

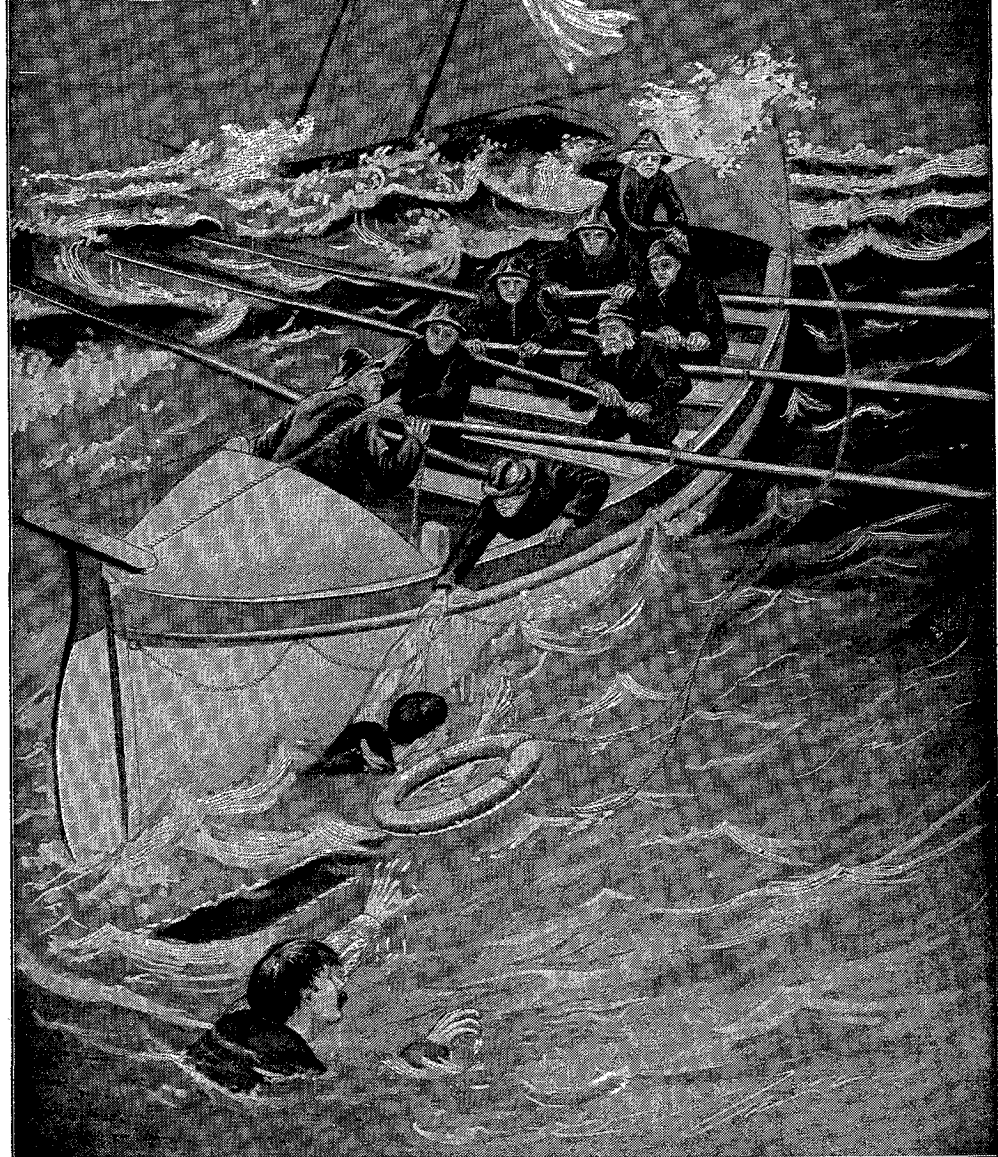
*Are You A Soul-Winner Even in Hot Weather?*

50 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents

# THE LIFE BOAT



Volume Ten  
Number Eight

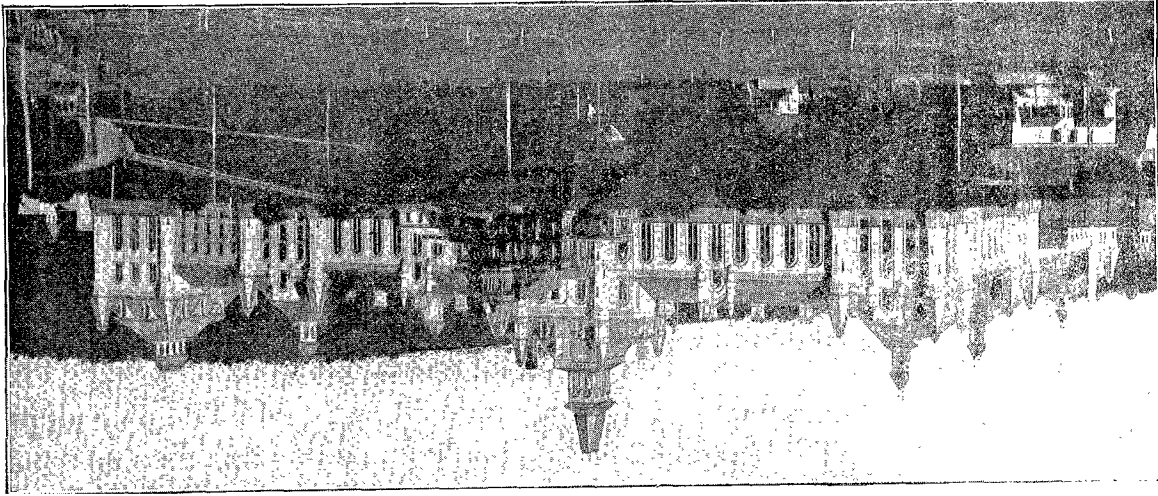
Winsdale, Ill.

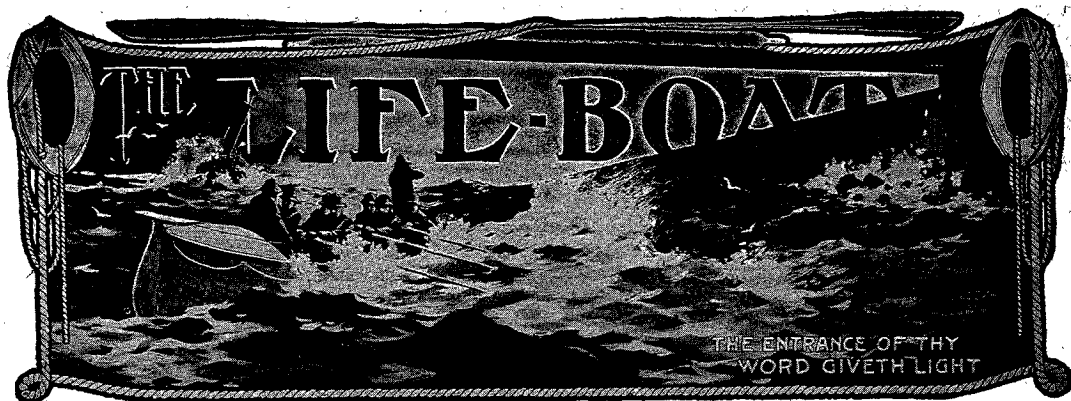
City Headquarters: 471 State Street, Chicago

August, 1907.

*A Lesson from Orchard's Prison Cell—Eastman*

THE ELMIRA, N. Y., REFORMATORY.





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

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

**Volume X**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: AUGUST 1907**

**Number 8**

**CONSECRATION.**

PEARL WAGGONER.

Only a tool, an instrument,  
In Thy dear hands to be,  
Wielded by Thee to serve Thy plan  
As best it pleaseth Thee.

This, O my Lord, would I become,  
All passive to Thy will;  
Naught in myself, yet used by Thee  
And guided by Thy skill.

Guided Thy own great work to do,  
Thy words alone to speak;  
Simply a channel for Thy strength  
To struggling ones and weak.

Knowledge unblest, unused by Thee,  
Is foolishness alone;  
Take then what talents I possess  
And use them for Thy own.

Only for Thee, Lord, keep my heart,  
Only for Thee my voice,  
Ready to weep with those who weep,  
Or with the glad rejoice.

Only for Thee each moment keep  
The workings of my mind.  
Use me as feet to those who're lame,  
As eyes to those who're blind.

All that I am, or have, or know,  
All Thou hast given me,  
Just to be used, as Thou dost will,  
I give again to thee.

**A VISIT TO THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.**

LUELLA RASMUSSEN.

846 E. 156th St., New York City.

After the New York Bible Training School closed, which I attended to better qualify myself for the Master's work, Sister Helen Miller invited me to spend a few weeks at her home. It being in Elmira, I thought it a splendid op-

portunity to visit the New York State Reformatory. As I worked in the boys' department of the Tombs Prison, I knew there were many sent to the Reformatory whom I had been trying to help get better acquainted with the Lord and His wonderful love for the poor unfortunate sinner.

The reformatory is located on a moderately high table land in a pleasant part of the city near its western boundary. The institutional wall encloses a portion of land comprising nearly sixteen acres. A farm of two hundred and eighty acres adjoining the enclosure westward also belongs to the reformatory and is operated in connection with the institution. The produce therefrom contributes to the maintenance of the prisoners. The appearance of the reformatory is stately and imposing. Its principal buildings are ornamental in their construction. Their lofty towers and turrets take an additional dignity because of the institution's elevated location, which commands an excellent view of the adjacent valley.

Mrs. Miller and I went up to the reformatory one afternoon to have an interview with the superintendent as to when it would be best for us to go through the institution. When the superintendent arrived he asked us into his office, and I told him how wonderfully the Lord had opened the way for Mrs. Kershaw and I to work among the prisoners in the Tombs Prison and Blackwell's Island penitentiary—

how our souls had been greatly blessed as we sought to help them become acquainted with our Saviour. The superintendent, Mr. Scott, was very much interested and said, "You are certainly doing a grand work"; and he gave me the privilege to speak to any of the boys that I may have met in the Tombs Prison, for which I was very thankful.

The assistant superintendent then took us through the institution, and the first one we met was the turnkey, who has been in the service of the place for thirty years. Then we came into an enclosure, or rather, as they call it, "Trades Avenue." From there we were shown the different workshops, where the inmates who do not know a trade have a splendid opportunity to learn one and thereby better qualify themselves to earn an honest living when released.

They are taught every imaginable trade, from tailoring and shoemaking to the foundry works, where they cast the iron to be used for railing, etc. We were taken into a large building, all the work on which was done by the inmates. All the masonry work, the interior work, as the iron banisters, plumbing, and even the immense copper coffee kettles in the kitchen, could not have been made better by an expert. I was simply astonished by the fine work done by these boys. Most of them are under twenty-one years of age.

There was one department that interested me most, and that was the method they had for cleanliness. In the large bathroom were one hundred and ten booths, where they had spray baths, etc. New arrivals are thoroughly examined by physicians and are given physical training according to their condition, and from time to time they are assigned to gymnasium for special treatment. It is termed the physical culture class. In prescribing bath treatments it is the same as used in our sanitariums.

Another point of interest was the military dress parade by the inmates. It reminded me of an army of soldiers. There are so many things of interest I would like to write about, but time and space will not permit. Suffice to say it certainly is a model institution, and I believe the finest in the States.

I had the opportunity of seeing some of the boys in the Tombs, and one especially who became more acquainted with the Lord while

in prison, with whom I had a very interesting conversation. I had promised him a Bible, but he had come away before I could get it to him, so I gave it to him while there. I certainly did appreciate the courtesy shown us by the superintendent and his assistant.

## THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Recently a meeting was held in one of the leading churches in Chicago in the interests of the Anti-Cigarette Movement. The pastor of the church, Rev. Phillips, in his introductory remarks, said in part:

"One day I visited the Kankakee, Ill., asylum for the insane, and when I came away and got in a street car, with me was another man, and we happened to be the only passengers going from the institution to the city.

"This man was in tears and sat there sobbing as if his heart would break. I said to him, 'You have left some one behind who is near and dear to you?' He said, 'Yes, I have left my son, my *only* son, a boy eighteen years old; but it is not that so much as the fact that the use of cigarettes was the *cause* of his insanity.'

"From that time to this I have had a yearning heart toward the victim of the cigarette habit, and when the opportunity was offered me to have a word said here on this platform tonight I did not hesitate long enough to draw a second breath in answering that this meeting should be held and that I would have this neighborhood advertised for this meeting.

"Let us remember there is on *our* side of the battle wisdom, kindness, human sympathy, the presence of God and His angels, a good conscience and the glory of Him who will ultimately welcome us into His presence. So let us have courage and character to carry on this work."

### SHALL OUR GIRLS BECOME CIGARETTE FIENDS?

Dr. Wellington, one of Chicago's prominent physicians, then spoke of the increase of cigarette smoking among women and girls and related the following pathetic incident:

"I think I will say in a few words why I as a physician am interested in this question. I stand before you tonight with full fifty-three years of experience. I know what it means for a boy to smoke. When he smokes the

brain becomes poisoned and he becomes more or less paralyzed in action and thought.

