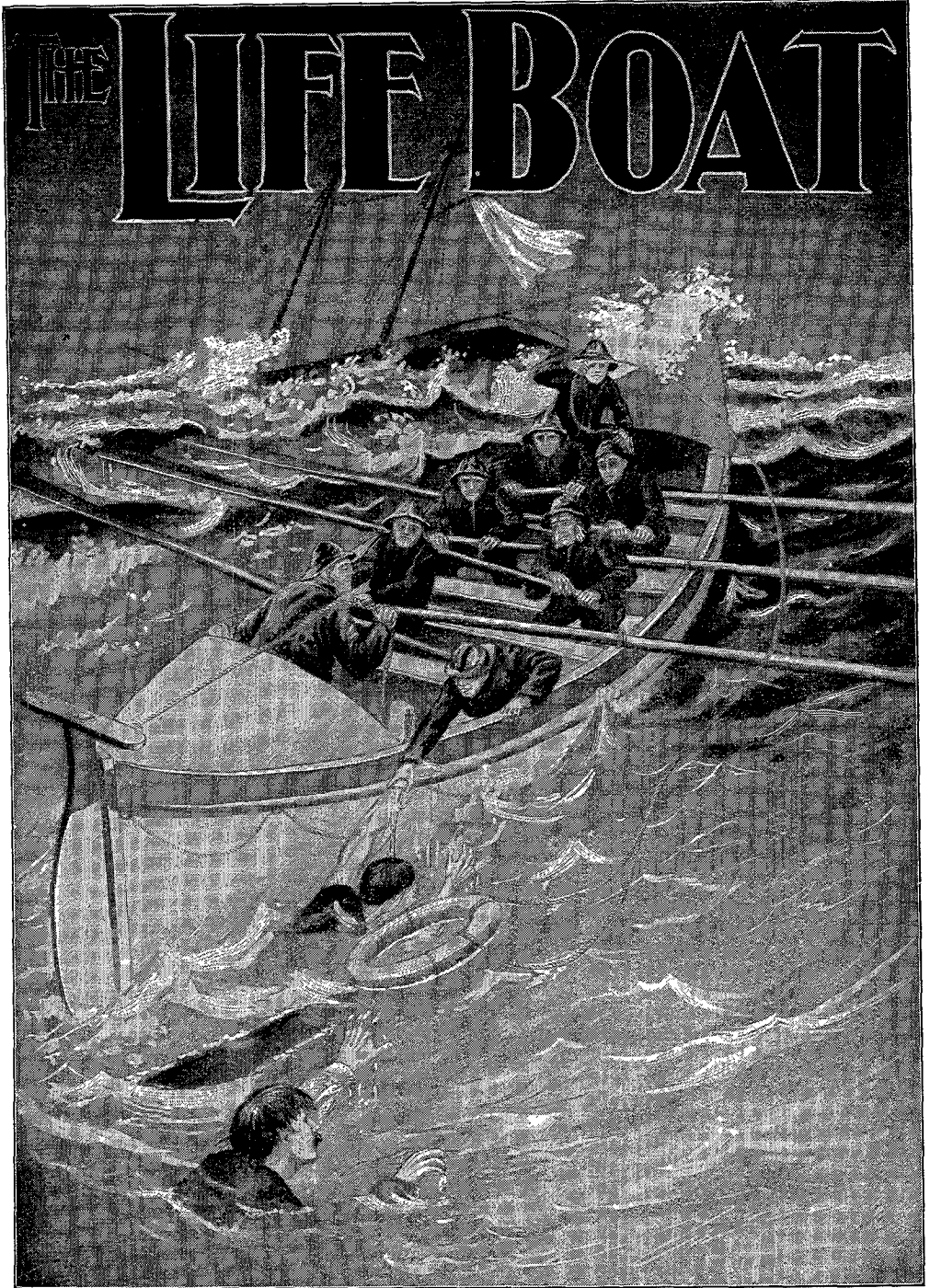


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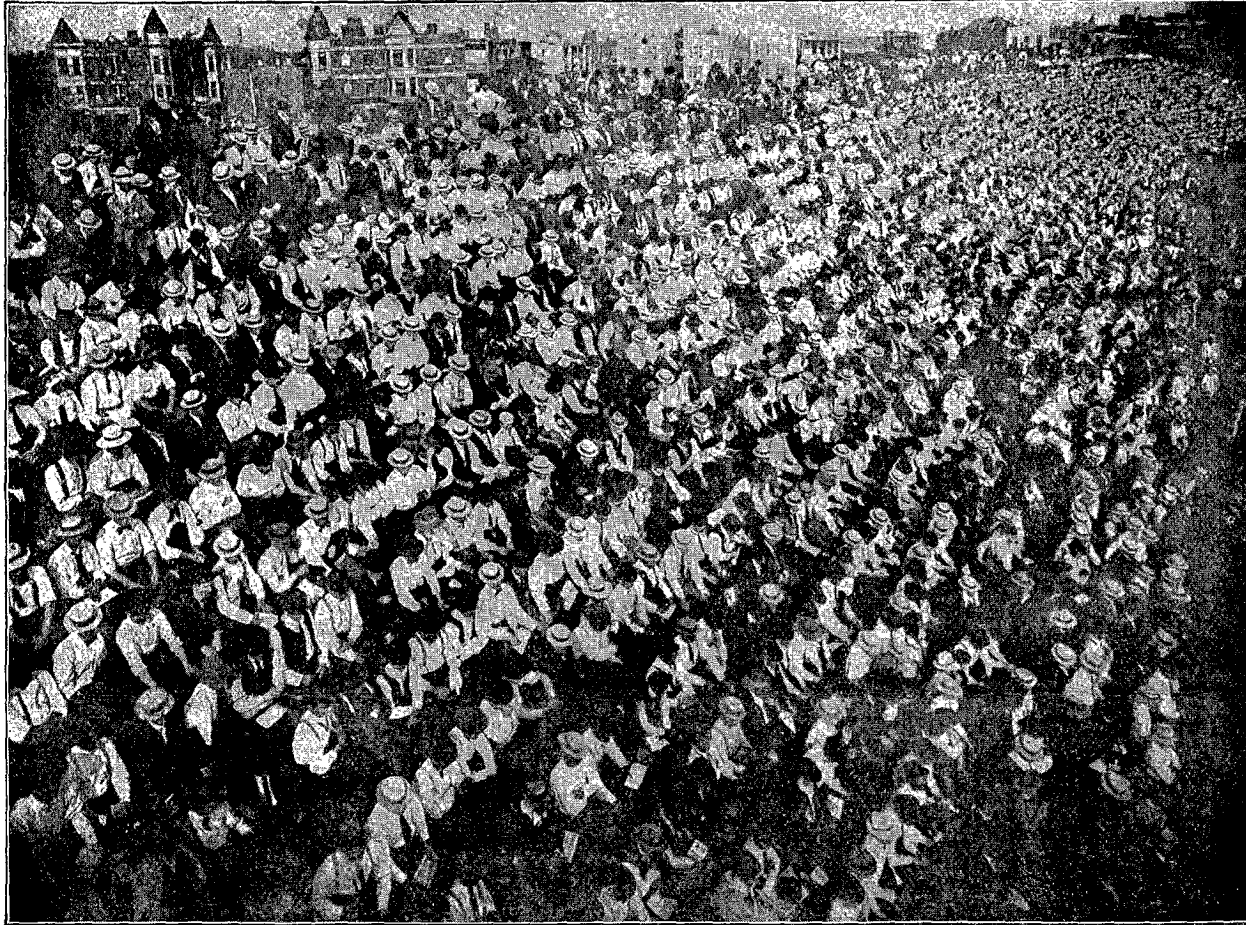


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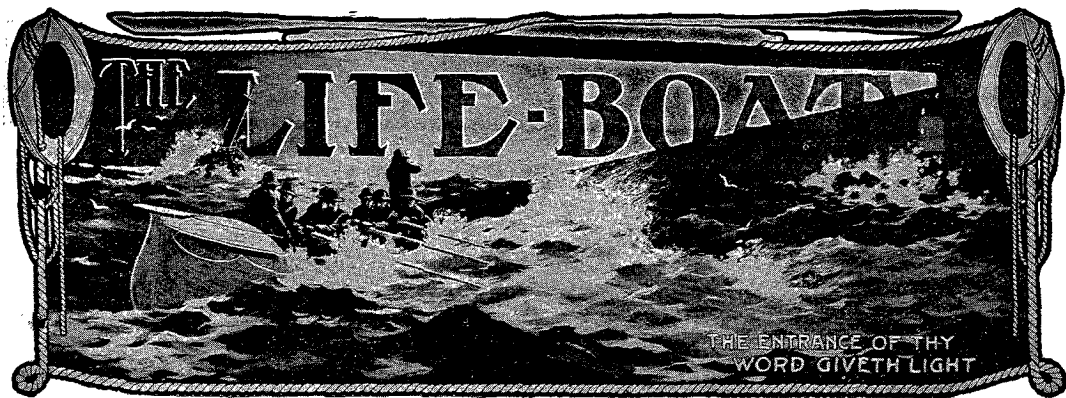
October, 1906

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CRAZY ABOUT BASEBALL.  
(See editorial page.)

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

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**Volume IX**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: OCTOBER, 1906**

**Number 10**

**"AND SOULS OF MEN."**

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY.  
Boston, Mass.

Have ye listened, O my brothers,  
To the great pulsating heart  
Of humanity a-beating within the city's mart  
Of Egyptian bondage? Read those faces,  
Learn soul stories that tell of slavery's poisoned dart.

O my brothers, O my sisters,  
These sad faces that we meet,  
Do you not feel a great heart throb  
To see soul slaves on the street?  
Go and greet them, go and love them,  
Trampled down by Egypt's feet.

They will hear you! They will listen!  
You will see great tear drops fall;  
And your soul will grow and broaden  
As you teach God's love to all.

Gently tell the waiting bondmen  
Held so fast in Egypt's sin  
That a Saviour loves and leads them,  
Guides them from Egyptian din.

Don't forget that men and women  
Called by cold hearts, bad and bold,  
Will, like Mary loved by Jesus,  
Be forgiven, and, repented,  
Walk the new earth's streets of gold.

**HOW A SOCIETY WOMAN BECAME A  
SOUL WINNER.**

REV. JOHN H. ELLIOTT.

[A few weeks ago a group of our workers were gathered together to spend a pleasant evening. Rev. Elliott, one of the men whom God has used so markedly in evangelistic work, was present and gave a most helpful talk, and among others things he related a personal experience in persuading a wealthy society woman to take up soul-winning work. We trust if possible that all our readers will receive as much good from reading this as

those of us did who had the privilege of hearing it.—Ed.]

One way to get the most and best out of life is to be constantly thinking of and looking for the good of others. One day after one of the pastors of a church had given out some addresses to a group of members and asked them to follow up and help these people to Christ, a lady came up to me and said: "I wish you would give this card back to the pastor for I cannot make such a call,—I never did such a thing in my life."

