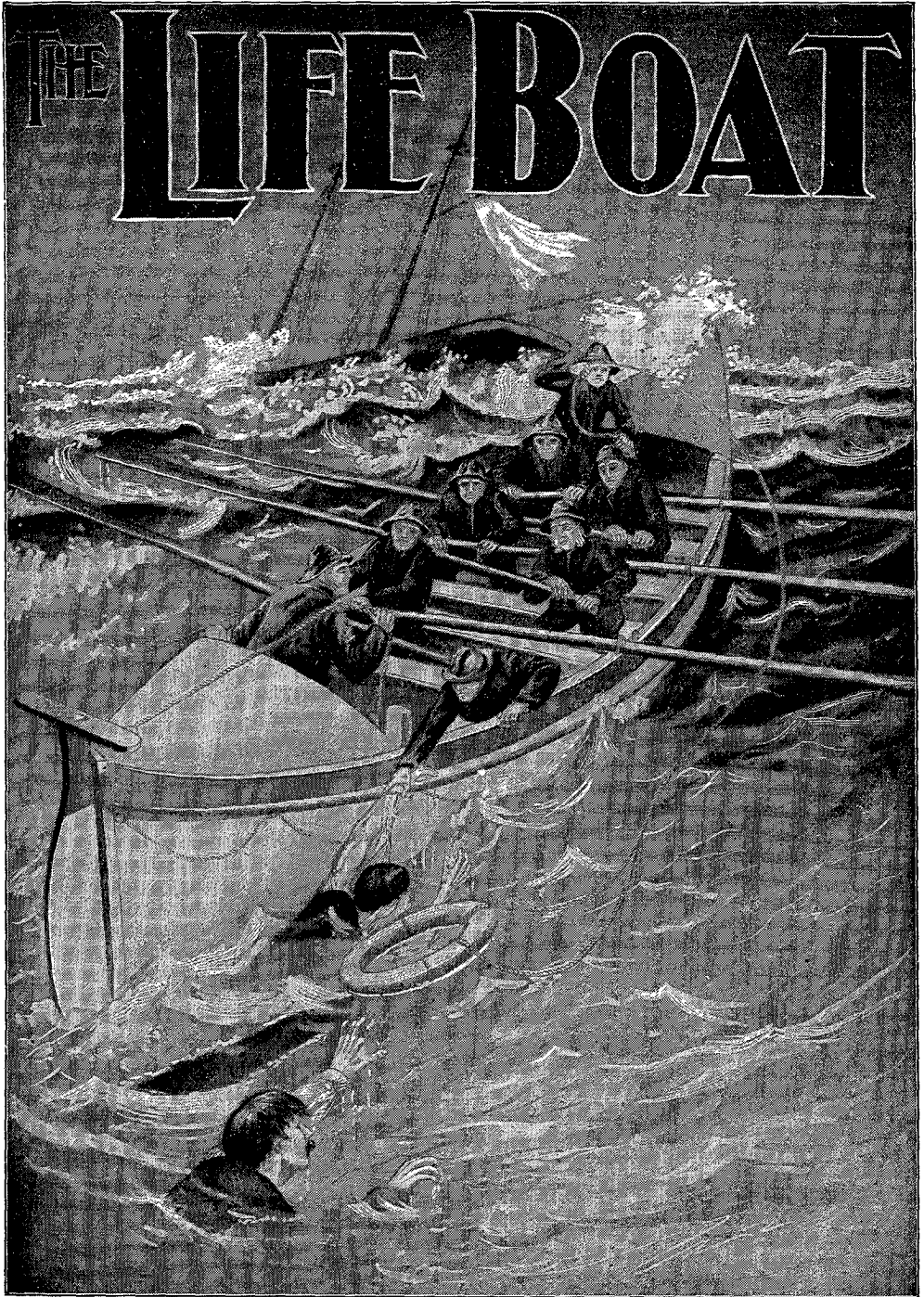


"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

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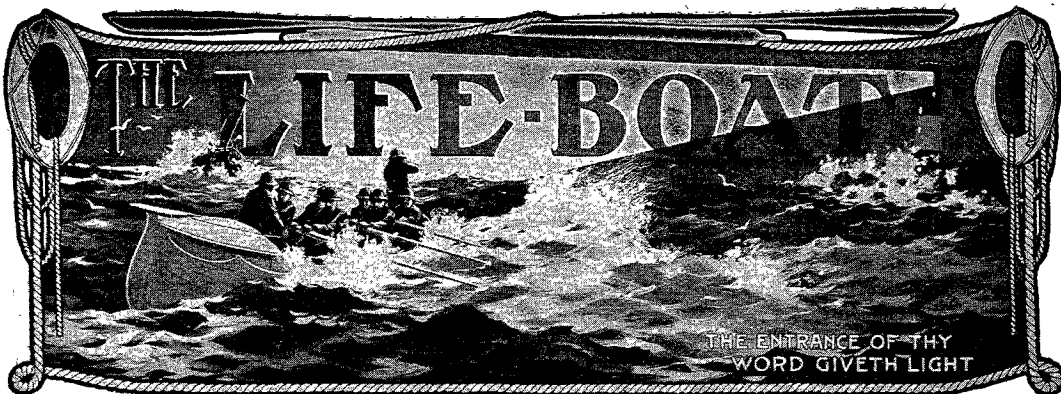
May, 1907

The Eighth Annual Prisoners' Number



SPRING FLOWERS

Oh, the blessed memories of childhood days.



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

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Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1907

Number 5

A HOLY LAND EXPERIENCE EVERY DAY.

PEARL WAGGONER.
Hinsdale, Ill.

Oft I used to read the story
Of the Christ who walked with men—
How He lived, and loved, and suffered,
And communed with people then;
And my heart would fill with yearning
That I, too, His face might see
And might listen to His teachings
On the shores of Galilee.

How I longed when tired and burdened
Just to rest me at His feet,
There to sit in glad contentment
Listening to His converse sweet:
Every care would quickly vanish,
Even pain be worth the while,
Sanctified by His dear presence,
Lighter rendered by His smile.

True, I knew He still was living,
But He seemed so far away.
Now, I know Him omnipresent,
Walking by my side each day;
And, compared to this His presence,
Judah's hills lose half their charms,
For 'tis sweeter to be resting
In His everlasting arms.

Oft with myriad cares encumbered,
When I long my Lord to meet,
Go I for a few brief moments
Seeking Bethany's retreat.
There I learn the "one thing needful,"
And 'tis like a healing balm,
For amid the world's mad rushing
Still it gives an inward calm.

In Gethsemane's lone garden,
When my feet were hither led,
Have I well-nigh faltered, shrinking
From the bitter cup in dread,
While the loneliness and darkness
Vied, it seemed, to drown my prayer;—
Yet the blackness turned to sunlight
When I found my Saviour there.

As of old Christ sought the mountain
There I too can meet Him yet,
And when evening shadows gather
Go I oft to Olivet.

Oh, what comfort just to tell Him
All that's happened through the day!
And He gives the needed message
Which will help me on my way.

When earth's storms are wildly raging
And the tempest blows at will,
Hear I yet His blessed accents
Saying softly, "Peace, be still!"
Yea, I too have seen the power
Which of old five thousand fed,
For when hungry, tired and fainting,
Then He gives me living Bread.

Would you too the Master follow
As you read of His command?
You can find His blessed footprints
Nearer than the Holy Land:
By the sin-sick, by the fallen,
By the sufferer's bed of pain,
In your own life, daily, hourly,
Let Him live His life again.

BURIED ALIVE FOR SIXTEEN DAYS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last December while seven miners were working seventy feet below the surface of the earth in the Edison tunnel near Bakersfield, Cal., the shaft caved in, burying them alive. A heavy dirt car fell over Lindsey B. Hicks in such a way as to protect him from the boulders above this, making a cavity underneath which was fourteen inches shorter than his full length. Shortly after the news flashed over the wires that he had been rescued we wrote to him the following letter:

"We are going to issue soon a special Prisoners' Number of **THE LIFE BOAT**. It has occurred to me to ask you to write something of your experience and especially regarding some lessons of trust in the Lord, for no one

who has read the accounts in the papers can doubt that God in a special manner preserved your life for a special purpose.

"Thanking you in advance for this kindness and in behalf of humanity and wishing you a long life of usefulness, I remain," etc.

In due time we received from him a good letter from which and from other sources we have culled the following facts:

Soon after the accident he could hear the groans of some of his companions, but gradually all sounds ceased as one by one the men perished.

Three days later Hicks heard the men at the mouth of the shaft strike with their picks the iron rail of the little tramway that was buried under the debris, to where he was lying. He seized a pebble and began tapping on the rail and some of the men on the outside heard the tapping and signaled back again. Word was passed all through the valley that a man was buried alive. Work in the entire valley was suspended, no one was interested in anything except to rescue the man from his tomb.

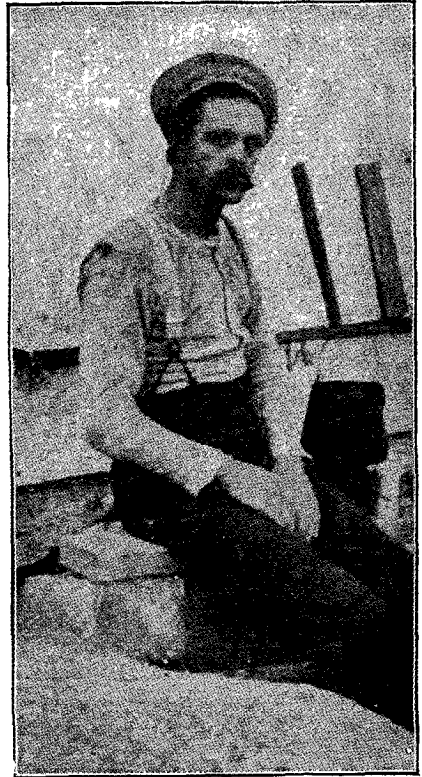
An iron pipe was driven in along the rail and he signaled when it reached him. Through this, milk was poured down to the famishing miner. Soon the stench from the decaying bodies became almost unendurable and the rats came so close to him that he had to beat them away.

When the rescuers had reached within a few feet of the entombed man they found it would be impossible to rescue him from the top. Then the engineers began calculating how to make a new tunnel from the mountain side so as to enter from below where he was lying. While they were slowly and carefully working out their measurements the public was almost wild with excitement at the delay, but at last the work of digging the new tunnel began. Day after day passed, as the work had to be done with the greatest care. They did not dare to blast the rock for fear it would shake some boulder loose and thus kill the miner.

As they neared the end of their labor the stench from the dead bodies could only be endured for a short time. Finally on the sixteenth day daylight was let into this living tomb. As the news reached the hundreds of men who had camped on that hillside day and

night, the tension broke and strong men wept, fire bells rang and the town officials declared a holiday.

When Hicks was taken out, almost the first thing he said in ecstasy was, "Look at that sunlight on those trees! Look at that valley!" As the men around his cot saw the expression in his face they turned and looked across that valley that had had no special attractions to them. Every eye was blind with tears and the men choked back sobs. Again he held out



Lindsey B. Hicks.

his hands and murmured, "Oh, this *blessed* sunshine; God sent this here for *me* to-day."

This man had become so acquainted with God in that long sixteen-day prayer meeting that the next thing he said was, "I am going to live for some *purpose*. How can I ever repay those noble men who labored night and day, hour after hour to save an unworthy life? Is it *unworthy*? It may *have been*, but give Hicks a chance. I was not put into that mountain and given this experience for noth-

ing. There must be a purpose in all this. From the first I knew I would be brought out all right, I just had that feeling."

The Lord never forsakes the really earnest praying man, whether he is in the bowels of the earth or behind prison bars or in the face of great danger. On the other hand as we see men buried beneath sin and wickedness can we not get some of that rescue spirit in *our* hearts that stirred that whole town to go out and help this one man?

