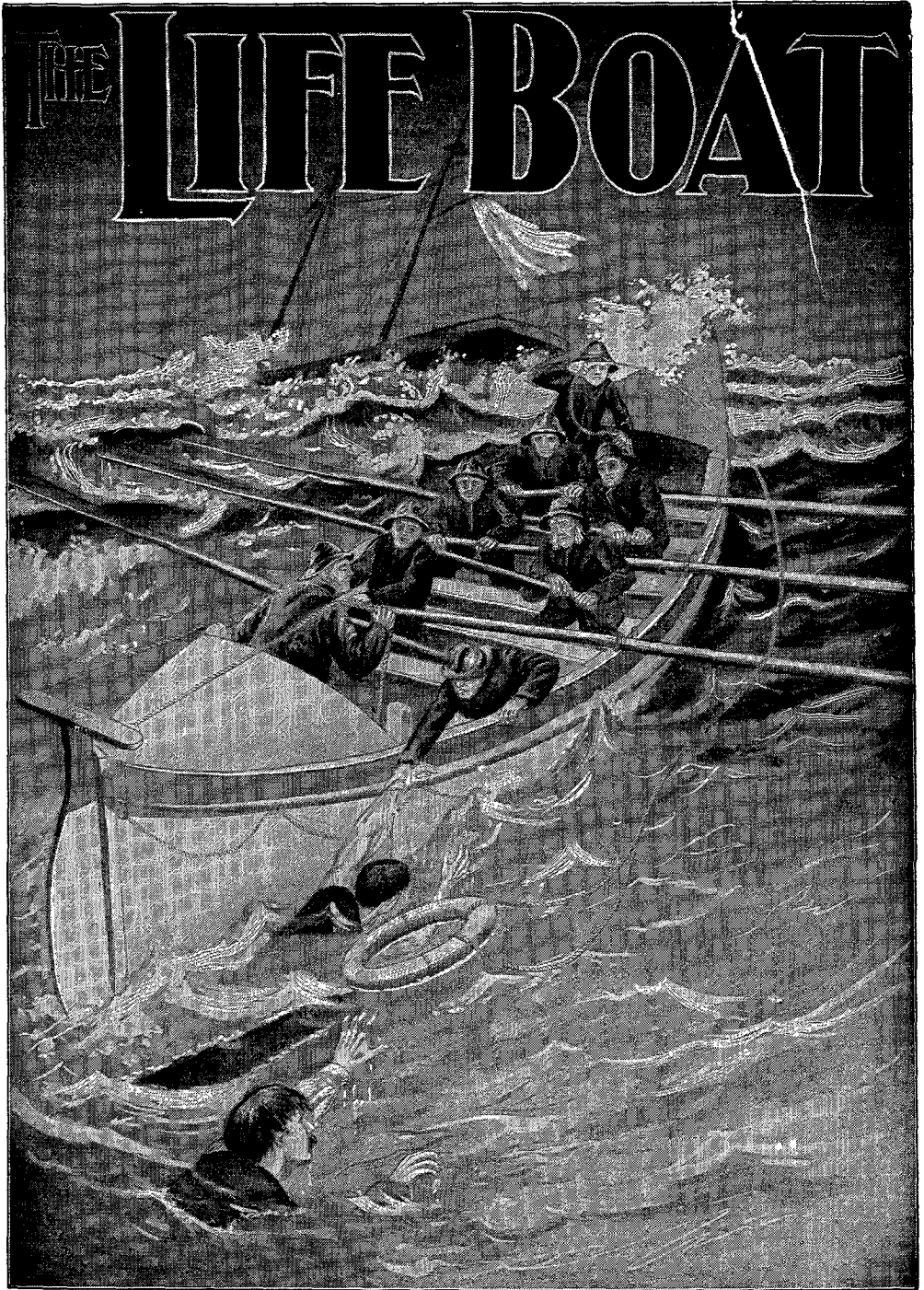


*"Rescue the Perishing"*

50 Cents a Year

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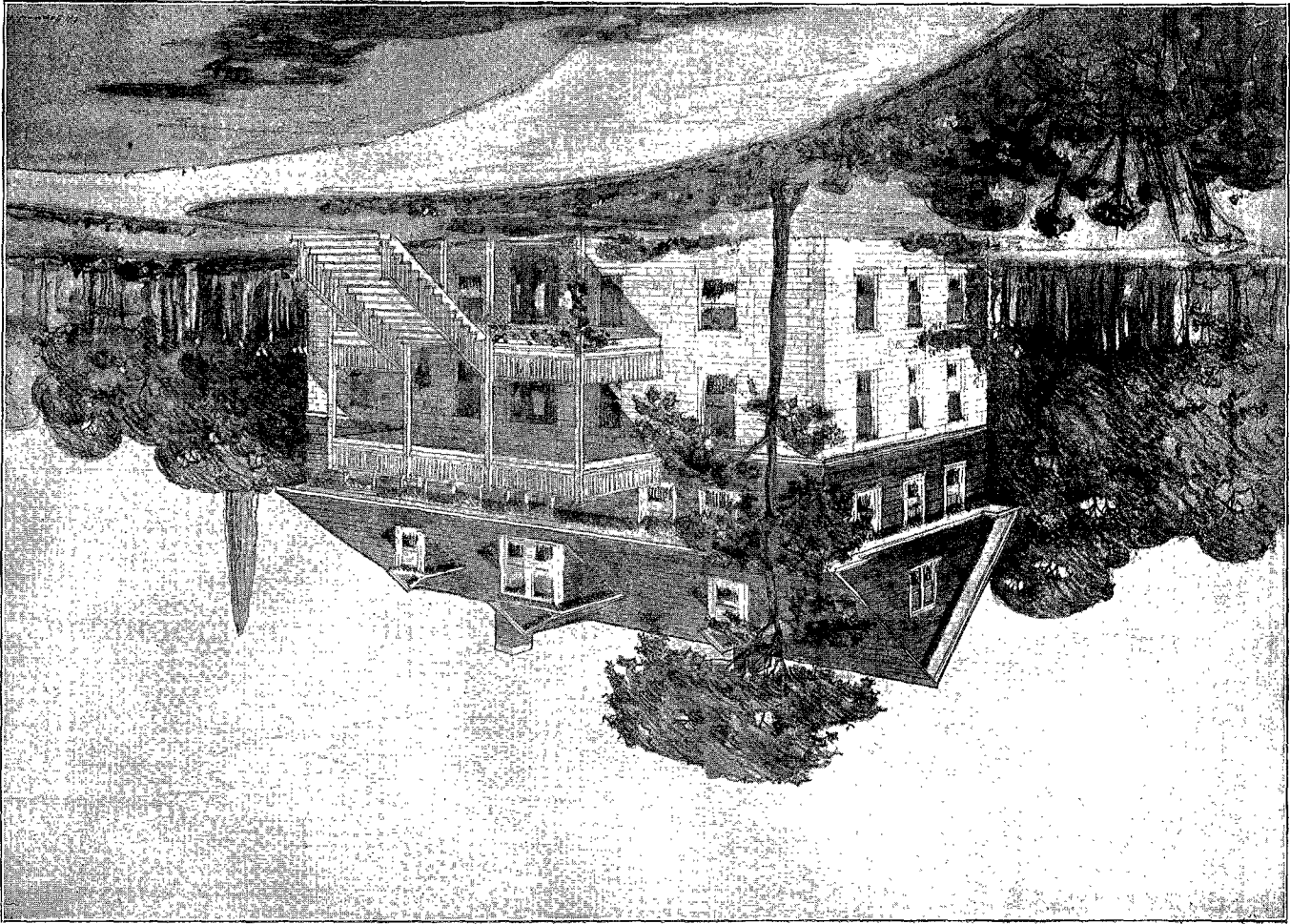
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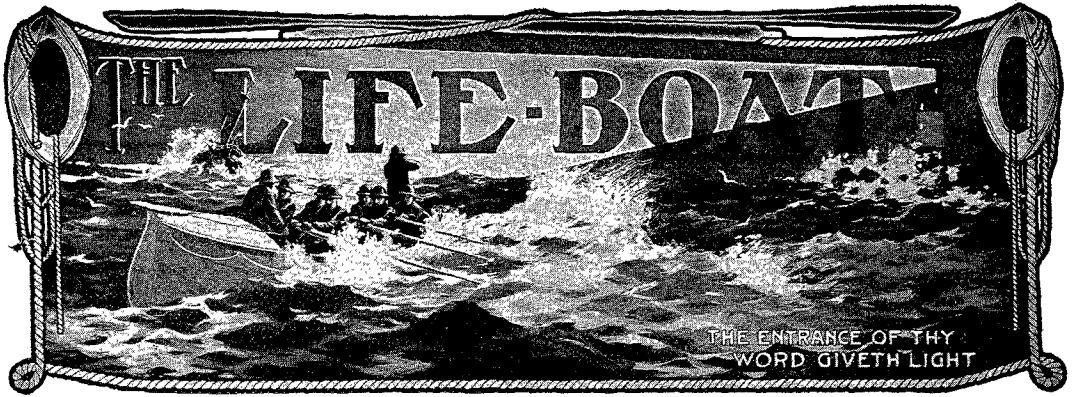
November, 1907

City Headquarters: 471 State Street, Chicago

*"Throw Out the Life Line"—By the Author*

(See page 386.)





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

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

**Volume X**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: NOVEMBER 1907**

**Number 11**

*Throw out the life-line,  
Across the dark waves  
There is a brother whom  
Someone should save;  
Somebody's brother, Oh!  
Who then will dare,  
To throw out the life-line,  
His peril to share?*

*Chorus.*

*Throw out the life-line,  
Throw out the life-line,  
Someone is drifting away;  
Throw out the life-line,  
Throw out the life-line,  
Someone is sinking to-day.*

Written for THE LIFE BOAT in the author's own handwriting.

**"THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE."**

There are but few hymns that have been sung so frequently in the present generation as "Throw Out the Life Line." It has thrilled the hearts of thousands of Christians and brought courage and hope to multitudes of earth's outcasts. We are glad to be able to present this month the following from the pen of its author.—Ed.]

Dear LIFE BOAT: I am still singing my way from point to point as the mile stones of my pilgrim journey are being passed one by one. In prisons, hospitals and factories I have thrown "the line that saves," and many precious incidents will linger in memory to smooth the path that leads home.

In Stratford, Conn., I visited last week the old house where I was converted in 1872; it was thirty-five years ago at a class meeting on Friday night. I was passing through the village a few days ago and called there to inspect that blessed Bethel. Oh, how my heart welled over with joy as I sat there, after all these years, and sang, "Throw out the Life Line."

Today I called on Fannie J. Crosby, who is now in her eighty-sixth year. She is as bright as a cricket. She recited for me her classic, "Saved by Grace." She has recently issued her book containing the story of her life work.

A few days ago I visited Mr. Ira D. Sankey at his pleasant home in Brooklyn. I

found him full of faith, though stricken with blindness. He said, "There is no dark valley." This was the hymn he sang at Mr. Moody's

"Blessed Lord Jesus, I'm coming to Thee,  
Thou hast redeemed me on Calvary's tree;  
No more in sorrow and sin will I pine—  
For glory to God, I have grasped the life-line."

Yours in Gospel song,

E. S. UFFORD.  
Springfield, Mass.



Mr. Ufford and the Life-Saving Apparatus that He Carried with Him to Illustrate His Gospel Talks and Songs on His Recent Soul-Winning Trip Around the World.

funeral. Then his wife put a record of his voice on the machine, which sent forth in clear and beautiful tones,

"We shall know each other better  
When the mists have rolled away."

What a wonderful power there is in Gospel song! Gypsy Smith, the noted English evangelist, has often made much use of the Life Line song to sway his audiences in a feeling manner. It is a great favorite with him. He has composed two verses which he would like to add to the song. They are descriptive of his own experience, and are as follows:

"Saved from the shipwreck while crossing the sea,  
Where 'mid the storm Jesus spoke peace to me.  
So, too, He plucked me from sin and despair,  
Saved by His mercy and somebody's prayer."

## EAT YE THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

(Concluded.)

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Professor Canon of Harvard sprinkled bismuth powder upon the food which he gave to cats and this enabled him to see the movements of the stomach and the intestines by the aid of the X-ray. His observations compelled the chapter dealing with that subject in all the physiologies to be rewritten.

Instead of the food being churned in the stomach by various movements, as we learned in our childhood, he found that a few minutes after the meal was over the stomach began to contract in the end which empties into the small intestine, and then contraction waves would pass over it, endeavoring to force the food through the pyloric valve into the small intestine.