I decided that I would try to get her to do it, so I urged her to go and call on the lady whose address she held on the card, even if she could only make a social call. Two weeks after when she met me there was such a changed, beautiful look in her face, I asked for her story. She said she went and called on the woman. She noticed she lived in a beautiful home. Just as she was about leaving the woman brought her husband out and said to him, "Now this lady has been such a help to me, I want her to tell you how to be a Christian." "I did not know what to do," she said. "I thought I might pray, but I did not know any prayer except the Lord's prayer and I had never said that out loud and alone. but finally I knelt down and said the Lord's prayer." She had done what she could and the woman and her husband came to Christ and into the church as a result.

She continued: "Just as I was going she

asked me to call on a woman who was sick in the next block in a fine house, and I promised I would. I went to the door and even then my courage failed me. I knocked. A beautiful girl came to the door. She took me through the palatial home to the bedside of her sister. I said, 'My dear, is there anything I can do for you?' Then one of the sweetest faces I ever saw turned to me and replied: 'There is nothing you can do for me, but there is one thing that troubles me and that is, I want my husband to be a Christian.' I saw him then for the first time on the other side of the room and went over to him and asked him if he did not want to be a Christian. He said, 'Yes.' I got him down on his knees and he prayed for forgiveness and then praised God for new-found salvation. He then went over to his wife and I slipped out and left them alone in their joy.

"I left that house without leaving my name, and the next morning saw a notice of that woman's death and called at the house again. The young lady said she was so sorry she did not get my name, but that her sister had said just before she died that she would thank God throughout all eternity that I had led her husband to Christ."

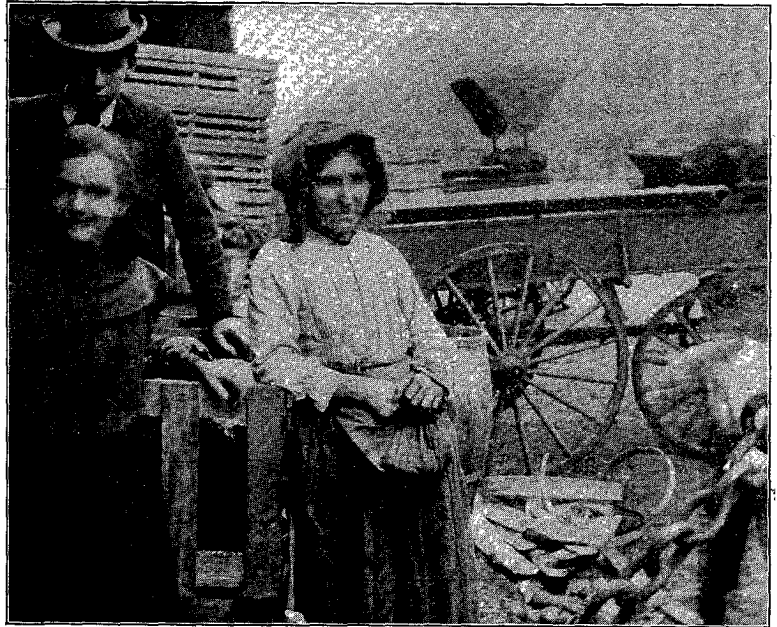
"Do you think I could ever be satisfied with the old life of selfish pleasure seeking?" asked this little aforesaid society woman of me. I answered, "No, you have found something a hundred times better—even the joy and reward that comes from trying to help another to find Christ."

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

At one of our recent prison services we had a very precious time, and yet I think it was one of the most trying experiences we ever had. There was one man who was deeply conscious of his own need and sin, and while one of our workers was trying to help him another one called out in the most terrible language for us to keep quiet as he would not hear any such things. During this same service a man about thirty-five years of age, a poor physical wreck, was brought in, so intoxicated that the officers could not hold him up by the arms as I have seen them do many times, so he was carried in on a stretcher and was laid on the hard cold floor. My heart was touched by these many exhibitions of the effects of sin and its awful results.

Up in the prison annex we found ten young girls ranging in age from fifteen to eighteen years. In the annex are only put those who are young and have taken the first steps in the downward path. Of the fifty-three inmates in the different prison cells who listened to the Gospel as we presented it this morning, forty-seven raised their hands for prayer.



The hard grind in the homes of the slums incline many a young girl to the tempting prospects that sin presents.

I was particularly impressed with one woman who gave ample evidence that she had seen better circumstances. With tears in her eyes and with trembling hands and a sad countenance she said, "I do not want to go out of here like I am; I want to go out a better woman."

### CHRIST AS KING, MAN, GOD AND SERVANT.

HOWARD A. KELLY, M. D.  
Baltimore, Md.

[In connection with the graduating exercises of the American Medical Missionary College, Dr. Kelly, the noted Johns Hopkins surgeon, gave a study concerning the four Gospels, which seemed very beautiful and interesting to us. We commend to our readers the brief synopsis of it which we here give and trust that it will lead many to a deeper study of the Gospels as well as the entire Bible.—Ed.]

The Gospels give us by God's design four different aspects of the Lord Jesus Christ's life and work, and we never can put them together and make one of them any more than we can take four different tools out of the shop and try to make one of them.

Study the Gospels and know them above every other part of the Scriptures. Be at home with the Gospels. Make your excursions through the Gospels into all other parts of the Bible, most of all into the Old Testament—equally God's word, every line of it, but still go at it through the Gospels, which are the key.

In the Gospels you are invited by infinite grace as it were to sit down by the table with Him and share the good things of His table. We should feed upon the character of our Lord Jesus Christ so that character may be formed in us.

Suppose you take the Gospel of Matthew and read the first seventeen verses. "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." As you read these verses in the genealogy you see it is an Old Testament book. Matthew is the capstone of the Old Testament. It is the Jewish Gospel. Here the Messiah, the *King*, is presented to the Jews. As promised to the Jews of old, here is at last its fulfillment.

In the second chapter, the question is: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Why, it is transparent. It runs through the whole Gospel. So Matthew shows us just

the kind of a king the earth needs, a mighty ruler, whose laws his servants will obey naturally from their hearts because they are sons of God.

In the Gospel of Luke we find that which we so much need—Christ manifested as a *man*, just as you and I are men; flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, our Elder Brother, our Kinsman and Redeemer. Are we not sometimes tempted to feel that He is too great for us? that His feelings, His interests must be far beyond ours? But Luke brings Him down to us in sweet family relation. There is the sweet, natural conversation of Mary to the angel Gabriel. Then He is pictured in his tenderness and the compassion with which He went around among men caring for the sorrowing and suffering, and healing the sick, showing how we can go to Him as we confide with one another, and as our hearts are filled with trouble go to Him for sympathy as to a friend. Here is the Elder Brother sent down from heaven, a man with like passions and affections, tempted on all points like as we are yet without sin, and so our strength, our power, our victory over sin.

In the Gospel of John we have given us from the very first another aspect of Christ's life, which runs through the whole Gospel. He must be more than a king sent from heaven, more than a man though a perfect man; he must be something more to accomplish the great and wonderful act of redemption of vast humanity. He must indeed be *God*. So we read in the Gospel of John, "The word was God." In Matthew, a *king*; in Luke, a *man*; in *John*, *God*.

In the second of Philippians you get the key to the Gospel of Mark which I have left out: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Who, being in the form of God," counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant. What an example for us! So Mark presents Christ as a *servant*. In the first verse there is no genealogy. Nobody expects genealogy of servants. There is nothing presented of dignity or of kingly glory. "It came to pass in those days, that Jesus came down from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan. And straightway coming

up out of the water, He saw the heavens opened." That word "straightway" occurs about twenty times in the entire Gospel.

What is the characteristic of a splendid servant? Is it not that he goes to work at the service promptly? Nothing deters him, no other consideration intervenes; he persists to do straightway what should be done. And this Gospel ends up rather abruptly, with the highest of all characteristics of servants, with the death. I will ask you to appreciate verses forty-one to forty-five of the tenth chapter. "And when the ten heard it, they began to be much displeased with James and John. But Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them," (now please note the tenderness, no harsh reproof, no scolding, only a loving tenderness of a servant who is training in others to take his place), "Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

#### "I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE."

PEARL WAGGONER.

Hush! 'tis night at Olivet,  
Deep'ning shadows fall around;  
Save the rustling in the branches  
All is quiet,—not a sound.  
Foxes now are in their burrows.  
Birds have sought their leafy bower,  
Nought is there to mar the stillness  
Of that solemn midnight hour.  
Man long since has ceased his labor  
And returned to home and bed;  
All? No, One who still is waking  
Has not where to lay His head.

See Him now upon the hillside  
As He kneels in silent prayer,—  
He who had the griefs and sorrows  
And the sins of all to bear,  
Praying there for His disciples  
That they might be kept below  
From the sins and snares about them  
Set t' entrap them by the foe.  
Yet, not just for those who're with Him  
On the shores of Galilee  
Does He pray, but for believers  
Yet to come,—for you and me.

Now, although no longer kneeling  
On the lonely mountainside,  
Yet He still is interceding  
For those souls for whom He died.  
He is our propitiation,  
And He will not be content  
Till He sees in Heaven's kingdom  
Those for whom His life was spent.  
Oh, then, do not disappoint Him,  
Do not longer doubt His love,  
But accept His peace and pardon  
And an endless life above.

#### HOW WE WERE ENABLED TO HELP A NEEDEY LITTLE SISTER DOWN IN MISSOURI.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

One of the girls was telling me the other day how she happened to come to our Home. Being educated and of a good family, and having been betrayed by a man under promise of marriage, she was indeed in a sad condition. Her sister, who was a Christian, said, "There surely must be a Christian Home where you can go in your trouble." They got a copy of *The Christian Herald*, began to look through that, and strange enough they found a long article telling about the Suburban Rescue Home, the work that was being done there for girls, etc. They wrote to the Mission on State street, Chicago, but to the former address, and in some way the workers never got the letter; so of course the girls did not receive any reply.

About two weeks afterward she and her sister had occasion to call on a dentist and there on the table they found a copy of this magazine. In it they found the right address. They wrote to Miss Emmel, who arranged for them to come. Since coming to the Home this girl has not only accepted the Lord but has joined the church, and has decided to fit herself for a life service for Him who has done so much for her. About three weeks ago she became the mother of a dear little boy—an added responsibility.

Please, readers, do not forget to pray for us. We also need material help as winter is coming on. Send donations to Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

#### TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Each month I am writing a personal invitation to you to write to me if you think I can help you.

I often get letters in which the writer says that she did not dare tell her trouble or sorrow to her nearest friend, and we have had the privilege of helping many a girl out of her trouble. Perhaps we can help you.

If you are in trouble and can not find your way out write to us. It will only take a few moments of your time and a two-cent stamp. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

## FOUR UNUSUAL AUDIENCES.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

This morning I attended with Miss Emmel and her corps of prison workers the Sunday morning service held at the Harrison street police station. We first knelt down on the cement floor in front of the sergeant's desk and earnestly asked God to witness to the presentation of His word.

We then went in to the women's corridor. Miss Emmel spoke up cheeringly: "Now girls, we are going to have some singing; will you have some books?" And as she was speaking she was handing the song books in through the bars. Then saying, "There is sunshine outside and we ought to have some inside, don't you think so?" she gave out the song, "There is Sunlight in My Soul To-day." That song never seemed so sweet to me as when it was sung down in that gloomy corridor so destitute of daylight that it had to be lit up with gas light. The very words seemed to be illumined by the presence of God's Spirit in a way that deeply touched my own heart. She then in a most impressive manner read and commented on David's words: "Thou understandest my thought afar off" (Ps. 139:2), saying, "That is so, girls," and they echoed back, "Yes."

