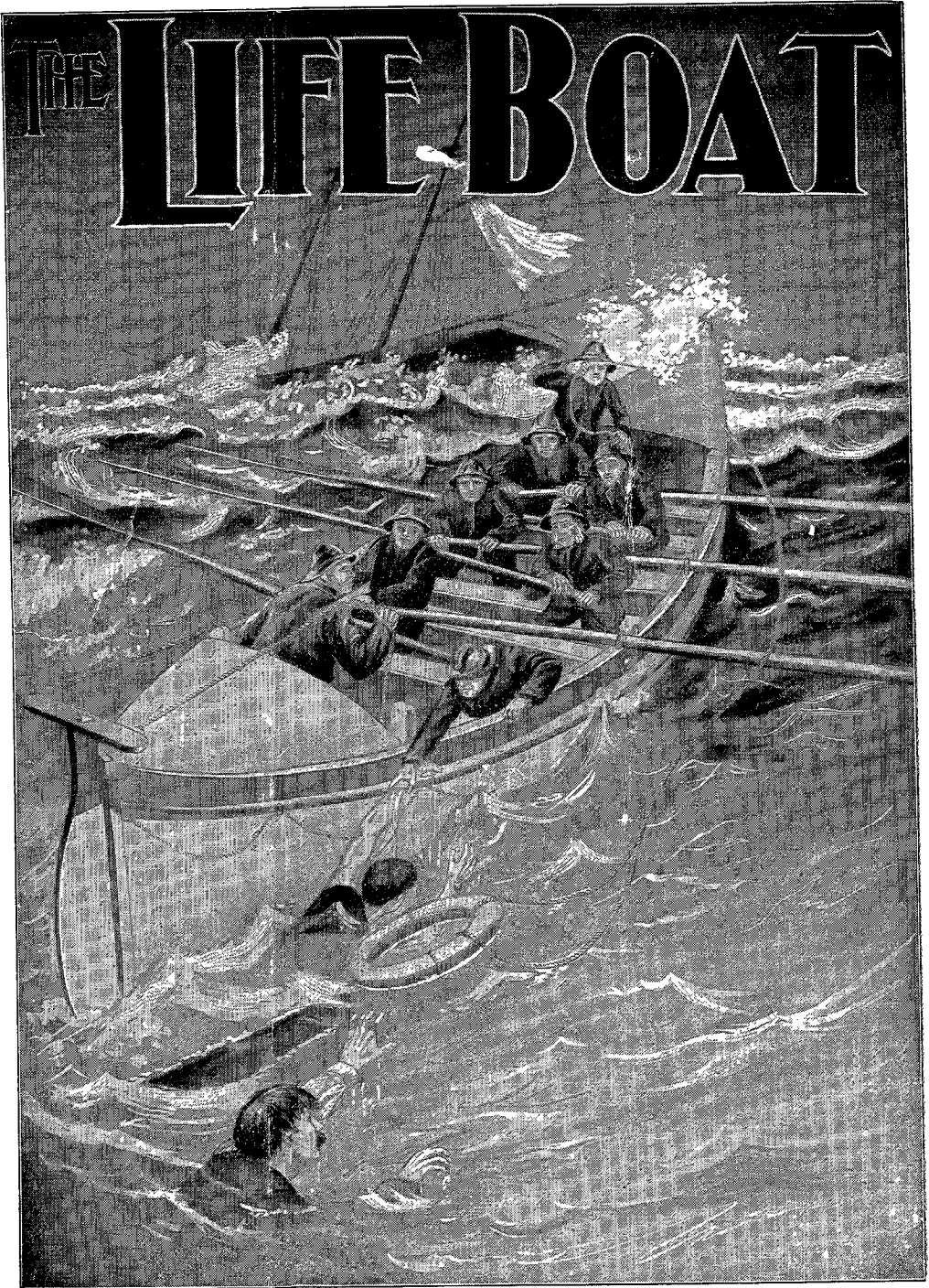


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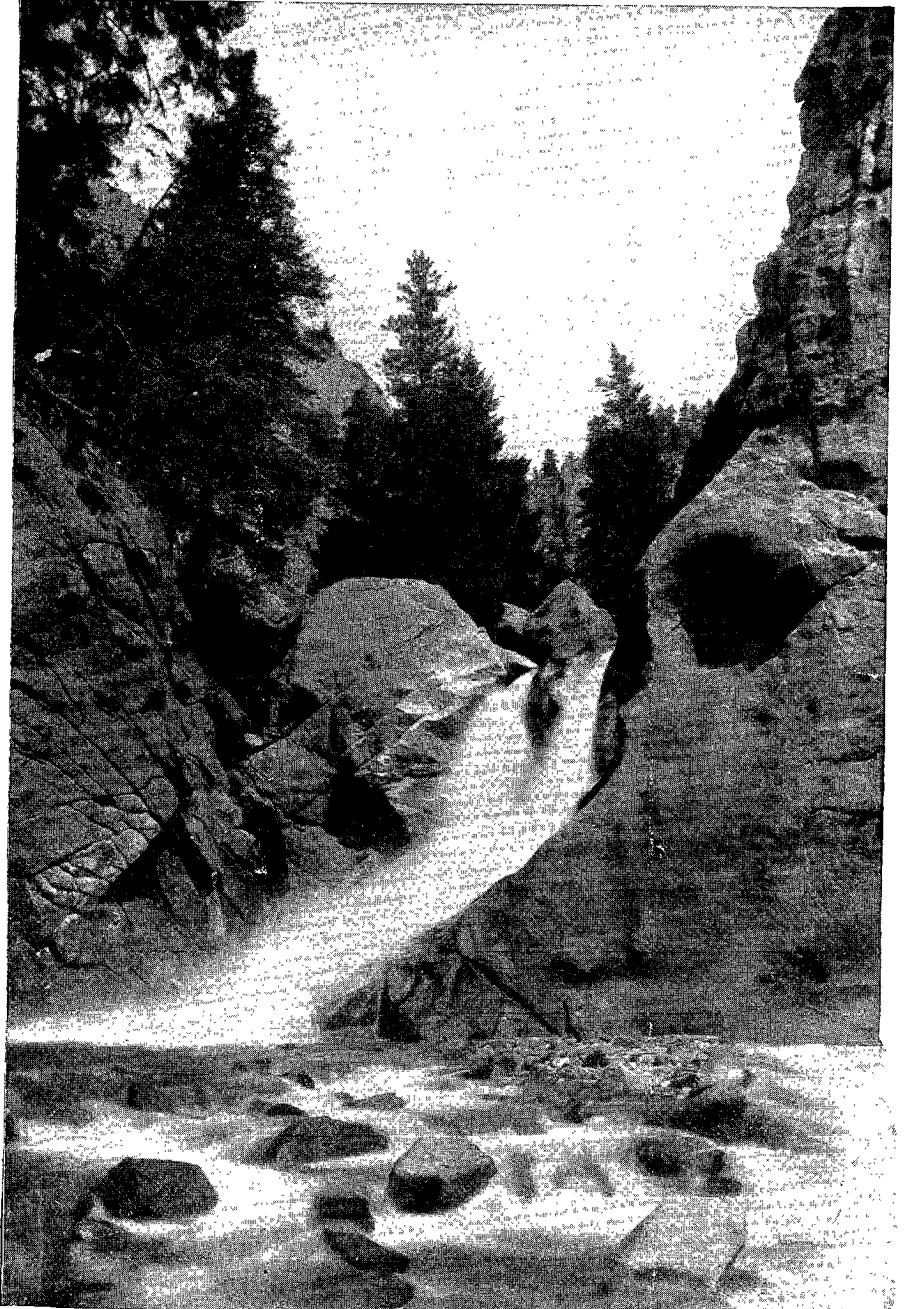
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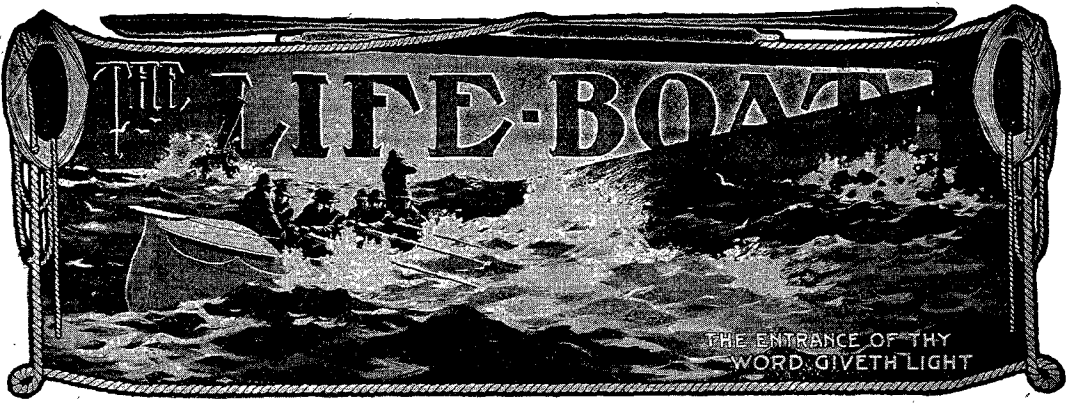
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"It Is More Blessed To Give Than To Receive"



Good Health.

“To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.”



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

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Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: DECEMBER 1907

Number 12

**WHAT TO GIVE,—A CHRISTMAS
SUGGESTION.**

PEARL WAGGONER.

"What shall I give?"—Give love;
Give of thy heart's full store;
Dearer than rubies, more precious than gold,
It were not meet such rich gift to withhold;
Jewels are not prized more—
Freely then give, of love.

"What shall I give?"—Give joy,
Joy to the ones who mourn.
Give them the comfort to thee has been shown
When thou didst weep in thy sorrow alone;
Other hearts, too, are torn—
Comfort then give, and joy.

"What shall I give?"—E'en though
Poor thou art called on earth,
Yet thou art rich enough these things to give,
Making for others life easier to live;
Count, then, not small in worth,
What can such cheer bestow.

