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IN  
HIS  
STEPS

CHARLES M. SHELDON



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**SPIRE**

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Scripture is taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

12 13 14 15 16 17 18      7 6 5 4 3 2 1

## Foreword

*In His Steps* by Charles M. Sheldon has been challenging readers to a spiritual adventure now for over eighty-five years. Behind the writing of this book is a fascinating story. Dr. Sheldon was the pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas. One hot June afternoon in 1896, the minister decided to try an unusual kind of sermon for his Sunday night services. He would write a continued story, one chapter to be given each week about what happened in the lives of various persons, with different backgrounds and vocations, who applied to every decision the question "What would Jesus do?"

Dr. Sheldon was soon preaching to a packed church with standing room only. Young people especially crowded these Sunday evening services.

When the series was over, the story was published as a serial in the *Advance*, a weekly religious paper in Chicago. It was then offered to three different publishers. All turned it down. Finally the *Advance* put it out in a ten-cent paperback

edition. Over 100,000 copies of this edition were sold in a matter of weeks.

The amazing part of the story followed. Because the *Advance* had sent only a portion of the manuscript to the Copyright Office in Washington DC, the copyright was later declared invalid. Thus, because it belonged to the public domain, sixteen publishers in the United States were soon printing it. The editions then spread around the world—England, France, Germany, Norway, Russia, Bulgaria, on to Greece and India—in the end, forty-five countries. There is no way of knowing the total number of copies sold and the numbers of lives touched by the challenge of Jesus's way of life. A conservative estimate would be over 30 million copies of *In His Steps* distributed, the world's record next to the Scriptures.

Although Dr. Sheldon realized almost no royalty from these remarkable sales, that fact never made him bitter. He felt that the defective copyright had been turned by God to unprecedented good. *In His Steps*, carefully edited and updated for modern readers, remains today as timely as it was when first published so many years ago.

The Publishers

# 1

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It was Friday morning, and the Reverend Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon. He had been interrupted several times and was growing nervous as the morning wore away and the sermon grew very slowly toward a satisfactory finish.

“Mary,” he called to his wife as he went upstairs after the last interruption, “if anyone comes after this, I wish you would say that I am very busy and cannot come down unless it is something very important.”

“All right, Henry. But I am going over to visit the kindergarten, and you will have the house all to yourself.”

The minister went up into his study and shut the door. In a few minutes he heard his wife go out, then everything was quiet.

He settled himself at his desk with a sigh of relief and began to write. His text was from 1 Peter 2:21: “For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.”

He had emphasized in the first part of the sermon the atonement as a personal sacrifice, calling attention to the

fact of Jesus's suffering in various ways in His life as well as in His death. He had then gone on to emphasize the atonement from the side of example, giving illustrations from the life and teaching of Jesus, to show how faith in Christ helped to save men because of the patterns or character He displayed for their imitation. He was now on the third and last point, the necessity of following Jesus in His sacrifice and example.

He had just put down "Three steps: what are they?" and was about to enumerate them in logical order when the doorbell rang sharply.

Henry Maxwell sat at his desk and frowned a little. He made no movement to answer the bell. Very soon it rang again. Then he rose and walked over to one of his windows that commanded a view of the front door.

A man was standing on the steps. He was a young man, very shabbily dressed.

"Looks like a tramp," said the minister. "I suppose I'll have to go down, and—"

He did not finish his sentence, but went downstairs and opened the front door.

There was a moment's pause as the two men stood facing each other. Then the shabby-looking man said, "I am out of a job, sir, and thought maybe you might give me a lead toward something."

"I don't know of anything. Jobs are scarce," replied the minister, beginning to shut the door slowly.

"I didn't know but that you might perhaps be able to give me a lead to the railroad office or the plant superintendent

or something,” continued the young man, shifting his faded hat nervously from one hand to the other.

“It would be of no use. You will have to excuse me. I am very busy this morning. I hope you will find something. Sorry I can’t give you something to do here, but I do the work myself.”

The Reverend Henry Maxwell closed the door and heard the man walk down the steps. As he went up into his study, he saw from his window that the man was going slowly down the street, still holding his hat between his hands. There was something in the figure so dejected, homeless, and forsaken that the minister hesitated a moment as he stood there at the window. Then he turned to his desk, and with a sigh began the writing where he had left off.