NEW LIGHT ON FOOD CHEWING.

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

The value of thorough mastication of the food has long been recognized by scientists, but it has remained for the physiologist of the present hour to make those precise observations and those scientific experiments which have placed the chewing reform on an exact, physiologic basis.

A retired merchant, Mr. Horace Fletcher, did much to arouse physiologists and the medical profession in general to a thorough investigation of the importance of prolonged chewing, and it has therefore become quite common to speak of thorough mastication or the chewing reform as "fletcherizing."

At the base of the human tongue are found a number of little elevations called papillae, surrounded by a little trough in which are found the taste buds—those little nerve organs which enable us to enjoy our food flavors and which perform a vitally important role of regulating the appetite and thus indirectly influencing digestion and nutrition.

These taste buds can only appreciate food flavors when they are reduced to a liquid. When the body needs a certain amount of nourishment we are given an appetite which exactly equals this need. In other words, when enough food has been *tasted* that will exactly supply the body's need, then the appetite will vanish, but not until. Therefore, if you only half chew your food, that is, reduce one-half of it to a liquid, so that only half the food swallowed is tasted and therefore only half the food eaten is recognized by the taste buds, it will be necessary for you to eat twice the amount of food you really need in order to satisfy your appetite, for the nervous system which controls the appetite can only take cognizance of the food

that is *tasted*. In other words, if you do not taste your food it is not registered on the credit side of the appetite ledger, and therefore, although you may have eaten enough food to satisfy the body, the appetite continues to clamor for more food until it has tasted a sufficient amount to satisfy the body's demand, or until the eater is halted by a sense of gastric fullness which often amounts to actual discomfort or pain.

Let me again repeat, in view of this great fact, that if you only taste half the food you eat, owing to insufficient mastication, it will be necessary for you to eat *twice* the food you need, thus overloading the stomach and clogging the system, whereas if the food taken in the mouth had been thoroughly fletcherized, reduced to a liquid, thus permitting it to be all tasted, the appetite would have entirely vanished the moment the required amount of food had passed down the throat.

Proper chewing of the food also enables us to do more hard mental and physical work on a much less amount of food and on a far more simple diet.

The experiments of Prof. Irving Fisher and Prof. R. H. Chittenden, of Yale University, are sufficient to forever establish the fact that thorough chewing not only gives more satisfaction in the prolonged tasting of the food, but also *increases the endurance more than fifty per cent, enables a man to thrive on the simplest of food, and restores the appetite to a natural state where it enjoys and craves the simple foods.*

A wonderfully interesting discovery made in connection with the experiments in Yale was that when men thoroughly masticated their food they gradually lost their taste for meats, highly flavored foods, fancy dishes, etc., and by preference chose such simple foods as cereals, fruits and vegetables. This discovery ought to be received with great joy by the common people, laboring class, and others who are so situated that they cannot have all the fancy food frills of a French chef.

Experiments have showed that thorough mastication will enable the average man to live on from one-fourth to one-sixth of the usual allowance for proteid, and be it remembered that proteid is the expensive part of our food, and also that it is the excess of proteid in the body that produces such diseases as rheumatism, gout, sick headaches, etc. There-

fore it is apparent that fletcherizing not only reduces the cost of living, increases the pleasure of eating, but also reduces the liability to many of those constitutional diseases due to disturbed nutrition.

When you do not have a strong appetite or are in doubt as to just what you want for a meal, shun the proteids. At such times do not eat meat, beans, cheese, peas, lentils or nuts. Eat such simple things as bread, butter, potatoes, fruits and vegetables, and you will be a great gainer.

It is impossible in this connection to fully consider all the scientific aspects and the hygienic bearings of the chewing reform. We will have to be content with closing this article with a brief résumé of the benefits to be gained by thorough chewing, or, as it is getting to be commonly called, fletcherizing:

1. Mouth digestion is the only part of the process of digestion that the individual can control. It has been proven that if we start digestion right in the mouth, where we control it, Nature will usually carry it on satisfactorily the rest of the route.

2. The stomach has no teeth. Food that is not masticated in the mouth will greatly delay digestion and interfere with nutrition.

3. All food should be thoroughly liquefied before swallowing.

4. Highly acid food should be kept in the mouth long enough to be quite thoroughly alkalinized.

5. All foods must be reduced to a liquid, so that the food flavors can come in contact with the taste buds and thereby be registered by the nervous system so as to relieve the appetite the moment the proper amount of food has been eaten.

6. Cooked starch is digested in the mouth by the saliva. The mouth is an organ of digestion, and food should remain in it long enough to permit starch digestion to thoroughly begin before it is swallowed.

7. The best method of practicing the chewing reform is to take a reasonable amount of food in the mouth and close the lips and chew and chew and chew until it is liquefied, and then replace it by another mouth meal.

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

9. Thorough mastication is the one sure way to prevent overeating.

10. Thorough mastication will enable a poor laboring man to more thoroughly enjoy the taste of his simple food than the richest epicure can enjoy his expensively garnished viands.

11. If you fletcherize your food properly your taste will become more reliable in the selection of proper foods—those foods which you need at any particular time.

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

13. Good chewing reduces the cost of living, as it enables one to keep in health and do hard work on less proteid, and the proteid is the most expensive of all food elements.

14. Fletcherizing increases the endurance of the average man about fifty per cent.

15. The gastric juice in the stomach is able to dissolve proteid foods at the rate of only one millimeter (1-25 of an inch) per hour. Therefore insufficient mastication must seriously delay digestion.

16. If all foods and drinks (except water) are properly fletcherized you will gradually lose your taste for such injurious and unwholesome substances as alcohol and the fiery spices which irritate the lining of the digestive tract and thereby produce a craving for alcohol, as well as to gradually cut down the use of flesh foods and other substances which are not the most, wholesome and healthful.

Now a personal word to you, reader, and I am done. I have told you the story briefly. I have recited to you the latest discoveries concerning the science of chewing, and now I appeal to you to begin at your very next meal and make it your serious business to chew and *chew* and *CHEW*.

Watch yourself closely. Make a pledge to your higher self that you will cease this bolting of your food. Vow when you have finished this article that from henceforth you will chew as a religious duty. Make the declaration of independence against the American tyrant of food bolting. Prove to your own self that you can master this pernicious habit, and show yourself a man able to keep the food in the mouth long enough to be thoroughly masticated and properly digested, and then you can swallow it with a clear conscience, knowing that an all-wise God has arranged the rest of digestion which you do not control in such a wonderful way that it will be completed normally and successfully.

(If any reader of *THE LIFE BOAT*, no matter what your situation or your work, as the result of adopting the suggestions contained in the above article are benefited thereby, I would be pleased to hear from such concerning their experience and the blessings which the chewing reform brought into their experience.)

If you can't do the work you like to do, try to like the work you have to do.

Men do not reject the Bible because it contradicts itself, but because it contradicts them.

NO BLOSSOMS ON THE SHADY SIDE.

EDNA M. SWEET.

[Last fall Mrs. Kedler and Miss Sweet started out on a self-supporting tour, defraying their expenses from the sale of this magazine. They have since then ordered about thirty thousand copies. Everywhere they have gone they have tried to sow some gospel seed. We are sure all will be interested in the beautiful thoughts Miss Sweet brings to us from this prison service.—Ed.]

I am glad this number is to be a prisoners' number and I want it to be full of good tidings and messages of hope and peace to those who sit in darkness. If there is a class of people who more than others feel the need of heaven's sunshine it is the prisoners. Shorn of earth's temporal blessings, which so often obstruct the Christian's way, they can only look upward from between the cold walls which keep them



apart from the world for a season, to Jesus—the source of all blessings and the giver of every good and perfect gift. How sad indeed would it be if they *fail* to get a glimpse of their *only* star of hope!

This morning as I attended services at the Ohio State penitentiary and looked into so many anxious faces I could only feel what David did so long ago, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come up before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy power preserve those that are appointed to die." (Ps. 79:11).

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth was the speaker and her words were full of courage and cheer. I wish every prisoner could have heard her relate one experience. It was of making a rose arbor. In the early spring her husband made the trellises and she planted her rose bushes—beautiful ramblers—three on each side. Day by day she watched with care their growing leaves and branches as they reached upward in the light and spread themselves.

At last the blooming season came and the three plants on the sunny side put forth their buds and blossoms just as she had wished and

expected—a dazzling mass of red, white and pink. But to her disappointment her favorite yellow one on the shady side bore only leaves as it clung to the trellis.

Year followed year, but still the yellow rose bush held up its luxuriant growth of green leaves, nothing but leaves. Three years had passed, all had reached the top and were throwing themselves across and roofing the arbor. Should the unfruitful one be hewn down that another might fill its place? It must be a natural plant that had lost its graft, hence the disappointment. But her husband said, "It was on the *shady* side. Let it live this year and give it another chance." The trial was not in vain for it had struggled beyond the shadows. In due time came the glad surprise. It crowned the *whole* arbor with a profusion of yellow glory.

"Some lives open in the sunshine
And blossom as they go,
While others must mount the shadows
Before their glories glow.

But Jesus sees the struggles
That in the darkness hide
And while the world is frowning,
His justice never chides.

Then why despise the shadows,
If God ordains it so?
He may but grow the taller
And stronger—who can know?

He woos us with His kindness
And lifts us toward the skies
Where we shall share His glory
And crown in paradise."

With thankfulness I can view the past, darkest, loneliest spots in my life, as I see how the trials which at that time seemed to be sapping the very life blood from my veins and every ray of hope from my soul were after all only blessings in disguise to lift me a little nearer the blessing that I sought beyond my reach.

I longed to carry sunshine to dark corners and cheer the lonely ones who mourn and grieve. But how could I speak to cheer a lonely one had I not felt alone? Could I soothe the wounded heart when I had known no sorrow? Could I lift the desolate soul from the depths of despair where I had not been? Or could I give the comfort which I had never felt?

I could not have chosen the dark, shady experiences myself, even had I known that they would bring greater strength, more endurance, and, above all, charity for those who need the sympathy of their fellow beings. But God's goodness may sometimes give the blessings which our frailty seems unable to en-

ture. Yet with the blessing comes the assurance, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, but will provide a way of escape."

"For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. 4:15, 16).

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. 4:17).

JESUS, THE FRIEND OF THE TEMPTED.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Not because we first loved Him did Christ love us; but "while we were yet sinners" He died for us. He does not treat us according to our desert. Although our sins have merited condemnation He does not condemn us. Year after year He has borne with our weakness and ignorance, with our ingratitude and waywardness. Notwithstanding our wanderings, our hardness of heart, our neglect of His Holy Word, His hand is stretched out still.

Grace is an attribute of God exercised toward undeserving human beings. We did not seek for it, but it was sent in search of us. God rejoices to bestow His grace upon us, not because we are worthy, but because we are so utterly unworthy. Our only claim to His mercy is our great need.

The Lord God, through Jesus Christ, holds out His hand all the day long in invitation to the sinful and fallen. He will receive all. He welcomes all. It is His glory to pardon the chief of sinners. He will take the prey from the mighty, He will deliver the captive, He will pluck the brand from the burning. He will lower the golden chain of His mercy to the lowest depths of human wretchedness and lift up the debased soul contaminated with sin.

Every human being is the object of loving interest to Him who gave His life that He might bring men back to God. Souls guilty and helpless, liable to be destroyed by the arts and snares of Satan, are cared for as a shepherd cares for the sheep of his flock.

It was the outcast, the publican and sinner,

the despised of the nations, that Christ compelled to come to Him. The one class that He would never countenance was those who stood apart in their self-esteem and looked down upon others.