Or, it may be, perchance,
Wealth of the world is thine:
Yet, though thy gift be most costly and fair,
Lacking in love 'tis but empty and bare;
Love with thy gift combine—
This will its worth enhance.

"What shall I give?"—Give love,
Sympathy—kindness—joy.
Give like life's Giver *His* gifts doth impart,
Freely and fully, from heart unto heart;
Give then thyself—give joy,
Sympathy—comfort—love.

IN THE STOCK YARDS "JUNGLE."

EVA L. BORDEN,

888 W. 35th Place, Chicago.

We have recently had many improvements made in the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary and we are now well equipped to give all the sanitarium methods

of treatment. Since cold weather began people are coming to us in flocks, and are coming not only for treatments but for old clothes, etc.

A woman came to me day before yesterday, crying. I soon learned that her husband had been dead for three years; she had five children, the eldest only twelve years old, and she had been sick and out of work for about six weeks. She had very little to eat in the house, and very few clothes. Since cold weather she wanted something to dress them a little warmer. We managed to get her a few things for the children, looked up her case and helped her out.

She was gone about five minutes when a little girl came in, about six years old, who wanted to know if we had some clothes for her. Her father was also dead and her mother washed for a living. We knew her case and knew it was all right, so we managed to fix her up.

Just a few minutes after this the door bell rang and a little youngster about eight years old came in, with his eyes all red and inflamed. I said, "Johnnie, what is the matter?" He said, "My eyes are sore." So I took him back in the pharmacy and the doctor looked at him and asked how his eyes happened to get in that condition. He said, "Well, I spit in them." We wondered how he accomplished such a marvelous feat and he said, "Well, you know we washes our faces every morn-

ing, and I was just washing mine and spit in the corner of my handkerchief to do it, and it made my eyes sore." We wondered if that was how he made his toilet every morning. He has been taking treatment for about two weeks. His eyes are getting better, but are still sore.

The next morning a little after seven o'clock a woman came in. As soon as she came to the door she began to cry. We asked her what was the matter and all she could say was she had rheumatism. She spoke German and I did not, so we had to go by signs; but she made me understand she had been suffering all night with rheumatism with very severe pain.

So I took her down to the treatment room and gave her a good treatment and she felt very much better and was able to walk off without limping. She kept saying, "Praise the Lord;" I understood that much of it. She wanted to give me a ten-cent tip, which I refused. We do not want them to think they must fee nurses in order to get good treatments. She is still coming back for treatments, and saying, "Praise the Lord."

Not long ago a fellow came in with a sore head. We fixed him up. He was sixty years old and had been a sailor all his life. Now he is too old to work and has no home; his family all died,—he had a wife and children, but they are all dead and he has no home or place to go. I noticed he limped when he came in and he explained that he had rheumatism. I asked him where he lived. He said he was sleeping in an old shack that had been used for a kind of coal house, and was very glad he had the privilege of sleeping in that old shack because last winter he slept under the sidewalk about a block from the Dispensary.

He had a few old sacks and he said that he slept quite comfortably all winter, but when it came spring and the ground began to thaw out he began to get stiffness in his joints from sleeping in the wet, and got the rheumatism. He said he was very thankful he had such a good place as that to sleep,—that the cop (policeman) did not get him. We might have made arrangements to send him to the Home for the Friendless, but he did not want to go, as he did not want to be dependent on the city.

We have a brief devotional service in the

Dispensary every morning at 9:30, lasting about half an hour. All take turns conducting it. Some of our regular patients, quite a few who know about it, come early at that hour every morning in order to be with us at that time. They say it helps them through the day. As we read the Bible they make their own comments on it, which are somewhat original. They say, "Eh, is that so? Just listen to that now. Ain't that good! Praise the Lord for that," etc. As we kneel in prayer, if they are able they kneel with us, and preserve a proper manner through the whole thing, and are glad to come.

The work is very interesting. Once a person becomes engaged in it he loses his heart and soul in it. I have never met anyone who worked in there but who praised the Lord for the privilege of working in there and were thankful.



"What Shall the Harvest Be?"

The people appreciate what is done for them. We have all classes of people, not only the very poor, but we have those in better circumstances. It is entirely a new thing to them. Such treatments are something they know very little about. When they get well they think it is a marvel. We can give them all manner of treatments that will really help them, but unless we give them a little box of medicine they think they are not going to get well. Perhaps the medicine we give may be perfectly harmless and neither do them good or harm. We charge them only for the treatment, but they think they are paying for the medicine and the treatment is acces-

sory to the medicine. That is among the foreigners. We have so many Italian and Polish people.

Some member of a family will come to us and tell us that someone at home is sick and they want to know if we can't send them some medicine that will cure them. They do not think it is necessary to bring the patient to us or us to the patient, but all that they want is some medicine. We say, "What is the matter with so and so?" They say, "Why, that doesn't make any difference; she is sick and wants some *medicine*."

Another funny thing occurred the other day. A woman brought in a baby about six months old. The child was very sick. While waiting for the doctor to see the baby I asked the mother what the child had been eating; what she had been feeding it. She said, "Oh, that doesn't make any difference; the baby has good stuff to eat—it eats everything we do, everything on the table." Then I investigated and found out what they ate. They had been feeding the child pork, beans, cabbage, rye bread, meat of all kinds,—just everything imaginable. We found the child in a very serious condition and had to send it to the County hospital. But they declared that what the child had to eat had nothing to do with its being sick, and they could not understand why we had to ask what they had been feeding it.

So it is just the ignorance of the people. A great many of these things they could care for in their own homes if they only knew something about hygienic methods.

We want to remind all the readers of THE LIFE BOAT that we can make the best use of children's clothing if sent prepaid.

I would just like to say how much we need strong-minded, consecrated young people to come in here and help us with this work. We want someone with their hearts on fire for the work, someone to volunteer for the service and not be pressed into it. They certainly would be amply repaid with the satisfaction they would get from the good they were doing.

MR. MORRISON'S CASE.

Our readers have already been made acquainted with the case of Mr. Morrison, who was converted at a jail service held by our workers in the Harrison street police station. He then confessed being

guilty of a crime in Kentucky. He went there, stood trial and served his two years' sentence with a Christian record.

Upon his release he was again arrested on a technicality and is again serving the same sentence. He writes that he lacks twenty-eight dollars of being able to make full restitution, then he believes that the governor will pardon him.

We have received a letter from the warden of the prison expressing his confidence in Mr. Morrison. Anyone who feels impressed by the Lord to help this poor fellow may send the means either to Warden Chinn of the State Prison, Frankfort, Ky., or to the editor of THE LIFE BOAT and it will be used for this purpose. Mr. Morrison says that he will return this money as soon as he is able to earn it.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

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

One evening a few weeks ago a miserable creature walked in the Mission hall drunk, in wretched clothes, with no money, no friends to whom he could go. We spoke to him and asked him where he was from. He at first avoided us. Finally we learned that at one time he had been a Christian and had led the choir in a large church and otherwise been active in the Master's vineyard, but that the cares and perplexities of life had caused him to neglect the church and finally to forget God. He borrowed money as long as he could for drink. The rest of the story you may better imagine than I can tell. His presence in the condition he was in told it all.

Considerable time was taken in conversing with this man, by one of our associate workers who had himself gone through the same experiences. Finally he came to the conclusion that there was no other way but to come to Jesus. He got on his knees and earnestly asked God to forgive the past and help him to live a different life. God did hear him and answered his prayer; God gave him a new heart and put a new song in his mouth.

At once there was awakened in his heart a desire to rectify the wrong to his family. He asked me if I would write something for him to his wife, which I was glad to do. Here is a copy of the message he wrote:

"Dear Wife: I have been awfully wrong, but this evening I walked into the Life Boat Mission and asked God to save me. Will be

home soon as I can get the money to go. E."

I wrote the following P. S.:

"This man came to us in a bad condition. We are doing all we can. He requested me to write you for him. He is without money. We are sorry to convey this news to you, but trust his prayer to God will be the means of changing his life. I know you have had many burdens to bear, but the past is under the blood of Christ. Yours for Jesus."

He was given an opportunity to wash and brush his clothes, was taken out to supper and brought back to the meeting. He was a changed man, and the first to stand up and tell those present what God had just done for him.

The next day was a hard one. Every fibre of his body was craving for a drink. He walked the floor all day long back and forth, the enemy striving for the mastery; but thank God he was defeated. That evening there was a long-distance telephone call. It was his son making inquiry for the father, who had been gone two weeks. After a few moments' council he decided to come and take him home.

The next evening he arrived and in a few moments they were together. We were not sorry for the part we had in bringing about this reconciliation. In the course of two or three hours they came back again. He had had a bath, had gotten a clean shirt and collar and a good suit of clothes, and we could but say, "See what the Lord hath done."

They bade us good-bye after thanking us for what we had done for them. A few days later I received the following letter from him:

"Dear Sir and Brother: I send you by separate mail a copy of the hymn book used here in the "Sunday" meetings and indicate the song on page 57 as voicing my present sentiments better than I can express them otherwise.

"We had another splendid meeting in the Tabernacle on last Sunday evening, "Mell" Trotter of the Rescue Mission of Grand Rapids, Mich., delivering the sermon, and it is needless for me to say that it was brimming over with good thoughts, and many more went forward.

"My wife and myself are a little undecided just where we will affiliate, but presume it will be with a small congregation near our home who need our help both financially and by our presence, and where we think we can do the most good for the Master.

"While sitting in the Tabernacle on last

Sunday evening my thoughts wandered back over the week and I seemed to be in the Mission again listening to the services; and in my mind's eye I seemed to see all the kind people who extended to me the right hand of Christian fellowship, I who for the time being was a virtual outcast—and my heart warmed within me to think that God had guided me in that direction that I might see the light.