He had no more interruptions. When his wife returned two hours later, the sermon was finished, the loose leaves gathered up and neatly tied together and laid on his Bible, all ready for the Sunday morning service.

“A queer thing happened at the kindergarten this morning, Henry,” said his wife while they were eating dinner. “You know I went over with Mrs. Brown to visit the school, and just after the games, while the children were at the tables, the door opened and a young man came in, holding a dirty hat in both hands. He sat down near the door and never said a word, only looked at the children. He was evidently a tramp, and Miss Wren and her assistant, Miss Kyle, were a little frightened at first. But he sat there very quietly, and after a few minutes he went out.”

“Perhaps he was tired and wanted to rest somewhere,

Mary. The same man called here, I think. Did you say he looked like a tramp?"

"Yes, very dusty and shabby. Probably in his early thirties, I should say."

"The same man," said the Reverend Henry Maxwell thoughtfully.

"Did you finish your sermon, Henry?" his wife asked, after a pause.

"Yes, all done. It has been a very busy week with me. The two sermons have cost me a good deal of labor."

"What are you going to preach about in the morning?"

"Following Christ. I take up the atonement under the head of sacrifice and example, and then show the steps needed to follow His sacrifice and example."

"I am sure it is a good sermon. I hope it won't rain Sunday. We have had so many stormy Sundays lately."

"Yes, I'm afraid people will not come out to church in a storm." Pastor Henry Maxwell sighed as he said it. He was thinking of the careful, laborious efforts he had made in preparing sermons for large audiences that failed to appear.

On Sunday the town of Raymond had one of the perfect days that sometimes come after long periods of wind and rain and mud. The air was clear and bracing, the sky free from all threatening signs. When the service opened at eleven o'clock, the large building was filled with an audience of the best-dressed, most comfortable-looking people in Raymond.

The First Church of Raymond believed in having the best music money could buy, and its quartet choir this morning was a source of great pleasure to the congregation. The

anthem was inspiring. All the music was in keeping with the subject of the sermon. And the anthem was an elaborate adaptation to the most modern music of the hymn:

Jesus, I my cross have taken  
All to leave and follow thee.

Just before the sermon, the soprano, Rachel Winslow, sang the well-known hymn:

Where He leads me I will follow  
I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

Rachel looked very beautiful that morning as she stood up behind the screen of carved oak that was significantly marked with the emblems of the cross and the crown. Her voice was even more lovely than her face, and that was saying a great deal.

There was a general rustle of expectation over the audience as she rose. Mr. Maxwell settled himself contentedly behind the pulpit. Rachel Winslow's singing always helped him. He generally arranged for a song before the sermon. It made possible a certain inspiration of feeling that he knew made his delivery more impressive.

People said to themselves that they had never before heard such singing, even in the First Church. It is certain that if it had not been a church service, her solo would have been vigorously applauded. It even seemed to the minister when she sat down that something like an attempted clapping of hands or a striking of feet on the floor swept through the

church. He was startled by it. As he rose, however, and laid his sermon on the Bible, he said to himself that he had been deceived. Of course it could not occur. In a few moments he was absorbed in his sermon and everything else was forgotten in the pleasure of his delivery.

No one had ever accused Henry Maxwell of being a dull preacher. On the contrary, he had often been charged with being sensational—not in what he said so much as in his way of saying it. But the First Church people liked that. It gave their preacher and their parish a pleasant, agreeable distinction.

It was also true that the pastor of the First Church loved to preach. He was eager to be in his own pulpit when Sunday came. That was an exhilarating half-hour for him as he faced a church full of people and knew that he had a hearing. He was peculiarly sensitive to variations in the attendance. He never preached well before a small audience. The weather also affected him decidedly. He was at his best before just such an audience as faced him now, on just such a morning. He felt a glow of deep personal satisfaction as he went on. The church was the first in the city. It had the best choir. It had a membership composed of the leading people, representatives of the wealth, society, and intelligence of Raymond.

He was going abroad on a two-month vacation in the summer, which reflected the circumstances of his pastorate, his influence, and his position as pastor of the first church of the city.

