my wife died, and I have wondered if following Jesus all the way was true in his case. I heard some people singing at a church prayer meeting the other night,

‘All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being’s ransomed powers,
All my thoughts, and all my doings,
All my days, and all my hours.’

and I kept wondering as I sat on the steps outside just what they meant by it.

“It seems to me there’s an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn’t exist if all the people who sing such songs went and put the principles in practice. I suppose I don’t understand. But what would Jesus do? Is that what you mean by following in His steps? It seems to me sometimes as if the people in the big churches had fine clothes and nice houses to live in, and money to spend for luxuries, and could go away on summer vacations and all that, while the people outside the churches, thousands of them, I mean, die in shabby tenements and walk the streets for jobs, and never have a piano or a picture in the house, and grow up in misery and drunkenness and sin.”

The man suddenly gave an awkward lurch in the direction of the communion table and laid one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon the carpet at his feet. A stir went through the congregation. Dr. West half rose from his pew, but as yet the silence was unbroken by any voice or movement in the audience worth mentioning. The man passed his other hand across his eyes, and then, without any warning, fell heavily forward on his face, at full length up the aisle.

Henry Maxwell spoke: “We will consider the service closed.”

Chapter Two

Henry Maxwell and a group of his church members remained for some time in the study. The man lay on the couch there and breathed heavily. When the question of what to do with him came up, the minister insisted on taking the man to his own house; he lived nearby and had an extra room.

Rachel Winslow said, "Mother has no company at present. I am sure we would be glad to offer him a place with us." She looked strongly agitated. No one noticed it particularly. They were all excited over the strange event, the strangest that First Church people could remember.

But the minister insisted on taking charge of the man, and when a carriage came, the unconscious but living body was carried to his house; and with the entrance of that broken person into the minister's spare room, a new chapter in Henry Maxwell's life began, and yet no one, himself least of all, dreamed of the remarkable change it was destined to make in his definition of Christian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation in the First Church parish. People talked of nothing else for a week. It was the general impression that the man had wandered into the church in a condition of mental disturbance caused by his troubles, and that all the time he was talking he was in a strange, feverish delirium and ignorant of his surroundings. That was the most charitable construction of his words and actions. It was the general agreement also that there was a marked absence of any bitterness or complaining in his speech. He had spoken throughout in a mild, apologetic tone, almost as if he were one of the congregation seeking light on a very difficult subject.

The third day after his removal to the minister's house, there was a marked change in his condition. The doctor recognized it but offered little hope. Saturday morning he still lingered, although he had rapidly failed as the week drew near its close. Sunday morning, just before the clock struck one, he rallied and asked if his child had come. The minister had sent for her at once, as soon as he had been able to secure her address from some letters found in the man's pocket. He had been conscious and able to talk coherently for only a few moments since his attack.

"The child is coming. She will be here," Mr. Maxwell said as he sat there, his face showing marks of the strain of the week's vigil; for he had insisted on sitting up nearly every night with his visitor.

"I shall never see her in this world," the man whispered. Then he uttered with great difficulty the words, "You have been good to me. Somehow I feel as if it was what Jesus would do."

After a few minutes, he turned his head slightly, and before Mr. Maxwell could recognize it, the doctor said quietly, "He is gone."

The Sunday morning that dawned on the city of Raymond was very similar to the Sunday of a week before. Mr. Maxwell entered his pulpit to face one of the largest congregations that had ever crowded the First Church. He was haggard and looked as if he had just risen from a long illness. His wife was at home with the little girl, who had come on the morning train an hour after her father had died. He lay in that spare room, his earthly troubles over, and the minister could see the face as he opened his Bible and arranged his different notices on the side of the desk, as he had been in the habit of doing for ten years.

The service that morning contained a new twist. No one could remember when Henry Maxwell had preached in the morning without notes. He had done so occasionally when he first entered the ministry, but for a long time he had carefully written every word of his morning sermons, and nearly always his evening discourses as well. It cannot be said that his sermon this morning was striking or impressive. He talked with considerable hesitation. It was evident that some great idea struggled to emerge, but it was not expressed in the theme he had chosen for his preaching that morning. It was near the close of his sermon that he began to gather a certain strength that had been painfully lacking at the beginning.

He closed the Bible and, stepping out at the side of the desk, faced his people and began to talk to them about the remarkable scene of the previous week.