Every ten seconds there would be one of these contraction waves, and gradually they would begin nearer and nearer the large end of the stomach. But during the first half hour or more the food would scarcely be disturbed in that end, thus giving an opportunity for the saliva that was swallowed to continue digesting starch.

But suppose food was so hastily eaten that there was no time for the saliva to mingle with it, then of course starch digestion would not proceed in the stomach. Or suppose, on the other hand, the food was washed down with some liquid before it had had time to be masticated, then again there would be no opportunity for saliva to get in its work. If one drinks at all at meal times it should be *between* the mouthfuls instead of with them, thus giving a proper opportunity for the saliva to be thoroughly mixed with the food.

Professor Canon succeeded in getting one of his cats to swallow quite a good sized pellet of food. He watched it as it was gradually worked over to the end of the stomach which empties into the small intestine. But it was not allowed to pass into the small intestine; instead of that it was

again forced down into the stomach, and for some time afterward even the food that was properly prepared was not allowed to pass into the small intestine as before. What a powerful lesson in favor of thorough mastication!

These X-ray experiments were in nowise painful to the cat, but it did not enjoy being tied down on its back, so after a time it began to snarl and whine. Instantly the movements of the stomach ceased. But when the cat was petted and assured that he was "a nice kitty," then he began to purr and immediately the stomach movements resumed their usual activity.

We have every reason to think that the same is entirely true in the human being—that when a person is depressed or in a bad state of mind digestive activities are practically blocked. It is important not only to eat that which is *good*, but also to let our soul *delight itself* in fatness (Isa. 55: 2) in order to get the best results from digestion.

#### THE CHEWING REFORM.

More than a hundred years ago Brilliat Savarin, a brilliant Frenchman, wrote a book on the science of good living, in which he called attention to the fact that the passport for the food had to be arranged for in the mouth in order to assure it a peaceful journey through the rest of the gastro-intestinal tract.

He emphasized the great importance of cultivating a proper *enjoyment* from the food eaten, for when the appetite is aroused all the digestive powers are *lined up* ready for action like soldiers waiting for the word of command. He stated that the same nature who orders man to eat that he may live, gives him an appetite to invite him to do so, flavors the food to encourage him and gives him a pleasure while partaking of it to reward him; and advises that we should use within reasonable limits the good things which Providence presents to us; while regarding them as things that perish with the using, at the same time we should raise our thankfulness for them to the Author of all.

But it was certainly left for Fletcher in modern times to mightily awaken the conscience of men on this subject. Although a man of great wealth, he found that his money could not buy him a cure of what seemed to be certain incurable disorders. In some way

the idea occurred to him that he might reap great advantages by most careful mastication. So he would take a mouthful of food and continue to masticate it until it practically worked out of his mouth on its own accord. By so doing he soon developed a very discriminating appetite, which led him to reject certain articles of food that he had been in the habit of eating before.

He also found that his appetite was satisfied with eating half as much as he used to. It especially led him to cut down on the beef-steak line of food. In a short time he was happily surprised on finding his physical troubles disappearing, and on his fiftieth birthday he rode one hundred and fifty miles on a bicycle. He virtually developed the endurance of a young athlete.

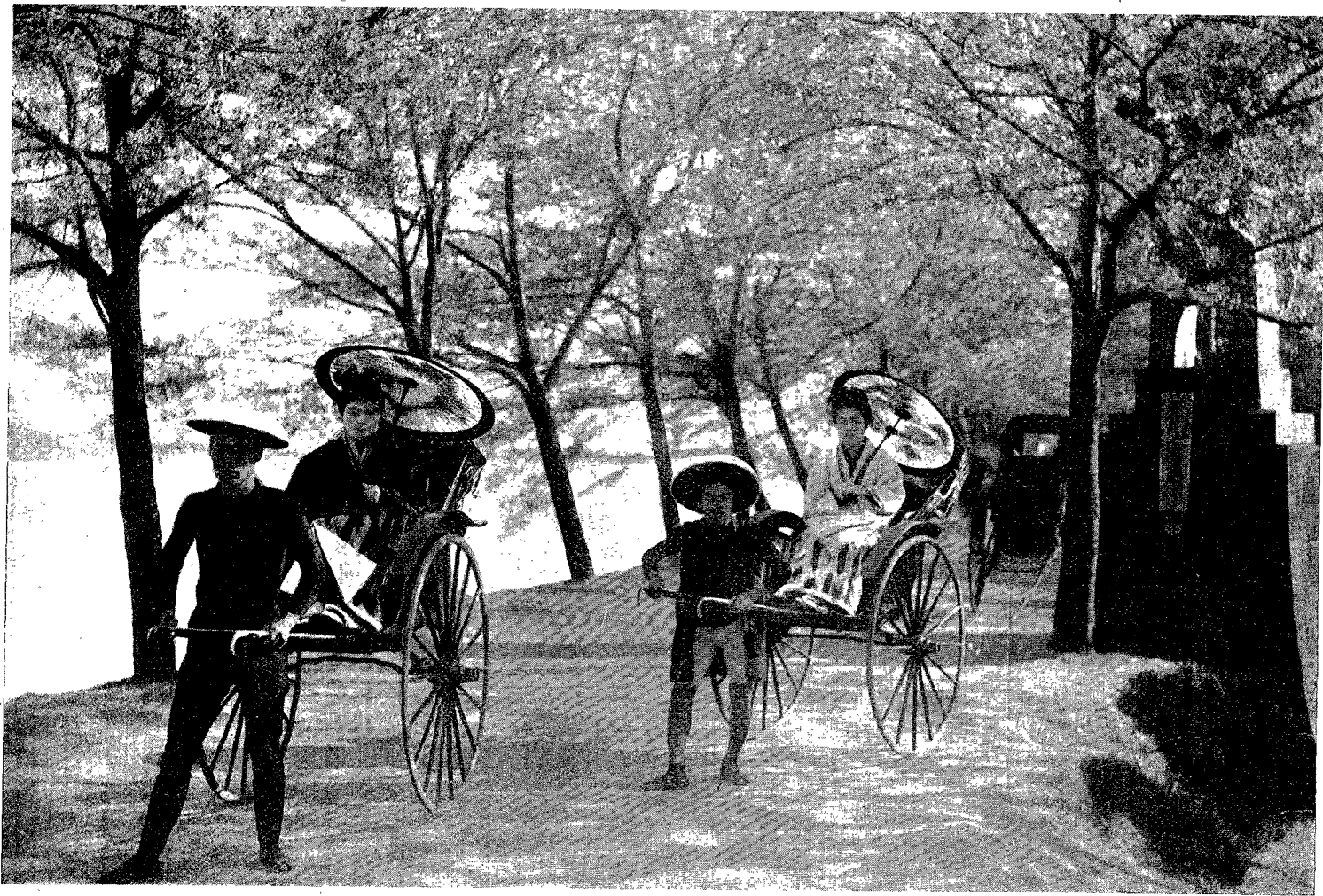
#### EXPERIMENTS THAT ARE CHANGING HABITS OF MILLIONS.

He became determined that the world should share the blessing of his great discovery. He allowed himself to be experimented upon in some of the great laboratories, where it was found that he was actually getting more strength from the food he ate than was ordinarily supposed possible.

As a result of these experiments the United States government set aside a squad of soldiers to be similarly experimented upon under the supervision of Professor Chittenden at Yale. It was found these men maintained their health and strength eating only from one-third to one-half as much of the beef-steak line of food as they had previously.

These experiments were finally extended to the athletes who were in training in Yale. It was found that in a few months' time they had almost doubled their physical efficiency. Then Professor Irving Fisher of Yale still further experimented on a group of Yale students, who agreed to thoroughly masticate their food. It was found they gradually lost their desire to eat flesh foods, to such an extent that at the conclusion of several months' of experiment they were only eating one-sixth as much flesh meats as they had at the beginning. They had practically doubled their physical endurance.

This gives a little glimpse of the wonderful possibilities that there are in merely carrying out faithfully this one health practice. It is certain that there are no teeth in the stom-



Good Health.

These Japanese Runners Will Cover When, Necessary from Sixty to One Hundred Miles a Day on a Dietary Consisting Largely of Rice.

ach. It is also certain that the squirrel and many other animals who probably never suffer seriously from indigestion, set us a good example with reference to thorough mastication.

There is a gradual tendency in the rising generation to eat soft and mushy foods that require little or no chewing. Undoubtedly, as a consequence of the resulting stagnation of the circulation of the blood about the mouth and throat, we have the enormous increase of enlarged tonsils, adenoids, etc.

Furthermore, as it is the taste of the food in the mouth that is the best stimulus for the pouring out of gastric juice, it is reasonable to suppose that in hasty eating and insufficient mastication, when only the outside of the food, as it were, is tasted, there is merely called out enough gastric juice to digest the outside of the food. Is it surprising that fermentation is set up in the remainder?

It is well for the Christian who believes in eating and drinking to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10: 31) to ponder carefully the valuable suggestions contained in the work of these patient investigators.

(Talk given Aug. 12, 1907, at campmeeting held at Hastings, Neb.)

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## LIVING TOGETHER ON GOOD TERMS.

WILLIAM COVERT,  
Chicago, Ill.

I never expect to be entirely satisfied with my spiritual condition in this life, but "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." Ps. 17: 15. The thought that I am even now a child of God is most impressive to me. (1 John 3: 2.) But there is something better, something sweeter, something richer, something deeper than we have yet experienced. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. 2: 9. But we can get something of a glimpse of it in this present life. We are scarcely getting all that the Lord has provided for us now. The individual that is having this experience worked out for him here enjoys Christianity.

I am constantly meeting those with whom I have been acquainted for years, and I can see that they are becoming more like Him. The Christian is not full grown at first.

When he is spiritually born he is but an infant, a babe in Christ, but by beholding Him we are becoming changed, becoming more and more like Him.

I remember one day when two of us were traveling together, we met an aged couple more than seventy years old. When I looked upon them I felt certain they had been living together for a long time; their features seemed to have been cast in the same mold. It was quite a lesson to us. We remarked to each other that this man and his wife must have been on good terms with each other for a long time, and they had evidently enjoyed each other's association. It was a beautiful lesson to us, for it illustrated what constant association will do. I determined to profit by the suggestion that the Spirit of God made upon my mind as I thought upon it—that I ought to *continually* associate with my Saviour. The best way to do this is to study His Word a great deal, to think much upon Him, to occasionally call upon Him, to go where He is and talk with God, to have before my mind all the time my blessed Redeemer, to study Him and let His very life impress me, until the very Spirit that is in the Lord Jesus shall be imparted to me.

We can come in such close touch with Him that we can be at home in His presence, and "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John, 3:3. The evil thoughts that you once feasted upon you will be released from.

It is a wonderful thought that the Creator of heaven and earth has called us to fellowship with His Son. I would not call anyone to fellowship with my son unless I thought he was a proper one to associate with members of my family; yet the Creator of heaven and earth has given us this exalted privilege and He is not ashamed to call us brethren; He permits himself to be considered our Elder Brother. Should we not be careful never to do anything to disgrace this Member of our family?

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Temptations overcome form stepping-stones to greater Christian attainments.

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The power to do great things usually arises from the willingness to do small things.

## RULES FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

LUTHER WARREN.

1. Do your best just where you are. Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might.
2. Moment by moment submit your will to God's plan. Take up the cross daily.
3. Watch the leadings of God's providence. God has a program for each one of us all written out, though He does not permit us now to see many pages in that book. But you may hear the voice behind you saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

## NEW RESOLUTIONS.

The following lines were written from Concord Junction, Mass., to Mrs. Kershaw:

"I am in prison at the present time and have ten months to do after this month, and, by the help of God, when I am released from here I will make some use of my life.

"I am only eighteen years old last May, and since I got through school I have neglected my duties toward God. I have been leading a bad life for the past three years. Drink and bad company was my downfall.

"My mother has forsaken me, all on account of the way I have acted in the past. Many a day and night have I sat in my dismal cell and thought of the past, and how my mother and brothers and sisters and father are ashamed of me. Really, sometimes I feel as though life is not worth living.

"But I am young yet, and God will forgive my sins and when I am released from here I would like to come in contact with some kind friend to go with and devote the rest of my life working for my Saviour. I have given my soul to Christ since I have read this magazine.

"Our chaplain was very kind to distribute some copies at one of our weekly meetings. We have some nice meetings through the week and they help the boys very much. I love my Bible and devote much of my time studying it. May God bless you and keep you in the work for Him."

You cannot buy strength except at the price of struggle.

Seeds of happiness never sprout when planted in the soil of hate.

## SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,  
Matron, Rescue Home for Girls,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

Three months ago a girl came to our Home very much discouraged. She was in need of help, both physically and spiritually. She had



worried so much, not knowing what to do in her trouble. We talked with her and prayed with her and made her feel that she was among friends. She seemed to realize that if she ever got well

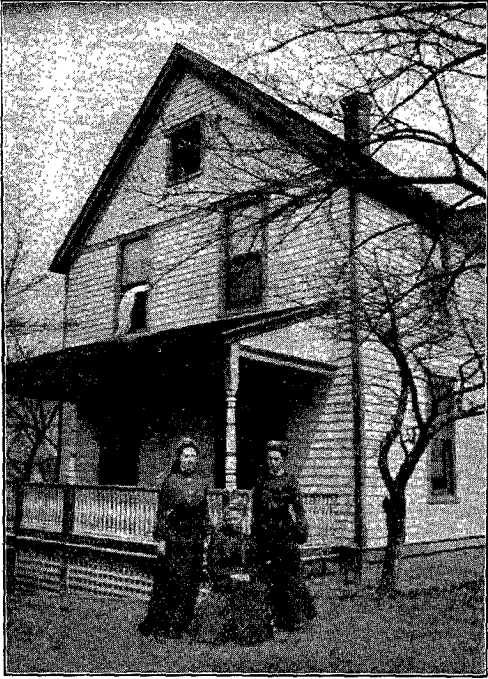
she would have to forget the past as much as she could and look to the future.

Her babe was born and she regained her health to a great extent. She had expected to remain with us for some time at least as she had a profession that would enable her to take care of herself and child, but she received news from home that two members of her family were dying and she felt that she owed her mother a duty to go home and be with her in her hour of trouble. She realized what it meant to her to go home with her baby as she was highly respected in her community before this happened.

I said to her, "Why did you come here, coming so far away from home and having to pay so much for traveling expenses? And now you are going back with your baby; it seems that all this effort that you have made to shield yourself and baby will be in vain." She said: "Mrs. Swanson, if I had not come I would have committed suicide, and my health was in such condition that I never would have lived to have gotten over my trouble. I am going back home to face the world with better health and, I believe, more faith in the Lord. I am going to trust Him for everything and I believe He will carry me through."

Now, dear friends, this one instance would repay me for all that I have done in the past. I want to say that our Home has been so overcrowded and with so few conveniences that at times I have become almost discour-





In This Small Rented House Eighty-Five Girls Have Been Sheltered on the Average of Three Months Each, and More Than Half that Many Babies Have Been Cared For. The Illustration on the Second Cover of This Number Shows the New Home as It Will Appear When Finished.

aged; but things look brighter now as I think about the new Home and all it will mean to us.

Some time ago another young girl came to us from a distant town—a girl who could afford to pay in an institution where she might enjoy more advantages as far as surroundings are concerned. But when she came to see about coming to the place she said that just as soon as she came inside the door she felt there was something there for her, something different from any place that she had been in before. I told her just what would be expected of her, as each girl helps in the work no matter what they pay, and she would be expected to put up with the small quarters. She chose to do this rather than go some other place; as she expressed it, she wanted to be some place where Jesus was lifted up.

I might tell of so many other girls who have gotten a glimpse of something better

while in our Home, and who, I believe, have gotten hold of that Rock, Christ Jesus.

You will be glad to know that the Lord is helping us to raise means to provide better quarters for this work. We have already begun to erect a commodious cement block building, where it is hoped there will always be an open door for those who appeal to us for help. We do not want to turn one of these unfortunates away to be lost in sin in this cold world.

One of the best architects in Chicago has furnished the plans for this new building free. A picture of it as it will appear can be seen on the second cover of this magazine. A contractor here in the village has donated nearly all the cement needed for making the cement blocks, and they are already made. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad furnished all the transportation of material free. Car loads of crushed rock, sand, etc., have been donated and we are securing considerable other building material in the same way. God has certainly gone out before us in moving on the hearts of the people to assist in this grand enterprise, although much more will be needed.

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#### FOR GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

At the time of this writing there are in our Suburban Home for unfortunate girls several who have come there as a result of the little effort which we put forth each month in this paper. We want you to know that when we tell you we will do our best to help you when you are in trouble we mean it. It is a great encouragement to us to know that more than a score of discouraged and disheartened young women have been helped and cared for at our Home as a result of this effort the past year.

Possibly you do not know which way to turn or where to look now while you are reading this. Possibly your trouble is so great that you dare not tell your mother or nearest friend. Possibly you are tempted to end it all speedily. Don't. Write us a letter, and with God's help we will do our best for you.

Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE DISCHARGED PRISONER.\*  
(Concluded.)

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

You have heard of the gardener who, as he was walking along the road, looked down in the ditch and saw a brier growing there in the mud and filth. He pulled it up, and the brier cried out, "What do you want of me? I am only a poor brier." But he went to his garden, and there, in the midst of a bed of glory, he dug a deep hole and planted the brier. In the midst of the flowers again the brier cried out: "You made a mistake; I am only a poor, prickly brier; I spoil the bed."

The gardener then took a branch from the rose bush and grafted it into the brier. Time went on, the sun and rain and soil brought out green leaves, and by and by there came out a beautiful rose. The brier was *transformed* into a beautiful rose bush.

I do not say that these men have not been wild, prickly and ugly, but there is a power from above that can trim off and cut away, and then there is the promise in His word that the heart of stone shall be *made* a heart of flesh. That is something we must *never* forget in our prison work. Delegates, wardens, chaplains, doctors and missionaries, just remember you are not working merely to make *citizens*.

We can classify all we like, but we have no right to say, "This man *can* be reformed" and "This man *cannot* be." It has been the experience in my work that our most faithful, most consistent, most splendid graduates have been among the old toughs. The man who comes and says "I *only* made a mistake," is the hardest kind to deal with, but the man who is shipwrecked and *knows* he is shipwrecked is the one we can help.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN OLD TOUGH.

There is one face that comes up before me tonight as I speak to you, that of a poor tough in the East who got into prison again and again. I remember this prisoner in the old Sing Sing prison. The officials used to point him out to me. He was finally made to believe that there was hope, and he just took hold of that and his whole life was transformed.

\*Report of talk given at National Prison Convention, held in Chicago Sept. 14-19, 1907.

Six months after that one of the guards who had always jeered and laughed at our work called me aside to talk with me. He said: "Mrs. Booth, I want to confess to you. I have a man in my gang who used to be one of the vilest men in this prison. I watched that man's life for six months since he has been converted. He is patient, industrious. His life has been a sermon. His bright face and cheery words have been a helpful blessing to souls. The life of that man has been as great a blessing as that of a preacher."

I remember when he first went to work after his sentence expired. He was so happy, and when the first week was over and he got his pay he rushed down to my office, put his hand down in his pocket and produced a little roll of bills, saying, "That is the *first* money I ever honestly made. I have made hundreds of dollars, but that money never stuck like this money." That man now has a beautiful home, is trusted and loved by his employers.

Another one came into my office the other day and said: "My heart aches for the poor little children on the streets. As I see them, boys and girls, playing on the streets, I know what their lives will be, and, God helping me, I am going to save one."

He said: "I will tell you what I have been doing. While sitting on the steps the boys and girls came up and sat there with me. I know how to talk to them because I used to be one of them once. I tell them of what the dear Christ has done for me. I thought as I looked into their faces that there was a veritable Sunday school class. I thought Christ would like to come and listen."

THE REUNITED FAMILY.

There is no part of this question which gives more satisfaction than the reuniting of families. One man in prison told me the following story: He said, "I have heard absolutely nothing of my wife for three years, except that she was going out into the far West. Perhaps you may come across her." And then, with tears in his eyes, he said, "God knows I love her; I have always loved her."

Some little time later I was in one of the Western States and I came across the sister of this man's wife. She said he was good for nothing, that he simply always was and always would be good for nothing. She said

the wife wanted absolutely nothing to do with the man.

I wrote him about this meeting and his reply was, "I have been pretty bad, but not as bad as they think, for I love my wife." Later I went to Seattle to lecture. There I met a sweet little woman who said, "I want to talk with you alone." I led her into a room near by. She said, "Do you think you can find my husband?" I said, "What is his name?" And she gave that man's name. I said, "I know him well." You can imagine with what joy I told that man in the Sing Sing prison of his wife.

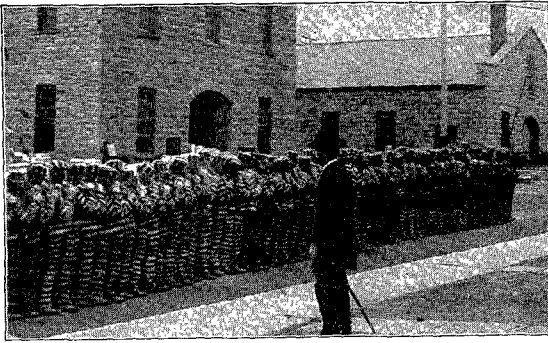
The time came when he was released. I paid his carfare through to Seattle. He went

came to see me. As I was very busy I had given instructions not to let anyone in to see me until I had gone through my mail. My secretary said this man wanted to see me so badly that I said, "Let him come in." He was a well-dressed man and was evidently a well-to-do gentleman. He said, "Mrs. Booth, I came here to leave a check for your work." He then said, "That is only an excuse. Don't you know me? Do you remember the ten lepers who were cleansed and one came back? I am one of the nine. I am one of your boys from Sing Sing. When I came to your office I was in despair, but here in this office you spoke words of encouragement to me and you gave me a letter of introduction. You could not help me, but gave me a letter to my present employer, and that led to my success." He since became a partner in the business and finally bought it, and is today an influential business man.

He told me he had sold his business with great profit. He said, "A year or two ago I came across a man who was down and out, and I remembered the way you helped me, so I took that man and put him to work and gave him a dollar and a half a day. I watched him, and I promoted him and gave him a place of honor. I made him the manager, and when I sold my business that man had a position commanding two hundred and fifty dollars a month." With tears in his eyes he said, "I can never forget what you have done for me, and I want to help the boys as I was helped."

An old-timer has written to me and said, "I am going home; I am going to be faithful." He had not been out more than two weeks when he met with an accident. He had fractured his spine, dislocated his hip, and he lay in the hospital in a frightful condition. As I was in the far West, my secretary went in to see him, and sitting by his bedside she endeavored to comfort him. Looking into her face he said, "Do you believe God loves me?" She said, "Yes." "Do you believe Mrs. Booth loves me?" She said, "Yes." He said, "What more can I ask if they both love me? I can die."

A mother had loved her boy and spoiled him in childhood. He became unworthy, and at last he came to the point of committing such transgressions that the law got hold of him and all his sins were called out. They



"In the Heart of Every Man There Is Something That Can Be Appealed To."

to work and supported his wife, and one of the first things he did was to pay back his carfare. Two years later he came to see me, and told me how happy he was. His wife came to see me and she told me of her husband.

I was in Seattle recently and I thought of that man and how I would like to see him. At the depot as I was standing by the door I turned around and there was that man. As I looked into his face I thanked God.

Our statistics show that seventy-five out of every hundred of the prisoners we have helped are absolutely doing well. Twenty per cent we do not know about, and only five per cent get back into prison, and I thank God I get back into prison and go at them again. I talk with them and make them ashamed of themselves. I certainly give them another chance.

FROM PRISON CELL TO BUSINESS OFFICE.

I sat in my office one day when a man

came to his mother and said, "Now you see what he has done." She said, "Yes, he is a bad, bad boy, but he is mother's boy." Lord, in Thy greatness, why dost Thou go out in the wilderness for the lost sheep when all these beautiful lambs are in the fold? "These prison boys are bad, bad, but they are My children." Don't let us cast them aside and classify them. In the heart of every man or woman there is something that can be appealed to.

In New York there are 3,600 men prisoners and only between sixty and seventy women in the State prisons. For years I have been paroling our women, and the report shows only one degenerate woman who could not be helped. All but that woman have done well. I believe there is just as much hope for our men prisoners as for the women prisoners. All we have to do is to press forward with earnestness and knowledge.

#### THE SOCIETY FOR THE FRIENDLESS. (Kentucky Division.)

REV. T. F. TALLAFERRO, SUPT.

In this day of reformatory movements it is not at all strange that philanthropic men and women are studying the important subject of criminology, the reform in criminal laws and prison management, and are organizing themselves into societies and associations for the salvation of those who have fallen below the crime line.

The time is not far past when over the gate of each prison might appropriately have been written: "Let him who enters here leave all hope behind." It is not so now only to a limited extent, and more and more our prisons are becoming reformatories, where the inmates are being taught the higher lessons of life and are being inspired with hope through the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is as it should be, and when our national and state authorities recognize the full power of that Gospel to transform the lives of men, and have an abiding faith in Christ, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," and to use those methods that He taught, we shall have fewer men returning to our prisons on second and third conviction.