"I find that cigarette smoking is growing at an alarming pace among the women of our land. Here is a point I want to make and wish I could put in every newspaper: When a woman is surrounded by wealth and everything heart can desire, why does she want to set that example before the poor girls of our nation and the little boys? When we stop the women smoking we can get at the little boys. The English girls are taking it up lately and are smoking with their young men, but it is not alone the English people, but all over the world.

"A poor girl came into the hospital on a

"If you could have been there the next day you would have seen death agony and heard appeals for forgiveness and appeals for me to tell all the girls. I said, 'Helen, tell me how you began to smoke.' She said, 'I got into bad company. A young girl invited me to a house of a friend, and after we got in there we had plenty of friends to come and visit us, and then I did not go home any more.'

"Go with me tonight and we find reform schools filled with some mothers' boys. One night I went to the Bridewell jail and there saw four hundred and fifty boys lying there close together, and I had this prayer in my heart: 'Where is deliverance for our blessed boys?'"



"The boy who smokes has the Devil's Trade Mark on his face as well as in his brain." *The Boy*

*I advise every cigarette victim to have his photograph taken every year, and put side by side in his room, when he can see the gradual deterioration of himself from year to year. If this does not startle him and bring him to his senses, no preaching will ever do it, for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit.*—Orison Sweet Marden, in *Success Magazine*.

stretcher. Her flimsy dress had caught fire by a spark from a cigarette she was smoking. She rushed out in the street fanning this flame. Two men ran out and put their coats around her. The skin was all taken off her back and as they lifted her off the stretcher, in the glory of her nineteen years, she straightened out her hand and looked down and said, 'Doctor, I am burned to death. I can't live, can I? Oh, if I had never smoked a cigarette.'

#### A PERSONAL AWAKENING.

Among other things having a bearing on this terrible curse, we spoke in part:

A scene took place in my office a number of years ago that aroused me to a seriousness of this question as nothing had ever done before. A woman brought to me her only son, a boy of seventeen years, for me to determine whether he was hopelessly insane or not. I looked into his case and then said to the mother, "You might as well send him to the

insane asylum, as he is incurable." The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would break. I asked how this came about. She said, "Oh, it was cigarettes that did it. He smoked fifty a day and they burned out his brain."

That day I resolved that I would do something to meet this evil. I determined that I would not on the other shore have some poor lost boy shake his bony finger at me and say, "Doctor, you *knew* about this terrible evil; why did you not *stir* us up about the matter?" None of us can save this world, but we can each one do our *duty*. When God finally says, "Well done" to us, it will not be said merely as a compliment, but because the Lord has actually helped us to do well.

I can remember when the first cigarettes were smoked in this country. It was in 1876, the year of the Philadelphia centennial. Last year our boys smoked enough cigarettes that if they had been laid end to end would have reached twice around the world, and then from San Francisco to New York and back again.

Of all the traps the devil has set for our young people nothing pulls them down so quickly and surely as the cigarette. Alcohol does not begin to equal it. Go with me to the Reform School at Pontiac; four-fifths of these boys were sent there by the cigarette evil. We have sown to the wind and are going to reap the whirlwind.

If the church does not arouse to meet this terrible evil what does the church exist for? and it is clearly the duty of the Christian physician to go out and meet the public and tell them what it means.

Years ago when I was a student in the Bellevue Hospital Medical school I performed an experiment which I have never repeated, although thousands of boys are virtually repeating it on themselves. There was a large black cat around which was a nuisance. I injected some tobacco juice under the skin of that cat and in twenty minutes it died in convulsions. What will kill a large cat cannot be good for a small boy.

At a mass meeting in Moline a friend and myself had an instrument which measures how long a time it takes for a nerve impulse to travel. I got hold of a boy who had smoked fifteen cigarettes that day. I easily recognized him, for the boy who smokes has the devil's

trademark right on his face, as well as in his brain. He is of little use in this world and will be of no use in the world to come. I tested this fellow after testing some of the other bright boys, and I found it took the nerve impulse four times as long to travel. That is why no one wants to employ such boys.

It was always a moral wrong to sell cigarettes, but now since the passage of the recent State law it is also a legal wrong. The man is now a criminal as well as a sinner who sells cigarettes. You often see in the newspapers the headlines, "muzzle the dogs," but it is far more important to muzzle the cigarette seller. May God help us to do our duty the little time we spend here on earth.

#### A LESSON FROM ORCHARD'S PRISON CELL.

R. O. EASTMAN.

[It was an interesting coincidence that in the same mail that brought to us this article we should also receive a very good letter from Harry Orchard himself, acknowledging the receipt of our letter and a copy of this magazine and enclosing five dollars for a year's subscription, the remainder to be used in extending soul-winning work.

We would like to commend to each of our readers the lesson which Mr. Eastman, the business manager of *Good Health*, is endeavoring to present from Mr. Orchard's case.—Ed.]

In the gloomy confines of a prison in the West there exists an isolated soul. Dogged and browbeaten by the servants of the law, and who shall say unjustly, earnestly execrated by tens of thousands and loved by none, his loneliness is complete. No need to mention names; this condition is true alone of Harry Orchard.

Orchard the arch-murderer, Orchard the thief, Orchard the wife deserter, the kidnapper, confessedly guilty of arson, blackmail, and perhaps a dozen other crimes. Finally Orchard, the repentant, *the Christian*. Ah, but here the world draws a great interrogation point.

My purpose in this short sketch is not to discuss the merits of the great murder trial in Idaho nor the problems of world-wide interest that are there involved. It is but to call attention to one super-eminent truth—a truth which it seems to me is of greater import to you and to me as Christians or as candidates

for Christianity than all the rest put together.

First, a word or two to make the setting clear. Harry Orchard is chief witness for the State in the arraignment before an Idaho court of three labor leaders on the charge of instigating the murder of an ex-governor. Orchard has confessed to the murder and to eighteen other assassinations besides. He has admitted the authorship of a catalogue of crime, which in its cold-bloodedness and in the shrewdness and success with which it was attended, is most horribly astounding. The whole world has turned away from its daily duties momentarily to read the confession and to wonder.

The man's nerve is of steel. The riddle then is this: What caused Orchard to confess? Orchard's answer is *Christianity*.

....Is Orchard sincere? Scores of the ablest writers on the daily paper from New York to California are trying to answer. And it is right here that the great overshadowing fact that I have spoken of takes root and flourishes.

And this is it: *That men of power and acumen, of energy and understanding, the brains of the world, so to speak, RECOGNIZE THE POWER OF GOD TO SAVE SINNERS.*

This Orchard case has simply been the means of forcing to the lips of the world a confession that "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek."

Mind you, I do not say that it is instituting a world-wide revival or instigating conversions of souls. Would to God that it were! The point is this, that it is forcing men to consider *whether God can* save even so great a sinner as Orchard, the arch-murderer, and to answer in the affirmative.

What do they say: *The Wall Street Journal* sends a voice from the realm where the power of self holds undisputed sway to declare that "even this man of diabolical assassinations, this paid murderer, this vile creature who has violated every obligation of life and every law of the land and of God, appears to have within him a second nature, one capable of fine resolve and almost sublime devotion to the truth."

Says the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"Startling as the declaration may be, or is, this man Orchard says he has become a Chris-

tian. The probability is that he has. He did not volunteer that statement. Manifestly, he did not intend to make it—to men. It was wrung out of him by the cross-examiner. That cross-examiner made the mistake of assuming that Orchard was lying, and the further mistake of assuming that he could break Orchard down. Orchard was not lying and could not be broken down. He was telling the truth without malice, without excitement, without excuse, and without ornamentation or qualification, because he was convinced that he would go to hell forever if he did otherwise, and that he would escape from going to hell, and gain entrance into the world of forgiven spirits, if he told the truth to the full.

"We are not saying whether Orchard's view is correct or incorrect. We are but stating his view, for he shows the effect of it on him, and because it explains, as nothing else can explain, his course on the stand, his conduct in the prison, and his whole present outlook on this life and on what he believes to be the life beyond this. The penitent thief on the cross was possibly the Harry Orchard of his day. But the Master, crucified beside him, promised to him entrance into Paradise, because of his penitence, no matter how belated."

And a leading magazine writer who spent two weeks with the criminal gathering material for an article, adds this testimony:

"On his arrest for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, Orchard believed that, if he would keep silence, he could never be convicted. This belief was undoubtedly justified. But his career had come to a culmination. The question raised itself, if the whole game were worth while—if he cared to continue this existence of the damned? Under the suggestion of the master detective, McParland, he eased his tortured mind by confession, fell over from sheer weakness, and staggered back to his cell for his first sleep in over a week. Under the sympathy of Dean Hinks, of Boise—a man's man, and one of the noblest and most devoted Christian characters alive—he returned to the simple faith of his childhood. In eighteen months the deep marks cut in his face by the last decade of his life have gone like an evil mask.

"It is difficult to believe in a transformation of this kind. The men who saw Orchard most



—professional handlers of criminals—declined at first to do so. Gradually they have become convinced. And every one who has seen him closely, is now absolutely convinced of his sincerity."

Orchard's own confession of his change of heart was a simple one. He became convinced of his sinfulness, he said, and at first was tempted to make an end of his life.

"I began to think about my past life," he told the lawyers, "and the unnatural monster I had been, and I did not care much what happened to me. I was afraid to die, too, for I came to believe the grave did not end it all. It was after I received a Bible from a missionary society in Chicago that I came to the conclusion that I would be forgiven if I truly repented and made a clean breast of it all. And I have never been in doubt from that moment."

Whether Orchard is sincerely repentant and a saved man, through Christ, you and I cannot tell. Let us pray to God that he may be. But this we do know, and the world adds its testimony to ours, that *Jesus saves*. His blood is sufficient to cleanse the veriest sinner from ALL iniquity. Orchard's case will come before a higher tribunal than that before which he has just testified, and so will yours and mine. There the simple, "Lord, I believe," help thou mine unbelief," will make us all one color before him. While in the gloomy depths of unforgiven sin, who but God shall tell where the blacker shadows lie?

#### AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE OF PERSONAL SERVICE.

SAMUEL DICKEY,  
Pres. Albion (Mich.) College.

[Something more than a hundred years ago yellow fever invaded Philadelphia. Of its forty thousand inhabitants over ten thousand died with the disease. The scenes of disorder and confusion that reigned supreme no human mind has ever been able to picture. The pest-house especially fell into the hands of atrocious rascals, who merely made a prey of the sick and dying. It was at this juncture that a few noble men who had not entirely lost their heads amidst the general confusion called a meeting for public betterment.

Every well-informed American knows something about the magnificently endowed Girard institute covering broad acres in the very heart of the city of Philadelphia, but few of them know anything about the spirit of moral courage manifested by its founder in this dark

hour of the city's experience. Mr. Dickey, in his most helpful address to the last graduating class of the American Medical Missionary College, alluded to this incident in the following words.—Ed.]

Sympathy is essential to success. You have communed much with books, with cultured men. Your ideals are high, but the whole tendency of culture, mark you, the *whole* tendency of culture, unless it be *founded* on Christian fervor, is to lift the cultivated man out of *sympathy* with his fellow-man. No man is ever truly successful—who has *lost* the bond of warm fellowship and sincere sympathy. I say *sincere*—not assumed, not critical; for no man has the power within him to lift his fellow-men to higher planes who has lost that Divine touch of sincere sympathy with all mankind.

Somewhere about one hundred and twenty-five years ago a ship landed in Philadelphia. She discharged her cargo, but she discharged an unseen cargo—the yellow fever plague that infested that American seaport town. You know the story; you medical students and medical men doubtless know it far better than I do, but I have read it with interest—how that dread disease spread in Philadelphia.

The officers of the general government in that city fled the city. The city government officials fled like mad; the city government was thrown into confusion and, as always happens, to the dishonor of mankind, perhaps, be it said, when such a dark plague broods over such a center, crime stalks forth, and the city was in the hands of the lawless classes.

A call was made for a public meeting. Seventeen people responded on a Thursday night. An effort was made on the following Sunday afternoon. About one hundred met in the city hall. The meeting was organized. They will show you in the public library the minutes of that meeting and succeeding meetings.

The presiding officer was on the floor, and he was calling for volunteers for this service, and that service, and the other. But he said at last, "Who will volunteer to take charge of the pest-house out yonder on the hill?" And a man at the right rose and said, "Sir, I will volunteer to take charge of the pest house." A volunteer was called for as an assistant, and Peter Helm, a humble Swede, said, "I will assist in the work at the pest house." We should never have heard of Peter Helm but for this deed.



Before the meeting closed the chairman said, "Sir, when are you ready to go to the pest house?" He said, "I am ready to go now, from the Sunday afternoon meeting." And who was this man? Stephen Girard, the richest man in the city.

From that Sunday afternoon meeting where the committee of public safety was organized, one hundred men went forth to various duties, and this man went to the pest house out yonder on the hill, and for more than sixty days he rendered most menial service. He wiped the death damp from the brow of dying men and women. With his own hands he cleaned the black vomit from parched lips. He rendered the most humble and menial service. He even carried dead bodies in his arms and with his own hands dug graves out in the rear of the pest house, and he encoffined and enshrouded and buried these dead; and yet this man was the merchant prince of his time, the wealthiest citizen of Philadelphia. He owned great shipping interests that visited every part of the globe. He had a great banking house in Philadelphia and another in London; and yet, on that Sunday afternoon he did not go home to consult with his family, he did not go to counsel with his sailing masters, he did not go to see his cashier, did not go to his great warerooms and instruct his foremen. He turned his back on all his vast business concerns and gave himself for more than two months to the stricken city of Philadelphia.

