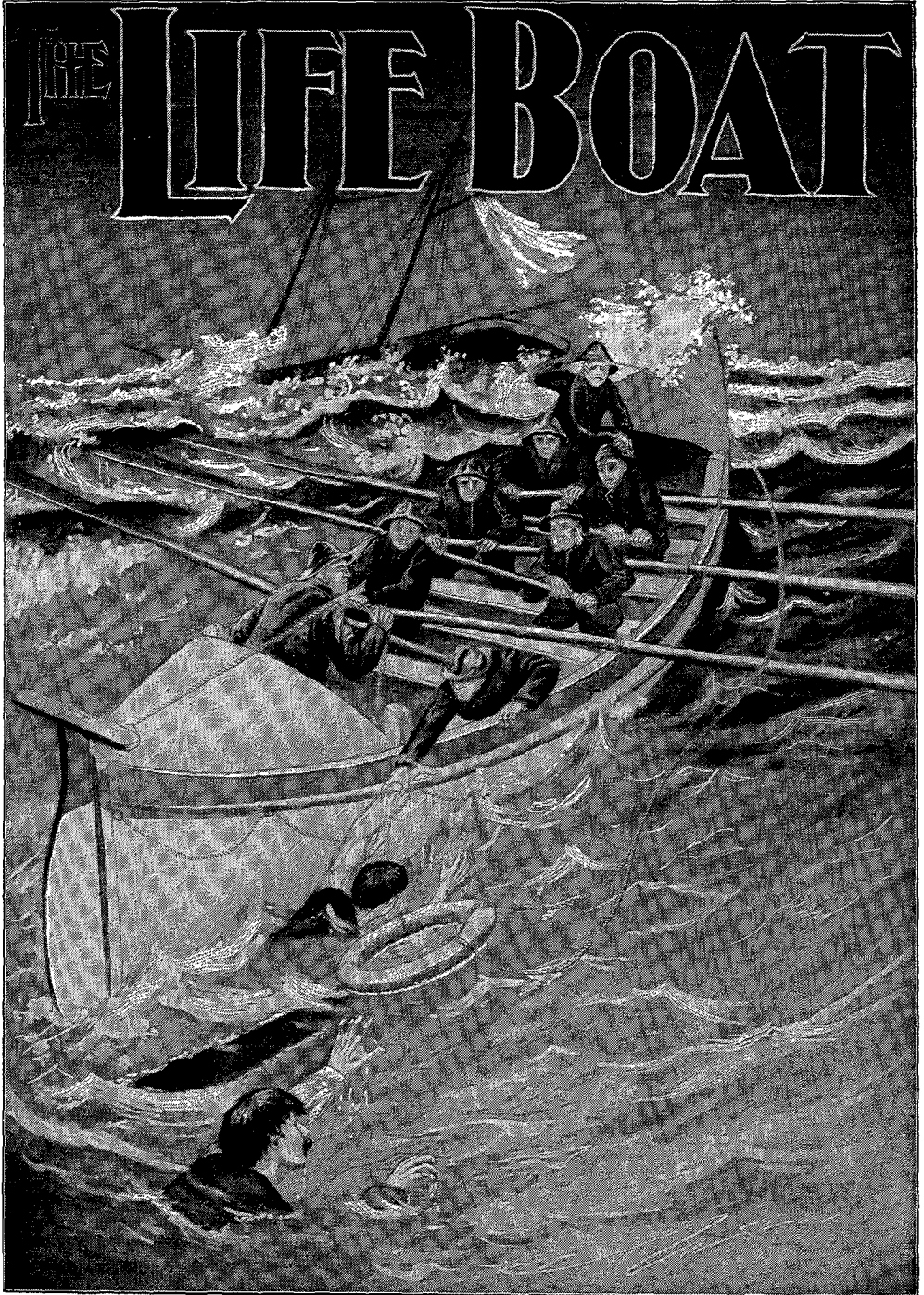


Does Rescue Work Pay?

50 Cents a Year

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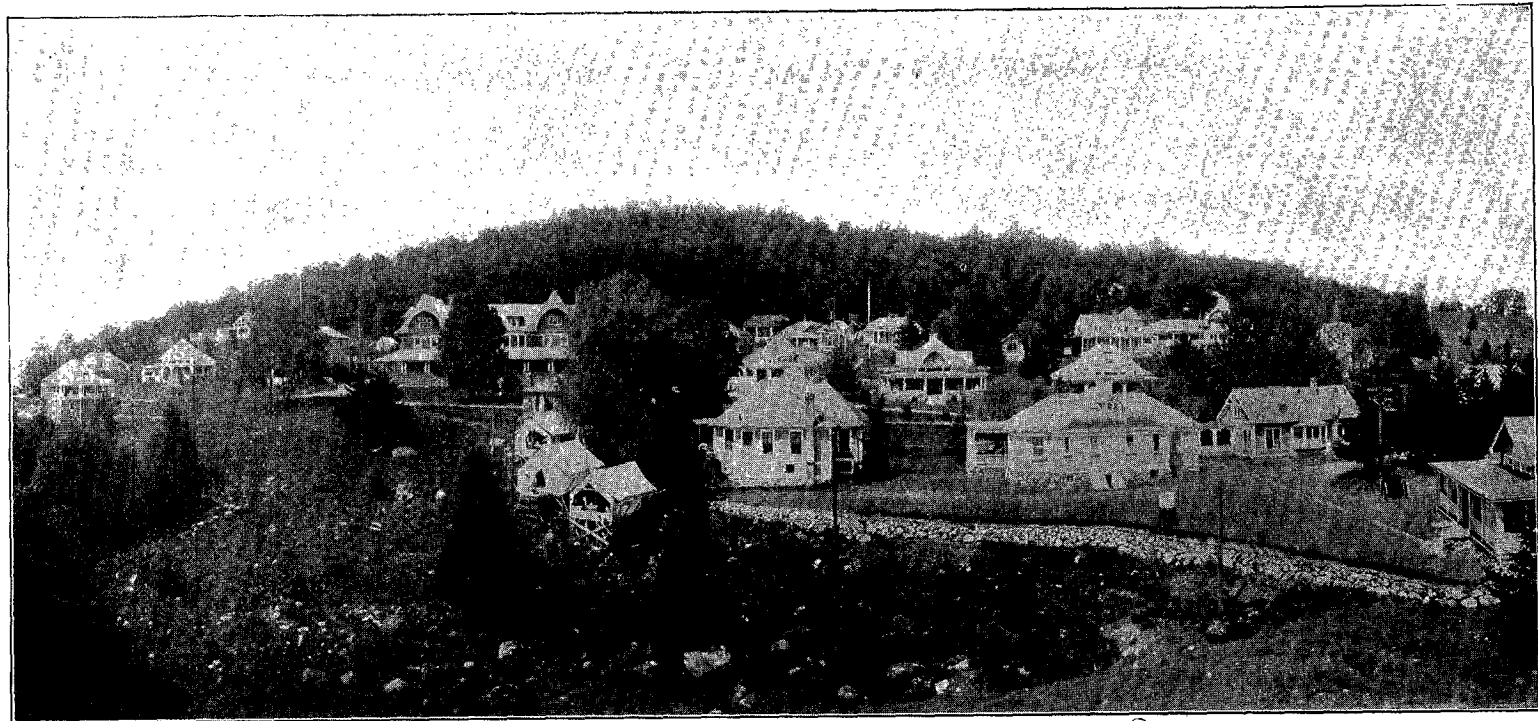
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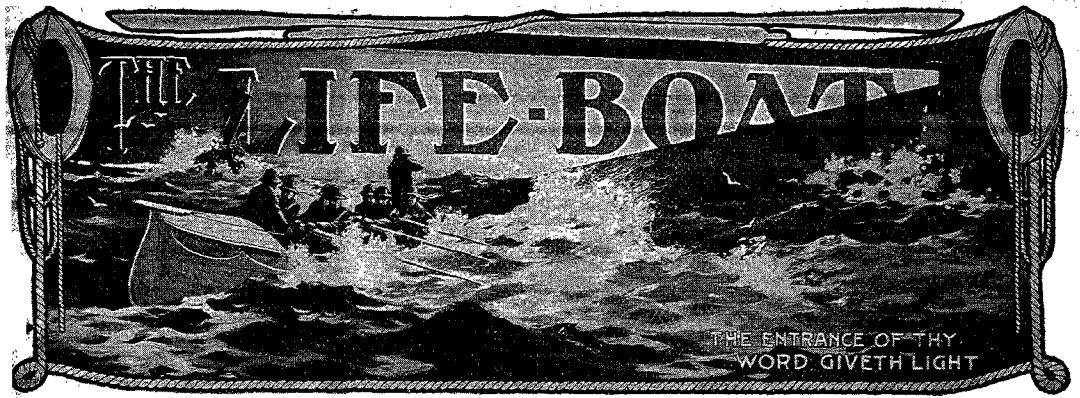
May, 1906

City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago.

Shall this be a Soul-winning Summer?



THE ADIRONDACK COTTAGE SANITARIUM AS IT IS TODAY. (See page 138.)



**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
Health and Soul-Winning Work.**

Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1906

Number 5

HAVE YOU NOT AN EAR FOR JESUS?

PEARL WAGGONER.

Have you not an ear for Jesus?
Though you daily, hourly pray,
Do you ever stop to listen
To the words He too would say?
You have asked for many blessings
On yourself, your work, your friends,
You have thanked Him for His mercies
And the strength He daily lends.

You have told to Him your failures,
All your trials, joys and woe,
You have sought for heavenly guidance
In your conflicts with the foe;
You have told Him all your struggles,
All the heartache and the pain,
You have pled for help and wisdom,
And you never asked in vain.

Oh, how patiently He listened,
Soothing oft your trembling fear!
Yet, the words He fain would utter
Have you ever stopped to hear?
Have you ever in His presence
Paused awhile on bended knee,
Saying humbly, "Speak, O Master,
For Thy servant heareth thee?"

If not, you can scarce imagine
What a solace you would find,
And the things which now upset you
You would not so sorely mind.
You can never tell what blessings
Might have been your very own,
Nor the lasting power, endurance,
Which are now almost unknown.

Yes, 'tis well to talk to Jesus
Then to straightway rise and go,
But if He an earthly friend were
You would never treat Him so.
And 'tis better, yea, far better,
To talk with Him when you pray,
List'ning also to His message
And the words He longs to say.

Have you not an ear for Jesus?
He is waiting, waiting still;
Does He see you waiting, list'ning,
Eager to be shown His will?

Or does earth's discordant music
Fill your hearing and your life?
Are you blinded by its pleasures?
Are you worried by its strife?

Oh, just come and bow before Him,
Waiting for His still, small voice:
It will calm your troubled spirit
And will make your heart rejoice.
From the rush and wild confusion
Come apart and rest awhile,
Strengthened by His words of counsel,
Comforted beneath His smile.