"We are saved by hope." The fallen must be led to feel that it is not too late for them to be men. Christ honored man with His confidence, and thus placed him on his honor. Even those who had fallen the lowest, He treated with respect. It was a continual pain to Christ to be brought into contact with enmity, depravity, and impurity; but never did He utter one expression to show that His sensibilities were shocked or His refined tastes offended. Whatever the evil habits, the strong prejudices, or the overbearing passions of human beings, He met them all with pitying tenderness.

As we partake of His Spirit, we shall regard all men as brethren with similar temptations and trials, often falling and struggling to rise again, battling with discouragements and difficulties, craving sympathy and help. Then we shall meet them in such a way as to encourage them, that they may say with confidence, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me."

The world is out of joint. As we look at the picture, the outlook seems discouraging. But Christ greets with hopeful assurance the very men and women that cause us discouragement. In them He sees qualifications that will enable them to take a place in His vineyard. If they will constantly be learners, through His providence, He will make them men and women fitted to do a work that is not beyond their capabilities; through the impartation of His Holy Spirit, He will give them power.

Christ's heart is cheered by the sight of those who are poor in every sense of the term; cheered by His view of the ill-used ones who are meek; cheered by the seemingly unsatisfied hungering after righteousness, by the inability of many to begin. He welcomes, as it were, the very condition of things that would discourage many ministers. He corrects our erring piety, giving the burden of the work for the poor and needy in the rough places of the earth, to men and women who have hearts that can feel for the

ignorant and for those that are out of the way. When the Light of the world passes by, privileges appear in all hardships, order in confusion, the success and wisdom of God in that which has seemed to be failure.

It is not the saint, but the sinner that needs compassion. The angels have special charge of weak and trembling souls, those who have many defects, many objectionable traits of character. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven." If any injustice is done to them, it is counted as if done to Jesus Himself; for Jesus identifies His interests with that of the souls He has purchased at an infinite cost.

Angels are ever present where they are most needed. They are with those who have the hardest battles to fight, with those who must battle against inclination and hereditary tendencies, whose surroundings are the most discouraging.

Temptation may come to us, but we need not be overcome; for Christ has conquered in our behalf. In His strength we can successfully resist every assault of the enemy. Let us put our whole trust in the One who understands our temptations and trials, the One who alone can master temptation. Many are premature in their efforts; in their own strength they enter the conflict, not realizing that the Captain of their salvation is at work for them, ready to do for them that which they can not do for themselves. If they would talk with God in prayer, by faith grasping His promises, they would receive strength for the conflict, and need not fight so terrible a battle.

When we believe the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," we shall be strong to endure. We need a constant sense of the abiding presence of Christ. He is our righteousness.

STUDYING GOD'S WORD.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Kershaw from a prisoner in South Carolina:

"I am very glad indeed to hear from you and to receive your kind letters of encouragement. You will be surprised to know that I have learned the first five Psalms by heart. I am so glad you told me to remember some

scripture verses. I repeat them over and over so I can begin at the first one and not miss a word. If I had only begun studying this way I would have learned the four Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—by heart. You asked me if I had a Bible. No, I have only an old one that I have borrowed.

"I have made up my mind to study God's word. I have learned more in two weeks than I have in four years. My heart is overjoyed reading the fourteenth chapter of St. John. I have a love for reading the Word of God that I never had before.

"Dear friend, I am so glad you are interested in prisoners. It is very hard sometimes to live a Christian life in a place like this, but my heart rejoices in the love of Jesus to know that some one cares enough for the prisoners to write such encouraging letters. I have been studying St. John ever since I heard from you and I have found it so interesting. I will be glad if you will give me some more studies as I like encouragement. May the blessed Lord guide you in your noble work."

A MESSAGE FROM ROOSEVELT.

"I wish to emphasize the vital importance to this nation of our people being taught to realize that highest value of Christianity must manifest itself in the conduct of those



Roosevelt With His Boys.

who profess it. I shall read four or five verses from the end of the first chapter of James:

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway

forgetteth what manner of man he was.* * *

* * Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' * * *

"The worth of any creed must in the long run be judged largely by the conduct of those who profess it. The most effective service for Christianity that can possibly be given is to show in actual life that those who profess it do give in their conduct an approximate expression to the faith that is in them.

"I doubt if any of us will be able to give more than such approximate expression of that faith. Nevertheless, we can each of us strive in our conduct to show that the word is alive in us; that we are striving to live up to the essentials of Christianity, of the brotherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as they are taught in the Bible.

* * * * *

"It is the conduct of the average Christian, not on Sunday, but on week days, not in the church alone, but in his family and in his relations to his neighbor and to the State, that will more than anything else determine in the eyes of the general public the worth of the creed that man professes. * * *

* * * "This applies in little things as much as in larger things. It applies in the little things which in their sum are so big. The man is not a good Christian if his domestic conduct is such that when he returns to his home his wife and his children feel a sense of uneasiness at his having come.

"The man is not a good Christian who in his business dealings fails to remember that it is incumbent upon him to hold a higher standard than his fellows; that it is incumbent upon him, if he is a very rich man, to make it evident alike in the way he earns and the way he spends his fortune that the word of the Lord is to him to *living* truth and not a dead doctrine. And, of course, what I say applies even more strongly to the man in public life than to the man in business or private life. * * *

"We can not continue as a republic, we can not rise to any true level of greatness, unless that greatness is based upon and conditioned by a high and brave type of spiritual life.

* * *

"We need material well-being in this nation as a foundation without which no superstructure can be raised. But upon that foundation we must see to it that we build the superstructure of high individual and national conduct, so that each man in his relations to his fellows shall actually be influenced by the ethical standards which teach us that the thing in life best worth having will prove in the end to be the sense of having so lived that others are better and not worse off because we have lived."

(Abstracts from lecture given at bi-centenary celebration of Christ Episcopal church, Oyster Bay, Long Island.)

LOVES THIS WORK.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE,
Lawrence, Kans.

The Lord is working in the hearts of prisoners. I got a good letter from the boy in the Olathe jail and he has turned from a sinful life to God. He is now turning all his troubles over to God to lead him in the right way. He says, "O bless the Lord! He is good and merciful to all and will deliver in time of trouble."

I have five new prisoners to write to now since my letter in THE LIFE BOAT was read. They are all Christians and two said they were led to the Lord through THE LIFE BOAT.

GYMNASTICS WITHOUT A GYMNASIUM.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It is astonishing that people will spend years in planning to build a beautiful house for themselves to live in, and then will let their bodies, which God intended to be the habitation of His Spirit, fall into a wretched condition without the least concern until some nerve begins to shriek out its abuse in the form of pain.

The majority of our troubles come from faulty mastication, the eating of improper food, bad air, imperfect breathing, faulty positions, especially the stoop-shouldered, flat-chest, humped-back one which favors a relaxed condition of the abdominal muscles. This always means a weak diaphragm and that means poor breathing and that means lack of ventilation in the whole body, and that means a long train of troubles that make business

for the doctors and finally for the undertakers.

Some people find it very inconvenient to be good, likewise others find it very inconvenient to hold their chests up so well that their abdominal muscles will be kept *tense*, thereby encouraging normal breathing. But if any one will persist in well-doing in these directions they will soon find it natural and life will seem more pleasant; and they will certainly live more days unless they should come to their end by some unavoidable accident.

A few good suitable exercises help wonderfully to straighten up the muscles that hold the chest in place. I would suggest the following:



Slowly but *forcibly* raise the arms to the side, meanwhile breathing in deeply with the chest well up and with the abdomen drawn in, then breathe out while the arms sink. Repeat this several times until it gets a little monotonous.

Then reach the arms clear up as high as you can; in fact, pretend you are trying to reach the ceiling. That will help pull your chest up.

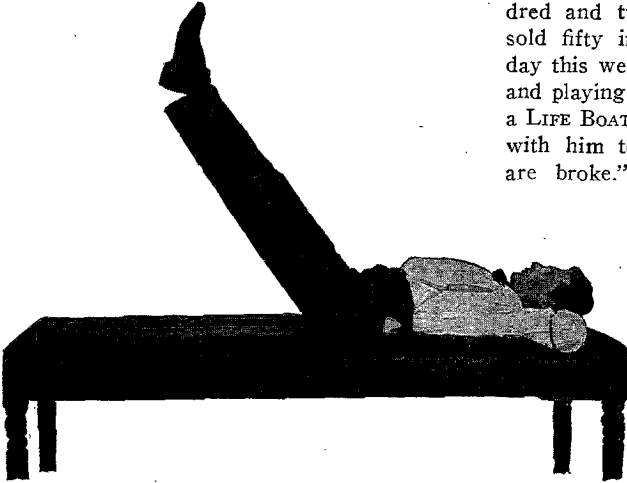
Then bend down your knees and you will give some good exercises to some of your leg muscles that have been partly off duty for

a while. You will soon get so tired of this that you will stop without being told to.



Then swim in the air with your arms. You need have no fear of drowning. Be sure to fling the arms well back each time and do not forget to take deep breaths.

Now, you will be tired enough to wish a change in the program, so lie down and raise both legs slowly upward. Put your hand over your abdomen and you will note that this exercise is making the muscles almost as hard



as a board. Then lower the limbs slowly down again.

Do this only a few times at first or your abdominal muscles will get so sore that you may be sorry that you read this, but after a time you will get so that you can repeat this exercise oftener than you will have time to.

If you will spend a few minutes taking these exercises each day for a few months you will astonish yourself by the improvement you make. Your digestion will improve, your brain will not seem so full of fog, and life will seem much more endurable, for after all more of our troubles come from within than most of us are willing to admit, and one prolific cause of trouble is a poorly ventilated system full of poisons due to relaxed abdomen, poor breathing and a lot of imperfectly masticated food souring or rotting in the alimentary canal.

Get busy and do something for yourself to work out your physical salvation. The Lord will give you a good crop of health and strength, but you must sow for it.

TO MEN AND WOMEN IN TROUBLE.

The undersigned are glad to correspond with anyone who is in despair or in deep trouble of any kind. We may be able to suggest some way out. All such correspondence will be kept strictly confidential if desired. Address either Dr. or Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

HAROLD ANDREWS.

The more I do of this work the more I like it. There has not been a day but what I sold one hundred books. One day I sold one hundred and twenty-five. Several times I have sold fifty in two hours. While selling one day this week I met a man who was drinking and playing dice in a bar room and he bought a LIFE BOAT and also urged the other two men with him to take one. But they said, "We are broke." The first man who took the

LIFE BOAT said he was a prisoner pardoned three weeks ago from the penitentiary. I asked him to give some of his experience and this is the way his story is stated:

He lived in Kansas City with a great deal of property. His mother and sister were murdered. It was supposed he killed them and he was sentenced for life in the Joliet penitentiary. During his confinement his wife died, leaving two boys and three girls who became actors on the stage to make a living. During his sentence another man on his death bed confessed he was the murderer of the mother and sister. He then was given a pardon. After he got out he commenced to do prison work and slum work, but after one week his nerves were strained and he began drinking and backsliding rapidly. He said to me that the only way he could be happy was to live in the name of Christ.

I urged him to leave drink alone and he said he would not touch it again.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

R. O. EASTMAN.

The following are impressions gathered upon the occasion of a visit to the Harrison Street Police Station with a company of LIFE BOAT workers a few weeks ago:

It was cold, damp and dreary. The rain swirled down through the crevices between the tall, grim, many-windowed walls, and the bedraggled pedestrian bent lower with his umbrella and walked faster. A lonesome cabby, here and there, guided his forlorn steed and dripping equipage through the otherwise de-

serted street. Even the church bells tolled dolefully.

Up a few stone steps and almost without an invitation a wooden door swings open; a larger door swings more ponderously, and you are in. Here, at least, it is dry, but almost depressingly so. It amounts to a drought, a veritable sirocco from the desert striking you full in the face, all the more marked by contrast with the storm without. It is a large, bare room. Tall windows break the monotony of expansive, scantily adorned walls, while here and there an election notice, or some brief, ineloquent announcement catches the eye. Only a faint whisper of activity from beyond the partitions to the right reaches the ear. But this is Sunday. On other days, they will tell you, the panorama moves more rapidly; there is a buzz and a bustle in these halls, and events transpire in quick succession as the wheels of justice grind on in the adjoining rooms. But a door is open a little to the left and we move on.