"I wish at your meeting you would express my sincerest regards and good wishes to all whom I met, and tell them that I pray that they may be rewarded with a fuller share of joy for the part they all had in helping me on the way.

"Naturally I have not been very well physically since my return, but mentally have been wonderfully contented.

"May God bless you all and the work you are doing. Sincerely yours."

This is only one of the many incidents we are having every day, in pointing hopeless and dying men to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; in binding up the broken-hearted and opening the prison to those who are bound; in feeding the hungry, giving a cup of cold water to the thirsty and clothing to the naked, and the poor having the Gospel preached to them.

There is never a day goes by but I see a good reason to thank God these doors are open. We wish to thank those who read this, for the contributions of the past, and may God put it in your heart to do all in your power to help us in the future to meet our rent and other expenses.

Last night a young man came and told us he was hungry. We gave him a lunch, which was appreciated. He had spent ten years in prison; just got out and the world had forgotten him. He had been dead, as it were. Where should he go and what could he do? He had no friends, no home, no money, no work—and thousands of men besides him looking for a job! Our hearts were touched as we helped him as we do many others.

We have arranged to serve a bowl of soup during the winter months, to all who are really dependent. Your five or ten cents even, from month to month, will keep many a man from committing crime to satisfy the pangs of hunger.

Upon request a report will be made to you of the use that is made of your offering.

WORN OUT BY A MEAN LIFE.

A prisoner writes from Frankfort, Ky.:

"I received your kind letter and was glad to hear from you and would be glad to have you as my friend. I am alone in this world. I want to be a good man and do what is right. I know I have one Friend that stick-eth closer than a brother and that is Jesus Christ, and I thank Him for all things and I believe something will turn up for me that is good.

"I have got fourteen months yet in this prison, after putting up seven years in here. I get so downhearted and discouraged that I can hardly stand my troubles, and I know if God's people knew my needs and my heart they would help me, for God knows I will do what is right. I am a man who is worn out with a mean life and sick of sin, and I ask you to be my friend and get me all the good Christian friends you can. I am a poor hand to write, but love to write letters to anyone who will be kind enough to correspond with me."

SAVED FROM DRINK.

[Those who now meet Mrs. Roach, surrounded with the blessings of life and a Christian home, could hardly comprehend that some years ago she staggered into the Life Boat Mission as a poor victim of the drink habit. At the fifth anniversary of her conversion which was held recently at the Life Boat Mission, she said in part, the following.—Ed.]

I was very much impressed with reading the 15th chapter of Luke the night I was converted because I had known years of sin. There was one bad thing in my life and that was the drink habit. I thank God for His grace and I do praise Him for the Life Boat Mission. Before I entered the doors of the mission I did not know God or that He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him might have everlasting life.

One text I heard that night was, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I realized that I was lost as I entered the mission with a Christian woman. I felt as we went in that she ought to speak to me but she did not. As I went into the mission I was without hope and friends, even my husband turned me down, not because he was so good but because I was so much worse.

I had been the mother of several children and was soon to become the mother of another one. When I went into the mission that night I felt so miserable that I needed just the help offered there.

As I went out at the door Mr. Van Dorn met me and asked me if I was a Christian. I said I was not. He asked me if I wanted to be one and I said, "Yes." He took me back into the mission and I gave myself to God. I knew how to pray as I had learned my prayers at home; I had a good mother but had wandered away from her care. We had no drink in my home that made me a drunkard. When my father wanted to drink he went away from home.

No, friends, when I was only eighteen years old I married the man that I did, with whom I took my first glass of beer. From day to day and year to year I drank it and loved it better than anything in my life. I tell you, friends, it means so much to me tonight to



Mrs. Roach and Her Daughters.

tell you that I praise God for His wonderful love to me. I want to praise Him for I love Him more and more.

I did not go to the mission very much as I went to the hospital soon after my conversion. I did not know what it was to study God's Word so I went back into sin just six months later and kept this up for six months. Just a year from the time I made my first start I went back to the mission and again turned from sin to God. I thank God tonight that He is able to save all who trust Him. I found that Christians must be sweet, reserved people, so I began to study God's Word and to look to Him at all times.

For fourteen years I drank as hard as I

could drink, and my husband left me. I wandered away and did not care for myself or my children until they were about to be adopted by other families.

I thank God tonight for Christians who help a person up and hold Christ up. I have had people say to me, "My, you look well!" God makes me stronger every day I serve Him and study His Word. I want to praise Him tonight for all He gives me; He supplies my every need.

If there is anyone here tonight who does not know Jesus, come to Him and give Him a trial. There is no other life. I have tried both kinds of life and find there is no other way to live except in Christ.

HE FAILETH NOT.

A. EDWARD KELSEY.
Ramallah, Palestine.

[Recently a very unique family reunion took place in Hinsdale, when Mead A. Kelsey, pastor of a large Friends church in central Maine, his brother W. Irving Kelsey, who has superintended extensive missionary work in Mexico for years, Rayner W. Kelsey of the University of California, and A. Edward Kelsey, who has superintended mission work in Palestine, met at the home of their sister, Mrs. Morse, for a family reunion. On this occasion Mr. A. Edward Kelsey, the returned missionary from Palestine, read the following original poem:—Ed.]

Once more we're brought by God's good hand
To this beloved parental roof
From distant homes, from foreign lands;
Our gathering is another proof
He faileth not.

We come from the Pacific strand,
From Mexico's fair, sunny clime,
And some from that blest Holy Land
Where prophet taught in olden time
He faileth not.

Beneath this roof in childhood's days
The happy hours sped swiftly by,
And so we say with heartfelt praise,
As Heavenward we lift the eye,
He faileth not.

When far from home and loved ones dear,
Though rough and thorny was the way,
When heart was filled with doubt and fear,
He faileth not.

Our fathers' God has been our stay,
Sustained us all through storm and flood,
And on this glad reunion day
We lift our hearts in praise to God;
He faileth not.

Oh, brothers, sisters, parents dear,
As 'round the altar here we bow,
We'll banish doubt and every fear,
And to the Lord renew our vow.
He faileth not.

Jehovah, God we recognize
The hand that's led us all the way;
Thy chastenings and rebukes we prize
And from our hearts we all can say
He faileth not.

Though soon our ways again must part,
We cheerfully can say good-bye,
For from the depths of every heart
Will come that all sustaining cry,
He faileth not.

THIRST-PRODUCING FOODS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

As we come to learn more of drunkenness we are forced to the conclusion that in thousands of cases, in a certain sense it is almost as much a disease as epileptic fits, bronchitis or insanity, and like these diseases it has some definite causes.

It is just as unreasonable to expect the Lord to arbitrarily save this class from their horrible craving for liquor without removing the cause, as it would be to expect the Lord to remove the thirst for water in an individual who was eating salt by the teaspoonful, or to prevent blisters from forming on a hand that was placed on a hot stove. This is not limiting the power of the Gospel; it only explains why we sometimes fail when we expect God to remove effects while we persist in furnishing the causes.

A painful corn suggests an ill-fitting shoe. A burning fever spells an infection of some sort. The average drunkard's craving for liquor is as real as is the consumptive's desire to cough. Is there as definite a cause for the one as there is for the other?

A prominent English physician tells of a drunkard who complained that the temperance people were forever insisting that he should stop his drinking, but not one of them told him how to get rid of the thirst that drove him to drink. The time has come when the wisest and the most successful temperance reformers are discovering that the poor drunkard's complaint deserves earnest consideration.

When the nerve centers are continually rasped and irritated by abnormal quantities of waste products and toxins it is not surprising that the harassed individual should seek the temporary and delusive felicity that the wine cup affords.

On this point the personal experience of Eustace H. Miles, the world's champion tennis player and well-known author, is instructive. He states that his physical condition compelled him to give up alcohol, for which he had a strong liking. Then he tried living upon a

simple and non-flesh dietary. He was soon freed from his distressing symptoms, and, what was still more remarkable, his desire for alcohol also disappeared. Since then, whenever he has gone back to a flesh diet the craving for alcohol always returned.

The following report from the matron of the Salvation Army Inebriates' Home in England is particularly illuminating on this subject:

"About three years ago I was induced by Mrs. Booth to try the vegetarian cure for drunkenness. I had been working in the Home for four years previous to this, with the usual mixed diet—joints, bacon, salt fish, pickles, pepper, mustard, oysters, vinegar, etc.—and I was very skeptical about this new idea.

"Since that time one hundred and ten women of all shades of society have passed through the Home. Two-thirds of these have been (so far as drink and drug habits are concerned) the worst possible cases; the majority of ages being from forty to sixty, most of the habitual drunkards of ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five years' standing; some so bad that other Homes would not receive them.

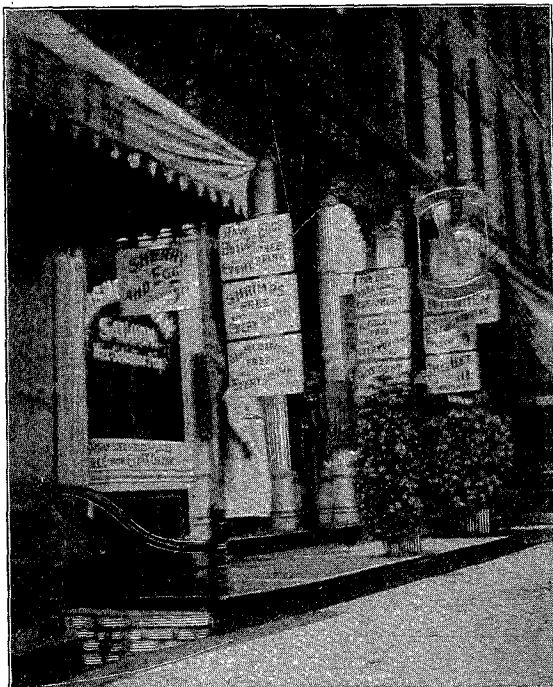
"Some were suffering from delirium tremens; there were morphia maniacs, having periods of fierce craving for the drug, at times amounting to madness. Others were so unnerved and such physical wrecks (not having eaten sufficient food for weeks and even months) that I felt doubtful as to what would happen as a consequence of giving them this diet. You will agree with me that I had a variety of material to work upon. Now for results:

"Both myself and workers were quickly convinced that we had taken a right step. We found that the strain and anxiety about our work (inmates) gave place to a much more restful and peaceful state of mind; also that we could think and sleep better. Some of us had suffered from severe headaches for years, which gradually disappeared. This was splendid. We also found less need for medicine.