DOES RESCUE WORK PAY?

FANNIE EMMEL.

The Saviour said, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile." It was my privilege to do this the other day, when Mrs. Abrams and I were invited by one of our girls to visit her in her home. The Saviour certainly said some sweet things to me that day. This girl wanted us to come and visit her so that she might learn some more things about the Bible.

After being in her home for a little while and being entertained by this young woman, I could not help but weep. Turning from the piano where she was giving us some productions from the best authors, and seeing the expression on my face—for I could not keep back the flow of tears—she exclaimed, "Why, what is the matter? Didn't you enjoy that music? If you don't I will not play any more." I said, "Oh, that is not it," yet I did not want her to know, or even recall

to her mind for one moment the past in her life; for in that home with all the purity and love of a true wife and loving mother, who would want to bring back even the memory of a wrong past?

But she insisted upon knowing what caused the flow of tears, and I could only say they were tears of appreciation for what the Lord had done for her, and I urged her to go on with the music.

But, friends, could you have known as I knew the change that had come into this young lady's life in three short years you would also have wept. She was then without a friend on earth, sick in body, distressed in spirit and an outcast. In this condition she found her way to us. She had just been released from the hospital, where she had been for weeks. Although of good parentage, with bright intellect and a high appreciation of good things, there were no friends who called on her with fruit and flowers or an encouraging word, no one to visit her in her sickness.

After she came out we welcomed her into our Home and our nurse continued the care that she required; we prayed with her and as much as lay in our power befriended her. She accepted the Saviour and resolved to do right and the longings for home and mother found their way into her heart again.

I wrote her mother, telling her that though her daughter had been very wayward she had repented, and I wrote her of her need and her desire. I enclosed my letter in one she had written, telling her mother she knew she had done wrong and was sorry for it and asking her to forgive her. A short time after this I received an answer to mine, in which the mother wrote that she had *no use* for her daughter. She said, "You can do what you please with her." I then said to myself, "It is time *someone* was doing something when a mother is not willing."

I was fearful of the result of this letter on this young woman, whose future I could so readily see lay in the hands of someone who would be a friend to her for good. If thrown on the world again, without someone who would take an interest and help her, God alone knew what the end would be. She had done wrong, but she was not vicious,

there was much of the sweet, womanly spirit left. For a few months she had strayed away from the path of right, but there was something for God to work on, and to give Him a chance was our desire. So we determined to stand by her and if possible help her back to the path of right.

We proceeded to get a position for her when she was well enough to earn her way. In this place she proved she was really in earnest and meant to help herself, and now, after having lived right and true, here we find her in a beautiful home as a wife and mother, as has been described to you.

It did not take long for this young woman to lose all that was dear in this world and to be placed in the position she was when she came to us,—a few months were sufficient, but the prayers of a Godly father who has long since been laid to rest were not forgotten nor overlooked by his God who still lives and who was not willing that she should perish, but was even willing to speak to her through affliction while she was in sin, and take her out of that awful life, though He did have to do it with the rod of affliction.

Friends, do you wonder I wept while I sat there and remembered what she was when I knew her first and what she was that day, while she in turn was doing for me what I had done for her,—giving to me her best? She looked over all the many numbers of her musical selections to render them to the best of her ability so as to touch the best in my life. As I sat there I asked myself the question, "What earthly inducement could be held out to me that would have been half so sweet as the knowledge of being used by God to have helped this woman into all this great happiness?" And it seemed to me that I became more willing to forget self in order to have many more such opportunities.

But how did this young woman find us? She was a perfect stranger to us. When I ventured to ask her, she told me that while she was in the hospital there was a Christian worker who was very much interested in the patient next to her. He was talking to her about Jesus and of what He could do for her and what He would do if she would trust Him. He told her where she could find

friends who would help her when she was released from the hospital, and he insisted upon her going down to our place, which was then on Clark street, as he knew those ladies could help her. Being desirous of the same things that this Christian worker was seeking to put into that young woman's life, she with hungry heart listened intently, wishing that he might come to her and say those same words; but she remembered the address and as soon as she was released she came to us.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Religion, to keep sweet, must be used every day.

A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.

It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed.

Christ's love takes us as it finds us, but it does not leave us so.

Men who build good characters need never worry about their reputations.

No man ever lost any time in the heavenly race by stopping to help another.

Help somebody worse off than yourself and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize.

The Bible is the troubled man's book, the Gospel is the troubled man's best hope, Christ is the troubled man's friend.

Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity grow is to take hold of it and use it.

If discouragement comes to the Christian in humble station, let him ever remember that lights are needed in the valley as well as on the mountain top.

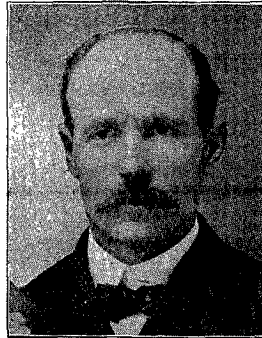
SAVED TO SERVE.

BY SAMUEL COOMBS.

[In his youth Bro. Coombs was in the British army and was under Lord Woolseley in Egypt, but through drink and other besetting sins he gradually drifted down and down until nearly four years ago he drifted into the Mission in a most pitiable condition. Although his mind was partially stupefied by the wretched condition he was in, he accepted the gospel invitation and was converted. He afterwards took the medical missionary course.

About two years ago he opened up a splendid health food store at 555 West Sixty-third street, Chicago. He has been a faithful soul-winner and has made steady progress in spiritual things, and was recently ordained as one of the officers of the South Side church. We quote the following abstracts of a talk he recently gave to the Sanitarium family.—Ed.]

To-day my mind runs back to the night that I came into the Life Boat Mission. I had leprosy of the worst kind, for I was steeped in sin. I was just as much in need of cleansing as Naaman was. It is not necessary for me to go into the details of my condition, but it is sufficient to say that through giving way to sinful appetites Satan had led me into a condition where I could not



help myself. But when a man gets into that condition and realizes that he is lost and learns that there is One who can help him, then it is possible that something can take place in that man's life.

The night when Brother Van Dorn came down to the rear end of the Mission and told me that I could right then and there have deliverance from sin, I might have said, as Naaman did when he was told to go and wash in Jordan seven times: "It is too simple." It did look that way to me. It seemed too simple. It is the same with the majority of people who are living in sin, when they hear the story of salvation—it is too simple. If they were told to go and climb a high mountain they would do it, but the story of salvation is so simple that they can not grasp hold of

it. It was so with me. As I sat there in that condition I could see just a little gleam of light and then Satan got hold of me and said: "What are you going to do with your tobacco, your liquor, etc? You can not give up those things." I said, "Lord, help me." They were only a few simple words, but *then* I got help to *believe* and then I prayed to God to take me out of the awful condition I was in, and then I realized that something had happened. I love to think of new creation in Christ Jesus.

I was a slave to tobacco. I loved to use it even after going to bed at night. I had no friends in Chicago. I was down and out. I walked out of that Mission that night and took the little tobacco I had and threw it down in the street and I said: "That is where *you* belong, and, God helping me, I will never touch you again." A new power had come into my life and I was a new creation in Christ Jesus. Old things passed away and all things became new.

If you should take a cuspidor and melt it over into a beautiful vase no one would then think of using it for a cuspidor again, so when the spirit of God gets hold of a man it takes him out of his condition and makes him into something better. I could stand here for hours and tell you of the beautiful things that came into my life in place of the old things that the Lord separated me from. If you have not realized the same experience in your own life, may the Lord help you to get a glimpse of it.

If you had come to me that night and said, "Coombs, what is your greatest ambition in life?" I believe I would have said I would like to own a fine saloon all fixed up so that I could walk around with a white vest on and have a drink whenever I wanted one. Now the Lord has changed things right around, and instead of handing out drinks I am now handing out health foods. Quite a contrast! Now, if some poor fellow comes to me suffering from indigestion the Lord has put me in a position where I can tell him of products that I am handling that will be a benefit to him.

My life was useless when I came into the Mission. He has taken a useless life and made it of some little use, I hope. I am glad that I have a personal knowledge of salvation. If there was not a re-creation in my

life I could not withstand the things that come to me. The Lord does not save us *from* the temptations, but he can give us power to *withstand* them. I was a poor, helpless fellow that night and I could not help myself. I could not look to anyone else, but the Saviour recognized those conditions. I believe I look ten to fifteen years younger than I did that night. God in His power has brought me back to the conditions I ought to have had all my life. I never knew what it was to live until I was about forty years of age. I am so glad when the Lord saved me I was willing to be led by Him. I knew there was something better further on. If I had followed some of the promptings and advice I received I would have made shipwreck of life and would have given up, but I am so glad the Lord does not leave us after taking us out of those conditions, but He stands by us. I was only on the bottom round of the ladder that night, and I am not on the top round yet, but I am climbing up.

WANTS BIBLE TRUTH.

From Columbia, S. C., a prisoner writes:

"I will write you a few lines to tell you how grateful I am to you for sending me this valuable little magazine. I read it and pass it to someone else. All the prisoners seem anxious to read it, even asking for it before I am through reading it myself. I hope I will continue to get it, especially until I get out of prison; then I will subscribe for it, because it is the prisoner's friend.

"I have been thinking how graciously God deals with sinners to spare them in their wild ways. I will correspond with any Christian person on the Scriptures, one letter each month, for I am after Bible truths, and I am a believer in perfection and holiness unto God.

"I ask special prayer of all the people of God to help me to get more wisdom and power from on high. I have been very wicked and served Satan long enough. I was a sailor eight years on the sea coast, and I have been in perils for my life, but none of them ever brought me to serve God until I got in prison. I feel friendless in this world; my father and mother both are dead, but praise God I have one Friend, Jesus."

SOWING UNDER DISCOURAGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Yesterday I took an early train to the city and at 9:30 a. m. met with a little company at the Mission who had assembled to go to the prison for gospel work. Before leaving the Mission we knelt in prayer to ask the dear Lord to go before us and prepare the hearts to hear and receive the word of truth.

In a few minutes we reached Harrison street police station and passed from one room to another, then down into the base-

After a word of prayer we go to the third corridor of cells, place our little organ in position, and give the inmates each a song book. As we gather round the organ we then ask them if they have some song in mind they wish to have sung; some one called for "Throw out the Life-line," another, "At the Cross," some one else, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and then we all sang, while the cloud of darkness seemed to rise, Heaven drew near, and cursing and swearing was turned to songs of praise.

A portion of the Word is then read and



A group of workers conducting gospel service in Harrison Street Police Station.

ment where the cells are with their victims of folly and transgression reaping the wages of sin. The cold, dingy walls of stone, the bars of iron, the groanings of the prisoner, the officers of the law on guard, the foul odors, the absence of the warm and genial rays of the sun, made us feel more keenly the truth of that Book which says that "the way of transgressors is hard," and silently we lifted our hearts to God and thanked Him that He had brought us out into the living way, beside still waters, and into green pastures.

commented on briefly and some of the workers give their personal experience. Then we ask all the prisoners to kneel with us in prayer and nearly all respond to our request, while one of the workers offers an earnest petition to our Father in heaven to show these men the way out of their trouble.

