

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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"Yes. Let me state my reasons. Probably they are the same as yours. In fact, I am sure they are." The bishop paused a moment, then went on with increasing feeling:

"Calvin, you know how many years I have been doing the work of my position, and you know something of the responsibility and the care of it. I do not mean to say that my life has been free from burden bearing or sorrow, but I have certainly led what the poor and desperate of this sinful city would call a very comfortable—yes, a very luxurious—life. I have a beautiful house to live in, the most expensive food, clothing and physical pleasures. I have been able to go abroad at least a dozen times and have enjoyed for years the beautiful companionship of art and letters and music and all the rest of the very best. I have never known what it meant to be without money or its equivalent, and I have been unable to silence the question of late, 'What have I suffered for the sake of Christ?' Paul was told what great things he must suffer for the sake of his Lord. Maxwell's position at Raymond is well taken when he insists that to walk in the steps of Christ means to suffer. Where has my suffering come in? The petty trials and annoyances of my clerical life are not worth mentioning as sorrows or suffering. Compared with Paul or any of the Christian martyrs or early disciples, I have lived a luxurious, sinful life, full of ease and pleasure. I cannot endure this any longer. I have that within me which late rises in overwhelming condemnation of such a following of Jesus. I have not been walking in his steps. Under the present system of church and social life I see no escape from this condemnation except to give the rest of my life personally to the actual physical and soul needs of the wretched people in the worst part of this city."

The bishop had risen now and walked over to the window. The street in front of the house was as light as day, and he looked out at the crowds passing, then turned, and, with a passionate utterance that showed how deep the volcanic fire in him burned, he exclaimed:

"Calvin, this is a terrible city in which we live. Its misery, its sin, its selfishness, appall my heart, and I have struggled for years with the sickening dread of the time when I should be forced to leave the pleasant luxury of my official position to put my life into contact with the modern paganism of this century. The awful condition of the girls in the great department stores, the brutal selfishness of the insolent society, fashion and wealth that ignores all the sorrows of the city, the fearful curse of the drink and gambling hell, the wail of the unemployed, the hatred of the church by countless men who see in the church only great piles of costly stone and upholstered furniture and the minister as a luxurious idler, all the vast tumult of this vast torrent of humanity with its false and its true ideas, its exaggeration of evils in the church and its bitterness and shame that are the result of many complex causes—all this as a total fact, in its contrast with the easy, comfortable life I have lived, fills me more and more with a sense of mingled terror and self accusation. I have heard the words of Jesus many times lately. 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, my brethren, ye did it not to me.' And when have I personally visited the prisoner or the desperate or the sinful in any way that has actually caused me suffering? Rather I have followed the conventional, soft habits of my position and have lived in the society of the rich, refined, aristocratic members of my congregations. Where has the suffering come in? What have I suffered for Jesus' sake? Do you know, Calvin?—the bishop turned abruptly toward his friend—"I have been tempted of late to lash myself with a scourge. If I had lived in Martin Luther's time, I would have bared my back to a self inflicted torture."

Dr. Bruce was very pale. Never had he seen the bishop or heard him when under the influence of such a passion. There was a sudden silence in the room. The bishop had sat down again and bowed his head. Dr. Bruce spoke at last.

"Edward, I do not need to say that you have expressed my feelings also. I have been in a similar position for years. My life has been one of comparative luxury. I do not, of course, mean to say that I have not had trials and discouragements and burdens in my church ministry, but I cannot say that I have suffered any for Jesus. That verse in Peter haunts me, 'Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow his steps.' I have lived in luxury. I do not know what it means to want. I also have had my leisure for travel and beautiful companionship. I have been surrounded by soft, easy comforts of civilization. The sin and misery of this great city have beat like waves against the stone walls of my church and of this house in which I live, and I have hardly heeded them, the walls have been so thick. I have reached a point where I cannot endure this any longer. I am not condemning the church. I love her. I am not forsaking the church. I believe in her mission and have no desire to destroy. Least of all in the step I am about to take, do I desire to be charged with abandoning the Christian fellowship, but I feel I must resign my place as pastor of Nazareth Avenue church in order to satisfy myself that I am walking as I ought to walk in his steps."

In this action I judge no other ministers and pass no criticism on others' discipleship, but I feel as you do. Into a closer contact with the sin and shame and degradation of this great city I must come personally, and I know that to do that I must sever my immediate connection with Nazareth Avenue church. I do not see any other way for myself to suffer for his sake as I feel that I ought to suffer."