Half our troubles have apparently come because we seem to be misunderstood, but God *understands our thoughts* and for the same reason we can not deceive him. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" God follows us only to save us. God touched their hearts and they shortly asked to be prayed for and knelt down with us as we sought God in their behalf. Someone remained to do personal work with them while we moved in to the criminal corridor.

Every cell contained several prisoners. They were asked to remove their hats and to cease smoking, which they did. "Throw Out the Life Line" was then appropriately sung. "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" was beautifully sung while the shrieks of an alcoholic maniac in another corridor from time to time broke into the harmony of the song, suggesting the tremendous need of the sentiment of that song.

I then read to them, "Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly" (Ps. 138:6), and that is true no matter how *low*

a place we are in. "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me." These men were right in trouble up to their very shoulders and almost without exception they listened most intently to the words that were so suited to their condition, and to the promise that "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Ps. 138:8. Then others of the workers testified to what God had done for their souls, after which Miss Emmel sang, "My Mother's Bible." I observed soiled handkerchiefs being drawn out of pockets to wipe away tears that came to eyes as these men recalled the time when they were innocent and were taught by some dear mother to love that Book that they since had become so careless about.

Mr. McBride, who himself was wonderfully saved in the Mission two and one-half years ago from the curse of drink, quoted that text: "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 16:25. He told them that perhaps most of them had been doing the things that *seemed* right to them but were wrong, and here they found themselves, ruined, wrecked, homeless, friendless and perhaps penniless, yet they might, as we have often seen before, come out from behind those bars cleansed by the blood of Christ.

Then he asked how many of them truly and really, by the help of Christ, wanted to live that clean life, and for those who wanted to be prayed for to raise their hands, and though it was but a small thing yet it was an encouragement to see *every* hand in that criminal corridor raised. These men then knelt with us on the stone floor as we prayed for God's spirit to come into their lives. The full results of such a service so evidently witnessed to by the presence of God we will only know when we gather on the other shore.

We then went into the drunkards' corridor. I think it was the most pitiable sight I have ever seen. The very first cell contained the man whose shrieks we had heard in the other corridor, who was completely bereft of his reason. The adjoining cells contained men whose eyes had been fearfully blackened by blows; others had swollen faces. The very first song called the attention of these poor fellows to the end of the race: "When the roll is called up yonder." Then one of the inmates called for the song, "Blessed Lord,

## THE LIFE BOAT.

How Much I Need Thee." I called their attention to that simple proposition: "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not, He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." Job 33:27, 28.

One of the workers who was formerly a railroad man pulled out of his pocket a key which he said would unlock every switch in a certain railway system, then he held up in his other hand a Bible, which he said was the key that would unlock every difficulty that could come into the human life, and he pled with them to take its truths into their lives. While he was talking an officer came in and took two men out. Using that incident

cers had brought them in.

By this time the man in the first cell had quieted down and was fairly pressing his face against the bars intently listening to the Gospel. Out of the fifteen men in this corridor thirteen raised their hands asking to be prayed for and nearly all kneeled with us.

We then went up to the prison annex where the young women are kept. There was not a single one in that audience who could have been over seventeen years old. Most of them had faces that did not yet show the least evidence of sin's ugly stamp. Their young voices joined us sweetly in the song, "Yield Not to Temptation." Sin seemed to us as never before such a cruel mockery.

I then read to them from the Bible the



A PROLIFIC BREEDING PLACE FOR CRIMINALS. *Chicago Boys' Club.*

A city dump from which children are picking out cast-off clothing, damaged fruit and other food remnants.

as a text he urged those prisoners to let Jesus come and take every one of them out of bondage.

From time to time the men would reach out through the bars with a tin cup into a bucket of water which stood outside of each cell, and thus slack the feverish thirst that had been aroused but not satisfied by the drunken debauch indulged in before the offi-

story of two girls: Ruth's determination to cling to her mother's God and her mother's faith even against the most discouraging circumstances, and then of that little girl who had been kidnapped into Syria and who yet tried under those distressing circumstances to be a missionary although a captive. The fact emphasized was that they might be missionaries even though behind lock and key.



I then asked them to stop and ask themselves, "How will my face look ten years from now?" and also what their record would look like when they had to meet it over on the other shore. They listened most intently. Some of them were held there as witnesses in trials that were to come off. Several who had as sweet and noble faces as one is likely to meet had actually been carried off by wicked men and had been rescued from this awful fate by the officers, being held here preparatory to getting them again in touch with their home and friends.

Oh, the depth of wickedness of this sinful earth! How it makes one long for that other home where every trace of sin shall be wiped out!

Miss Emmel then spoke to them in such a motherly, helpful way that their young hearts were deeply touched, about having a divine determination to have only the *best* things in their lives, and how this determination led Esther from a humble home to preside over the palace of a great king. All responded so earnestly and so sincerely and then each kneeled while my brother, Julius Paulson of Mexico, who happened to be present, prayed God would help these poor children to find their way through the difficulties that beset their pathway into that eternal home.

This hallowed service closed with singing "Just as I Am, Without One Plea." I came away from this prison service more thankful than ever that I was taught to pray before I could remember; grateful for the memory of a Christian home, for Christian influences, and more determined than ever to use the opportunities God gives me to extend these blessings to those who have not had similar opportunities.

#### ARE YOU IN DEEP TROUBLE?

P. T. MAGAN,

Dean Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute.

Job without a murmur stood the loss of all his property, the loss of his sons and daughters and all he had, but the miserable talking of his supposed friends stirred him up. A man can stand the death of his relatives and the loss of his property, but one of the hardest things to stand is when your friends turn against you. So here he says: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wis-

dom shall die with you. But I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you: yea, who knoweth not such things as these?" "But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. O that ye would altogether hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom."

Then they keep on condemning him and maintaining that it is because he has done something wicked that he is suffering as he is. In the 31st chapter Job makes his final defense. In that summing up he names almost every sin that is known to the human family and challenges his friends to show where he has been guilty of these sins, and he tells them he would ask nothing better than that his adversary would make charges against him, would write a book, for he knows he is not guilty of those things he is charged with. Then these three men do not have another word to say.

You will notice it is written that the Lord answered Job. The Lord showed in that one lesson that men and women cannot always understand *why* their trials come. God does not always intend that they should, but that when trial and sorrow and suffering do come we are simply to *trust* God as did Job. We are not to take it as a mark of God's displeasure that has come to us for something wicked we have done: we are simply to know that we are living in a world where Satan has great power and that God often permits these things to come on us; and if we will only be true, faithful, and calm in spite of all that comes to us, in the end He will vindicate us and we will see the hand of God which has brought us to a larger place, and have a richer experience than we had before we had all our trials. Sometimes the things which seem the hardest for us to understand will prove in the end to be the very best things God could bring to us. You remember that little poem:

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here  
has spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with  
lashes wet,—

Will flash before us out of life's dark night

As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true."

That is the lesson for all of us. The things that seem the hardest, we will see when all is over, were for the best. For back of all the troubles and darkness of our lives, and in spite of all these things which were only a horror to our souls, there stands God in the shadow watching over us and caring for us to bring only good and perfection out of it and only help to each and every one of us.

### THE HOME COMING.

E. B. VAN DORN.

From time to time the Lord lets those who work in the hard places of the earth see some of the results of their seed sowing. One evening this month there was a man about thirty years of age came in before the meeting opened, and walking up to me said, "You do not know me, but I know you." I said, "I am sure I don't remember you." Then he told me that two years ago he was sitting at a gambling table in a saloon, drinking and playing cards, when some one from the Mission came and quietly placed a card on the corner of the table, inviting them to the meeting, and went his way. Soon he looked at it, read it, and left his game, came to the Mission, and heard that night those things which set him to thinking; as a result, he had never gone back to the old place or had any desire to indulge in the old life. He was well dressed, and said that his family were with him, and they were all happy in the Saviour's love.

He was passing through the city, and could not refrain from coming to see the place where he gave his heart to the Lord. When the time came for the testimonies, he was the first to tell us what the Lord had done for him. We are glad for these experiences and thank God that we have a part in the seed sowing. "He that goeth forth and reapeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6.

"As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. 55: 10, 11.

### WHAT BECAME OF ONE OF BOSTON'S WORST CRIMINALS.

STEPHEN SMITH, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

New York.

[Dr. Smith was one of the founders of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College and has been officially connected with the New York State Board of Charities for many years. He has taken a deep interest not only in general charitable work, but in various medical missionary enterprises. His official duties have brought him intimately in contact with various institutions such as asylums, prisons, reformatories, etc. From personal conversations he has told us some very helpful lessons that he had learned and in a recent lecture we heard him relate some interesting experiences, one of which we reproduce in this number for the benefit of our readers.—Ed.]

The history of the prison for the criminally convicted women at South Framingham, Mass., is very interesting. Several years before we were there, a Mrs. Johnson, a very wealthy lady, was a member of the State Board of Charities of Massachusetts, and in visiting the prisons she became very much interested in the lowest class of convicted women that she found in the great prisons of Massachusetts. She became satisfied something could be done with them. They were then treated in the most absolutely brutish way, no thought being entertained of reforming them.

She went to the governor and proposed that an institution should be created for that class of women. She finally brought the matter before the legislature; but they thought these women could not be reformed, that they were beyond all hope, and that they had better be left as the dregs in the State prisons where they belonged and where they could be most economically taken care of. She persisted, and finally offered to buy a place and to pay for the care of it for a certain number of years, thus relieving the State of any expense in tak-

ing care of it. The offer was so manifestly favorable to the State that out of curiosity, and without any expectation that she would ever accomplish anything, they consented.

She went to South Framingham, bought a building a little out of the village with a small plot of land around it, organized it, and put in a superintendent and a certain class of inmates of the worst class that came into the courts; these people were sent to her as a trial. It is sad to say that after two or three years the superintendent was a failure, and the institution was a failure. They did not succeed in reforming any, and she was heavily in debt for it, but she paid all the expenses and she tried to get another superintendent who was a little more capable of carrying out her ideas, but she failed. Then she went to the governor and said, "If you will appoint me, I will resign my place in the Board of Charities, and I will take charge of it myself." He consented, so she resigned and became superintendent, and she was the superintendent when I visited the place.

She was rather a magnificent looking woman, one you would not expect to find engaged in just such a work as she was, but she had made such a great success of it that it had become one of the most important institutions in Massachusetts. But she worked, I think, five or six years before she succeeded in accomplishing what she wanted, then she began to discharge inmates of the lowest types thoroughly reformed and who afterwards made good records.

#### PERSEVERING EFFORT.

I asked her, "How did you manage these girls?" She said, "The women often come in here soaked with whiskey and filth of every kind and description, and they have to go through a preparatory course before I see them." She had a matron who had charge of a particular series of rooms, in which she required them to go through a certain process of bathing and feeding, then Mrs. Johnson took them in hand; and she gave us some examples of her methods.

One case had come to her from a Boston court, and it was stated by the judge who committed her that she was the worst case that ever came into the criminal courts of Boston. She was an Irish woman and, as she stated, she had been in nearly all the

prisons of Ireland, and most of the prisons of the United States. She had been in Joliet prison and many others. She rather *boasted* that she had been in all these prisons, and that she was *unreclaimable*. That was her claim—that she could not be reclaimed by any means whatever. She was bad, and she meant to remain so. She did not intend to be reformed by anything.