After prayer we go to the women's corridor, where there are seven inmates. Some of them seem to be hardened and care for nothing, while others are interested. One poor girl, scantily clad, was lying on that hard

board apparently asleep. How different from the home she left for the life of sin!

Oh, if the fathers and mothers of this land could see the awful depths that await many of their loved ones they would take more pains to train them in the way that they should go, and fortify them for the snares laid for unwary feet. At the close of the service all but one ask us to pray for them.

We passed to the criminal corridor, where there are twenty-one inmates, and hold another meeting. Brother M. told of how the Lord wrought for him, bringing him out of the horrible pit, and how the same God is able to deliver them. Some of the converts give their testimony, and at the close of the service most of the inmates got down on their knees and asked God to be merciful to them.

Some of the workers remained to talk with them personally, while others went to another department called the Annex, where the girls under the age of twenty are kept. It is a heart-rending scene. There were sixteen of these girls in this awful place. They have made mistakes: there was a way that seemed right to them, but the end thereof was the way of death. (Prov. 14:12.) As soon as we were ready the girls asked us to sing, "He's the Lily of the Valley," and "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

After the song one of the workers read from the Bible where it says, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench" (Isa. 42:3), showing that God would not put out the least ray of hope from their hearts, that the reed crushed He would not break, but would bind it up and nourish it so that it might bring forth fruit. He told of the great violinist who started to play before a great audience when several of the strings of his instrument broke and disappointment settled over his audience. But he had not failed, there was one string left, which he tightened, then drew the bow over it, and so moved the astonished audience as he produced the melody of that soul-stirring song, "Home, Sweet Home," that they wept. "So you who are here to-day, with the silver cords of the home life, friendship, and future hope *all* broken, with

only the cord of life itself unbroken, but well-nigh bruised, the Master will not break it, but He, the great Artist, will draw it a little tighter and touch it with the bow of promise and bring forth the harmonious strains of a life that is hid with Christ in God and tuned to sing His praise."

When the invitation was given, all the girls knelt in prayer and asked God to help them give up their life to be molded and fashioned as He should see fit.

Dear reader of this short narrative, do you long to do something for the Master? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Matt. 25:40. You can pray for the workers, they are your representatives at the battle front. They are dependent on your help; your offerings, small or large, are always appreciated. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; for "the night cometh when no man can work."

THE TOBACCO USER'S EXAMPLE.

J. L. WHITMAN.

[The reforms that Jailer Whitman has brought about in the Cook County jail has attracted attention all over the country. The personal interest that he has taken in the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of the prisoners under his charge has endeared him to thousands of men who had been strangers to this sort of influence before they arrived in the jail.

In accepting the presidency of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League he made some remarks from which we cull the following, which we trust will remind every thoughtful business man who shall read it of the possible influence which his personal example may be having upon those who come in immediate contact with him.—Ed.]

It is needless for me to say that my observation has been that many young men start upon a downward career by the use of cigarettes, and the realization of this fact has been one of the things which has caused me to change my own ways, for I am not as fortunate as some of you who have never used tobacco. I quit smoking eight years ago because I felt that I could wield a better influence over those with whom I came in contact in my jail work and because I felt it was not good for me.

This reminds me of an experience of one of our jail teachers who, in talking to a class of boys in the jail, cited me as a man who had realized the bad effects of the use of tobacco and had quit. She enlarged upon the fact to show what will power can do. One little fellow, listening very intently, said: "Yes, but he *chews*." I thought I had been wise enough to chew and not let anyone know it, but that helped me to realize that I was not able to wield an influence for good until I discontinued the use of tobacco in every form, so I quit altogether.

When I was asked to assume this position I realized that perhaps my time was taken up as much as it ought to be, but I felt it a duty, if I was able to help in this work, to do all I could. I believe that much can be accomplished through this association. There is a great field of work right in my own institution. There are at least one thousand different persons handled in the jail each month, a large per cent of whom are cigarette users, and in spite of my efforts cigarettes are frequently used in some form or other by the inmates. I regulate this as far as possible, but it is impossible to regulate it as it should be.

THE "WHOSOEVER" MISSION.

W. S. SADLER.

The "Whosoever" Mission, of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most practical missions of those visited by the writer when in the East last summer. It is conducted very much after the order of our Workingmen's Home in Chicago, except that they have further developed the industrial idea. While there are many missions that carry on a larger work than that done at the Whosoever Mission, at the same time we doubt if they do a more careful and satisfactory work. This place comes nearer being a home for the men who are taken in, and who work there, than any place we are acquainted with.

During the last year less than four hundred men were received into the Home, but the majority of these were there for some time and had the benefits of its Christian atmosphere as well as the instruction and advice of its manager and evangelist.

This Mission is unique in its location. While in close proximity to Philadelphia, and easily reached by suburban trains or street cars, it is out in a quiet residential suburb where many of the vices and pernicious influences of the city are not constantly displayed before the eyes of the young convert who is struggling to reform.

While the Mission is at a disadvantage in not being in the very midst of the slum districts of the city, yet it has many advantages which are obtained by its suburban location. A Mission located as this one, conducted as a Home for young converts, and at the same time operated with a purely gospel Mission located in the slums of the city, will be, to the writer, an ideal arrangement. And this is the plan we are working to in Chicago—to utilize our city mission in connection with our farm, where a select number of men can be still more favorably located than even in a small suburb and at the same time be largely self-supporting by means of their work with the soil.

We enjoyed a part of a forenoon spent at the Whosoever Mission very much. Mrs. Sadler and the writer were very courteously shown about the place by the manager, and we took particular interest in the many industries carried on in connection with the Mission, the majority of which were self-sustaining; only one or two of them ran behind financially.

Among the industries carried on may be mentioned the following: Wood-cutting, especially devoted to making small bundles of kindling wood; upholstering, chair-caning, broom-making, shoemaking and repairing, carpet-weaving, brush-making, etc.

The inmates of the institution live under its roof, where they sleep in dormitories and are served simple meals in the dining-room. Gospel services are held daily, while several times a week services are held in the large memorial chapel connected with the Home.

We learned from the manager that many of these men are employed to do chores and errands for the citizens of Germantown, such as caring for lawns, taking care of horses, and other lines of work.

The wayfarer who applies for shelter and is given breakfast is required to work at least

two hours in the wood yard, to pay for it; but the Home is especially devoted to taking care of those who want to stay for some time and learn a trade, or, as we sometimes say, to "get on their feet" and become thoroughly established.

From one of the inmates who had been rescued from a life of worthlessness and sin and who, after having regained his manhood, for some time led a Christian life, a letter was received, written to those who had been instrumental in his rescue, and something of both his own gratitude and that of his mother may be gathered from the following extract:

"My dear mother can not express her joy to you. Our hearts are too full for utterance, full of thanks to you and to our Heavenly Father. May God's richest blessing be given you, and may you be the means of making many a mother's and sister's heart rejoice. Every day I live I bless you and your noble institution, for it has made a man of me. My dear children also will never forget you. The future looks bright to me now. I am simply trusting every day and following the leading of the Spirit. I was received by my mother with open arms, and was given a loving and tender welcome. My mother knew me the moment she saw me, and so did my elder brother, but the little one had to be told who I was. We all join in thanking you for what you have done for me in bringing me to see the evil of my ways. I thank God for His many mercies, and pray that when He has finished His purposes with me here I may see Him face to face and tell the story 'saved by grace.'"

WHEN HE FACED THE JUDGE.

An inmate of the South Dakota penitentiary says in a letter to Mrs. Ellen Albert, San Luis Obispo, Cal.:

"As I have been thinking very much of my trial in the past few months and being brought before the judge to receive my sentence, it has led me to think how I shall feel when I am summoned before the Judge of all people when we will not have any lawyers to plead our cases for us, but will all have to give an account of the deeds we have done, whether they have been good or evil. We will not have any witnesses for our Judge will know all the deeds we have

done. I want to live the rest of my life so that I will not hear that sentence: 'Depart from Me, ye cursed.'

"I suppose you know these lines:
'Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,

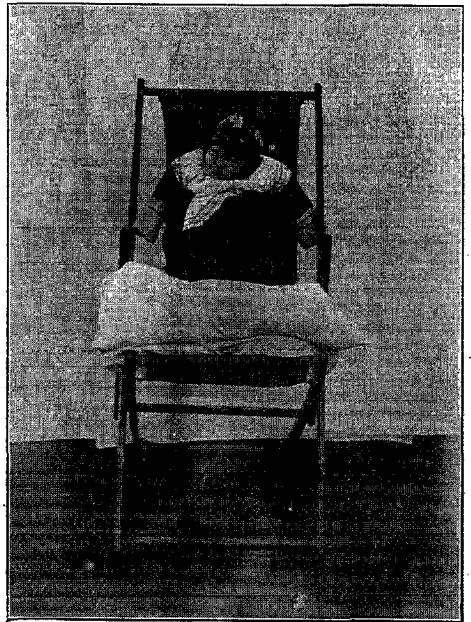
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.'

"That is the way I feel since receiving your letter and I have resolved anew in spite of the world and all its difficulties to be among the sharers of the proffered joy of that city whose gates of pearl we hope soon to enter."

FROM A FORMER CHICAGO WORKER.

The following abstracts are from a personal letter received by Miss Emmel from Charlotte Simpson, a missionary in the heart of China, who was previously connected with the work in Chicago:

"I am sending you the picture of the little



Chinese baby that we have taken. It is not a very good picture, as we could not get the

young one to sit up properly in the chair.

"We had a little party for our school girls on Chinese New Year's day and each girl received a small gift. Oh, I wish you could have seen their happy little faces! Some of our Battle Creek friends sent us the money to give them this enjoyment. We had a meeting of all our Honan workers this New Year's (Chinese); it was held here at our station and we had a very good time together. We don't often see so many foreigners at one time.

"I am so glad you have got your Suburban Home, and I hope it will be the means of saving many a poor girl. Here in China there is great need for such homes. In this place there are many who are leading wrong lives, and the poor girls are more to be pitied because many of them do not choose it, but are sold into it by parents and husbands. The poor women and girls of China certainly do not have much to live for, and it is so hard to do anything to help them because of the conditions under which they live.

"Tell your girls from me that they ought to thank God every day and every moment that they were born in a Christian land, and if they are only willing may not only enjoy the blessings of God now but may have the blessed hope of entering the new Jerusalem."

ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE IN OUR MISSION.