That man, Stephen Girard, was not even a Christian as most of us *interpret* Christianity—many people set themselves up as critics and said that he ought not to have done it; that with his abundant wealth he could have hired one hundred men to have rendered the service while he superintended his forces; but I have always been glad that he did that eccentric thing; that instead of giving his money he gave the hardest thing that any man finds it to give—*himself*—to the cause of suffering humanity around him.

So I say to these young doctors, I need not exhort you. Your hearts are already touched with the Christian spirit, and without that spirit your success is not assured. Get all the culture you can. There is no danger of one becoming too highly cultivated. What I am trying to say is simply this: that the tendency of culture, the better furnishing of your intel-

lectual outfit, the broader view of the horizon, with the increased grasp of your mental powers—all those things if not *permeated* by a Christian spirit tend to *separate* you from suffering humanity and put you out of sympathy with them. I say to you what you would undoubtedly say to me: The man who delves in the earth, who braves the terrors of the northern Klondike and possesses himself of gold that he may simply *hoard* it—the miser who gives his days and nights to the accumulation of wealth which he does not use, is no more unwise than the student of literature and philosophy and art who simply pursues culture that *he* may be cultivated. I counsel, get the best culture, the largest horizon, the widest outlook, but only that you may thereby be better equipped for greater service to your fellow-men.

---

#### AN APPEAL FROM A HUMBLE WORKER.

MRS. MARY E. COLLINS.  
Greenwood, Miss.

I was given a copy of this magazine two years ago by Mrs. Murphy, who visited my school. She gave a short talk on the work and sang "Throw Out the Life Line." I have sung it ever so many times, but after reading this magazine the song was more beautiful than ever. I preserved my copy, and though it has made its way to the hearth several times I have picked it up every time and read it over and over again.

I have attempted several times to write for some copies to put in the many hands that need them, but because I had no money to pay for them I stood still and wished I could get some to put in the hand of my people. When I read today in the Life Boat, "Better make a few mistakes while trying to do something for humanity than avoid mistakes by standing still and doing nothing," I laid my paper down and began to write. "Whatsoever ye ask in faith ye shall receive," so I am going to turn loose and start asking for something to help my people.

I have always had a strong desire to help the work for the Master. I have tried to comfort with kind words and deeds those who seemed in trouble and distress, but having nothing to give them when they needed medicine, clothing or food I could not help them

with many necessities of life. Can there be much comfort in a kind word under these circumstances when there is *nothing* more to give?

#### PRACTICAL MISSIONARY WORK.

I am a teacher in the Hogg Bayou public school, five miles east of Greenwood. I have sixty-five children. I have been teaching about ten years. My salary is only eighteen dollars per month. Although I have not done much missionary work during this time I have always tried to teach my people to be Christians and industrious, to become self-supporting and learn trades, and that if they would trust in the Lord and learn to labor and to wait the Master would help them in all good things.

I have been able to see some fruit from my labor. Some of my boys and girls have been converted. Some have gone to college, others have purchased homes, etc. A woman with her three small children helped me one season to pick cotton. I talked to her about her soul's salvation and the importance of rearing her children right and securing a home for them. The next year she moved into the country.

A few weeks later she told me she had bought and paid for a half acre of land and intended to build on it this fall. Her daughter has been converted. The mother often tells me how she tries to practice neatness as I have taught her. But she herself is not yet saved and she is in great trouble, for her husband and son are both ill. I wish someone would write her a letter encouraging her to accept the Lord. Her address is Mrs. Ada Baskin, Greenwood, Miss.

Some friends gave me six pairs of shoes for my school children. One of the girls came over Sunday morning and I said, "Winnie, are you not going to Sunday school?" She said, "No." I asked, "Are you not going to take part in the children's services?" She said, "No." When I asked her why she said she did not have any shoes to wear. I asked her what number she wore and she said, "Fours." I stepped into the next room and brought out a nice pair of slippers and stockings. She put them on and I said, "You may have them." You ought to have seen the cloud roll away and her little face brighten as she hurried home to get ready for school.

There is a little girl who used to come to

school in such soiled clothes that I could not endure it, so I asked her why she did not comply with the rule to bathe and have on clean clothes as the others did. She said she did not have another dress, so I told her she must have it washed before she came every Monday and I sent word to her aunt. Now every Monday morning she comes with that same dress cleansed, her hair combed, face and hands clean. How I wish I had been able to help her! But at that time my wages were only fifteen dollars a month and out of that I had to pay board and railroad fare and help my widowed mother.

#### HOW OTHERS MAY HELP.

If someone would send me some clothes, shoes or hats, bedding, or any nice religious literature, which I might give them to satisfy their temporal need I might then be able to better reach them spiritually. Who will help me?

In the early spring I gave a concert to help put windows in our school. I told the girls who were to take part in it they could just clean their little calicoes, and that the boys could have their clothes mended and they would be all right for the concert. When the time came I had to make one coat do for four different boys in turn as they took part. The little girls who had no shoes used stockings. We had a good time.

There are many boys and girls that are getting too large to feel pleasant barefooted when they are out and are kept away from church services because of something they need most. They romp and play or visit with a crowd of others that do not go to services because they are not fitted with the necessary things they need. Sometimes they go so far that it is a hard time to get them back to Christ.

Summer garments for young ladies would help me out as well as heavier things for winter, also clothing for smaller children and boys. I have been able to help clothe thirteen babies and twenty-seven children. I need especially boys' clothing, such as shirts and underclothes. I am also trying to help an old man and his wife who have rheumatism; some clothing for them would be highly appreciated.

I am so well pleased with the copies of this magazine. They are so encouraging to me. The Bible is a bright light to my path and

bread to my hungry soul. Every student in my school knows the Lord's prayer and everyone who can read knows the ten commandments and the meaning of them. I have taught my children the story of Joseph, the curse that fell upon Israel for their disobedience, how God's judgment reaches unto the third and fourth generation, that we reap what we sow, and that no sin can go unpunished.

While at Owens, Miss., last week I visited two churches and gave three talks to the parents and tried to impress upon them the importance of the proper training of their daughters—to teach them to pray and not do unbecoming things because others do, not to put fine dresses upon them they could not afford so as to make them vain, for by and by they would feel above their parents. At the close several mothers came and told me they were glad to receive such instruction and that they would endeavor to do better.

#### INDUSTRIAL WORK.

I am sending a photo of myself with some of the work I have learned to do and which I teach to the children and to their mothers. They get along very nicely, but we lack material, such as scraps and thread—just something to learn on—old hat wire frames, ribbons, etc. I am anxious to fit up a small laundry with furnace, tank and ironing machine that will iron tablecloths, bed linen, shirts, collars and cuffs.

If I can get the material to start a little laundry I can care for four or five girls in my own home. If I could get someone to stand by me and help me and give us a chance there is a great deal of good could be done. The plan is to help the boys and girls to help themselves. There are many who would be only too glad to do so if they only had the opportunity.

The best thing for our girls to learn is to do domestic work, such as laundering, sewing, mending and many other useful things. Why, some of these girls do not know how to wash, to milk cows or do general housework because their mothers do not have the patience to teach them. So I am trying to fit up a home with a laundry outfit and other things so that I can invite these girls in and give them an industrial training under Christian influences.

We ought to have a wood yard for our boys,

While they are learning something that way they could be learning other useful things. They need to get their minds elevated so as to think of making a living in some other way than selling whisky or stealing or loafing and other disreputable things.

I am making a few mistakes, but I desire to avoid the other mistake of standing still and



doing nothing. My heart yearns for Christ and craves to do something for His cause. When I refuse I am tormented; when I attempt I am happy, so I know He is willing to use me in His work.

I can secure a nice seven-roomed house for about fifteen dollars per month, and if I could get a laundry outfit, including irons, so that we could launder collars, cuffs, shirt bosoms and tablecloths I could help several girls most of the time. I have no money myself; my husband and I are farmers, but I want to do something for these country girls who have never had any opportunities.

#### WHO CAN SPARE A GRAPHOPHONE?

Who will rent, loan or furnish us a good graphophone with some good Christian records

and marches to use in giving evening entertainments to help to raise a few dollars toward putting one of our girls into school and giving a bright deaf and dumb boy a training? If I could get one at once I would visit several large meetings during August where I have been invited. I am willing to pay the expense both ways and take special care of the instrument. I hope you can find someone who will do me this kindness just now.

I am a member of the First Baptist Church in Greenwood, Miss., where I was formerly organist and Sunday school teacher. My pastor is Rev. White, Greenwood, Miss., to whom you can write concerning me. My husband has been a faithful deacon in his church for seventeen years.

### EXPERIENCES OF A VISITING NURSE.

MADGE ROGERS.

[Several years ago Miss Madge Rogers had charge of the visiting nurses' work connected with the American Medical Missionary College dispensary in the stockyards district. She has carried the healing balm for both soul and body into hundreds of dark and neglected homes and has lightened the weight of woe and suffering in many a discouraged and disheartened soul. She has charge of a similar work now in connection with the American Medical Missionary College dispensary as maintained in Battle Creek, Mich. Dr. Benton Colver is physician to her flock and is also giving a large portion of his time to building up this work.

The Bible tells us that pure and undefiled religion is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction (James 1: 27). That kind of religion is in a fair way of going out of fashion. If you do not believe it, try to remember when you went and sat up with some sick person, and then try to figure up how many there are in your church or among the professing Christians in your neighborhood who were ever known to do anything of the kind. This verse was not written for the special benefit of the trained nurse. You may be a strict observer of all the outward forms of religion, but if the needs of humanity do not appeal to you you are missing a large edition of heaven down here, and would not be in a state of mind to appreciate heaven if you got a chance to enter there by and by. —Ed.]

One day I was called to see two sick children in the Nichols-Shepherd threshing machine district. I found a mother with several children, two of whom were sick with

the measles. The house was dirty and neglected and the mother looked the very picture of despair. Every line of her face showed that she was thoroughly discouraged. Her husband had been sent to jail, and she was left with four children to feed and care for. I soon found that they were hungry and that there was no food in the house, so I went to a little store near by and purchased some fruit and crackers to supply their immediate need, then reported their case to the superintendent of the poor, who furnished them with food and fuel.

We nursed the children through the measles and helped the mother to clean up. She took courage and was soon doing nicely. Her husband came home and is now working steady, and they are a happy family. I feel that we are indebted to these people and should teach them how to live. Some become disheartened and discouraged through bad management, while others are victims of circumstances, yet they all need help and we are glad to give it.

I was called to a case just last night. I found a mother in bed with a babe on her arms only three days old. She did not have one rag for that baby with the exception of two or three articles that had been brought in since the child was born. The husband claimed he could not get work, but every time he did his money was spent for beer. We took this mother and babe some clothing.

In a fairly comfortable neighborhood less than five blocks from the heart of the city were found an intemperate father and a morphine-eating mother who were trying to rear a family of children. Poverty and filth were stamped on everything about the place. Their home consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, which did duty respectively as bedroom, living room, kitchen and dining room. Much time was spent in bettering the conditions of this family.

In another home was found a poor woman who had suffered for nearly a year awaiting the day when an operation would bring her relief. The household was looked after by an aged mother of sixty-eight years, who worked nights, sometimes as late as one o'clock, cleaning a downtown block, dragging herself wearily home and to bed, only to resume the same round of toil with each succeeding day. The patience and faith in Divine love and

guidance exhibited in this family was wonderful to contemplate.

Back of a street, in a basement, live a mother and seven children, the youngest three years old. The father deserted the home. The mother washes to feed and clothe her flock. Life is a constant struggle with her, "with seven hungry mouths to feed and seven little children's needs."

One hundred and fifty cases were looked after last winter by our visiting nurses and free dispensary. We try to keep in touch with

brothers and sisters. I just love this work, and have consecrated my life to it.

#### HOW CAN I "STOP BEING BAD?"

The following letter is from a prisoner in the Concord Junction, Mass., prison:

"Dear Friend in Christ: I write these few lines to ask you if you will not help me to do as Christ wants me to do. I am ashamed of myself. I am in this reformatory for doing some things that now I wish I had never done. You see I have tried to be good, and every



A Dispensary Group.

all these cases, hold meetings with the mothers, and educate them to look after their homes and train their children properly. The work has outgrown our former dispensary quarters and we now have two large rooms which are being fitted up for treatment rooms; also a waiting room, office, examination rooms, a large clinical department, store rooms containing commodious boxes for old clothing, etc.

We are also installing an electric light bath, spray, Swedish shampoo, galvanic, sinusoidal and Faradic baths. By the time the cold months are here we shall be well prepared to look after the needs of our less fortunate

time I try it seems to me as though I can't keep it up. I have received a copy of your magazine and I think it is very fine. The chaplain of the reformatory gave every one of us a copy. Will you not pray for me and please help me, as I want to try and live the life that Christ wants me to live? When I read the Bible it makes me almost cry to think that Christ died for me and I am a wicked sinner. God's words ring so much in my ear. I thought I would write for help from you.

"I am glad that I came to this reformatory, because I have learned more about God and the way to God than I have ever learned in

my life. You see I am here eighteen months, and I think I will go home tomorrow. Will you please be kind enough to write me a letter and let me know what to do to stop being bad. I want to be a Christian and I am going to be one if it takes all my life."