The sermon was interesting. It was full of striking sentences which would have commanded attention if printed. Spoken with the passion of a dramatic utterance that had

the good taste never to offend with ranting or declamation, it was very effective. If the Reverend Henry Maxwell that morning felt satisfied with the conditions of his pastorate, the First Church also had a similar feeling as it congratulated itself on the presence in the pulpit of this scholarly, refined, somewhat striking face and figure, preaching with such animation and freedom from all vulgar, noisy, or disagreeable mannerism.

Suddenly into the midst of this perfect accord and concord between preacher and audience came a remarkable interruption. It would be difficult to indicate the extent of the shock which this interruption measured.

The sermon had come to a close. Mr. Maxwell had just turned half of the big Bible over onto his manuscripts and was about to sit down, as the quartet prepared to rise to sing the closing selection:

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,  
All my being's ransomed powers.

Suddenly the entire congregation was startled by the sound of a man's voice. It came from the rear of the church. The next moment the figure of a man came out of the last row of seats and walked down the middle aisle.

Before the startled congregation fairly realized what was going on, the man had reached the open space in front of the pulpit and had turned about, facing the people.

"I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy, and I'm perfectly harmless," he began. "But if I die, as there is every likelihood I

shall in a few days, I want the satisfaction of thinking that I said my say in a place like this and before this sort of crowd.”

Mr. Maxwell had not taken his seat, and he now remained standing, leaning on his pulpit, looking down at the stranger. Before him was the man who had come to his house the Friday before—the same dusty, worn, shabby-looking young man. He held his faded hat in his hands. It seemed to be a favorite gesture. He had not shaved, and his hair was rough and tangled. It was doubtful if anyone like this had ever before confronted the congregation and pastor of First Church.

There was nothing offensive in the man’s manner or tone. He was not excited, and he spoke in a low but distinct voice. Mr. Maxwell was conscious, even as he stood there smitten into dumb astonishment at the event, that somehow the man’s action reminded him of a person he had once seen walking and talking in his sleep.

No one in the church made any motion to stop the stranger or in any way interrupt him. Perhaps the first shock of his sudden appearance deepened into genuine perplexity concerning what was best to do. However that may be, he went on as if he had no thought of interruption and no thought of the unusual element he had introduced into the decorum of the First Church service. And all the while he was speaking the minister leaned over the pulpit, his face growing more white and sad every moment. But he made no movement to stop him, and the people sat smitten into breathless silence. One other face, that of Rachel Winslow from the choir, stared white and intent down at the shabby figure with the faded

hat. Her face was striking at any time. Under the pressure of the present incident, it was as personally distinct as if it had been framed in fire.

“I’m not an ordinary tramp, though I don’t know of any teaching of Jesus that makes one kind of a tramp less worth saving than another. Do you?” He put the question as naturally as if the whole congregation had been a small Bible class. He paused just a moment and coughed painfully. Then he went on.

“I lost my job ten months ago. I am a printer by trade. The new linotype machines are beautiful specimens of inventions, but I know six men who have killed themselves inside of the year just on account of those machines. Of course, I don’t blame the newspapers for getting the machines. Meanwhile, what can a man do? I know I never learned but my one trade, and that’s all I can do. I’ve tramped all over the country trying to find something. There are a good many others like me. I’m not complaining, just stating facts. But I was wondering, as I sat here in church this morning, if what you call following Jesus is the same thing as what He taught. What did He mean when He said, ‘Follow me’?”

Here the man turned about and looked up at the pulpit. “Your minister said that it was necessary for the disciple of Jesus to follow His steps, and he said the steps were obedience, faith, love, and imitation. But I did not hear him tell you just what he meant that to mean, especially the last step. What do you Christians mean by following the steps of Jesus? I’ve tramped through this city for three days trying to find a job, and in all that time I’ve not had a

word of sympathy or comfort except from your minister here, who said he was sorry for me and hoped I would find a job somewhere. I suppose it is because you get so imposed on by the professional tramp that you have lost your interest in the other sort. I'm not blaming anybody, am I? Just stating facts.

"Of course, I understand you can't go out of your way to hunt jobs for people like me. I'm not asking you to, but what I feel puzzled about is, what is meant by following Jesus? What do you mean when you sing, 'I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way'? Do you mean that you are suffering and denying yourselves and trying to save lost, suffering humanity just as I understand Jesus did? What do you mean by it? I see the ragged edge of things a good deal. I understand there are more than five hundred men in this city just like me. Most of them have families. My wife died four months ago. I'm glad she is out of trouble. My little girl is staying with a printer's family until I find a job. Somehow I get puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee . . .' and remembering how my wife died in a New York tenement gasping for air and asking God to take the little girl, too.