"But what was taking place with us was rapidly developing in the inmates, only their sad condition made the change much more marked. Lazy, vicious, bloated, gluttonous, bad-tempered women, heavy with years of soaking, whose bodies exhaled impurities of every description, who had hitherto needed weeks, and even months of nursing and watching, to my astonishment and delight under this new treatment made rapid recovery, assuming a fairly normal condition in about ten days or a fortnight. Mrs. W., who had been drinking hard for sixteen weeks—twenty-five years a drunkard—came to us on a Thursday, and was up and about on the following Monday.

"Within four months we had practically abolished the meat diet. The people, as a whole, are much happier. We do not have violent outbreaks of temper as we used to; they are more contented, more easily pleased, more amenable to discipline."

Time and again in our Chicago Life Boat work to our great sorrow we have seen a man who has apparently been thoroughly reformed, rejoicing in his freedom from the thirst for alcohol, yield to the entreaties of some of his well-meaning but ignorant friends to partake



The Foods Advertised on the Free Lunch signs Are Invariably of a Thirst-Producing Kind.

with them of a highly spiced flesh-food dinner, with strong tea or coffee. Too often it has served like the springing of a trap door to plunge the man, in a few hours' time, into the very depths of a drunkard's degradation.

Nature has provided gratifying flavors for her natural foods, but the ignorant cook ignores this and imparts to the food such coarse and unnatural flavorings as mustard, pepper, ginger, and a host of other fiery substances which destroy the normal taste and leave in its place unnatural appetites and morbid crav-

ings which can only be satisfied by such unnatural drinks as alcoholic liquors and other nerve-stupefying substances.

It is a general law that unnatural flavors develop unnatural appetites, but if a man is fed upon the natural products of the earth and is taught to masticate thoroughly his food, he will soon begin to regain a normal and simple appetite.

On this point one of Mr. Fletcher's experiments is particularly interesting. He hired several tramps to come and eat food in his presence, and to masticate it thoroughly, according to the ideas that have since made him so famous.

After a few days one of these men came and called attention to a dollar he had in his hand, remarking that it was the first time in twenty years that he had a dollar in his pocket that had not gone into the saloon-keeper's till. When Mr. Fletcher asked him how he accounted for it he explained that since he had begun to masticate his food thoroughly he had absolutely lost his desire for liquor.

Without attaching undue importance to this man's fortunate experience, it is well to note in passing that not only is non-stimulating dietary, sufficiently cooked, tastefully prepared with food elements in proper proportion, an important adjunct to the temperance cause, but it is also of considerable consequence how it is eaten.

On this point the late Dr. Kerr, the eminent English authority on scientific temperance, says: "The bottle has a potent ally in the bolting of food. The hasty dispatch of a meal leaves masses of food, not properly broken up and dissolved in the mouth, for the stomach to encounter, a task never intended to be thrown on that organ. The result is that digestion is attended with considerable difficulty, and this diseased condition craves for relief, and an alcoholic soother is employed which in many cases is the introduction to a course of periodic or constant inebriety."

SMILES IN PLACE OF WRINKLES.

This prisoner in Michigan City writes that God has used the reading of this magazine to transform men in that prison whose hearts were as hard as steel,—that they now come out with a pleasant smile when before they

used to come out of their cells with their faces all wrinkled up. Yet there are but a few copies sent each month to Indiana's great prison. Who will supply two hundred and fifty at club rates for this prison? This man writes:

"I have been getting your magazine each month and it is a message from heaven to me. Here I sit day by day only waiting for the time to come when I will be free again. I can walk from these prison bars and from this great weight of sin. Since I came to this place it has brought a great change all around: I have lost my mother, father and brothers, and all of my friends, just because I followed Satan.

"Since coming here I have tried to turn back to my childhood days and follow Jesus. I find that men with hearts as hard as steel have turned away from sin,—men that are right here by my door. I know they have prayed to God to forgive them and they have been blessed in a wonderful way. Men that used to come out of their cells mornings with their faces all wrinkled up now have a pleasant smile and a kind word for their fellow prisoners. It is your magazine that has brought these fellows to the front. The boys here can hardly wait its coming; they ask for it a week before it comes out."

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

WINNIFRED FORD,
Hinsdale, Ill.

One Sunday recently I was to accompany to Chicago one of the girls from our Rescue Home, who had accepted a position in a suburban town. I had also planned to attend the jail service and I thought it would be both interesting and helpful to this girl to accompany me.

We met our workers there at 9:30 and knelt in the entrance to ask God's blessing on our efforts. In the first corridor there were only two women. One was an elderly woman with gray hair. As we sang she wept bitterly and asked us to pray for her.

Eight men from the second corridor held their hands through the bars for prayers. There were twenty-two men in the last corridor. Most of them were young and joined heartily in the song service. The Spirit of

God was surely with us, and as Brother Moody pictured the terrible agony of our Saviour, of His death on the cross, of His broken heart, and of the great sacrifice His Father had made that it might be possible for us, many a heart was touched and many a rough hand was drawn across the eyes.

The invitation was given and twenty-one of the twenty-two raised their hands for prayer. Before we knelt I sang, "I have a Saviour," and as I sang I prayed God to use my voice for Him and that these words might appeal to my unfortunate brothers.

Brother Moody then stepped forward and said he felt there was another step to be taken at this time,—that there were some there who not only wanted to be remembered in prayer, but who would like to accept this Saviour and live from that time as new men in Christ Jesus. A moment was given for deep thought and prayer, then several men arose,—poor, tired and sinsick souls. There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over all the ninety and nine which need no repentance. (Luke 15:7.)

We then went up in the annex where there were fourteen girls. Some had sweet, pretty faces; but that one word "sin" makes so much trouble. At first they laughed and paid but little attention, but as we sang old familiar songs that they once heard in Sunday-school their hearts began to soften, and when I sang at the last, "Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling," every girl buried her face in her hands, and the room was filled with sobs.

Is it worth while to spend our time with such results? Yes. You say, "But will it stand or will it be forgotten in a day?" The girl whom I took to the jail with me is a good illustration. For seven months she has been trusting her Saviour. She told the girls there how she had been deep in sin and how God had forgiven her and was now keeping her day by day. She pleaded with them to take Jesus and live the new life. She told how she had proved Him and found Him a very present help in time of trouble.

Every girl in the ward raised her hand for prayer. In talking with several of the girls afterward I learned that each had a sad story to tell. One girl had been a Christian and her mother was also a Christian, but she had strayed from God.

That night after accompanying this girl to her new home I attended the Mission on State Street. I wish I could put in words all that took place there that night. One poor fellow staggered in and asked that someone sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" I sang it for him and thanked God that I again had a chance to use my voice in His service.

A bright young man got up and told how he had been away from his home for five years and had never written to his mother. He wept as he thought of the sorrow this dear old mother had passed through. "Oh, if we could live our lives over," he said, "how different they would be!"

Ten men came forward to the altar and asked God earnestly to keep them from falling. "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

As I came back to our quiet home that night I felt that the Lord was indeed good and greatly to be praised.

PREPARING FOR MISSIONARY WORK, IN A PRISON CELL.

Two years ago Mrs. Clough wrote a short soul-winning article in this magazine, entitled "Turn the Picture." A prisoner in the Colorado State prison, through the reading of that article, was led to give his heart to God. He now writes of his progress in Divine things since then and something of his purpose for the future. We trust that those who have but little faith in supplying soul-winning literature to prisoners will read this letter carefully:

"I am glad to be able to bear testimony at this time to the efficacy of God's grace to save and keep, even in the unfavorable environment of prison, and to tell you that the good seed which was sown in my heart two years ago by an article in *THE LIFE BOAT* is still thriving and bearing fruit in my life, and through the kindness of Mrs. H. C. Lyle the monthly visits of the dear little paper assure me that you are still my friends.

"Dear friend, I am led to write you regarding a matter which lies very close to my heart. In order that you may better understand my position and motives I will tell you a little something of the circumstances in my life that have led up to the request I am about to make.

"In 1896, when I was converted and very distinctly called of God to preach the Gospel,

I started to qualify to that end; and for a time I was used, and led and greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit in religious work. But I had led a wild life for some years and when through lack of diligence I allowed the devil to cause me to doubt and so regain the ascendancy over my will, I became worse than ever, with the result that I have spent all but a very small part of my time since in prison. But God's spirit was pleading with me continually and I was a stranger to peace until I found it again here in prison at the foot of the Cross.

"Since my first glimpse of the truth contained in God's Word the Bible has always possessed a peculiar fascination for me. Its first effect upon me was to forever spoil me for light reading, and through all the years in prison I have studied it almost constantly in connection with ancient and medieval history and everything that would serve to establish its truths and throw light on its sacred pages. Since my reclamation to God, through the kindness of Mrs. Lyle, I have received much literature, including *Signs of the Times*, *Liberty*, and some of the books by Uriah Smith and others. I have still a little over four years to serve on my present sentence and I mean to spend the time in the study of God's Word in connection with the great truths bearing upon this time of the end, with a view to going into missionary work upon my release.

"Especially do I feel drawn toward those poor, deluded ones of Central and South America from whom the truth that makes free as it is revealed in God's Word is withheld. In order the better to qualify for that work I wish to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish language. To do this I will need a Spanish-English dictionary, a Spanish-English grammar and a Spanish Bible. It is that I may effectively carry on God's work for man's good and His glory that I make this request, and I am sure that anyone who feels led to help in this matter will be blessed in his gift.