After she had been there four or five days, the matron reported that "Sarah" was in a condition to see Mrs. Johnson. So Mrs. Johnson dressed herself for a morning visit, and with her parasol in her hand went to the door and knocked. She got no reply. She knocked again, and there was no answer; so she knocked a third time, and there was no answer. Then she put her key in the door and unlocked it, and stepped in. Sarah was standing in the middle of the floor and looking at the corner of the ceiling with both her fists clenched, with an expression on her face of extreme anger and indisposition to receive any kind of attention. Mrs. Johnson went in and said, "Good morning, Sarah. This is a beautiful morning." But no response. "I am glad to see you in so comfortable a condition this morning."—No reply, the same attitude. She went through with an experience of that kind, of morning talks with her, asking questions and making remarks for twenty minutes or so, bade her good morning, and said, "I shall call again to-morrow morning. I am glad to see you so comfortable." And went out and locked the door.

She went again the next morning. Sarah was sitting down on the floor looking steadily at some object, and paid no attention to her at all. She went through the same ceremony of telling her good morning, hoping she was well and happy and so on, and went out. She went a third morning, and the moment she opened the door, this girl burst upon her and said, "Why d— you, are you here again? What are you after? What do you want?" "Why," said she, "I always make my morning calls on the ladies; I am fond of seeing them in their rooms and greeting them," and so made some other pleasant remarks. "Well," said she, "you would not come here if you knew who I was. I have been in every prison in Ireland and in many of the prisons of the

United States, and I have killed my man too; and you would not come around here alone if you knew who I was." Says she, "Sarah, I did not come here to find out who you were or who you have been. When you came through that gate you left all your past history behind you. I come here to see what you are *going to be, what you will be*, not what you have been before, but what you will be hereafter." She said, "You better hear what I have been; you are trying to come the religious dodge over me, I suppose, trying to convert me, trying to reform me. I cannot be reformed; I won't be reformed." With this came a volley of oaths and curses, and she continued this talk. She said, "I did not come here to reform you; I come here to try to do you good; there are some little things that perhaps I can do to benefit you; I want to know what they are; that is what I come here for." So she went through this kind of conversation, and finally left her again.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

The next morning she went she was received in very much the same way, and finally the woman said, "What do you want me to do?" She replied, "I don't want you to do anything except receive me as a visitor. I visit my friends every morning, and I came here for this purpose, and I want to be treated nicely." "Well," said she, "what do you want me to do?" She said, "When a stranger calls on me, or a friend, I generally offer them a chair to sit down, and I converse with them." And she went out. The next morning she went again, and the moment she opened the door, the girl seized a chair and brought it on the floor with a bang and said, "Sit down, Mrs. Johnson—there! I suppose that is what you want." "O, yes," she said, "that is very nice. I say that to my friends, but I don't do it in quite that way."

Now that was the kind of introduction she made to this girl. Every morning she followed it up, and the girl began by and by to soften down more and more, and at last she asked if she could not go around with her and see the other patients; she would like to see the institution. "Certainly," she said, "I would be glad to have you do it." So she fixed her up and she went around; she said

nothing but was very much impressed by what she saw.

After two or three days of going around she saw others at work, and wanted to know if there was not some little thing she could do; and she was given a little work to do. After a little time that girl began to be Mrs. Johnson's constant attendant,—wanted to go with her everywhere; and if any of the patients anywhere in any of the wards or in any of the rooms spoke unkindly, used any bad language, this girl got so she took them to task for talking that way to a lady like Mrs. Johnson; and after a little time she began to go among the other patients and exerted a very good influence and aided Mrs. Johnson in various ways. She noticed on some of the inmates a little badge which consisted of the letters "T and T" on three clover leaves, and she found out that when they had reached a certain point of reform this badge was given them.

SEED SPRINGING UP.

After a time Sarah got so trustworthy that she had one of these jackets put on, and she became very proud of it. She improved so rapidly that after a year and a half Mrs. Johnson went out into a village in Connecticut to a gentleman and lady whom she knew and who were wealthy and living alone and wanted help, and she told them the history of this girl. She believed she was trustworthy enough now to go out and become one of the inmates of their home, to cook, be waitress, and so on, and they consented. Sarah went there very willingly. She stayed there nearly two years, when Mrs. Johnson received a letter from the people who said that she had made an excellent record and that they thought the world of her. She now wanted to go back to Ireland to care for her aged mother. Mrs. Johnson showed us letters from the pastor in Ireland saying that she was the most helpful person in his whole parish in redeeming the low, vile, criminal classes, and at the same time she supported her family and supported it well. That is the history of the worst criminal that the Boston courts ever had.

Write us an account of your interesting experiences in soul winning work.

### THAT ARTIFICIAL LIMB.

In the August LIFE BOAT we published an article under the title, "Will you not assist this prisoner to secure an artificial limb?" It was a letter from a prisoner in the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kans., whose sentence expires this month. He has a wife and child depending upon him at the expiration of his sentence. On account of rheumatism in the shoulder it is almost impossible for him to walk with a crutch, therefore he appealed to us to assist him to get an artificial limb, the cost of which would be forty dollars. We are glad to say that we have now secured this sum and have sent the same to the warden of the prison to be used for this purpose.

We wrote the prisoner some time ago that we had no doubt but the full sum would be made up. The following is a copy of his reply:

"Your letter has just been handed to me. You know there are times in our life when we vainly look for words to express our appreciation. Now I find myself in that position. I can only fall back on the old-fashioned phrase and say 'I thank you,' and may the blessings of heaven ever attend you for the interest you have taken in a poor unfortunate.

"I will be released the 28th of October and during that month you can send the amount contributed to the warden of the prison, stating who it is for. I do hope I shall be successful in securing a limb so that I may find employment.

"Yes, I shall not forget to trust Jesus. He is all in all to me—my life, my hope, my inspiration, my every help in time of need. Earthly friends may fail, earthly hopes may vanish, earthly joys may decay, but the blessed hope Jesus gives will live forever. How could I trust any other? And to you, my dear friend, you His messenger, I owe more than I can ever repay, for when I wrote you in June I was almost at the parting of the ways, so discouraged. Your kindness was an inspiration; your words of cheer were sunshine to my darkened life, and I shall never forget you. I have passed through the valley and shadow of death since coming here, but God has been very good and I shall give my life to His service.

"You may also say in the October number

that I thank those who have contributed to my necessity. My going from this place means a full surrender to God. To be led by Him is the primary thought of my life.

"I shall let you hear from me after my release for I am confident you will be interested in my future. I hope to find employment soon after my release. May God bless you in your great work, and in the new world where there are no dark valleys nor shadows, nor weeping, nor pain, where life is one grand song of eternal harmony, may you meet those whom you have helped, comforted and cheered, there to rejoice forever in the presence of Him who gave His life for us. Sincerely and gratefully yours in the blessed hope."

### WANTS A BIBLE STUDY CORRESPONDENT.

The following lines were received from an inmate of the Connecticut State Prison:

"I take the opportunity to write and ask you if you know of any Christian person that would like to correspond with a prisoner on the Scriptures. I receive THE LIFE BOAT each month. Who sends it to me I do not know, but I do know this much, that it is helping me. I have been wanting to write for some time to ask for help on the Scriptures, but I have been thinking that you might treat me like my own brothers: I write to them but never receive any answer. I hope and trust to God that you will send me a few lines of encouragement, and if you do know of any Christian that would like to write to a prisoner on the Scriptures, I would be overjoyed. I am doing all that I can to be a better man."

### AN APPEAL FROM A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

REV. N. KINGSBURY.

A missionary pastor and Blue Button Army organizer sees great opportunities in the great new State of Oklahoma to push the splendid "win one" work of the Army in this field. The need is great. Probably no more successful plan for bringing out and interesting people in such a grand work has ever been thought of than that originated by the late Col. H. H. Hadley. The plan involves the use of special films and stereopticon views

with stereopticon and motion picture machine. The good Lord has in a wonderful way provided the writer with such an apparatus, only the films and slides are lacking.

Are there not among the many readers of this magazine those who will be glad to contribute either slides or films or money for purchase of same, for this great and good cause? Down here in this splendid new State we are in the midst of critical days, when every influence that it is possible to bring to bear for sobriety and temperance should be made use of.

The writer knows from experience that with such an outfit five to ten more people can be reached and interested than in any other way. Such an outfit consecrated to God and this great cause of temperance and soul-winning is a power indeed. Who will help to make Oklahoma a State that in coming years shall be noted for sobriety, righteousness and righteous living? Please, dear reader, act quickly. Yours for Christian Total Abstinence and the "Win One" Army. Address Capt. Kingsbury, care of LIFE BOAT., Hinsdale, Ill.

walk.

Mr. Allen began to have epileptic seizures at the age of eight, and they became so frequent that sometimes he had as high as thirty in one day. At the age of sixteen all hope had been abandoned of his recovery. He then began to take up a careful system of diet, exercise and cold baths. In a short time he had entirely recovered. He recently visited America and we invited him to talk to our



Kodak view of Mr. Allen, taken on the Sanitarium Grounds.

### THE WORLD'S CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE WALKER.

GEORGE H. ALLEN.

[Some years ago Mr. Geo. H. Allen of England walked from Leicester to London, a distance of ninety-seven and three-fourths miles in a little over twenty consecutive hours. More recently he walked from Land's End, Eng., across Great Britain to John O'Groat's, a distance of 909 miles in a little less than seventeen days. A noted flesh-eating athlete had just walked the same distance in a little over twenty-four days. To demonstrate that flesh foods were utterly unnecessary for such a remarkable feat of endurance was the principle reason for Mr. Allen undertaking this

family of workers, from which talk we glean the following abstracts.—Ed.]

I was a poor sickly boy and was not expected to live. I had a number of epileptic attacks daily. After all things had failed I thought if the world was rightly ordered there was some chance for me, so I bought a physiology, and it happened to be a splendid, sensible book.

I finally came to the conclusion that the way to make the body active and strong was to do something with it. I began to take short cold baths, and in spite of my father

I began to train for an athlete. When I started in everybody laughed at me but in less than twelve months I had won a five-mile race. For fifteen years I gradually grew stronger and won a hundred prizes, and then I made a record, walking one hundred miles in twenty-two hours and fourteen minutes. I later walked one thousand miles in about seventeen days, which was seven and one-half days quicker than had been walked by a flesh-eating athlete.

During the last week of my walk I started out decidedly stiff. I decided to make fifty miles one day but when I got there I could not get suitable lodgings and so walked on seven and one-half miles farther. When I reached there I felt almost as good as when I started out on the walk. It really startled me as well as those in attendance with me. They came to the conclusion that I was getting my strength from a different source than the ordinary athlete.

All the real strength we have comes from God. Now whenever a man falls into line with the laws of God and knows and obeys the laws of God then he will have superlative strength. If a man eats meat he will of course get strength from it: strength that came originally from God but has become tainted before it reaches you, just as you might take a glass of water with dust in it,—then it is not so good. You want to get this strength as nearly untainted as possible. Get pure material to build up this body.

