

# IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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"Tell Clara to go out," exclaimed Mrs. Sterling as Felicia came up to the bed and knelt by it.

Felicia was surprised, but she did as her mother bade her and then inquired how she was feeling.

"Felicia," said her mother, "can you pray?"

The question was so unlike any her mother had ever asked before that Felicia was startled, but she answered:

"Why, yes, mother. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Felicia, I am frightened. Your father—I have had such strange fears about him all day. Something is wrong with him. I want you to pray."

"Now? Here, mother?"

"Yes, pray, Felicia."

Felicia reached out her hand and took her mother's. It was trembling. Mrs. Sterling had never shown much tenderness for her younger daughter, and her strange demand now was the first real sign of any confidence in Felicia's character.

The girl still knelt, holding her mother's trembling hand, and prayed. It was doubtful if she had ever prayed alone before. She must have said in her prayer the words that her mother needed, for when it was silent in the room the invalid was weeping softly, and her nervous tension was over.

Felicia staid some time. When she was assured that her mother would not need her any longer, she rose to go.

"Good night, mother. You must let Clara call me if you feel bad in the night."

"I feel better now." Then as Felicia was moving away Mrs. Sterling said, "Won't you kiss me, Felicia?"

Felicia went back and bent over her mother. The kiss was almost as strange to her as the prayer had been. When Felicia went out of the room, her cheeks were wet with tears. She had not cried since she was a little girl.

Sunday morning at the Sterling mansion was generally very quiet. The girls usually went to church at 11 o'clock service. Mr. Sterling was not a member, but a heavy contributor, and he generally went to church in the morning.

This time he did not come down to breakfast and finally sent word by a servant that he did not feel well enough to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove up to the door of the Nazareth Avenue church and entered the family pew alone.

When Dr. Bruce walked out of the room at the rear of the platform and went up to the pulpit to open the Bible, as his custom was, those who knew him best did not detect anything unusual in his manner or his expression. He proceeded with the service as usual. He was calm, and his voice was steady and firm. His prayer was the first intimation the people had of anything new or strange in the service. It is safe to say that the Nazareth Avenue church had not heard Dr. Bruce offer such a prayer during the 19 years he had been pastor there. How would a minister be likely to pray who had come out of a revolution in Christian feeling that had completely changed his definition of what was meant by following Jesus?

No one in Nazareth Avenue church had any idea that the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., the dignified, cultured, refined doctor of divinity, had within a few days been crying like a little child, on his knees, asking for strength and courage and Christlikeness to speak his Sunday message, and yet the prayer was an unconscious, involuntary disclosure of the soul's experience such as Nazareth Avenue people seldom heard and never before from that pulpit.

In the hush that succeeded the prayer a distinct wave of spiritual power moved over the congregation. The most careless persons in the church felt it. Felicia, whose sensitive religious nature responded swiftly to every touch of emotion, quivered under the passing of that supernatural power, and when she lifted her head and looked up at the minister there was a look in her eyes that announced her intense, eager anticipation of the scene that was to follow.

And she was not alone in her attitude. There was something in the prayer and the result of it that stirred many and many a disciple in Nazareth Avenue church. All over the house men and women leaned forward, and when Dr. Bruce began to speak of his visit to Raymond in the opening sentences of his address, which this morning preceded his sermon, there was an answering response in the church that came back to him as he spoke and thrilled him with the hope of a spiritual baptism such as he had never during all his ministry experienced.

"I am just back from a visit to Raymond," Dr. Bruce began, "and I want to tell you something of my impressions of the movement there."

He paused, and his look went over his people with yearning for them and at the same time with a great uncertainty at his heart. How many of his rich, fashionable, refined, luxury loving members would understand the nature of the appeal he was soon to make to them? He was altogether in the dark as to that. Nevertheless he had been through his desert and had come out of it ready to suffer. He went on now after that brief pause and told the story of his stay in Raymond. The people already knew something of that experiment in the First church. The whole country had watched the progress of the pledge as it had become history in

so many lives. Henry Maxwell had at last decided that the time had come to seek the fellowship of other churches throughout the country. The new discipleship in Raymond had proved to be so valuable in its results that Henry Maxwell wished the church in general to share with the disciples in Raymond. Already there had begun a volunteer movement in many of the churches throughout the country, acting on their own desire to walk closer in the steps of Jesus. The Christian Endeavor societies had with enthusiasm in many churches taken the pledge to follow Jesus would do, and the result was already marked in a deeper spiritual life and a power in church influence that was like a new birth for the members.