To secure these conditions, and to act as first friend to the released prisoner is the object of the Society for the Friendless.

Punishment, in order to meet the object for which it is intended, must be correction. The object of the State in punishing the criminal should be not to administer so much punishment for so much crime, but to administer the punishment in such a way as to secure, if possible, the reformation and salvation of the criminal.

For this reason every State should have the indeterminate sentence law. Let a man be sentenced for the ordinary infractions of law for an indefinite term, and let his release depend upon his prison record and on the evidence he gives of his reformation and worthiness of trust and confidence, and then release him under a strict parole.

Better still, parole him into the hands of the Society for the Friendless, which will secure him employment, keep in touch with him and bring every possible influence to bear upon him until he proves himself worthy of citizenship again. And then let the chief executive, under the advice of the society, give him a full and free pardon. In this way we can save large numbers of our criminals to home, happiness and heaven.

Another object of our society is to inaugurate a system of evangelism in our penitentiaries, jails and workhouses. I have seen men come to our State prison from jails where earnest Christians had held stated services and labored for the salvation of the prisoners, who claimed to have been converted in those meetings; and they would come at once into our Christian Endeavor Society and become active workers. This shows what can be done by a well-organized system of jail evangelism.

But we must be guarded here. Sometimes silly and sentimental young women enter this work, who, by their imprudence, do a thousand times more harm than good. Shall we say, then, to our consecrated and noble women, "Stand back and leave this work in the hands of the sterner sex?" Not by any means. I have but little faith in any effort to lift up the fallen in which the influence of woman is not felt, but let these workers be discreet, level-headed, consecrated women who love God and the souls of men and whose character and life is above reproach. More should be said on this particular subject, but my article is already too long.

## ONE DAY FOR GOD.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

Galesburg, Ill.

[Several years ago, through the reading of this magazine, Mrs. Nelson became interested in Gospel work in the local prison. God has wonderfully blessed her efforts, and the influence of her work has extended far and near. We trust that there will be some who, as result of reading this account from her pen, will be impressed by God to take hold of some hitherto overlooked line of missionary work which may be at their very doors.—Ed.]

A girl that I met some months ago in our jail in Galesburg, and in whom I was led to take a deep interest, was sent to the State prison in Joliet. She wrote her parents that she desired very much that I should come and visit her in the penitentiary. So I decided to go, and Mrs. Dr. Goodison-Leach accompanied me. I feel that the Lord directed in this trip and blessed us abundantly.

We arrived in Joliet about eight o'clock in the morning. As we knew that visitors were not allowed until ten o'clock, we spent the spare time selling copies of this magazine on the streets in Joliet. I had sold this paper among my friends at home, but never anywhere else.

I found it was not so easy to approach strangers as it was my neighbors, and I became discouraged at first, as the people were not as ready to buy the paper of me as they were of Dr. Leach. I could not understand it, as I had earnestly prayed the Lord to help me, but I learned that the Lord helps those who help themselves. I noted that every one listened eagerly to Dr. Leach as she presented so earnestly the merits of the paper and spoke of the great need of rescue work.

After that, instead of leaving a person at once when given a negative answer, I kept right on telling him of the mission of this paper. I never had a refusal after that, but I soon had all my papers disposed of, and the experience I gained was well worth the effort.

"PRISON GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM."

Sometimes someone says to me, "Well, if the prisoners had only done right they would not have got into trouble; it is good enough for them." I always remind such that it is only by the grace of God that we are what we are. If the Lord has kept us from

the snares of the enemy and placed us in good circumstances the greater our debt to these unfortunates, some of whom have never had a chance.

It is our duty to extend them a helping hand. We little know what lies before us. Should a day of trouble come to us we will be grateful that we are not utterly forsaken by everyone. If we ever expect to walk the golden streets, to sing the song of the redeemed, we must learn to go about doing good while this short life lasts. Heaven will seem all the sweeter after having lifted the burden off some heavy heart.

## MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

As we neared the prison I felt very depressed. I had never been in a State prison before, and naturally felt timid and also very sad. I thought of the many broken hearts that had gone there in all the years past and those that must be sent there in time to come. We were most courteously treated by the prison officials and visited the young lady mentioned above. To have to meet anyone in such a place and under such circumstances is very trying. We noticed many bright, intelligent looking girls and women busy making chair seats. Everything was clean and neat.

These women are permitted to go out in the prison yard three times a week for an hour, which affords a certain amount of freedom and recreation. There were fifty-nine women in the prison, while there were fifteen hundred men. Think of what an army! And every one somebody's boy!

While tarrying a moment in the waiting room I met an aged lady whose son was a prisoner. Seeing that I had copies of this magazine she knew I was a friend of the prisoner, and insisted on my accepting a donation for that work. With tears in her eyes she told me her sad story. She had come there to visit her son, who had been her only earthly hope. I saw them later with tears embracing one another most tenderly. I felt so sorry for them.

I was given permission to meet the prisoners that I had been corresponding with. I never dreamed of such a courtesy being shown us. One of these men had not had a visitor for ten years. He has not a friend on earth but us. The reader can perhaps realize to some extent his joy and gratitude on meet-



Mrs. Nelson and Her Daughters.

ing a friend, although it was one he had never met before.

Another man, who was converted at our services in the Galesburg jail, when I asked him if he still enjoyed the peace of God in his soul, said: "Oh, yes, indeed! If it were a question between staying here under these hard conditions and having Jesus in my soul, or being at liberty and living the old life, I would prefer to stay here; Jesus is so precious to me."

The warden was very kind and obliging. The chaplain we found to be a man full of sunshine, evidently well fitted for his duties here. Later we were shown through the prison. Everything was clean, but the cells were small and poorly ventilated. In the factory some were working away fast by their machines, others sat with their arms folded, staring into nothingness. What a dreary life!

I heard many kind words spoken concern-

ing this magazine. The chaplain said that of all the many papers sent there this one was the best. The same word comes from many prisons. Shall we not arouse ourselves and send this beacon light to many more? As we left this prison we felt a deeper anxiety to work for this class of men. We also appreciated the kindness that was shown us by the prison officials.

#### THE PRISONER'S FAMILY.

We also visited the wife of one of the prisoners. He requested us to do so, as she was sick. I had never met her before, but we had corresponded. When I told her who I was she exclaimed: "Oh, you dear lady, I am so glad to meet you!" Our hearts were made very sad as she related to us her hopeless condition and how that she never expected to be united again with her loved one, as he was serving a very long sentence. She, with her two little children, must fight life's battle alone. This is the other side of the prison question that the public do not concern themselves much about.

We read comforting words to her from the 14th chapter of John, and they were indeed a comfort to her. We then knelt in prayer with her, asking God to bless these dear ones—He who has promised to be a help to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

When the day was over and the time came for us to return, Dr. Leach said to me, "What would you take for a day of this kind? Is there anything in this wide world that could give such peace and joy as we have experienced?" We arrived at home weary in body after the strain of the day, but with our hearts full with praise to God for having had another day in which to serve Him.

The uplift of the world depends on the lifting up of the Christ.

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

Do not swell when you have success, for then when you lose it you will not need to shrink.

## ARE YOU AFRAID TO LET YOUR PRINCIPLES BE KNOWN?

H. E. HOYT,

Hinsdale, Ill.

The cause of Nicodemus' night trip (John 3) was because he did not want his friends to know he went around after a man like Jesus.

The next we hear of Nicodemus is when the officers were sent to take Jesus. He said, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him?" (John 7: 50, 51.) But he was crushed with withering sarcasm, and then we hear no more of him until after the crucifixion, when he, with Joseph of Arimathea, begged the body of Jesus and gave it a burial (John 19: 38-42).

Did you ever think how much it might have meant to Jesus if Nicodemus had come forward during the trial and stood by him?

It has been said that all Christians are cowardly. How many times at a time when we might have stood firmly for Christ we have stood *under cover* and let our lights be *hidden*! How many times we have been ashamed to show our colors, to let others know where we stood!

The gospel of health is as true a gospel as the gospel of Christianity. Yet when one leaves a place where health principles are practiced, how often we find he is afraid to stand up for principle, afraid to be different from those around, and goes back to the old habits, to meat-eating and tea and coffee-drinking, etc. Some I have even known to go back to the wine glass, afraid to stand firmly and openly for principle.

Who can know how many opportunities we have often missed because, like Nicodemus, we have sought Christ only by night—have dragged our true colors and principles back into the shade and hidden our lamps under a bushel?

Christ's last promise when on earth was, "Ye shall receive *power*, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be *witnesses* unto Me."

Shall we not seek as never before the Holy Spirit that this may be fulfilled in us? What we need is more *power* from day to day to witness aright for Christ, more courage to stand for our conviction.

## SAVED BY A SONG.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Just a week ago the Lord gave me such a precious experience. One of my neighbors who lived in the top flat died very suddenly. She had been taken to the hospital and the next morning she was a corpse. I was playing and singing on my piano, "Just the Same Jesus," when a lady came into the store and asked for Mrs. Abrams. She said, "There is a lady in the hallway who is very sad. Her sister passed away this morning, and when she heard that singing she felt very sad."

I said I would not sing any more, but would go up and see if I could help them. They invited me in; then they opened the Bible and showed me texts and passages of Scripture that the woman who had died had picked out.

The husband said: "I am not a Christian. I am not ready to die." I said, "The Lord will help you." Then he said, "You people have been an example to me ever since you have lived in this building." I said, "My brother, we have not done much for our neighbors, but I have been longing for the time to come when I might do more for them." He said, "Every morning my wife would go out on the back porch and listen to your songs and worship and come back in and say, 'They love God down there; how is it with *us* up here?'"

I said, "Won't you pray?" He said, "Yes." We all knelt in prayer. When I had prayed I turned to him and said, "Now is the time of salvation." He said, "I cannot; my heart is too full." Then he lifted his voice to God and I never heard such a touching prayer.

He asked me to pray and sing at the funeral and to get a minister, which I did. That man has now been converted as a result of his wife's death.

## TRANSGRESSION TRANSPOSED INTO PENALTY.—II.

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

HEALTH AND DISEASE GOD'S JUST AWARDS.

Come and let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.—(Hosea 6:1.)

Affliction is the portion of those who, through ignorance, folly or wickedness, have been led into transgression. It may not be clear to some just what part God acts in this

affliction, for suffering is not a part of God's original plan for the human family. We may sow thorns and thistles in our yards and God permits them to grow, but we must bear in mind that He did not inspire us to sow these evil seeds, which, when they have grown up, will pierce our hands and those of our children. The inspiration to sow thorns and thistles came from beneath, but after they were sown God permitted them to grow, that their briars might be the means of correcting us of the disposition to sow any more of that kind of seed.

We read in Job that God does not afflict, but when man persists in sowing the seeds of affliction God permits him to have the way of his choice, in the hope that the harvest will effect the correction of his wickedness. This is the only sense in which affliction may be said to come from God—in that He permits it to come as a natural and just consequence of transgression.

A just God administers the reward of health to the obedient, and the penalty of disease to the transgressor, His action in either case being determined by the life conduct of the one with whom He is dealing, and it is undoubtedly this dual work of God in the administration of rewards to the good and penalties to the bad, that is mentioned in Deut. 32: 39: "See now that I, even I, am He, and there is no god with me: I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal: neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand."

I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.—(Deut. 30:19.)

God sets before man two great ways: the one that leads to health and happiness, the other to disease and death. Man must choose which path he will take. Ofttimes our heavenly Father keeps back the full harvest of transgression until every resource of His love and mercy is exhausted, and then He permits justice—the law of sowing and reaping—to begin its operation; and this is heaven's last effort to save the sinner from the destruction that is the inevitable consequence of continued wrong-doing.

If you should take a knife and scratch yourself till you had made a running sore, the moment you ceased to inflict the injury, nature—the healing power within you—would immediately begin the wonderful work of re-

pair. You might scratch this same place again and again, but nature would faithfully heal the wound. All the while "physical forgiveness" is being manifested, just as when you do some moral wrong, and ask God to forgive you, He freely grants pardon the moment you cease to do evil. But if you indefinitely keep up this scratching of your hand, the time will come when the extent of the injury will have passed beyond the power of bodily repair, and you will have a chronic sore—an ulcer.

Thus have you despised God's physical forgiveness, and continued to do wrong, in spite of his healing mercy. Shall we continue in transgression, that healing may abound? Certainly not; no more than we would think of continuing in sin that grace might abound. There is a limit, not to God's love and forgiveness, but to the extent to which human beings can persist in physical or spiritual transgression, and be able to find repentance and healing when they seek for it.