W. H. STANDLEY.
Watertown, N. Y.

One evening while we were dealing with a sin-sick soul, one dear brother who was praying asked God to send in someone else to seek Jesus. Hardly had the words fallen from his lips, when, lo, the door opened and a tall, rugged son of Scotland entered. He had heard the singing a few moments before, and had come in thinking it was a saloon, though, as he told us afterward, he thought it looked different from any he had ever seen before. He found us on our knees. It brought to him the memory of his mother who had been dead twenty years. We began to pray for him and in a few moments his head dropped, the tears began to flow down his furrowed cheeks, and he fell upon his knees and cried to God to save a poor miserable sinner and drunkard.

In twenty minutes he who came in as he thought to drink had found his God, signed the pledge, and was sitting in a seat reading a Testament which the superintendent had given him, while we were led to pray with another poor fellow whose heart had been touched at the marvelous scene he had witnessed. He proved to be a marble cutter, earning three and a half dollars a day, but all spent in drink; but he said he was woke up and that, God helping him, no more of his hard earnings should be spent in drink. He said he would do all in his power henceforth to stop the awful traffic. We said Amen. If this poor man, just having the fetters broken off of him, felt like this, how much more should you and I do all we can to stop this awful curse?

A DISCOURAGING EXPERIENCE.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Massachusetts State prison, with whom we have carried on correspondence and who has been brought to the feet of the Master. One of his previous letters appeared in the October number, entitled, "Is it True?" and another one in the January number, entitled, "Found Peace in Prison." This one shows some of the discouraging experiences that many of these men have to meet from their own companions and often from members of their own family:

"My Dear Friend—Perhaps I am exceeding the bounds of propriety in writing this letter in the spirit I am about to write in. I intended to answer your last letter in the same hopeful, Christ-like spirit that you so kindly wrote to me. But I have just this afternoon undergone what is in some ways the most discouraging incident of my short Christian experience. Permit me to take the liberty of mentioning it to you.

"My brother, recently released from another prison, came to visit me to-day, and with joy I started to tell of the great change that has come into my life and of the great Friend I have found in our Saviour. At first he was amazed, then amused, finally he became actually indignant, and after telling me that I was a fool, a miserable ingrate, and other such nonsense, he left me in disgust.

"I am not a weakling, dear friend; I don't want to tell you my troubles, but when I came

back' to this 'room'—well, it was a cruel disappointment to me. Am I an ingrate because I don't stick to a lot of wickedness? Of course I am not, and I am not going to let it 'down me,' but, oh, my true friend, please, please do not fail me now. I'm *all alone*—at least that is the way I feel. But I'll stop thinking about it. It is the 'call of the wild' and I will not respond to it. Rather will I wait for that which, for lack of a better term, I will term a call from on high: 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'

"Well, I am going to cheer up. How can I be downhearted while I have such a Friend? In a few more months I will have a chance to prove myself, and all I want anyone to do is to watch me. I did not go into this thing impulsively. I was sick of the 'under world,' and no little thing is going to make me go to the dogs again. In the coming June I expect to be released from prison, and as it is in some respects best for me to go away from Boston, I have decided to go to Chicago, to the home of this dear old paper, for I want to work for it and to be one of God's peculiar people. Doubtless you know of some one who would be willing to employ me—not a responsible situation but one with a lot of hard work attached.

"Dear friend, please excuse me if I bore you. My mind is in a whirl; I am smarting under that insult. Oh, I don't know what to do, yet I will trust Him; I will trust Him."

GAINED TWENTY POUNDS BY CHEW- ING.

A prisoner writes from Michigan City, Ind.:

"I received the reading matter you so kindly sent me and wish to thank you for the same; have gained much valuable knowledge and information from it. There are so many good things in *Good Health* I hardly know which is the best, but think the piece with the heading, 'Youth Renewed by Reformed Diet,' one of the most wonderful things I ever read. I have been troubled with indigestion for twenty years or more and have tried all kinds of remedies, but got very little relief; but since I began to Fletcherize my food I have had wonderful results; have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel so much better other ways.

"I have spoken to several persons around me in regard to thorough mastication of their food and two or three have told me they had tried it and been much benefited by it. I am very much interested in this matter, not only for myself, but for others, for I fully believe the most of our ill-health comes from over-eating and drinking and a general disregard for the laws of health. There is a penalty attached to every violation and the body must pay it by suffering and sometimes by death itself. I feel that did I have the opportunity I would be glad to proclaim the gospel of good health to others that they might be benefited also.

"I am looking forward with pleasure to the April number of this magazine; I know it will contain many good things and it is always a welcome visitor to my cell, for it always does me lots of good to read it. I wish to thank you for your kind letter and interest in my welfare, and any time you may see fit to send me any good reading matter it will be gladly accepted."

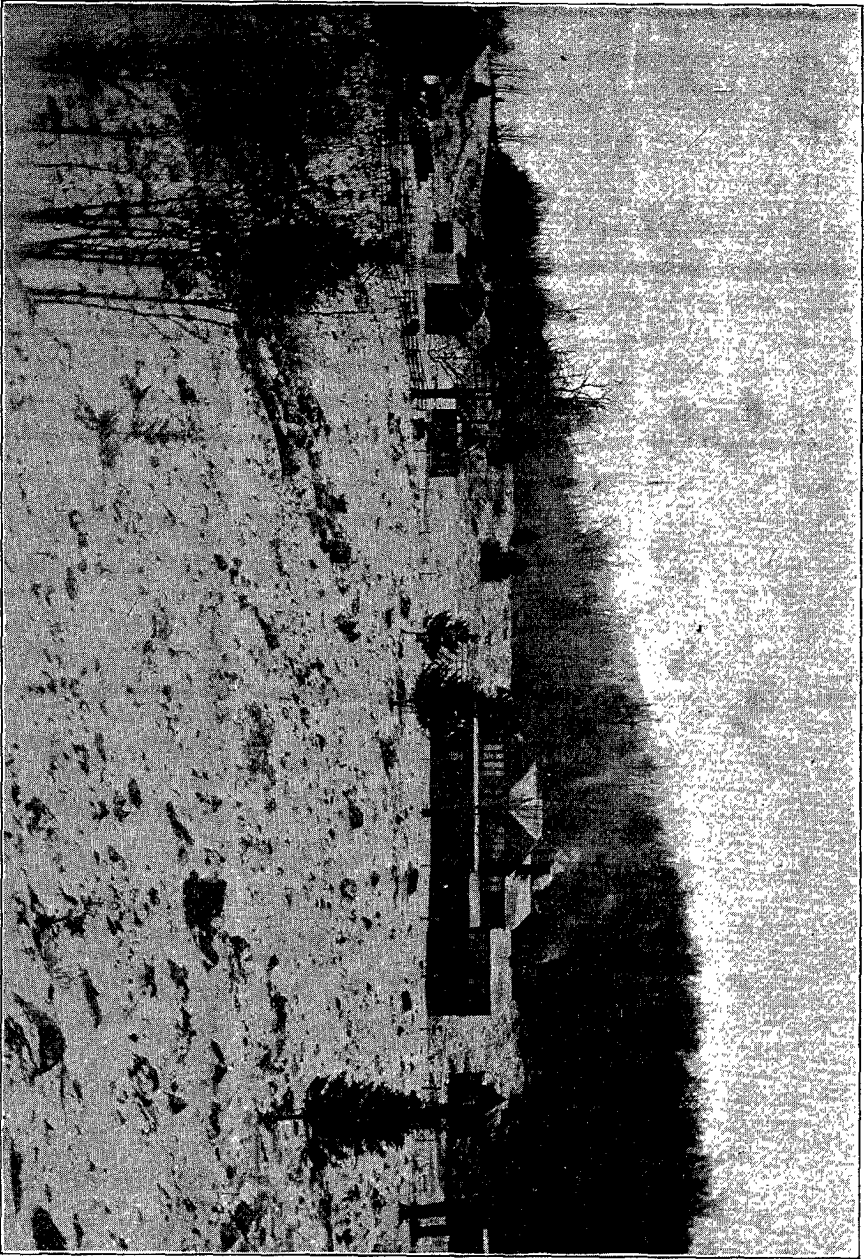
THE OUTDOOR CURE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The average bedroom climate is responsible for a large share of the prevailing coughs, colds, catarrh and tuberculosis. Dr. Knopf, the eminent authority on consumption, has well said: "The fear of night air is a nightmare."

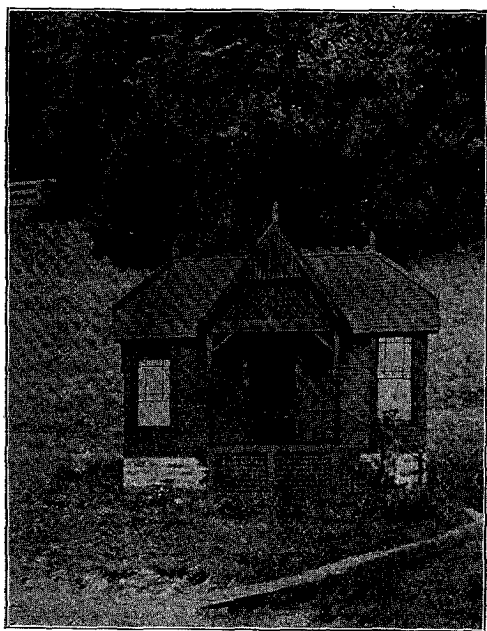
Consumption is only hereditary when children breathe the same bedroom climate, inhale the same dust, eat the same unsuitable food and work in equally unhealthful conditions as did their consumptive parents. In other words, if they did not adopt their parents' unhealthful practices they would not have contracted tuberculosis. Let those who read this spread the gospel of prevention and curability of consumption, and of the two *prevention* is by far the cheaper.

Resolve that the air which you breathe while you are asleep shall be pure as God made it, even if you have to make several new openings into your bedroom. By so doing you will extend your life many years and decrease the business of your doctor, for absolute pure air is just as efficient a remedy for a dozen other maladies as it is for consumption.



The Adirondack Sanitarium in 1886.
Second page of cover shows what it is today.

Dr. Trudeau, who is now at the head of the great tuberculosis work at Saranac Lake, New York, was the first man in this country to advocate the outdoor cure for tuberculosis. Thirty years ago he went as a helpless consumptive into the wilderness region of the Adirondack Mountains with the view of prolonging his life. Although forty-two miles away from a railroad or a physician, he determined to spend the winter in the heart of this wilderness, and spring found him improved. He became convinced that a life spent entirely out of doors in any kind of weather, with an abundance of good food, a reasonable amount of rest and regular habits, were the all-important factors in bringing about a cure.



The first cottage.

Several others came. He built a cottage, consisting of one room, heated by a wood stove and lighted by a kerosene lamp, which would accommodate two patients, and he persuaded the patients to sit out on the little veranda all day. From this humble beginning the work has grown until it is now a small village, as shown in the accompanying cut.

These buildings are lighted by electricity, heated by hot water and fireplaces, supplied

with baths, each room opening directly out on a covered veranda where beds are easily pushed and where the patients ordinarily sleep at night.

The patients are received for five dollars a week, although the cost to the institution is of course more than this, the deficit being made up by donations.