"I wish to so prepare while here that I will be able to pass an examination at your Missionary Training School and enter immediately upon my chosen life work."

The man who lives with God does not need to advertise the fact.

FROM PRISON TO SOUL-WINNING.

A couple years ago a stray copy of this magazine fell in the hands of a prisoner in the South Dakota Penitentiary. He studied it and it awakened a hunger for truth which was fed and he was thoroughly converted. At the expiration of his sentence he found his way to Washington, D. C. From a letter recently received we abstract the following, showing that he is having an interesting time working for souls.

"I must say that God has most wonderfully blessed me and has kept me from the evil one. You may think there are no temptations here in Washington, but when you stop and think you will change your mind. Washington ranks seventeenth in size among the cities of the United States and seventh in arrests for crime, so you can see what kind of people are here. I was talking to a young man at the Open Door Mission last Sabbath night who has been all over the United States and in Europe, but he says the women in the division where this mission is held are the toughest characters he has ever met. He said he almost lost his life here at one time.

"I had a little book with me I was trying to sell to him. He told me that he had never read a chapter in the Bible in his life. I had quite a talk with him and told him some of the good things it contained and what a pleasure it was to obey our Father.

"I must tell you now something about myself, how the Lord has been with me. I have been studying the prophecies ever since I left Chicago and I tell you the Lord has given me some good lessons.

"So I started to speak on the street with an old man who has been here for thirty-three years. He said I had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. If you will read the second chapter of Proverbs you will see how I got it,—by believing God just as He says, not as I think.

"I did not give many street talks before they would not let me speak without a permit from the police superintendent. Then I went and got a permit. I will lead the Gospel mission Thursday night if the Lord is willing. But just think of what the Lord has done for me,—from prison to working for Him, the Creator of Heaven and earth."

At the same time we received the following

letter referring to him, from Mrs. Keeler, the well-known prison worker:

"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Paulson: I have just received a call from one of your ex-prisoners in whom you have taken so much interest. I have been interested in giving the Gospel to men and women in prison for thirty-five years, but never have our Saviour's words, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' come to me with greater force than during my half hour's talk with this ex-convict. I was surprised to find he had such a knowledge of the word. It seemed to be on his tongue's end, for his conversation was filled with quotations from the Bible.

"The Bible seemed to govern every act of his life. I could not help but compare his life with the lives of ex-convicts I have met who have graduated in crime in the prison camps in the south. Thousands of persons are turned out of prison annually who go out to poison and destroy society; but alas how few go out as Jerry McAuley and Michael Dunn, (both of whom I knew personally) with a purpose to make the world better!"

A CLEAN SOUL, STRONG MIND AND NEW MEMORY.

Some years ago while Mrs. Abrams and her husband were on their way to the theater they chanced by the doors of the Mission. The singing attracted her; she went in and that night was gloriously saved. Some years afterward her husband was also converted. Two years ago their experience was written up in the columns of this magazine. A prisoner in the Michigan Reformatory read this, and recently wrote the following to Mrs. D. K. Abrams, which we are sure will be read with interest, especially by those who are just beginning to take the first steps in the Christian's path:

"I read your story and the one from your husband in *THE LIFE BOAT* about two years ago. In time of need you placed your trust in God and finally your prayers were answered and brighter days were in sight.

"Your story impressed me greatly, and I said, 'There is a fine lady and her husband is a fine man,—would that I could meet them some day.' I was just starting out in the Christian life and longed for Christian fellowship and the kind of love which you and

your husband have for fallen men and women.

"I have always lived a sinful, crooked life. I have always had plenty of money, but to tell the truth I cannot remember one place where I ever worked for an *honest* dollar. I have 'done time' in several prisons and jails and the reason I have not 'done time' in every penitentiary is because the officers could not catch me. While in the jails and prisons I learned more badness. What I did not know before I learned there.

"Many men confined are spending their time thinking up ways and means of robbing those whom they suspect of having had a hand in sending them to prison. The spirit of revenge breeds freely, as is shown by the statistics that sixty per cent of the men are those who will continue in crime. But it cannot be said that the other forty per cent are faultless.

"However, with all the conditions against a prisoner, he *can* by the grace of God be converted and lead a Christian life under confinement. Christ is everywhere. I have been here five solid years. I was sent here for ten years for breaking into houses. I had no intentions of ever being converted. My thoughts ran about like this: 'Well, they have got you again,—someone must pay for this later on.' That is the way most everyone thinks.

"After being here for two and one-half years *something* told me that if I did not change my ways I would be lost forever. I was an unbeliever something like Bob Ingersoll, but Mr. Ingersoll got *fifteen hundred dollars* a night for being an infidel while I got not a cent. Well, I happened to get down on my knees. I knew no prayers but I heard our Chaplain repeat one every Sunday and I remembered the words: 'Give me a clean heart, renew a right spirit within me, wash my sins away. O God, I am a sinner.'

"Then I began to gain spiritually. I wanted to do right but could not. I was always of quick temper and easily provoked. I told Jesus every night how bad I was but that did not stop my meanness. Then I started out in the morning praying as I walked and worked, or whatever I was doing I prayed. Something would go wrong with my machine and the profanity that would come out of my mouth was something terrible. My good

prayers and a desire to live right were all knocked down by the devil in no time.

"For sixty days I prayed and fell again, prayed, and at last won the victory. Then I felt clean. I began to learn Bible verses and scriptural sentences. Then I found that I was willing but could not remember, as my memory for good things was ruined.

"God is giving me now a strong mind, a new memory, and I am teaching a class here in prison and am the president of the Christian Endeavor Society. I can pray in public and make spiritual addresses. Tell them Jesus *saves* unto the uttermost."

THE GOSPEL FOR BOTH SOUL AND BODY.*

H. E. HOYT.

"May God Himself, the giver of peace, make you perfectly whole, and may your *spirits, souls* and *bodies* be kept perfect and faultless until the coming of Jesus Christ our Lord." 1 Thess. 5:23, Modern English.

Some good pastors are satisfied to emphasize perfect holiness for your spirits and your souls, but they are quite willing to pass over holiness of body. This sanitarium stands for holiness for *spirit, soul* and *body*.

The same reverence should be manifested as you sit down at the table to take your daily food as you manifest here at this morning worship hour. It is just as essential that you use pure food, making clean blood, building up a clean body, as it is that you study with me from morning to morning pure words and elevating thoughts as found in the sacred Book.

It would be just as reasonable for me to read to you from Mark Twain or Opie Reed expecting their words to build up your moral fiber, to develop holy aspirations in your soul and spirit, as it would for you to sit down to the table and gorge yourself with beefsteak, condiments, spices, tea, coffee, and all manner of indigestible stuff, expecting such things to make pure blood and build up a clean and holy body capable of the highest and purest thought. Both are impossible. Hence I emphasize this morning the importance of perfect holiness of the blessed trinity of *spirit, soul* and *body*.

(From talk to Hinsdale Sanitarium patients at morning worship.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WALKER.

Forty years ago Weston, the most wonderful pedestrian of his generation, walked the ninety-six miles from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-three hours and forty-nine minutes. Last summer, forty years after, he repeated that same walk and beat his famous record of forty years ago, thus showing what temperate living and regular exercise can accomplish. He is said to have been an almost



Boston Photo News Company.
Snap Shot of Mr. Weston as He Was Passing Through One of the New England Villages on this Famous Walking Trip.

fanatical advocate and practitioner of the simple life.

Forty years ago he also walked the 1,230 miles from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, in twenty-six days. The old-timers tell us that when he walked down Michigan Avenue at the end of this memorable feat, it seemed that the whole of Chicago turned out to meet him.

Now, in his seventieth year, he has undertaken the same trip with the expectation of lowering his record. On October 29, a thousand people gathered in Portland, Maine, to

see him start on the trip where he expected to walk fifty miles every day for twenty-six days. He has started out to demonstrate what a man can accomplish who has lived seventy years of temperate life and taken regular exercise.

At this writing he has already passed through Cleveland, Ohio, nearly two days ahead of his record of forty years ago.

PRACTICING HEALTH PRINCIPLES IN PRISON.

We are constantly receiving letters from prisoners who write us of the great benefit they have received from carrying out the health ideas found in this magazine. We hope all of our readers are appreciating that the abuse of our bodies is a sin against God; that the laws of our body are as sacred as the moral law, and that the knowing violation of either law will shut us out of the kingdom of God unless thoroughly repented of and forgiven.

One prisoner confined in the Indiana State prison writes:

"I find that your instructions in the May number of your magazine regarding eating are excellent. Thorough mastication of the food is a wonderful benefit, having a tendency to cause a person to lose a craving for meat and in my case, coffee. I have always been a great lover of coffee, but lately I have lost my desire for it. Where I once used two or three cups a meal I now use one.

"I read extracts from letters to you from various places and will say this: I have never been able to kneel down a sinner and get up a Christian. I pray as fervently and earnestly as anyone could. I have forgiven my enemies and pray for them just as I do for myself and my tried and true friends, but it is a daily and hourly battle with me to live as He would have me live.

"I never have been what some people call 'downright wicked.' I drank, but never lost a situation because of drink. I swore once in a while and if things go wrong I have a hard time to keep from swearing yet, so I can't say I am a Christian. I try to be one, but that is all there is to it. I have heard people testify that they were so good they were in a manner sanctified, but from a disinterested point of view I found it hard to see any improvement in their conduct. They sold short weight,

charged enormous interest, evaded their duty to the church and society just the same as the most worldly brand.

"The instructions in gymnastics without a gymnasium are especially valuable to us, as a man owes it to himself, to society and to God to leave this place in the very best condition possible, morally, mentally and physically. To warp himself in any way so as to be a further charge on society is as great a sin as his former offense could be. If the first was not his fault the second surely is, but many do not know how to go about self-improvement without just such valuable instructions as are contained in the prison number of the Life Boat."