Thus saith the Lord: Like as I have brought all this great evil upon this people, so will I bring upon them all the good that I have promised them.—(Jer. 32:42.)

God tells us that just as surely as He has brought the penalty of disease upon us, as the result of our evil sowing, so, if we will change our sowing—reform our practices—He will bring upon us all the good blessing of health He has promised for those who do His will. It is the sin of presumption to continue in transgression and expect God to continuously bestow upon us either spiritual or physical healing just to save us from the pain or inconvenience of suffering the consequences of our wrong-doing.

To continue our illustration: If you persist in inflicting physical injury upon yourself, the time will surely come when the healing power within will cease to act; and then, physically, you have reached the condition analogous to that of the soul which has finally rejected light and truth, trampled underfoot the blood of the covenant, and forever grieved away the Spirit of God, who alone has power to give repentance. The one is the close of physical probation; the other is the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost—the close of moral probation.

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The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.



THE PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Consulting the official reports of the United States revenue department, we find that in 1840 the consumption of alcoholic liquors per capita was 4.17 gallons; in 1879 the per capita consumption had increased to 10.90 gallons. In 1890 it amounted to 15.53 gallons, while in 1905 it had reached 20.39 gallons of alcoholic liquors for every man, woman and child in the land. This was divided as follows:

- 1.45 gallons of spirits.
- .44 gallons wines.
- 18.50 gallons of malt liquors.

When we take into consideration the millions of people in our land who never have tasted a drop of liquor in any form, then we can begin to form some idea of the amount of alcoholic drinks that must be consumed per capita by the drinking portion of our community, and all scientific authorities agree in attributing to alcoholic liquors a large share of the responsibility for the enormous increase in insanity, Bright's disease, apoplexy, heart diseases and other similar disorders.

"DRINK ONLY DROWNS SORROW FOR A LITTLE WHILE."

MRS. MARGARET KEDLER.

I am getting along pretty well with this magazine, although I often meet many difficulties; but I find that by keeping diligently at it, when the day is done I have generally been repaid for my trouble.



Mrs. Kedler.

At Defiance the merchants had organized into a club, one of their rules being that if any of them bought tickets, magazines or anything else for charitable purposes he should be fined twenty-five dollars. A good many of the merchants gave me a nickel and told me to take the book along;

but I generally left the book. It was not till I was nearly through with the town that a clerk explained to me why they had not bought better. He said: "I will buy a book from you; I can do it, but my boss cannot; if he should he would be fined twenty-five dollars." They make this rule because there are many who have something to sell, and if they refuse, the people will say they will not trade with them. I find this the general spirit all through the Indiana towns, so I think I am fortunate to sell as many as I do.

Still, I feel encouraged to go on. I feel it is a missionary trip; the people who buy the paper may not realize at the time how much good there is in it for them, but if they will read it, I shall feel happy and repaid for my labor.



Her Daughter.

I did well at Peru, and one thing that happened there made me rejoice. I was canvassing a number of men in a little place on a side street. A man whom I took to be a bartender or waiter, as he wore a white apron and seemed at home there, told me he was needy, that he was a cripple, which I could easily see. But I only smiled at his remark about being needy, and told him many people were worse off than he. Then I went about my work and paid no more attention to him. After talking to another man a while, however, the man with the white apron, whom I saw was a saloonkeeper, called the other man to him, and they said: "Here, we are each going to give you fifteen cents, the price of the drink we wanted to give you." They had each bought a LIFE BOAT from me before.

He then talked to me a while, and wanted to know what I thought of his keeping a saloon. He said: "I am a cripple and cannot work. I have a family to support. Don't you think it is all right for me to do this?" I told him that if he would trust the Lord and pray to Him, He would help him to find something else to do.

A poor boy of twenty or twenty-one years last night told me he had been married to a

girl he loved dearly when he was only nineteen years old. He lived with her a year, but she was false and went astray. His heart was broken and he began drinking to drown his sorrow; he had never drank before. "But," he said, "drink only drowns your sorrow for a little while, and then you are as bad off as before. Now drink has the best of me. I wish I could quit; I have plenty of friends, but they are the wrong kind of friends—they are the kind that drag me down." He has been separated from his wife six months.

At the fair grounds at Detroit I met a man who said he was a slave to drink, against his will. He said he would give hundreds of dollars to be cured, and that he lived with his mother and was trying to conceal his condition from her. He would not go home when he was drunk. He was in partnership in a large and handsome business.

At one of the first places I entered at Logansport—a bank—the cashier asked me for credentials. I told him I mislaid those I had. He said: "Well, then, I can buy no book of you." My courage fell, but I had scarcely gone half a dozen doors when I met a man who knew the editor. He promised to be credentials for me at Logansport, so I went back to the banker and sold him a magazine.

#### A REMARKABLE REVIVAL SERVICE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

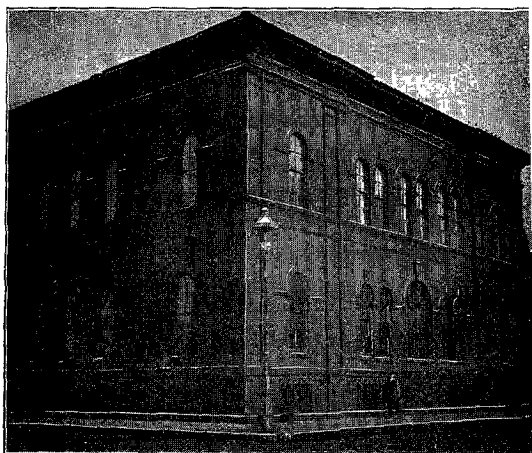
A police station is a very unusual place for a revival service, but such a thing actually took place in the Harrison street police station one Sunday morning recently.

The foul odors, the filth, the vermin, the cursing, etc., to be found in that underground prison can scarcely be pictured by human pen, yet those poor, degraded, vile sinners confined there are not so low down but what God has a thought for them. It is He who puts it in the hearts of a few Christian workers to prayerfully wend their way to this station every Sunday morning, arriving at 9:30 o'clock.

The first meeting is held with the women, and on this particular morning every one of the cells in the long row was occupied. There were old, blear-eyed women clothed in rags, who had seen long years of the devil's service; there were young women whose fair,

youthful faces showed that they had not yet become so marred by sin that the beauty and purity of innocent childhood was entirely erased. Yet a few weeks of such surroundings will leave its black stain on the soul. Then there were the middle-aged women, whose disfigured faces, disheveled hair and untidy appearance generally, proved too clearly that they had already lost heart—that their self-respect, their character, their all, has been sacrificed on the altar of sin. What a blessed privilege to carry hope and cheer to such souls!

Of the thirteen women in this department twelve raised their hands for prayer when



Mr. Stead, the Noted English Writer, Visited This Police Station Recently. He Expressed His Surprise to Find Such a Prison in the United States.

the invitation was given. One young woman who did not raise her hand pretended to be asleep on the bench. She had just been released from the Bridewell jail and was arrested again. Her face was bleeding and torn and she was being devoured by a disease worse than leprosy. After all her trouble in a life of sin yet she apparently did not want to hear of Jesus, the only One who could bring her peace and happiness.

As we passed on to the next corridor a policeman brought in a most deplorable specimen of humanity. She was a woman about middle-aged, tall and slender. Her hair stood straight out around her face and down her

back. Her coat was covered with dirt, and her face showed signs of many a conflict. I went back to see what I could do for this poor soul. As I came in sight she called me to her and asked me to pray for her, which I did. When I asked her to pray she said, "Oh, my heart is too full. I cannot pray, I cannot pray." I told her of the great peace I had in my heart and how she might have peace in Christ. The matron informed me that this woman had been well educated and had come from one of the best families in the city. Yet she was so intoxicated with liquor that apparently we could do nothing with her.

The Lord helped us to reach hearts in the men's corridors. Nearly all the inmates raised their hands for prayers.

In the prison annex were confined about twenty-five girls and children. As the story of the Cross was presented in song and testimony many eyes were seen to weep and many hearts were melted. When the time came for the closing prayer nearly every girl requested to be prayed for, and as we knelt down the sobbing and sighing ascended to heaven with the prayer, and we believe our dear heavenly Father heard the cries of these broken-hearted girls.

The police officials and matrons are very much in favor of the work which is done there, and quite often the policemen will join us in singing the Gospel songs. One policeman said he would rather attend our service in the police station than any church service in the city of Chicago. This is a trying place to work, yet we thank God for the opportunity of carrying the Gospel to those who seem so deplorably in need of it.

## LITTLE TALKS ON VITAL TOPICS: PRAYER.

(Continued.)

PROF. J. A. L. DERBY.  
Hinsdale, Ill.

In our last issue we set down the five laws which the Bible gives as the conditions of effectual, result-getting prayer. Let it be remembered that no law of nature is more certain to give results than the faithful use of these five spiritual laws. We mention them again:

1. Abide in Me. John 15: 7.

2. In My name. John 14: 13.

3. Believing. Matt. 21: 22.

4. According to His will. 1 John 5. 14.

5. Because we keep His commandments.  
1 John 3: 22.

Let us see if we cannot reduce these five laws to fewer. The seven colors of the rainbow can be produced by properly mixing three—red, green and violet. Maybe we can find one or two principles which include the five given. Let us take the first:

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It may puzzle us to tell in few words just what "abide" means here, but it is not difficult to tell how to get into this state and to retain it. The directions are found in 1 John 2: 6: "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He (that is, Christ) walked."

Remember, we are talking of spiritual things, and the walk here referred to is the walk of faith, not the walk of the feet. Now, Jesus tells us how He walked. We read it in John 15: 10: "I have kept my Father's commandments." Hence, if we are to walk as He walked, and He kept His Father's commandments, it plainly follows that we must do the same. That to walk in His ways is to keep God's law, is stated in so many words in Psalms 119: 1, 3: "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord \* \* \* They also do no iniquity: they walk in His ways."

But this, we see, is only another way of stating our fifth rule, given above: " whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments." 1 John 3: 22.

So we strike out our first principle, since it is included in our fifth. These two amount to the same thing, and it is this: If we are to expect anything in answer to prayer we must keep God's commandments. "Oh, but the Bible is such a big book," says some one, "and it says so many things. How am I to know what His commandments are?"

This is a proper question, and one easily answered. If you would know God's law you will find it summed up in one of the texts with which we closed our last talk. Read again Exodus 20: 3-17.

Maybe you have read it many times and vowed you would keep it, but have failed so

often you are ready to say, "It's no use talking about keeping it; it is out of the question. If that is the way to get answer to prayer I might as well give it up first as last."

Well, that isn't just what the people thought who first heard it spoken from Sinai, but they found it a hard job. But it *need not* be hard. They said, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." Ex. 19: 8: 24: 3, 7.

Then in a few days they were dancing about a golden calf set up to worship, and were committing such abominations in broad daylight as now we at least cover with the darkness of the night.

But was it because the law was too hard? No, it was because the people were too weak and did not know it. Now, if you know you are too weak, if your experience has taught you that, be exceedingly thankful, for you are where you can appreciate a clew as to how to get the strength that keeps the law, that brings to us the blessed "whatsoever" of our prayer.

Now, let me tell you why the people back there failed. "Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by *faith*." Rom. 9: 31, 32.

This brings us to our third law. We shall take this up next time. Meanwhile let so many as wish to master the science of getting prayer answered, look up, between now and next time, what *faith* means in their Bible. If you find some hints, try them. I repeat, it will pay us to master this science.

#### A PRAYER.

R. O. EASTMAN.

O Father mine, whose power divine  
Has formed the field, the heath, the hill,  
Look down on me in sympathy,  
And keep me penitential still.

Wilt thou command my falt'ring hand;  
My trembling pace do Thou direct;  
And, lest I fall, my feeble call,  
O Father, wilt Thou still respect.

Sometimes Thy word has passed unheard,  
Thy tender call escaped my ear;  
I pray Thee still, O Lord, to fill  
My heart with love and Godly fear.

And when in pride or ought beside,  
This stubborn will declines to bend,  
My Lord, again, the tender rain  
Of softening affliction send.

Then as I kneel, Lord let me feel,  
When my poor heart is raised in prayer,  
That Thou hast heard each thought and word,  
And Thou dost understand and care.