“Our brother”—somehow the words sounded a little strange coming from his lips—“passed away this morning. I have not yet had time to learn all his history. He had one sister living in Chicago. I have written to her and have not yet received an answer. His little girl is with us and will remain for the time.”

He paused and looked over the audience. He thought he had never seen so many earnest faces during his entire pastorate. He was not able yet to tell his people his experiences, the crisis through which he was even now moving. But some of these feelings passed on to them, and it did not seem like a careless impulse to share with them this morning something of the message he bore in his heart.

So he went on: "The appearance and words of this stranger in the church last Sunday made a very powerful impression on me. I will not try to conceal from you what he said, followed as it has been by his death in my house. It has compelled me to ask as I never asked before, 'What does following Jesus mean?' I am not in a position yet to utter any condemnation of anyone here, or, to a certain extent, of myself, either in our Christlike relations to this man or the full extent of those he represents in the world. But all that does not prevent me from feeling that what the man said was so vitally true, and that we must attempt to answer this clarion call or else stand condemned as Christian disciples. A good deal that was said here last Sunday was in the nature of a challenge to Christianity as it is seen and felt in our churches. I have felt this to be true with increasing emphasis every day since then.

"And I do not know that any time is more appropriate than the present for me to propose a plan, or a purpose, which has been forming in my mind as a satisfactory reply to much that was said here last Sunday."

Again Henry Maxwell paused and looked into the faces of his people. There were some strong, earnest men and women in the First Church.

He could see Edward Norman, editor of *The Raymond Daily News*. He had been a member of the First Church for ten years. No man was more honored in the community.

There was Alexander Powers, superintendent of the great railroad shops in Raymond, a typical railroad man, one who had been born into the business.

There sat Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln College, situated in the suburbs of Raymond.

There was Milton Wright, one of the great merchants of Raymond, having in his employment at least one hundred workers in various shops.

There was Dr. West who, although still comparatively young, was quoted as an authority in special surgical cases.

There was young Jasper Chase, the author, who had written one successful book and was said to be at work on a new novel.

There was Miss Virginia Page, the heiress, who through the recent death of her father had inherited a million dollars at least, and was gifted with unusual attractions of personality and intellect.

And not least of all, Rachel Winslow, with her peculiar beauty, glowed from her seat in the choir this morning because she was so intensely interested in the whole scene.

There was some reason, perhaps, in view of such resources in the First Church, for Henry Maxwell's feeling of satisfaction whenever he considered his parish as he had the previous Sunday. There was an unusually large number of strong, individual characters who claimed membership in the church. But as he noted their faces this morning, he wondered how many of them would respond to the strange proposition he was about to make. He continued slowly, taking time to choose his words carefully,

and giving the people an impression they had never felt before, even when he was at his best with his most dramatic delivery.

“What I am going to propose now is something which should not appear strange or at all impossible to execute. Yet I am aware that it will be so regarded by a large number, perhaps, of the members of this church. But in order that we may have a thorough understanding of what we are considering, I will put my proposition plainly, perhaps even bluntly. I want volunteers from the First Church who will pledge themselves, earnestly and honestly, not to do anything for an entire year without first asking the question, ‘What would Jesus do?’ And after asking that question, each one will follow Jesus as exactly as he best knows how, no matter what the result may be. I will of course include myself in this company of volunteers, and shall take for granted that my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct, as based upon this standard of action, and will not oppose whatever is done if they think Christ would do it. Have I made my meaning clear? At the close of the service, I want all those members who are willing to join such a company to remain and we will talk over the details of the plan. Our motto will be, ‘What would Jesus do?’ Our aim will be to act just as He would if He were in our places, regardless of immediate results. In other words, we propose to follow Jesus’ steps as closely and as literally as we believe He taught His disciples to do. And those who volunteer to do this will pledge themselves for an entire year, beginning with today, so to act.”

Henry Maxwell paused again and looked out over his people. It is not easy to describe the sensation that such a simple proposition apparently made. Men glanced at one another in astonishment. It was not like Henry Maxwell to define Christian discipleship in this

way. There were different perspectives regarding his proposition. It was understood well enough, but there was, apparently, a great difference of opinion as to the application of Jesus' teaching and example.

