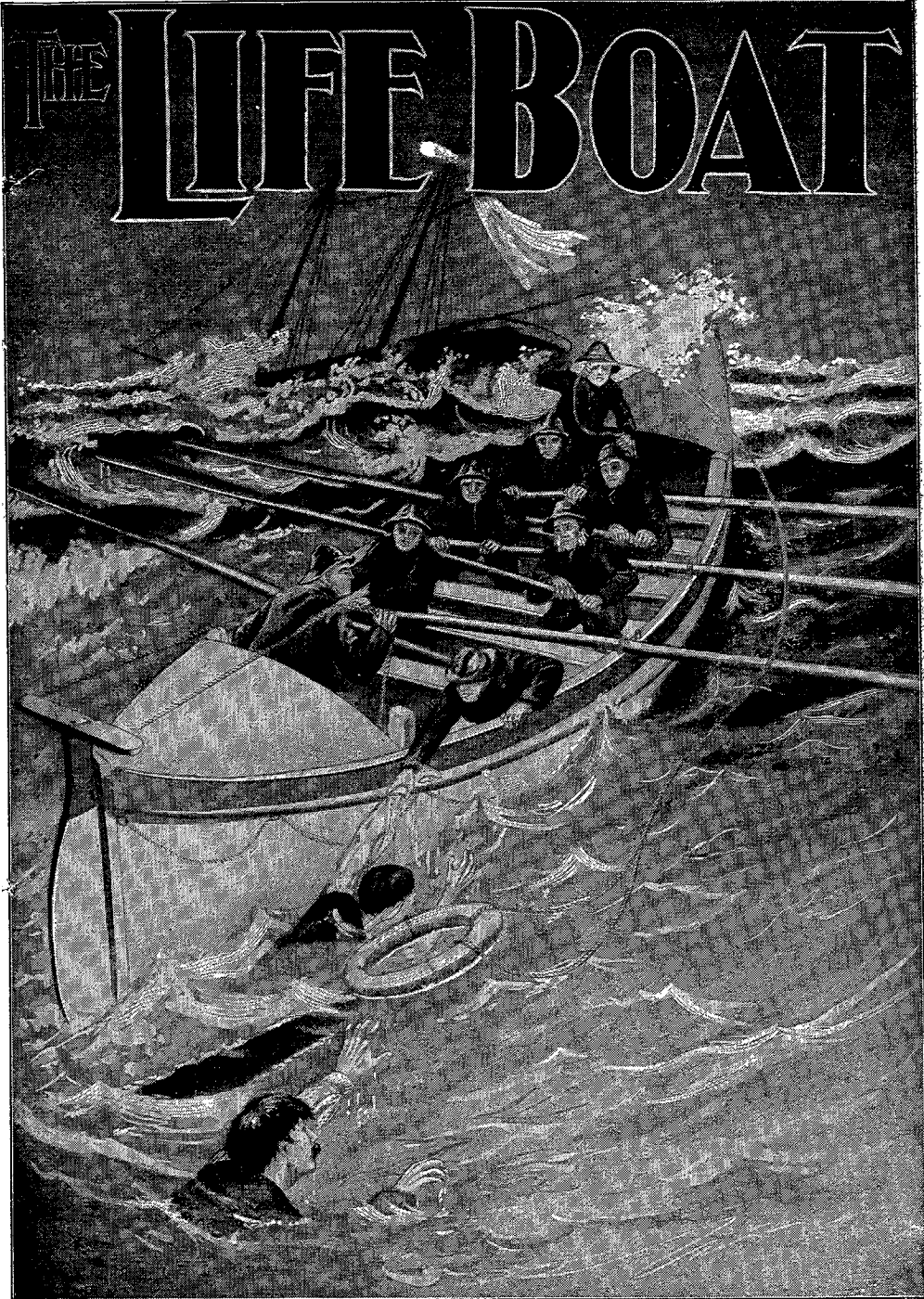


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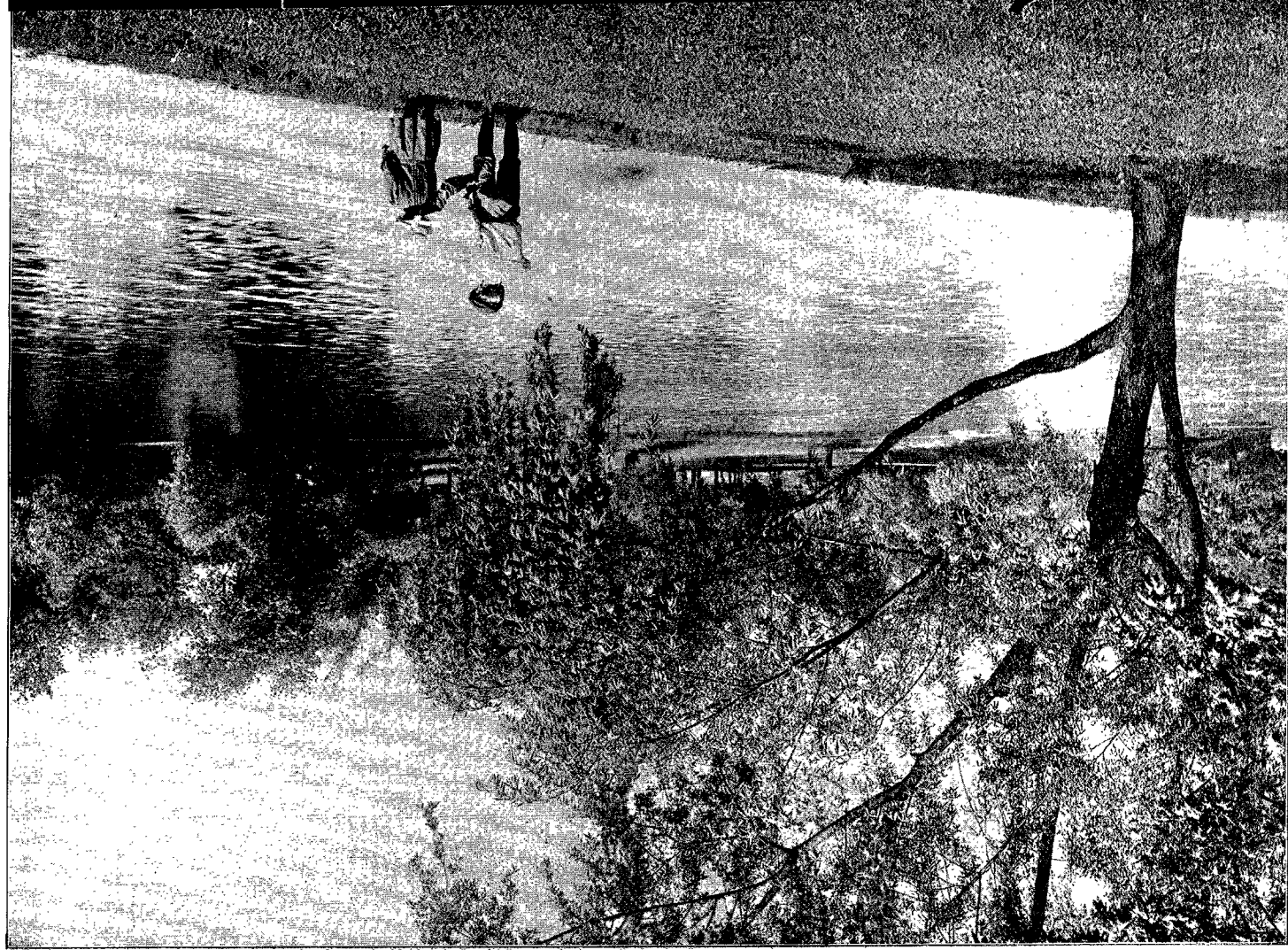
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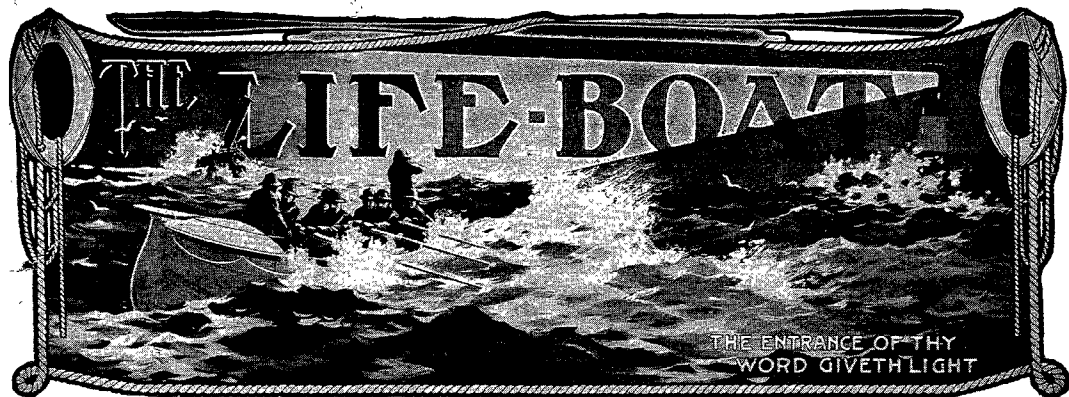
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*Chicago's Neglected Waifs—Atkinson*





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

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**Volume X**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: SEPTEMBER 1907**

**Number 9**

**WHICH ARE YOU?**

There are two kinds of people on earth today,  
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood  
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth  
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,  
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years  
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No! the two kind of people on earth, I mean,  
Are the people who *lift* and the people who *lean*.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses  
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear  
Your portion of labor and worry and care?  
*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

**CHICAGO'S NEGLECTED WAIFS.**

J. F. ATKINSON,

Superintendent, Chicago Boys' Club,  
262 State Street, Chicago.

Some time ago I was invited to speak before a church gathering over on the west side. We were a little late in arriving. As we entered the door a gray-haired patriarch was on his knees making the opening prayer. Among other things he said: "Lord, give the speaker

common sense"; and my heart responded to that, for if anybody needs common sense it is the superintendent of a boys' club.

We have more newsboys, more typical street boys, in the immediate downtown district than can be counted in that area anywhere else in the world. In that respect Chicago presents the biggest field for missionary work on this continent.

The fame of Chicago has gone abroad to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the poor and distressed of every nation have flocked and are flocking to this great city where a *few* make millions and the *multitude* go down in the struggle.

To see if we can get at the tougher problems which concern us in our work with the street lads, let us select the smallest precinct into which the city is divided, and that is the nineteenth precinct of the first ward. I found its dimensions to be 235 feet wide and about 700 feet in length. There are between two and three thousand souls existing in that very small territory, and it is not a residence district nor a manufacturing district. There is not a school, church, mission, Sunday school, public hall, public library, there is not a resident minister of any denomination, not a rescue worker, there is no person who has any oversight of the moral or mental training of that community.

Just outside of this district is what is known

as the Barracks—an old, ramshackle, tumble-down, two-story building, divided into twenty-two apartments or flats, and these are composed of one or two and occasionally three rooms to each apartment. I measured one of the rooms and found it to be 12x9, and in these twenty-two small apartments found there were living forty-eight families.

#### WHO IS THE HERO?

From those conditions are coming scores and hundreds of these lads. They live and move and have their being in that foul, fetid, offensive atmosphere until their mental faculties are blunted and it is only a question of time with them when they steal, "Can we get away with the stuff?" Everyone of them is a hero worshipper. The fellow that can get away successfully with the goods is a hero, and the one who gets caught is considered a chump and he can go to jail; it is good enough for him.

Some time ago a little fellow six or seven years of age (and you want to remember they are all underfed, underslept and half-clothed, and a boy at seven years of age is what he ought to be at five years) was passing along on Jackson boulevard. He had a basket on his arm and did not know there was a law against picking up cigar stumps. Perhaps he was supporting his mother in that way. Pretty soon a big policeman swooped down on him, and presently there came down a big black wagon and two big guardians of the peace rolled out the back door of the wagon. The little fellow offered no resistance. They pushed him in and he went along with them to the Harrison street police station. I suppose he will be sent to the Bridewell, and his spirit will be broken and the public will say: "We are *rid* of him."

No, sir! we are not rid of him. His blood will be on us. These boys are not to blame; it is the adults who are to blame.