#### A FEW GLIMPSES OF THE DISPENSARY WORK.

EVA L. BORDEN,

888 W. 35th Pl., Chicago.

While making a few calls I found an old lady hobbling about with a sprained ankle. After a few moments' conversation she handed me a LIFE BOAT, saying, "I'm nearly eighty years old, and have long ago seen my best days, but, praise the Lord, I sold twenty-five copies of this magazine last month and have just sent in an order for twenty-five more. I sell and give them away to the people who call on me, and ask the Lord to send to me the ones whom I can help in this way. It's little I can do, but, thank God, I can still be a missionary."

If this dear old lady could spread the Gospel under such adverse circumstances, what excuse can a strong young person offer for their failure to do as much?

I wouldn't leave this dispensary work for anything one might offer me. Let me give you an interesting incident: I had engaged a woman to do some scrubbing for us, and as she was a widow with three children to support I tried to get her some clothes for the little ones, as they were nearly destitute. Though I managed to get some clothing for the youngsters I was unable to find anything for herself.

When I expressed my regret at not being able to get her some clothes also, she said: "Never mind about me at all. It's only for the children I want them; *I'll* get along. Why, just see this pair of men's shoes I found in the alley, and look at this good petticoat I made from the bottom of a man's undershirt. This old dressing sacque and skirt was given to me, and will hang on a little longer." I had my doubts about that, however.

She went on to say, "But just see this lovely man's coat. A Salvation Army lassie gave it to a neighbor woman of mine because she just had an old thin cape, but when she saw I hadn't even an old cape, she gave this coat to me and went without herself."

As that woman told me of her friend's sacrifice I thought how little we know the true meaning of the golden rule. In one church in Chicago I saw enough young people to turn the city upside down, inside out,

and other end to, if they had as much enthusiasm for the Gospel message as this poor woman had charity for her friend. And these things are not uncommon.

### A HUMBLE MISSIONARY AMIDST A GREAT WORK.

MRS. MARY E. COLLINS.  
Greenwood, Miss.

[A few months ago we published an account of the work Mrs. Collins is doing for her school children, which told of her desire to establish industries and to teach the people of her race to support themselves in a creditable manner. The zeal and determination which she manifests in the face of mountains of difficulties is a lesson to us. We publish herewith abstracts of a recent letter.—Ed.]

I am glad to write that I believe the Lord is going to bless me in my effort to begin this work. On the last day of my school I asked my children how many would try earnestly to be Christians this year, and every hand went up. Last Sunday I witnessed the baptism of fourteen of them. I am so glad to give these children the nice Christian magazines that have been set in, to encourage them to continue in the faith.

I am so thankful for the interest the LIFE BOAT readers have taken in my work, and I appreciate any suggestions, because I make many mistakes; yet I am trying to avoid the greatest of mistakes, that of standing still and doing nothing. When I read the 33d chapter of Ezekiel and the 8th verse it appeals to me. "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand."

I wish some one who can help could only appreciate what it would mean to our girls to have an industrial Christian home equipped with steam laundry, fixtures, etc. It will mean that these girls will be better prepared to fill positions where they will have to earn their daily bread by doing domestic work, and above all things they will be daily taught God's Word, and taught to love and honor Him above all things.

I can yet use a graphophone to good advantage. A wood yard for boys would be a good thing. If our boys and girls that are leaving the country, the old home and parents, the pure, fresh air, the beautiful, quiet farm,

leaving the land untilled, and flocking to town only to find themselves loafers, gamblers, drunkards, or to be taken up for vagrants and sent to prison, could have the advantages of a Christian industrial home, where they could learn trades and where there is some one to say, "I will teach you; you may work with me," what a blessing that would be!

Only a few of these people are able to go to school. A farm should be annexed to the industrial home, where boys could be taught how to farm in the right way and could be encouraged to return to their country homes.

I wish some who are able would turn their attention to the needs of the Mississippi negro youth. When I read of the rich giving fifty thousand dollar banquets and of one person wearing five hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, my heart quakes within me. I wonder if these people know the needs of the poor boys and girls of this land. Do not drive Lazarus from your gate without giving a few crumbs that may fall from your table.

I am so glad that I am able with the contributions sent in to help in clothing some who are very needy. I wish to thank the dear friends that have contributed. I highly appreciate the nice contributions of Christian literature, which I enjoy reading. We can use more clothing and literature.

Dear friends, the fields are white and the harvest is waiting. I am trying to answer the roll call, "Here am I, send me."

### IS SALVATION A REAL THING?

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,  
3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

I thank God today for the Mission. There is no spot so dear to me. I thank God that He led me into the Mission. Years ago when I heard the testimonies of redeemed men, I said, "If God can save them, He can me." The night I lifted my hand in the Mission God saved me. I speak from my heart, and there is pleasure and joy in serving Jesus that the world can not take away.

I loved money and dress and it almost cost me my life. It not only brought trouble to me, but upon others. I had no strength of myself. I could not live right. I tried in my own strength many a time to do the right thing, but it was always a failure. When I came to Christ there was a power that came

into my life which took away from me the desire to do evil.

No one can come to me and say, "There is nothing in the religion of Christ." It is no fairy tale. For years I wandered on in this sinful life. Was I happy? No, far from being happy. There is no happiness in this world except in Christ. Take the world, but give me Jesus.

I wandered on in sin and finally I was in deep trouble. I then had a chance to stop and think and realize that there was no one to help. But no one ever came to me and told me about Jesus and His love and how He would save me if I would give my life to Him. But, oh, instead of that they came to me with words of condemnation and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

I knew that, but what I needed to know was a way *out* of it. I came to Chicago as a last resort and came here thinking that nobody would know me and I could live down my past life. For years I had been longing for the time to come so I could live a better life.

When I came here the devil knew my weakness. I met a friend who was a gambler. Soon we were married. One night a transformation took place.

As we were on the way to the theater the doors of the Mission opened; and they were singing, "It is wonderful, oh, it is wonderful." I said to my husband, "Let's go in." He said, "No, not tonight." I said, "Yes, I want to go in."

We went in and I listened to the testimonies of men who had been saved, and I said to my husband, "Let us give our hearts to God." When the invitation was given I got down on my knees and lifted my heart to God, and all things became new and the things I once loved I now hated and those things I once hated I now loved.

I began to pray for my husband, for I knew that if the Lord could save me He could save anybody. I began to work for my sisters in sin. I prayed six years for my husband and worked for my sisters, and God finally heard my prayer. Today my husband is a converted man and is working for sinners. I want to tell you it pays to work for Jesus.

I was lost and Jesus found me. There are many mothers' girls today who are heartsick and sinsick and are longing for a better life,

and oh, may God help each and every one of us here never to turn such an one down.

It was the evil influence of my home that was brought to bear upon me which caused my going down. The world today is dying for that love; may God help us to give to others that love that they so much need.

For years since I have been converted I have been working with the Lord for others. I am getting letters from all over, from the different prisons, and I could not begin to tell you of the many good and precious experiences the Lord has given me.

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### A DOOR OF HOPE.\*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The tendency of the ordinary religious services is to drift into a routine. But that is not true of the Life Boat Mission. It is just as interesting to me today as it was the day I first saw it. Last night the services were especially interesting. After I had talked a short time to the people who had assembled there, the first man to speak was one who stood up and said he had come in there two or three weeks ago and was converted, but as he had lost his job and gotten discouraged he had fallen again, and there, partly under the influence of drink, he said he wanted to keep sober. Though his tongue was thick I can't help but feel the man saw something through the mist.

The next one to speak was a girl called Rosie. She had been a most desperate criminal, but the Lord had helped her, and she had seen the error of her ways and had taken hold. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn had taken a special interest in her and had brought her out to Hinsdale, but she had plunged into her old life again. But she had again taken hold several years ago and was there last night with her husband. Her face is clean and she and her husband are working for God and are faithful to Him. It only shows God can make the desert blossom as the rose.

The next man to speak was Mr. Sutton, who had a good position but had taken to drinking and lost his job; he had taken the Keeley cure twice, but each time had gone down again. His thirst was fierce, and he said when he went by a saloon something seemed to take him and pull him in. But

a month ago he went by the Mission, and the man who stands outside persuaded him to come in. He heard others testify how they had been saved, and he took hold; and from that time on he has had no thirst for liquor at all. He said there is no one can explain that. He said no human words could explain the awful thirst of the drunkard, but that has all been taken away. Now he has found a job again and is going back.

The next to speak was Dick Lane, the noted criminal, one of the most noted safe blowers this country has produced. He had served twenty-one years in prison. Crime was a mania with him and he was eminently successful. Eleven years ago he was converted in a mission. It only shows that the same God who can take a drunkard's thirst away can take away the mania for stealing.

The next man to speak was Van Landingham. He used to play on the stage, but had become one of the most besotted drunkards it has ever been our misfortune to meet. His home was a den of iniquity. He was converted and he and his wife were there last night. He comes to the Mission as often as he can. I have often heard him speak there, showing that the Lord had done a good work for him.

The next man to speak was a man seventy-one years old. He used to work when he was sober, but most of the time he was drunk. Three weeks ago he was there and Mr. Cannon tried to get him in. He came in and heard for the first time how God saved other drunkards, and he thought for the first time that God could do the same for him. He gave his heart to God and his way is growing brighter.

The next to speak was Mr. Cannon himself. He has a fist like a weapon, and is like a giant. Five years ago he was converted, was our fireman for nearly a year, and I know pretty well if our firemen are converted.

I never go to the Mission but that I am impressed that we do not have to be outcasts in order to experience for ourselves the saving benefits of the Gospel. What God has done for these fellows is what He wants to do for us. We may be high-toned sinners, but high-toned sinners are not going to get into the kingdom any sooner than low-down

sinners. God wants the Gospel to come into our lives and lift us up from every besetment and every thought of sin. We need to have our feet lifted to higher ground although we never have drunk liquor or done great crimes.

\*From a talk given to Sanitarium patients.

## FROM THE BOWERY MISSIONARY.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Last year it was my privilege to visit the Midnight Mission, or what is sometimes called the Doyer Street Mission, in Chinatown, New York City. David J. Ranney, the superintendent, was once a bowery bum. He was converted to Christ fourteen years before, and since that time has given his life to the reclamation of his fellow associates on the Bowery. He clothes the Gospel in the language of the Bowery inhabitant, and by his life and preaching seeks to win souls to Christ.

There is held each year in the Doyer Street Mission an anniversary in honor of Mr. Ranney's conversion. Mr. Ranney, on these occasions, "treats the boys" to a luncheon in the Mission. His fifteenth anniversary was celebrated just recently in Mariner's Temple. The commodious house was packed to the doors with Bowery bums and lodging house "regulars."

He says his errand is to lead to conversion the whole Bowery army, and make them pious, hard-working, liquor-hating and self-supporting men. It was done for him, he says; why can it not be done for the other boys? In a personal letter Mr. Ranney states that thirteen men gave themselves up unreservedly to God at that meeting.

In a New York pulpit recently Mr. Ranney told the wonderful story of how he was saved from a life of sin. We quote the following in his own words:

"I was one of the toughest guys that ever trod the Bowery. I had done everything on the calendar except murder. I have been behind the bars, and I know what it is to see the judge. There came a change, and I want to tell you people in my own rough way how wonderful has been God's interest in me. It is wonderful what a change He can make in a bad man's life.

"It's a grand and glorious thing to be a Christian. I think I'm as good as the best man that walks, for I'm *happy* and a Christian. I tell my boys that I ain't any better than they *can* be if they'll only cut out the booze and be straight. You see, I'm running up against crooks, bums and drunks all the time, and the Chinese ding-dong is in my ears all the time. But they all love me because they know I'm on the level.

'The change in my life happened at the corner of Chatham and East Broadway. I saw a young fellow standing there and I struck him for money. I told him I was hungry, but really what I wanted was a drink. I had been boozing the night before, and if there is one of you men in the audience as was ever on a booze, you know you don't feel like eating the next morning.

"I wanted an eye-opener, but my friend takes me to a restaurant and tells me to order everything I wanted. He had me, so I told him I lied, for I couldn't eat a thing. He gives me fifty cents and tells me to call around the next morning to his office.

"The next morning came and the fifty cents was blowed in. On the Bowery you can get a big schooner of beer for a nickel, and I used to think the whiskey they handed out was good stuff. I called on the young fellow next morning, for I couldn't forget this first act of kindness I had received in fifteen years, and I was going to work him for a dollar, thinking he was easy; but he treated me so good that idea was knocked out of my head.

"I needed a bath, and he sent me out to get one. I'd sooner carry the banner all night than sleep in some of them Bowery lodging houses, and when your clothes stay on you for two or three weeks you ain't as clean as you might be. If I had my just deserts. I would probably be in Sing Sing. My picture was in the rogues' gallery; but after I had been in the better life six years the picture was taken out.