The best evidences that consumption is not contagious when the sputum is destroyed is shown by the fact that since this work began none of the employes or servants have ever been known to develop consumption.

Of the large number of cases who have been there during the last years about one-third of them are known to be well at present. Sixty-six per cent of those who were treated in the early stages are well at present.

Dr. Trudeau began this work without any money and without any assistance, inspired only with a great love in his heart for his fellowmen, and he has built up a magnificent work, while his glorious example has inspired thousands of others to undertake similar work.

Have you a consumptive in your family? Feed him on an abundance of eggs, cream, thoroughly cooked grains, breads, plenty of butter and other nourishing food that he has a taste for. Make him a bedroom out on the veranda, arrange for temporary shelter in very stormy weather and you will undoubtedly be astonished in a few weeks what it will accomplish for him.

Have you a tendency toward consumption yourself? Live as nearly outdoors as your circumstances will permit. Masticate thoroughly the most nourishing food, keep your chest well up, learn to breathe deeply, cease to use alcohol, tobacco, tea or coffee, or anything else that tends to sap your nerve energy. Cultivate in every possible way physical strength and there is but little chance you will ever die of consumption.

A prisoner writes from Columbia, S. C.:

"I received your kind and highly appreciated letter to-day and it helped me so much. I received the Bible, which excels any I ever saw, and I am trying to read and live by it; I find so many blessed promises in it to those who trust God."

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

Signs of the Second Coming of Christ—No. 3.

18. A definite message is to go to the world in the days of the approaching end.

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.—Joel 2:1, 2.

19. This last gospel message to the world is the judgment message given by the third angel of Revelation 14.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.—Rev. 14:6, 7.

20. This message of Christ's return which is to be given in the world in connection with the prophetic signs and their fulfilment will enable all who are anxiously watching for the Master to discern when His coming is near.

Now learn a parable of the fig tree. When his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—Matt. 24:32-35.

Has such a message ever been given to the world? Yes, it has, and is now being given. Beginning back in the thirties and forties of the last century a world-wide movement to proclaim the nearness of the second coming of Christ was instituted in America and spread over the entire earth. While the second coming of Christ has always been the hope of the church, those who will take pains to investigate will discover that the message of the soon-coming kingdom took definite shape and was first definitely given to the

world as such less than a hundred years ago.

21. The message of the coming kingdom will be accepted by many Christians, who will rejoice when the King appears in His Glory.

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.—Heb. 9:28.

And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will rejoice and be glad in his salvation.—Isa. 25:9.

(See also 2 Tim. 4:8.)

22. Many who profess to be Christians will reject the message of the coming kingdom and scoff at those who accept the doctrine of the near advent.

Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.—2 Peter 3:3, 4.

But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, my Lord delayeth His coming, and begin to smite his fellow servants and to eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Matt. 24:48-51.

23. The Gospel is to be preached in all the world before the second coming of Christ.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.—Matt. 24:14.

At the present time the Bible is published in practically every language under the sun. Christian missionaries have penetrated to the very heart of almost every heathen people.

24. While the nearness of Christ's second coming is to be known to His church, the day and hour is to be known by no man.

But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill;

the one shall be taken and the other left. Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Matt. 24:36-42.

This scripture makes it clear that those fanatics and false teachers, who arise from time to time, stating the day for the world to come to an end, are neither sent of God nor taught of the Scriptures; while by the signs of prophecy we may know when His coming is near, "even at the doors," but the day and the hour knoweth no man.

25. With the fulfilment of all the signs stated thus far, and the presence of the conditions of society, humanity, the church and the nations as outlined in prophecy, there exists but one more sign of the Master's coming, and that is termed "the sign of the Son of Man"—which is the coming of Jesus in glory in the clouds of heaven.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.—Luke 21:25-28.

Thus, with more than twenty-five distinct prophecies which, with the exception of the last, the sign "of the Son of Man," have all been fulfilled, either before or in our day and generation, it must be clear to the sincere students of the Bible that the Christian church of today lives in the time of waiting and expectation which immediately precedes the Lord's return, and in which He has specially commanded one and all to watch.

Again, the present day and generation is made conspicuous as that which is connected with the last days, by the fact that so many important prophetic lines have ended in the past century, or are ending in present experiences. Among those lines of prophecy which confirm the position that we are living today in the last days of the world's history, and which are commended to the reader for further study and consideration, are:

1. The Great Image of Daniel 2.
2. The Four Beasts of Daniel 7.
3. The 1260 Years of Rev. 12.
4. The 2800 years, or the Judgment Prophecy of Dan. 8.
5. The Seven Churches of Rev. 11.
6. The Seven Trumpets of Rev. 8.
7. The Seven Seals of Rev. 5.

Some of these prophecies have been consid-

ered in this department and the others will be during the coming year.

(Next month we will consider the manner in which Christ will come the second time in the clouds of heaven.)

HAVE YOU NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR THE OUTCAST GIRL?

MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM,
Author, "Traffic in Girls."

Contempt is bestowed liberally upon the poor outcast girl with but little understanding or sympathy. We must understand, however, before we can judge, and if we balance the pleasures and pains in the life of these girls then we can decide whether they merit our pity or contempt.



Contempt! Therein, I think, lies their bitterest punishment. They are despised by all, even by themselves, and with self-respect gone the contempt of the world is for the majority of human beings adequate punishment for almost any offense.

We have lately seen how certain capitalists have sought to regain the esteem of the public by huge gifts to worthy institutions because they know that the manner in which they gained their wealth is questioned by many. That makes them unhappy; they give away millions that they may be respected. The heated public discussion as to whether one such gift was "tainted money" and might with propriety be accepted by the church was the cause, so report ran, of the donor aging rapidly and failing in health and spirits.

That shows the crushing weight of the people's scorn. Now, if the contempt of only a certain class can so affect men, hardened by a lifetime of business warfare, how overwhelming must be the scorn of all the world to a girl, sensitive to praise and blame as all girls are, who drifts into a life of shame, or is suddenly thrust into it from a comfortable home, or is deliberately procured by force or fraud, as thousands of them are. For the mock marriage, the false employment snare, the stupefying drug, are constantly

used by professional procurers to entrap pure, unsophisticated girls whose very innocence makes them an easy prey. My book, "Traffic in Girls," tells in detail how this is done systematically every day in the year.

But no matter how they come to enter this life, contempt is their portion. They see it daily, hourly, in the sneer of the Pharisee, or in the averted glance of the former friend.

We sometimes see them laughing, these girls. We say, "They are brazen." They are not the only ones among us who have learned to conceal chagrin, humiliation, the smart of outraged feelings, under a smile.

Such, then, is their first heavy punishment when they enter the life of shame and receive its tawdry wage of material luxury. And when they are hardened to contempt they are also hardened in appearance; their charm is passing and that means the passing of these material luxuries as well, for then they are soon cast out upon the street.

Poor children! Stripped prematurely of their youth and beauty, preyed upon by all, by the law or its blackmailing representatives, by the landlord-leech who sucks their profits, by disease which eats their vitals, surely their path is not strewn with roses.

Last stage of all—the gutter, where such staggering, drunken wretches, with filthy clothes and disheveled gray hair may occasionally be seen—the hospital, where disease rots them slowly, a death, the morgue, and then the potter's field.

NOTE—The book, "Traffic in Girls," mentioned in this article, should be read by all who wish to better these awful conditions. The work, now in its seventy-fifth thousand, has warned countless girls, many of whom have testified that they were saved from the traps of procurers by reading it. Order from this office, price 30c. Or address Mrs. Charlton Edholm, East Oakland, Cal.

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

MRS. MARY WILLIAMS.

How these words were burned into my soul as I stood one Sunday morning in the Harrison Street police station in company with some noble workers who are giving their all to help and encourage those who have fallen in sin. There were five women that beautiful Sunday morning behind the bars, and you who have never visited a prison can not imagine what this means—a place filled

with foul air and tobacco smoke, dimly lighted, stone floor, the only furniture a wooden bench, while between the bars were placed a chunk of dry bread and a tin cup of black coffee.

Oh, Satan is a hard taskmaster! But what could one do, what comfort could one bring to such an audience but for the love of Christ? What consolation to the broken-hearted and sin-sick soul but for the precious promises of One who is full of compassion and tender mercy, who came to seek and to save the lost? What joy to point one to such a Saviour!

One of the women was at least sixty years of age. Perhaps a husband and children awaited her return, and there she was in such a place! Bitterly she wept as with the rest she manifested a desire for prayer. May God grant that the petitions that were sent up to the throne of grace that morning be answered and may we who profess to be His followers be ever willing to go and do what He wants us to do.

SOUL-SAVING IN BATTLE CREEK.

R. O. EASTMAN.

But where sin abounded grace did much more abound.—Rom. 5:20.

And it does. There's a rift in the lowering clouds over South Jefferson street, at Battle Creek, and the glory of God which shines through spreads its rays over the entire city. The grace of God and its works here have been wonderful indeed.

* * * *

Whole families have been united in Christ in this mission; more women than one have knelt on the humble mission floor. Strong men have stood up under the mighty, mysterious moving of the Spirit and have wept bitterly over past mistakes as they embraced the Saviour. Children have knelt, crying, under the influence of this same wonderful Spirit, praying to the one that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There has been little exhortation—only stirring conviction. Prayer has done it all—prayer and confession of Jesus.

His Spirit has been working wonderfully indeed. Wonderfully have the sowers been prospered. The fields were so fertile—so many

were hungering and thirsting for just this—that a great harvest has been garnered. Open only six or seven weeks at this writing, the mission claims some forty souls as the fruits of its labors—perhaps many more. It would take the whole LIFE BOAT to tell only a little of the story. And the field still cries for laborers.

* * * *

Brother Hanson, Sister Babcock, Brother Godby and myself will never forget what was, I think, the first visit made from the mission. We called at 25 Jackson street, identified only by number, for it is neither house nor hovel. We could have slid down hill from the sidewalk into the front door. The floor seemed to be on an incline of almost forty-five degrees. It served as an extension of the bank of mud which reached *up to* the sidewalk. On rainy days the place must have been converted into a veritable sewer, the muddy water flowing in one door and out the other. There was one small stove in the place and they were feeding it corncobs. They got them for a penny a bushel and that was all that could be spared for fuel.

"They" were an old white-haired woman and her husband, the latter sick in bed. Bed? Scarcely that—a cot, head toward the stove, foot toward the door. The incline of the floor left the head about a foot lower than the opposite end. On this, beneath all the bed clothing in the house, supplemented with overcoats and rugs, the old man was shaking in a constant chill.

We moved him into a better position. Brother Godby applied a few vigorous treatments, then we had prayer and the old man passed into a restful sleep. They have new rooms now, rain and wind-proof, anyway. The old man is undergoing constant treatment and promises to recover completely soon.