Our Boys' Club occupies three entire floors. On the first floor are our offices and an assembly room and a room occupied by the Young Citizens' Club. On the second floor we have a printing outfit and a sort of catch-all room with blackboards on the walls. Here every boy who becomes a member of our club presents himself first. Here we study his needs. We take all the data we can concerning his life, his nationality, name, etc.

Then on that floor we have rooms devoted to free-hand drawing. We have a little cobbling shop on that floor and a basket weaving department. On the other floor we have a gymnasium and our carpenter shop and our bath rooms. In this connection let me say that industrial training is the key to unlock this entire problem.

These boys are sharp and witty, and what they need is a person to drill into them habits of industry as well as economy. Here comes a boy—in this case it was Michael. We dug him up from among the saloons and freight houses. He came into this catch-all room and pretty soon we saw him drawing something on the blackboard. We watched him and found he was possessed of remarkable ability as an artist. We put him over in the art institute. He was a born artist; we could not interest him in anything else.

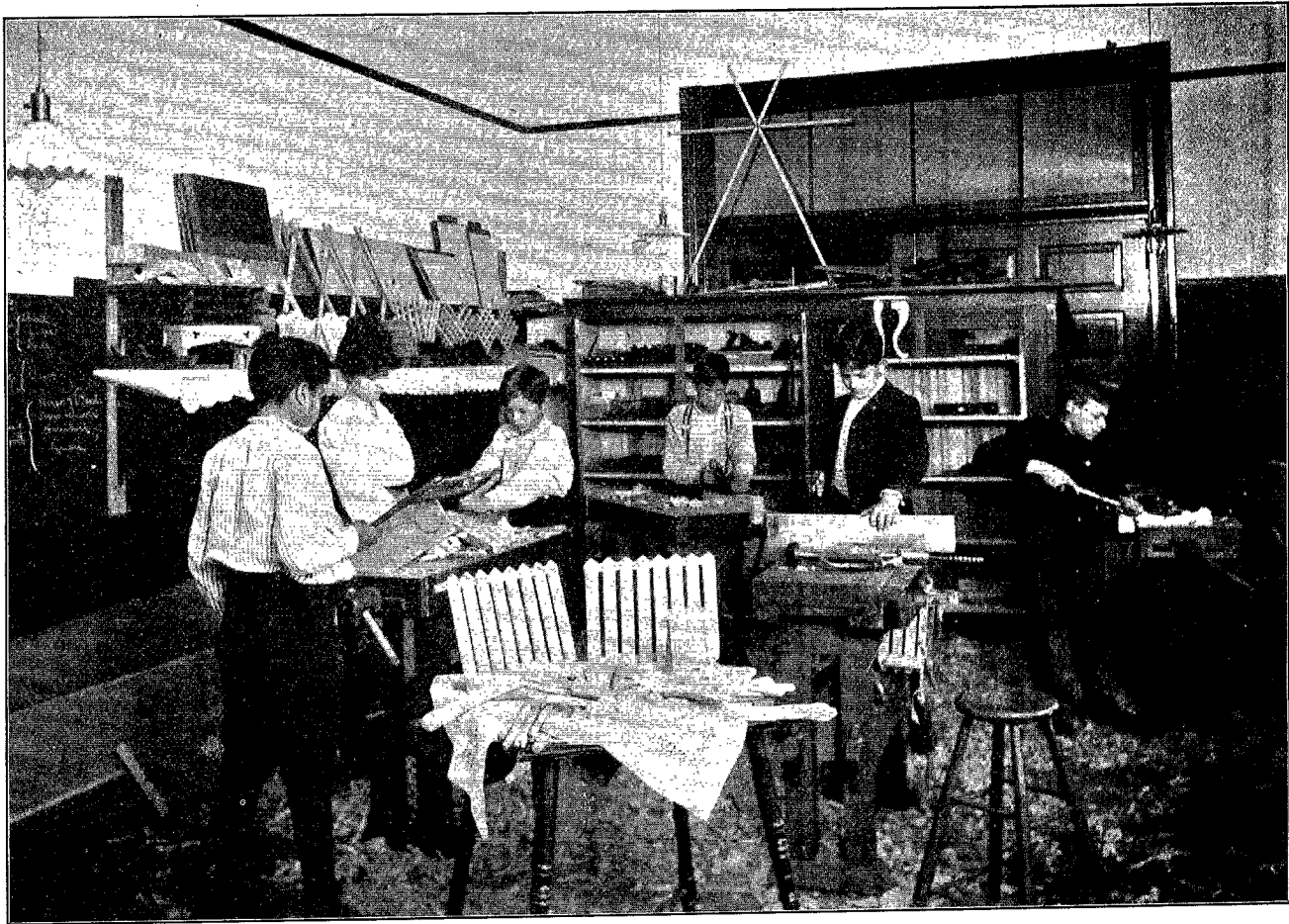
That illustrates how we get under the jacket of some of these fellows. We have to find the point of social contact with people before we can do anything with them. The point of contact with that boy was drawing.

#### THE TAMING OF A TERROR.

Then take the case of Francis Gentle. His name is a misnomer, however: he was a terror; was a repeater, he had been to the John Worthy school and I do not know where he had not been. He was a vicious, low-bred fellow; but we discovered he was of a mechanical turn of mind, rough as he was, and we put him in the carpenter shop. They had given him up everywhere as a reprobate. We put him in our shop and gave him a saw and hammer and nails, and he will stand there and pound nails until the sweat runs off, and he never gives us a bit of trouble.

In this way we meet the needs of these various cases. I had no thought of this carpenter shop or the art room or anything of this kind before starting, but these are simply the outgrowth of these problems we have been confronted with.

I said they are witty, shrewd, sharp, keen, lively, and all that sort of thing. Let me illustrate that with the case of a little bit of a skinny fellow, a newspaper fiend, knowing nothing but to stand on the corner and make change. Shortly after Dr. Kellogg sent us the equipment for our baths and they were being



Next to the Gospel, manual training is the key to unlock this entire problem.

installed, I called him into my office and said: "Mike, I am having some baths installed up stairs. Do you think the boys will patronize them?" "Sure they will." "Well, do you think it will be any advantage to charge the boys a small amount for taking the baths?" "Oh, I tell you," he said, "you charge a penny a bath. No, you make it free for the first week, or maybe two weeks, and I am sure they will come then." Shrewdness! Now, what does that fellow need? Just somebody to direct him.

#### IGNORANCE OF THE COUNTRY.

The other day I was taking some boys out to our camp. We are running two summer camps this year. It is pathetic to know how ignorant they are of common life. The little fellows were taking cross-country walks and they passed by a bee farm and one little fellow caught a bee in his hand; he was playing with it, and pretty soon it left its sting in his finger. He came running, and said: "Oh, mister, the bee left its foot in my finger and it hurts."

A group of these boys have their homes in Sherman street; there is a goat there, and of course everybody knows Billy. That is the one and only touch of nature to them in that entire community. The other day Mr. Colby was going to one of our camps with this company of boys, when they discovered a large herd of Holstein cattle feeding. My, one little fellow went wild over the "large goats" out there, and he called the attention of all the passengers to them. Someone tried to explain they were not goats, but I suppose he will go down to his grave thinking he saw large goats that day.

A good many people think these street boys are a lot of fools, but I want to serve notice on you now not to tackle one of them with that idea in mind. True, they live in a world by themselves. The average boy thinks the world is "agin him" and he is "agin the world," but it is astonishing how quickly they respond to decent treatment. The unfortunate thing about it is that they live with their parents. About all they know is the kick or cuff or profanity, and that sort of thing. And when once taught the whole Gospel, why, you would be surprised at their simple faith and how childlike they take hold of these things.

For the past ten years there has been a general agitation about the boys' problem, but not much has been done with the girls' problem.

The president of our board went to the Boston Store the other day to buy a mouse trap. Something about the girl that waited on him attracted his attention. He said to the girl: "How old are you?" "Nineteen." "How much wages do you get?" "Three dollars a week." "And I suppose you pay sixty cents for carfare?" "Yes, sir." "And thirty cents a day for lunch?" "Yes, sir." Now, how much is there left to support a woman of nineteen years? We are just about to launch a girls' training school for this class of girls who are about to begin as wage earners.

#### MIRACLES OF GRACE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Superintendent, Life Boat Mission.

One night last month an old gentleman sixty-three years old came down the street past the mission. One of our workers invited



him in as he went by and he replied with the remark: "If you just take care of your *own* business, I will mine." The Spirit of God afterwards convicted him so he came back to the Mission and stayed during the service. When the invitation was

given this man's hand went up along with others. We went to him and tried to get him down to pray, for there is certainly something which comes into a man's life when you get him on his knees. But we could not get this man down.

The next night he came back and when the invitation was given he came up to the platform and knelt down and prayed. He prayed a very simple prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He went away that night. He had a half pint of whiskey in his pocket, but he went to his room and destroyed that whiskey. He would not drink it. From that time he



has been delivered from the appetite although he had been a drinking man nearly all his life.

I believe the Lord is just as able to deliver us from these appetites now as He was ages ago.

One of our mission converts used to go over into Africa and get a ship full of negroes and bring them to the United States. He said that if they saw a ship coming after them they would run every negro up on deck and turn them into the sea. After being a most terrible character nearly a whole lifetime I met him, spoke to him personally, and invited him to come, and finally he went with me to the Mission.

He told me afterwards that the only reason he came was because he thought he could get his hand into somebody's pocketbook and get some means; but he got down on his knees and was saved. He has not had any trouble from that time. He did not have any parents, but, as he expressed it, he was "brought up by the hair of the head." He had absolutely no training from the time he was eight or nine years of age. At that age he got into a ship as a stowaway. After they had been out three days he came out and the captain set him to work. From that time to this he has been a wanderer on the face of the earth. He is now seventy-three years old.

His life is completely changed. Many a time he gives away all but a nickel of what is given him to buy his meals with, to some poor man or woman who comes along and needs help.

There is one gentleman there now who was once a large man in the Pennsylvania Steel works. He was educated in the ministry. A large fortune fell into his hands and he squandered that; he was a drunkard. One night three years ago he got up in the Mission and said he did not believe in God. In talking with him I found that under his mother's window grew a patch of horse radish. He would go out there and eat that stuff. At the age of twenty he went away to college and got to taking the intoxicating cup and found that it seemed to satisfy the craving that was in his system.

In talking with this man I asked him what he had for dinner. He said he had beef-steak, etc. I asked him if he put any condi-

ments on his food and he said he did. I said, "If you let me have that stuff and put a little on a cloth and put it on the outside of the body what would it do?" He said, "It would raise a blister." I said, "My friend, if you drop them out of your bill of fare and live on a simple dietary and then ask God to deliver you from the power of drink, He will do it."

About seven or eight weeks ago he came into the Mission. He had got to the end of his rope and wanted me to help him. From the moment he came I asked God to help him. He has been careful of his diet and he has been absolutely free from the thirst for liquor. I believe if we do our part then the Lord will help us.

---

#### GOD'S ECONOMY AND OURS.

PAULINE HANSON.

Were you ever impressed with the economy of God—God, who is all love, all merciful; who created all things, everything designed for some purpose, all of which was "very good," but who wasted nothing; and He who fed from the loaves and fishes, gathering the fragments, that there be nothing wasted?

Were all the good things utilized—good literature, education, talents, spare moments, advantages and the enumerable opportunities—we would be far richer.

A thorough business man, brisk in his actions, applying himself diligently to his business, has no time or inclination to deviate his attention from his business or to waste the working hours in useless musings; he is so engrossed in his business that his very movements are stripped of useless action, and are concise and economic; he has no time for useless motions, and certainly does not purposely waste his energy.

So ought we to strip ourselves of the useless things that make up our lives—useless books, useless friends, such as those who might impair our morals, useless surroundings, as well as stripping our brain of every useless thought, and giving less heed to temporal matters and earthly interests, which are but the stubble; in fact, we should strip ourselves of every useless thing which does not help to make good substantial lives and characters, *but waste none of the good things.*

## DISPENSARY GLIMPSES.

MRS. ANNA CRUMPACKER.

888 West Thirty-fifth Place, Chicago.

God leading the way it is my purpose to sail to China this coming fall. I felt I must have some little medical training before going and consequently came to Chicago in pursuit of it. After looking around considerably and finding little that was practical and available, I found an opening at the Dispensary in Chicago.