"The young man's kindness to me opened my eyes. He said: 'Ranney, you are cut out for a better life,' and then I asked God for Christ's sake to cut the booze out of my life, and He did. From that day to this I haven't tasted liquor, and, God helping me, I never

will. This shows that it don't matter how low a man can fall; God can and will save you. I was as low as the lowest, but it's all over now.

"You can see I'm a rough and ready man, but I'm a Christian. Somewhere in the Bible it says: 'Open your mouth and the Lord will fill it,' and that's true, for I ain't educated. He just tells me what to tell my fallen brothers, and they get it as I'm giving it to you here.

"I was so poor at one time I didn't have a nickel to jingle on a tombstone, but now there are men in New York who will back me for ten thousand dollars if I want it. When beer comes into a man's home, love flies out of the window. I became reunited with my wife, and my son is now as fine a boy as lives in New York. I know the crooks and they know me, and I get the 'God bless you, Ranney,' from all of 'em, 'cause they know I'm on the level."

It is Mr. Ranney's great ambition to establish a mission lodging house, where, as he puts it, "the devil will not be able to find night accommodations." He also wants an industrial home where these men can be taught to work. He is earnestly praying for means to establish these important departments in his work. We wish him God-speed. He says in his letter: "Tell your people how God can save."

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### ALWAYS WITH THEE.

EDNA M. SWEET.

Keep us, Lord, from every sinning  
That besets the human soul;  
May our thoughts and words and actions  
Consummate in Thee, the whole.

In the morning breathe Thy spirit,  
Love Divine, into the heart,  
And at midday, oh, renew it,  
Nor with shades let it depart.

Make of life one long sweet poem  
With a rhythm quite sublime;  
Let it be a song of heaven  
Breathed upon a world of time.

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There are two kinds of breathing: the unconscious and the voluntary. Invalids need especially to take voluntary breathing. Likewise there are two kinds of prayer: the unconscious breathing out of the soul toward God and the special efforts on special occasions. The spiritual invalid needs especially to frequently engage in conscious prayer.



PRACTICAL HOME MISSIONARY  
WORK.O. R. STAINES.  
Nashville, Tenn.

The study of the character of Livingston and the field of his operations, when a boy, had more to do toward leading me into the work that I am doing today than anything else. It is with the same people that Livingston was interested in, and if we do anything for them we must have the same spirit.

Three years ago I connected with the Huntsville, Ala., school for colored people and became business manager and my wife matron. We had to meet many difficulties, but the longer I was in it the clearer I felt the Lord had called me to this work. After studying the situation I became convinced that Nashville was the place for me to start in my work.

Here are the leading colored institutions for the whole south. Here are several universities with an attendance of nearly a thousand each, one of which contains a medical department of four hundred students, graduating one-fourth of all the colored physicians in the United States.

This spring I felt the time had come that I should disconnect with the Alabama school and go into this. My plan was to train teachers so that they could go out as self-supporting workers. I believe we have an individual responsibility and that we should do what God wants us to do.

We went to Nashville at once and hunted all around the city, and we finally bought a farm. We are going to work it in an honest, humble way and show what the Lord will do for those who trust in Him. The first of November we take possession of the farm and will build up a school on the cottage plan. At Huntsville we had one main building, and pretty nearly everything we had was in that building. When the fire came we lost everything. I believe the Lord has a better way for us than the way we built up that work. Our work is teaching, normal work and Bible study, and a study of the conditions in the south and our duty toward those conditions.

The present agitation that is on in the south gives us an opportunity to work for the colored people as we never could before. You cannot pick up a newspaper or a magazine but has one or more articles on the

race question. That sentiment is not simply here in the States; you can go to China, Africa or India and you will find the same question agitated.

I believe, while we ought not to engage in that, it gives us an opportunity to step in and give this people a training and the truth as never before. Our work is going to be self-supporting. I have tried to very carefully canvass the question. I wanted to take up those things that would not only make our work self-supporting, but the schools our students start also self-supporting. We want to start up three industries: those of poultry-raising, dairying and truck gardening. A student can start in with those things if he has only a few cents.

The thing that has cost more financial disaster among the colored people and the white people, too, is the fact that they begin things on too big a scale and they do not know how to handle them. Let them start in the poultry business in just as small a way as possible. Eggs in the south bring eighteen to forty cents. If they want to start in dairying they can start with one cow and sell milk or make butter.

The students can start a garden on a little lot, and they can market their goods with a market basket on their arm. If they do make a failure the first year they have not lost much. They ought not to start out with acres and acres of crops.

Our plan is that as soon as these teachers are ready to start out for themselves we will go with them and help them find a little piece of ground and help them to buy it and put up a little building to live in and a small school building. They will gather in the children and teach them, introduce good literature into the home and teach them how to cook and to live as God wants them to live in these days.

I believe there is not a missionary field on the globe today that is calling more strongly for men and women that are willing to throw their lives into it.

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A balloon will never go up toward heaven until the last rope is cut, although it may wobble around a great deal. So the soul will never reach its highest Christian experience until the last thread that is binding it to this world is severed.

## THE UNCARED FOR LITTLE ONES.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

About six years ago I felt that I wanted to do more for the Lord. I prayed very earnestly about it. My health was not very good. I finally went to a sanitarium and took treatment. There I met a little nurse who told me about these things and I got a copy of this magazine. That nurse told me about the visiting nurses' work in Chicago. I thought that was what I would like to do.

I prayed about it a great deal, and one night I prayed until two o'clock. Now, when I get discouraged I think of that night, and the Lord says to me, "You know your work and what you are called to do."

I lived for a year and a half right down in the slums of Chicago, in the Life Boat Rest. My own sister said she would not sleep there for a thousand dollars a night. I slept there without even my door locked. I said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

I then came out to the Hinsdale Sanitarium to take the nurses' course. I thought if I could only soothe some poor, aching head and take care of the sick I might be better able to reach their soul, but I was soon led into the suburban home work.

In so many places in God's Word we are told to care for the fatherless, and most of the children born in this Home are of this kind. Some time ago I was impressed in reading in James 1: 27: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless." In Hosea 14: 3 we find, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy;" and in Psalms 10: 14 we are told that He is "the helper of the fatherless."

The Lord has been sending to us sweet, intelligent girls who need our help. My great desire is that these girls may anchor to that rock, Jesus Christ, who is a shelter in the time of storm.

We are very much overcrowded. We had hoped to be able to move into our new Home by Christmas, but I am afraid it will not be ready before spring. I hope friends will come to our aid in helping to complete this much-needed home or haven of rest. We will need rugs, window curtains, furniture and all the things that go to furnish a new home. We

have put up very little fruit this year. You can help us by sending us fruit, dried or canned; also dried corn. And we would greatly appreciate apples, potatoes, etc. Winter is coming on and we will need coal. Do not forget us.

The prayers of our friends have been so comforting and sustaining. We thank you all for what you have done in the past, as you have made it possible for us to keep this Home open.

## VOICATION.

PAULINE HANSON.

Are you one of those who feel that you are not following your proper vocation, having "missed your calling," so to speak? Are you lamenting the fact that you are compelled to do something which at one time either necessity compelled you or indifference caused you to do, since which time you have become aware of the fact that you would willingly devote all your efforts to some other certain life work?

In the first place, there may be some designed advantage in your doing just what you are doing at the present time, of which perhaps you have not become cognizant.

In the second place, the double advantage is your being able to do *two* things; instead of simply the one work which you would have preferred, you have become proficient along other lines, which may have yielded you benefits that might not have been yours had your first inclinations been carried out. What is more, there is no certainty that at some future date you cannot attain that which would be more desirable; or, let us say, more altruistic. You have read of many who have attained even higher ground than that for which you probably hope, with far many more difficulties and obstacles.

Take heart, therefore, and plod along a little while longer, with the hope that you will some day overcome the present hindrances and reach the goal you have so long wished for.

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A man only finds life where he loses self.

The heart that is lifted heavenward lifts the life up with it.



## Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

### WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

It does not necessarily mean a person who works for nothing, for there are lots of people working for nothing who are *not* missionaries, and many who are working for good pay who are splendid missionaries. Neither does it mean that a person must go to a foreign field in order to be a missionary. *Then, what is a missionary?* It is one whose main business in life is to *win souls to Christ*, whether they sew tents, as did Paul, or fish, as did Peter.

The nurse who can be with her patient day after day and not be laying plans to win her soul to Christ, and is not earnestly praying for opportunities to lead her to the feet of the Master, is not a missionary, no matter how high her professions are. The one who is doing this will from time to time see *definite* results from her work, and such a one is a missionary, whether she is getting twenty dollars a week while she is doing it or whether she is working for nothing.

### HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE?

Once it was said to some one: "*Keep this man: if by any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life,*" and the one to whom this solemn charge was given became busy looking after other things and his man slipped away." 1 Kings 20: 39, 40.

At another time it was said, "Run, speak to *this* young man." Zech. 2: 4.

Have you ever had that said to you, and you have hesitated for fear he would not listen to you? Remember that if the Lord impresses *you* to speak to some one regarding their soul He has also made *their* heart ready to be spoken to, and you had better do it then or it may be too late.

I had a personal experience of this kind some years ago that made a deep impression on me. A patient that was under my care was desperately ill. Just as I was leaving for my evening class with some nurses I was

strongly impressed that I should go up and talk to that man about his soul. I looked at my watch and thought that I would put it off an hour until I was through with my class. But the impression came still stronger, "Go now."

I hurried up to his room, called out his wife and asked her if her husband was a Christian, and she said, "No, that is just what has been worrying me. I am a Christian woman, but my husband has never gotten hold of Christ." So I left her in the hall and went in and asked the invalid if he did not want to be a Christian, and have Christ accept him. I assured him that Christ had died for him, that He was his Advocate now with the Father, that He was the propitiation not only of good people but of the *whole* world, and that included *him*. He said, "Yes," and with his permission I knelt down and prayed for him. When I was through he said, "Amen," in a very earnest manner. I saw there was a new look of hope in his eyes. I asked him if he had grasped what I had come to present to him and he said, "Yes."

I slipped away and went to my class. When I returned an hour later the man was unconscious. I remained in his room constantly until two o'clock in the morning, when he died, he never having had one conscious moment during that time. As I closed his eyes in death his heart-broken wife said to me, "Oh, I wish you had spoken to him about his soul before. I am afraid he did not die a Christian." How thankful I was to assure her that I *knew* he had grasped the life line even at the last moment. But suppose that I had put off leading that man to the foot of the cross: I would ever afterward have heard that woman's despairing cry in my ears every waking moment of my life.

You may never be placed in just such a critical situation, but you are likely any day to make just such a mistake as Mr. Brockman, the National Y. M. C. A. secretary for China, tells that he made while a college student. He says:

"I went to college from Georgia. I always used to be on the lookout for college men from there. I had been there two years, and one day I heard a man read out his name and state: 'Porter—Georgia.' After the lecture we soon became friends. Next Sunday I went to the Young Men's Christian Association afternoon class, and was glad to see him sitting a few seats ahead. I was glad when, some Sundays later, we were asked whether anybody wanted to become a Christian and wanted us to pray for him, and Porter held up his hand. Just then I got a knocking in my chest as I had never had before, saying, 'Speak to Porter. Speak to Porter.'

"But I hate to tell anybody of what I did. It might have turned out very much worse, but happily God did not let it. We took up our hats together for our usual walk. I spoke of everything else I could think of—the weather, the events of the day. 'I will speak to him when I get to that tree,' I thought, eyeing one some way off. We reached the tree. I did not speak. 'I will do it at that one,' fixing another in my mind. I passed one and another. 'I will do it at this one.' My mouth opened. My tongue would not speak. No words would come. Presently we parted.

"The next Sunday he was at the meeting again. Again he held up his hand; again the thumping; again the walk; again I did not speak. Before the third Sunday I was becoming desperate. I was losing my sleep, and one evening found me at his doorstep. I knocked. He was not at home. How glad and relieved I was!

"I now began to find that he was getting colder toward me. He did not wish to be in my company. I could not get him out with me. It was some months after this that I heard he was getting in with a fast set—drinking and going out at night. I do not care to think of that time.

"At last a revival broke out. Porter professed himself a follower of Jesus Christ. The crowd was going out. I pushed aside the chairs, made my way to the front and soon was beside my friend. 'I am proud of you,' I said, as I warmly shook his hand. He didn't seem pleased. 'Wait a minute,' he said; 'I've got something to say to you. Let us take a walk.' And outside: 'You're the

fellow that would have let me go to hell! Do you remember one Sunday afternoon last fall we were out here? I don't suppose you do. It was after class, and as soon as we were walking under these trees somehow the feeling came to me—I don't know how, and I've never felt like it about anybody else—but the words came to me, 'Brockman is going to ask you to become a Christian.' I was praying every step that you would do it, but you didn't. And for three Sundays you didn't do it.'