"Of course I don't expect you people can prevent everyone from dying of starvation, lack of proper nourishment, and tenement air, but what does following Jesus mean? I understand that Christian people own a good many of the tenements. A member of a church was the owner of the one where my wife died. I have wondered if following Jesus all the way

was true in his case. I heard some people singing at a church prayer meeting the other night,

All for Jesus, all for Jesus;  
 All my being's ransomed powers;  
 All my thoughts and all my doings,  
 All my days and all my hours.

"I kept wondering as I sat on the steps outside just what they meant by it. It seems to me there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't understand. But what would Jesus do? Is that what you mean by following His steps? It seems to me sometimes as if people in the big churches have good clothes and nice houses to live in and money to spend for luxuries, and can go away on summer vacations and all that, while the people outside the churches, thousands of them, I mean, die in tenements and walk the streets for jobs, and never have a piano or a picture in the house, and grow up in misery and drunkenness and sin."

The man gave a queer lurch over in the direction of the Communion table and laid one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon the carpet at his feet. A stir went through the congregation, but as yet the silence was unbroken by any voice or movement. The man passed his other hand across his eyes, and then, without any warning, fell heavily forward on his face.

Henry Maxwell said, "We will consider the service closed." He was down the pulpit stairs and kneeling by the prostrate

form before anyone else. The audience instantly rose and the aisles were crowded.

Dr. Philip West was the second to reach the inert figure and pronounced the man alive. "He seems to have a heart problem," the doctor muttered as he helped carry him to the pastor's study.

## 2

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Henry Maxwell and a group of his church members remained some time in the study. The man, whose name they discovered was Jack Manning, lay on the couch there breathing heavily. When the question of what to do with him came up, the minister insisted upon taking the man to his house. He lived nearby and had an extra room.

Rachel Winslow said, “Mother has no company at present. I am sure we would be glad to give him a place with us.” She looked strangely agitated. No one noticed it particularly. They were all excited over the strange event, the strangest that First Church people could remember.

But the minister insisted on taking charge of the man, and when a carriage came, the unconscious form was carried to his house. With the entrance of that humanity into the minister’s spare room, a new chapter in Henry Maxwell’s life began. Yet no one, himself least of all, dreamed of the remarkable change it was destined to make in his Christian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation in the First Church parish. People talked of nothing else for a week. It was the

general impression that Jack Manning had wandered into the church in a condition of mental disturbance caused by his troubles, and that all the time he was talking he was in a strange delirium of fever and really ignorant of his surroundings. It was the general agreement also that there was a singular absence of anything bitter or complaining in what Manning had said. He had spoken throughout in a mildly apologetic tone, almost as if he were one of the congregation seeking for light on a very difficult subject.

Throughout the week after his removal to the minister's house there was little change in Jack Manning's condition. Saturday morning he began to fail and Dr. West was called. When the physician arrived, Jack Manning rallied for a while and asked to see his daughter.

"Your child is coming," Mr. Maxwell said, his face showing marks of the strain of the week's vigil. The minister had found the daughter's address through some letters in Manning's pocket and had sent for her.

"I shall never see her in this world," Jack whispered. Then he uttered with great difficulty the words, "You have been good to me. Somehow I feel as if it was what Jesus would do." After a few moments he turned his head slightly, and before Mr. Maxwell could realize the fact, the doctor said quietly, "He's gone."

Sunday morning dawned on the city of Raymond exactly as it had the Sunday before. Mr. Maxwell entered his pulpit to face one of the largest congregations that had ever crowded First Church. He was haggard and looked as if he had just risen from a long illness. His wife was at home with the little

girl, who had arrived several hours after her father had died. The minister could see Jack Manning's face as he opened the Bible and arranged his different notices on the lectern as he had been in the habit of doing for ten years.