One scarcely needs to take a second thought to know how difficult it is to get anything practical with but a few months in which to get it, but God provides wonderfully for His children in *every* way, and I certainly feel that He has for me in leading me to the Dispensary.

For one who has never seen the degradation of city life, the printed page is a poor medium through which to get a glimpse of it. As it is impossible to take all of you to the various places, we must be content to write about them.

If you could sit in the waiting room at the Dispensary some morning, and see the faces, waiting their turn for the doctor's prescription, you would get a new glimpse of the work of Satan.

Do not think that every one who comes here is so scarred by sin, indeed, there are many bright-eyed babies, sweet-faced mothers among the number.

How often I've been made to think of the rich opportunity afforded by the bathroom treatments to tell the hungry soul of Christ! One can see at a glance that the opportunity is so much greater than the one afforded by the ordinary drug method.

Whether one is treating the babe as the anxious mother sets by the table, or whether you are treating the mother or sister, whoever it is, the opportunity is there. Their hearts are open and they are ready to listen to anything that offers them something better than their present life affords.

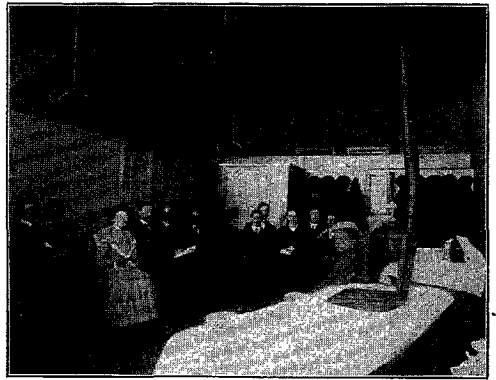
Then, too, there is the work in the homes (?). Does one dare use that word, which is among the most sacred of all English words, to describe those places of misery and want? Well, you know something of what I have reference to anyhow.

If God has given you a talent to teach in-

dustry, domestic science, child-training or even the ordinary value of soap and water, be assured that here is an opportunity to spend your last energy and there would still be need of more.

But, dear reader, can you imagine a more fascinating work? There is something that pulls the heart-strings when a sick woman, in one of these indescribable places, draws your hands to her lips and kisses and presses them so closely, to thank you for some little ministry of kindness.

This is especially true when it is the only means of communication that she has because she speaks another language from yours.



A Place for Practical Christian Training.

I cannot conceive of a place better adapted to a practical, every-day-sort of nurses' training than the Dispensary. What a variety of experiences we do have! Imagine yourself trying to persuade a woman forty years old to step into the first bath-tub she had ever seen,—one who actually never had a bath.

Fancy yourself getting a compliment (?) such as "P'etty fat face, Lo'd bless it." We experience hundreds of things of which we can not write. Whether it is ours to go to the attic and find clothing for the poor, or to wrap up the toe of some dirty little urchin, no difference what it is, we thank God for the opportunity.

If one is in touch with our Heavenly Father and has a message from Him for each of these perishing souls, here certainly is a rich field, where you can use every talent God has given you, where people are in need of your sincerest love, and where you can reap a bountiful harvest for our Savior.



WHAT SHALL THE FEVER PATIENT  
BE FED?

LENNA F. COOPER.

In case of fevers the patient should nearly always be given a liquid diet. In almost all acute diseases the digestive organs are disturbed. The body is trying to get rid of its poisons. When we have a patch of rubbish in the back yard it is easier to burn it and carry off the ashes than it is to carry off the rubbish; so fever is nature's effort to burn up the rubbish in the body, and in the process of burning considerable tissue may also be burned up.

We must withhold foods that add more poisons to the already overburdened system, hence the importance of giving a fever patient liquid foods, such as broths and soups. Fruit juice is one of the best things for such cases.

When the patient begins to convalesce, then a small amount of proteid food can be added. But in giving proteid we must remember that the digestive organs are yet in a weakened condition. They have not been doing very much work and are out of order.

For this purpose we find that eggs are very good. One of the best ways in which to serve them is in the form of eggnog. Another thing that the convalescent will need will be some starch foods. This should be of a kind that will not require a tax on the digestive organs, so it should be in the form of dextrinized cereals. The toasted flake foods are much better than the ordinary gruels and things of that kind. If gruel is to be given it is best to make it of the dextrinized cereals.

Baked potato is one of the most easily digested forms of starch we have.

The dextrinized cereals are also suitable for either hypopesia or hyperpepsia. For hyperpepsia such foods as ripe olives, cream, butter, egg yolk, olive oil, salads, etc., are very beneficial, as the patient suffering with hyperacidity can tolerate fats very well.

## A MODERN MIRACLE.

\* \* \*

[No one who reads the following story should ever question the fact that the Lord is working the same miracles on human lives now as He did in days of old. More than once the enemy succeeded in recapturing this woman, and to all human appearance the earn-

est soul-winning efforts that had been put forth in her behalf were entirely wasted. But finally her feet became planted firmly on the Rock, and she and her husband, hand in hand, are now treading the narrow pathway that leads to life eternal.—Ed.]

My mother died when I was born. I was placed in a boarding school at an early age and I never knew anything of my father until I came to this country, when he met me at the depot.

Later I came to Chicago, where my people were cross and ugly with me and made my life miserable. My sister fought with me. I decided to leave home. One night my father thrashed me for something I had not done and called me all the bad names he could think of and accused me of doing things that I was innocent of, and I ran away with a young man and lived with him. After living with me for three years he sold me for fifty dollars. From that place my father had me arrested and taken home. They abused me and I made up my mind again that I would leave.

The second time I left home I met a girl who had known me once. I was younger than she was. She was living a sinful life and I went with her and stayed a couple of weeks. From her I learned to smoke cigarettes and to make money in questionable ways.

When I found that I had no money I went to a saloon and robbed a man to pay for my board. I got two blocks away when the police got hold of me. I was sentenced for thirty days. The officers were down on me and tried to give me the worst of it. I went from bad to worse.

I then tried my father's house and he met me at the door and told me not to cross the threshold. I said that if he did not want me I did not know what would become of me.

I then got to be a morphine fiend. I took a dose one night that kept the doctors busy to get me over it. Finally I felt the need of something in my system to keep the shame down. I realized too seriously my sins and I thought that everybody who looked at me knew them, so I used cocaine and took it night after night until I thought I would die.

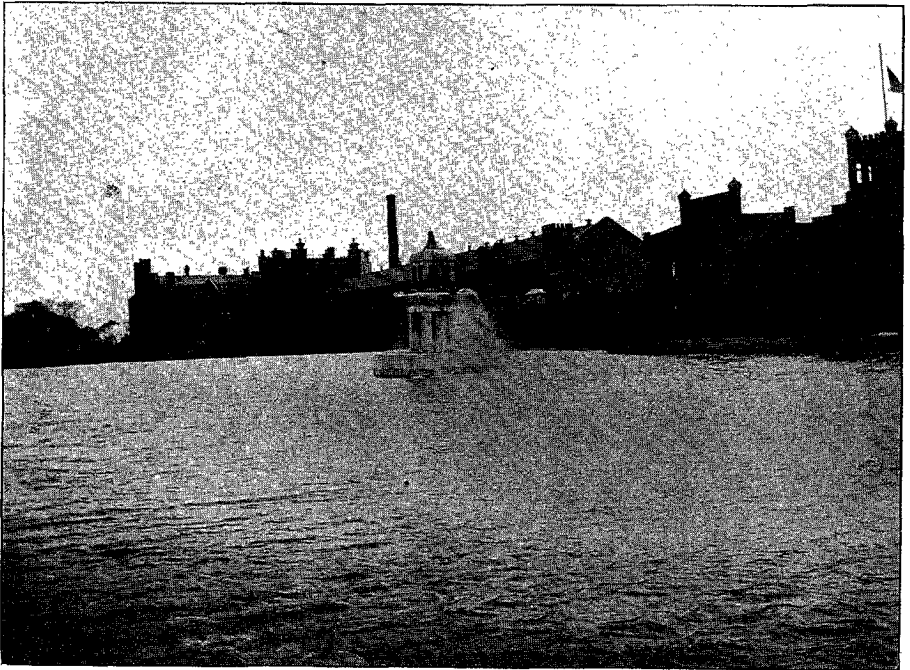
Then I drank whiskey and drank it so hard that one day after I had been drinking hard and using so much cocaine, when I went to get on a car I fell over with heart trouble. I

went up to a man and asked him to hold me, but he pushed me away as if I were a dog because he smelt liquor on me.

Instead of taking me to the hospital they took me to the Bridewell prison. When I got in the Bridewell neuralgia got hold of me. I swore that I would get even with people for punishing me, as I thought, for things I had not done, but I know now too clearly what sins I committed.

After I came from the Bridewell I went

But one night after I had come from the Bridewell I heard of the Life Boat Mission and went there and heard one girl stand up and tell how the Lord had saved her. I do not believe she was any worse than I, for I was one of the worst characters in Chicago. There was not a policeman on the west side but what knew me. In such a life there is not a moment when a girl can call her life her own; she never knows when alone with anyone whether she is going to be choked or not.



The Bridewell Prison.

back to drink. One night I drank five quarts of liquor. Then I was only twenty years old. I thought that a large cat came and sat on the bed and dug its claws into my toe. I did not know what delirium tremens were then, but I know now. I thought that people were crushing the life out of me. I only weighed eighty pounds then, yet it took five people to hold me. That same night they took me back to the Bridewell, and a month there cured me of my cocaine habit.

I went from bad to worse, often walking the streets with not a place to sleep or a bite to eat. Not a soul in the world cared for me, not even my father.

After I heard this girl tell her experience I thought I would try it. I said: "I don't believe in God. I don't believe in anything." Still I thought there must be a *something* or people could not trust as they do.

I said I would stay one week and listen to the testimonies. One day I knelt down with Miss Emmel and asked the Lord to help me. I had no more feeling that I would be helped than anything, but the Lord did enter into my heart. I have backslidden since, but I found the way again and came back to the Lord.

There are times that my brain is cloudy, but as soon as I pray about it that feeling leaves me. When the Lord was watching out

to save me He had His eye off from everybody else but me, for I was a black-hearted sinner. There is nothing like the love of God.

Then the Lord favored me in another way. I got to drinking again and one day I said: "Oh, Lord, if you will not let me have the horrors (delirium tremens) this time I will do anything." I came along and met a young man. I told him what my trouble was. I was afraid I would have the horrors, I said: "I am losing my mind." He took me to a hotel and I stayed there one week. At the end of the week he asked me to marry him. I said I might as well be married as in there. He is now a good Christian man. I thank God for what he has done for me.

I praise God there is a place like the Mission. Wherever I go, in my heart there will live the memory of the little Life Boat Mission.

My husband has never once alluded to my past. Once in a while he says: "R—, you are not the same girl since the Lord took hold of you." How often he says when it is raining, cold or snowing and we are sitting at our little fireside: "Isn't this better than walking the streets or sitting around in the saloon?"

I used to be afraid to ride in a street car, for if I did there were sure to be three or four policemen who would get on to see where I was going.

Oh, if there are some poor, unfortunate souls who never knew God I wish I could speak to them. God has done so much for me. I have never asked the Lord for anything yet but what I have got it. I am a favorite with the Lord and I know it. I had no father's raising nor a mother's raising, but I *have* a GOD.

Before I came to the Life Boat Mission there was not a person on earth *ever* spoke to me about Christ. I knew no more of Christ dying than I know that that train yonder is going to be wrecked in two minutes. When you have the Lord with you it is a more real thing than a policeman's club.

When I wake up in the morning and hear the birds singing all about me I think: "My, if I had only known the Lord all my life!" Whenever I ask the Lord about anything I know He hears me. I imagine the Lord is right with me and I know He is keeping me,

too. The Lord is not so you have to write a letter to Him and then wait several days for an answer. He does it in a minute for me.

Often when I begin losing my temper I begin talking to the Lord about it. I say: "Here, Lord, now you help me; I do not want to abuse this person," and I can turn right around and speak to them nice.

When I first came to the Mission people, I had neither feeling nor heart. I was heartless, but the love of God is so much. I cried when I thought of how my father abused me and my heavenly Father picked me up. No matter how deep in sin or how black and purple in sin you are, if you just say in your heart, "I *will* try," then it is done.