You of the Other Half—the washed, the fed, the preoccupied—you have heard of the Catacombs. You have imagined dank, weird passages, the spectral habitat of strange creatures and still stranger memories. And perhaps you have shuddered and called for a glass of claret or a brandy and soda. What then?

We enter the little doorway. Some one in sardonic humor has placed a penciled sign above it: "THIS WAY IN." As we descend the dingy stairway there is another atmospheric change, a sharp drop in the barometer.

Here are Catacombs! No need to go to Rome. No need to trace the pages of a Corelli or some more ancient and more classic writer. Here are Catacombs in plenty,—but neither dank nor spectral, if you please; only dark—dark and pitifully sad.

Stone walls and iron bars, contrasting a chalky white with a dense, dead black, hold the eye for a moment before it rests upon the sphinx-like turnkey all but hidden behind his desk and the Sunday newspaper. A woman attendant is next discovered at an adjacent desk, engrossed in another section of the same paper. They nod recognition to the company that has just emerged from the dark stairway.

Here are several corridors, all flanked with cells, the least remote recesses of which are dimly lighted by the callow rays of incandescent lamps on the outside. Three walls of each cell are of stone, and the fourth is of iron bars, reaching from wall to wall and from the ceiling above to the solid cement floor beneath. Centered in this wall of iron is the ponderous cell door.

Each prisoner is locked in the cell this morning as the corridor doors swing open to admit the company of visitors. It is a quiet day, for here in the first corridor we enter only one cell has occupants, these being two girls, colored, to say nothing of two maltese kittens that are keeping them company. Tact is needful for effective prison work, so it is a woman, I observe, who speaks to the girls here.

With a cheery "Good morning" she passes in hymnals, exclaims in pleased surprise upon discovery of the two kittens, and says:

"We are just going to sing a few songs, girls, and have a word of prayer with you this morning. What shall we sing?"

But the girls' tongues cleave to the roofs of their mouths and a feeble smile is their only reply.

"'Rock of Ages' is an old familiar one," says the visitor, announcing the number, and the little service begins.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

It is enough. One dusky head is buried in its owner's lap, and the poor, sinful form is shaken with sobs as the song continues:

"Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Is the other girl less tender of spirit or merely more stony of countenance? There is something in her strange, shifting gaze that seems to speak of strong inward emotions, even though she sits there apparently unmoved.

A second song is sung. "Now, girls," the visitor says, after a few plain, motherly remarks about the love of Jesus and His saving grace, "don't you want to be remembered in this word of prayer we are going to have here before we go on to another corridor?"

A tear-stained face is uplifted. A grief-stricken voice whispers, "Yes, ma'am." And two hands are raised in response to a second

appeal. A young sister, newly arrived among the little company of workers, leads in the prayer. Another word of comfort to the prisoners and a promise from the women of a further brief visit before leaving the jail and the company moves on to another hallway.

We have only time for this one corridór more, though there are still several which the rest of the company will visit, including the "Annex," where most of the women prisoners are housed, and where frequently the most pathetic incidents occur. The corridór we enter now appears much the same as the first—a little darker if anything. This row of cells is better occupied, however; in fact, every one of the little cages contains an inmate, a few of them two. There are varying colors and ages. Here, for instance, is a youth of sinister countenance who has not passed out of his teens, while over there is a man past seventy. A long way down the Jericho road he is, too, poor fellow! He is one of the hopeless ones we continue to hope and to pray for. One prisoner lies stretched at full length on his narrow wooden bench; another paces to and fro in his cell as restlessly as do caged lions in the circus now showing at the Coliseum.

There is a glow of interest occasioned as the workers enter, and the hymnals which are passed through the bars are gladly accepted by almost every one. Most of them listen to the songs and to the words which follow with something bordering upon interest. I have seen very many audiences less orderly and attentive. After the songs there follows a talk. It is not a sermon; simply a heart-to-heart talk with the men, a few ringing testimonials to the power of God, a plea for the right, a sincere hand-shake and a prayer.

We leave the corridór and hasten from the building. As we pass the grated windows on the outside, the dying echoes of a closing song are borne to us:

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to world's unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

And the results! Who can tell? It is God's field. He will reap the grain when it is golden.

**"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN
HEART."**

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

MRS. A. KERSHAW.

1018 E. 156th St., New York.

I would like to tell the readers of this magazine how God has so wonderfully blessed me since I took up the work in 1905 at the Tombs prison and Blackwell's Island penitentiary. For several months I earnestly sought the Lord to put me into the place that he had for me. Praise His dear name, He answered my prayer. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass" (Ps. 37:5). My heart has been lifted up to him for this blessed privilege of carrying the message to so many poor unfortunate souls behind prison bars.

These two years have been the *best* of my life, for God has used me as a co-worker with Him to feed the hungry with the bread of life, and He says His word shall not return unto Him void. This I have seen fulfilled many times, and expect to meet some of these souls in the home Jesus has gone to prepare for us.

Our hearts have been melted to tears on visiting some of the prisoners' wives. At one place we called we rapped on the door, but getting no response, pushed open the door, and by the dim light of the lamp we saw three little children huddled together. We asked for their mother and they said she was out trying to get work.

There was no bed, only some rags in the corner. The cupboard was bare, containing only a few crusts of bread. There was no heat and the children were thinly clad. We left some money there on the mantel and passed out, knowing that the Lord will care for the widows and orphans. Again these words were proved, and it was not long until this woman had plenty of work. Oh, if we only could grasp what God really means when He tells us to prove Him! He says, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me" (Jer. 49:12).

In another home we found a more pitiful sight than in the first. The father was in prison, there were three small children, one a babe a few days old, and they had had nothing to eat for three days. We went out and bought food for them.

Before leaving the wife held my hand and

placing it to her lips said, "God bless you." If others could only get a picture of that home and the poverty connected with it I am sure that there would be more done to help such unfortunates as these, and people that have the means would not withhold them from those who have a burden to go out and search for the gems to be found there.

When I first started to work in the Tombs I had many calls for Bibles. I visited the New York Bible Society, told them of our work and the demand for Bibles. The Lord did work with power, and having no reference to give, Mr. Doughty said, "What is there about you that makes people believe you?" I said, "I do not know, but when God sends me to do a work He expects me to do it," and before leaving I received the Bibles I wanted. Since 1905 they have supplied us with several hundred Bibles. May God continually bless this society!

One evening on entering a cafe I met two young men, and as I stood talking to one of them the other walked away with tears in his eyes; after speaking to his friend I went over to him and asked him why he was there. He just took my hand and could not talk for weeping and the tears rolled down his face as I pleaded with him to go home. He was some mother's boy and apparently well brought up as far as education was concerned. Did that mother know her boy was there?

Oh, if mothers would seek to win their children's confidence and love, and make home the dearest spot on earth, there would not be so many girls and boys going astray. We see the awful results of not doing this in our work both at the prisons and slums. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

MORE SENSE AND BRAINS.

The following was received from a prisoner in Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y.:

"I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. I have been transferred to Clinton Prison. I like it here, as I can go to school and learn something before I go home. I am studying very hard on my lessons and learning fast. I know I will leave this prison with more sense and brains than I had when I came into it. I've got a Bible in my room and I also study that every evening and morn-

ing. Before I go out to work I read one chapter and then study it until I know it by heart. I have a friend here, a man about forty-five years of age, and he teaches me the meaning of the words I do not understand in the Bible. I am learning a whole lot about the Bible—more than I ever knew before. I am going to keep it up because it pays and nobody can tell me it don't.

"I know one thing: I will live the right life, no matter where I go. I will stick to God this time and let the devil go about his business. I have learned my lesson and am glad I did, and if it was not for you I would be the same thief and robber that I was. When I leave here I don't care where I am, I have learned my lesson and I thank God and also you for it.

"You asked me if I had any friends. Well, I have no friends in any place. You are the only friend I have. I am all alone in this world. I have nineteen months yet to serve here."

"LIKE THE REST OF US, ONLY UNFORTUNATE."

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Matron, Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

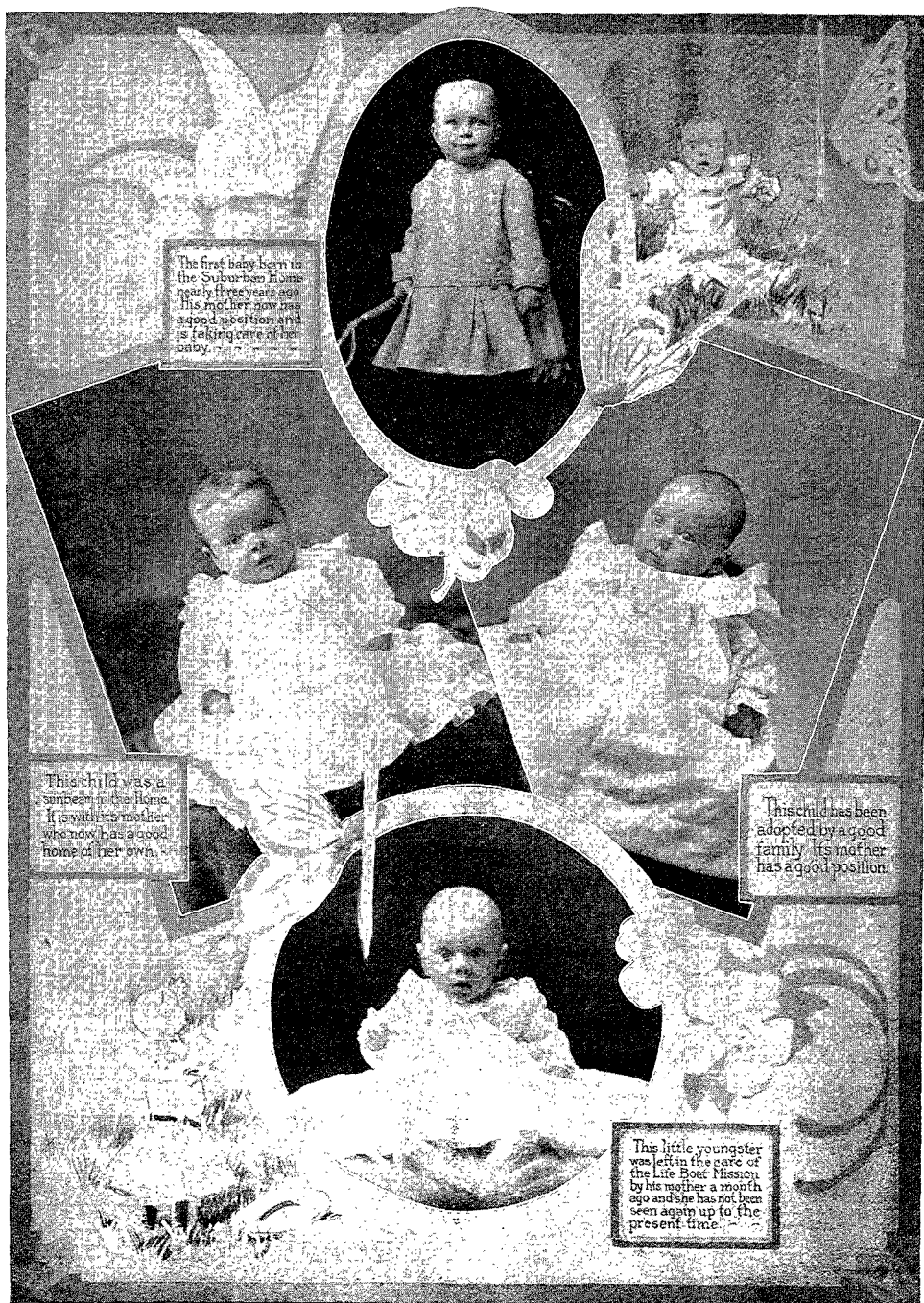
Before I entered the rescue work I used to think that these girls were so different from other girls or from myself, but as I live with