All this Dr. Bruce told his people simply and with a personal interest that evidently led the way to his announcement, which now followed. Felicia had listened to every word with strained attention. She sat there by the side of Rose, in contrast like fire beside snow, although even Rose was as alert and excited as she could be.

"Dear friends," he said, and for the first time since his prayer the emotion of the occasion was revealed in his voice and gesture. "I am going to ask that Nazareth Avenue church take the same pledge that Raymond church has taken. I know what this will mean to you and me. It will mean the complete change of very many habits. It will mean possibly social loss. It will mean very probably in many cases loss of money. It will mean suffering. It will mean what following Jesus meant in the first century, and then it meant suffering, loss, hardship, separation from every thing un-Christian. But what does following Jesus mean? The test of discipleship is the same now as then. Those of you who volunteer in the Nazareth Avenue church to do as Jesus would do simply promise to walk in his steps, as he gave us commandment."

Again Rev. Calvin Bruce, pastor of Nazareth Avenue church, paused, and now the result of his announcement was plainly visible in the stir that went over the congregation. He added in a quiet voice that all who volunteered to make the pledge to do as Jesus would do were asked to remain after the morning service.

Instantly he proceeded with his sermon. His text was from Matthew viii, 19: "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was a sermon that touched the deep springs of conduct. It was a revelation to the people of the definition their pastor had been learning. It took them back to the first century of Christianity. Above all it stirred them below the conventional thought of years as to the meaning and purpose of church membership. It was such a sermon as a man can preach once in a lifetime and with enough in it for people to live on all through a lifetime.

The service closed in a hush that was slowly broken. People rose here and there a few at a time. There was a reluctance in the movements of the people that was very striking.

Rose, however, walked straight out the pew, and as she reached the aisle she turned her head and beckoned to Felicia. By that time the congregation was rising all over the church.

Felicia instantly answered her sister's look.

"I'm going to stay," she said, and Rose had heard her speak in the same manner on other occasions and knew that Felicia's resolve could not be changed. Nevertheless she went back into the pew two or three steps and faced her.

"Felicia," she whispered, and there was a flash of anger on her cheeks. "This is folly. What can you do? You will bring disgrace upon the family. What will father say? Come!"

Felicia looked at her, but did not answer at once. Her lips were moving with a petition that came from a depth of feeling that measured a new life for her. She shook her head.

"No; I am going to stay. I shall take the pledge. I am ready to obey it. You do not know why I am doing this."

Rose gave her one look and then turned and went out of the pew and down the aisle. She did not even stop to talk with her acquaintances. Mrs. Delano was going out of the church just as Rose stepped into the vestibule.

"So you are not going to join the doctor's volunteer company?" Mrs. Delano asked in a queer tone that made Rose redder.

"No. Are you? It is simply absurd. I have always regarded the Raymond movement as fanatical. You know Comin Rachel keeps us posted about it."

"Yes; I understand it is resulting in a great deal of hardship in many cases. For my part, I believe Dr. Bruce has simply provoked a disturbance here. It will result in splitting Nazareth Avenue church. You see if that isn't so. There are scores of people in the church who are so situated that they can't take such a pledge and keep it. I am one of them," added Mrs. Delano as she went out with Rose.

When Rose reached home, her father was standing in his usual attitude before the open fireplace, smoking a cigar.

"Where is Felicia?" he asked as Rose came in alone.

"She staid to an after meeting," replied Rose shortly. She threw off her wraps and was going up stairs when Mr. Sterling called after her.

"An after meeting? What do you mean?"

"Dr. Bruce asked the church to take the Raymond pledge."

Mr. Sterling took his cigar out of his mouth and twirled it nervously between his fingers.

"I didn't expect that of Dr. Bruce. Did any of the members stay?"