#### HELPING THE DISCOURAGED.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

A corps of our workers meet at the Life Boat Mission every Sunday morning at 9:15, and we kneel there in prayer and ask God for His divine guidance in the services that will follow. From there we go to the Harrison street police station, where we get our little organ and kneel around it, consecrating ourselves anew.

We found five women in the ladies' corridor. One girl was brought there through suspicion while visiting a friend. She was getting the meal and the woman was taken sick and died.

We find girls from every class of homes in the land—ministers' daughters, lawyers' daughters, etc. Just a few weeks ago I met a girl in this place whose father is a judge. It makes no difference whether they are guilty or innocent, they have to suffer all the same.

This morning as we talked to them of the love of God every girl wept and knelt down on the cold stones and asked God for Christ's sake to forgive them.

We went to the middle corridor and there we found men who were educated and others who were not educated, but by some misstep they found themselves in trouble. It was our privilege to notify their wives and families of their trouble. Do you know that with tears in their eyes these women sought God and they said they knew that Jesus would stand by them.

In the next corridor there were thirteen men who raised their hands for prayer, and all

but two of them knelt down. The most sad experience is upstairs in the annex. There is where the girls are kept that are under age. There were sixteen girls, some of the beautiful girls. Some were the very picture of innocence, yet they all had been taken from the streets. Most of them go to court on Tuesday afternoon.

Many of these girls, when we tell them of what the Lord has done for us, break down and weep. Many of them were of different nationalities, but that made no difference—Jesus died for them. They said: "I have got enough of it, and from this time forth I am going to Sunday school and ask Jesus to help me." When the invitation was given every hand went up, and as they lifted their hands a number of them burst out crying.

We go before the court with these girls and many of them return to their parents; if not, we find places for them. I thank God that I have the privilege of laboring among those who are behind the bars. I thank God that I have the privilege of helping those who are discouraged.

### TRANSGRESSION TRANPOSED INTO PENALTY.

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.—(Psalm 107:17.)

Disease is transgression transposed into penalty. Health and disease are conditions regulated by the great universal law of cause and effect—sowing and reaping. Many have given so little thought to the question of sowing and reaping, with reference to health and disease, that they are scarcely able to distinguish the seeds of health from those of disease.

It would seem that many individuals expect to discover the blessed boon of health, either accidentally or providentially, or in some mysterious way to possess themselves of physical strength and vigor without having to faithfully and intelligently co-operate with God.

Sin contains the seed of its own destruction.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.—(Prov. 5:22.)

We may be sure that while we may transgress with impunity for a season, eventually

our iniquities will take root and in the harvest time we shall be encompassed by the suffering and misery of our own creation. In our affliction we shall be holden with the cords of our own sins. Health and disease, we repeat, are not matters of chance. We must diligently sow the seed of conscientious obedience to physical and spiritual law if we would reap the desirable harvest of physical and spiritual health. Unless we have received from our ancestors an enormous legacy of physical health and resistance to disease, it will soon become apparent that a state of physical well being is secured only as a result of physical well doing. The inestimable treasure of good health comes to us only as the result of good sowing, though sometimes we are able to continue long in transgression before we begin to experience its evil effects, because of the time required to squander our generous legacy of health.

Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth not evil and good! Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the *punishment of his sins*? Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. We have transgressed and have rebelled: thou hast not pardoned.—(Lam: 3:38-42.)

No, good and evil do not proceed out of the mouth of God. His word is that we shall reap what we sow. The realization of health is no more a matter of chance or accident than is the farmer's harvest which he reaps in autumn. Sickness must not be regarded as an arbitrary punishment from God, the visitation of divine providence, an accident, or ill-luck. These erroneous views of the cause of disease lead us into radically wrong methods of seeking to effect its cure—methods which resemble the picking of leaves off a tree in an effort to destroy it. In reality, the tree is little harmed, for it will soon put forth other leaves; whereas, if an ax is laid at the root, the undesirable tree would have been disposed of once for all.

The physician who is called upon to deal with the sick, and the minister who deals with the sinner, should inquire into the cause of the afflictions of those whom they seek to help, and wisely counsel them, not merely treat them for the results of transgression, but also seek to correct the wicked practices or wrong purposes which in reality are the root of the many distressing symptoms of spiritual or physical disease.

As Daniel read the handwriting on the wall, at Belshazzar's feast, so minister and doctor should read and interpret the handwriting of physical disease and moral distress, for all sin and transgression leaves its footprint on soul and body, as Isaiah has declared: "The shew of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. Woe unto their soul, for they have rewarded evil unto themselves." (Isa. 3:9.)

We do not receive the blessing of health to be squandered in disobedience, or in the gratification of a perverted appetite, and when health is lost it is ordinarily regained only by intelligent and conscientious cultivation. We do not recover physical health by accident, nor without sowing for it, any more than we receive spiritual forgiveness and moral healing without repentance, faith, and prayer.

#### GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD.

MRS. EVA M. DIONNE.  
Great Bend, Kan.

I have been engaged in the sale of this magazine for some time. I indeed feel grateful to God for His mercies. He cares for me and protects me wherever I go to deliver His message of truth.

It is such a pleasure to be able to forget self by going about doing good, soothing the pillow of the bed-ridden invalid, speaking words of cheer to the sorrowing, encouraging the discouraged ones, speaking words of truth to the unbelieving that they might believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved. Of myself I would be unable to accomplish it, but I try to labor faithfully, listening to the voice of Him who notices even the death of sparrows, and believing:

"All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told."

One day while I was on the train going from one town to another I looked out the car windows and saw a man with two grips in his hands walking the distance. After my day's work was done I went over to the depot and waited for the next train. This man was just then getting into town. He took one of his grips down the street and disposed of it; perhaps sold it to get some money.

When he came back to the depot he sat down on a box looking very much discouraged. I stepped up and gave him a copy of the LIFE BOAT, asking him to read it, which he did. After he had read it about half through I went to him and asked him how he liked it. His countenance brightened and he said he had become so interested that he could not quit reading. He put his hand in his pocket and gave me five cents. I told him just to



Mrs. Dionne.

keep it as I had given him the paper, but he said he wanted to give it to the cause and the paper was worth more than five cents to him. So I took it in the name of the Lord, and the man was blessed just as much as if he had given ten dollars for he gave not grudgingly and the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

This little thing may be made a turning point in this man's life. Thus the good work goes on. If we sow the seed the Lord will give the increase, for His promises are sure.

## HEARTS THAT ARE MADE TENDER.

The following two letters were written to a Christian worker in Missouri. The first one is from a life-term prisoner in the Illinois State Prison:

"I am the only girl in here who has a life sentence, and I ask you to write to my friends for me. If you can write to my mother and cheer her up I will be much pleased. I have been denied a pardon by the pardon board but will ask again soon and have hope of a favorable decision. You can imagine how I feel, but I put my trust in God and He will bring me out alright. I read everything I can get."

The following is from an inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory:

"I got a copy of this magazine with your last letter and it has made a great impression on me. I learn a few verses of Scripture every night. I am on the right road now. I am thinking of my new life. When I get out there will be lots of temptations but God will give me the power to overcome them.

"I never cared for reading the Scriptures before but I have taken a turn in life. I sit in my bed at night and hunt up verses to learn from the Bible."

## "I SHALL NEVER REGRET THE DAY."

The following letter was received from a prisoner in the Wyoming State Prison:

"Enclosed please find one dollar for which please send the magazine to my little daughter. If it would not be asking too much of you would you kindly write my wife giving her some words of encouragement?"

"Since coming here I have done what I never did before: I have read my Bible through from the first word of Genesis to the last word of Revelation. I have reread it, and am trying hard to get a clear, concise and comprehensive idea of the Word of God. Had I known nearly two years ago what material consolation and happiness one gets by giving one's self to God I would not be in prison today. If I am not allowed to remain in here too long I shall never regret the day I came here, for it has certainly opened up an avenue of spiritual experience and happiness that I never dreamed of.

"I love to read of the good work you are doing for us unfortunates. If I live to ob-

tain my liberty, I know (with God's help) I will do all in my power to assist you, both financially and spiritually. All men that are sent to prison are not absolutely bad and wicked at heart."

## FROM THE SADLY NEGLECTED CONTINENT.

JULIA SEAGER,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

[Some years ago Miss Seager spent several months in the Chicago work in connection with Tom Mackey's Home for Girls. She later became burdened for the foreign mission field and went to South America, where she was connected with the mission station at Caracas, Venezuela, for four years. She is now in this country getting a medical education in the American Medical Missionary College, so she can return to that needy field better prepared to help those people who sit in darkness.—Ed.]

Ten years ago I made up my mind to be a foreign missionary. I had not decided what



Miss Seager, at the Right, With Two Native Workers.

field I should go to until one day I picked up a little tract by Dr. Simpson on the "Neglected Continent," and from that time on my desire to go to South America increased.

Some people offered to pay my expenses if I would go to China, India or South Africa, but the Lord led me to South America. As a rule the people look on South America as a Christian country and are surprised that it is not.

In China, India and South Africa much money is given for building up the work, but



the people of the United States are not interested in South America. We put up a chapel there and the men built it out of the ground. We needed three hundred dollars to put in the windows and doors, etc., and had to wait two years before that building could be completed. It is now the only Protestant chapel in Venezuela.

This is called a republican country, but it is anything but a republic. They have a president now, but if another man wants to be president he has to get an army, and if he can oust the president then he is president until some one can oust him, so we often have a revolution. If any are found speaking against the governor they are immediately put in prison.

The men cannot do farming as in this country, because they are always wanted as soldiers. If the governor or some party chooses to come along and pick up these men they have to fight for the side that picks them up.

Nearly all the food has to be shipped in and the people are very poorly cared for. Flour sold there is of very low grade and sells for twenty dollars a barrel. The Customs raise the price. I sent to Chicago for one dozen hair pins that cost me twenty-five cents in Chicago and I had to pay sixty cents duty. Tobacco factories are the only ones they have excepting one large chocolate factory. The government is opposed to industries. They went out and forced the factories to sell out to the government. That shows a little of the conditions that exist.

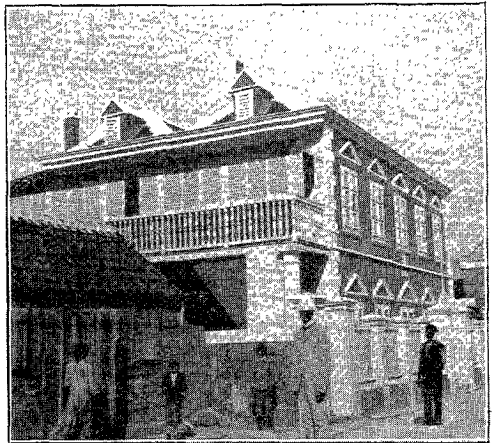
The common people eat black beans and corn bread, drink lots of coffee and use lots of tobacco. Both men, women and children smoke.

They are very religious, but their religion is of none effect. At one time they found an image in the mountains and they built a chapel there, where every year people carry their sick with them, thinking they will be healed there. After this pilgrimage they have a carnival time. There is then no law, so crime, and all kinds of sin are carried on. After three days of carnival they get up and go without their breakfast and confess to the priest. All that day they wear a cross of ashes. They have their saints they pray to every day perhaps for six months, and then they will take their god and break it up and go and get

another. The spiritual darkness is appalling.

Women's work is very much hindered there because of social conditions. It is very hard for the women to become Christians. They are not used to working and to think of taking the support of the family on themselves and bearing the reproach seems impossible. In this country there are so many positions open to women, but in that country there are none. The only thing they can do is to go out and do housework. We often wonder how our Christian women live. Four dollars a month is considered a large salary for a woman. They live on beans three times a day the year round.

At the time I went there our station had



Mission Building.

not one baptized member. Now we have forty-two baptized members in the station.

We bought five hundred acres of land on the mountains and put in an orphanage school. The house has been built and has waited three years for us to find a man and his wife to take charge of it. It is going to be a very hard place.

We take our Bibles and go out from house to house. We always take the names of the people who come to the chapel and go and visit them.

We also opened a school. We began with seven or eight boys and girls, and now we have a school of thirty-five students. We hope that these children will grow up so grounded in the truth that these superstitions will not carry them away. We cannot expect the same of

these people that we expect of the people of this country. We cannot measure them by our own standards, but by comparing them with what they were before we can see a growth in their lives and a change from what they were before. Many times people are fully convinced with the truths of the Gospel. They say, "We know this is the truth," but when we ask them to give up wrong things in their lives they turn away.