When I started that race I did not ask for strength to get to the end of the journey but just strength for each particular day. If you want to do any work in the world, the more work you do the more praying you will have to do.

#### KEEPING THE BODY UNDER.

When I trained my body for some of these feats of endurance I often have begun to feel it gradually getting away with me and beyond control of my mind. This was true once to such an extent that I sat down and cried like a child and my wife said, "What is the matter?" I said, "I am losing my soul." She comforted me by saying, "You cannot do that; remember who has your soul in His keeping." But remember this, that if you do not train your mind to spiritual things at the

same time you are training your body, your body will get away with you.

I did not do this record because I wanted to demonstrate that I was a better walker than other men but because I wanted to bring young men and women up to a higher standard morally and physically.

If you pick up a physical culture magazine you will see in it pictures of men with their arms drawn up and every muscle in their body standing out. But look at the shape of these men's heads. It is awful—the blank look in many of their faces, showing they have nothing in their heads. They have no brains. Now pick up a religious magazine and you will find it full of quack medicine advertisements, nerve restorers, etc. These advertisements would not be there if the readers did not respond to them. This kind of advertisement is not found very extensively in physical culture magazines. That shows that people who read the physical culture magazines are stronger physically than those who read religious papers. Go and talk with a young Christian worker and he will frequently abuse all sorts of physical exercise and those who take them.

Both are wrong and both are right. An athlete is wrong because he does not put sufficient thought on the intellect and his spiritual attainments; he simply regards himself as an animal, while the Christian looks upon himself as a spiritual being and is likely to forget that he has a body.

#### HEALTH SEEDS. II.

BY W. S. SADLER, M. D.

7. *Condiments*.—Condiments, such as mustard, pepper, spices, ginger, vinegar, etc., should not be used for the following reasons:—

1. Thorough mastication yields nature's flavors, and makes condiments both unnecessary and undesirable.
2. They create a thirst which water can not quench, but alcohol can. Hence, they are ancestors of drunkenness.
3. They inflame and irritate the digestive mucous membranes. Mustard produces the same effect on the inside of the stomach as on the outside.
4. They have a tendency to cause catarrh of the stomach.
5. While they may increase the quantity of saliva and gastric juice, they invariably deteriorate the quality.
6. Because they pervert the taste, Nature's great regulator of digestion and metabolism.
7. By over-flavoring they lead to over-eating.

8. *The Question of Fat.*—Fried foods are extremely difficult of digestion. Fats are most easily assimilated in the emulsified form, as found in cream, olive oil, and nuts. Butter is a free fat. Modern vegetarians make the mistake of eating too much proteid and too little fat. Thin persons should provide themselves with plenty of good, pure fats—those which are in natural condition are of course most easy of digestion and are therefore to be preferred.

9. *Hygienic Cookery.*—In sowing for health, the proper cooking of the food is an important question. If foods containing starch are not thoroughly cooked, preferably baked, they often make mischief for the digestion. Plain, hygienic food, is the most easily cooked. It is the cheapest, tastes best, is most easily digested, and does not produce a craving for stimulants. The whole question of cooking is largely confined to the proper preparation of starch, as the vast majority of non-starch foods are just about as easy of digestion without cooking. Potatoes and all the cereals contain a large amount of starch.

10. *Late Suppers.*—If anything is eaten after six p. m., it had better be limited to bread, butter, and fruit, for the reason that experience has shown:—

1. Two meals a day are entirely sufficient for the average individual.
2. At night, when the nervous system is worn out, digestion is more or less impaired.
3. While sleep may not seriously interfere with digestion, digestion does prevent sound and refreshing sleep.

11. *Drinking at Meals.*—We should not drink at meals unless for some reason an insufficient quantity of liquid has been taken into the system before mealtime. Drinking at meals is harmful for the following reasons:—

1. It is unnatural and unnecessary.
2. It dilutes and inhibits the flow of saliva and gastric juice.
3. It weakens the natural food flavors.
4. It prevents thorough mastication.
5. It has a tendency to over-distend the stomach when taken in large quantities.

12. *The Question of Starches.*—Starch is the one food element that requires thorough cooking. From raw starch to thoroughly baked or dextrinized starch, we have the following four steps:—

1. Raw starch: found in flour, potatoes, etc.
2. Water-cooked starch: as in boiled potatoes, mushes, soft fresh bread, etc.
3. Oven-cooked starch: as in the baked potato, toasted bread, toasted corn flakes, etc.
4. Sun-cooked starch: such as starch com-

pletely changed into sugar, as found in ripe fruit.

The health-seeker will do well to avoid the raw and water-cooked starches, making use of only the oven-cooked and sun-cooked varieties.

13. *The Chewing Reform.*—The chewing reform is worth more to the victims of "stomach trouble" than any other single remedy. The mode of practising it, and its valuable features, are as follows:—

1. Mouth digestion is the only part of the process of digestion that man controls. If we start our food right in the mouth, where we control digestion, Nature will do the rest.

2. The stomach has no teeth. Food that is not masticated in the mouth will greatly delay digestion and can be only imperfectly digested.

3. All food should be *liquefied* before swallowing.

4. Foods should be kept in the mouth long enough to be *alkalinized* and to allow the natural food flavors to get in solution, so as to be able to come in contact with the *taste buds*.

5. Starch is digested by the saliva. The mouth is an organ of digestion, and food should remain in it long enough to permit starch inversion to begin.

6. Thorough mastication prevents swallowing of food either too hot or too cold.

7. Thorough mastication is the one sure way to prevent over-eating.

8. If you Fletcherize your food properly your taste will become more reliable in the selection of proper foods.

9. Good chewing makes all the rest of digestion and assimilation easier.

10. Gastric juice penetrates food at the rate of but 1 m. m. (1-25 of an inch) per hour; therefore, insufficient mastication seriously delays digestion.

11. If all foods (except water) are properly Fletcherized, you will gradually lose your taste for injurious and unwholesome substances.

## WHAT A FLAT CHEST MEANS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

What country boy has not gone out into the garden and made the interesting experiment of slipping a young cucumber into a large-mouthed bottle and then watching it day by day grow until it finally grew into the shape of the bottle? Yet this same boy perhaps never stopped to think that on account of the wrong positions that he was taking while sitting, standing walking and working, he was gradually growing into almost as hideous a shape as that cucumber.

Observe the faultless architecture of some magnificent mansion. Frequently the only wretched thing about it is its owner. He has spent years studying how to build his house while he has scarcely spent a moment planning how to develop that masterpiece of all God's created works—his own body. "God hath made man upright," but viewed



even from a physical standpoint, few have remained so.

The sunken chest means insufficient breathing capacity; it means that portions of the lungs are scarcely ever ventilated by fresh oxygen, which means a convenient hiding place for microbes; that often means an earnest in-

vitiation for tuberculosis, and that generally means a wasting sickness, a sad funeral, and a little mound in the graveyard.

A stooping back means a relaxed abdomen, and that means blood stagnating in its distended veins which ought to be circulating in the brain and other parts of the body. It



Proper stair climbing, like mountain climbing, is healthful.



Stair climbing that is a drudgery.

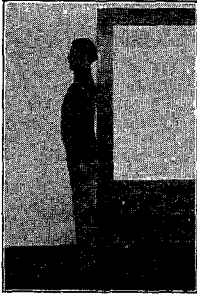


No better exercise than this in any gymnasium.



*Good Health.*

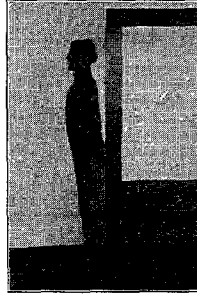
The ordinary position—stooped shoulders, cramped lungs, therefore out of breath.



1



2



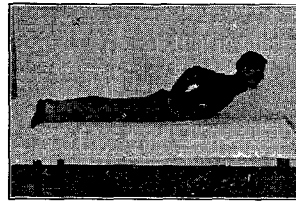
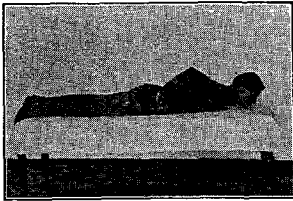
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means poisoned nerve centers, reflex pains, the true cause of which is rarely suspected. It means a peevish, irritable temper, a cloudy, cheerless home, whose very doors the children dread to enter. Flat chests and relaxed abdominal walls frequently spell all this and many more things.

If you are young, for your health's sake

but repent of your sins and try it over again.

Fix up a bolster of just the size that will be comfortable for you and hang it on the back of your chair so it will just reach across the small of your back when you are seated in the chair. This will correct the defect in the ordinary chair which provides no support for the small of the back, consequently



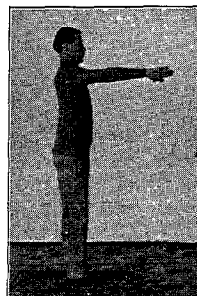
This is a good exercise to take the hump out of the back. Try it.

cultivate an ambition to have a good figure. If you are already, as it were, warped out of shape, do not despair; persevering efforts will accomplish wonders for you. Stair climbing, if properly done, provided there is proper ventilation in the stairway, can be made just as healthful as Colorado mountain climbing. Keep your chest erect, do not stoop over, raise yourself up by the muscles in your limbs, and what has been such a weary drudgery to you can become a genuine source of joy.

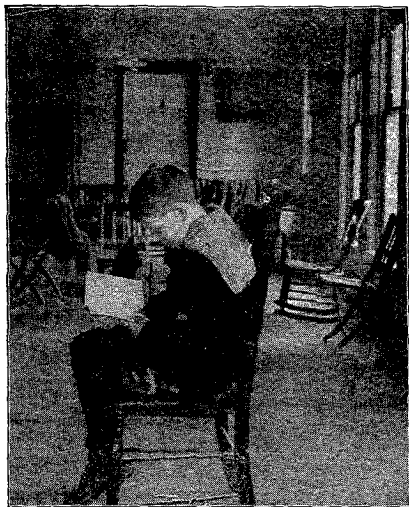
When you do your washing bend from the hips instead of from your chest; in fact in all your work carry your chest in front instead of behind. The following experiment will help you to remember the importance of it: Stoop over

destroying the natural curve and causing the chest to sink in.

If you do not appreciate from reading this how good it will feel, sufficiently to lead you to go to work and make one, take an ordinary book and place it at the small of your back while sitting and notice the sense of comfort it gives you.



The swimming movements are splendid exercises for developing the chest. Draw in a deep breath each time you fling the arms back. Try it for a few minutes several times a day and see how good it makes you feel.



A humped-over position that lays the foundation for many troubles in after life.

Notice the pictures that accompany this article. Which class have you been representing in the past? Which class will you represent in the future?

Are you puzzled how to get a correct standing position? If so, stand up against the edge of a door with your heels, hips and back of head touching, (cut 1), then push your head back until you are looking up toward the ceiling (cut 2), then bring your head forward and you will have the right standing position, as shown in cut 3.

## A PROMISING MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Hadley Rescue Hall, situated as it is in the heart of the New York Bowery district, finds a vast field for operations. This mission was founded by the late S. H. Hadley, who for twenty years was superintendent of the Jerry McAuley mission. When Mr. Hadley passed away Mr. Callahan, his assistant, was appointed superintendent of the entire work. From behind the bar handing out death-dealing spirits to his fellow men the Lord has led Mr. Callahan up until he now has charge of this extensive missionary enterprise.