### WANTS SOMEONE TO SHOW HIM HOW.

The following letter from the Indiana State Prison is worthy of our thoughtful consideration. Are we doing our best for the fatherless and motherless boys and girls in our community, or are they growing up in sin and ignorance without a hand to stop them?

"Some ladies have written me letters and I have not answered them. I am, according to the rules of this institution, permitted to write only twice a month, so you see it would be months before I could get around. I wish to thank them for the good they have done me. Their letters were well filled up to the brim with cheer, comfort, sympathy, Christian advice and human encouragement. Is there anything more that a mortal prisoner could ask?

"Yes, in spite of shame and guilt in his past the prisoner, like all things that breathe the breath of life, wants and longs for freedom. He yearns for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. God planted the love for life and liberty so deep in the human heart that mankind, civilized or savage, has fought, struggled and died for it in all the ages of human existence. I, too, love it, for I am a man.

"Some may say, 'You had freedom and would not keep it.' It takes a man of education and brains to make laws, teach and preach, and before he becomes such a man he must be cared for, *taught* and *trained*. But was it with me and many such as I? No one to teach me, half starved, half naked, getting shelter wherever I could.

"Is it any wonder that many of us are what we are? Many of us never knew what a correct principle was until we reached manhood. What was our condition then? Our souls were as red as crimson, our minds spotted, brains stunted and hearts calloused. Who is to blame, we or the men who claim that they love God and country? This is a duty that men owe to higher civilization.

"We can read of eminent statesmen talking

of government ownership of railroads and others talking of income tax. I know but little of such things and care less, but experience teaches me that all governments of Christian civilization ought to give each girl and boy a common school education. This is what I call an equal chance in the race of life. Start all right and then if they sin against God and country the law can with more justice pass sentence. I am yet ignorant but I am a long way ahead of many who have fathers and mothers and teachers. But how did I get the little that I know? Not by reading for pleasure, but by picking up some books that were heavy with common sense. They have driven out much darkness and let in light.

"If every unfortunate boy and girl in the country were given a common school education it would reduce crime more than one-half and many prison cells would go begging for men. Ignorance is the mother of crime. I know this by experience. It is not because they are born bad. Each mortal has a soul, mind, heart and brain and these must be taken in hand and *trained*, not when he is old but in *early* youth.

"I know men and have talked to thousands in my life and almost every individual showed by his acts and speech that God was in his soul and love for civilization in his heart. Man is more good than bad. If it were not so Christ would not have preached that famous sermon on the mount.

"I do not want these ladies who have written to me to think that it is so much paper and stamps wasted. Good words and kind acts are *never* wasted. They have set my thoughts in a cleaner and purer channel. I know that a human life is only for a little while in this world. He just has time to breathe, smile a little, think a little, cry and then die.

"My ancestors on both sides for ages have died with fortunes, but I would rather go out of this world with a smile, having absolute faith in God through Christ than a thousand fortunes. What I want to be is a good Christian man of moral courage, honest and of some use to myself and mankind, but I need *help*, not money, not houses or land, but encouragement and someone to *show me how*. The life I have led never did suit me. I was

built for cleaner things, but I lost my leader when I was too young to think for myself."

#### "WITH HER GOES MY LAST FRIEND."

This letter from the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Ind., is a good sermon in favor of friendly efforts being put forth to save the boy before he gets fairly started down on the devil's toboggan slide:

"I have had the honor of reading a couple of your little magazines since I have been here, and I must say I did not know there was so much human kindness in this world as that one little book contains. I think that if a great number of the boys like myself had some kind words and deeds done and said for them in the beginning we would not have been here. Even now they would not be lost on some of us.

"Just think, sir, of one like me. I *never* was in a church in my life. If the so-called society would take an interest in the boys of this kind and try to help them when once fallen! But, no, they set the police on them to hound them back into prison. If they would take the boy that is roaming the streets *today*, stealing for a living, and show him human kindness, they would not have to ask why so much crime was committed.

"Which commits the greater crime, the people who have the means to help those unfortunate boys and girls or the boys and girls themselves? It is this thing of always kicking and cuffing them about that makes them hard-hearted and wreckless.

"But when a boy once gets started into crime it is best to let him alone until he finds out where he is wrong and then come to him, although it may be too late. If you interfered with him before he finds out where he is wrong he will get angry and think he knows it all.

"Thank God for your little magazine, and yourself for sending it here to this place of darkness; I have found where I am wrong, and by the help of God my life shall be a better one in prison and out.

"A man can see some of God's pleasures even behind prison walls. Not having any one to write to today, I thought I would write you and Mrs. Paulson a letter of thanks and ask your prayers for us boys in trouble.

"My sister has not answered my last three

letters, so I guess she has turned me down, and with her goes my *last* friend. So you see I truly have no one to write to but you. I only wish you success in your God-given work."

#### FROM A LEADER OF THE GANG.

There is something pathetic in the last paragraph of this letter wherein this boy asks for the best plan of rebuilding a criminal. Perhaps if some of us had had no better opportunities in early life than this poor boy we would be just as sadly in need of having someone teach us "how to be rebuilt." This is no excuse for crime, but, on the other hand, those of us who have grown up in splendid Christian homes have no right to look down complacently on some of these poor fellows who have never had a friendly hand laid on their shoulder or a kind voice directing them in the right paths.

"This is the first time I have ever tried to write you and your fellow workers a letter. I hope you will continue to carry on this good work you are doing for God. I am sure He will bless you for it, one and all.

"I think it is hardly necessary to tell you your little booklet reached me last month, and that it was highly appreciated and read with great interest by all who have had a copy of it. It was the first LIFE BOAT I had ever seen, and I enjoyed reading it very much as I am a lover of good reading material. As I read over the letters written by the boys I was greatly surprised to read the testimonies they testify for God and how they have been blessed even though they are behind the bars.

"I don't see how God can forgive us after we have sinned against Him and cursed Him and done everything that He commands us not to do. I don't think that there is anyone in this institution or any other reformatory who has seen more of sin than I have. I was at one time chosen leader of the gang, which was about twenty in number, and not one of us had passed our teens—which I haven't done yet,—but we were as full of the old devil as we could be filled. I have come to the point where I have found out that it does not pay to let him have his way, but to cast him out and forget you had ever known him and then turn about and walk in the light of the Word.

"I have been up here twelve months and am getting along as well as I could expect. I have a father whom I have heard nothing



of for about two years. I also have two brothers of whom I have not heard since the death of my mother, which occurred when I was eight years old. I have a brother and two sisters I hear from occasionally, but not often.

"Some two years after the death of my mother my father married a woman who was not of the best blood and we could not get along. I was then sent to the Englewood Nursery in South Englewood and from there I was sent to live with a farmer near McHenry, Illinois. Here I had my first trouble and I ran away the night after I had been tied to a fence post and whipped with the horse whip. Then I went back to Chicago and stayed for about eighteen months, then to Peoria, which is my childhood home. It was there I was first arrested and sent up here.

"I am learning the baker trade and am going to school when the season is on and I am trying to make the most of it as I can get it free of charge.

"I hope you will answer this letter as soon as you have a chance—don't hurry; I am used to waiting—and send me your best plan of rebuilding a criminal and what you think is best for me. I am given an opportunity to write once a month and will write you as often as I can and let you know how I am progressing in your plan. Before I bring this to a close I wish to ask you to pray for me that I may succeed in my future to live an honest, respectable life."

### "TEN THOUSAND SKELETONS PER DAY."

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

The liquor papers often bristle with a keen though mournful interest to those who do *not* read from the pro-alcohol standpoint. Turning the pages of one of these thrifty—they are always thrifty!—periodicals recently the following caption, set up in clear black "caps," caught my eye:

CAPACITY, 10,000 SKELETONS A DAY.

Following was the advertisement of a beer bottle case factory, the cases being termed "skeletons."

But the phrase held a sinister reference for me. I seemed to see it glaring in crimson letters over the saloon, and streaming through the swinging doors came, not men and

women, young and old, aye, and little children, but *skeletons!*

From the first glass an individual drains to the one that sends him to penitentiary, insane asylum, poorhouse, gallows, wherever, drink strips a man of something. Well is it called the mocker. It promises all, takes all, returns ruin. Memory, clean thoughts, kind impulses, holy resolves, steady nerves, whole some flesh, clean blood, friends, influence, money—it strips, strips, strips until only the mocking, dead skeleton is left—a thing that was once a man—a frame—a name—a rattling, cold, horrible *thing!*

Ten thousand skeletons per day? Ah, would to God they were so few! For every 10,000 skeleton beer cases per day, how many businesses, how many homes, how many families, how many souls, how many divine and human possibilities are reduced to skeletons?—things to, be sadly but quickly put out of sight? God help us!

### POSTPONING FUNERALS.\*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A noted French physician has made the assertion that there are but few who die natural deaths; they kill themselves; and the Bible declares, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Dr. Gould, an eminent Philadelphia physician, has stated that there were half a million people who died in the United States last year who might just as well have lived on the average fifteen to twenty years longer.

A few years ago when I was out in California I met Captain Diamond, who was then one hundred and seven years old. Instead of being a withered-up specimen of humanity he looked scarcely sixty years old. He was able to mount an unsaddled horse unaided. His arteries were soft, his eyes bright, his mind acted as freely as that of a young man. Early in life he began to sow for health and longevity by living a simple, natural life, while his neighbors were cutting theirs off by their unnatural habits and sinful indulgences.

The other day Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the noted philanthropist who has given so many mil-

\*Abstracts from a letter given to the teachers and students in the Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa, June 25, 1907.

lions to assist struggling colleges, called on me. He walked as erect as a soldier. His eyes were as clear as an eagle's. His mind works with the freshness of youth. Yet he is over eighty-seven years old. He said to me, "I tell you, doctor, I have not been digging my grave with my knife and fork." Then he went on and told me of his simple, abstemious habits of life.

If it is true that health, strength and long life are conditions that to a large extent we ourselves can sow for, how important it is that we should be planting the right kind of seed, and earnestly, intelligently and enthusiastically cultivate the same!

The most superficial observation will convince us that this matter is being sadly ignored. An official examination of the physical condition of New York city's school children revealed the fact that two-thirds of them needed a physician's care. A similar investigation of Chicago's school children disclosed the fact that one-third of them were suffering from some form of nervous disorder. What kind of fathers and mothers will these make? We may ignore the fact or endeavor to treat it lightly, but it is a fact nevertheless that insanity is increasing three times faster, in proportion, than our population, and that heart disease, apoplexy and kidney diseases are increasing by leaps and bounds.

#### IS THERE A CAUSE?

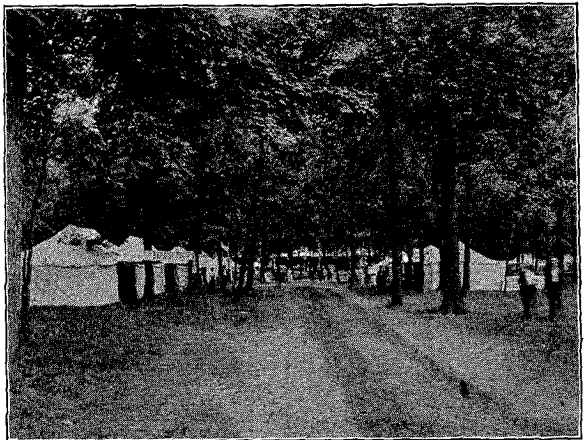
Let us take a glimpse at some of the causes of these conditions: Last year we used fifty grains of opium for every man, woman and child in this land. Our nation used enough cigarettes (that means practically our boys and young men) that if they were laid end to end would reach twice around the world and from New York to San Francisco and back again. There were consumed twenty gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the land, and as I did not use any the individual who used my share used forty gallons, or enough to fill an ordinary bathtub. The vast amount of tea and coffee that were used did far more harm than it did good, and contributed its share to the nation's degeneracy.

Thinking men have long entertained the suspicion that the enormous quantities of flesh foods that were consumed were promoting, if not to a large extent the actual cause of, the widespread prevalence of rheumatism, Bright's disease, nervous prostration, many serious skin disorders and high blood pressure, etc. The last few years the scientific work that has been done not only in the laboratories of Europe, but also such telling experiments as have been carried on by Professors Chittenden and Fisher of Yale, and many others, have been such as must convince even the most skeptical upon this point.

#### THE WAY OUT.

Many are saying, not only in a moral sense but also in a physical, "What shall I do to be saved?" to which question may be answered, Obey and live; come in harmony with God's laws, both spiritual and physical.

The marvelous results that have been attained by having consumptive patients live outdoors have emphasized as never before the importance of fresh air. The majority of people, especially those who live in the cities, are really cave dwellers, breathing over and over again air that has lost its vitality, and then they wonder why sickness is so prevalent.

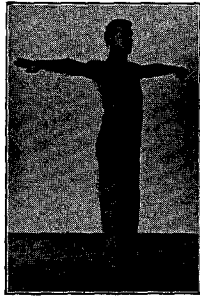
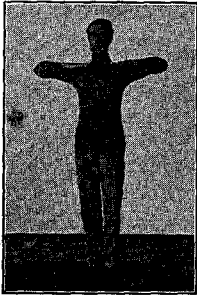


There is no air trust; no one has a corner on the air market. It is a free blessing of heaven. Those who are so situated that it is next to impossible to have an abundance of fresh air during the day should especially

seek to avail themselves of it of night. Ordinary bedroom climate is a prolific source of much sickness.

