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IN HIS STEPS.

By Charles M. Sheldon.

(CONTINUED)

Again that sudden silence fell over those two men. The greatest ordinary thing 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, who had never lost the impulse of that movement started by Dr. Bruce.

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.

It was full 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 through four blocks when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others.

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia. "Why, didn'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 come to this?"

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.

"I thought you would at least say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Anitormium at the big banquets," said Felicia slyly. "As good as?" The Auditorium banquets were simply meals 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're 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 some ever in the future. 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 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 what he needed.

"I am glad to hear that," said the bishop. "You are 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 curling 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 table.

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a great deal of work since then," he said, and then he looked at the bishop and Felicia with a look of painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

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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 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!"

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So 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 men for their own happiness 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 words of comfort 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 unspeakable longing for them both, "if you and your friend here will go home with me to night 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 love is love in the world you will believe in me. 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 me, and he will forgive you. You will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life. 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 power of the bishop's. 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, hardened 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 nature 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.

TRIBUTE OF AN AMERICAN.

Benjamin Harrison Upon the Death of the Queen of England.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 23.—When notified of the queen's death, Benjamin Harrison, former President of the United States, made this statement: "No other death would have excited so general a sorrow. There are persons in every nation, other than Great Britain, whose death would more profoundly move the people of that nation, but Queen Victoria's death will bring real sorrow to the hearts of more men and women than any other. The drum beat did not define her dominions; the union jack was not the symbol of her larger empire. More hearts pulsed with love for her, and more knees bowed before her queenly personality than before the queen of Great Britain. 'God Save the Queen' had become well nigh a universal anthem. Hereditarily does not stay our quest for the real man or woman upon whose head a crown has fallen. Indeed, that has come to be the way of the world. The sovereign whose life is not clean, noble, sympathetic; whose personal character is below the best thought of his people, is not loved; and the powers of unloved king or queen are short, however the law may run. Queen Victoria's power was larger than the law."

"I do not care to speculate as to the effect of the queen's death upon European politics, further than to say that a mighty influence on the side of peace has been lost."

Largest Ships in the World Now Being Built.

The two largest ships in the world are now under construction by the Eastern Shipbuilding Company, of New London, Conn. They are the property of the Great Northern Steamship Company, of which James J. Hill is the president, and are to be used in connection with the Great Northern railroad for coastwise and passenger trade between St. Paul, Minn., and Seattle. These steamships will surpass the Oceanic and Deutschland in size, and eight of them would extend a mile if placed side by side. One of them will carry as much cargo as can be laden on 35 railroad trains, each of 20 of the largest freight cars made. Each are to have sixteen tubular boilers. The length of these ships is 530 feet, beam, 73 feet, their depth of hold is 58 feet and their displacement 33,000. Each will carry as much cargo as any other single ship in the American merchant navy, except the St. Paul, the Paris, the New York and the St. Louis. They will be driven through the water at a rate of 16 knots an hour by twin screws propelled by triple expansion engines of 10,000.

AN AMERICAN HABIT.

One of the American habits that first attracted the attention of Rudyard Kipling on his initial visit to the United States was the vulgar, the much-deprecated, but the ever-present nuisance of "spitting." The young Englishman saw the trait almost immediately on landing and made some unpleasant remarks on the subject. In fact, he rather overdid the matter, but after all Americans can say to controversy his claim, the underlying justice of attack is unassailable. The "spitter" is ever with us. He is no respecter of persons or places. Street cars, public buildings, private offices—no place is too sacred for his everlasting expectation. A century ago every year in the country was less in evidence than formerly, and where the "spitter" flourishes in all his pristine glory. He is at times loathsome, and always a nuisance, but—most remarkable of all—he seems himself to fall to appreciate the fact. At the Paris exposition a rule was enforced against wholesale expectation. Like all such attempts, it was only partially successful.—Times-Star.

LONGEVITY.

London Globe. It has often been remarked that while nothing is so uncertain as the duration of any given human life, nothing is more certain than the aggregate of years which may be assigned to a group of 100 persons or more at any particular age. The expectation of life at a given age, to use the actuarial phrase, differs considerably, as might be expected, in different countries, and Englishmen may be surprised to learn that they are not the longest living among the white races. At the age of 20 an Englishman in average health may expect to live forty-two years, and any life office will grant him a policy based on that probability. The American's expectation is for a slightly longer period. On the other hand, a German lad of 20 can count upon a little more than thirty years and a half. It would seem, therefore, that the restlessness attributed to the American temperament does not necessarily conduce to the shortening of life, nor the composure of the German to its prolongation. Possibly the better feeding and clothing of Americans in the lower classes of the population is the principal cause of this. Their position is, at any rate, maintained in later as well as in earlier years. The American who has reached 40 may look a little more than 30 years old, while the Britisher's expectation is only about thirteen years and ten months, and the German's as nearly as possible twelve months less. Both at 20 and at 60 the Frenchman's prospect is a little better than the German's and a little worse than the Englishman's.

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CHAPTER XI. Righteousness shall go before him and shall set in the way of his steps. The bishop was not in the habit of