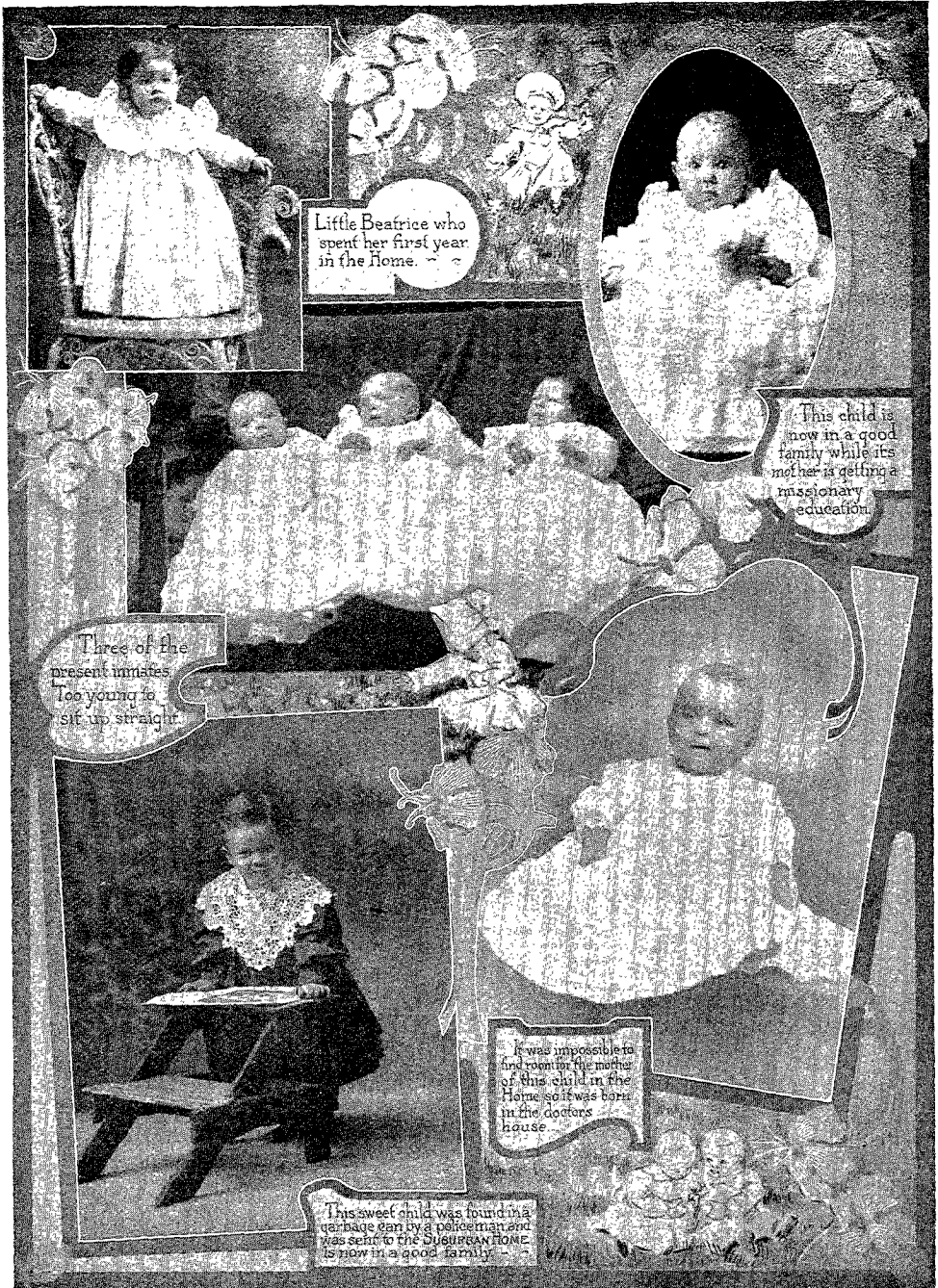
them I find they are like the rest of us, only unfortunate. I think the mothers in our Home will come up to the average mother in caring for their little ones and loving them. We have a very nice class of them and just now we



have five babies. We found a place for the sixth the other day. We encourage the girls to keep the babies, and feel that it is the salvation of the girls. Often their relatives come and take the babies. I do not know of a case where our girls and babies have not been well provided for.

Sometimes things look a little discouraging, but I read 1 Cor. 3:6: "I have





planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." I feel if I go to the Home and plant and water I need not worry about the results, but God will give the increase. I want to keep myself in the background and lift up Jesus and trust Him to do it.

Before we founded this little place we had quite a large place on State street, in Chicago, but we felt we could do more for the girls out here in the country than in there, and I know we can when we get them away from their surroundings; and we feel we have accomplished a great deal more than in there.

The last eight weeks we have had four little babies born in the Home. All but one of the girls had no means at all, and I do not know where they would have gone in this condition if they had not come to the Home. I had one girl tell me some time ago, who left our place, how often she remembered that little room in the Home where she used to stay, and I can't help but think they remember the kindness that has been shown them and what has been done for them, and I know it will bear fruit.

A year and a half ago I heard of a girl in a dive on State street who wanted to do better and did not want to stay there. I went and saw her and found she was sick of the life and wanted some one to help her. There were several girls there, and you would be surprised to see how they helped her get ready. They wished her all kinds of success, helped her pack, and were so glad and happy to know she was going out and was going to do better. But when I asked them if they did not want to leave they said, "No, it is too late for us." But they said, "We wish you all kinds of success."

We manage to keep every girl about three months and then get them into a good home. A girl who is in our Home now wrote to Mrs. Paulson, saying she was going to commit suicide. She came here, had a baby a few weeks ago, and now her mother has written her, since she heard about it, saying her father had forgiven her. She was afraid he would kill her if he knew about it, as he was a desperate man, and so she is much buoyed up.

We have one little boy whose mother a few weeks ago brought him to the Mission, saying she was going to board him in the Home. But we have not heard from her since, so we

think she has deserted him. One of our girls is taking care of him, and no mother could take better care of him. It shows such a good spirit in the girl.

We are expecting to have a larger Home, as there is not a week but what we have to turn girls away. I do not believe in keeping girls in the Home who persistently do not want to do right, but girls who want to do better I think we ought to give a trial. We are getting quite a little means to get our place enlarged, and we hope to receive more.

WORKING FOR CHICAGO'S OUTCAST CHILDREN.

MRS. LOUISE PETERSON.

I have always been interested in children's work ever since I was a baby myself. My mother died when I was but a child and I made a vow that when I grew up I would take care of children, for I knew what it was to want a mother's love.

I went down to Chicago and studied kindergarten work and worked with the poorest children. I enjoyed the work very much. One of my first experiences I will tell about. Miss Wright and I were left in charge of the kindergarten. One woman came in and asked if she could leave the children there for the forenoon, and she promised us faithfully she would come back at noon. Noon came and she did not appear, but we went in and asked if the children could have dinner there. It came evening and we began to worry about it and I began to question the oldest boy, who said he did not think she would come back, for she did not care for them and let them eat out of garbage barrels.

We hunted all over and finally entered a house where there was an old woman who knew them but said we had better keep them, as the mother did not want them. So there was a process of court and we kept the children. Dr. Kellogg took one, who has since become one of the sweetest little fellows I have ever seen.

These outcast children of the slums like to be taken care of and to be loved as well as any of our own babies. After we had our own Children's Home on South Clark street, when I was teaching in the kindergarten, one day as I was marking the slates one little boy looked in and I said, "What do you

want, Freddie?" He said, "Oh, I thought you would hold me and love me a little." So I took him up, and he said, "You will go to heaven, won't you?" I said I hoped so and asked why he thought so. "Because you love us and don't beat us."

One little fellow used to say, "Just rock me and love me like mother used to do." It touched my heart.

Then I was asked to do the visiting nurse's work. In one family the mother was dead, and as I came in the morning the children would rush to meet me and ask if I had come to tell them a story, and as I told them Bible stories they said, "Who is Jesus?" They had no idea, so I went back and told them all about it. In that dirty basement we had just the best time. We used to pray that the foundation we laid might be built on to God's honor and glory. We worked with the idea in mind that we would not meet those children again until in eternity.

We also used to have little cottage meetings and invite the parents of these children in, and some of the mothers were converted.

ANOTHER ERROR CRUMBLING.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The main thing that great errors have to recommend them is the fact that they are hoary with age. No matter how absurd a practice, if father and grandfather and grandmother believed and did it it *must* be right. It is on this account that it has been so hard for the "alcohol-stimulant" delusion to die a natural death, but fortunately it is now passing through its death agony, for every up-to-date physician at last knows that alcohol even in small quantities is a paralyzer.

Another error which has helped to produce unnumbered cases of rheumatism, Bright's disease, nervous prostration, apoplexy and other chronic disorders, is the notion that it is necessary to eat a large quantity of beef-steak to be strong and live long. But the light of day is just beginning to burst in on this error and ten years from now any well-informed person will be ashamed to think he ever believed it, much less recommended it.

Plenty of observing physicians whose first advice is to cut down on the flesh foods in all cases of fever, rheumatism or kidney disease, have felt in their hearts it would be much more

sensible to give that advice *before* these diseases set in rather than afterward, but some of the scientific proof was lacking.

There was plenty of evidence in individual experiences; for instance when Mr. Allen on a non-flesh diet walked one thousand miles across England and Scotland in a little over sixteen days, which was seven days better time than the greatest flesh-eating walker had done it, and when Carl Mann in Germany on a similar diet broke the world's record in walking one hundred miles, and when many others performed marvelous feats of endurance without partaking of the customary meat-strengthening diet, the foundation of the old error began to get a jolt. Then the entire Japanese army on a practically non-flesh dietary performed feats of valor and endurance that astonished the entire world.

But the decisive test that has opened the eyes of the scientific world was that made by Professor Chittenden of Yale University, who is known as the "watch dog" of American science.

A company of United States soldiers were put at his disposal for a number of months for the purpose of experimentation on this point. Every particle of food that they ate was weighed, also the amount of their bodily excretions estimated. The amount of work performed was measured and it was found that these men were kept in the most pink physical condition on a ration containing only about one-third of the ordinary amount of the proteid or beefsteak line of goods.

The same experiment was repeated on some of the professors in Yale, and on Yale athletes, with the same outcome. These results have been published to the world by Professor Chittenden and have thoroughly convinced medical men that the loading up of the system with a much larger amount of proteid food than was needed have simply tended to fill it with clinkers, so to speak, or waste products which have been some of the active causes for the diseases mentioned above.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale has since made some most interesting investigations on endurance of non-flesh eaters and flesh eaters and has published these interesting results to the world. He found that non-flesh eaters who were not in physical training whatever were able to outstrip in feats of endurance flesh-eating athletes. All these facts are interesting,

inasmuch as they tend to undermine the time-honored notion that the person's strength was in direct proportion to the amount of proteid food element which was consumed, while now we are beginning to recognize that beyond a reasonable amount of proteid food element, instead of being a strength-giver it is really a source of depression and fatigue on account of the waste products with which it tends to fill the body.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

MRS. FRED NELSON,
Galesburg, Ill.

[Mrs. Fred Nelson is one of the many workers whom God has been raising up the last few years to take a deep interest in prison work. Her efforts in their behalf have been untiring. She has carried on an extensive correspondence with prisoners which has resulted in the conversion of quite a number of men behind prison bars. Ed.]

I have had many precious experiences. God lets the gentle showers of blessing fall on us that we may not become discouraged and give up in despair, thinking it is in vain.

