

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would
Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Copyrighted and published in book form by the
Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

This story began in the "News" of Oct. 7.—The Rev. Henry Maxwell, minister of a fashionable congregation, suddenly becomes impressed with the holiness of the life he and his people are leading, and with a number of his leading members, he makes a vow to conduct his life on the principle of what Jesus would do under similar circumstances. The sacrifice each is compelled to make to regulate his or her modern day existence to the rule of "What would Jesus do?" forms the theme of the story. Among those who follow the minister are Rachel Winslow, the soprano of his choir, Virginia Page, a wealthy heiress, Edward Norman, publisher of an "up-to-date" newspaper, Alexander Powers, a railroad superintendent, and others whose lives are powerfully affected by their determination to walk "In His Steps."

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

Righteousness shall go before him and shall set in the way of his steps.

The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the job."

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming toward them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want!"

The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it, and his companion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the footsteps passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No, don't break it!" the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon!"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up!"

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood vigorously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other. "We're on the road to hell, though; that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help—" The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes, I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood.

"Keep it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after you had prayed and asked me to come in and sit with the rest?"

That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rung your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck 1. The man had put on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the other.

"More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late."

"No," said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for Thee. I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want, but He wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to Him. And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said, and he yearned over the men with an unspoken longing for them both. "If you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you, but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of Him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life. Come! Be men! Make another

try for it, God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the man's pain. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that smote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation

now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, drunken men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The bishop rose.

"Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement, it was after 3 o'clock. The bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illuminated with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the settlement.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began His marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a beer sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened, and a man came out. At the same time another man went in. A third man floated up to Burns.

He stood on the steps of the settlement, clutching his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step just below. He took another step down, still sweeping. The sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on the sidewalk just below him, and the odor of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of the farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God," he cried, "if the bishop would only come back!" The bishop had gone out with Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was no one about the settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to go down them. He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the settlement; and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid, and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his

lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him furtively. The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the bishop stepped out into the cold air, and he took another step toward the door. As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was attacking him away from his room. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then stood the door and put his back against it. Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, passing with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that they arose, and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a hubble-bubble, and the bishop went his way, older, freer, that experience, bearing on his face the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he means to walk in his steps.

But the saloon! It stood there and all the other lined the street line so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff! The bishop was on the porch, the air of the whole city seemed to be impregnated with the odor of beer. "How long, O God, how long?"

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the bishop asked.

"No; I haven't taken time for it. I will now if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the pyramids or politics. What power can ever move it?"

"God will do it in time, as He removed slavery," replied the bishop gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce. Two days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to see him a few moments. He was readily received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted.

"I called to see you about that property next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton says that it is right to rent that property for a saloon."

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous. The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there, a picture of business activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I had

said, and, leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the settlement.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began His marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a beer sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened, and a man came out. At the same time another man went in. A third man floated up to Burns.

He stood on the steps of the settlement, clutching his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step just below. He took another step down, still sweeping. The sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on the sidewalk just below him, and the odor of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of the farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God," he cried, "if the bishop would only come back!" The bishop had gone out with Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was no one about the settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to go down them. He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the settlement; and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid, and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his

lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him furtively. The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the bishop stepped out into the cold air, and he took another step toward the door. As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was attacking him away from his room. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then stood the door and put his back against it. Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, passing with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that they arose, and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a hubble-bubble, and the bishop went his way, older, freer, that experience, bearing on his face the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he means to walk in his steps.

But the saloon! It stood there and all the other lined the street line so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff! The bishop was on the porch, the air of the whole city seemed to be impregnated with the odor of beer. "How long, O God, how long?"

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the bishop asked.

"No; I haven't taken time for it. I will now if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the pyramids or politics. What power can ever move it?"

"God will do it in time, as He removed slavery," replied the bishop gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce. Two days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to see him a few moments. He was readily received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted.

"I called to see you about that property next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton says that it is right to rent that property for a saloon."

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous. The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there, a picture of business activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I had

MRS. GARRET A. HOBART.



The attention of our readers is directed to the artistic qualities of the above half-tone illustration due to the improved stereotype half-tone process controlled exclusively in this city by this newspaper.

Here is an exceptionally good photograph of Mrs. Hobart, who is now wearing widow's weeds for her lamented husband. After the wretched pen-and-ink portraits of Mrs. Hobart that have appeared in the periodicals of this city recently this fine half-tone is positively an artistic treat. Mrs. Hobart was of the greatest service to the administration during the time of her husband's life in Washington, relieving the mistress of the White House from the duties that the ill health of the latter incapacitated her from performing. Who will take up the work of entertaining for the White House? This is the question that faces social circles in Washington.

ZION'S SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.

Nos. 1, 3 and 5 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PAYS 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON ONE DOLLAR OR THOUSANDS.

During the last six years the growth of the deposits in this Bank has been most satisfactory; having increased from \$800,000 to over \$2,100,000. The growth in number of depositors is shown by the following table, arranged in periods of 5 years each:

	Accounts Opened.	Total Number of Depositors.
In 1878	899	899
In 1883	1736	2,635
In 1888	2797	5,432
In 1893	7650	13,082
In 1899	10,497 (in 6 years)	23,579



Officers and Directors.

LORENZO SNOW,	President.
GEO. Q. CANNON,	Vice-President.
GEORGE M. CANNON,	Cashier.
JOSÉPH F. SMITH	HEBER J. GRANT
T. G. WEBBER	FRANCIS M. LYMAN
JAMES JACK	GEORGE REYNOLDS
ANGUS M. CANNON	L. JOHN NUTTALL
JOHN T. CAINE	ANTHON H. LUND.

Many of our depositors began with small amounts, and have gradually increased their accounts until some now reach thousands of dollars. We encourage such deposits. The success of a man depends more on what he saves than on what he makes. Have you saved anything? Open an account and add to it from time to time what spare money you have. Interest is compounded four times a year, and if not drawn is added to the principal and bears interest the same as original deposits.

WRITE OR CALL FOR ANY INFORMATION DESIRED.

NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.