He calmly closed the service with a brief prayer. The organist began his postlude immediately after the benediction and the people began to go out. Animated groups stood all around the church discussing the minister's proposition. It was evidently provoking great discussion. After several minutes, he asked all who expected to remain to walk into the lecture room which joined the large room on the side. He was himself detained at the front of the church talking with several persons there, and when he finally turned around, the church was empty. He walked over to the lecture room entrance and went in. He was startled to see the number of people who were there. He had not really thought about any of his specific members, but he had hardly expected that so many were ready to enter into such a literal testing of their Christian discipleship. There were perhaps fifty present, among them Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page, Mr. Norman, President Marsh, Alexander Powers, Milton Wright, Dr. West, and Jasper Chase.

He closed the door of the lecture room and stood before the little group. His face was pale and he trembled with genuine emotion. It was to him a true crisis in his own life and that of his parish. No one can tell until he is moved by the divine Spirit what he may do, or how he may change the current of a lifetime of fixed habits of thought and speech and behavior. Henry Maxwell did not yet know himself all that he was going through, but he was conscious of a great upheaval in his definition of Christian discipleship, and he was moved with a depth of feeling he could

not quantify as he looked into the faces of those men and women on this occasion.

It seemed to him that the most fitting word to be spoken first was that of prayer. He asked them all to pray with him. And almost with the first syllable he uttered, there was a distinct presence of the Spirit felt by them all. As the prayer went on, this presence grew in power. They all felt it. The room was filled with it as plainly as if it had been visible. When the prayer closed, there was a silence that lasted several moments. All heads were bowed. Henry Maxwell's face was wet with tears. If an audible voice from heaven had sanctioned their pledge to follow the Master's steps, not one person present could have felt more certain of the divine blessing. And so the most serious movement ever started in the First Church of Raymond was begun.

"We all understand," he said, speaking very quietly, "what we have undertaken to do. We pledge ourselves to do everything in our daily lives in accordance with the question, 'What would Jesus do?' regardless of the consequences to us. I believe I will be able to tell you what a marvelous change has come over my life within a week's time. I cannot now. But the experience I have been through since last Sunday has left me so dissatisfied with my previous definition of Christian discipleship that I have been compelled to take this radical step. I did not dare begin it alone. I know that I am being led by the hand of divine love in all this. The same divine impulse must lead you also. Do we understand fully what we have undertaken?"

"I want to ask a question," said Rachel Winslow. Everyone turned toward her. Her face glowed with a beauty that no mere physical loveliness could ever create. "I am in doubt as to the source of our knowledge concerning what Jesus would do. Who is

to decide for me just what He would do in my case? It is a different age. There are many perplexing questions in our civilization that are not mentioned in the teachings of Jesus. How am I going to comprehend what He would do?"

"There is no way that I know of," replied the pastor, "except as we study Jesus through the medium of the Holy Spirit. You remember what Christ said speaking to His disciples about the Holy Spirit:

'Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth: for he shall not speak from himself; but whatsoever things he shall hear, these shall he speak: and he shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you. All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he taketh of mine, and shall declare it unto you.'

There is no other test that I know of. We shall all have to decide what Jesus would do after going to that source of knowledge."

"What if others say of us, when we do certain things, that Jesus would not do so?" asked the superintendent of railroads.

"We cannot prevent that. But we must be absolutely honest with ourselves. The standard of Christian action cannot deviate much in most of our deeds."

"And yet what one church member thinks Jesus would do, another refuses to accept as His probable course of action. What is to define our conduct as uniformly Christlike? Will it be possible to reach the same conclusions always in all cases?" asked President Marsh.

Mr. Maxwell was silent some time. Then he answered, "No, I don't know that we can expect that. But when it comes to a genuine, honest, enlightened following of Jesus' steps, I don't believe there will be any confusion either in our own minds or in the judgment of others. We must be free from fanaticism on one hand and too much caution on the other. If Jesus' example is the rule for the world to follow, it certainly must be possible to follow it. But we need to remember this way of moving forward. After we have asked the Spirit to tell us what Jesus would do, and have received an answer to it, we are to act regardless of the consequences to ourselves. Is that understood?"

All the faces in the room were raised toward the minister in solemn agreement. There was no misunderstanding his proposition. Henry Maxwell's face quivered again as he noted the president of the Endeavor Society with several members seated behind the older men and women.