The Lord told Adam to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In this generation as never before the people are endeavoring to earn their bread by their wits, and then do their sweating in Turkish bathrooms; but it does not take the place of wholesome exercise.

The physical transformation that takes place in a few months' time in the weak, hollow-chested, sickly-looking boy from the slums after he joins the United States navy where he has been compelled to carry himself erect,



take regular exercises, swim, etc., is nothing short of marvelous. Why should not our boys and girls who are not preparing themselves to kill their fellowmen have a similar chance for physical development?

#### A PROPER POSITION.

It is important to take the exercises in a good position. One way of raising the spirits is by raising the chest. This is practically accomplished, as someone has suggested, by merely pressing the back of the neck against the collar.

It is important to practice deep breathing. In every full breath the diaphragm squeezes the liver like a hand would squeeze a sponge. It also massages the other abdominal viscera. Dr. Babcock, the noted Chicago specialist, recently told about a case of congested liver that had defied all medical treatment but was relieved in a few days by merely practicing systematic deep breathing. Tons of "blood purifiers" are being taken annually, but someone has well said "the lungs are the only guaranteed blood purifiers."

At the same time exercise is important, recreation is equally important. The one who is under more or less constant strain needs occasionally to adopt the Master's suggestion, "Come apart, and rest awhile." Dr. Gulick says that the man who never takes time to rest himself may think he is on the way to heaven but he is going to spend some time in a sanitarium on the way.

Another splendid way of reviving the drooping spirits and normally stimulating the flagging energies is by the proper use of cold water. When a person is fainting we sprinkle cold water on the face to wake up the brain. Cold water over the liver is just as valuable to arouse a torpid liver. One day I looked at the liver of a young man under the X-ray, then I rubbed a piece of ice on the skin over the liver a few times and it instantly contracted nearly an inch.

A brief cold morning bath followed by vigorous friction raises the level of mental activity. It increases the supply of energy. It acts as a sort of fire alarm to all the cells in the body. If a good reaction is not secured it is a good plan to precede the cold by a short hot application, as there is no benefit from such a measure unless there is a good vigorous reaction. Do not overlook the important fact that if you want a good crop of health in later life you must earnestly, energetically, intelligently and enthusiastically be putting in your crop now.

#### FELL INTO BAD COMPANY.

From the Illinois State Reformatory a prisoner writes:

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, especially when you are so willing to help a poor unfortunate sinner. A friend of mine gave me a copy of your magazine, which I read all through and was very delighted with it. I think it is very nice, especially for those behind prison bars. If every boy in this school had one or two of those books and read it I think they would behave lots better than they do.

"I am, as stated above, unfortunate and have no money to my credit at the office. If I had I would order a copy. If you do not mind, kindly send me one and other such reading, for there is nothing better for a boy in

my state to do than love God. I was once a Christian, but fell into bad company, which I regret very much. May the Almighty God help you in your good work."

## HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVE AND ARE SAVED.

E. B. VAN DORN,  
471 State St., Chicago.

The past month has been one of intense interest, containing many evidences of God's



power to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him. I recently met a sad case of a woman and six children, who appealed to us for aid. We found them in two unfurnished rooms, with no food, and nothing

that could be called furniture. There was an improvised bed and a two-hole stove, a rickety table, and a few boxes and boards they were using as chairs. A few things were hanging on the line made of string, which showed that the mother was trying to keep things clean; but it was a hard proposition.

The landlord was there and had ordered them out. The rent was not paid and they did not know what to do. The father was off on a debauch. We went and saw the landlord and paid part of the rent, gaining from him a promise that he would be lenient with them for the rest till the end of the week. Food was provided, they were invited to the mission, the father was converted and secured work, and thus far they are doing well. He is now doing his best to secure a place in the country or suburbs, where his family will be in better environments and less liable to temptation.

One day a man came in and wanted to sit and rest for a while. He was quite intoxicated, but Mr. Cannon, who was himself wonderfully saved in this Mission, sat down and talked to him, telling him what the Lord had done for him. When he went away a copy

of the Gospel of John was placed in his pocket, and when he came to his senses he found it and began to read it. He had not read far when he was convicted of his sin, and fell on his knees and asked the Lord to forgive and save him.

Thus we see that the work of God is effectual, even when it falls into the life that has been wrecked by sin. It raises men out of the mire and the clay and puts their feet on solid rock. This man is a harnessmaker by trade, and has now secured a good position, and nearly every night he is at the Mission, telling what the Lord did for him.

Another man had often said, "I don't believe there is a God; if there was He would deliver me from the appetite of strong drink." He told us that his parents had spent a large fortune trying to cure him, but he had only grown worse. I asked him to remain after the meeting, for I thought I could help him. He did so, and I found he was by his dietetic habits laying the foundation for that awful thirst.

He was using all the condiments and spices that he could obtain. I said to him: "If I should take the substances that you use on your food, and should mix them up and put them on your back, what would be the result in a few minutes? A blister, of course. True, and you would get it off as soon as possible, or before it had blistered. Well, did you ever stop to consider that these things will do the same in the stomach, and much more? When that part of the body pleads for mercy you have only added fuel of alcohol, which has carried the work of destruction on a little farther."

He saw the folly of his course and asked the Lord to forgive him, to help him to turn from these things, and to save him from this curse in his life. Almost every night you may hear his voice in praise to God, for since he came to the Lord he has been free from the appetite. He has also a good position, and all in answer to prayer. Thus we are sure that God's ear is not heavy that He will not hear, nor His arm short that he cannot save.

One of the girls who was helped out of a life of sin and shame has now had one year of happiness in a home of her own. She and her companion celebrated their first anniversary in my home. It was a pleasant occasion,

and we could not help but rejoice with them in the new life that the Lord had been pleased to give them.

It was recently my privilege to attend a quiet but beautiful wedding of another young lady whose life had formerly been ruined by sin, but had been redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

There have been a number of outside calls for us to speak the Gospel, which we have been glad to respond to. One was from East Chicago, Ind., and another from Whiting, Ind. A large tent had been secured, and the churches had combined to do all they could for the uplifting of their fallen brothers and sisters. Both meetings were well attended, and we believe much good was accomplished, for the power of God was present to heal the broken in heart and to set the prisoner free.

Other calls have come from the Y. M. C. A. departments, and for two or three meetings in churches. This is a time of the year when it is hard to get the people off the street into a mission hall; yet on the whole the attendance has been good. Below is a summary of the work for the last two months:

	May.	June.
Meetings held .....	64	65
Attended meetings .....	2,140	2,298
Requests for prayer.....	129	231
Meals provided .....	50	126
Lodgings arranged for.....	86	144
Homes opened for.....	4	...

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." There is a great lack of means to sustain and carry on this work and labor of love. May the Lord move on the hearts of His people to give as they did when Solomon built the temple. If you have not done your part, will you not read Mal. 3: 7-12? Then obey by bringing the tithes and offerings into the storehouse; then the windows of heaven will be open, and a blessing given that there will not be room to receive. Try it. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good.

The last person to enter heaven will be the one whose religion has all been in the first person singular.

## A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

MR. CANNON.

[Every night in front of the Mission stands a rugged-built, broad-shouldered man inviting the passer-by to step in and hear the Gospel. No one would think for a moment, looking into that amiable face, that this man had been for long years a most hardened and desperate criminal. Mr. Cannon is a good example of how the Gospel can tame the lion.—Ed.]

I had to start out myself in life before I was six. I was a stowaway on a ship before I was nine, going to the Pacific Ocean on a ship sailing from Halifax. When a couple of the sailors got lost I was made cook, was put on wages and learned to drink whisky and rum. When I was twelve I was a drunkard, and drank because I loved whisky. I sailed from the time I was nine till I was eighteen, then quit sailing. I was a drunkard from that time on until I was sixty-nine years and three months old.

I have done every depredation that could be done in both robbing and stealing, and had to leave every town I was ever in. For twenty years I beat everybody that I ever came in contact with. I did not have an education, but I had education enough for that—the devil's education. I never went to school a day in my youth. Then when I got old I was too proud to go.

The deeds of my life are too sinful and wicked to be spoken about. My sins drove me out of every place I was ever in, and the last place I was allowed to go was the Workingmen's Home in Chicago.

The first time I ever remember being in a church or meeting was in the Life Boat Mission the last day of the year 1902. I did not go in there to get converted; I was too far gone; I was an outcast and felt it myself. Once when I was on a mission ship and they had worship I would go down as far away as I could. I was afraid. Once when I had an operation and was in the hospital and was given only fifteen minutes to live I was afraid to ask God to have mercy upon me. I believed I would be insulting the Lord to ask Him to have mercy upon me after living sixty-two years rebelling against Him and cursing Him all my life.

But when I got in there in the Life Boat Mission and heard the testimonies of other people and some pretty bad drunkards, it set me to thinking the Lord might help me some.

Mr. Van Dorn gave the invitation and I held my hand up. I had gone in there simply to rob somebody and get some money—simply with the intention of getting some money in a bad way; but I came out a *new* man in Christ Jesus. That is all I can tell about it.

I had tried for years to quit my pipe, but from that time God took it all from me and the Lord delivered me from it, and I know today I am saved and kept by the power of Jesus. I cannot talk as well as some people, but I *know* I am *saved* and *kept*.

I had one of the loveliest sisters on this earth. She was a twin, and all I thought of was how she was going to get along; I could get along with anything or any place to sleep, but in my worst spree if I thought my sister was in want I would get the money and send it to her somehow. She never knew how I got it, but thought that I worked for it. Last September, at the age of seventy-two, I had the pleasure of seeing her die happy and contented because I was *not* a drunkard any more. I came pretty near going back to my old business, but going back to the Life Boat Mission kept me from getting back into the same hole I was in.

Four and one-half years ago I had not a friend on earth, only my sister, and she would not come where I was or be seen where I was. But today everybody I come in contact with is my friend. That shows the difference. It is a big change, and now it hurts me awfully if I should hurt anybody's feelings. Five years ago if I had thirty or forty dollars in my pocket and would see somebody else with money, I would want that too, and I *got* it. Now if I have only thirty cents I have known myself to give twenty-five of that away. I now pray every morning, not for money, but that I may say or do *something* during the day to help some soul.

## AN ENTIRELY NEW SUBURBAN HOME

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

The present location of the Suburban Home is not at all satisfactory for the work we are trying to do for discouraged girls, and in looking over the place we find that the building is old and we cannot add to it, as we had anticipated, and yet have a suitable building

for this work. So we made up our minds we would build a new house from the foundation up. We have secured an acre of ground for this purpose at very reasonable terms and will erect a cement block building, sixty-four by thirty-four feet, and two and one-half stories high. This building will accommodate between twenty and twenty-five girls. It will contain treatment rooms, a maternity room, a nursery for the children, a room for sewing and other industrial work, and in every way be equipped to carry on our work far better than anything we have had in the past.

The way in which the Lord is blessing our efforts to secure material shows that He is with us and has set His seal to the work. Wherever we have been and asked for material we have gotten it.

Over half of the cement has been donated and all the sand and crushed stone, also some lumber. The C. B. & Q. railroad Company have offered their services free in the transportation of the material until the building is erected, and a team has been donated to haul one-half of every carload that comes in.

The people give gladly and willingly to the work, and we know that the Lord is with this work and that there is a message in it for this time. The present home has been very much crowded and we could not take in all the girls who have applied to us for help.

One man has already come from Wisconsin who will give his time to the work of building. Are there not others who would count it a privilege to come here and help erect this building for God?

If people only realized how many really good girls there are who need a friend, and who, if they had one at the right time, would never take a wrong step, then more would be willing to give of their means and services to help carry on this work in different places.

The lack of the right kind of training in the home has much to do with girls making mistakes in life. We cannot transform the world, so the only thing we can do is to snatch these girls as brands from the burning, one here and one there. No one will know until the judgment day how much good has been done. Many girls who have not been converted while with us will carry away with them the Christian training which they have received and in the future will profit by it

and accept it. We will see many saved in the kingdom from the work done in this Home.

### TO YOU, IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

Dear Girl or Sister—This is addressed to you personally. We want to help you, to give you new courage and hope, to help you find a way out.

When you read this, remember that someone cares for you, and no matter how deep or how terrible your trouble, we want to help you out. David gives us this message concerning God, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me."

I trust this message may revive you, and if you need some human hand to help, write to us. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

### REMINISCENCES OF MY WORK FOR GIRLS.

FANNIE EMMEL,  
Alliance, Ohio.

[We regret to state that after nearly ten years of the most faithful self-sacrificing services for the lost and outcast, ill health has compelled Miss Emmel for a time to withdraw from this work. We are glad to be able to present this abstract of a talk given by her recently in the Battle Creek City Mission.—Ed.]

A mother may forget her child, she may forsake it, but God says, "I will not forsake thee." In the seven years I have been engaged in rescue work in Chicago I have discovered poor souls that had gone so far in sin that they felt there was no help and no love for them and that all they could do was to die and get away from their surroundings. But we have had the privilege of helping them and standing by them until they have been able with us to rejoice in a new outlook.