It was my privilege not long ago to hear him relate the story of his remarkable conversion, and trusting it will be an inspiration to others I give in this connection a few

abstracts from that talk:

One night in Minneapolis my friend and I were going down the street past a mission outside of which stood a man with invitation cards. As we went on, I said, "Patty, let's go up there," but my friend would not go. The next night we passed there and I said, "Patty, let's go in," but he said, "Not to-night." I said, "I am going to go." The first testimony I heard was from a man who had been in prison with me. The minute he began to speak hope began to spring up in my heart. I thought I was beyond redemption, but at the close of that meeting I went up and reached up my hand and asked him if he knew me. He said, "Yes, we worked together in the prison." We went out and talked on the street corner until midnight.

For two weeks afterwards I kept going to that mission every night. Do not get discouraged if a man does not get converted the first night. Then while walking up and down the streets I said, "If there is a God, I am going to find Him." I went into a saloon to get my last drink, then I went to the mission. I remember when the brother stood up and gave the invitation I felt that I was glued to my seat, but I braced myself and stood up and it seemed to me a ton weight was lifted off me. A man gave me a little Bible and said: "Do not forget to pray; the devil will try to defeat you, but there is hope in prayer."

### A TESTAMENT IN HIS SHOE.

I went to my room that night and I was afraid I would forget to pray in the morning so I took off my shoe and put it under my pillow with the testament to remind me of praying. The next morning I was looking for my shoe and found it with my testament under the pillow, then I thought to pray, so the devil did not defeat me.

One night I was reading in Revelation, "Let him that is filthy be filthy still," etc. It came to me plainly, "John, what are you going to do with your tobacco?" I was under conviction for my tobacco. My friends, I quit my tobacco and cigars and threw my old pipe away. I had one of the worst battles I ever had in my life; there was a war going on, but I shall never forget one night when I went home from meeting and got on my knees and said I would never get off from them until God delivered me from that habit. But the next morning while I was going to breakfast a man came along and puffed some tobacco smoke right in my face; I went inside a store and put down a dime for another cigar. I remember how I threw that cigar away and what an awful battle I had all that day.

The next morning I read in first John where it says, "Love not the world, neither things that are in the world," etc. My friends, I struggled and struggled; I said, "Here, I have

got to be either one thing or the other, out and out for God or out and out for the devil." I can never tell you the power that come into my soul.

#### A BOWERY LIGHT HOUSE.

In Hadley Rescue Hall a large number of men have been restored from sin and degradation and are living honest, clean, Christian lives, while their love for the place where they first got a glimpse of Christ leads them to labor untiringly for its upbuilding. Almost any morning a number of these converts can be found sweeping and otherwise cleaning up the place. The following are some brief testimonies from a few of the men who have been redeemed:

"I slept for the most part of the winter in 1904 and 1905 in a wagon in an alley, sometimes with a few pieces of bagging for cover, but often with none. On New Year's night, 1905, I stood on Fifty-eighth street opposite my brother's home where my mother lived, trying to catch a glimpse of her through the window. I dared not go near her, having been told that I would be arrested if I did. They were having a New Year's party. My mother went from the room and sat in the kitchen crying. My brother went to her and asked her what she was crying about. She said: "How can I go in there amid all that joy and happiness when God only knows where my other boy is to-night?" I thank God that she is happy to-day to know that her "other boy" is a wanderer no longer, and that the black sheep of the family has been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ.

"On June 26, 1905, I went into the Hadley Rescue Hall a miserable, drunken, sinful wreck of humanity. When the invitation was given, I went to the mercy seat and there on my knees I burst into a fit of ungovernable sobbing. My heart was broken. I couldn't pray. When these good people were through praying with me, I was asked if I wanted to say anything. I said through my sobs, "I want to be saved from this terrible life," and I thank God, Jesus saved me then and there."

"I am a redeemed drunkard, saved and kept by the power of God for over one year. After wandering through the city of New York over eight days, the Lord brought me to Hadley Rescue Hall. I was hungry. I had been from one baker to another from Houston street to Ninth street to beg them for a piece

of bread. The night before I came to Hadley Rescue Hall, I had gone to the Free Lodging House which is kept by the police. After I had stayed there that night, they told me they would send me to the Island if I came back. Thanks be to God who in His loving kindness was with me then, even in my drunken life. He brought me to Hadley Hall, where, a homeless, friendless, miserable, wretched man, I got not only food for the body, but food for my soul."

On our recent visit to this mission we learned of the plans to extend its capacity, which when carried out will make this one of the largest missionary undertakings for the slums of our large cities that we have in this country. We wish them Godspeed.

#### A LETTER FROM THE OUTSIDE.

A letter received from the Southern Illinois Penitentiary reads:

"I thought I would write you a few lines as I had no one to correspond with. I hope to go out of this prison a better man. Since I have been incarcerated here I have read all the numbers of your magazine I could procure and have been benefited thereby. Please be kind enough to send me a reply, as a letter from the outside, from friends, always cheers a prisoner up. Thanking you for the interest you take in the welfare of suffering humanity, and especially the prisoners, I remain yours very sincerely."

#### LEARNING THE NEW TESTAMENT BY HEART.

The following letter from a prisoner in the Colorado State Prison was written to one of our workers whose article in THE LIFE BOAT was the means of his conversion:

"It is with a feeling of unspeakable gratitude to God in my heart that I sit down to write you this letter for the purpose of telling you that the good seed which was sown in my heart last November is still springing up and bearing fruit unto life everlasting. Last March I felt that God wanted me to memorize some of the Scriptures. He gave me a love for it and made the task easy for me and helped me. Since that time I have learned by heart the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, with the exception of Christ's genealogy in the

third chapter, and sixteen chapters of John. I intend while here to learn the whole of the New Testament thoroughly by heart, together with much of the Old, especially the prophecies referring to Christ and the kingdom of God.

"I am beginning to see that the secret of faith lies in the unprejudiced diligent study of God's word, coupled with a sincere desire to know the truth. In my study of the Bible I am not trying to look ahead or shape out a future for myself. I believe that God will lead me and I am content to follow a step at a time.

"For more than eight months my life has been blessed and enriched by the unspeakable riches of God's grace to such an extent that I can scarcely regret having come here, for eternal life is cheap at any price. I feel sure that if God had prospered me in my wicked life I would never have come to Him, and it is infinitely better to be led to God by adversity than never to come to Him at all. My one desire is to conform my life to the image of the Son of God and to do His whole will. In this lies the secret of living this present life to the best advantage, besides giving the assurance of the life which is to come. Pray for me."

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#### BLESSED SOUL-WINNING EXPERIENCES.

MRS. A. KERSHAW,  
1018 E. 156th St. New York.

On a Monday morning, our usual day for visiting the Tombs, my co-worker Miss Rasmusson came to me and said she did not think she would go to the Tombs that morning. I assured her I would, as the prisoners always expected me on Mondays. After saying this the still small voice said to me "Not to-day," and I was perfectly satisfied that I should not go.

I could not understand why this should be until about 10:30 my door bell rang. On going to the door a man handed me a corner of THE LIFE BOAT with my name and address on it, at the same time saying he was one of the many unfortunates I had given a LIFE BOAT to in the Tombs prison. We invited him in and he told us how hard he had tried to find work and was on his way then to see a man, but something inside seemed to draw

toward my home. Before leaving we all knelt in prayer. At the close I asked him if he did not have a word to say and as he pled with tears in his eyes for God to help him our own souls were blessed. He went away rejoicing in the Lord.

A few days after he came back with his face beaming to tell us he had a position. At his request we sang "Nearer, My God, To Thee," then all knelt in prayer. This time I did not need to ask him to pray; he was so happy for what God had done for him that he wanted to tell it to everyone. Does it pay? some ask us. "I was in prison and ye came unto me." Matt. 25:36.

On Tuesday as we were preparing for Bible study a young man in whom we had become interested in the Tombs prison came in. After visiting with him for a few minutes we handed him a Bible asking him if he would like to join us in our study, which he seemed pleased to do. The subject was based on the 24th chapter of Matthew, the second coming of Christ, which is not very far away. On finishing he expressed himself thus: "I never knew there were such sayings in the Bible."

SHALL YOUR BOYS LEARN THE GOSPEL IN PRISON?

Mothers, I plead with you to gather your children around you; open your Bible; read to them the precious promises that the Lord has so richly bestowed on His children if they will only follow His steps. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1. Do not let them be compelled to go to prison for others to teach them salvation's story which should have been taught at mother's knee. The Lord has given you these jewels and He will require them at your hands.

While going from cell to cell at the Tombs I found that an Italian to whom I had given an Italian Bible was on his knees on the hard stone floor, his Bible on a bench pulled over close to the iron door to get what rays of light were to be had, while he searched its contents as eagerly as the miner seeks for gold. He could not speak a word in English but his eyes sparkled as he tried to make me understand that he was so pleased with what he found within its covers.

Sunday a lady called to see us, asking if

we could not help her secure a home for her children until her husband was released from prison. Before starting out we all knelt in prayer, asking the Lord to lead us to just the right place. Claiming the promise that the Lord would lead us we started out as faithful Abraham did, not knowing whither we went. (Heb. 11:8.)

We had not gone far when the thought came to me, why not go to Tappan? After consulting my co-worker we decided that there would be just the place to go. We immediately started for the railroad station and found that our train would leave within fifteen minutes, thus giving us time to secure our tickets and board the ferry. While on the train we prayed that there might be some conveyance to take us out to the farm, which was three miles from the station. On arriving at Tappan the Lord had prepared a way by which we were enabled to get there, and Brother and Sister Kimble were only too glad to cooperate with us in helping them. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Ps. 107:8.

#### THE FIRST STEP.

Saturday evening as I was leaving a large dance hall where so many girls with the bloom of youth on their faces gather for a good time, not realizing that it is the first step to a life of shame, one girl followed me and asked me to pray for her. This gave me an opportunity to tell her of the love of Jesus. She could not understand why Jesus loved her. I quoted John 3:16. This girl walked around telling it to others. The last I heard as I passed out was, "Jesus loves me."

At the door I met a gentleman with his eyes red from weeping looking for his wife. "You do not expect to find her here, do you?" I asked. He said "Yes," and my own heart was made sad as this man with trembling voice told me how his wife had forsaken her home and two beautiful children for a life where wine flowed freely. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23:31, 32.

**You can not get loose from your sins until you are linked to your Saviour.**

#### THINK THE GOOD THOUGHT.

BENJAMIN KEECH,

Randolph, N. Y.

Even to the most eager Christians come moments when hope and faith seem dead and the future looks black. If, at this juncture, instead of allowing Satan to circumvent us with destroying, degrading, pessimistic thoughts, we deliberately kill such ideas by crowding them



out of our minds and filling their places with thoughts of a directly opposite nature, we can safely help tide ourselves over the darkest epoch of our lives and gain additional strength besides

When any unawakened soul—God pity such!—tries to poison your mind with heartless tales of either friend or foe, decline to let one word influence you for wrong. Instead, think the good thought and "let something good be said." When you read of terrible crimes and calamities, refuse to yield to their weakening influence. Think rather of the good, helpful, uplifting deeds that were being done at the same moment. When the people who seemingly delight in doing wrong depress you, think of the thousands of noble souls, both obscure and well known, who delight in doing right.