"He is now a great Christian worker, but I never hear his name or any of his great work without also hearing again: 'You're the fellow that would have let me go to hell!' Is there not some friend you could speak to about Jesus Christ?"

Dear LIFE BOAT reader, pray that God may save you from such an experience.

#### PLAIN LIVING, HARD WORK AND HIGH THINKING.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, has just been making what is supposed to be his last tour through the United States. He is now seventy-nine years old. While he was in Chicago he gave about twenty public addresses in one week. On Sunday he gave three lectures to enormous crowds; the last one was held in the great Auditorium, which was crowded to its topmost galleries. One could not help being surprised at the magnificent endurance that he exhibited under such a strain for a man of his age.

In view of this fact it is interesting to study this man's dietary. Years ago he discovered that he was able to do his *best* and *strongest* work on a non-flesh dietary, so he conscientiously adopted this plan. Before arriving in Chicago the following instruction was sent ahead to his hotel:

"The general does not take fish, flesh or fowl in any shape or form. The following will be all that he desires:

"Breakfast.—This meal is taken in the bedroom, usually about 7:30 a. m. Strong Ceylon tea, boiling hot milk, dry toast and butter. In making the toast the bread should be gradually toasted until it is both dry and crisp and yet not too hard, and should then be immediately placed in the rack.

"Midday Meal.—For this meal, which is

taken about 12:30 p. m., all that is required is vegetable soup, a roasted potato in its skin, or boiled, with any other vegetable that may be convenient. The recipe for this soup is as follows:

"Take one carrot, one turnip and one small Spanish onion, cut up fine. Add a heaped teaspoonful of pearl barley and boil till tender, adding water, as the soup must be quite liquid. Just before serving add a little chopped parsley (fresh or dried) and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil up immediately before sending to the table. Serve with crisp toast.

"After the midday meal the general is in the habit of taking a little rest, and for this purpose prefers retiring to his bedroom.

"Tea.—About 4:30 p. m. Same as breakfast, with the addition of a few mushrooms, if in season.

"Supper.—Plain milk pudding (rice or tapioca, without sugar); stewed fruit, without sugar."

On this very simple dietary he does the work of many men. It is said that even when he dined with the president of the United States he strictly adhered to his simple dietetic habits.

Undoubtedly thousands of brain workers, especially those in advanced years, might to very great profit to themselves physically as well as mentally, and perhaps morally, adopt to a large extent General Booth's bill of fare. On this point the Chicago *Daily News* comments editorially:

"Seventy-nine years of age, he maintains his vigor and his ability to perform fatiguing labor on a small allowance of toast and tea, hot milk and vegetable soup, a roasted potato once a day, plain milk pudding and stewed fruit. There is no worship of the belly-god to distract Gen. William Booth from his high duties.

"Vigor and long life come with knowing how to work wisely and how to sustain one's strength wisely. Not everyone could thrive upon General Booth's simple fare. That it is well fitted to the needs of one of his advanced years and ascetic habits may be readily believed. Further, it points once more to the lesson that in a world of rheumatic and other ills which come from overeating, a world of misshapen persons loaded down with worse

than useless adipose tissue, he is wise indeed who, knowing what he needs to eat, eats that and nothing more.

"The public knows what General Booth has done for the bodies and souls of poverty-stricken or sinful human beings. He has a message, also, it appears, for the bodies of those who have access to the fat of the land. Let them conduct themselves with discretion at table as well as elsewhere and profit greatly thereby."

### THE SHADOW OF GOD'S HAND.

PEARL WAGGONER.

("I have covered thee in the shadow of Mine Hand"—Isa 15:16.)

Art thou dwelling in the shadow,  
With no day-beams piercing there,  
While around thee are rejoicing  
Myriads in the sunlight fair?  
Grieve thou not, as if forgotten,  
Lone thou wert in stranger land;  
God it is who thus surrounds thee  
With the shadow of His hand.

When the darkness gathers o'er thee,  
Murmur not, "Why should it be?"  
God in mercy hath a reason  
Mortal vision cannot see.  
Lest thine eyes should fail with gazing  
On the dry and arid sand,  
"I have covered thee in shadow—  
In the shadow of mine hand."

With the cloud is God surrounded,  
And His throne is in the dark;  
It is there thou'lt hear His whisper—  
Only silent be, and hark;  
It is there that thou shalt meet Him,  
Though around thee falls the night,  
And the truths He there shall teach thee  
Thou canst then proclaim in light.

Oh, the blessedness of shadow,  
When it brings the Saviour near!  
It is then that there is quiet  
And the ear is tuned to hear.  
And oh, wouldst thou not then rather  
Oft alone with Him to stand,  
Than to dwell in light, but missing  
Thus the shadow of His hand?

Yea, and when He gives the shadow  
It but leads to fuller light,  
Teaching thee the needful lesson  
How to live by faith, not sight.  
When thine eyes are veiled then, grieve not,  
But to others through the land  
Rise, and tell the things He's shown thee  
In the shadow of His hand!

### "STILL I AM ONLY A PRISONER."

We would offer the suggestion to all those who shall read this letter, whose feet have never started in the downward road, to thank God for what He has done for them. Remember that the Bible says that the way of the transgressor is hard. The following, from

a prisoner in Huntingdon, Pa., is an excellent commentary on that text:

"To you, who are a stranger, I address this letter, which comes from a person who is in trouble. But I am not only in one trouble with the public, but with my former friends whose acquaintance I should never have made. They have landed me on the home-plate safely and then abandoned me as all coaches do in a baseball game when they have brought their man home safely.

"There is only one other person whose friendship I have made, viz., my father; but I did not go according to his coaching or else I would have landed in the proper place and would have had plenty of righteous friends.

"With my mother's death I lost all hope. Home was broken up and I was cast adrift in the sea of struggling humanity. I was too weak to swim all the long days and nights without the strong and mighty arm of a friend from above and I knew not enough to call out to Him or for the LIFE BOAT to rescue me, until now I have sunken as it seems beyond the reach of anything human. I am a piece of humanity cast adrift in the storm, floating on waves in the middle of the sea.

"One is lonely without a friend, wrapped in the arms of the ever alert and what seems to me the cruel law. I see others with mothers living and fathers doing all they can to lighten and loosen the law's arms from their sons, and see families into which these sons can go when they leave here. But I have no place to call my home. I am very much afraid that my one wish will never be carried out, that is, to get an education.

"I hope that you will answer my letter; but still I'm only a prisoner."

"As my subscription expired with the July number I will send my renewal. This will be four years I have had the LIFE BOAT. I think it will prove a blessing to me yet, as I have a wayward son who never would look at anything religious, but who is reading the LIFE BOAT lately."

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

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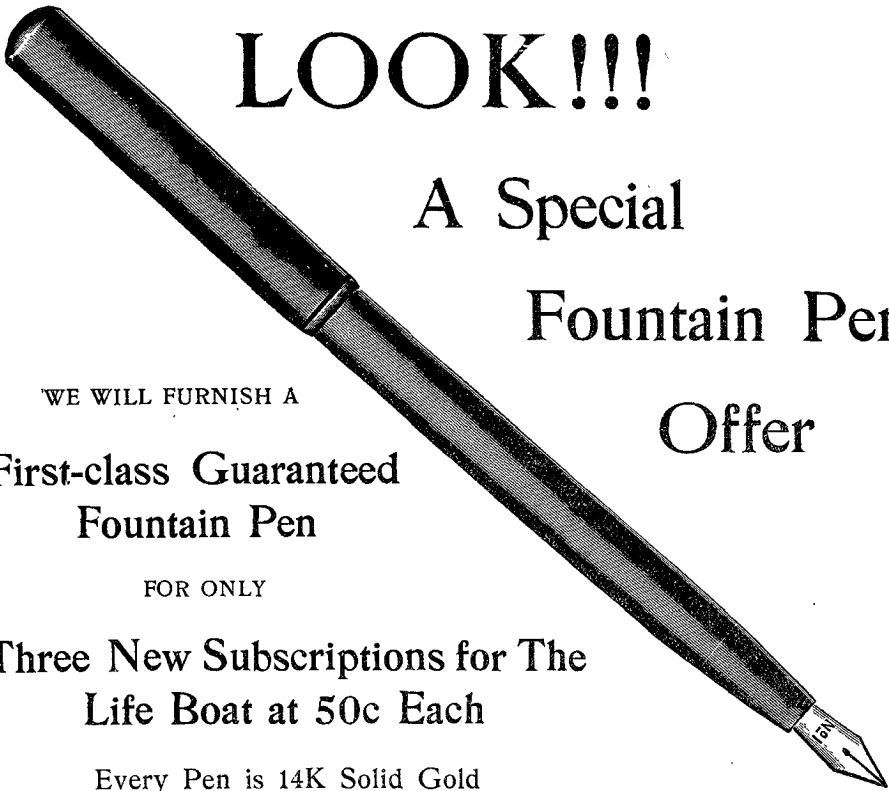
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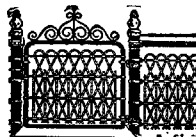
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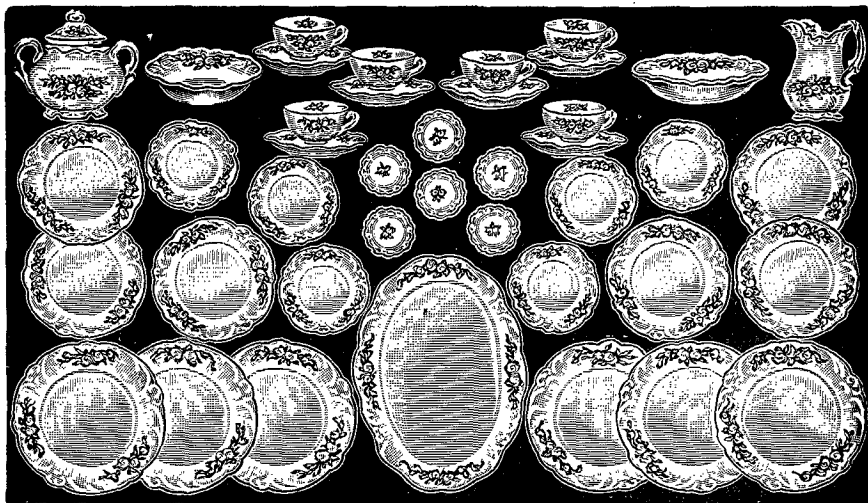
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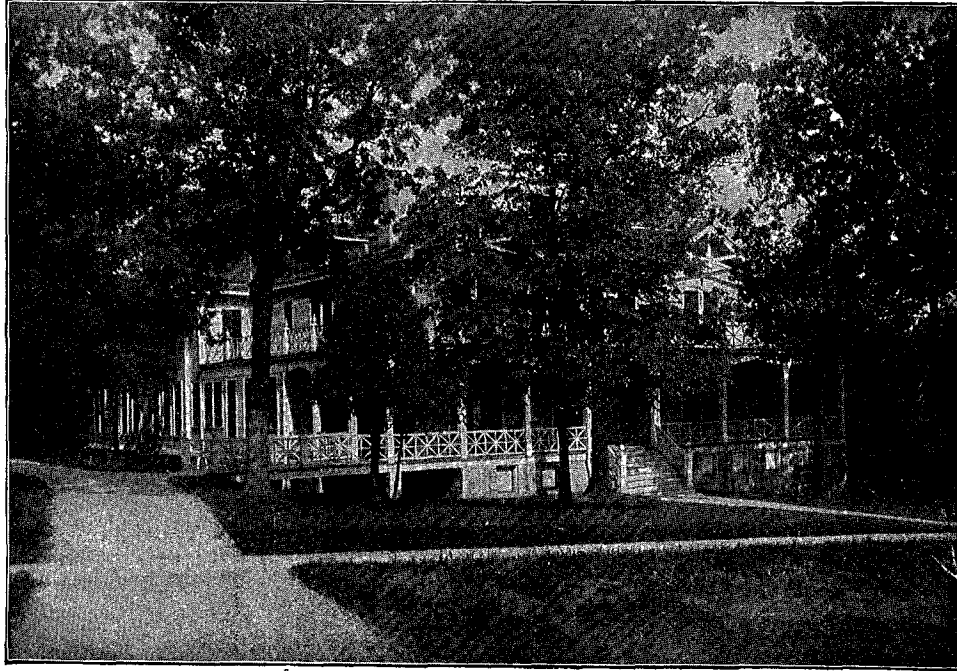
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