We are still continuing our visits to the jail and have the best of interest, every one of the prisoners taking part in the singing and showing their appreciation of our work by their close attention.

They highly appreciate this magazine and say they prefer it to all other reading matter which is brought to them. Some of them carry copies of it with them as they leave.

I have been deeply interested in a girl who was imprisoned in the jail for a long time waiting for her trial. She was a stranger to me, but we became close friends. She wrote me several letters, always urging me to come to visit her. She was a college girl, an accomplished musician, and had had many friends, but when in trouble they all left her.

She begged us to plead for her before the judge. We assured her we would do what

we could and plead her case before the Judge of all the earth. When the day arrived that she received her sentence we visited her in her cell. We spoke to her—no reply. We kissed her—knelt by her cot and prayed, but with no indication from her that she realized that we were there. She had been overcome by the sentence, and lay prostrate and unconscious on her cot.

We spoke of how fearful it must be to receive a sentence for a number of years to a prison—a promising young life ruined—the bright hopes of the aged parents blasted. It certainly is sad, but how much worse to re-



Mrs. Nelson and Her Daughters.

ceive the awful sentence from the Great Judge from whose sentences no pardons may ever be received—no mediator intercede! A sentence here is for only this life, that sentence forever—an eternal loss. The scene at this bedside was sadder to us to witness than a deathbed scene.

The father of this girl later on called at

my home to thank me for my interest taken in her, also to tell me what a blow the sentence had been to them; which caused the young woman's unconsciousness. Her aged parents are bowed down with grief. The father said to me, Little had he thought that he would have ever have to pass through such an experience of having to see his child taken to the penitentiary. I am glad I had the privilege of staying by her during her trial. I mean to, until she is released and freed in both soul and body.

I receive many letters from prisoners, giving me the assurance my efforts are not in vain. The letters I receive from the mothers, sisters, friends and the prisoners themselves are sweeter to me than any applause, honor or wealth this world could ever give me. Perhaps in the long eternity we shall have the joy of finding some soul saved, if we are faithful here in doing the little we can in His name.

We cast the bread upon the water, but after many days it will return to us. The giving of a cup of cold water in His name to a disciple will be rewarded. Let us lay up our treasures in Heaven, where nothing will destroy. May we seek to grow in all ways—more strong, like the cedar, more fruitful like the vine, and be like Him who went about doing good.

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

P. T. MAGAN,

Dean, Nashville Industrial School.

I suppose that this article will be read by a number of men "behind the bars." I am writing it with you in mind, endeavoring to appreciate your feelings, to sense your sorrows and discouragements.

To many of you the time which still remains to be served seems long. When at length you go forth free, life will have to be begun all over again with many odds against you which did not exist before, and beyond this life is the future. These thoughts we can not get away from. They are present with us constantly in spite of many efforts to put them away.

To be able to meet the grave in peace is a great thing. To be in a position where we can calmly regard the future is a matter of wonderful satisfaction and happiness. But, we ask, "Is it really true that God is willing

to accept me? Do not my sins separate me from Him? I am a cast-out from the world; am I not also a cast-out from God?" Well, let the Bible answer these questions. It is the greatest Book in the world. We can not read it too much or study it too thoroughly.

One time after the Saviour had related a number of parables, it is written, "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him." Now, this scripture tells that certain people "drew near" to the Master. They got close up to him where they could hear Him. In fact, they sat with Him at the table and ate with Him. But who were these people? They were not priests or "good people" or saints. No, they were publicans and sinners.

The meaning of that word "sinner" is all-important. When we speak of a carpenter we mean a man who regularly works at that trade. When a lawyer is mentioned we understand a person who constantly gives himself to the practice of law. When a house painter is referred to we think of a man whose common, every-day business is painting buildings; and so when the Bible speaks of a sinner it means one who constantly sins, who frequently makes mistakes, who often does things which are wrong. It does not mean a person who only sins once in a great while and who leads a blameless life the rest of the time.

So it was these people—people who sinned commonly every day—who drew near to Jesus Christ. And therefore, my brethren, as God is no respecter of persons, you too can "draw near" unto Jesus Christ. You may be a sinner who has sinned very often and grievously, but as surely as the Scripture shows that sinners drew near unto Jesus you too can do it, for the Scripture can not be broken. If you are willing from the bottom of your heart to say, "Lord, I am willing to come," the Redeemer will receive you.

In the ranks of the disciples and among the close followers of the Lord were many people whose past had been very questionable.

Simon Peter had been a rough character. His old habit of swearing asserted itself even after he had been a disciple three long years. The beloved apostle John, with a great reputation for gentleness, wanted to call down fire from Heaven on those who would not listen to his preachings. On another occa-

sion some of the disciples were jealous because others cast out devils besides themselves. Again we read of the disciples, that there was a strife among them which should be accounted the greatest. Then there was Simon the Pharisee. Once he was a leper, but Christ had healed him. Not only had he been a leper, but he had led an immoral life. It was he who had led Mary, the sister of Lazarus, into sin, but afterwards his pride was humbled, he repented, and the proud Pharisee became a lowly, self-sacrificing disciple.

Then there was Mary. I love to think of Mary and to draw comfort from her case. Mary had been a great sinner. Her life had been a scarlet one. Seven times had Christ rebuked the demons that controlled her mind and heart, but that same weak, wandering Mary was the only one in the world who anointed the Saviour during His ministry. Others performed this tender office on His lifeless body but she alone while He could appreciate the service.

It was Mary, the one who had been a harlot, who sat at His feet and learned of Him. It was Mary whom the Pharisee thought unfit to touch the Lord, who bathed His feet with her tears. It was the same Mary who stood before the cross and followed the body of the Lord to the sepulcher. And Mary was the first at the tomb after the resurrection. And, once again, Mary was the harlot who first proclaimed the risen Saviour.

So, sinner, no matter if your life has been as scarlet as Mary's, you can come to Christ. He knows the circumstances that have shaped your soul and life. Your bruised reed He will not break. The smoking flax of your heart longings He will not quench. He has recorded it that He "deviseth means that His banished be not expelled from Him."

You may say, "I am sinful, oh, so sinful," and you may be, but the worse you are the more you need the blessed Jesus. No weeping one He turns away. You can trust Him with all your secrets and He will never reveal them to a soul on earth.

SOME INTERESTING BIBLE FACTS.

A day's journey was about $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly 22 inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A piece of silver or a penny was 12 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contains 7 gallons and 5 pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

ENCOURAGING CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. H. C. LYLE,
Ridgefield, Wash.

[Mrs. Lyle began her prison work in Honolulu and God wonderfully used her. Ever since she has returned she has kept up the same work through an extensive correspondence, reaching many of the different prisons of this country.—ED.]

I know the Lord has led me to take up this prison work and I bless His name for it, for He has given me some blessed experiences and I am greatly encouraged to go on.

I have been engaged in prison work for several years. At first I was situated so I could work personally with the prisoners, but now being where I am I can not do that, so I have taken up correspondence work with success. My heart goes out in sympathy to this class of people as I feel they are greatly in need of help and encouragement.

Most of them have the impression that no one cares for them, but when they see that some one is really interested in them and their soul's salvation, you can quickly gain their confidence, and as the tender Spirit of Christ comes into their hearts they begin to reach out after their fellows in misfortune. It makes me rejoice to see how anxious most of them are to improve themselves in every way. Some of my boys have taken up regular school work, and considering their environments the progress they make is surprising.

The following are quotations from some of their letters:

A STUDENT WHILE IN PRISON.

"When I first came here I was deep in sin and a hardened criminal although but

twenty years of age. I could just read and write, and no more. After being here a few weeks and seeing life as it is here, I said to myself, 'Does it pay?' and coming to the conclusion that it didn't pay, I got down on my knees and prayed God for help and strength to lead a better life. I don't think He heard me that time I was so deep in sin, but I kept right on and now after eighteen months I hardly know myself. Such peace I have in my heart that I never had before.

"After receiving Jesus, I made up my mind to get as much good out of my four years' stay here as possible, so I took up penmanship, spelling, arithmetic and geography, and studied them faithfully for sixteen months. Now I am studying grammar and phonography and I am making splendid progress in both. I hope to study rhetoric next year. I do all of my work by two o'clock each day and then have three hours to study besides three hours each evening. When I look back and see what a remarkable change has come over me I can hardly believe it. Everything seemed to be against me, everybody was pushing me down, now I see it was myself who wouldn't let God into my heart; but He is there now, and will be forever. I read my 'day book' faithfully and find peace and solace therein to last me until I come back from the shop. I would like any reading matter you can send me, also a copy of the LIFE BOAT and will see that it gets as much circulation as possible among the boys."—(Massachusetts State Prison.)

BIBLE NEVER GETS OLD.

"The Bible reached me in the best of condition and I give you my sacred promise that I will cherish it always and show my appreciation by reading and studying it daily. You can rest assured that I will always try to live up to its teachings so if I never have the pleasure of meeting you in this world I will live so in future that I may have the privilege of meeting you in the life to come. The Bible never gets old. Every time I read it I see things in a different light."

In a later letter he wrote:

"You can rest assured your efforts have not been in vain, for you have not only cheered and comforted me the past year but you have brought me to a higher plane, you placed

within me a desire and determination to reach out for the higher and more holy things. You have had the pleasure of seeing me surrender all for Christ and begin a life for Him in the past year. It was your efforts that brought me to see myself as I really was. I am like a child as yet in the Christian faith, but am gaining strength as I go along."—(Indiana State Prison.)

OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE OLD LIFE.

"In spite of the unhappy experience which I am undergoing I believe that an honorable, God-fearing, Christ-loving life is the only one possible for a man who seeks true happiness. When a man has wandered far on the wrong road the only way to retrieve himself is to go back to the parting of the ways and begin all over again and walk on the right road, no matter how rugged and difficult it may be. Therefore I had to begin in the faith of a living God, of whom my mother taught me and whose readings I had almost forgotten and had cast aside.

"Once convinced of this faith, I determined to sever all connections with my unfortunate past, and with the determination to live a correct life I have entered upon the new life of the Christian. It is beautiful—this life. I have always wanted to live this life, but I did not understand it until He had shown me. The past, as I look upon it now, I can see how foolish it was and that what seemed life was but the destruction of it."

In a later letter he wrote:

"I wish you knew me better so you could aid me to become a better man. I have the dearest, sweetest mother God ever placed on earth. I have had good opportunities and training. Born in the highest sphere of life, my environments were clean, noble, refined. Life offered me every advantage both morally and spiritually, all that gave decency and dignity to life. One would not think it easy to drift and sink to the lowest depths of degradation, especially when filled with ambition and ideals, but such was the case with me.

"God chose to use you in aiding me to the higher life and to send a ray of His sunshine to warm and gladden my heart. You have helped transform my life. Every letter from you has helped to remind me not to trust in myself, but God alone. I realize I do not amount to much, but perhaps God will use

me as one of His most humble servants. Remember I am out of touch with the old, evil, past life. I despise it. I am heart and soul in the new future."—(California State Prison.)

LEARNING TO LOVE THE BIBLE.

"I received the Bible all right and it is a splendid book. For such a gift I feel that my sincerest thanks are but a poor return. I needed it badly for my old one is fast coming to pieces. God's word is a treasure house full of good things which my soul is learning to love. I am daily receiving such help and blessings from God as I never experienced before. I feel that I am growing in grace every day and my desire is that I may keep my eyes on Christ, that I may be changed into His own image. Surely God is answering your prayers."—(Colorado State Prison.)