"I don't know. I didn't," replied Rose, and she went up stairs, leaving her father standing in the drawing room.

After a few minutes he went to the

window and stood there looking out at the people driving on the boulevard. His cigar had gone out, but he still fingered it nervously. Then he turned from the window and walked up and down the room. A servant stepped across the hall and announced dinner, and he told her to wait for Felicia. Rose came down stairs and went into the library, and still Mr. Sterling paced the drawing room restlessly.

He had finally wearied of the walking apparently and, throwing himself into a chair, was brooding over something deeply when Felicia came in.

He rose and faced her. Felicia was evidently very much moved by the meeting from which she had just come. At the same time she did not wish to talk too much about it. Just as she entered the drawing room Rose came in from the library.

"How many staid?" she asked. Rose was curious. At the same she was skeptical of the whole movement in Raymond.

"About a hundred," replied Felicia gravely. Mr. Sterling looked surprised. Felicia was going out of the room. He called to her.

"Do you really mean to keep the pledge?" he asked.

Felicia colored. Over her face and neck the warm blood flowed as she answered. "You would not ask such a question, father, if you had been present at the meeting." She lingered a moment in the room, then asked to be excused from dinner for awhile and went up to see her mother.

No one ever knew what that interview between Felicia and her mother was. It is certain that she must have told her mother something of the spiritual power that had awed every person present in the company of disciples from Nazareth Avenue church who faced Dr. Bruce at that meeting after the morning service. It is also certain that Felicia had never known such an experience and never would have thought of sharing it with her mother if it had not been for the prayer the evening before.

Another fact is also known of Felicia's experience at this time. When she finally joined her father and Rose at the table, she seemed unable to tell them much about the meeting. There was a reluctance to speak of it, as one might hesitate to attempt a description of a wonderful sunset to a person who never talked about anything but the weather. When that Sunday in the Sterling mansion was drawing to a close and the soft, warm lights throughout the dwelling were glowing through the great windows, in a corner of her room where the light was obscure Felicia knelt, and when she raised her face and turned it toward the light it was the face of a woman who had already defined for herself the greatest issues of earthly life.

That same evening, after the Sunday morning service, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of Nazareth Avenue church, was talking over the events of the day with his wife. They were of one heart and mind in the matter and faced their new future with all the faith and courage of new disciples. Neither was deceived as to the probable results of the pledge to themselves or to the church.

They had been talking but a little while when the bell rang, and Dr. Bruce, going to the door, exclaimed as he opened it: "It is you, Edward! Come in!"

There came into the hall a commanding figure. The bishop was of extraordinary height and breadth of shoulder, but of such good proportions that there was no thought of unmanly or even of unusual size. The impression the bishop made on strangers was that that of great health and vigor of great affection.

He came into the parlor and greeted Mrs. Bruce, who after a few moments was called out of the room, leaving the two men together.

The bishop sat in a deep easy chair before the open fire. There was just enough dampness in the early spring of the year to make an open fire pleasant.

"Calvin, you have taken a very serious step today," he finally said, lifting his large dark eyes to his old college classmate's face. "I heard of it this afternoon. I could not resist the desire to see you about it tonight."

"I'm glad you came," Dr. Bruce sat near the bishop and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You understand what this means, Edward?"

"I think I do—yes; I am sure." The bishop spoke very slowly and thoughtfully. He sat with his hands clasped together. Over his face, marked with lines of consecration and service and the love of men, a shadow crept, a shadow not caused by the firelight. Again he lifted his eyes toward his old friend.

"Calvin, we have always understood each other. Ever since our paths led us in different ways in church life we have walked together in Christian fellowship."

"It is true," replied Dr. Bruce, with an emotion he made no attempt to conceal or subdue. "Thank God for it. I prize your fellowship more than any man's. I have always known what it meant, though it has always been more than I deserve."

To be continued.

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## FRATERNAL MATTERS.

A delegation from Willamette Rebekah Degree Lodge, assisted Deputy President Mrs. Margaret Lutz to install the newly elected officers of the Clackamas Rebekah Lodge at the meeting held last Saturday night. The following were installed: Noble grand, Mr. Alice Chapman; vice-grand, Cora Johnson; recording secretary, Bartha Talt; treasurer, Myrtle Ryckman. The names of the appointive officers were not handed in.