The service that morning contained a new element. No one could remember when Henry Maxwell had preached in the morning without notes. As a matter of fact, he had done so occasionally when he first entered the ministry, but for a long time he had carefully written every word of his morning sermon and nearly always his evening discourse as well. It cannot be said that his sermon this morning was impressive. He talked with considerable hesitation. It was evident that some idea struggled in his thought for utterance, but it was not expressed in the theme he had chosen for his preaching. It was near the close of his sermon that he began to gather a certain strength that had been painfully lacking at the beginning. He closed the Bible and, stepping out at the side of the lectern, faced his people and began to talk to them about the remarkable scene of the week before.

"Our brother"—somehow the words sounded a little strange coming from his lips—"passed away yesterday afternoon. I have not yet had time to learn all his history. He had one sister living in Chicago. I have written her and have not yet received an answer. His little girl is with us and will remain for a time."

He paused and looked over the congregation. He thought he had never seen so many earnest faces during his entire pastorate. How was he to tell his people about the crisis through which he was even now moving?

“The appearance and words of this stranger in church last Sunday made a powerful impression on me,” the pastor continued. “I am not able to conceal from you, or myself, the fact that what he said, followed by his death in my house, has compelled me to ask as I never asked before, ‘What does following Jesus mean?’”

He stopped a moment, struggling for the right words. “What Jack Manning said her last Sunday was a challenge to Christianity as it is practiced in our churches. I have felt this with increasing emphasis every day this past week. And I do not know that any time is more appropriate than right now for me to propose to you the plan that has been forming in my mind as an answer to the stranger’s challenge to us.”

Again Henry Maxwell paused and looked into the faces of his people. There were some strong, earnest men and women in the First Church. He could see Edward Norman, editor of the *Raymond Daily News*. He had been a member of First Church for ten years. No man was more honored in the community.

There was Alexander Powers, superintendent of the railroad yards in Raymond, a typical railroad man, one who had been born into the business. There sat Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln College, situated in the suburbs of Raymond. Milton Wright was one of the important businessmen of Raymond, having in his employ hundreds of men in various plants.

There was Dr. Philip West, who, although still comparatively young, was quoted as an authority in special surgical cases. And young Jasper Chase. He was the author who had

written one successful book and was said to be at work on a new novel.

There was Miss Virginia Page, an attractive heiress in her thirties who, through the recent death of her father, had inherited a million at least. A statuesque blonde of attractive proportions, Virginia had an appealing face. The spectacles she wore simply emphasized her gifted intellect. And not least of all, Rachel Winslow, whose youthful brunette beauty this morning seemed to bring a radiance to the whole choir.

This congregation was indeed blessed with many important and attractive people, Henry Maxwell noted. But as he watched their faces this morning, he wondered how many of them would respond to the strange proposition he was about to make. He continued slowly, taking time to choose his words carefully.

“What I am going to propose now is something which ought not to appear unusual or at all impossible of execution. Yet I am aware that it will be so regarded by a large number of the members of the church. But in order that we may have a thorough understanding of what we are considering, I will put my proposition very plainly, perhaps bluntly. I want volunteers from First Church who will pledge themselves earnestly and honestly for an entire year not to attempt anything without first asking the question, ‘What would Jesus do?’”

He stopped again as if he expected some kind of response. There was none. Every eye was fixed intently on the pastor.

“After asking that question of yourself, each of you will follow Jesus exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results may be. I will, of course, include myself in this company of

volunteers and shall take for granted that the members of my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct as based upon this standard of action and will not oppose whatever is done if they think Christ would do it. At the close of the service I want all those members who are willing to join such a company to meet in the lecture room, and we will talk over the details of the plan.

“To sum it up, we who volunteer will attempt to follow Jesus’s steps as closely and as literally as we believe He taught His disciples to do. We will pledge ourselves for an entire year, beginning with today, so to act.”

Henry Maxwell paused again and looked out over his people.

It is not easy to describe the sensation that such a simple proposition apparently made. Men glanced at one another in astonishment. It was not like their pastor to define Christian discipleship in this way. There was evident confusion of thought over his proposition. It was understood well enough, but there was apparently a great difference of opinion as to the application of Jesus’s teaching and example.

He calmly closed the service with a brief prayer. The organist began his postlude immediately after the benediction and the people began to file out. There was a great deal of conversation. Animated groups stood all over the church, discussing the minister’s proposition.