ONLY ONE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

"I know from the way you write me that you want me to be a good Christian. I have surely repented of my black and miserable past. I am earnestly sorry that I ever wronged anyone. I can see clearly now what I have missed; I have simply thrown my life away for the things that do not satisfy. I know there is only one life worth the living and that is the life of a God-fearing man. If those who are just starting out on the downward course could see what is before them they would never drink the cup to the dregs. I get *THE LIFE BOAT* regularly and always read it and then pass it on to some of the other boys, so suppose it is helping a good many besides myself. If you have any suggestions to offer that would aid me in studying, any course you would like me to follow, I should be glad of your help, for I know that a systematic study of anything is more beneficial than reading at random. I shall be glad to follow your advice, knowing I shall accomplish more with your help than I would otherwise be able to do."—(Indiana State Prison.)

I have so many good ones I hardly know when to stop. Oh, how thankful I am for Christ's words, "Whosoever will may come."

APPRECIATING GOOD BOOKS.

Extracts from letters written to Mrs. Popplewell, Albany, Mo., by prisoners. The fol-

lowing is from a prisoner in the Illinois State Prison, Joliet, Ill.:

"I am doing finely with the Bible work you spoke of. The time will come when I can show that this experience has taught me a good lesson, and I hope to profit by it. I hope you will not desert me now, as you are the only friend I have in this world except Him above, for He never deserts any one. Mrs. Nelson sent me *THE LIFE BOAT* for one year and I am very thankful to her for it. I have not the money to get my case back into court. If I had my time would be shortened."

Two brothers in the State Reform School at Pontiac, Ill., write:

"When we get out of here we will be better boys. If we had observed the rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' we would not be here. Our mother always tried to teach us to do right, and why did we not listen to her? We do not know. We received the book you sent us, 'Story of Joseph,' and think it is very nice. We thank you ever so much for it. We will learn the Scripture verses also that you sent us."

Another from Ionia, Mich., writes:

"We received the books you sent all right. We are hungry for good books and you cannot send us too many."

HE RESPONDED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

E. B. VAN DORN.

There are many interesting incidents in city mission work that we wish all our readers could enjoy for themselves. One of them I wish to tell you as best I can, yet these things must be experienced to know the real joy that comes from leading a soul to Christ. A certain man has been coming to the Mission for more than a year. It seemed we had done all that was in our power to persuade him to come to Jesus, yet he kept putting it off, saying he would come some time. He was a man of about fifty years of age and well educated, speaking several languages fluently; yet it brought him no rest or peace. He was sinking lower and lower in the quicksands of sin every day. It was evident that there must be a change or the man would be lost forever.

It was at the close of a good meeting the other night where it seemed the presence of

God had been present in a marked way, where Heaven and Earth had seemed to meet. The people were passing out to mingle with the promiscuous crowd on the street. I grasped his hand to say good night, and he seemed to linger just a little as if he wanted to ask for something, when I said to him, "My brother, I have been looking for this time to come. I and a number of others have been praying for you," and I named some that were interested in him. I saw that God was working for him. I clasped his hand the tighter, and he raised his left hand and said, "When I do I will be true, I'll not be a hypocrite."

I began to press the necessity of *immediate* surrender, when he quickly brushed me to one side, throwing his hat on a chair he started for the front of the room and fell on his knees and cried out, "Pray for me." Several of us knelt with him, put our arms around him and poured out our hearts' desire for this poor lost man. Then we asked him to pray. There was a moment's hesitation, then he opened his heart and prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner, and save me from my sins for Jesus' sake."

Another prayer was offered that God might set his seal to the work that was done, then we all sang that beautiful song,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

Then I said to him, "Do you believe the Lord has done what you asked him to do?" He grasped my hand and said, "I *know* he has." The man once had been a Christian, but he had lost his hold on God. His life was wrecked; but while drifting some one threw him the Life Line. He lay hold of it and another soul was anchored in the haven of rest.

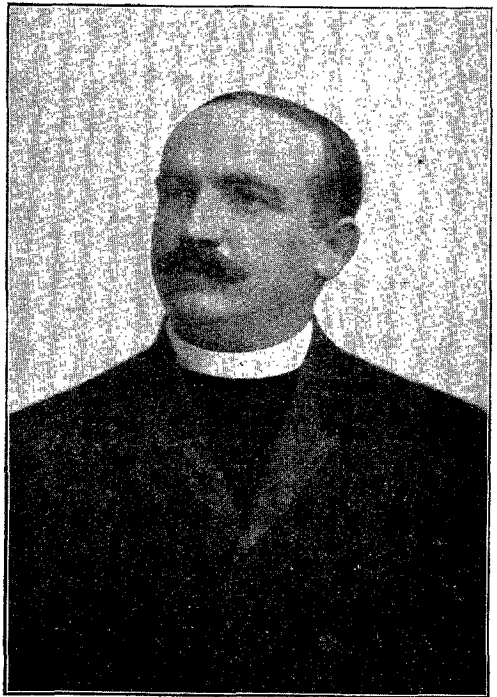
We praise God for the opportunities he has given us. We want you to know what the Lord is doing. We would like you to help us keep open this life saving station and keep it ready for every cry of need.

Friday night, April 5, I spoke to a company of men in a rooming house. At the close of the meeting there were fifteen raised their hands for prayer. On Saturday and Sunday

nights at the Mission there were ten hands raised for prayer. At a meeting of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on Sunday evening four men said they wished to live a Christian life. At the police station service last Sunday there were thirty-one inmates, and twenty-six requests for prayer. God is working on human hearts, drawing them with the cords of love to Him. Every worker here is doing all in their power. We are working to the utmost, as far as strength and funds will allow. Do you wish you could be a missionary? You can help to keep this life boat station open. If you would contribute something every month to this work it would be greatly appreciated, and be the means of bringing joy and gladness into the lives of many who are now in darkness.

WHY HE WAS SENT TO THE TOMBS.

The following letter is from a former inmate of the Tombs Prison, written to Mrs. Kershaw:



Chaplain Wade of the Tombs Prison.

"Although I have been out of prison for some considerable time, I have not forgotten your great kindness to me during that terrible

two months which I spent in the Tombs, and I thank you sincerely for the great benefits I derived from the wonderful little magazine, *THE LIFE BOAT*. I am a very changed man since my imprisonment and release. I am trying to lead a better life, and will try to help others to do the same. I may also say that I am studying the Bible which you so kindly gave to me. It is the first Bible I ever read in my life, and I find it always interesting and instructive.

"I shall always remember with sadness the years of my life which I have wasted. I often think to myself what I might have been today had it not been for that cursed drink, which almost ruined my entire life. I think of the many sins which I was led into through that fatal habit, and I pray to God that I may be able to resist this terrible evil in the future. I realize that it will be an awful fight at the beginning, but with time it will become less hard for me to resist it.

"I am now firmly convinced that I was sent to the Tombs for no other purpose than to become a repentant sinner, and that to you was the task given by Almighty God; and I hope you will feel amply repaid when I tell you that your work has not been wasted. There were many other good people who came to see me, but none of them appealed to me like you. The only thing that I find necessary to lead a good life, as far as I can see, is to keep away from the occasion of sin, such as bad company. As soon as the opportunity offers I will endeavor to get some place to work where my surroundings will be in keeping with the resolutions which I have made.

"May God bless and lead you to others who need you as I did in those memorable two months in the Tombs."

WHAT IS REQUIRED.

T. F. TALIAFERRO.

Supt "Society for the Friendless" for Kentucky.

[Rev. Taliaferro has been until recently chaplain of the Kentucky State Prison, a place where a great spiritual work has been done. We are glad for the following article from his pen, as he writes from the standpoint of one who has had personal experience.]

This is a day of great reformatory movements for the betterment of society and human conditions, and it is a good sign when that large class of society known as the "moral

delinquent" is attracting the prayerful attention of the philanthropist and reformer.

In this field much has already been accomplished, but very much more remains to be done. In this land our prisoners bear but a faint resemblance to those of a century ago. Some States, however, are behind others in the matter of prison reform, but I think there is a general disposition to move forward as the light comes.

The idea of so much punishment for so much crime, as we have it in most States, is not the best for either the State, society or the moral delinquent. No man should be sent to prison simply for punishment or to do time for his crime. Punished he must be, that he may learn respect for the law, but while being punished by depriving him of his liberty, which he has abused, every possible influence should be brought to bear on him to secure his reformation, and the *best* way to secure his reformation is to secure his *salvation*.

The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is powerful enough to save the prisoner behind the bars if he can be induced to accept it, just as it saves the sinner on the outside. Jesus came not "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The Son of Man came to "seek and to save that which was lost." Oh, the riches of His grace! the boundlessness of His mercy!

My experience as a prison chaplain demonstrated to me that this is a field in which to labor for the salvation of souls, but no rose-water or light, heartless work will save these men. They must be made to realize that religion is an intense thing and that salvation means more than an indifferent *profession* of faith or submission to church ordinances; that nothing short of *regeneration* by the Holy Spirit, making them "new creatures in Christ Jesus," can give them strength to stand.

It took this to save Paul and to change him from Paul the persecutor to Paul the faithful servant of Jesus Christ. There is hope for the prisoner as there is hope for us all through the atoning mercies of Jesus Christ our Lord. The same Christ who came to Peter in prison, bound to two soldiers, and smote him on the side, loosed his chains, opened the prison gates before him and led him out, can come into your cell, my brother, loose the chains of sin and give you a freedom greater a thousand times than any freedom that could

be bestowed upon you by governors or paroling boards, for whom the Son makes free is *free indeed* (John 8:36). Look up to him, cry mightily to Him until He comes into your darkened heart and life and brings joy and peace and happiness. He can do this; He *will* do this if you will only let Him in. Then you can sing with the poet:

"While blest with the sense of His love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus but dwell with us there."

WHAT SHE MIGHT HAVE MISSED.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

[Is it best to do the thing you are impressed to do? If you doubt it read this helpful article from Mrs. Abrams. We were present at the Mission the night she speaks of and well remember the unusual earnestness with which she told of how God had so wonderfully saved her and was keeping her.—Ed.]

About four years ago in one of the beautiful parks of an Eastern city a young woman was quietly sitting, looking the very picture



Mrs. Abrams.

of despair. She had been seeking the phantom of worldly pleasure and only too soon it had vanished, leaving her in the depths of despair with everything gone. She was without hope and without God, yet God cared for her soul, and just at that time a missionary who was selling copies of this magazine happened to be passing, and noticing the look of distress in her face, came and offered her a paper, at the same time sitting down on the bench beside her. After a little conversation the paper was purchased and the missionary went on her way.

About a month before the above incident occurred there was appointed a service in the Life Boat Mission to commemorate the anniversary of my husband's conversion. He asked me to go with him and give my testimony of what God had done. I felt I could not go down there and tell my past experience. I rebelled and came very near not giving that testimony, but I asked God to make it plain to me if I should go. I thought that if there was some soul to be saved through my testimony I would gladly go.

I went and I never had such power as on that night. I *knew* God used me. As the meeting closed I expected to see some hands raised and to learn of some souls whom I had helped to find Christ, but there were none. Little did I think that there was some poor soul way down in New Jersey, disheartened and discouraged, for whom that message was given.

The LIFE BOAT which was sold to that girl in the park was the one which contained a report of my talk at the Mission. She read of my experience and of how I had been down in the depths of sin and wickedness and yet how God so wonderfully saved me.

It touched her heart and she said, "Surely if God can do that for Mrs. Abrams He can do it for me. I am going to write and ask her and tell her about my case." She wrote to me and told me all about her wicked life. She said, "No one ever went as far as I have. I have rejected my Saviour. I have sinned away my day of grace." When I would get her letters I would get down on my knees and spread them out before God. I would sit up until twelve and one o'clock at night to answer those letters. I would say, "Now, Lord, You write them for me." As I sat there writing to her the Spirit of the Lord would bring to my mind passages of scripture.

She yielded herself to the Lord and I received the most beautiful letters from her. We have been corresponding ever since and she expects to come to see me soon. She is now married and has a beautiful baby and is as happy as any one could be.

Does it pay? Oh, I tell you it does. I am so glad that the Lord has given me something to do without leaving my home.

