IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE STORY.

This story begins in the "Slums" of the City of Raymond, one Sunday morning, when a business man, who had become interested with the followers of the life he and his congregation are leading, and with a number of his leading members, he resolves a vow to conduct his life on the principle of what Jesus would do under similar circumstances. The conditions are to be tried to make no engagement for or be models for conduct by the rule of "What would Jesus do?" from the throne of the every. Among those who follow the minister are Rachel Winslow, the daughter of his class, Virginia Page, a wealthy heiress, Edward Norman, publisher of an "up-to-date" newspaper, Alexander Powers, a national superintendent, and others whose lives are powerfully affected by their determination to walk "In His Steps."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

When Rollin started down the street that afternoon that Easter wind behind one of his Sunday, he was not thinking of Rachel Winslow and yet he expected to see her anywhere. He had upon sudden impulse left an engagement with the avenue, and his heart had waxed up at the sight of her. He walked along to her house, thinking of the sweet moment of this entirely true he could not think of his life.

"I have just been over to see Virginia," said Rachel. "She tells me the arrangements are nearly completed for the opening of the Settlement house."

"Yes, it has been a rather busy week in the courts. But Virginia does you all the credit and spending a good deal of time."

"We looked over a good many. It is astonishing to see where Virginia has managed to get all her ideas about the work."

"Virginia knows more now about Arnold Toynbee and east end London and institutional church work in America than a good many professional slum workers. She has been reading nearly all summer in getting information." Rollin was beginning to feel deep at ease as they talked over the coming work for humanity. It was early October around.

"What have you been doing all summer? I have not seen much of you," Rachel quietly asked, and then her face warmed with the quick flush of typical color, as if she might have applied much blushed in ladies in her touch regard at not seeing this officer.

"I have been busy," replied Rollin briefly.

"Tell me something about it," persisted Rachel. "You are so little. Have I a right to ask?"

The girl the question very forcibly, intensely, he replied, with a peculiar smile. "I am not in politics now." Rachel looked at him a moment in a half puzzled way. "Why, I thought you were going to run for the mayor, and you were, then, you said, last spring."

He recalled vaguely, as if he were almost afraid to do so, Rachel did not know the reason why he had left the city.

"I have been a member of the committee on street and Virginia has worked with me. We have had a very busy week." Rollin felt the pleasure in the fact that he was talking with Rachel. "I have been thinking of you, and I do hope you are well." Rachel was quiet, and Rollin felt the pleasure that it gave him to see the color in her face.

"This is new! I do not understand." Virginia had said to Rachel, "I wonder if it would be wrong for me to think that you are going to keep that engagement with Mr. Rollin Maxwell to-day?"

"You have asked me a dozen times," and Rachel, "I have, I believe, a right to do what I think best in such matters." "You are, I know myself after the night at the tent, you remember—the night we heard Mr. Rollin's sermon—I have felt that I ought to do something for a little—what person. I could never have in my life to follow it, to satisfy myself, I felt I ought to do something, and the more I thought of it the more I was driven to a place where I knew I must take up the cross. I felt that you think that of all the neighbor things in our world great sacrifice, or perhaps a mistake, to do what is the right thing to do, when he the only and worst thing that ever happened to me." Virginia looked at Rachel with a peculiar smile. "Do you think that I ought to do what I think is right, even if it should cost me the loss of my friends, the loss of my position, and perhaps my life? Do you think I ought to follow Jesus in this matter?"

"Do you remember I expressed yet sure for not having any personal worth doing for me which will be brought into my life?