When the church sanctuary had emptied, Henry Maxwell bade goodbye to several visitors at the front entrance and entered the lecture room. He was almost startled to see that there were perhaps fifty present. Among them Rachel

Winslow and Virginia Page, Mr. Norman, President Marsh, Alexander Powers, Milton Wright, Dr. West, and Jasper Chase.

The pastor closed the door of the lecture room, then went and stood before the little group. His face was pale and his lips trembled with emotion. No man can tell until he is moved by the divine Spirit what he may do, or how he may change the current of a lifetime of fixed habits of thought, speech, and action. Henry Maxwell did not yet know himself all he was passing through, but he was conscious of a great upheaval in his definitions of Christian discipleship, and he was moved with a depth of feeling he could not measure as he looked into the faces of these men and women.

He first asked them all to pray with him. "Lord, we are here to begin an adventure with You. We come very uncertain about the future but with total trust that you will guide and direct us step by step. . . ."

Almost with the first syllable he uttered there was a distinct presence of the Spirit felt by them all. As the prayer went on, this presence grew in power. They all felt it. The room was filled with it as plainly as if it had been visible. When the prayer closed there was a silence that lasted several moments. All heads were bowed. Henry Maxwell's face was wet with tears. If an audible voice from heaven had sanctioned their pledge to follow the Master's steps, not one person present could have felt more certain of the divine blessing. And so the most serious movement ever started in the First Church of Raymond was begun.

"We all understand," said he, speaking very quietly, "what we have undertaken to do. We pledge ourselves to do

everything in our daily lives after asking the question, ‘What would Jesus do?’, regardless of what may be the result to us. Sometime I shall be able to tell you what a marvelous change has come over my life within a week’s time. I cannot now. But the experience I have been through since last Sunday has left me so dissatisfied with my previous definition of discipleship that I have been compelled to take this action. I did not dare begin it alone. I know that I am being led by the hand of divine Love in all this. The same divine impulse must have led you also. Do we understand fully what we have undertaken?”

“I want to ask a question,” said Rachel Winslow, her lovely eyes alive with excitement. “I am a little in doubt as to the source of our knowledge concerning what Jesus would do. Who is to decide for me just what He would do in my case. It is a different age. There are many perplexing questions in our civilization that are not mentioned in the teachings of Jesus. How am I going to tell what He would do?”

“There is no way that I know of,” replied the pastor, “except as we study Jesus through the medium of the Holy Spirit. You remember what Christ said, speaking to His disciples about the Holy Spirit:

Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all the truth; for he shall not speak from himself; but what things soever he shall hear, these shall he speak: and he shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall take of mine and shall declare it unto you. All things whatsoever the Father

hath are mine: therefore said I that he taketh of mine and shall declare it unto you.

John 16:13–15

“There is no other test that I know of. We shall all have to decide what Jesus would do after going to that source of knowledge.”

“What if others say of us, when we do certain things, that Jesus would not have done it the same way?” asked the superintendent of railroads.

“We cannot prevent that. But we must be absolutely honest with ourselves. The standards of Christian action cannot vary in most of our acts.”

“And yet what one church member thinks Jesus would do, another refuses to accept as his possible course of action. What is to render our conduct uniformly Christlike?” asked President Marsh.

Mr. Maxwell was silent some time. Then he answered: “No, I don’t know that we can expect that. But when it comes to a genuine, honest, enlightened following of Jesus’s steps, I cannot believe there will be any confusion either in our own minds or in the judgment of others. We must be free from fanaticism on the one hand and too much caution on the other. If Jesus’s example is the example for the world, it certainly must be feasible to follow it. But we need to remember this great fact. After we ask the Spirit to tell us what Jesus would do and have received an answer to it, we are to act regardless of the results to ourselves. Is that understood?”

All the faces in the room were raised toward the minister in solemn assent. As he studied the faces, Henry Maxwell saw no opposition.

They remained a little longer talking over details and asking questions, and agreed to report to one another the result of their experiences in following Jesus this way in a weekly meeting. Henry Maxwell prayed again. And again the Spirit made Himself manifest. Every head remained bowed a long time. They went away in silence. There was a feeling that prevented speech. The pastor shook hands with them all as they went out. Then he went into his own study room back of the pulpit and knelt. He remained there alone for nearly half an hour.

Though he sensed a change in his own life, Henry Maxwell did not realize that a movement had begun that would lead to the most remarkable series of events that the city of Raymond had ever known.