SUCCESS BEHIND PRISON BARS.

FREDERICK E. BURNHAM, IN "FORWARD."

Some years ago a young man was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of five years in a State prison for a crime of which he had no knowledge.

He was friendless and had spent every dollar that he possessed in the world endeavoring to clear himself of the charge. In spite of this crushing misfortune, however, he resolved to make the best of the situation, and, while serving the sentence, to prepare himself for the course he had marked out prior to his arrest. While his fellow prisoners saw only a dreary period of waiting before them he perceived an opportunity for self-advancement.

He was skilful in the use of cabinet maker's tools and though he was employed in the prison workshop ten hours a day he managed to make, at odd times, miniature pieces of furniture which visitors to the prison quickly purchased. Before he had been there a fortnight he had earned enough to buy a work on medicine.

With joy he hailed the long evenings which were his own. While on every hand were men who were indulging in vile talk and plotting mischief, he was busy at his studies. Meanwhile, he spent a little time each day in the making of children's toys, thus providing himself with what books and stationery he needed, besides sending each month a tidy little sum to the bank.

One after another the men who had served long and short sentences in the prison, some of them of marked ability, were set free, and with hearts filled with bitterness and minds full of evil designs went back into the world. Finally the "student prisoner," as he was called, was set at liberty. Besides having a snug sum in the bank to his credit, he possessed a thorough book knowledge of medicine. At once he entered a medical college, and at the expiration of two years passed the State examination with honor, and at once began to practice.

A physician whose practice was small, incensed because the young doctor was fast winning favor where he had failed, in some manner learned of the unfortunate circumstances which had darkened his early life and told the story from one side of the city to

the other. Suddenly the young physician found his practice falling off, and scarce a month had passed before he could count his patients upon his fingers.

But meanwhile certain facts had come to light proving conclusively that the young doctor had no connection with the crime. Certain of those who had listened to the doctor's tale made an investigation, and, learning the true facts of the case, there came a reaction. The jealous physician lost his entire practice, and, borne onward by the flood of popular feeling, the young doctor obtained fame of which he had never dreamed.

Among those who had derided the young student at the prison for his close study was a man who had been sentenced for a like term of years. Spending his spare time in idleness, he referred to the young man as an "idiot," robbing himself of sleep and receiving nothing for his pains. One morning a critical case at the hospital demanded a consultation of physicians, and the young doctor was called. That day he performed a most delicate operation; the man's life hung in the balance as by a mere thread. Six hours later the doctor knew that his patient would live and that again he had added to his fame.

"Doctor," said the patient a few days later, "doctor, do you know me?"

For days the physician had been striving to recall the identity of the man whom he had attended; he had seen him somewhere in the past and not very long ago, but where and under what circumstances puzzled him. When the man spoke it all flashed upon him in an instant. "You occupied the cell next to me in prison," he whispered. "Yes," said the man simply, "I called you an idiot for studying back there. I was the idiot; you have made a success of life; I am a failure."

Did you ever hear of a **RED-LETTER BIBLE**,—one in which all the direct words that Christ spoke are printed in red in the New Testament, and every prophecy in the Old Testament referring to Christ is also printed in red, while the rest of the Bible is printed in black?

This same Bible has a concordance, maps, teachers' helps, good print, and is well bound. A superb Bible.

This unique Bible is furnished for only **TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A WORD TO DISCOURAGED MEN.

This LIFE BOAT will be placed in the hands of thousands of men who are in more or less trouble. We trust that it may be received as a messenger of hope and cheer. It contains no made-up stories. They are all true accounts of *real, genuine* experiences.

The same God will help you. He is no respecter of persons. Ask God to help you. Don't worry because you can't pray an up-to-date prayer. Tell the Lord in simple language your wants. He will hear you.

If you have no one else to write to, write to us. We want your face to be turned toward the Lord. We want you to get such a work done in your character that you will finally share in the overcomer's reward.

D. P.

DO YOU TRUST GOD?

The secret of a happy Christian life is found in implicitly trusting your heavenly Father. A distrusting, doubting, faltering Christian can never be happy.

Reader, just how fully do you trust God to make the plans for your life? Just how completely are you surrendered to the carrying out of God's plan for you? Would you be willing to sign your name to a blank piece of paper like we sign promissory notes, agreeing to do so and so at such and such a time and then turning the paper over to your heavenly Father and letting Him fill out the details? Do you trust God that much? Would you be willing to risk your whole life and its work in His hands? This is the position we must all come to if we would be supremely happy and divinely joyful.

W. S. S.

FALSE BATTLES—IMAGINARY STRUGGLES.

While some professed Christians are in danger of cowardice, and while many retreat in the face of the battle, there are others who, through their peculiar temperament or the enemy's deception, are constantly engaged in

fighting imaginary battles and waging a useless warfare—seeking to win victories that were long since won by Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary.

What do we mean by false battles? We mean those soul struggles that are experienced as a result of doubting God's Word. They are altogether useless. Did you only believe your Bible you might be saved many a terrible encounter.

By false battles we mean those struggles of the soul in fighting against despondency and despair over one's sins which have long since been forgiven—yes, were forgiven the very moment you honestly asked God to pardon you.

By false battles we refer to that terrible mental warfare that comes upon one as the result of envy and jealousy and as the result of distrusting one's friends, as the result of doubting the fellowship of one's Christian brothers and sisters.

By false battles we mean those fruitless struggles on the part of some well-meaning but ignorant souls in which they seek to sanctify the flesh, to convert the old carnal man; they are all useless. The mind, the soul, may become holy by the grace of Christ, but the flesh can never be made spiritual—not until the resurrection morning. The best we can do is to eat, drink and live in harmony with nature's laws and thus keep the flesh in the best possible physical condition, and thereby disarm it in the battle against the Spirit, and thus help the soul in the struggle of controlling the body.

W. S. S.

IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR.

A few weeks ago we received the following letter. It pictures a state of discouragement from which others may be suffering:

Do you think there is still a chance for sinners to turn to Christ, or has probation ended? I was once a Christian, or thought I was. Just as I was ready to do a great work, having finished my training, something said to me that I might as well give up everything

and quit for my work was ended and I was given over to Satan.

I became desperate for I knew I had done many wrong things, but supposed I had been forgiven. The feeling that I was lost remained with me for days, and at last I turned against Christ, God and my own dear people, so now I feel that there is no chance for me at all. When I pray to Christ, I remember that in my madness I turned against Him and told Him to leave me. What can I do?

I had to give up my work, for I can do nothing but think of my terrible fate. I feel that I threw everything away and crucified Christ in my ravings by saying what I did about Him. Do you think we can say or do anything that Christ will *not* forgive? When I think of the promises then the thought comes to me that probation has closed and that Christ is no longer in the sanctuary to forgive. I am young and could do much if I could feel sure that I was forgiven, and my people need my help, but I can not do anything feeling I am too wicked for God to forgive.

I have sat around and worried over my condition for months. I never did anything to man that I need fear, but something took possession of me and I seemed determined to sin against the Holy Ghost. Now please write to me and let me know if there is still a chance for me. I am so miserable and would be willing to do anything if I was sure I could come back to Christ and be accepted of Him. I might as well get out of this world if there is absolutely no hope for me.

To this person in deep despair, we wrote:

Why, no, probation has not ended. We are seeing mighty miracles of grace wrought in the hearts of the most depraved and hardened every few days. That would not happen if the melting influence of God's Holy Spirit was not yet at work on human hearts. If probation had ended you would have no concern about your soul whatever.

None of us have *anything* to *recommend* us to Christ. It is His goodness that *leads* us to repentance.

You are evidently depending altogether on your *feelings* instead of taking the word of God, who said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). If you were mentally upset and turned against God, don't you suppose the Lord knows all about that and knows how to make proper allowance? The Lord is not worried about men's talk; He is looking down in people's hearts. People who want to be earnestly delivered, as you say you do, are delivered. All

you have to do is to *claim* the promise; it is yours already.

The devil has been trying to hoodwink you. If probation has closed what about all the rest of us who have to have our sins forgiven every day? *I know* my Christ is in the Heavenly Sanctuary forgiving my sins, and the Lord is no respecter of persons; He has no pets. My Saviour is *your* Saviour.

Jesus Christ came to save all sinners of which *you* may be chief. We do not find anything in the Bible where He says He came to save all sinners *except* you. Christ says: "Come unto me, *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do that instead of worrying and fretting over things that are not so at all.

Read in the Bible where it says, "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7:25), and thank Him that it is so. Do not let the devil have such an easy time making you believe things that are not so. D. P.

LET OTHER BUSINESS MEN DO LIKEWISE.

A couple of years ago a copy of this magazine was sold to Mr. S. D. Cruse, a Louisville business man. He was at once so impressed with its mission that he has since subscribed regularly for a club of ten copies to be sent to the Ohio State Prison, as well as at different times ordering quite a number for his employes. He now writes:

"I want to renew my subscription for the ten LIFE BOATS for the prison at Frankfort, Kentucky. They appreciate them so much. Send me the bill and I will remit at once. I am greatly impressed with the good work that THE LIFE BOAT is doing and I do not know of anything better for the prisoner, or anything that is doing more good, or that is more convincing to him of God's power to save. Mr. Youtsey of the prison has often written me how much the magazine is appreciated and enjoyed." D. P.

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The interesting story of Brother Coombs' conversion and subsequent experience appeared in THE LIFE BOAT a few months ago. It has since been republished in tract form and can be secured at one cent a copy. Order a couple of dozen to give to your friends. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
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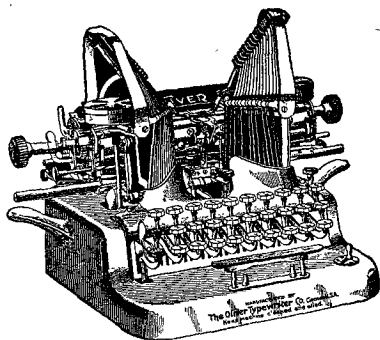
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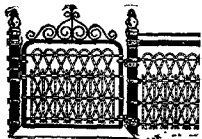
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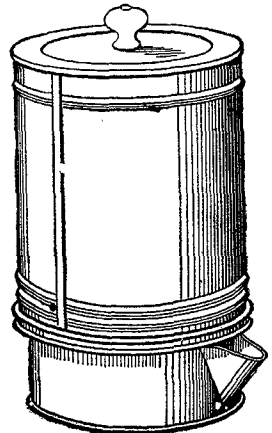
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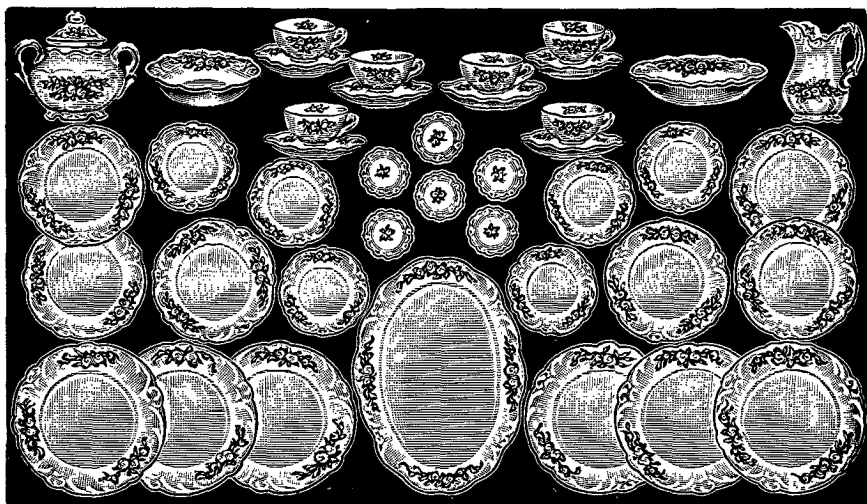
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