A young woman came to our Rest when it was on South Clark street, realizing the depths to which she had fallen. She heard the voice of God. While getting an education she had been deceived and disappointed. You know how easy it is when we do wrong to say, "Well it is of no use, I might as well go on deeper into sin." She soon found herself in a house where sin was abounding. She fell and was sent to the hospital with a broken arm. From there she came to us with a broken

heart and we took her in, helped her and made life worth living for her again. She then told me about her home relations. She said: "I can not write to my mother." I said, "You do your part. I will write also." She was so happy that I would write, and so with her letter mine went along. In a few days a letter came back saying, "If you can do anything for her you may, I can not, and I do not want to see her again."

I found a place where this girl could support herself and live right. I followed her up and of course we prayed together and had precious times. Today that young woman, who was bearing the marks of a wrong life, is a wife and mother and has a home. She is queen in that home and has taken Christ with her into it.

That is only one of the many experiences I have had. Some of the ones I have had the privilege of helping, God has taken away, others are living to tell the story. Some of the poor souls have gone back, but I know God gave them the opportunity.

We did not have a proper place in the city to take care of these girls—it was simply a step over the door sill of our Rest in South Clark street back to temptation again. We finally secured a small home in Hinsdale, called the Suburban home, and many, many poor girls have come there for help.

During the time I was in the work there were *only* two who went away from that Home who had rejected Christ as their Saviour. Quite a number of the girls are filling positions near the Home and some of them we have been able to keep by caring for the little ones while they went out and worked. We have always insisted on the mothers being mothers to their children.

It was also my privilege to have a share in the court work. We found the officials very glad indeed for us to help them. I was surprised to find the feeling those judges had for the poor women whom they came across in their work. One judge said to me: "I am so glad that you can take these women to a place where you can help them."

I have been surprised many times in my work there at the people I have met and was able to help. Some of them were far above me in intellect and ability and as far as age was concerned a great many of them were old



enough to have been my mother. A great many of these women were not outcasts; they came from society and often from religious society at that.

I thank God to-day that He does give us the privilege of lending a hand to the needy.

### GOSPEL WORK IN THE TOMBS AND ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

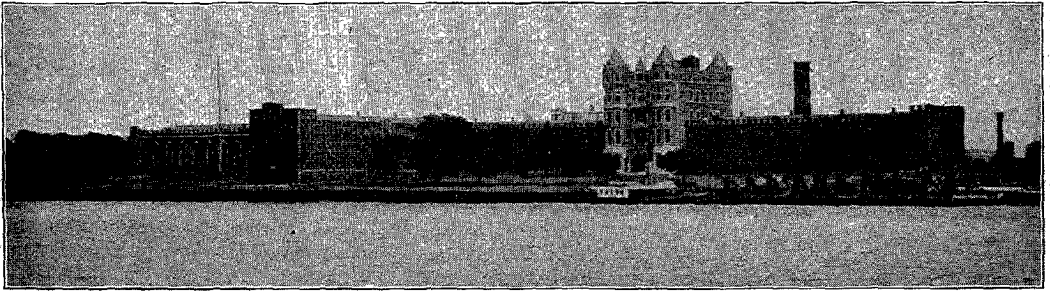
MRS. A. KERSHAW,  
846 156th St., New York City.

How thankful we are to God that he has touched the hearts of some people with means to remember our work here in this needy field. It is another evidence of the tender love of God for the unfortunate ones behind the bars. These men and women have the opportunity of hearing the word of God every Sunday conducted by Rev. John Wade and Rev. Sanderson, Tombs chaplains. Surely the seed

they had ever spent. The courtesy shown us by the wardens of the prison and penitentiary on that occasion was greatly appreciated by us.

We are still getting letters from prisoners, and one poor broken-hearted mother wrote me of her son, whom I had met in the Tombs Prison and who is sentenced to one year in Blackwell's Island, asking me to be sure and visit her son. When I assured her I would she just poured out her heart to me and asked me to bring some fruit, etc. This being an only son and all she had in the world, and she being seventy years of age, my heart went out to her. The warden was kind enough to allow him to visit our class of boys, and we rejoiced to see how much this man appreciated it.

Not having done any work of late in the slums among my poor unfortunate sisters, on account of ill health, I went out the other



The Blackwell's Island Penitentiary.

thus sown cannot fail to yield a bountiful harvest.

Almost two years ago Mrs. Calvert and I became very much interested in a young woman who at that time was an inmate of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, where we were laboring with the boys and girls. She has since been released and we are thankful that we can say that she is in a good Christian home and loved and respected by all. If this one soul is rescued from the perishing we shall feel more than repaid for our labor.

A few weeks ago Miss Rasmusson and I had the pleasure of the company of Prof. Wilkinson, of Washington, D. C., and Prof. Cottrell, of South Lancaster, Mass., on one of our visits to the Tombs prison and Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. They expressed themselves that this was one of the best days

evening with Miss Rasmusson and as we visited the many cafés we had an opportunity to talk with many of them. In one large place, where there were a hundred or more I was greatly impressed by a beautiful woman. I went to her and as I put my arm around her I asked God for words to speak to her. The prayer was surely answered, for she arose from the table and said to her companion, "I cannot stay here," and as I handed her my card she said, "I may write you."

As I looked over the hall of sin and shame, where many a mother's daughter had been lured away, my heart longed for a home where we could take them away from their environments and their many temptations to where the sweet Spirit of Christ abides and where they can study the handiwork of God in nature.

Christ shed his precious blood for them and I am sure He will put it into some one's heart to co-operate with us in procuring a home whereby we may snatch them as firebrands from the burning, for He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. 25:40.

### AN APPEAL FROM THE KENTUCKY PRISON.

ARTHUR M. MORRISON,  
Frankfort, Ky., Prison

[Mr. Morrison was converted nearly three years ago in the Harrison Street police station, Chicago, during a Gospel service which our workers were conducting there. He then confessed to being guilty of forgery and was sentenced to two years in the Kentucky State prison. He lived a Christian life while in prison and at the end of his sentence he started out fully determined to work for God, but he was immediately re-arrested through some technicality and is now serving his sentence over again.—ED.]

Dear Old LIFE BOAT: It has been a long time since I have written to you, but I want to say that I am still standing firm and that Christ is preserving and strengthening me. As many of you know, I am unjustly confined in prison, and I *once* paid the penalty that is now keeping me from enjoying liberty. Thank God, there is one liberty that no human power or State law can *deprive* me of—that is, liberty to serve Christ with a full heart.

I know there are many who are praying for me. Your prayers are giving me strength. A number of friends who realized the injustice that had been done me came to my aid to test the law in holding me in bondage. I desire now to inform you that my case is now in the hands of one of the Circuit court judges, and we are waiting for him to give his decision. I am quietly resting, believing the Lord will direct affairs for my best interest. I shall fulfil my vow I made long before sentenced that is to make restitution to all that was lost by my wrong-doing. The Scripture teaches that I must do so, and I will obey God rather than man. The Lord has opened the way whereby I can soon fulfil that vow, and I praise His name.

I am still working for the Master among my fellow inmates. I am giving Bible studies to a number, and the Lord is blessing the

work. A number of men who are unable to assist themselves and are anxious to study the Bible have begged me for reference Bibles. During my former term here I had sent to me from Christian friends all over the States about forty teachers' Bibles, and placed them in worthy hands. Some of these men have gone to their mountain homes with their Bibles and are living true Christian lives, and have become a blessing to their neighbors. Others have gone into the Lord's work as soul savers and others are in Bible Schools educating themselves to be better qualified to teach the Word.

One former inmate whom I assisted through friends to get a reference Bible has been transformed through the power of God so that he has consecrated his life to the Lord's work. He has written us a number of times and told us of the many wonderful ways in which the Lord has given him the victory. He has the respect and esteem of both the prisoners and officials.

I do not believe that God has created evil that good might come out of it, but somehow He has used me as an instrument in leading souls to Christ, and the LIFE BOAT friends who have assisted me and shown forth that spirit of love for us poor unfortunates have a share in their redemption.

Some day when you are called to receive your reward from the Master you are going to hear Him say, "Well done; you have saved a soul by sending Morrison a Bible, so as to give him a chance to place it in the hands of a soul that was dying for the Bread of Life." I know a number of worthy men and I am praying the Lord will direct some friend to send me a teachers' reference Bible, so I can place the Word in their hands.

These mountaineers are deep thinkers, though slightly educated. It seems they just drink the word in, and by passing Bibles to them they learn how to read and at the same time learn the Word. It is astonishing to hear them repeat chapter after chapter by heart.

If any of my Christian friends desire to assist these men in getting possession of God's Word, as I know they are unable to do themselves, I shall be pleased to place any in worthy hands that are sent to my address for this purpose. I trust my friends of the LIFE

Boat from all over the land will continue to pray for me. Thanking you for all the favors and loving tokens of the past, I remain yours in Christ.

### NEVER READ THE BIBLE BEFORE.

An inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory wrote to Mrs. Kershaw:

"I take pleasure in writing you this short epistle, so that I may tell you how I am faring in this world down here. I felt somewhat afraid to write to you at first, because I did not know you, but after one of the boys here told me that you were interested in boys like me I summoned enough courage to write you.

"I have been in this reformatory three months now. I am trying to be a good boy, but it is hard for a fellow like me to be good after all those years of evil. I will tell you that I have been a bad fellow, but I am going to be good in the future.

"I have a long story to tell, but will not do so now. My father and mother are Italians, and of course I am, but I want to say that I haven't been in my home a week in eight years. The first time I ever read a Bible was in this place. As far as I have read I like the book of St. Matthew the best, because it has so many sayings of Christ in parables. Chapters thirteen and fourteen are nice ones. May God help you in your kind work."

### RETURNED TO THE SAME PRISON AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

While visiting in Michigan recently it was my privilege to accompany a little band of Christian workers to the county jail, where a gospel service was held with the inmates. This visit was of special interest to me from the fact that it was at this same jail several years ago that I first became inspired with a desire to help the poor men and women who are so unfortunate as to land in a prison cell.

At that time our journey of about twelve miles from Battle Creek to Marshall, the county seat, was made by means of a horse and wagon. It was an all day's trip, and in the dead of winter was not accomplished without some hardships. Starting early Sabbath morning, with a party of from five to twenty people, we traveled eastward, stopping midway

to encourage a struggling little church. After service there, on we went to the county seat. When the weather permitted we would drive up to the center of town, and on a side street stop and sing hymns and tell the wonderful story of salvation to those who gathered round. Often in those meetings we could see evidences that the Lord was reaching hearts. Then we would go to the jail, where we were sure to find many heavy hearts almost breaking with the burden of sin and its direful results.

One noticeable fact in dealing with the inmates of this institution was the desire to assert their innocence, and after an absence of some eight years we find the devil is still striving to excuse himself. One woman said, "I have not done anything to merit this punishment, but my son had me arrested." Another young woman said, "I am innocent, but my father had me locked up." Another, a young man, said, "If they would only remove the places of temptation that are all about the city I would not get back here so often," and so the story went. We found they had a desire to do right, but, like Paul, who said, "For to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not (Rom. 7: 18), they had not found the Source of all power and strength, which alone can be reached through Christ.

For the last eight years this work has been faithfully carried forward. The families of prisoners have been visited and assisted both temporarily and spiritually. Brother and Sister L. C. Leake and other workers are from week to week planting the Word of Life in this needy soil.

As we looked into the faces of these victims of the law we could not discern so clearly the fearful marks of sin which are stamped so plainly on the countenances of those we meet in the prisons of our large cities. As we pled with these men to forsake sin, told them of Christ's wonderful promise to save ALL who come unto Him, and of His costly sacrifice for them, they listened with rapt attention.

In talking with five of them after the service they confessed that they were sinners, told of their desire to live Christian lives, and asked us to pray for them.

We trust that our prayers may be answered

and that that service shall indeed prove a turning point in the lives of these men. Perhaps with some of them it will be the last time any one will come to them and say, "Will you come to Jesus?"

It may be the Lord is impressing you who read these lines to come to Him. If so, do not delay. It is dangerous. Take Him at His word and step out by faith. You will never live to be sorry.

We left these men with God, and we know that He will complete the work which He has begun. In passing to another part of the jail the doorkeeper shook our hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "I want to thank you for that service. It has done me a world of good."

Upstairs we found three young women. Our only means of communication with them was through a very small opening in a solid wood door. Through this they had listened to the service in the other part.

In figuring out the harvest from one kernel of corn planted in the earth in the springtime we found that it brought forth nine hundred and sixty kernels. The same God who can take one little seed of grain and multiply it a thousand times in a few short months can also make His word to grow in your heart and mine and perfect our lives in Him, even though we may be among the chiefest of sinners.

---

### STIRRING SCENES.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.  
471 State Street, Chicago.

Often have we wished that we might picture before you some of the real scenes that we meet every week. If we could, then I know you would be stirred to the very depths and with more zeal to help to do the reaping, or, in other words, help to gather in precious souls from the awful life of sin. We realize it is only by the great love of our Divine Leader that this can be done effectually.

The work at the police station is of great interest to all who go there with a heart to work for Jesus. Last Sunday there were sixty-five inmates, and fifty-one requested us to pray for them. Nearly all of these knelt down on the cold stone floor there and

asked God for Christ's sake to pardon them. We often think if one repenting sinner causes great joy in heaven, how much greater that joy must be when so many come at one time.