There are two sides to every condition, circumstance and occurrence. Look on the good, bright, right side and attract an inward strength that will help you when you most need it. If one will absolutely, peacefully refuse to welcome any sort of wrong or badness by declining to let the wrong side influence him through his thoughts, one can surely gain a power that will sometime astonish and delight him.

But if one permits every little adverse circumstance to upset one, and broods over trifles till they make him morbid, he will, in an opposite manner, not only invite evil, but

## THE LIFE BOAT.

When any thing occurs to make you miserable, pray to be kept tender and kind. Or, in other words, think the good thought, say the cheerful word and do the uplifting deed.

### THE TRIALS OF AN EX-PRISONER.

ARTHUR W. MORRISON.

London, Ky.

[About two years ago as our workers were holding a service down at the Harrison Street police station one of the men was soundly converted and then confessed that he was guilty of a crime in Kentucky; he was taken there by the officers, tried and sentenced to two years in the Kentucky prison. From time to time he has written of the blessed experience that he has had in working for the Master in that prison. It was his determination at the expiration of his sentence to go as a missionary to the needy missionary field in the mountains of Tennessee.

We have just received the following letter from him which well illustrates what a thorny road the average prisoner has to travel over no matter how high may be his aspirations or how firm his resolutions to live down the past. There are plenty of people who are enthusiastic in digging up the past but there are only a few who are equally enthusiastic in holding out a helping hand to each of these unfortunate men.—Ed.]

Just as I was being released from prison after serving my sentence I was again arrested on the same charge and case I had done time on. The party who prosecuted me went into two separate counties before the courts and had indictments made out. I was brought to London, Ky. to answer to the charge and there found out the double game that was being carried out.

With the aid of friends we went to work and searched the court records in the county I was tried in and found it was the same case and charge which I had just done time on. The circuit judge, prosecutor, attorney, also the county judge and several lawyers all claim I cannot be tried again on this case. I cannot get my release until court meets in October. Kind friends have taken the case up and are going to call upon the governor asking for my release at once.

In all this trouble from the start, as the truth is known among my friends of The Life Boat and as Dr. Paulson can certify from facts that he has in his possession and with my prison record signed by Rev. T. F. Taliaferro of Frankfort penitentiary, I feel it is a

duty to inform friends that I am not arrested on a new charge. My character is clean and no one can bring a mark against me of committing a wrong since 1904 when I then committed this great sin that is still causing me trouble. I mean to hold fast to truth and righteousness and pray that Christian friends all over our land will give me their confidence and prayers. When court meets I will be released by order of the court and then I will be a free man and take up the Lord's work.

When I arrived at London jail I began to preach Christ to the inmates. I found a man who through misfortune was cast into jail by the wrong doing of others. This man has always had a clean character. He is a Christian and for years a Sunday-school worker among the mountains of Kentucky. He formerly worked in the coal mines but was injured so badly by falling coal that he had to seek other work in order to live. He started a small restaurant in the mining district of Pittsburg, Ky. One night a party of drunken miners entered his place, one of them met an old enemy, and a shooting affair started. The proprietor who ran the restaurant tried to stay the fight, but they then began to shoot at him, and in order to save himself and the life of his wife he got his own gun and cleared the rowdies out. There were over fifty shots fired into the house. One of the gang who was so drunk he did not realize what was going on remained in the restaurant, and the leader of the gang from the outside fired through a window and shot his companion, taking him to be the enemy he first fired at.

Shortly after a number of arrests were made this man of his own free will surrendered, as he realized he only protected his home and life. Sides began to gather and they wove a net around him, and a sentence of ten years is laying over his head. His case is now before the court of appeal and no doubt he will be granted a new trial.

All the best citizens are on his side and if any of the readers of this magazine desire to do a generous act in aiding this man even to a mite (as he has a family and has lost all of his savings and is to-day almost penniless) they would be doing a good act. I give you the names of Hon. George Lucas, Judge P. R. Pennington, Mrs. Andy Kieser, all of London,

Ky. These parties are all Christian workers and they will cheerfully answer all inquiries. I hope some readers will write to this prisoner; his address is Mr. J. B. Landrum, London, Ky.

I still take an interest in the boys and in due time will let you know where I am settled. There are places waiting for me to do the Lord's work and when released I will take up the work in earnest in helping the lost back to the Father's fold. Pray for me.

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### "A DOOR KEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD."

J. S. JONES,  
Janitor L. B. Mission.

While I was assisting in the eating tent at the campmeeting in 1905 Bro. E. B. Van Dorn came to me and said I had been recommended to him as a proper man to help him at the Mission. After a little talk with him and Dr. Paulson I accepted the place of janitor, as I had for years thought from what I had read in this magazine that I would like to help raise the fallen by coming in contact with the lowest of the low.

I had not been at the Mission two weeks before I saw the great needs of the very low cast-outs and forsaken men and women. They came day after day asking for food, for shelter, for clothing, and for Christ's help in their deplorable condition. I had a few dollars at the start: it did not last long. I doled my little means out in two weeks' time, sometimes for a bed, sometimes for food. In two weeks' time I was penniless, so my worry was how to get money to feed the hungry and clothe the wretched, naked poor that called on me from day to day.

Walking up State Street to the Workingmen's Home for a meal I met a sailor who had been at the Mission the night before. God had blessed him there and he was sober. He was just returning from the dock where he had left his ship to unload her cargo while he took his little "drunk" as he called it; but the ship had sailed without him and here he was in this wicked city with no money, no place to go but an open saloon. He was stranded so I gave him a dime to get a meal. By the way, there is no regular mealtime in Chicago for such people. The saloons

however are always open night and day with their signs of free lunch with every drink.

That same evening there was a full house at the Mission, among others, six drunken men. After the sermon the meeting was open for testimonies. Brother McBride gave his testimony telling how the Lord found him after a life of drunken debauchery, while others told of the wonderful things done for them by dropping into the Mission. That evening my heart was stirred as never before for the fallen; so I made my appeal for money to feed the hungry. One of the six men, who was under the influence of whiskey, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out half a dollar, and said, "Here, that will feed five men one meal each." Another said, "Here is ten cents,—all I have." Oh, the need of money just to feed the hungry! Then we can preach the gospel to them. Chicago is full of men and women who could be saved if we had a place to take them in, to feed and shelter and teach them the way of life.

In a day or two after this meeting, a drunken, filthy woman came into the Mission and wanted to lie down. She was the worst specimen of humanity I had ever met. I turned her away as one not worth saving. The same day in the evening at our Bible study at seven o'clock that is held regularly fifty-two weeks in the year, the subject was the Good Samaritan, and was conducted by Brother McBride. While the study was going on this dirty woman was in my mind, and I thought, 'Well, J. S. Jones is not a very good Samaritan,' and it bothered me all night. While I was cleaning the windows next day who should come staggering into the Mission but that dirty woman, looking worse than ever if possible.

I jumped down out of the window, opened the door for her, took her by her filthy, dirty hand, gave her a chair, and sat down beside her and commenced to ask questions. I found that six years before, she was a kind mother and loved her husband but her husband left her. Having no Christ to take her hand she took to drinking,—the devil's remedy for all troubles, and for six years she had not breathed a sober breath. From her looks she had not changed her dress or washed her face.

Before I fed her I took a towel and water



and washed her face. While I was doing this and telling of a loving Saviour the tears began to flow down her face in streams and fell on her unwashed hands, cutting grooves through the dirt. After washing her hands and looking into her face I saw two large beautiful eyes. I thought what a pity that the devil has such power to destroy the minds of men and even the form of a lovely woman!

Now what I want is others to help us to prepare a place to prepare men and women to meet their God.

(Continued next month.)

### A SAD OUTLOOK.

The following is a letter received from a prisoner in Auburn, N. Y.:

"I will write and beg a great favor of you. I am a one-legged man and am doing seven years in Auburn Prison. I have one old wooden leg but it is all worn out. If you could find someone who had an old cork leg for the left leg cut off at the knee-joint, that they do not use, it would be a great favor to me if you could send it to me. I am not a Christian man and I will not say I am just to get the favor, but if ever I get out of this prison I will leave drink alone and try to be a man. When I leave this prison in 1908 I will have no place to go. I have no trade to work at and I do not know what to do, but I will try to be a man and leave drink alone. If you could do that for me you would confer a lasting benefit on a boy who means to do right when he gets out of prison."

### ENCOURAGING WORDS.

MRS. ELLEN ALBERT.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

My dear prison friends: I wish to greet you today through these columns. I have so many good encouraging letters from prisoners that I wish to send those who do not write me, some good word of cheer and encouragement. Some of these men who sit in gloomy cells pen me such beautiful thoughts that I say to myself, Can it be possible these gems shine out of darkness? If I should receive no reward hereafter for what I am trying to do for prisoners I am at the present time being amply rewarded by knowing some

souls are turning from sin and wickedness to find peace through the blood of Christ through my efforts for their redemption.

My dear friends, be courageous; fight on. The only thing that will keep you out of the kingdom is selfishness. God said in the first commandment He was a jealous God; therefore He wants all of your love, and when He has that there is no power that can separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Do you believe this? If so, then go on, never give up; there is victory at the end. God's Word says we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear, and that with every temptation He has made a way of escape (1 Cor. 10:13). So then the determined soul shall win. I will be pleased to have any prisoner who wishes a Christian friend correspond with me.

And you, dear readers who do not know the sweetness of God's love, are there not times when you long for something to fill up the void in your life? when you realize your need of something that would enable you to overcome evil? Are there not times when you think of these things and regret your evil ways? To all such God's Word says, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

### EXPERIENCES IN PERSONAL CONTACT WITH RESCUE WORK.

FANNIE EMMEL.

MRS. ELLEN ALBERT,

For the past week, on account of there being no one else to look after the girls, I have put in practically all my time in the Hinsdale Suburban Home. I have learned many precious lessons and also learned to appreciate more what some of our great needs are there.

Five months ago in Harrison street police station behind the prison bars I met a young woman about eighteen years of age. She had no mother or father living. Her only relative was an aunt. She had felt she could get along in the world herself and step by step had drifted into sin. Yet she had a good heart if it had only been directed in

the right way.

I offered to be a friend to her. I then went to the judge in her behalf and he was kind enough to permit her to come with me to the Suburban Home, where she remained for a while; but as she had been a woman who had been on the stage she did not know anything about work, and when she was asked to wash dishes it went so against her feelings that she left us for the easier life of sin.

Last Thursday evening I met the same girl again at the Life Boat Mission. She pled to have another chance to come back and so I concluded to give her another opportunity and brought her out to the Home. As I now was looking after the work myself and knew all about her condition I did everything I could to make it pleasant for her. I also knew if she was really in earnest she would take hold of the work.

Friday was cleaning day and we all took part in it. But as she took hold of the scrub brush and the soap with her soft tender hands tears came in her eyes and she said, "I guess I don't want to do right as much as I thought I did," and she left us again. Some of these experiences fairly break our hearts, but we thank God for the great number who have been helped and are fully established. We have girls out in the world who are true and courageous, who are facing the hard life of this world with their little ones in their arms.