HOW TO CONDUCT A SUCCESSFUL PRISON SERVICE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Letters are constantly being received asking for information in regard to carrying on work for prisoners. For the benefit of such we offer the following suggestions:

First of all, it must be remembered that our chief object in working for the prisoner is to save him from *sin*, and not from *prison*. With him the question of getting freed from prison is the one that racks his soul, and as he ponders over it he loses all peace and his heart is filled with revenge. Sin is the element that every unhappy man needs to be freed from.

Singing is an important part of the service; many a poor prisoner has been saved through the medium of gospel song. An effective song well rendered often does more to touch hearts than a personal testimony.

However, if there is someone in your neighborhood who has been wonderfully saved from a life of sin and dissipation or from a drunken, criminal career, be sure to invite such an one to accompany you. The testimony of one who has been over the same road and who is now leading an upright Christian life, will leave a lasting impression.

Lessons drawn from Joseph's and Paul's prison experience will be helpful. Tell how the Lord came to Paul in prison and then quote that text in Psalms, 102:19, 20. "For He hath looked down from the height of His sanctuary, from heaven did the Lord behold the

earth; to *hear* the *groaning* of the *prisoner*, to loose those that are appointed to death."

Use simple illustrations to make plain the Gospel truth. Use simple language. Talk in an informal, personal way as you do when you meet a man on the street. Do not lose sight of the fact that a soul in a dark, grimy prison cell, all blackened and scarred with sin, is just as valuable in God's sight as the greatest prince among men, for God is no respecter of persons. It takes the *same* Gospel to save either one.

Work for this class of people as you would work for your *own* brother or sister. Above all, do *not* go to the prison or jail merely to satisfy your curiosity. Unless you have a definite conviction that the Lord can use you there to His glory you had better stay away.

One thing more: Remember there is power in prayer. Plead with God most *earnestly* for the salvation of those for whom you are laboring. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

LITTLE TALKS ON VITAL TOPICS. PRAYER.

(Continued.)

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

In our last talk on prayer we found that the five principles of effectual prayer could be reduced to four. And let us remember that we are studying principles of cause and effect as certain as any in a book of physics or chemistry. A petition *in order to be a prayer*, in order that one may be *sure* of receiving whatever he prays for, must have the four characteristics noted in our last study:

1. It must be offered by one who keeps the commandments of God. 1 John 3:22.
2. It must be made in faith. Matt. 21: 21, 22.
3. It must be made in accordance with the will of God. 1 John 5:14, 15.
4. It must be made in the name of Jesus. John 14:13.

Last month we saw that the first of these is impossible without the second; that we cannot keep the commandments of God without faith. This is shown by Romans 9:31, 32. The two are inseparable. Therefore the very first evidence that one has faith is that he

keeps the commandments of God. We may then strike out this second principle, or condition, because it is necessarily involved in the first one. This leaves us three conditions. We close this study with a brief examination of what faith is.

Of course the faith that the Bible talks about is religious faith. It does not mean faith in your neighbors, or in the laws of nature, or in your church or in yourself. It means faith in God. To have faith in anybody or anything we must believe something. We show our faith in God by believing what He says. Now the best way of finding out what God says is to study His word, the Bible. In doing so we soon find it saying that without Him we can do nothing. (John 15:5.) It is certain therefore that we cannot even do His will properly unless He helps us.

Here we seem to be in a dilemma, for answer to prayer depends on our keeping God's commands, and this we have no power to do. Shall we give up in despair? Yes,—despair of ourselves, and yield ourselves as helpless clay to God's molding. Then listen to what He promises to do: "I will give them one [not a divided] heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh; that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances and do them: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God." Eze. 11:19, 20.

This is a glorious promise, and one that should fill every sinner and despairing one with hope. For it is God taking the responsibility of seeing that we keep His law if we will but put ourselves in His hands,—abandon ourselves and the old sinking wreck of our own good resolutions and works.

Between now and next month let us practice faith a little, all the time studying the Bible to find out more clearly how to do it. Especially let us try to put into practice Romans 6:11-14.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A RED LETTER DAY.

REV. N. KINGSBURY,

Granite, Okla.

[Everybody knows that hand-picked fruit is the best fruit. The same is true in soul-winning work. Personal work accomplishes what no amount of public work can do. Read prayerfully Mr. Kingsbury's experiences and ask God to show you where you may do more personal work.—Ed.]

That there are red letter days in the Christian life and experience, everyone knows who is really and truly walking in the straight and narrow way. Indeed every day should be a red letter day. There are days of joy—deep, pure and blessed, days when notable victory is won over temptation, days when tears flow and sorrow reigns in the soul yet one says, "Thy will, not mine, be done;" days that are full to the brim with good deeds, days that are big with realizations of peace and love, calm and trust; so big are these that with the psalmist one cries out from the depths of his soul: "My cup runneth over." Red letter days indeed!

After all, the real red letter day is the day when a soul is won to Jesus. In God's good providence some such days have come to the writer. It is my purpose to tell the story of one such day. If that day was a notable one, a real red letter day, all the glory belongs to Jesus and not the writer: He simply used him, that is all, and he was willing to be used. He who would win a soul must ever keep self out of sight and his beloved Lord in the foreground.

The writer was doing special work in A— at the time. In the city was located a university with theological department and a goodly number of students, not many of whom were watching out for souls.

One morning we felt impressed to go out beyond the city limits into the homes of the people. In the first home visited we found a mother and daughter, professed Christians, who had wearied and paused by the wayside. The reader knows what living streams of life and refreshment flow forth from the Word of God; so we had resource to the blessed old book and these friends drank, were refreshed, and began anew the race for the heavenly city.

In the next home we found a Jew and his

wife. Would these Jews love to hear about the Christ of God, of the Messiah? We talked of Him, of His work, of His redeeming love, of His coming kingdom. We read from the Book, and knelt and prayed, and lo, the old Jew and his companion were deeply stirred and bade us come again

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

Now away to the next home! On reaching this home we were faced by two women standing in the door—mother and daughter were they, forty and eighteen years of age respectively, and women of ill repute. Alas, the Gospel sometimes seems to fail for a time. We were not invited inside the house. In course of conversation with these women we learned that the mother of the older one was lying on a bed sick, blind, and seventy-four years of age. "Could we see her?" "No, we don't want any preachers in this place—no use for them." So we were obliged to leave, but not until we heard a piping, feeble old voice say, "Let the preacher in, child." But there was no admission. On leaving we said, "Tomorrow morning we will come again and shall insist on seeing your old mother."

Next morning on approaching this house we saw the women standing in the door as before. On seeing us the door was banged in our face and the women went out the rear door and over the hill toward town. Upon reaching the door we knocked, and a feeble voice said, "Come in if you can get in." The door had an old-fashioned latch string which had been pulled in (as those inside had supposed);—just a tiny bit of the string protruded and we managed to get a hold upon it, drew it toward us, and yes, the latch lifted.

We entered, passed into an inner room and there found the poor old soul who had spoken, poor and thin, with wrinkled face and blind eyes, well-nigh helpless, seventy-four years old, bed-ridden for over two years. Ah, here is one of the lost sheep! So we began to talk of and tell the story of the good Shepherd, and this lost one said in despair: "It is no use; all my life has been spent in sin; God can have no mercy on me."

Then we opened one of the windows in God's Book and the poor old soul saw a blessed picture of the mercy side of our Father. Then another window, and lo, she

saw the love picture, wherein love yearned over the lost soul stooped to earth, "endured the cross, despising the shame," and all for her. Then what? Ah, yes—a melted, contrite heart, and a cry: "God pity me, Jesus save me!" The cry was heard instantly, and then? Why, there was joy in that room, in that soul, also in our soul, and there was joy in heaven too!

We made other visits to that home, times when heaven seemed to touch earth. The final parting visit came all too soon, and with tears of joy flowing over the wrinkled face the old sister said: "Mr. Preacher, God bless you, God bless you. I'm going home soon; if God will let me I'll be the first to meet you at the gates of the heavenly city and bid you welcome." Seventy-four years old, and saved! Seventy-four years in sin and all the sin of the years washed away. "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

In the next house we found an old lady eighty-three years of age. She had not been inside a church in many years. One time she had known what it was to trust in Jesus, but had long ago slidden back and lost all interest in the Christian life. Now as we talked to her her heart was touched and she was deeply moved. When we knelt for prayer hope again revived and in penitent confession and a renewal of her vows there came forgiveness and the old joy came back again to the weary, starved soul.

Then at once that heart went out with a great longing desire for her husband, a remarkable old man eighty-six years of age. This man was remarkable for his vigor of body and mind, and truly at his advanced age he was a wonderful specimen of humanity. He was described as one of the most ungodly and wicked men of the city. We prayed with the old wife for him, but did not see him personally. The old sister followed us to the door, with many a "God bless you" and with a smiling, happy face. Indeed, what a glory the blessed Holy Spirit can shed over an old wrinkled face when the heart of its owner knows the joy of the salvation of Jesus!

A few days later a message came to us that the husband was ill and wanted to see the preacher who had called and talked and

prayed in his house. In the quickest possible time we were in that home. We found the poor old man sitting in a big easy chair and propped up with pillows. What a welcome he gave us! He was glad to see us, yes, truly glad and eager to listen to what we had to say.

The Holy Spirit had carried the word spoken by the faithful wife in her account of our former visit, to the center of his heart. Conviction of sin, deep and real, had followed, and his mind was already made up to trust the One who is mighty to save. With mind clear as a bell and a heart glowing with love for the blessed Jesus, it was just wonderful to hear that old brother talk. Eighty-six years old, years that had been spent in the service of sin and Satan—as sure as that he lived, so surely that man had been born again.

A GLORIOUS EXPERIENCE.