Again that sudden silence fell over these two men. It was no ordinary action they were deciding. They had both reached the same conclusion by the same reasoning, and they were too thoughtful, too well accustomed to the measuring of conduct, to underestimate the seriousness of their position.

"What is your plan?" The bishop at last spoke gently, looking up with his smile that always beautified his face. The bishop's face grew in glory now every day.

"My plan," replied Dr. Bruce slowly, "is, in brief, the putting of myself into the center of the greatest human need I can find in this city and living there. My wife is fully in accord with me. We have already decided to find a residence in that part of the city where we can make our personal lives count for the most."

"Let me suggest a place," The bishop was on fire now. His fine face actually glowed with the enthusiasm of the movement in which he and his friend were inevitably embarked. He went on and unfolded a plan of such far-reaching power and possibility that Dr. Bruce, capable and experienced as he was, felt amazed at the vision of a greater soul than his own.

They sat up late and were as eager and even glad as if they were planning for a trip together to some rare land of unexplored travel. Indeed the bishop said many times afterward that the moment his decision was reached to live the life of personal sacrifice he had chosen he suddenly felt an uplifting, as if a great burden was taken from him. He was exultant. So was Dr. Bruce from the same cause.

Their plan as it finally grew into a workable fact was in reality nothing more than the renting of a large building formerly used as a warehouse for a brewery, reconstructing it and living in it themselves in the very heart of a territory where the saloon ruled with power, where the tenement was its fittest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty were congested into hideous forms. It was not a new idea. It was an idea started by Jesus Christ when he left his Father's house and forsook the riches that were his in order to get nearer humanity and, by becoming a part of its sin, help to draw humanity apart from its sin. The university settlement idea is not modern. It is as old as Bethlehem and Nazareth, and in this particular case it was the nearest approach to anything that could satisfy the hunger of these two men to suffer for Christ. There had sprung up in them at the same time a longing that amounted to a passion to get nearer the great physical poverty and spiritual destitution of the mighty city that throbbed around them. How could they do this except as they became a part of it, as nearly as one man can become a part of another's misery? Where was the suffering to come in unless there was an actual self denial of some sort? And what was to make that self denial apparent to themselves or any one else unless it took this concrete, actual, personal form of trying to share the deepest suffering and sin of the city?

So they reasoned for themselves, not judging others. They were simply keeping their own pledge to do as Jesus would do, as they honestly judged he would do. That was what they had promised. How could they quarrel with the result? They were irresistibly compelled to do what they were planning to do.

The bishop had money of his own. Every one in Chicago knew that the bishop had a handsome fortune. Dr. Bruce had acquired and saved by literary work carried on in connection with his parish duties more than a comfortable competence. This money, a large part of it, the two friends agreed to put at once into the work, most of it into the furnishing of a settlement house.

Meanwhile Nazareth Avenue church was experiencing something never known before in all its history. The simple appeal on the part of its pastor to his members to do as Jesus would do had created a sensation that still continued. The result of that appeal was very much the same as in Henry Maxwell's church in Raymond, only Nazareth Avenue church was far more aristocratic, wealthy and conventional. Nevertheless when one Sunday morning in early summer Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit and announced his resignation the sensation deepened all over the city, although Dr. Bruce had advised with his board of trustees, and the movement he intended was not a matter of surprise to them.

But when it became publicly known that the bishop also had announced his retirement from the position he had held so long in order to go and live himself in the center of the worst part of Chicago the public astonishment reached its height.

"But why," the bishop replied to one valued friend who had almost with tears tried to dissuade him from his purpose—"why should what Dr. Bruce and I propose to do seem so remarkable a thing as if it were unheard of that a doctor of divinity and a bishop

should want to save souls in this particular manner. If we were to resign our charges for the purpose of going to Bombay or Hongkong or any place in Africa, the churches and the people would exclaim at the heroism of missions. Why should it seem so great a thing if we have been led to give our lives to help rescue the heathen and the lost of our own city in the way we are going to try? Is it, then, such a tremendous event that two Christian ministers should be not only willing but eager to live close to the misery of the world in order to know it and realize it? Is it such a rare thing that love of humanity should find this particular form of expression in the rescue of souls?"

However the bishop may have satisfied himself that there ought to be nothing so remarkable about it all, the public continued to talk and the churches to record their astonishment that two such men, so prominent in the ministry, should leave their comfortable homes, voluntarily resign their pleasant social positions and enter upon a life of hardship, of self denial and actual suffering. Christian America! Is it a reproach upon the form of our discipleship that the exhibition of actual suffering for Jesus on the part of those who walk in his steps always provokes astonishment, as at the sight of something very unusual?