The people have liver trouble a great deal, dysentery, tuberculosis of the bowels, and consumption. They do not take any care of the streets, and during the dry season there is much dust in the air and all kinds of germs.

When I had fever there I went to the hospital and they would not bring me any water to wet my face with, but would bring some for me to drink. They are afraid of water. Their one great remedy is purgatives.

There is no nurse in the hospital. The patients, who are chiefly soldiers, have to go and get their own food from the cook. The hospital is arranged in wards, each ward a separate building, so the sick have to walk some distance to the building where the food is cooked.

There are physicians, but they are not as trained as our physicians are. There is not one trained nurse in the whole capital city, and the same may be said of the entire Republic.

Women missionaries are very much hindered in their work by the social customs of the country. Respectable women do not go out on the street alone. Venezuelan women have not the liberties and place that American women have.

It is with the hope of opening a larger field of service that I have decided to take the medical course before returning to the field.

### ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND.

Sunday morning a friend and the writer took the 8:10 train for the city, arriving at the city jail, where gospel services are held fifty-two days in the year. Through all kinds of weather Sister Van Dorn, with a company of workers, goes to preach the Gospel to hundreds of sinners behind the prison bars. Four services are held there.

First we went to the women's corridor, and there we found seven poor unfortunate specimens of humanity looking through the bars at us, some with sin-hardened faces, not caring anything about it, for it was not the first time they had been there. One girl not twenty years old attracted my attention. She had been drunk and became noisy, so was arrested and brought here. Poor girl, my heart went out to her, for she had a good face, but had shed so many bitter tears that she was disfigured.

We sang some hymns, then someone talked to them, reading something about Jesus and telling them His power to save from sin. Prayer was offered asking God to help these poor girls, who had gotten a little further down the hill of sin than some others, to accept of the One that is mighty to save.

After the service I talked with each one. I was more especially attracted to the one who cried so hard. She said to me: "Oh, lady, you do not know how hard I try not to drink; but my father is a drinking man and all my life I have been used to it and sometimes I cannot help it. There comes in my stomach such a terrible feeling I cannot help but drink, and I do not want to do it, for I know what it does for me. Can't you do something for me?" I told her the story of Jesus and how He could and would take the appetite away if she would only believe.

Oh, how many there are who are held by the cords of sin: they want to get away, but without the One who was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor they are utterly powerless. I prayed with her and left her with the One who can break the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free.

We passed on to the next corridor, had service there, then went on to the next, where we found men of all ages who had been brought in there during the night. One young man told us his story: his heart was heavy, he had just arrived in the city the afternoon before and wanted to see Chicago by night, so had gone out to see the sights. He got to drinking, lost his watch and pocketbook, also his reputation. He looked as though he came from a good home and was a clean and nice, refined looking boy. He was feeling very bad. I asked him if he felt bad because he got

caught or because of what he did. I told him there was a great difference, for if he was only sorry he got caught he would do the same thing again, but if his sorrow was deep enough he would never drink again.

What a terrible thing drink is, blinding the eyes, deadening the senses so one cannot perceive right from wrong, and indeed making men and women just what Satan wants them to be—a libel on God, so our heavenly Father gets the blame for what the enemy does. This is pleasing to Satan and just what he wants.

We next visited the prison annex, where the young girls and children are and where those are taken for the first offense. Here we found eleven girls, all about fifteen or sixteen years of age, some mother's girls. There was one who seemed to feel worse than the rest—a bright, smart, well-dressed girl. I asked her what she had done. She told me that she had run away from home; her father had refused to let her do something she wanted to, so she and another girl with two boys had come to Chicago to do just as they wanted to; had been here two weeks and all were arrested and shut up. Poor child, she did not know what leaving home would bring her! Really 2 Tim. 3:1-4 is fulfilled on every hand; children are heady, high-minded and disobedient to parents, and we see it everywhere. We find many who have been brought up well, yet who are down deep in sin. There is only one remedy; that is Christ, only Christ.

We then visited Cook County Hospital and saw some more sorrow and trouble. We first visited the warden and got a pass, then passed through one of the men's wards. There we saw another side of life—the sick and suffering on every hand, much of it brought on by drink.

The women's ward we visited next, where a band of workers were singing gospel hymns and talking to the sick about their souls' salvation. We passed on to the maternity ward. Here a sight greeted our eyes: there was a long, narrow bed the length of the room and some cribs, and on counting the poor little babies that lay there in a row we found there were nineteen poor little unwelcome things. How my heart ached for them! None but God knows what will be the end of each one, but someone will have to render an account for each one.

Oh, what a scene there will be when parents and children meet around the judgment seat, where there is nothing hid, but where every act and word will have to be accounted for. Hear what the wise man says: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12:14.

We then visited the operating room, where was everything that is needed to operate with, and where we found everything clean and well kept, with trained nurses to care for the sick. Such places are a blessing to many an unfortunate person.

Then we went to the children's ward. Here we found so many poor sick children, some with broken legs, others with fevers, and all kinds of ailments. We saw one without eyes, a poor little blind creature. I sent up a prayer that it could die, and said, "Look what sin hath done."

We next visited the Morgue, and there we saw the finish as far as this world is concerned. Some had been there days and none had claimed them. I said, "Surely the enemy hath done this." We turned away with sorrow in our hearts, for very few had ever known what the power of God could have done for them.

We then returned to the Life Boat Mission in the evening and there heard the Gospel preached to some more poor unfortunate souls, and again saw what the enemy had done with men and women. No one will ever know till the last great day how many men and women have had the Gospel seed sown in their hearts and have turned away from sin at this Mission. Three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year the seed is sown in hearts.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in," is the *last* call. Who will answer, "Here am I; send me"? I returned home thanking God for a knowledge of a Gospel that can save from sin.

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

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When you pray for the removal of a mountain you had better say Amen with a steam shovel.

FROM A PRISON CELL TO SOUL-  
WINNING WORK.

The following abstracts are from letters written to Mrs. Fred Nelson by a former inmate of the Knox County Jail:

"It has been sometime since I wrote to you and no doubt you have forgotten me but I still think of you, and your kindness is one of the brightest memories I have of the city of Galesburg.

"Having given all my spare time of late to the Lord's cause, I know just how much it encourages one to know that the efforts that he has put forth benefits someone or makes someone happy, therefore I desire to tell you that the love you showed your fellow creatures in that jail gave me comfort and encouragement:—gave me heart to take up the fight again and strive to redeem my wasted life.

"Your kind words and teachings and your example which is better than precept put new life into me and helped me to see more clearly than ever before what the word 'Christ-like' meant. To me the word 'Christian' meant 'Hypocrite.' Now it means 'Christ-like' and your work there was so much in accordance with the teachings of Christ that it showed me one could live to be a true Christian. I resolved then that I would serve Him right or as nearly right as I knew how.

"When I came down here I lost no time uniting with the church and have never missed in attending both church and Sunday school. I am now teacher of the young men's class. I never lose an opportunity to speak a word for Christ.

"My class are boys who either never attended Sunday school or only once in a while. Only one of the twelve ever professed religion. Two of them are college boys and one is a school teacher; they are all of the better class of people. That makes it hard for me to reach some of them as I feel below them in the social scale. It is a grand work and I like it.

"As for myself, I feel square with God, not that I have paid Him all that I owe Him, but He forgave me when I promised to let Him be my leader the rest of my life. God only knows the hours of bitter anguish I suffered while there in that prison during those sleep-

less nights. It all seems to be a terrible dream but there were those up there who did not forsake me and I thank God for them.

"You are right when you say that all who are in prison are not hardened criminals. Not all wilfully and wickedly did wrong and in some cases their own consciences are enough punishment."

THE RECORD OF A MISSPENT LIFE.

MR. T. SUTTON.

[You who have never felt the drunkard's indescribable craving for drink, will you read this abstract from a talk that Mr. Sutton gave a few nights ago in the Life Boat Mission? When you have read it you will probably thank God for what you have been spared. If you have made the drunkard's thirst a subject of your jokes, perhaps you will have another view of it. Many a poor victim of the drink habit will also chance to read this. Will you avail yourself of the only sure cure? We will be glad to correspond with you and give you any helpful advice and suggestions that we have acquired in our experience in dealing with the victims of the drink habit.—ED.]

Friends, I know not what you may do, what your desires or wishes may be, but I *know* what mine are. I am going to speak from personal experience, and not from any hearsay on the part of anybody, nor from any discourse I have heard, but from the depths of my heart.

I cannot plead *ignorance* as an excuse for the record of a misspent life, because I was born and raised in the lap of truth. I was blessed with the best mother that God ever gave a boy. I had everything that heart could desire or money could buy that was reasonable, but before I had reached manhood, while I was yet in my teens, it pleased God to send the Angel of Death to bear away that lovely Christian mother. I was left with ample means. I did not need to want, and did not want, but I was an orphan. My father died when I was an infant. I never recollect seeing him.

The old home was now gone, old associations and ties broken, and I was an outcast. I left the old home town in which I had been born and raised and went to the city. I had been there but a short time until I fell in with the so-called society of young men in the city.

I attended the most elegant church in *the*

city. In fact, at that time I was a member of the church, and was living at one of the best hotels in the city. There was a crowd of young men there who were either the sons of wealth or held good positions, with whom I associated. For a while I resisted temptation, but pretty soon I was going to the theater, ball, receptions, and playing pool, and then last, but not least, my silver began to go to the barkeeper.

I first began to drink because I thought it was smart. All others with whom I associated drank, and I thought I had to be right in it and be fashionable too. At the time I was holding an excellent position and did not want for anything. But I kept on in that career, going from bad to worse; drank a little more every day until it became, in the course of a few years, indispensable. My friends remonstrated with me, but I laughed and said that I could quit, certainly I could; but still the habit kept growing.

Years crawled on, until I began to stay away from the office. I did not feel well when I got up, and would say, "I will not go to the office today." It went along that way for some time, and then I began to stay away for a week, then for two weeks. For years I seldom went to bed one night in which I can say I was truly sober.

Finally the firm with which I was employed sold out their business and I concluded I would give up the city, the city life, the city associates and the city surroundings. I went out to Kansas, and went into the ranch business, raising cattle. I went there to get away from drink, but I suffered the first six months. My home was sixteen miles from the town, and it was a prohibition State.

I have not the language to express, and I do not believe that mortal man has the power to express, the suffering of the poor slave when his whisky is taken from him. It is the same with the cocaine or morphine eater—he has no hope, there is no cure.

But I found out after I had been there a short time that although it was a prohibition State, all that is necessary to obtain whisky was to go down to the drug store and call for a pint, a quart or a gallon for medical purposes or for a sick horse. He had a form for you to fill out, but did not ask you to swear to it, as he did that and signed it him-

self. That is all there was to it. I remained in Kansas for about sixteen months, and the last few months of that time, after I found that I could get whisky so easy, I got worse. I left Kansas, gave up the ranch, and scattered my money like the chaff before the wind, and I was penniless.

I then went to Pittsburg, to my early home. I went to the head of the largest business firm in the city at that time and the largest of its kind in the world. I told him I wanted a position. He said, "All right, go to work in the morning; your salary will be \$4,000 per year."

I remained with him for years, but it was the same old story. I got back among the same old crowd, and in a short time I found myself in the same old place, drinking harder than ever. Friends prayed with me. The secretary and treasurer of the company, the dearest friend I have on the earth today, remonstrated with me. He appreciated it because he was a redeemed drunkard himself. But it went on until he could not stand it any longer. I was so unreliable regarding my hours and my time that they could not depend on me. Consequently I was led to believe that if I would tender my resignation it would be accepted.

I felt I would not do anything for a while. I would take a rest, which I did for six months. Then I met a friend one day who used to drink but was cured at the Keeley Institute. He said, "It cured me; you had better go." I went without any further ceremony. I spent some time there, and when I was through I concluded I did not want to go back to Pittsburg. I did not want to go back in the old roads and associates. I thought if I would go to a strange place I would do better. So when I left the institution I came to Chicago. I was again in a corporation, and was elected treasurer of the firm with a very good salary. For five years I did not drink, but I had the desire all the time. There was a constant gnawing and craving in my system for drink, but, everybody knowing that I drank and had taken the Keeley cure, I fought it out.