* * * *

A woman staggered into the mission one Saturday night, dead drunk. She couldn't walk alone. She didn't. Our sisters knelt with her and prayed. Prayer seemed to sober her. They went home with her. They have been watching with her ever since.

There is a husband, a hard working man—a night worker—who wants his wife to keep straight. There are two children who

do not want mamma to be a drunkard. Pray for this family.

* * * *

One day Sister Mooers, our regular mission worker, brought what seemed to many to be the saddest story of all. She asked for clothes for a baby, an infant in arms, that she had found absolutely naked, covered only with a blanket. Think of it—poverty like this, such destitution, such crying want in a city of only 22,000 and a community of Christians!

The baby didn't wait long for clothes. The story touched the hearts of more than one mother and Sister Mooer's mission was speedily performed.

STATE REGULATION.

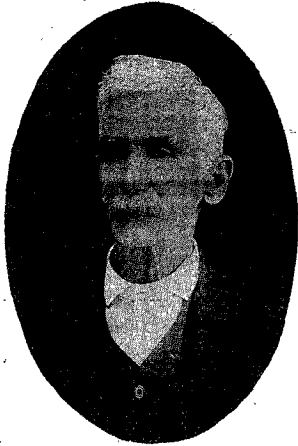
In a recent number of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Howard Kelly, the noted surgeon of Johns Hopkins Hospital, points out that the responsibility for the suppression of vice is not a burden that we can roll upon the State, but is a matter for each physician to take an aggressive, active interest in and for each to maintain individually a high standard of morals. We quote the following earnest words from this article:

Now simply to state that we need a higher standard of morals is but expressing the fact of the disease in different terms, and conveys no power of reform. We do not need knowledge, as some of us imagine; we need some transforming, regenerating power from without to enable us to accomplish that which our corrupt tendencies continually hinder. For this reason my own hope lies solely in God and in prevailing on men to look to Him for grace and strength to do that which they can not of themselves accomplish. Such a definite, real, personal approach to God is offered to us by our Christian faith, and where the faith is real it confers this power. "Sin shall not have dominion over you." But while it is eminently proper to point to this, in my belief the one true remedy, the present is not the place for a full discussion of this subject.

If you tell me that the course I suggest is an impossibility, I answer, neither is there any balm in Gilead for this wound. But if it can not be remedied, at least do not let us debauch public morals by making the very laws of the land panders to vice; because our feet are in the mire is no reason why we should wade in waist deep.

IS IT SAFE FOR AN OLD MAN TO GIVE UP TOBACCO?

Of all men the aged man is the one who needs to give up tobacco, for it injures his heart and encourages degeneration changes that come with old age. But can an old man give it up?



Eleven years ago Uncle Joe, a life-long drunkard and an inveterate user of tobacco, dropped into a mission and gave his heart to God. He then and there gave up all of his soul and body destroy-

ing habits, accepted all the light and truth that was presented to him, and is today walking obediently in the commandments of God.

SOWING AND REAPING.

M. ALICE WILSON.

In a town in Kansas I noticed a man looking very intently at me, and at last I spoke to him. Then he told me he wanted to tell me he was an ex-prisoner and that he was converted while in prison by the reading of this magazine, and how glad he was I was distributing such good gospel reading. I gave him one and he was very glad to get it.

When in Boulder, Colo., last summer I saw a gentleman who told me that he was first awakened to the harmful effects of the use of tobacco by reading this paper, and he fervently said: "Thank God I am now a free man—never have the slightest desire for the vile stuff."

Last October I was again in Colorado. I went to the State prison at Canon City and gave the inmates fifty magazines. One poor fellow, when I handed it to him, exclaimed: "Oh, that dear little paper! We think more of it than all the other reading we have." I have always made a practice of going to all jails and hospitals and leaving them for those

that may be so unfortunate as to be inmates.

Since I commenced this work about two years ago I have given it up several times and gone into other business, but have never felt satisfied and so have returned to it. Although it is often wearisome, I feel I am sowing seed that may take root and bear fruit for the ultimate good of mankind.

AN ENCOURAGING EXPERIENCE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

On May 17, 1904, there came into the Mission a young man whose hopes for much of a future had been crushed, for he had not only wasted his earthly substance, but also the forces of life. The glow of health and beauty had left his countenance. His features were haggard, his eyes inflamed and sunken, his lips drawn and stained, breath foul from free lunch, stale drinks, etc. His fingers showed that he was a slave to cigarettes and tobacco.

His path had been a crooked one. Friends had remonstrated, mother had prayed and wept for her wayward boy, but to no avail; he had forsaken the real friends for those of fancy, and they had led him on and on and in the hour of adversity had forsaken him and left him to perish. The poison of sin was gnawing at the very vitals of his life, and no one seemed to care for his soul.

God knew why in this condition his feet were directed to the Mission, where he heard there was One, even Jesus, who was able to save to the uttermost. But he reasoned, "I've tried so many times and made so many promises and never kept them, there's no use—I have only grown worse." Then he heard the songs, the word of God read and experiences related of what the Lord had done for others, and it appealed to him; if the Lord has done this for them, why wouldn't He do something for him? The Spirit of God was urging him to come; he was thirsty and he came, just as he was, and began to drink of that "pure river of water of life."

His features changed from that of trouble to one of rest. The sunshine of God's presence seemed to light his way. The old habits that bound him dropped like the leaves of autumn. The glow of health took the place of disease, so that he could have said with David of old, "He brought me up also out of an hor-

rible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." Ps. 40:2.

The mother whom he had wronged and sinned against was written to; forgiveness was sought and granted. Then came the visit home, and there was joy in that mother's heart for the boy that was lost and is found, that was dead and is alive again.

That which was done for him he longed to see done for those whom he had left in the life of sin. He told his mother the desire of his heart and soon the way opened in the providence of God for him to spend a few months where he could acquaint himself with the word of God that he might intelligently tell others in the language of the Scriptures what God had wrought for him. He was willing to do for any one of them. At every opportunity he is telling some one of what the dear Saviour did for him. The following are some of the points he gave in his talk in the Mission Saturday night, March 31, 1906:

"REASONS WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN."

1. *Because I know my sins are forgiven.*

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1:9.

I confessed my sin and He says He forgave me, and I believe it, not because I *feel*. He did it, but I *know* He said He would.

2. *Because of His fellowship and the light.*

If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1:7.

3. *Because I am a son of God.*

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.—John 1:12.

I received Him and believe Him, therefore I am a son of God.

4. *Because I don't have to worry about the future; it's in His hand.*

Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Phi^l. 4:6.

I make my requests known to God, with thanksgiving and supplication and prayer; then I get the blessing of the next verse:

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:7.

In the world I was like the troubled sea; there was no rest. Now I have the peace of God that passeth all understanding. My trou-

ble today is not for my self, but for my fellowmen and their salvation.

5. *Because I shall abide forever.* That is a broad statement, but I think I have the proof:

He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.—1 John 2:17.

6. *Because I have something to look forward to.*

To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—1 Pet. 1:4.

I've seen the mounts, the forests, the extended plains, the waving fields of grain; I've heard the grandest music and great orators, but they all fail to express what God hath in store for them that love Him.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. 2:9.

7. *Ten things God will do for the redeemed.*

And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.—Rev. 21:4.

Behold I make all things new.—Rev. 21:5.
I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.—Rev. 21:6.
He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—Rev. 21:7.

I am glad that I started in this way and sorry that I waited so long. My aim now is that I may say or do something to help others to see the folly of their course and do as I have done. "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."—Acts 3:19.

HOSPITAL AND JAIL WORK.

MRS. OLIVE STEVENS,
Ceres, Cal.

It is a little more than a year since I began my work of carrying Gospel literature to the hospital and to the jail. I will say that I have been well pleased with the manner in which I have been received by the hospital authorities. When I made my first visit the superintendent very kindly and attentively took me over the building, showing me into the different wards, and the patients were glad to get the papers. After I had made two or three visits the superintendent told me to come as often as I cared to and gave me the privilege of the hospital at any time without an attend-

ant or usher, and I find that each time I visit these patients I find them more and more eager to read this magazine. It is very gratifying to see the interest and eagerness manifested by these afflicted souls.

After leaving the papers at the hospital two weeks I gather them up and take them to the jail; then the under sheriff distributes them to the prisoners.

A SAD, LONELY CHILD.

FANNIE EMMEL.

In order to go down to the lowly, in order to lift up the fallen, in order to lift up our sister at our side, we have to bring to them more than *respectability*. To go out into the highways and hedges and compel sinners to come in does not require any great or famous preparation or a college education, but we *must* sit at the feet of Jesus.

The other day I had a peculiar experience. I went to the Harrison Police Station Annex and said to myself as I was going up the steps:

There are so many remarkable things happening down here; I wonder what I am going to meet that is wonderful to-day. As the matron came to the door I asked if there were any new folks in and she said, "Come in; there are one or two new people you can talk with." I went in and saw a lot of young women there; one little face appealed to me—that of a little girl only fourteen years old, who stood with her elbows on the back of a chair and her head buried in her hands.

I wondered what made her so sad. I asked

the matron and she said, "Go and talk to her." So I did. I took her aside and then sat down and asked her, "Dear, what is the matter with you?" "Well," she said, "I just came out of the hospital. I wanted more wages and they did not give them to me, so I tried to kill myself and then had to go to the hospital." I said, "What made you do such a thing?" She then told me that she had no father and did not know what to do. I said, "Lord, help us." The burden of life was so heavy on this child that she did not care to lift it any more. As I came a little closer into her life I found that both she and her mother had to work

every day of their lives in order to live honorably, and this little soul felt homeless and friendless only as she found friends among those she met.

I said, "Don't you love your mother and don't you know this is an awful sorrow to her?" She said, "Yes, I thought of it when I was doing it, but—" then she hesitated, "I got so discouraged for I could only see my mother just for a little time." This poor child missed her father and saw so little

of her mother that she did not see anything in life to live for and wanted to get out of it. I said to myself, Why is it that God allows such hard things to come into her life; why is it when He said He would be a father to the fatherless?

But there is another side to the question. When I got through talking she said her mother had led her to Christ and that she was all right until she let some things come into her life and then Christ went out. She said, "I want the Lord to forgive me." I



Crusader Monthly,
"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

said, "Don't you want to go off and ask the Lord now?" She said, "Yes."

We went into the front room, and I wish you could have heard that heart, sad and crushed as it was, as she said, "Lord, I believe You have forgiven me." I know she touched again the throne of grace. That little heart got up new and she said, "I am not going to do that thing any more," although she had come out of the hospital to the annex with the determination that at the first opportunity she would accomplish that deed. It was wonderful.

THOUGHT NOBODY CARED FOR HIS SOUL.