Nazareth Avenue church parted from its pastor with regret for the most part, although the regret was modified by some relief on the part of those who had refused to take the pledge. Dr. Bruce carried with him the respect of men who, entangled in business in such a way that obedience to the pledge would have ruined them, still held in their deeper, better natures a genuine admiration for courage and consistency. They had known Dr. Bruce many years as a kindly, safe man, but the thought of him in the light of sacrifice of this sort was not familiar to them. As fast as they understood it they gave their pastor the credit of being absolutely true to his recent convictions as to what following Jesus meant. Nazareth Avenue church has never lost the impulse of that movement started by Dr. Bruce. Those who went with him in making the promise breathed into the church the very breath of divine life and are continuing that life giving work at the present time.

It was fall again, and the city faced another hard winter. The bishop one afternoon came out of the settlement and walked around the block, intending to go on a visit to one of his new friends in the district. He had walked about four blocks when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others. The neighborhood was still quite new to the bishop, and every day he discovered some strange spot or stumbled upon some unexpected humanity.

The place that attracted his notice was a small house close by a Chinese laundry. There were two windows in the front, very clean, and that was remarkable to begin with. Then inside the window was a tempting display of cookery, with prices attached to the various articles, that made the bishop wonder somewhat, for he was familiar by this time with many facts in the life of the people once unknown to him.

As he stood looking at the windows the door between them opened, and Felicia Sterling came out.

"Felicia!" said the bishop. "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia.

"Why don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block."

"I believe they are," replied Felicia, with a laugh that did the bishop good to hear.

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the bishop, and Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old paradise, although, to speak truth for the bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I know how overwhelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans, and, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bascom, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words "from the people" so gravely and unconsciously that the bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her and at the same time beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert, and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the settlement with her violin, and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"Those things?" said Felicia, with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, the most of the pecking? You know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a wide awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about

her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the bishop. You have heard me speak of him so often. Sit down here and let me give you a taste of the fleshpots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the bishop had an improvised lunch, and the bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

"I thought you would at least say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium at the big banquets," said Felicia slyly.

"As good as!" The Auditorium banquets were simply husks compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I am simply astonished to find you here earning your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye, aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world"—the bishop smiled at the phrase—"they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

"Flattery still! Is there no escape from it even in the slums of Chicago?" Felicia laughed again, and the bishop's heart, heavy though it had grown during several months of vast sin bearing, rejoiced to hear it. It sounded good. It was good. It belonged to God.

Felicia wanted to visit the settlement and went back with the bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of considered brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the bishop wondered at the exhibition of it as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

They went down into the basement, and the bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so his little finger carried a small carving shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the bishop. "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the bishop was called up stairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, 'back in the world,' as the bishop says," replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes," Felicia hesitated. "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flash of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a great deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her or called up painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story. Miss Sterling. My father lost his money, and I was obliged to go to work, a very good thing for me. The bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am, I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue church I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planned.

"Felicia," said the bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, 'back in the world,' dear bishop. He was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue church."

"Ah!" said the bishop. "We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked the bishop in the eyes frankly and answered:

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to like each other, though," thought the bishop to himself, and somehow the thought made him grave. It was almost like the old pang over Camilla, but it passed, leaving him afterward, when Felicia had gone back, with tears in his eyes and a feeling that was almost hope that Felicia and Stephen would like each other. "After all," said the bishop, like the sensible, good man that he was, "is not romance a part of humanity? Love is older than I am and wiser."

The week following the bishop had an experience that belongs to this part of the settlement's history.

He was coming back to the settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors and was walking along, with his hands behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the bishop's face, and the other threatened him with razed stabs that had evidently been used on the fence.

"Hold up your hands and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol.

The place was solitary, and the bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stage began to go through his pockets. The bishop was calm. His nerves

did not quiver. As he stood there with his arms uplifted an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was, and his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Henry Clay Richardson Dies at Greensboro, Ala.

Special to The State
Demopolis, Feb 6—Maj Henry Clay Richardson, well known to a great many Columbians, died at Greensboro, Ala., this morning, at which place he has been stationed for the past few years as cotton buyer.

Rheumatism of the heart was the cause of his death.