To hear him tell the story of his conversion, of his love and trust, was glorious. More than eighty years of sin "under the blood"! In wonder and adoring love this man sat as a little child at the feet of Jesus, and with the eyes of his faith gazed and gazed upon the face of his Lord and Saviour and saw the wondrous beauty there is in Him. With words that came thick and fast he dwelt upon the story of God's mercy, love and compassion. With joy unspeakable this new-born soul listened to the reading of the Word and joined in prayer. Then he said: "My happiness is perfect only for one thing: I have one brother who is a hundred miles away and living in sin. Oh, if I only could see him and tell him of this wonderful Saviour I have found how happy I should go home to Jesus! I have prayed for my brother, I've sent him a message, and I trust that he will soon give his heart to God."

With the assurance that God hears and answers prayer we left the old brother, and heard his voice praising God as we went out the door. About six o'clock that evening there was a knock at the door of that home and in came the brother of whom the old man had spoken. Not having yet received the message sent him he had hastened to come that he might tell the elder brother what a marvelous Saviour he had found. Wonder of wonders! The Holy Spirit had sought him out and when the two compared notes it was found

that the younger was converted just a few hours after the elder brother gave his heart to God and began to pray for him.

About two o'clock the next morning the old man of eighty-six years of age passed away. The account of his death given by his aged companion was something marvelous. All was peace, love, joy and happiness unalloyed. With his dying breath did this man sing and pray and tell to his neighbors who had gathered in, the story of his pardon and forgiveness.

Oh, the wonderful love and grace of God, how it reaches and touches at every point all the needs of a lost soul! Old age cannot bar one out of the kingdom of our Lord. A hundred years of sin buried under the blood can never rise to condemn any sinner. No, no, bless the Lord, there is salvation in Jesus for the old. There is mercy, forgiveness, love, pardon, cleansing, peace, happiness, eternal life and heaven for all who seek them at Jesus' feet. Believe it, accept it, and the blessing in its mighty fullness is all yours.

Listen: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1: 18. Brother, sister, is there anything whiter than snow? anything softer than wool? Try it and see!

(To Be Continued.)

IF HE HAD LISTENED TO HIS MOTHER.

A prisoner in East Cambridge, Mass., writes, in sending money for some papers and tracts:

"A kind friend handed me a copy of your magazine, which I have read with much interest and which has inspired in me a desire and determination to do better in the future. I never thought or dreamed that I should ever be in a place like this; and I would not be here today had I been guided by the teachings and admonitions of a dear praying mother. But, alas! how weak and fallible is man! Ofttimes have I felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit seeming to whisper in my ear, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," but as often have I hardened my heart and gone on again in sin, until at last God in His infinite

wisdom and love sent me here, for which I am thankful.

"The one thing for which I have most reason to be thankful is the fact that it has been the turning point in my life, and I have resolved, God helping me, to be a better man and to do what I can for the Master. Pray for me that I may be faithful to the end; and may God bless and prosper you in your good work. May you have many stars in your crown of rejoicing."

WANTS TO SELL A BRIDLE.

We will send the name and address of this prisoner in the Deer Lodge, Mont., prison, to anyone who is interested in investigating the beautiful bridle which he has for sale, the purchasing of which may be one of the means of encouraging this man to higher ideals.

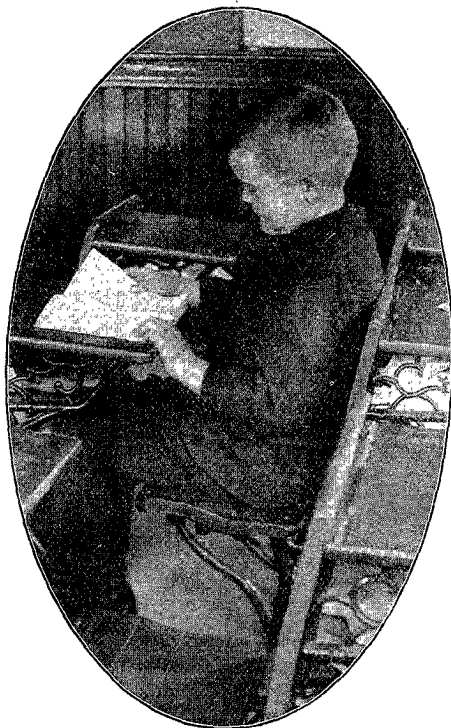
"I have been wanting to write to you a long time. I got one of your magazines some months ago where I saw you wished prisoners to write to you. I got another this week and rejoice in the noble work it is doing. I didn't think I needed anything myself but my Bible, but it does me good to read something from other prisoners.

"I am a native of Denmark and have been in the United States about seventeen years. I supported my folks for seven years; my mother died a year ago. She gave me a Testament four years ago and I promised to read it. I did it at first to keep my promise, but it was not long till I could not get along without it and I was converted.

"I am sentenced here for eight years. We make some fine horse hair riding bridles, made of about thirty thousand strands of hair, of different colors and in beautiful designs. They show some very artistic work. Some of the boys have been sending them out and got for them fifty dollars each. I wish some good Christian to dispose of one for me at from forty dollars up.

"My wife was back East to visit her folks when I came in here, then a child was born to us, and her father died shortly after, so she needs me to support her and her widowed mother. I told some of the boys I was going to write to some Christians to dispose of a bridle for me. They laughed at me and said, 'Try anything but a *Christian*;' but I think they are mistaken."

THE LIFE BOAT.



CORRECT AND INCORRECT POSITIONS

The pictures on the opposite page teach their own lesson. Boys and girls are permitted to cultivate deformities by wrong habits of sitting and standing and thereby lay the foundation for future diseases.

Stair climbing, when properly done, is almost as good for the health as mountain climbing in Colorado, while the ordinary humped-over style tends to wreck the body.

NOT A FRIEND.

From the Indiana State Prison:

"I am very sorry to be in a place like this to write to anybody. I got hold of one of your LIFE BOATS a few months ago and saw in it where you would help the unfortunate. I think if ever there was a man that could be in that class I am that one. I have not a friend in the whole country, and am doing from two to five years. I have no one in this country to do anything for me, as my people are all in England."

SEVENTEEN OTHERS READ ONE COPY.

From Dannemora, N. Y., a prisoner writes:

"I received your message of October 2 in the best of spirits and was so happy; also the paper came at the same time. Thank you so much for your interest in me.

"Yes, I believe Christ is with me behind prison bars. I know Paul suffered more than I, and Paul was an honest man; I cannot say the same about myself.

"The Use and Abuse of Health,' by Mrs. Paulson, I have read with great interest. I did not enjoy good health for some time, but will follow her advice; I hope it will do me a great deal of good. I have been taking a good deal of medicine, but will stop.

"I take great interest in the magazine, and nearly fifteen other inmates have read it. I want to lead a good, honest and upright life when I get out again. I hope you will let me call you my friend. I have five more years to serve. I pray evenings and mornings, and hope you will remember me in your prayers."

THE SUBURBAN HOME.*

HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron, Rescue Home for Girls, Hinsdale, Ill.

About four and one-half years ago I was impressed that I ought to do something definite for the Lord. I was a pretty good Christian, went to church, but I was not satisfied. I felt I ought to become a more earnest worker in my Master's vineyard. I prayed about it. I was reading of the visiting nurses' work in Chicago and I thought that if I could only be a visiting nurse that was the kind of work I wanted to do. The Voice within said, Go. I came to Chicago and saw Dr. Paulson and he encouraged me.

I thought that fallen women were not like the rest of us, but since then I have found that they are like us only they are unfortunate. Dr. Paulson told me of several places in Chicago that he wished to interest me in and among them was a Life Boat Rest for Girls. He said, "You go around and see which place you want to work in." I took up the work for girls and stayed there about a year.

I went out and did slum work and also went and helped the girls who were brought before the court, and the Lord blessed me wonderfully. But yet I felt we were not doing all that we could. We all thought that if we could only get a Home out in the country we could do better work.

The late Mr. C. B. Kimbell gave us the rent free for six months, of the house where we are at present here in Hinsdale. We moved our little Rest out here. It has been about three and one-half years ago since we opened up this Home. In all this time about ninety girls have passed through this Home. Last year thirteen babies were born in the Home, four of whom were adopted into good homes. We found three permanent homes for girls with their babies.

We cannot deal with these girls as we do with servants. We must love them. They detect the least little thing in one's life that is not right. A little while ago two girls wanted to go back to the city. I felt toward them as though they were my sisters and I pleaded with them to cling to the Lord. I got a letter from one of them in which she said she was

*Abstract of talk given before the Hinsdale Woman's Club, Oct 28, 1907.

so anxious to hear about the work here. She said, "It is my prayer that many others may receive the benefit I received. I trust I may be able to do something for your work some day. Today is such a beautiful day! I can thank God that I can look around and thank Him for what He has done for me and that he has forgiven me."

I have another letter from a little girl who had been adopted apparently into a good home,—still she said our Home was the *only* one she had ever known.

We are very much overcrowded. We have fifteen girls and babies with us just now. We have begun to build a twenty-five room house, with all modern conveniences, where we shall be able to do more and better work. Yet the Lord has helped us. Many of these girls are from good homes, yet I have had a number of them tell me that they would have committed suicide had they not come to our Home. I believe the Lord has helped us to do a little good.

WITH THE SUBURBAN HOME FOUNDERS.

The Board of Trustees have voted that all who will donate one hundred dollars or more for the building fund shall be considered founders of the new Suburban Home for Girls.

When Dr. Kate Lindsay, the well-known physician, visited the cramped quarters in the Home that has been leased for that purpose for several years, she sent one hundred dollars for the building fund.

Robert Wallace, a Morrison, Ill., business man who visited the Home, writes as follows, sending one hundred dollars:

"Enclosed find draft for one hundred dollars for the erection of the building for Rescue work. I am carrying out very vigorously the following motto: 'Plan for your health as you would for your work. Be always cheerful and hopeful. Trust in the Lord fully and go ahead and do with all your might promptly, willingly and cheerfully what He wants you to do.' I am finding this to be a splendid tonic. It is renewing my youth and increasing my usefulness and bringing a joy into my life that I have not known for a long time, and something else which I value

infinitely more than that is the joy and good cheer I think the Lord is bringing to others through me."