Finally, feeling the devil so strong, and being without God or hope, friends, I took my first drink after five years. Never take that one and you will never want the second,

but I took the one, and in less than a month I was back to where I started years ago. I returned to the Keeley Institute and tried it again. That time it lasted me when I got out about six weeks.

Then my friends began to say, "It is a useless case. There is no hope for him. He cannot quit." They told the truth. I found then that the people that were my friends before now ceased to be my friends. The men who before would have given me anything I wanted simply for the asking for it, now shunned me. They had talked and reasoned with me and finally gave me up as a hopeless case.

I soon found it was no use to try to get a position, as no one would have me. They would ask who my last employer was and why I left. Then they would write me a good recommendation, but would end with, "He drinks; cannot depend on him." They had far better have said, "He is a thief." I found it would not do, so I started out to find whatever I could to do. I started out on the right way again for a short time; got to the city of Indianapolis, met some old friends, got drunk for two weeks, and then got discharged. Found another place, got drunk, discharged; the same old story.

I found that I was an absolute slave, and soon came to the conclusion that I was a total failure, that I was a hopeless case. I was without God and without hope in the world. If it was only the trifling troubles that you have you might endure, but none is so terrible as the horrible suffering mentally of the poor drunkard, the gnawing of the conscience, the horrible remorse, the fear to look at friends, and the agony of the soul. It seemed to me that it must be almost equal to the suffering of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before His crucifixion.

God only knows the suffering of the drunkard. It seemed there was no way, no help. Friends, that was my condition until I had reached the point where I was without God and without hope in the world—a miserable, outcast drunkard, wandering up and down the streets of the town, sleeping anywhere, and getting a drink by any means I could.

I kept this up until five weeks ago tonight, when I wandered in here in that condition. I did not *want* to drink. For years I had *tried*

to quit, but I could not. I do not think any man is a slave to drink by choice. I know I was not. My will power was gone, my physical strength was gone; I had lost all hope, I had lost everything.

But thanks to God I gave up myself like the prodigal son, came to the foot of the cross, made an unconditional surrender, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and He was. I have said there is no hope for the poor drunkard, but there is hope. There is one hope which is not in yourselves, not in good resolutions, not in going to the Keeley Institute, nor in any human means. It is coming to the foot of the cross and laying your cares upon Him who is able and willing to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto Him.

Remember that in all this book, from Genesis to Revelation, there is not one promise for *tomorrow*, it is all for *today*, for *now*. Now is the accepted time. *Now* is the time of salvation. Friends, if you would only listen to that still small voice! Put not out that little flame, but let it flash into a glorious light, that you may see the Son of God in all of His glory. Today is the day of salvation. Turn unto God and live.

#### WHAT IS DRINK?

A prominent Philadelphia business man sent us the following poem from the *Boston American*, composed by a man in the penitentiary who was sentenced there for forging a check while under the influence of liquor.

"A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Whoever named it named it well;  
A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health,  
A bar to honor, pride and fame,  
A door to sin and grief and shame;  
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair;  
A bar to honored, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife;  
A bar to all things true and brave,  
A door to every drunkard's grave;  
A bar to joy that home imparts,  
A door to tears and breaking hearts;  
A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Whoever named it named it well."

#### GOOD IN EVERY MAN.

An inmate of the Clinton Prison, New York, writes as follows:

"I was very glad to know you will be a friend to me and I also want to thank you for sending me this magazine regularly each



month. I have read the June number over and over and I find valuable reading matter in it.

"Some of the inmates said to me, 'What is the use to read such worthless trash?' I asked them if they ever read it. Not one of them had ever looked in it. I offered one a paper of tobacco if he would read the first few pages. The next morning I asked him if it was all trash. He said he had read every article in it not because he wanted to but because he had nothing else to read, he said. The best part of it is, he has asked me two or three times if I have received the July number, as he wished to look in it. There is a little story in the June number which he will keep in his heart, and it will make a better man of him.

"When I receive the July number I will try one of the other inmates. Our warden told us that there is a little good in every man. This is the first time in my criminal life that a man ever told me that there was a little good in me. Yes, when I am once more free, I will be a man, with God's help."

#### SOME EVERY-DAY INDICATIONS OF THE SOON RETURN OF CHRIST.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Can we know anything as to whether we are approaching the end of the world or is it something that in a misty, hazy kind of way is entirely hid from us? We are told, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man" (Matt. 24:36); on the other hand Paul wrote that that day would not come entirely unaware on the children of light, only on the children of darkness. (2 Thess. 5:4, 5.)

When I went over to Europe, after I had been out for several days I wanted the captain to tell me when we would reach the end of our journey. He said, "Why, no one knows just what hour we are going to land." However, I discovered before we discerned the coast of England, certain signs, such as the birds flying about, little sail boats on the water, etc., which indicated that we were nearing the shore.

Are there any indications that show us that we are nearing the heavenly shore? Christ condemned the people who had learned by observation when the clouds appeared a cer-

tain way in the morning that it would be rainy weather before the day is over, by saying: "O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matt. 16:3.

The good people down in Thessalonica naturally received the impression from Paul's first letter that Christ was about to return the second time, so he wrote them a second letter assuring them that before Christ came there would be a tremendous backsliding in the world, a system of religion would be established that would be entirely contrary to what He was teaching, and efforts would be made to change God's law. (2 Thess. 2.)

All of you who have read anything of history know about the dark ages when for more than a thousand years the world pulled down its moral and intellectual curtains and went to sleep until the time of the reformation that was ushered in by Luther and others. Paul told the Christian people that all this was to precede the coming of Christ.

Christ built tables, boxes and stools and did general carpenter work for thirty years. He then preached nearly three and one-half years, went about doing good, comforted the poor woman that cast in a few mites for her offering and yet as far as we have any record He never said a word about His return to this earth again; but one day he said something that aroused the curiosity of several of His disciples and they asked Him "What shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world?" (Matt. 24:3.)

#### A UNIVERSAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

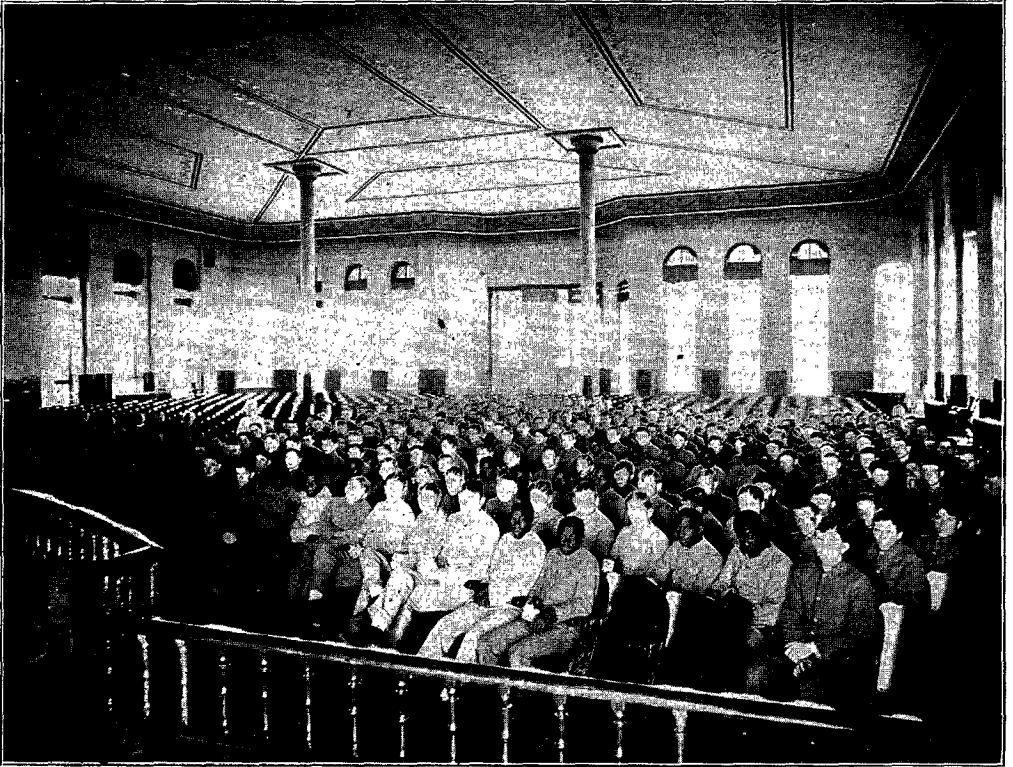
He then gave among others one clear and decisive sign, He said, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14). During the last fifty or one hundred years Christian people everywhere have been inspired to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth. The very heart of Africa has been traversed by the feet of missionaries publishing good tidings. The other day a great missionary convention was held in the city of Tokio, Japan. Every province in China has been entered; even Tibet, the only country on earth where the Gospel has never been preached, is about to be entered.

I never yet have met a successful missionary who had returned from the foreign field who did not firmly believe the Lord was soon coming. Why? Because the same Bible that commanded him to go and preach the Gospel to every creature tells him that when that work is done the Lord will come.

It is the man who has done little or nothing to fulfil that command who sometimes has a hard time to convince himself that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and it is not to be wondered at.

the place of children in the hearts of any number of fathers and mothers. The people were to become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. That is why some churches are talking of putting in vaudeville shows so as to maintain the attendance of the church. "Having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof." Is it not true that with many religion has become a mere form, while the power to change hearts and lives is entirely absent?

In the fifth chapter of James we have a



Gospel Service in the Pontiac Reformatory.

#### HARD TIMES.

Paul wrote that in the last days perilous or hard times would come, that among other things children would be especially disobedient to parents. (2 Tim. 3:1-5.) The other day I visited the Pontiac Reformatory with its eleven hundred boys, most of them a fulfilment of this text.

They were to be without natural affection. You all know how poodle dogs have taken

picture of the condition of capital and labor at the time when the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Speaking of the rich men, he says: "Ye have heaped treasure together for the *last* days." Recently the editor of the Wall Street Journal wrote that ten years ago one per cent of the population of the United States owned a little more than one-half of all the wealth of the country, while last year one per cent owned and controlled nine-tenths

of all the wealth of the country. Does that look like someone was heaping together treasures?

James said, "Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter." James 5:5. Does not that remind us of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollar banquets, and the display of luxury and extravagance that is doing so much to develop class hatred? James furthermore tells us that the hire of the laborers which is kept back by fraud, crieth. Can we not in these lines read an echo of the present labor agitation?

In Daniel twelve, first verse, at a time when Christ is about to return it is stated that many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased. That suggests the development of enormous transportation facilities. Every school boy knows how wonderfully that has been fulfilled in this generation.

The editor of Collier's magazine says that a boy ten years old can remember when the automobile was a mere toy,—now there is one to every eight hundred of the population among us. He says that the youth are yet in our colleges who could have seen the first trolley car,—now they are everywhere. Think of the marvelous educational opportunities and inventions. Is knowledge being *increased* or is it merely a dream?

#### SOME WILL NOT SEE.

But in the face of all these evidences there will be some in the last days, so Peter declares, who will act as scoffers and who will walk after their own lusts, saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?" and who will insist that everything continues just as it did afore time. (2 Pet. 3:3,4.) Do you belong to that class? When I crossed the ocean and began to see evidences that we were getting near land I saw to it that all my things were packed, so that I would be ready when the time came to land. And would it not be well in view of some of the things that are taking place about us, for each one of us to be getting ready for moving day, and yet at the same time not forget to *occupy* until He come? (Luke 19:13.)

Do not fold your hands and do nothing because the Lord is soon coming; rather endeavor to be found of Him in peace, and if

you have already entered into that experience then be sure to hunt up somebody else and teach them how to have the same experience.

Furthermore Paul, looking down the ages, prayed for the people who were to live in the last generation that their "whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless at the arrival of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. 5:23, Rotterdam's translation.)

#### A GOSPEL FOR THE BODY AS WELL AS THE SOUL.

When Christ returns there will be some who have been surfeiting themselves and there will be some who have had a form of religion instead of the spirit of it.