Maj Richardson was a resident of Columbia for twenty five years and as city editor of the Register and Columbia correspondent of the News and Courier did perhaps the best and most effective work of any newspaper man in South Carolina in carrying the State for Hampton in 1876. He was a fearless and incisive writer and boards of carpet-baggers who made South Carolina the prostrate State were made to squirm every day under the lashings of his pen. He was born in Virginia and although South Carolina was his adopted home, he loved the State as any of her own sons. In his last hours he was generously ministered to by many kind friends and had every attention to sooth him in his dying moments. A sister in Cynthiana, Ky, and a brother in Pennsylvania, have been notified of his death. Where the remains will be buried has not yet been decided.

Elmore, Feb 7—The Pee Dee Tobacco Ware House, a very large wooden building, was destroyed by fire at 10 o'clock tonight. The fire originated in a small wooden building next door to the ware house in some unexplained manner. The building was owned by W. E. Dargan, of Darlington, and was insured with W. R. Barringer's agency for \$1,700. The value of the building was \$3,000.

Bombay, Feb 7—The mortality in this city yesterday was unprecedented. There was a total of 408 deaths. The situation is aggravated by the advent of famine refugees.

Washington, Feb 6—The house committee on claims today favorably reported the Cooper bill for the payment of the southern cotton claims. The bill involves an expenditure of \$10,000,000.

Newberry, Feb 7—A sale of 1,667 bales of cotton by the Newberry Warehouse Company to O. McR. Holmes breaks the record here for the largest single transaction in the staple. Eight cents was paid all round and the sale amounted to upwards of \$65,000.

A statue of President Kruger is to be erected in Pretoria, and it is unique in at least two respects. In the first place, it is the first time in the history of sculpture that any statue has worn a hat of the "plug" variety. In the second place, owing to the kindly and thoughtful suggestion of Frau Kruger, that hat is hollow, so that the little birds can drink out of the pool of rain water which will accumulate.

Speaker Gary Will Run.

Speaker Gary was asked last night whether the report was true that he would be a candidate for governor. He replied that it was his present intention to enter the race. This makes three candidates who have formally announced their candidacy—Gov. McSweeney, Mr. A. H. Patterson and Speaker Gary. There are others yet to hear from, the indication being that one or two others will enter the lists.—Columbia Record, Feb 8.

Pekin, February 8.—The dowager empress of China, it is asserted, appears to be determined to relapse into the ancient conservatism. Yesterday she issued an edict commanding a return to the old manner of study, according to the teachings of Confucius, for examinations for official rank, and ordering the abolition of the study of the "new depraved and erroneous subjects of the western schools," and threatening with punishment the teachers of such subjects. The closing of the new university at Pekin is expected to speedily follow.

Working for a Big Fair.

The State Agricultural and Mechanical society at its annual meeting decided to pay freight on all exhibits shipped to the State fair from points in South Carolina, provided the owners release the exhibit at the lowest possible rate.

The above provision together with the increase made in the premium list should tend to greatly increase the number of exhibitors at the coming State fair.

The matter of the improvement of the art department was left by the association in the hands of Col. Holway, the secretary.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

OFFICE OF
COUNTY TREASURER SUMTER COUNTY,
SUMTER, S. C., Sept 29, 1899.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will be in my office in the County Court House at Sumter from October 15th to December 31st, 1899, inclusive, for the collection of taxes for the fiscal year 1899. The law is as follows:

For State purposes,	5 mills.
For County purposes,	3 1/2 mills.
For School purposes,	3 mills.
Total levy,	11 1/2 mills.
Also the following special school levies:	
School District No. 1,	2 mills.
School District No. 16,	2 mills.
School District No. 18,	2 mills.
School District No. 23,	3 mills.
Mt. Cho,	2 mills.
Concord,	2 mills.
Privateer,	2 mills.
No. 5,	1 mill.
No. 17,	1 mill.
Commutation Road Tax for 1900 is also payable at the same time.	

H. L. SCARBOROUGH,
Treasurer Sumter Co.

Estates of Mrs. Frances C. Brunson, Deceased, and of Miss Mary M. Brunson, Dec'd

AS Administratrix of Estate of W. Hayne Gordon, Deceased, I hereby give notice that on February 17th, 1900, I will apply to the Judge of Probate of Sumter County for a Final Settlement and Discharge in the aforesaid Estates.

ALICE C. GORDON, Adm'r
Administratrix Est. W. Hayne Gordon, Dec'd
Jan 17 4t

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