From the Indiana State Prison:

"I received your kind letter and was glad to hear from you. You do not know how glad I was to receive a few lines from a Christian friend outside in the world; it brought comfort to my soul to think someone still believes in us and is willing to help us and try to show us that Jesus Christ died to save the world and to save poor sinners from destruction. The first of the year I promised to turn over a new leaf and conquer all temptations, and by the help of God I hope I will hold out, not for this year only, but as long as I am spared to live. When I leave this place I will go out of here a Christian man. I want to say that your letter helped me, because I did not think that anybody cared what became of my soul. I will close, looking to hear from you soon."

NOT ALWAYS ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

From a correspondent in the Indiana State Prison we receive the following:

"My Kind Friend: Your letter received and was glad to hear from you again. I am getting on well, thank God, yet it is a *fight*. I am not always on the mountain top—there is an intervening valley where I must descend and fight the enemy with the weapons that God gives me, but if I had not these enemies to contend with I would get careless and be

overcome by the adversary. St. James says: 'Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.' Our trials, small as they are, yet faintly resemble those of our Master. Do we tread the wilderness of this world alone? So did He. What can we suffer for the want of companionship and sympathy compared with Him? Does the world care little for us. It cared little for Him. With all this, why should I murmur? I should thank my God that it is no worse.

"I thank you for your kindness and hope that you will continue to write me and pray for me, for I enjoy your letters; I find them instructive and encouraging. We need the danger signal held up in all of its horror and then be pointed to the road of safety."

GOSPEL FIELD WORK.

MRS. H. W. ODELL,

Hartford City, Ind.

Mrs. Dr. Goodison-Leach and myself have gone to the jail nearly each week since I came here. Last week every man in the men's wards joined us in singing and knelt both in opening and closing prayer. This week most of them will have their trials. There has certainly been an evident change in all of them as a result of these little simple jail services.

Our children led in singing, "Peace, the Gift of God's Love," and this suggested a talk from John 14. Knowing that this was the last time that I should probably see some of them, I felt such a burden to say just the right thing. The spirit of God was plainly manifest before the service ended. As we handed out the January papers we asked each man for his name to put on our prayer list. When we asked the question if any had once known peace in the Lord, several hands were raised and four desired it again.

When we asked what they got out of the study for themselves, one said, "Let not your heart be troubled." This same one has prayed audibly in three different services. The seed has been sown; the results are not on our shoulders.

When the sheriff's wife started to take us to the women's department the first time she

said: "Probably if they know you are coming they will run and hide." We replied: "Well, don't tell them then; let the children just begin to sing." They did so and first one and then another appeared until they were all seated on the farthest side of the room. When I began to talk I invited them to bring their chairs up nearer, and all came. Now we find them all sitting just as close to where we stand as possible, and no more sounds of laughing, singing of worldly songs or dancing float down to us while the men's service is going on.

At the last service Dr. Leach asked the men how many felt that they had been helped by the services during the last two months, and how many had a new glimpse of their Saviour and His power to save. The hands of four came up very promptly; one of these has three months more. One who played for us one day on his guitar while the rest of us sang we are very much interested in. Another man one day said: "The children's singing is all right, but it takes more than singing and talk to save a man; if you would bring us some Testaments that would help us more." We admitted the truth of this and have been making the effort to procure some. We had already left for the use of the women a copy of the Gospel of John. Some money has already been raised for Bibles for the County Infirmary.

IS A PRISONER WORTH WRITING TO?

From the state prison at Moundsville, W. Va.:

"I thought I would write to you to let you know that I received your most welcome letters some time ago and have been getting the paper every month. I would have written to you long ago, but for a rule which barred us from writing to any one but our own near of kin, but we have the pleasure today to write to our friends. I hope you will write to me again, for I would have written to you long ago if I could. A good letter has so much to cheer one up when he is downhearted. I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you and all the good people who think a prisoner is worth writing to."

A MISSION EVENING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

As we entered the Mission, at seven o'clock, we found a small but interested company already assembled, who were soon eagerly listen-

ing and taking part in the Bible study conducted by E. B. Van Dorn at that hour. At its close, about 7:45, the doors are thrown invitingly open, while some of the workers, stationed outside or visiting the nearer lodging houses, restaurants, or safoons, extend



the invitation to come to "whosoever will." A fifteen-minute song service is now in duration, and as the sound of music and tender, well-known hymns is borne out on the street many of the aimless passers-by are attracted inside.

On the night in question one little ragged street urchin who, with a number of similarly attired companions, had come to the front evidently filled with the spirit of fun and bent on making disturbance, joined heartily in the singing of "Yield not to temptation," almost leading the company. Though scarcely more than eight or nine years old she had a really fine voice, and one could not but think what a useful worker for God and blessing to others she might become with only a little interest taken in her welfare—if only trained to use her voice, her mind, in that which is good instead of the wickedness of the school of the street where she already showed too clearly the marks of having spent the larger share of her short life.

Brother Van Dorn then spoke of the devil's want of men and women, how he goes about like a devouring lion, seeking men for his business. In the United States there are three hundred thousand girls in lives of sin, selling themselves for that which is not bread. All of them came from somebody's home—are somebody's daughters. Sixty thousand die every year, unknown, unmourned, and some one is being sought to fill their place. Yet, on the other hand, the Lord is still looking for men and women, even when wrecked, and

is willing not only to forgive but to restore to them the years the locust hath eaten. (Joel 2:25.)

Another duet followed this talk, after which the meeting was thrown open to all who wished to take part. We cull the following lines from some of the testimonies:

"It has only been a short time since I took a stand for God. I had the pleasure of meeting a man in this room a couple of months ago who knelt down and had prayer with me. I find in this short time I have had an awful battle, and I want you Christian people to pray for me."

"Surely this is a blessed opportunity to speak of the Lord and I do not want to miss it. As I look back thirty or forty years over my wrecked life and I read about there being joy in heaven over sinners saved I think it is wonderful. I am glad to be here telling I am saved, kept. The beautiful part is I know there is a power that is independent of circumstances; it does not make any difference how low a man is, it will pick him up and keep him right."

"I live about fourteen miles or so out of the city but had a special reason for wanting to come here tonight. This is of wonderful importance to me; it was the 31st of August, 1899, that I first came into the Life Boat Mission. I was not in the same condition as tonight; far from it! And the reason I am not in the same plight now is because of the glorious Gospel and what Christ has done for me. I am very glad there was ever such a thing as the Life Boat Mission and that I was brought to it.

"I was not born in this country but am glad I came here because of what I found. Jesus Christ came to save that which was lost and I was one of the poor fellows that was lost. A great change has come to me. Let me tell you one thing: In the country I came from I never could keep a position over night. I had kept one four years but ran away twice and they took me back only for my parents' sake. But here I have kept one position for six years, and that is a great thing to be thankful for. There is a text in Job expresses the thoughts in my mind tonight: 'Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?' I have done no great thing that I should have these bless-

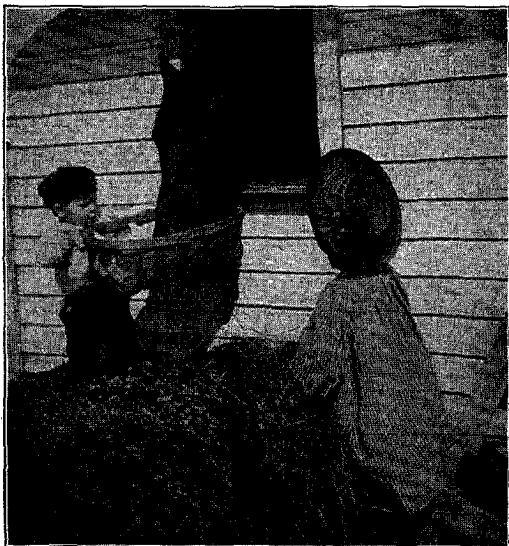
ings, but I know there is a God who can save a young man."

SOUL-WINNING WORK.

A druggist writes from Troy, N. Y.:

"Somehow or other your magazine found its way into my store last August. It has lain around until this afternoon, when I picked it up and reread it. I find in it food for thought and work for those like myself who are trying to do work for the Master, but do not have time to sit down and study nights or at other times. I am in the drug business and work from 8 a. m. until 11 p. m., so you see when I go to talk I must have something to fill me quick, and illustrations that are true. Of course the Word of God is the only thing for us to have, but these living testimonies are the thing to clinch the truth.

"I have a friend whom I go with out into the country districts to help weak churches and hard worked ministers, and I need your paper. Please send me a number of copies; you will find money enclosed for the same."



Blessed are the country children who have such opportunities which are denied the poor children of the slums.

INTERESTING OTHERS.

Mrs. C. Willeford writes, in a recent letter from Thomasville, Ga.:

"I have recently visited the federal prison in Atlanta; the prisoners are just as anxious for the paper as ever, so I thought just as soon as I could arrange things I would make a thorough canvass among the people here and see if they will not donate enough money to send a goodly number to the federal prison.

"Some of the churches here have opened their doors to me to come any time with my papers. The ministers always speak very encouragingly of the papers and of the good work that I am engaged in and always urge their people to buy.

"I feel so thankful God has raised up so many energetic, wideawake workers. My visit to Hinsdale did me much good, for when I speak of the work that is being carried on there to help the poor, unfortunate girls and the poor little children, and about the Mission in Chicago, some say they had heard about it, but they wanted to see some one who had been there and could tell them."

GOOD THAT WE ALL MAY DO.

MRS. FRED NELSON,
Galesburg, Ill.

I have had some very interesting experiences while I have been taking subscriptions. One day as a man called to deliver some goods he found me writing with my open Bible before me, and inquired if I was preparing my Sunday school lesson. Before I thought I answered that I was writing a letter to a prisoner, which, of course, caused him to wonder, so I had to explain how it came that I was thus engaged. I read the letter to him which I had just written and noticed he was touched by it.

He became deeply interested and desired to know more of this line of work, so I handed him a couple of copies of this paper, as I explained its mission to him. He took the papers home to read. The next time he came he told how interested he and his wife had become in its reading, how they had been deeply touched by it, and that they desired to subscribe for it; so he gave me his subscription, saying he wants to help this good cause

in the future financially. I can see God's hand even in this little incident.

I take a few of these magazines with me whenever I go on my errands. A few days ago I went to a greenhouse to purchase some flowers for a sick friend. I had a pleasant experience with the paper there, and afterward, when I called on the sick friend in the hospital, she said that when she was taken to the hospital she took a copy of this paper along and that it had been passed around. She did not know how many had read it.

This lady, who is very sympathetic, urged me to speak to another lady who was having a very severe trial, her mental suffering being greater than her bodily pain. She had covered her head partly with the covering, as if she did not wish to be seen, but I expect it was to hide her grief, as it must have seemed hard to her to see others being remembered by so many tokens of love while she had visits from no one.

I went and touched her gently as I spoke to her. She quickly looked up and seemed so pleased to have some one notice her. She told us her great sorrow, her husband having left her and her three little children. She had lain for seven weeks on this sick-bed while no one came to see her. I did feel so sorry for her. I gave her this paper to read and explained its mission to her. She looked in it and found something at once which comforted her. She said: "How true this is! No one knows how much a handshake, a smile, a word of good cheer, may do one who is in such misery."