Up in the prison annex we found nineteen young girls whom the enemy of all righteousness had gathered in his snare. Oh, what a scene! Bright, beautiful and intelligent girls' hearts filled with the sowing of tares! Perhaps all their lives they were placed in positions where, by the constant association with sin, their characters became weakened until they found themselves a prey, and not having gotten acquainted with the Higher Power, had nothing to help them at the critical moment. Perhaps some with good training, and brought up by the best of parents, find at an unguarded moment they are down. Oh, the anguish of souls as they find their true condition!

As we sang that good old song, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," hearts began to soften, and before "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" was finished, many were weeping aloud. It seemed as if their hearts were full as we tried to point them to Jesus the best we could by testimony and by His Word. An invitation was given and every hand was raised asking us to pray for them as we knelt and one of the workers prayed. All over the room you could hear this short prayer by the heart-broken girls: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and help me for Christ's sake." We believe God heard these cries and forgave them. We trust the seed sown may spring forth and yield an abundant harvest for eternity.

---

### HELP ME INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

A prisoner in the Minnesota State Prison writes:

"My Good Friends: I know I can claim you as friends. I am glad you are interested in the prisoners, and I would be glad to hear from some of you. This is the first time the thought of that blessed promise has entered my mind. I received some copies of this magazine two or three times. It seems that it was a message from heaven. I am trying hard to live for God, but it seems my case is hopeless. I will not give up, but shall try and claim that blessed promise. I have read and reread the letters from the

boys behind the bars, and I believe that there is the same chance for me. I should be so glad to hear from you and get your advice.

"I am a young man yet, and this is the first time my hand has ever been stained with crime. It is the same old story. It was that demon, Drink, that caused my downfall. I have not many friends to write to, so I am glad of the invitation you have given. I should be glad to take any spiritual advice from some of you, for, my kind friends, you don't know how hard I am trying to live right. It is the only desire of my heart to live for God and do what is right. So please write to me and help me to get into this blessed fountain.

"I have two or three years yet here, but that will be as nothing if I can get to be satisfied all the time. There are times when it seems that I have the full blessing of God in my heart, and then at times I am almost discouraged. But I shall not give up; I shall cling to the cross, for there is none that feels the need of heaven's sunshine more than the prisoner."

#### FEELS BETTER WITHOUT TOBACCO.

A prisoner in the Stillwater, Minn., prison writes:

"That little account of the conversion of Mr. Coombs is very good. When I look it over it puts me in mind of when I was in Chicago working around such places. He found out that it did not pay. When I came here I made up my mind to stop smoking and drinking, and I tell you, since I stopped using tobacco I feel twenty per cent better, and when I get out of here I never will come back."

#### BEAUTIFULLY SAVED IN PRISON.

N. W. MERRILL.  
Springfield, Mass.

One Sabbath day one of the prisoners in our county jail was very deeply touched by the remarks of one of our speakers who had been low in the gutter like himself but who for six years had lived a faithful Christian life. The prisoner said, "If I could only feel as he does I would be willing to lay down my life for such an experience." I replied, "You can have that comfort right now if you will

make the application to the only One who is able to give it to you, and comply with the conditions. Just as soon as you get back to your cell kneel down and plead with God for forgiveness, confess your sins, make all the reparation possible to those you have wronged, and you will get the same comfort he has. First stay on your knees until your prayer for forgiveness is answered, then do the rest as soon as you are able." He said, "I'll do it, for that is what I am determined to do at once."

Two weeks from that day I visited him again. He met me with a very cordial shake of the hand and a smiling face, saying, "I did just as you told me, and I want to say you told me the truth. I do feel much better for it. I sent for the parties I had wronged to the amount of about \$6,000, and told them how much it amounted to and where they would find all that was left of it, about \$2,000. I sent for my wife and told her how I had wronged her in a matter that she was entirely ignorant of, and said to her, 'Hereafter I'll see that I'll have no secrets from you, and while we have lived a happy life so far, yet hereafter it will be much more so, because of the fact that straight conduct and a Christian life shall be my watchword forever from this time on.'"

I requested the pastor of the church his family attended to visit him in the jail. He did so, and several times he called and satisfied himself completely of his sincerity.

When his trial came on he pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement, and the attorney of the company from whom he had taken the money pleaded for leniency for him. As a result the judge, who was a Christian man, after hearing my testimony of his conversion in the jail, gave him the shortest sentence (two years) in the jail that the law allows. Six months have now passed and he is still a happy Christian man, cordially accepts his punishment, constantly expresses his gratitude to the judge for his mercy, and is giving every evidence of being a genuinely earnest Christian man.

It is now forty years since I first engaged in prison work, and not a year has passed without some such tokens of God's goodness to me in giving me souls, to encourage me in this work.



## Editorial Department

DAVID FAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



### SOUL WINNING IN HOT WEATHER.

At this season of the year, when the farmers are busy with their crops, when the heat makes it unbearable to go to church or prayer meeting, when the pleasure seekers are away at the summer resorts seeking some new amusement each day to while away the mere monotony of living, it does not, viewed from a human standpoint, seem to be a very favorable time to impart the Gospel to win souls. But let every soul-winner claim the promise, "As the days are, so shall thy strength be."

While many of the churches have put out signs reading, "Closed for the summer season," no one sees any of the devil's agencies closed for the season. The saloons, houses of sin, cheap amusement theaters, are all wide open; in other words, the devil does not take a vacation during the summer season, neither can God's children afford to.

Now is the time to pray, plan and work to secure opportunities to come near to some soul who is sick and tired of sin, and sometimes they are found where least looked for. Very often a smiling face is only hiding a sad, discouraged heart.

Why not order a few extra copies of this magazine and carry them with you as you mingle with humanity and here and there, as an opportunity affords, slip a copy into the hands of some one? They will be sure to read it, and it may furnish an open door for much profitable Christian work. Let us be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

The unsaved do not want to be preached at, they do not want to be bored by having religion everlastingly talked to them, but they all appreciate the true Christian graces of character when they have an opportunity to see them growing in the lives of others. The winning smile, the little kindly service, may be of far greater soul-winning consequence than an entire sermon would be. You can talk religion by simply learning something to say, but you cannot *live* Christianity without spending much time on your knees in secret

prayer, earnestly studying the Bible for the sweet spirit that comes from a study of the written Word and from a constant dedication of yourself to the living God. But you who have never gone through this experience have missed much of the sweetness of life; in fact, you have not gotten by a long way all that is coming to you in this world. Become a soul-winner, then life will begin to be worth living.

### "ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME."

Fanny Crosby became blind when only six weeks old through a stupid blunder of her physician, yet she has often thanked God for the kind Providence which has shut her away from the many distractions of this world, so that her thoughts were alone with Him who inspired her to write the soul-stirring hymns that have been so remarkably used for the Master.

She never undertook a hymn without first asking the good Lord to be her inspiration, and the world has been blessed with over five thousand hymns from her pen.

Her exhortation on the development of the memory, as given in the story of her life, is well worthy of note. She says: "The books of the mind are just as real and tangible as those of the desk and the library shelves—if we only will use them enough to keep their binding flexible and their pages free from dust.

"I have no trouble in sorting and arranging my literary and lyric wares within the apartments of my mind. If I were given a little while in which to do it, I could take down from its shelves hundreds if not thousands of hymns that I have written during the sixty years in which I have been praising my Redeemer through the medium of song.

"Do not let go to decay and ruin those vast interior regions of thought and feeling, good brother or sister! Your memory would be much to you if you were ever deprived of some of the organs of sense that now so distract you from deep and continued thought."

Many of her hymns come to her through impressions she has received. The song, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me," was called forth by a definite answer to prayer. She was very much in need of five dollars and did not know where to get it, when one day a gentleman called, a stranger, who, as he bid her good-bye, left a five-dollar bill in her hand. Her gratitude found expression in the beautiful words of this hymn.

#### NOTHING LIKE HAVING A MOTHER.

From a prisoner in Bismarck, N. D., to Mrs. Kershaw:

"I thought I would drop a few lines to you to let you know that I happened to get a copy of this little magazine, and I am very interested in it. It has helped me wonderfully in showing me how to lead a better life, and I thank God for it. I have read it through twice and I wish I had some more like it or some good reading about Christ my Saviour which will be the means of leading me to heaven.

"If you have any good books or Christian papers which you have laid aside I would enjoy them if it is not any trouble for you to send them to me. I will pass them around to the other men in here. I have a Bible and read it every day, but if you can select some chapters or verses out of it for me to read I will appreciate it very much. We have church here every Sunday and I enjoy it.

"I have three years to serve here, and I have been here one year and a little over two months. I have a father and mother and five sisters, but I am the only boy of the family. Father and my youngest sister are in Chester, Pennsylvania, and I have a sister in Philadelphia, and one in Camden, New Jersey. My mother left home when I was eight years old, now I am twenty-three and I have not heard from her or my other two sisters since then. I would like to find my mother, for there is nothing like having a mother to guide."

#### AFTER TWO YEARS.

JAMES AMES,  
Jacksonville, Fla.

It was about two years ago that a lady walked up to where I was sitting on my back

porch and asked if any of us wanted to buy a LIFE BOAT, saying it was only five cents. We bought one, but I did not pay much attention to it at the time. However, I took care of it and of late I have noticed it more and find it to be one of the best little books I ever read.

It encourages a person when he is in low spirits. It brightens one up so that I feel as though I would like to have a new copy if there is any way to do so.

I do not belong to any church, but, as some of the prisoners say, I will try to lead a better life. This is sincerely from my heart, and I hope that you will pray the Lord to help me.

#### A BEAUTIFUL SET OF DISHES FREE.

A lady who has received a premium set of dishes, writes:

"A short time ago I decided to take advantage of THE LIFE BOAT's liberal premium offer of a set of dishes for only eighteen new subscriptions. I secured the required subscriptions and my dishes have arrived. I feel well repaid for the effort. The dishes are beautifully decorated with a neat design and are an ornament to any table.

"I find that THE LIFE BOAT premiums are very much above the average and are well worth the effort necessary to obtain them."

**WANTED**—A janitor for the Halsted Street Dispensary in Chicago. Should be young, unmarried man, good physical strength, Christian. An excellent opportunity for one who can accept moderate compensation and at the same time improve the opportunities to learn how to give the various treatments, as some opportunity will be afforded each day to help in the treatment rooms and learn from the nurses. Those interested should address William S. Sadler, M. D., 888 Thirty-fifth place.

#### VOLUNTEER WORKMEN WANTED.

**WORK IS ABOUT TO BEGIN ON THE NEW SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS IN HINSDALE. ARE THERE NOT A FEW COMPETENT CARPENTERS WHO WILL DONATE ALL BUT THEIR BOARD AND ROOM FOR A FEW WEEKS AND THUS RIGHTFULLY EARN A SHARE IN THE BLESSED WORK THAT WILL BE CARRIED ON IN THIS HOME? ADDRESS AT ONCE SUBURBAN HOME, HINSDALE, ILL.**



## The Life Boat

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

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

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

### EXPIRATIONS.

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

When writing to have the address of THE LIFE BOAT changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

### MISTAKES.

The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

### PREMIUMS.

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

### RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.

One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

### UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can recommend to our subscribers. THE LIFE BOAT has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information concerning circulation, etc., given on application. THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

## Be Mosquito Proof

By Using

## NOBITO

A sweet-smelling sanitary liquid preparation which is readily absorbed by the skin. May be rubbed on the hands and face or used in the bath. It will keep mosquitoes and other insects away for hours after using.

One Twenty-Five Cent Bottle  
Lasts a Season.

Send coin at our risk. Money refunded if not wholly satisfactory.

### THE NOBITO COMPANY

501 Walter Avenue  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

## HOW TO JUDGE INVESTMENTS

**B**EFORE you invest a dollar in anything, send for my book, "How to Judge Investments."

This book tells you about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount.

It tells how you may safely start on the road to wealth.

It explains the growth of capital and how small investments have brought wealth and fortune to others.

It tells how others have grown rich.

It tells how to select a 5 or 6 per cent security.

It explains how an investment in a development enterprise may pay profits equal to 100, 200, or even 500 per cent on the money originally invested.

Stocks and bonds, both listed and unlisted real estate, investments of different kinds and financial matters are fully described in simple language.

This book gives good, sound advice and will help you to invest your surplus earnings (if only a few dollars a month) in securities that promise the best possible returns.

A financial critic says of this book: "It is the best guide to successful investing I ever read."

The regular price is \$1.00, but to introduce my magazine, the *Investor's Review*, I will send the book postpaid on receipt of a two-cent stamp and in addition will send you the *Review* for three months free.

The *Investor's Review* is of interest to all persons who desire to invest their money safely and profitably. Address Editor,

**Investor's Review, 729 Gaff Building  
CHICAGO, ILL.**

# The Patent Medicine Fraud

Samuel Hopkins Adams' great series, which appeared in Collier's, running through several numbers, has been reprinted in book form, making a volume of 146 pages, copiously illustrated. It cost Collier's a vast amount of money to compile the valuable facts that this series presents. The articles attracted widespread attention and occasioned great reforms.