E. H. Cooper, deputy grand master, installed the following new officers of Oregon Lodge, No. 3, I. O. O. F., at the meeting held last Thursday night: Noble grand, Harry W. Trembath; vice-grand, J. W. Jones; secretary, T. F. Ryan; treasurer, Sol S. Walker; permanent secretary, Jukson Howell; warden, William Shannon; conductor, W. A. Hedges; inside watchman, Francis Shannon; right supporter noble grand, W. H. Howell; left supporter noble grand, George T. Howard; right supporter vice-grand, E. A. Leighton; left supporter vice-grand, J. A. Faircloth; right scene supporter, J. W. Birney; left scene supporter, E. W. Scott; chaplain, J. W. Loder.

Willamette Rebekah Degree Lodge will install the newly-elected officers this (Friday) evening.

Grant Olds will take a prominent part in the initiatory ceremonies of the Woodmen of the World to be held at Mount Tabor on August 3rd. I. D. Taylor is a member of the general committee on arrangements.

Mr and Mrs J. W. Moffatt entertained a number of friends at their West Side home Tuesday evening in honor of William and Bert McBain, of the Fifth Regiment Band, of San Francisco, who delighted those present with a number of selections on the trombone and cornet.

A very pleasant social party was given at the home of Mrs. M. E. Barlow Monday evening in honor of Miss Laura Conyers, of Clatskanie. Luncheon was served and there was a splendid program of music and games.

Mrs. R. H. Tabor gave a delightful dinner party at her home at Mount Pleasant last Friday, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. E. DeLyle Miller, of Oregon City. The afternoon was delightfully passed with music, recitations, etc. Those present were: Mr. and William Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Dixon and daughter, Inette, Mrs. George Howell and Alta and Baby Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Holton and baby and Miss Myrtle Holton, of Portland; Mrs. Edson Benjamin and Miss Ivy Clarke, of The Dalles.

Mrs. W. Aldredge entertained a number of friends at a very enjoyable tea Wednesday afternoon. Ice cream and cake were served and a delightful afternoon was passed. Those present were: Mesdames Charles Athey, T. S. Lawrence, G. W. Church, Jennie May, H. S. Gibson, C. S. Seaman, A. Luelling, W. Aldredge; the Misses Cochran, Gertrude and Jeannette Faircloth, Glover and Luelling.

Mrs. Amos Seaman gave a charming tea at her home last Thursday afternoon, the daintily decorated tables being set in the yard among the green trees and flowers. The list of guests included many that were present at Mrs. Aldredge's party.

Frank Charais was the recipient of a delightful surprise party at the home of his sister, Mrs. Bucklein last Monday evening in honor of his birthday. Progressive games were played, Miss Rosie Miller and Fred Miller winning the prizes. Refreshments were served at a late hour. Those present were: Misses Rosie and Clara Miller, Emma and Lizzie Vegelius, Mamie and Avelita Gleason, Myrtle Powell, Alice Quick, Florence Syer and Emma Heinz; Messrs. Frank Charais, Fred Miles, Louis Weismandel, John Vegelius, Henry Anders, P. L. Harris, J. H. Heninger, Frank Troy, Phillip Brown, August Rakel, and the Buckleins.

About 60 friends and neighbors from the East and West sides gave Mrs. J. J. Thompson and son, of West Oregon City, a very pleasant surprise social last Saturday evening. Games, social pastimes and a lunch of ice cream and cake were special features. It was almost midnight when the guests left for their homes.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty, of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by George A. Harding, Druggist.

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Letter List.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice of Oregon City, Ore., on July 25th, 1901:

Womens' List—Mrs. G. H. Brown, Miss Ella Clark, Mrs. Preston Cooper, Miss Loula Dickey, Mrs. Susie Hughes, Mrs. J. C. Hare.

Mens' List—Laurence Andrews, John Bohlander, Arthur Burt, W. F. Downing, Kirk, Geary & Co., Wm. V. Lamoignon, A. Moore, Lester Miller, Frank Turner. GEORGE F. HORTON, P. M.

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