We have had some very precious times in our morning worship hours the past week. There was one woman who came to us from the city who was sick and in a very discouraging condition. I knew she needed spiritual help so I took her to one side and asked her if she did not want to let the Lord help her. She had been to the Mission again and again a number of times, but no impression had been made upon her. I knew she had been fighting the Spirit of God. As we talked about the matter she said if the Lord should come into her life it would be the death of her. There was an awful thunderstorm raging outside and just as she said this there was a great crash. She jumped up very frightened, thinking evidently that her time had come and the Lord had taken her at her word. I went about my duties but I noticed that after that she was wonderfully

softened. The next morning during worship this woman broke down in sobs so loud that you could have heard her outside of the house, yet she would not surrender to God.

I can not understand why it is that when man is nothing but grass he should stand up against God and fight Him and contend for his own way. But He leaves it for us to decide; He does not take away from us the power of choice. God spoke to this woman in every voice possible; by kindness, by appealing to her mind by His Spirit, and even as it seemed by the thunderbolt, and yet in spite of it all she went back to the city unsaved, and the Lord only knows what will become of her. But we had our opportunity to do what we could, to help her. I know that if we do our part God will do His part, and only on the other shore will we see the full results of the work God helps us do here below.

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#### HOW TO GET A BLESSING.

Mrs. G. V. Eskridge writes from Galesburg, Ill.:

"A recent mail brought me a copy of the August number of this magazine. I was greatly impressed with the love and kindness portrayed in the first article, the result of listening to the still small voice. As I read on I came to the appeal of the prisoner for aid in securing an artificial limb. At once the thought came to me, Here is an opportunity for you. I silently asked myself the question, What can I do to help this man? I took from my missionary box a small sum of money and laid aside for his assistance; yet my mind was not at rest. Could I not do more than this? Perhaps others would as willingly give if only asked.

I thought over a list of my friends. With a prayer that the Lord would impress them to assist this needy man, I started out taking this paper with me, and as I solicited each one I read extracts from his letter, that enlisted their sympathies and brought a ready response from nearly every individual I visited. A great blessing came with the little effort I put forth and I trust it will be an inspiration to someone else to do likewise that the required amount may be secured. You will find enclosed a check for \$5.85 to apply on this fund."

# Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## CRAZY ABOUT BASE BALL.

On the second page of the cover we have reproduced a view of a section of the twenty thousand people who were present at a recent base ball game in Chicago. The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting upon this, says: "Chicago has gone stark, staring mad on base ball. Grounds that held twenty-nine thousand persons have been packed an hour before the game began. Never before has this big town gone so daft over the national game. Everybody seems to be interested in it. The man that knows nothing about base ball is lonesome."

To furnish food for some heart-searching reflection we will quote from an editorial in a still more recent issue of the same daily on the kind of a preacher that the modern church demands:

"Fluency of expression, power in prayer, sincerity and godliness of life no longer complete the equipment of one who is to hold a place as pastor of a growing church. No pastor is fitted for the place unless he has the rare power of raising funds, or at least of stimulating leaders of his flock who know how to draw the dollars from the critical worshippers. The chances are that the average minister who is led to adopt the calling from a sense of man's need of salvation is unfitted for this sort of a canvass. His calls must be numerous and they must be occasions for pleasant exchange of greetings rather than dreaded interviews on personal religion. And then to make it all the worse, the present day congregation is hard to please. The increase in the number of topics upon which the modern minister must keep informed, all these combine with the money-raising requirements and the social duties to make the minister's life a strenuous one, with plenty of criticism and with retirement least."

How painfully this all suggests to us that we have reached "the last days" when men shall be "lovers of *pleasure* more than lovers

of God." 2 Tim. 3: 1, 4. "For the time will come when they will not endure *sound* doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables." 2 Tim. 4: 3, 4.

Dear friend, is the holy fire burning brightly in your heart or are you being swept into the rapid current so graphically pictured herein? D. P.

## THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

The consecrated doctor and the devoted nurse, as they care for the sick and minister physically to the suffering, are in reality acting a parable. Suffering and sorrow are oft-times the breaking-plow of Providence, to prepare the soil of human hearts for the reception of the seeds of truth which are destined to spring up when sown in honest soil and bear fruit to the complete changing of character and human experience.

Think of the wonderful opportunities missed by the godless physician and the Christless nurse, to say nothing of the beautiful opportunities that are passed by unimproved by scores of missionaries and professed Christians who are called upon to minister to the sick and afflicted.

Reader, while you make an effort to relieve the physical sufferings of humanity, do not neglect the greater and grander opportunity of planting spiritual seed in the moral soil.

W. S. S.

## CHRISTIAN WORK IN PRISON.

There are hundreds of jails and county prisons in our land where absolutely no gospel services are held. What a rebuke this is to the hosts of professed Christians who are living in the same community. Prison work it is true requires a fair degree of discretion and a larger degree of consecration than many professed Christians possess, but, dear reader, if you do not possess these qualifications, why

not? The Lord will certainly help you to obtain them as you begin to work unselfishly for the salvation of human souls.—D. P.

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"A SOUND OF GOING."

The number of earnest men and women who are taking up genuine soul-winning work for Christ in all parts of our land is truly encouraging. Hundreds of missionary letters are being written by different readers of this magazine to prisoners. Hospitals are visited. Christian services are being begun in many communities. This is as it should be. "The night cometh when no man can work." Let others launch out in the same work. God will bless them. We should be glad to hear from time to time from those who are engaged in earnest soul-winning efforts for the Master.

D. P.

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO YOU.

In the New Testament we have four Gospels. It was necessary that four men should write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to present the four sides of the perfect square of the Christ life. We therefore have the Gospel according to Matthew, the Gospel according to Mark, the Gospel according to Luke, and the Gospel according to John. And these four evangelists presented the Gospel in their day, in its wholeness, its beauty, and perfection. But in this our day, these four Gospels must be supplemented by a Gospel that tells the story of salvation up to date, just now,—and that is THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO YOU.

We cannot proclaim the good news without Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, but the theoretical preaching of what these inspired men recorded will have little power in changing the lives of your associates unless they see a fifth gospel, *the gospel according to you*, telling the same wonderful story in the changed life, and the transformed experiences of the gospel messenger.

We have these four Gospels, whose writers have died and passed away, but along with them there must be that living epistle, "known and read of all men." Let us ask ourselves this straight question,—“Does the Gospel proclaimed by my experience harmonize with

that of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Does my life tell the same story of Jesus, and His saving power, that these evangelists told?” Or, “Am I by word of mouth preaching the Gospel according to Matthew and the other evangelists but by my daily life proclaiming another Gospel to my associates?” Let us bring our lives under the influence of the glorious message, and then the “Gospel According to You” will be the same Gospel as that of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

W. S. S.

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GOOD WORDS FOR THE LIFE BOAT  
FROM KEEPERS AT THE U. S. LIFE  
SAVING STATIONS.

“I have received the magazine which you so kindly sent and have read it and find it to be very fine reading matter. It will be beneficial to any crew of men.”

“The magazine has very choice reading and is a credit to the service it is named after.”

“We think we could circulate five or six copies of your paper in our vicinity, among the light ships and bay lighthouses. It seems to be a fine little paper and I enjoy having it. The paper is unique and its mission noble. The field is not crowded with that kind of literature.”

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“I have found it very interesting indeed.”

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When the outlook is not good, try the “up”-look.

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If dust settles on your Bible sin will get into your heart.

# The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.  
W. S. SADLER, M. D., Associate Editor.  
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill. by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 472 State street.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

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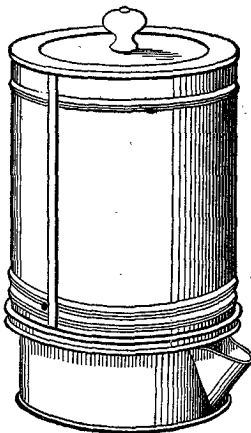
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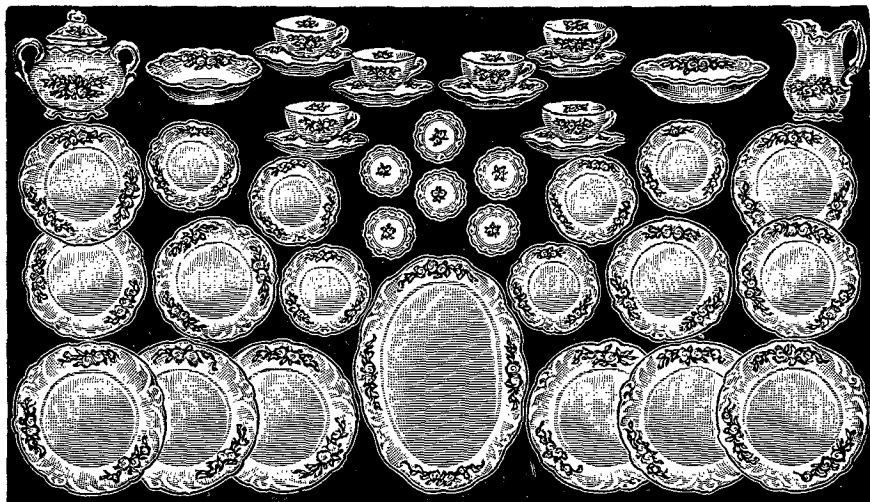
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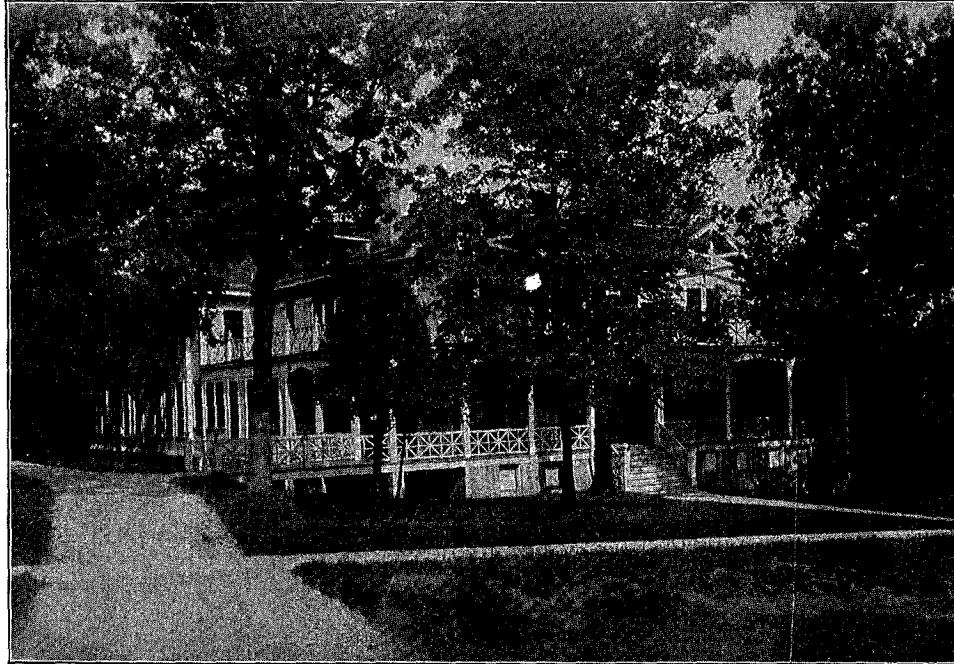
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