There will be a marvelous increase in knowledge, but men will use that additional knowledge to simply scoff at the evidences of Christ's soon return; but at that very time there will be some who will be earnestly proclaiming a Gospel for both soul and body. They will be teaching the people there is such a thing as physical righteousness as well as spiritual righteousness.

The last five years my wife and I have moved four or five times, and each time there have been some things that we have decided were not worth moving; they were merely rubbish and we destroyed them, not because we hated them but because they were not worth moving. The present indications are that God's moving day is hastening right upon us and God will soon transfer from this world over to the next everything that is worth moving, and what is not worth transferring will be destroyed.

When moving day comes are *you* going to be rubbish, or will you permit the Master to have wrought His perfect work for your soul, body and spirit so that you will be transplanted to that better world?

Will it not have been worth while to deny your appetite, to pass by some sinful pleasure so that you may stand through the time of trouble just ahead of us when a thousand shall fall on the one side and ten thousand on the other (Ps. 91:7) so that it shall not come nigh you?

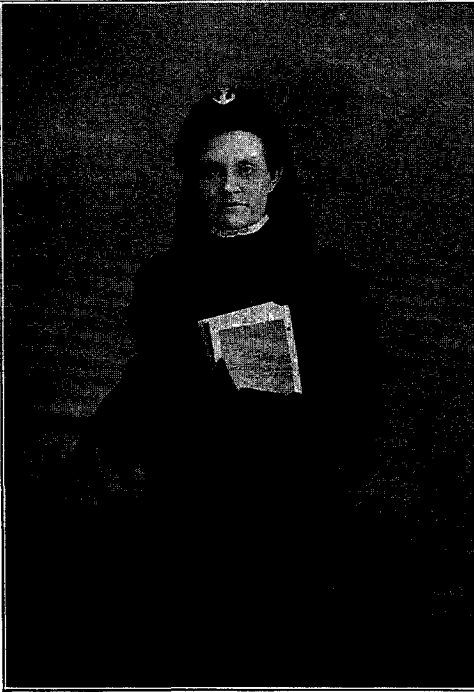
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"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."—II. Thes., 5:4.

### "A DOUBLE BLESSING."

MRS. MARGARET MILLER,  
Hammond, Ind.

I have been engaged in the work of selling this magazine for more than a year. I met a young man the other night who, with tears in his eyes, said that he was hungry and homeless and could not buy a paper. I knew he was telling me the truth, so I gave him money and sent him down to the Workingmen's



Mrs. Miller.

Home, where he could get wholesome food and a place to sleep. He asked me to pray for him, which I did.

I meet others everywhere I go who ask me to pray for them. I never give to the hungry or needy but what I receive a double blessing. The other night Brother Ginn and I found a poor sick man. We took him to the hotel and gave him money to pay his expenses while there. Soon after helping that sick man that evening I sold a LIFE BOAT to a saloon-keeper who handed me a dollar. I said, "Brother, I cannot make change for that amount." He said, "I don't want any change. I give it to you." Praise God, my money

which I had given the sick man was returned within an hour.

"Give and it shall be given to you," and again, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We may some time need help as these poor helpless creatures do, and Christ will "save to the uttermost."

We need money for the Suburban Home at Hinsdale and for all the different branches of this work. Will you not be the one to whom Christ will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

### A PROFITABLE VACATION TRIP.

MRS. FRED NELSON.  
204 Duffield Avenue, Galesburg, Ill.

[What every Christian needs above all things is a passion for winning souls to Christ. If you do not possess this, ask God that it may possess you. We abstract the following from a personal letter as it illustrates a watching for souls that every worker needs constantly to cultivate.—Ed.]

I have been away on a visit to Kansas and have had many interesting experiences. I asked the Lord before starting on the trip that I might be used to further His cause and that I might have some good experiences. The prayer was answered, as from beginning to end I had the privilege of getting others interested in the cause I love.

This magazine, I feel sure, has gained many more new friends as it was all so new to them. A desire was expressed by many that they also might be able to do something for this cause in the future. One lady that I talked with said she never would forget what I had said and her intention was to take up this work in her city and get others interested also. She was so thankful I had brought it to her attention.

I did not see a sign of liquor in the State of Kansas in any form. I many times expressed my thankfulness when I saw so many young men on the streets in the cities with not a place in sight where they might be led astray by drink.

We visited the jail in one city and I was greatly surprised when I was told that there was only one prisoner in the jail. There had been only four at the last term of court and often they have none at all. We called upon

the sheriff's family, they being friends of ours. Naturally I was not satisfied until I had seen the lone prisoner, so when we were asked if we cared to see the prison department, I most gladly accepted the invitation. He was delighted when I told him of my prison work and that I was a friend to all unfortunates, and urged us to call again before we left the city. We knew that could not be possible for us so we bid him farewell, never expecting to see him again. But the words that were exchanged there in that gloomy place no doubt will remain in his memory, bringing back beautiful thoughts as he reflects. I know it will remain with me, and to me our meeting was one of the most blessed experiences I had while in that city.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by.  
If a smile we can renew,  
While our journey we pursue,  
Oh, the good we all may do;  
While the days are going by."

We visited several sick ones among our friends. I was invited to go to one house where a man was sick who has been in his bed for six months. I had no desire to go there as they were strangers to me, but was glad when I saw how the singing cheered his heart. Tears streamed down his face as he heard the sweet story of Jesus' love for the sick and dying and of the home prepared for all who endure afflictions patiently. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:4.

In another home we had occasion to visit, which was beautifully furnished with everything to make life happy, was a person partially demented, who was a constant care and anxiety. I could not but tell the lady that perhaps this was her mission in the world—the caring for this helpless one, and that if she bore her cross patiently, though so very hard, she would be rewarded; that God sees just how much we can bear, and as our days so shall our strength be.

While everything that love and kindness could do for us to make our stay pleasant was done, yet the happiest experiences were those

when I was able to bring hope and cheer to the discouraged and sad.

During the night of my return trip there were others who were unable to sleep on the train, so we spent the time in conversation, which soon drifted into what my thought centered in. I had LIFE BOATS with me and I found the people greatly interested in this work, though it was unknown to them before. I also had several letters with me from prisoners and let them read some. They asked for permission to let others of their party read them also, and said, "How happy you must be in this work; we wish we could do something of this kind."

I told them that I was glad that it had ever been brought to my attention as it had brought me so many blessings, and I have the joy and satisfaction that it has not been in vain. When these ladies left, others quickly took their places and the whole night was spent this way in getting people interested in this magazine and its work.

One man said he desired to have a copy of it to send to his wife and baby, whom he had left weeping when he departed. He refused to take any change, saying that he wanted to donate that to the good of the cause. When he bid us good-bye, he said, "I am glad to have met you. May God bless you. I'll remember you in my prayers." The sincerity of his words and manner impressed me.

Another, a young man, told me of his anxiety to get back home as he had received a message that his father had been in an accident and was at the point of death. I judged by his speech that he was a good boy to his parents. He said he had never known trouble but always tried to do what was right. I assured him that he might consider himself fortunate that he had never been overcome by the temptations and snares as so many have. I also gave some LIFE BOATS to some young ladies on their way to a Sunday school convention.

When I arrived home my heart was full of praise to my Heavenly Father for His guiding me and for all His loving kindness in giving me these precious experiences. I feel sure that some good seed was planted as a result of our meeting that night and that its influence will go on. We throw a pebble into the ocean and it forms a wave which goes on to

the very shore. May God add His blessing to the little we do. It is, after all, as a pebble dropped in the ocean; the world's need is so great.

When I arrived home I found a great number of letters awaiting me. Most of them were from prisoners and they were a feast to my soul. Some were very pathetic; some asked for copies of this magazine or Bibles. I would be very grateful if any have good clean Bibles or LIFE BOATS if they would kindly send them to me for these unfortunate ones, who love the Word of God but have not as much as a Bible to comfort them. I know God will richly reward anyone for the sacrifices. We cast the bread upon the waters and it returns after many days. Let us do all for Jesus' sake. It is worth while to do even the smallest kindness as we go along the way. Nothing is lost. No dew drop perishes, but sinking into the flower makes it sweeter.

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#### BOTTLED SUNSHINE TO THE SHUT-INS.

MRS. HELEN ODELL.

286 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We might call it poetical to speak of such choice flowers as primroses, hepticas, sweet Williams and wild roses, but the milkweed, brown-eyed Susans, rosin weed and other undesirable weeds that grow along our country roads are considered unpoetical. Yet groups of children have roamed the meadows for these same unpoetical things and patients in the hospitals of our large cities have been reminded of the shady groves and the grassy meadows where they spent their childhood.

Grandmother's pinks, nasturtiums, lilies, etc., have been brought from the gardens, and the children have been made no less happy in thus carrying bottled sunshine to these shut-ins.

One may ask what led the children to do this? Early in the spring we were able to interest some children in Chicago and vicinity in Bible study. The older children are studying the book of Mark and the younger ones the story of creation. I teach the children to make drawings of their impressions of each study and thus they are fixed in their minds.

One child seated on her papa's knee one

evening told him promptly and correctly the story of the six days' work of creation and the seventh day of rest. Her papa exclaimed, "Well, child, that is better than nine-tenths of the grown-up folks can do." He was perfectly surprised to hear that seven-year-old child tell him the story of creation.

At the same time the situation of the poor and ill in the city was told them and their interest aroused so that every week armloads of these wild flowers find their way to the hospitals. Fifty-two children are thus at work.

One lady who had already a bunch of roses, when she saw one of the children come in with the wild flowers asked for them as she preferred them to the ordinary hot-house plants. Quite often babies are found in the hospitals who have no papas and mammas, hence no stockings. One of our little bands is contributing money to buy stockings for these babies. Another band is looking forward to dressing dolls for Christmas time for the poor children in Chicago.

At one hospital visited with flowers the children have been invited to come and roll bandages and cut sponges. The facts are that the work keeps me so busy that I have no time to write it up. People welcome this magazine as gladly as ever. Go to work where you are and have a share in the blessing that comes to us in the work.

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#### WANTS A HOME.

An inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory writes:

"I received your kind and welcome letter and was very glad to hear from you. Mr. Lee Mallernee is reading the new number of the LIFE BOAT to us boys now. He read about five pieces last night.

"I am a helpless colored boy and want to give my heart and soul to God. I have no home to go to when I get out in the world. I want to go to a Christian home, so I can grow up a man, and a good one, too. I am fifteen years old. My father died on April 9, 1905. I do not know where my mother is. I go to Sunday school every week. Our golden text once was, 'Men ought to pray and not faint.' Could you get me a home?"



## ENCOURAGING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were received by Mrs. Kershaw from inmates of the Sing Sing Prison, N. Y.:

"I am still leading a Christian life and have a firm hold on the throne of God, striving to be very patient under the circumstances and praying to God every day so that I will be kept steadfast and never get weary of well doing.

"I also pray every day for you that you may be successful in your glorious work and that you will bring many weary souls to the feet of our blessed Lord and Master. May God's richest and choicest blessings be ever yours for the good you have accomplished. Your letters to me personally have been such a comfort that I thank God He has bestowed upon me the privilege of knowing you; and I trust that sometime in the near future I will have the pleasure of meeting you and speaking to you. I thoroughly appreciate all you write me and will, with all my heart, keep near to God and keep my mind on Jesus."

ALWAYS HAPPY.

"Your letter has made me more than happy; it is more to me than any silver and gold in this world, and I am glad to hear you are well and strong enough to watch for the lost sheep and bring them back to their Master Shepherd. Your Bible and LIFE BOAT magazine reached me and I give you my promise that I will cherish them always and will study my Bible daily. And when it is God's will to bring the day when He can use me for His serving I would be happy if I could go in some dark fields and wilderness and could do the work as you are doing.

"I never will forget the day when you came to my cell door. I thought I had been lost and forgotten by everybody. But I can see how blind I was, and now I see how near my Friend has been, standing by me, as God had sent you to my door. Truly God never forsakes His children; His promise is sure, and if I never have the pleasure of meeting you in this world I will live so in the future that I will reach the golden days of meeting in our heavenly Father's home, and then I will thank you for all you have done for me. God

bless and reward you for all; I am sure you will find a big treasure in heaven.