We have the book and would like to place a copy in every family in America. As we can not do that, we have decided to send a copy free to every new subscriber to GOOD HEALTH, a home-health magazine, edited by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., published monthly at Battle Creek, Mich.

GOOD HEALTH, as the oldest health magazine in the world and the pioneer publication to champion drugless treatments and safe living habits, is so well known that you are probably already familiar with it. It will cost you only a quarter to register as a subscriber and a quarter every three months after that (by coin card, which will be furnished), as long as you wish to continue. The first twenty-five cents pays your subscription three months in advance and brings you, free, a copy of the book, "The Great American Fraud," postpaid.

The regular subscription price of GOOD HEALTH is One Dollar per year, payable in advance.

Address

**GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.**

No. 6 College Place

**BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN**

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE LIFE BOAT.

## WE WANT YOU TO WRITE TO US

We have a proposition that will interest you.

We are wholesalers and general agents for Bibles, and handle the largest lines manufactured in the United States or England.

We want you to write to us today for our new Illustrated Catalogue No. 4 which will be sent you free, together with instructions telling you just how you can double your income right at home.

You can represent us without leaving home. You can among your own friends do a good work and make a handsome profit for yourself.

We want at once a reliable agent to represent us in your vicinity. Write to-day.

Last year there were more Bibles sold in this country than any other book printed. Why should not you have a part in this good work, as well as share in the profits?

Do you want a special Bible for yourself, or one for a present to some friend? Write to us. We can supply you with anything made, at the lowest prices.

Our proposition for agents and special representatives is an exceptional one. Write at once and secure territory and privileges in your locality. You will be surprised at the favorable offer we are prepared to make.

Remember it only requires a postal card or a letter from you to bring our handsome illustrated catalogue, with full instructions and information. Address

**The Central Bible Supply Co., La Grange, Ill.**

## You Can <sup>EASILY</sup> OPERATE this Typewriter Yourself

Don't worry your correspondent.

Don't write him anything by hand that takes him time to make out—that may leave him in doubt—that he can't easily read.

And don't fill out legal papers or card memos—or make out accounts or hotel menus in your own handwriting.

It looks bad, reflects on your standing, makes people think you can't afford a stenographer, and is sometimes ambiguous.

You can write out your letters—make out an abstract—fill in an insurance policy—enter your card memos—make out your accounts or a hotel menu—or do any kind of writing you need, on ANY kind, size or thickness of paper, and SPACE any way you want on

You can write any of these things yourself if you do not happen to have a stenographer.

For you can easily learn with a little practice, to write just as rapidly, and as perfectly as an expert operator on the OLIVER.

Because the OLIVER is the SIMPLIFIED typewriter. And you can see every word you write. About 80% MORE DURABLE than any other typewriter, because it has about 80% LESS WEARING POINTS than most other typewriters.

80% EASIER to write with than these other COMPLICATED, INTRICATE MACHINES that require "humoring"—technical knowledge—long practice and special skill to operate.

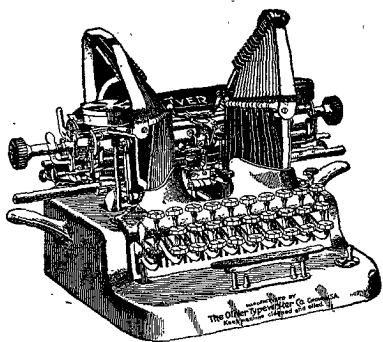
Then machines which cannot be adjusted to any special space—with which it is impossible to write abstracts, insurance policies, or odd-size documents except you buy expensive SPECIAL attachments requiring experts to operate.

You can adjust the OLIVER to any REASONABLE SPACE—you can write on ANY reasonable size and thickness of paper, right out to the very edge, without the aid of ANY EXPENSIVE ATTACHMENT or special skill, and your work will be neat appearing, legible and clear.

For the OLIVER is the typewriter for the doctor, the lawyer, the insurance agent, the merchant, the hotel proprietor—or any man who does his own writing.

Write us now for our booklet on the SIMPLIFIED features of the OLIVER.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 47-55 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**



# LOOK!!!

## A Special

## Fountain Pen

## Offer

WE WILL FURNISH A

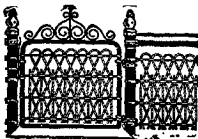
**First-class Guaranteed  
Fountain Pen**

FOR ONLY

**Three New Subscriptions for The  
Life Boat at 50c Each**

**Every Pen is 14K Solid Gold**

We are using one of these pens daily and find it in every way satisfactory.—Editor of the Life Boat.



### LAWN FENCE

Many Styles. Sold on trial at wholesale prices. **Save 20 to 40 per cent.** Illustrated Catalogue free. Write today.  
**\*KITSELMAN BROS.**  
Box 417 Muncie, Indiana.

### Hyde Park Shade Factory

**WINDOW SHADES MADE  
and TRIMMED TO ORDER**

A. W. NELSON, Prop. Send for particulars  
472 E. 55th St., Chicago

**WANTED**—To borrow \$5,000, in sums of \$200 and upwards; real estate security; will pay 6 per cent interest. For information, address H. E. Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ill.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**The Medical Missionary and Life Boat**  
one year to one address for only 70 cents.  
Do not overlook this combination offer.

**Beautiful Mottoes** No home is complete without at least one. They sell everywhere. Just received a lot more of **NEW DESIGNS**. One agent has been sending us an order for 1,000 every month for a number of months. Two agents have just sent in for 5,000 each. 6 beauties sent to any address on receipt of 50c in stamps. Don't fail to secure territory at once; agents making as high as \$10.00 a day. Some agents selling in the country say they sell at most every house; from one to seven in a home. Send us a big order today; time is money. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address

The Hampton Art Co., L. B. 257, Hampton, Iowa

When writing to advertisers, please mention **THE LIFE BOAT**.

# PREMIUM OFFERS



**For Thirty New or Renewals** we offer a seven-jeweled watch, gold filled, ten year guarantee case, beautiful design, with famous Seth Thomas movement. We will furnish the same at **Fifty Cents each** style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for about two years, and they give the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch.

## Our New Premium Bible List.

For either new subscriptions or renewals we make the following exceptional offers of premium Bibles. These Bibles are not cheap Bibles, they are from the best series of Bibles manufactured. Carefully examine the list. You are sure to find just what you are looking for.

**CLASS A. For Five Yearly Subscriptions at Fifty Cents each.**

1. **International Red-letter Testament. No. 55** R. L. This is a self-pronouncing red-letter Testament, in which the words of Christ are printed in red. It has a limp leather binding, red under gold edges, round corners, gold lettering on side, silk marker, and has a very soft, pliable binding. It contains a number of beautiful illustrations and colored plates of Bible scenes. Size,  $3\frac{7}{8} \times 6$  inches.

2. **Oxford Text Bible.** Just a little larger than the ordinary size pocket Bibles; contains six maps; size,  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Beautifully bound in French morocco; divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

3. **The Smallest Bible in the World.** Each copy is provided with a magnifying glass. Bound in Venetian morocco, divinity circuit, gilt edges. This book is both a curiosity and a marvel of Bible manufacture. It is given with five subscriptions to **THE LIFE BOAT.**

**CLASS B. For Eight New Subscriptions or Renewals to THE LIFE BOAT.**

1. **Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible;** printed on good linen paper, contains New Cyclopædic Concordance, with all Helps, Index, Bible Dictionary, Tables, etc., under one alphabetical arrangement, with new illustrations. The latest thing in Teachers' Bibles; minion type; size,  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$  inches; bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

2. **No. 7C, International Series Reference Bible.** This Bible does not contain Concordance or Helps, but has marginal reference in the middle of the page. It is self-pronouncing; size,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and contains seventeen maps. Nicely bound in morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red and gold edges.

3. **The International Self-Pronouncing Teachers' Bible, No. A,** with new Helps to the Study of the Bible; sixteen full page illustrations and the International Combination Concordance, which includes all the Helps of the Bible and the Concordance under one alphabetical arrangement. Extra quality paper, handsome flexible French morocco binding, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges, leather lined. This is one of the greatest premium bargains ever offered.

**CLASS C. For Ten New Subscribers or Renewals.**

1. **The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible.** Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the Combination Concordance, in which the Helps are all under one alphabet. This Bible is No. 39670. It is bound in French morocco, has divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges an extra grained lining.

2. **Our large type Long Primer International Self-pronouncing Teachers' Bible;** size,  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  inches; contains Combination Concordance and all Teachers' Helps; also 4,500 Questions and Answers on Bible subjects; 17 maps, No. 24D; bound in French seal, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges, leather lined; an elegant book.

**CLASS D. For Twenty New Subscribers.**

1. **Our special Oxford India Paper Self-pronouncing Teachers' Bible.** The new edition, containing full page plates and the Oxford Cyclopædic Concordance and Teachers' Helps. Entirely new series. Size,  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  inches; only 1 inch thick. One of the thinnest Teachers' Bibles in the world. It is bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, leather lined to edge; round corners, red under gold edges. This is an elegant Bible and a rare premium.

# • • HOW TO GET THIS • •

## BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET



We have made arrangements so that we now offer this beautiful 42-piece dinner set for only **EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS** for The Life Boat. These dishes are of the dainty shapes, light in weight, but durable and exceedingly attractive because of the new and beautiful coloring effects, which are gold lined. The decorations and designs are burned on underneath the high glossed finish, which protects and prevents the fading and gold from wearing off. These dishes will with ordinary care last a lifetime. They will be sent to you carefully boxed direct from the factory for only **EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS**, freight charges additional when you receive them.

For **FOUR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS** we will send Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, "The Retrospect," describing some of the most interesting incidents and answers to prayer in the founding and development of the China Inland Mission, and also Mrs. Edholm's well known book, "Traffic in Girls." Both books for only **FOUR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS**.

For **THREE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS** we will send Mrs. S. M. I. Henry's best book, "Studies in Home and Child Life." Every parent should read this book.

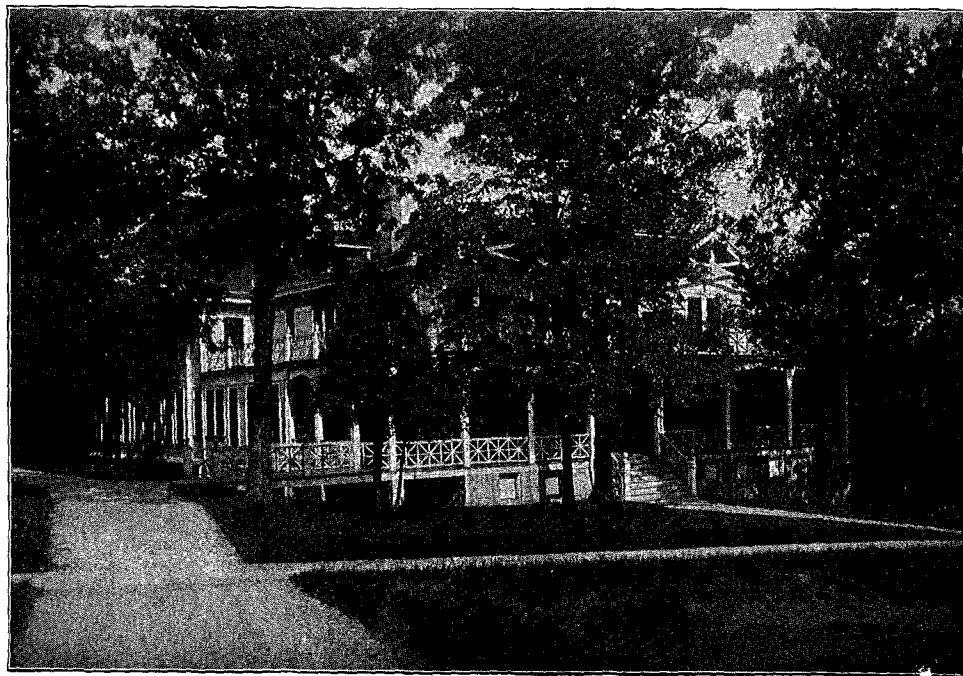
For **SEVEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS** we will send fifty photo-colortype stereoscopic views of the most famous sights on earth, with the colors true to nature. We have provided a stereoscope that brings all the details of the pictures out as real as life; with an adjustable slide to accommodate all degrees of sight. We offer both for only **SEVEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS**. These photographs include scenes in Russia, Japan, tropical scenery, noted sights in Europe, pictures of national buildings, street scenes in Chicago and New York, western mountain scenery, the Niagara Falls, views of the Holy Land, Mexican scenes, etc.

# A QUIET, RESTFUL, WELL-EQUIPPED SANITARIUM

This Sanitarium is located in Hinsdale, one of Chicago's most delightful suburbs, on the Burlington Railroad.

Its charming grounds comprise 16 acres of rolling land covered with virgin forest and fruit orchard.

A most ideal place for invalids, with full equipment for sanitarium work. Building is lit by electricity, private telephones in each room, beautiful outlook from every window.



Open air treatment, Swedish movements, hydrotherapy, electric light baths and electrical treatments, massage, scientific dietetics, sun baths, and sensible health culture, cure thousands of invalids where ordinary means have failed.

Try what scientific physiological methods can accomplish at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

## THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM, - Hinsdale, Ill.

SEND FOR ARTISTICALLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET GIVING FULL INFORMATION

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE LIFE BOAT.