I asked her if she liked flowers, promising to bring her some next time. She said she dearly loved flowers, but said it hurt her to see them wither and die. She could not thank me and the lady with me enough for speaking to her; she said it had done her so much good. "Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by!"

It costs something, of course, to be in an attitude to receive the blessings—it costs a surrendered life, a separation from the world, a continued "looking unto Jesus," but we can do all through Him, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, which are eternal.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sædler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



A SOUL-WINNING SUMMER.

Everywhere there are hungry hearts who are dissatisfied with their present experience in Christian things. Some of them may be in your own family. Will you ask God to make you a channel through which some of His great love and goodness can flow to these discouraged and disheartened souls? If you will do so He will certainly answer your prayer. And if you will continue to step into the openings that he will give you, this will become to you a soul-winning summer.

WHAT DO THESE THINGS MEAN?

As you read of death-dealing earthquakes, famines, distress among nations, wickedness in high places, do you not sometimes ask yourself, what do these things mean? Are they not a call to "be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless," to "beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness," and to "grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?" (2 Pet. 3:14-18.) "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." (Isa. 26:9.) God's judgments are certainly abroad in the land.

Are you among those who are learning righteousness from them, or will you postpone that until it is too late to learn righteousness? Are you so swallowed up in business, the cares of this life, society or pleasure that you are forgetting that all we are here in this world for is to get ready for the next world and to help others get ready? Will you settle this question in your own mind before you proceed any further?

DO THE WEALTHY NEED THE GOSPEL?

We publish the following extracts from a personal letter from Mrs. Kershaw because they point out the error that Christian work-

ers are very apt to make in supposing that people of wealth and influence are likely to be happy and feel no need of Christ.

"As I was leaving the City Tombs I noticed a young man who walked by me; there was something in his face that caused me to look again. Thinking he was a visitor, I did not speak to him until I saw them book him. I shall not forget very soon the pleading look in his eyes as I stepped up to him and handed him a copy of this magazine. He was immediately led to a cell; I followed. He again turned to me that face so young, noble, but weak.

"After he had told me his trouble and who he was, I asked if there was anything I could do for him. Oh, the light that shone in his eyes as he said, 'Will you help me? I have plenty of friends, one a banker, another a wealthy business man.' Taking the address I looked them up and found what he said was true. I had the opportunity of visiting with his family; they were so grateful for what I had done for their friend and insisted on my making them a visit. The lady said my visit had done her good, as she got so blue.

"Now, that was an evidence to me that I must guard against the tendency to overlook my duty to society people, the business and professional folks. Many of them have hearts hungering for truth and for the knowledge of a personal Saviour.

"Suppose when I first came to the Sanitarium in Chicago, that simply because I had on good clothes you had thought, 'She has money and a nice home, her husband is a business man, and she has all that her heart can wish,'—overlooking the fact that I had a soul and unconscious of the hunger that was in my heart. How I do thank God it was not so. The sweet spirit in which the physician drew me to her and never tiring words spoken to me by the nurse as she gave me my treatment, are still sweet to me. If I had not surrendered then I am

sure I would not now be working for others; how thankful I am that I ever went there! May the Lord help me to always speak a word in season to him that is weary."

IS THIS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

The following are extracts from a letter from a young man who attended several services in the Mission last winter:

"I want to ask you what God is going to do with a person who has to ask to be forgiven every night for the same things. I sometimes doubt His forgiving me so often. I know it is only by looking at my heart that He can. I am so miserably weak I hate to call myself a man.

"I can see that I am gradually going with the fatal tide, but to say No when temptation comes seems an impossibility, yet there is scarcely an hour but that Jesus whispers 'Come,' and I believe I will come out all right. I have never been able to give up hope and cast myself out on the world yet.

"There have been very few nights but that I have asked help. I have found it hard to pray at times, but I have stuck to it except at times of utter darkness. I saw a little paragraph in THE LIFE BOAT that helped me; it said, 'Pray hardest when it is hardest to pray.' Here is another one that helped me: 'It is never too late to be what you might have been.' This last, with an everlasting remembrance of those good old songs that were sung at the Mission last winter, have brought me around to my real self a great many times this summer.

"No one here realizes but that I am contented with this world, but then there is seemingly no such thing as religion of any kind for railroad men. I have been to church but once or twice since I left Chicago. I was down the street last Saturday night and stopped on the corner to listen to the Salvation Army. I tell you it reminded me of a year ago. I went down to their hall instead of going to the theater and I believe I enjoyed it more. I almost envy those who have the sweet assurance of eternal life, but I know they have earned it. I believe my stay in Chicago gave me the first glimpse of the beauty of the Christian life, and I thank the Lord for that. Do not forget to pray for me."

A KINDLY TRIBUTE.

Miss Helen L. S. Badgley of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, and other talent, recently furnished Stella Archer Maloney a testimonial concert in the Berkeley Temple, Boston, February 19, 1906.

The readers of this magazine are more or less acquainted with Mrs. Maloney's soul-winning work in Boston from her interesting reports in the columns of this paper. Her husband's severe illness has prevented her from doing any active work for a number of weeks, but he is now recovering. We hope that Mrs. Maloney will soon be able to take up again the work that is so near and dear to her heart. Miss Badgley is also deeply interested in soul-winning and we hope that she will be able to assist Mrs. Maloney in this work in many ways.

Write us the account of some interesting experiences that you are having in soul-winning work. It may be the means of encouraging others.

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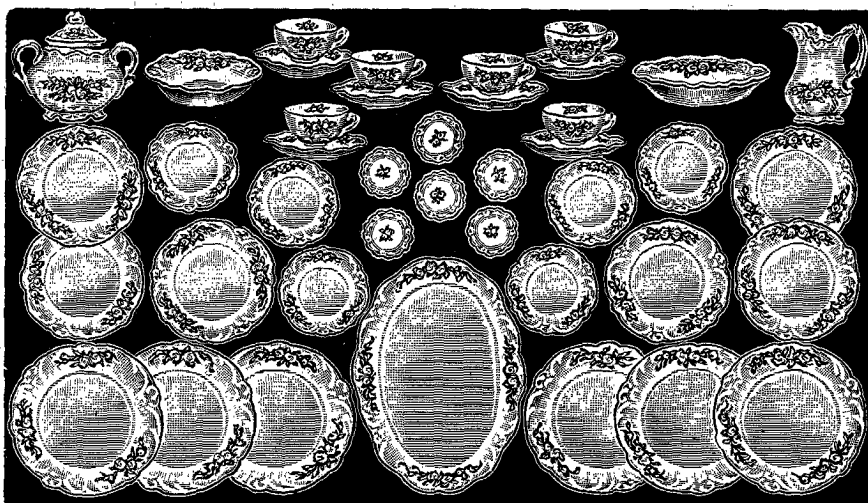
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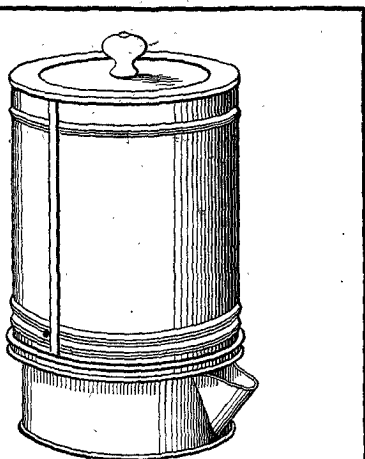
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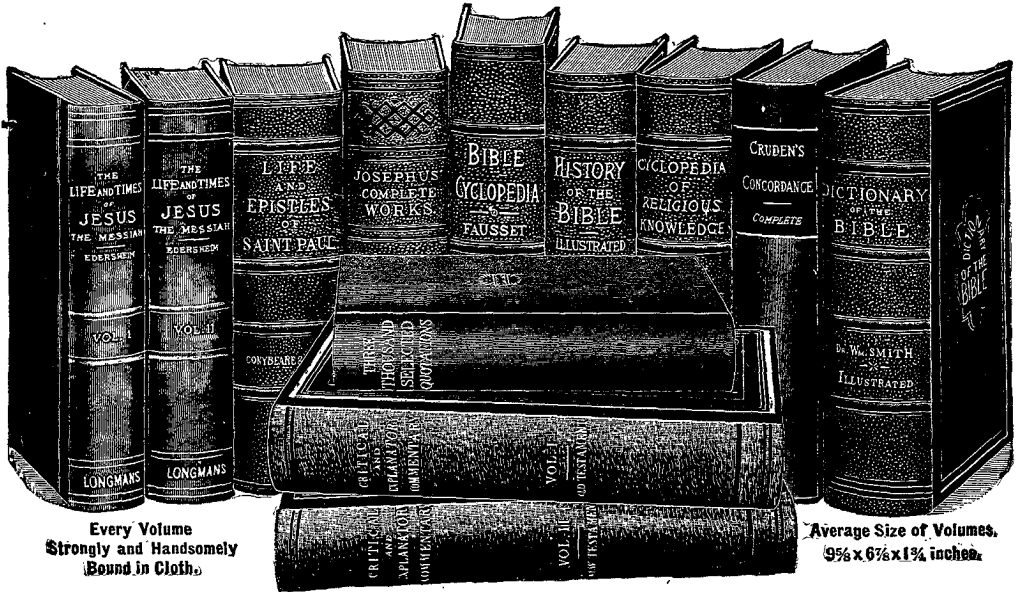
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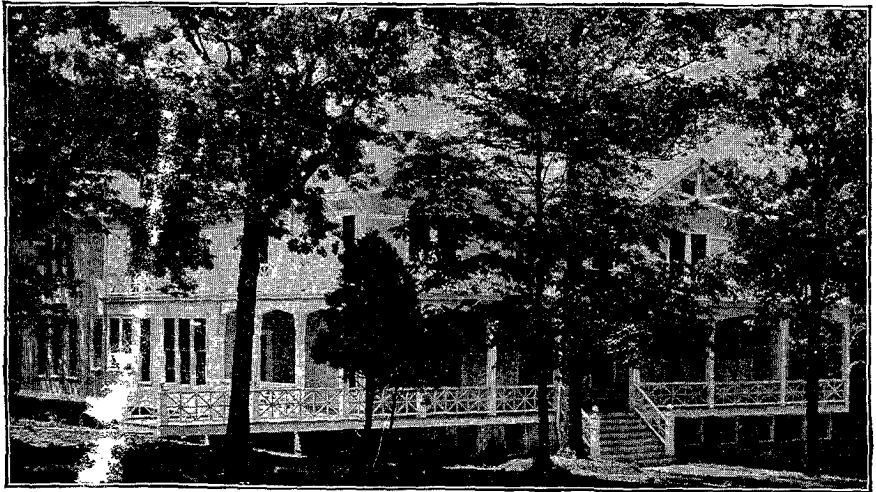
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