"The LIFE BOATS are welcomed by all the boys; I give them around to all, and they are all waiting for the next one. Some of my fellows go with me now to the Bible class meeting every month. I am proud every time I win a soul here in prison. I have found it pays to be a Christian and serve God. The boys often come to me on my bench and say to me, 'B—— you are always happy, how is it?' and then I answer them if they will step in the way I go in they will be happy. In prison or outside, Jesus is with us all over.

"The other Sunday morning as I awoke, the golden sunshine shone in to me: I knew it was a blessing from God and that He wanted to treat me with something. Often He wanted to treat me before but I did not know and did not accept because I did not understand His treatments. But praise God, I am able now and can see all His movements and teachings. I will always keep my eyes on Christ as I am sure He will be with me, watching me every minute."

## TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

We are trying to do our little to put sunshine and hope into saddened lives. Possibly some unfortunate circumstance has led you into deep trouble and you do not know your way out. Do not give up in deep despair or commit some desperate deed, but write to us. We will do our best to help you. We want to save you for God and to make this life more endurable for you. Your letter will be held confidential by me. Write to me. May God give you courage and hope. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

If you want to have more happiness than you can hold, try giving away what you have.

We should always begin house cleaning at home.

Success is merely a matter of doing the right thing at the right time.

Smiles help, but it often takes sweat and tears to keep life sunshiny.

# Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## THE WAY TO TRUE SUCCESS.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men;" or, in the words of the margin, "obscure men." Prov. 22:29.

Here is the true formula for genuine greatness. There is a host of young people who are spending all their days in obscurity and having an opportunity to meet and deal only with obscure men, simply because they have somehow never learned the formula for true greatness.

The man who is diligent in the thing God gives him to do, who remains loyal and faithful to it, stands before the great among humanity; he does not stand before obscure men, while the man who by taking a short-cut course and striking out for himself simply to seek great things for himself instead of seeking great things in the world for God and humanity, will not win out. And Jeremiah's words of warning sound down the line to him: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." Jer. 45:5.

God never intended His children to be in small business. Joseph and Daniel are the normal type of what God wants us to be. He called Daniel to stand on that dizzy height where he was a marked man, head and shoulders over all the great men of his time. We are gradually finding out that they had a civilization in Babylon and Assyria that was no whit inferior to our own; in fact, there are indications that there were men in those days with giant intellects.

One hundred and twenty men were picked from one hundred and twenty provinces, the three greatest men were selected from among them, and the *chief* of these was Daniel. But the road that led up to that dizzy height where he stood a man among men, his head towering high over all the rest of humanity, lay through fierce tests and trials.

Many of us have through tickets to magnificent opportunities, but the road runs through the lion's den of test and trial today

just as much as it did then, and many prefer to avail themselves of stop-over privileges when they get to the mouth of the lion's den. How often we hear someone say, "No, you are not going to catch me doing that; I am not such a fool; I will look out for myself." So they camp on the safe side of the lion's den and they never will find out in this life the wonderful things beyond that were in store for them.

There was Joseph. He was a good boy, his father's pet, as a great many young people are. He wore nice clothes as many young people like to do; and he was a dreamer of dreams as many are. But that seemed about all that he was. He had developed no special backbone. He had not yet had the training and discipline to make him a man among men, so he was probably just an over-grown boy, a good fellow.

In order to become the greatest man of that wonderful time he had to pass through the necessary discipline; it lay through a terrible prison experience. But by and by Joseph almost virtually sat on the throne of Egypt.

Those who are only dreamers of dreams today will have to pass through some similar experiences before their dreams are translated into realities. There have been wonderful improvements made in many directions since Joseph's time, but God has no better method of fitting up character today than he had three thousand years ago; and some of you who are reading this, if you have not had the first instalment of that kind of experience you will meet it sooner or later. May God help you to count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, and to rejoice in tribulation, knowing that it works out something. There is no short-cut way. D. P.

## WORRY.

If there is any one mental state that may be regarded as characteristic of the present age it is that of anxiety—worry. Worry has ruined the digestion and religion of thousands

of honest souls otherwise healthy and conscientious.

Not only do we worry about those things which demand our attention, such as the rearing of our children, the conscientious filling of one's opportunities in life, etc., but we are constantly worrying over scores of little trifles which in no way directly concern the great issues of this world and the next.

Men have their temptations to worry over business and other affairs peculiar to their sphere of activity, while the women worry over their household affairs, sometimes society; and even the children have their little worries which all go to undermine the nervous system, derange the digestion, sour the temperament, and in various ways weaken the character and work against that steady growth and all-round development of being.

And worst of all is that professed Christians so frequently worry. Reader, are you a Christian? If you are, why should you worry? With the Prince of Peace indwelling you, why should you fear? With the everlasting arms underneath you, about what are you anxious? With the Lord Jesus infilling you with His own divine joy, concerning what should you worry?

Rather let us have that perfect faith and trust and love which casts out all fear, dispels every doubt and destroys every worry. As a Christian cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.

So not only will ceasing from worry cure dyspepsia, nervous prostration, but it will also help the great struggle of the soul in its battle to gain the mastery over the body. Freedom from worry likewise favors that condition of the body which enables it most effectually to resist disease. It likewise gives us that mental state which best prepares us to resist temptation and endure trial. W. S. S.

#### WHO WILL ASSIST IN THIS WORTHY MISSIONARY EFFORT?

We have recently received a letter from the Illinois State Prison at Joliet calling attention to the five hundred and forty-eight members of the Volunteer Prison League and expressing a desire to have each member sup-

plied monthly with copies of this magazine. The letter states in part:

"It seems to me that when a man is in prison and becomes inclined toward the better life or converted to the Christian life he would appreciate having a good paper regularly.

"If you could interest yourself in this matter and enlist the interest and financial support of others, I am sure it will bring a blessing to the lives of many whom our Master died to save."

We replied that some donations already received for this purpose made it possible for us to start this with a club of thirteen. A letter of thanks has just been received from which we quote the following: "I thank you for the prompt and substantial response to the appeal. May the blessing of God rest upon those whose donation enables you to furnish **THE LIFE BOAT** to so many of our League. I am sure that if you and those who donated could have been present in my class today when we were making up the list of names your hearts would have been made glad to witness the happy expression in many faces, especially the faces of the recipients of your favor. I trust that our dear Lord may touch many hearts and move some others to lend a hand in this cause."

Who will help to increase this list?

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Oaklawn Home School for Boys and Girls.— Comfortable buildings, extensive lawns, large orchards. Table supplies from our own garden. An ideal home for homeless children. Conscientious, intelligent training given to each child. For further particulars and terms address Mrs. Flora L. Bland, Albion, Ill.

#### VOLUNTEER WORKMEN WANTED.

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# 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.

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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.

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

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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.

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## RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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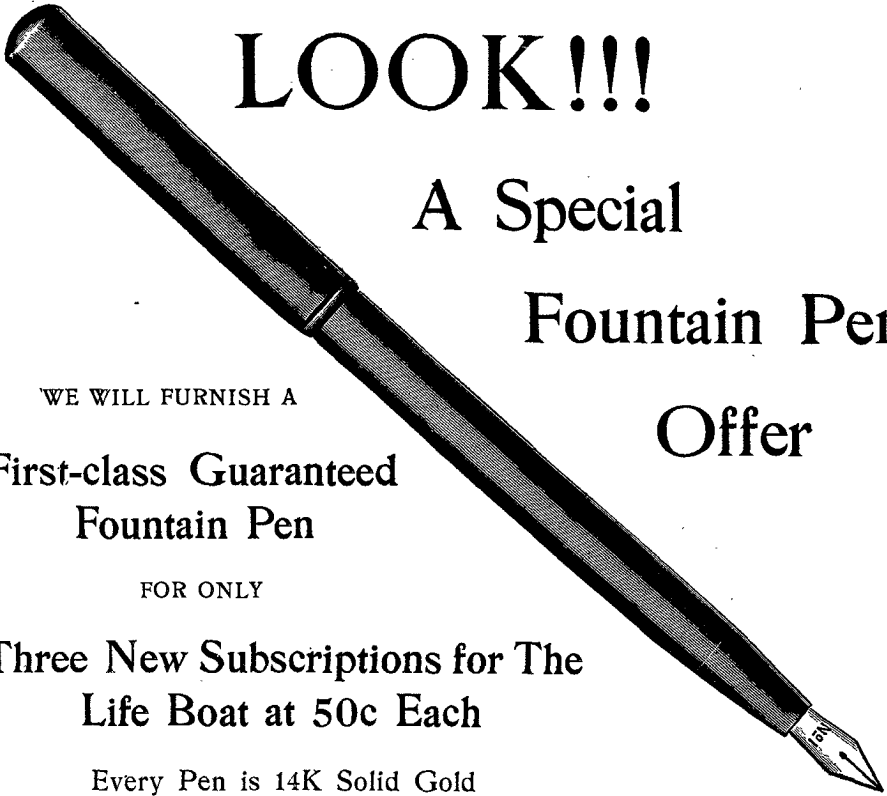
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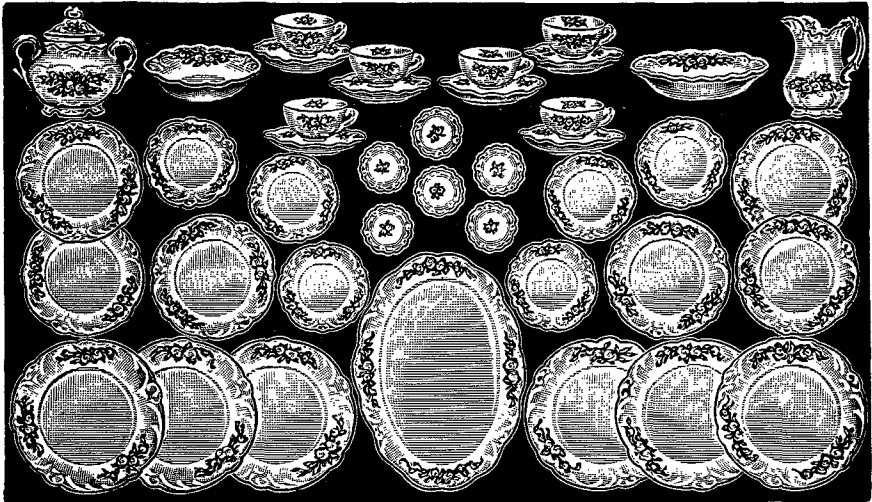
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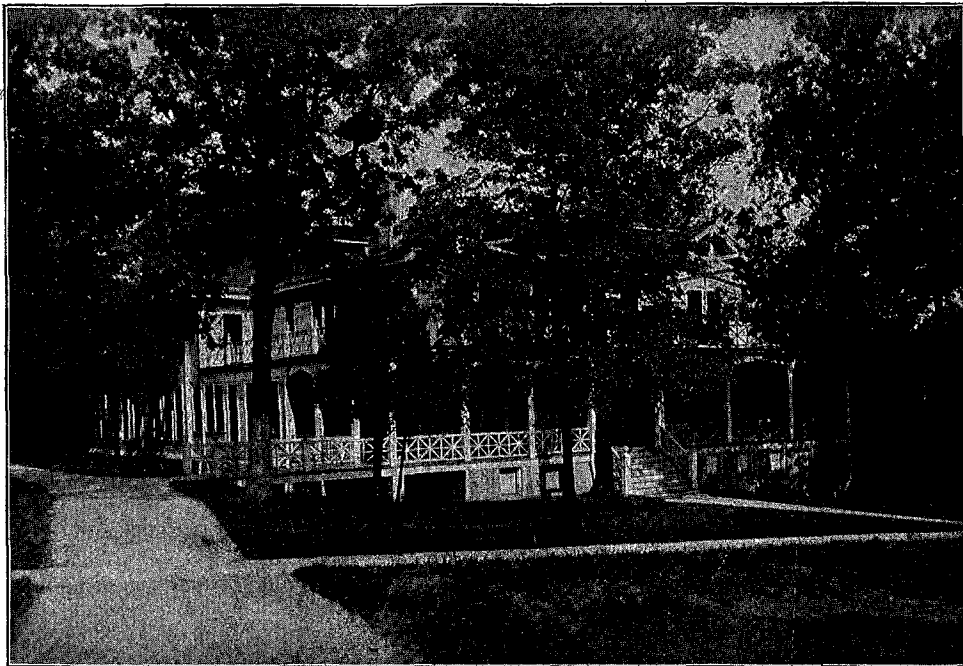
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