A mother in Israel writes, sending an equal amount:

"I am so glad to hear from you and the blessed work entrusted to your hands, judgment and sympathy. How greatly I have desired to visit you all and see with my own eyes the grand work that is being accomplished for humanity. I enclose draft for one hundred dollars for the new building."

Another lady writes that she thinks she will be able to arrange to send a hundred very soon.

A gentleman in California sends ten dollars and wishes to become one of the founders; will send the rest on the instalment plan during the coming year.

Half a dozen more founders are wanted. Who will respond? Donations may be sent to H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Do you feel that life is not worth living? Has some experience come into your life which has made you feel that you cannot rise above it? Are you right now contemplating how to get out of the difficulty you are in? Possibly you think it is not worth while to try any longer—that you will end it all.

If such is the case I want you to know that we are holding out a hand of help to you as we have done to many another girl, some of whom are with us at the present time. Their faces look bright and happy; they have found a way out of their difficulty. We have put new courage and new inspirations into their lives. We have taken them into our Home and stayed by them through their trouble. We are willing to do that for you.

If you would like us to do this please write and tell us something about your trouble, and we will do our best to help you. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

A little sin may hold as much sorrow as a large one.

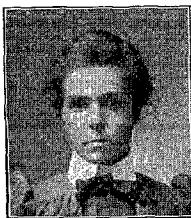
In this world every mountain-top of privilege is girdled by the vales of simple duty.

A MESSAGE TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

MRS. H. C. LYLE,
Ridgfield, Wash.

[Mrs. Lyle, when a missionary to Honolulu, became deeply interested in the work for prisoners, assisting in the services there and distributing copies of this magazine to the men. Since returning she has carried on an extensive correspondence which has resulted in many genuine conversions.—Ed.]

As the old year draws to a close and the New Year is ushered in with all its responsibilities and possibilities, I want to send a message to my brothers and sisters in misfortune. I feel it not only my duty, but the greatest pleasure of my life to point them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."



The Lord looks down from His sanctuary to hear the groaning of the prisoner (Ps. 102: 19, 20). He loves you all and is tenderly trying to draw you unto Himself. Those of you who have not yet given your hearts to God, will you not at the beginning of the new year make a full surrender to him? Yield your members no more as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but as instruments of righteousness unto God. (Rom. 6:13.)

I want to say to all who read these lines that it pays to serve God. Listen to that still, small voice as it speaks to you. He says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17. Read Isa. 55: 1, and John 7: 37. If there are any burdened hearts who are tired of their load of sin, let them turn to Jesus, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Some of the boys I am corresponding with in prison have great faith and courage: they stand for God amid the scoffs and jeers of their fellows. Some suffer persecution because of their faith; one man was put in a dungeon and fed on bread and water because he dared to obey God rather than man. Such faith as this, God will reward. Some of the most beautiful thoughts I have ever read are penned to me by men behind prison walls. I am convinced

that God has some precious jewels that are now stigmatized as criminals, who will yet be bright and shining lights for Him. Some of these are diamonds in the rough, and their trouble is but the means in God's hands of polishing, refining and qualifying them for the place He has chosen them to fill.

The following is a report of my work with prisoners for the past eleven months:

Letters written to prisoners.....	198
Letters written in behalf of prisoners....	57
Letters received	136
Papers sent	376
Tracts sent	245
Books sent (two being Bibles).....	8

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11: 6.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

HELEN W. ODELL.

[Mrs. Odell has for several years been engaged in distributing copies of this magazine in the hospitals of Chicago, and in other ways relieving the burdens of the sick and suffering. In this work she has secured the interest of children in many parts of the city and suburban towns, who have carried wild flowers to the patients and in other ways helped to cheer their lonely hours.—Ed.]

ONLY A BUNCH OF POSIES.

But it was the sesame to open the door of the home and the door of the heart to one who went to bring cheer and comfort in a time of sorrow. The flowers were plucked for a very old lady whose serious and prolonged illness had been told this child of the field. But they were taken to the aged sufferer too late. The day before, the remains were taken by the son to another State for burial.

Yet the flowers had their mission. The mourner left behind needed their silent yet powerful ministry. How much it means at such a time to know that the Christ love dwells in hearts! and the simplest, most common effort is not then rejected if offered in the true Christ spirit.

GOLDEN-ROD.

"A lady to see you," said a nurse. "Golden-rod! I haven't seen any for nineteen years. Oh, the dear goldenrod, how good it looks to me!" This patient took the bunch of sweet

peas, forget-me-nots, daisies, asters, nasturtiums and the precious goldenrod into her arms, hugged them up to her, patted and stroked the golden plumes and almost kissed them as she rocked them in her delight.

We talked of her surgical operation and of the goodness of our Father in bringing restoration and comfort to diseased body and depressed mind. We prayed together, thanking Him for all this and rededicating these restored powers to His service. I was truly glad for the loving ministration in the gift of those flowers.

THE GOSPEL IN OLD BOSTON.

STELLA ARCHER SIMSON.

Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

We organized the Life Line League in Boston to help girls who have been led astray. Members of our league go on the streets and into dives with copies of this magazine and



cards of invitation to our Life Line Home for Girls at 22 Bulfinch street. Some of our workers go to the trains and steamers for girls coming to the city who have no definite

place to go, and so we save them from the snares that are set for their feet. We go out night after night on the streets, in the dives, brothels and saloons for tempted girls, and when possible take them to our Home and lead them back to better things.

Ten weeks ago a tall, fine-looking young man who saw us laboring with some girls on the streets, approached me and told me that a Life Boat worker had talked with him in a saloon months ago. He had been touched by his sympathy and had tried to do better but had failed. In conversing with me he broke down and told me about his good old mother who was praying for him in the country home.

I invited him to go to the Bowdine Square Tabernacle on the next meeting night. The church was near where we were talking. He said he would go if I would call for him. I promised to do so. He worked in a hotel near our Home. So I called and took him to church and that young man gave his heart to God that night. He has been faithful ever since and is beginning right where he is to help others into the light.

I do praise God for the blessed privilege of giving out the gospel on the streets and in the dark places of our cities where so few care to go. God bless the Life Boat and the workers everywhere.

"FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF LIFE."

PEARL WAGGONER.

A patrol wagon, two officers, a drunken, half-clothed, ragged and filthy wreck of humanity being assisted out of the wagon, such was the not uncommon scene that met our eyes the other Sunday morning. Indeed, so common a sight was it that scarce a glance did it elicit from the passers-by.

Presently the officers returned alone, to continue their beat, the people passed to and fro as usual beneath the grim walls of the police station, seeing not and therefore spending not a thought on its miserable inmates, unless possibly a momentary scorn for these, or a feeling of self-satisfaction might cross their minds as they happened to glance at the forbidding-looking structure and hurried by. All was as usual once more outside, all was peaceful yet bustling activity.

But let us follow this poor wretch who has

Order Additional Copies of this Magazine

Orders are pouring in for the Life Boat. Last month a worker in Canada ordered twenty-four hundred copies. The first edition of this number was sold out within a few days after it was off the press.

There is a liberal discount on The Life Boat when ordered in large quantities. Write for information and order at the same time a liberal quantity to give away, sell and loan to your friends and neighbors. It may mean the salvation of a human soul.

just preceded us inside. The sargent opens to us and the heavy door swings to behind us and is again locked. We are heartily welcomed and may wander at will through the corridors, happy and respected, and knowing that the iron door will as easily open again to permit our departure when we so desire.

Yet the damp, reeking and vile atmosphere, the stone walls and floor, dirty with the accumulation of years and lighted by artificial means with only a few mingled rays of the daylight, which filters through the dirty and thick, barred windows above us,—all combine in spite of the general stuffiness of the place, to make us involuntarily shiver.

Yet what must be the feelings—and feelings they certainly have,—of those others bound by sin and confined by bars of iron in such a place as this?

When we shall once more leave these forbidding walls we will find no change in our lives except an added earnestness to work for our Master, an added responsibility to lighten the gloom of those who sit in darkness. When those who are separated from us by iron bars walk once more the streets of

the outside world, after perhaps a longer term in some penitentiary, what a change some of them will meet!—Friends, honor, reputation gone, meeting distrust, suspicion, on every hand, feeling every man's hand is against them,—what a different outgoing theirs will be! Have we no debt to these unfortunates?

When the organ and hymn books were brought we were reinforced by other workers, and in the services that followed God's Spirit was surely present. Old age and youth alike broke down under the influence of the old, old, story and the sweet strains of the Gospel hymns. Stolid, impassive faces were melted to tears. Alike the hands of the white-haired woman and of the dark young girl in the first cell, were stretched out to us through the bars as we lingered to give them a copy of this magazine and a parting handshake.

Not all the inmates present the appearance of the one pictured at the beginning of this sketch. In the criminals' corridor the cell nearest us was occupied by a respectable, refined, neatly-dressed young man whose appearance contrasted most strikingly with his

present surroundings. Neither wealth nor education is sufficient to enable one to resist the enemy or furnish a through passport to heaven; only as we are built on the Rock, Christ Jesus, may we abide the storms of life and be kept from falling.

The last corridor, that where the drunkards are put, contained twenty-two inmates, some of them herded together like cattle, four or five in a single cell. Hats were removed and cigars thrown away as the service here began. Some appeared to be stretched in drunken sleep, others sat with broken and bandaged heads,—all with bruised and aching hearts. Do not such as these need the Gospel of salvation? Underneath the rough exterior of each beats a human heart; each was meant to be a man in God's own image; each was some mother's boy; for each Christ died.

Young boys in their teens, together with degraded, hardened, or weary-looking men of all ages, deprived of liberty, passing the time as best they could, sat waiting in those gloomy, small and filthy cells. Waiting for what?—Apparently, for their trial; yet who knows how many years, deep down under their assumed jocularly with their associates, their hearts have been waiting for something—they know not what,—for something that would bring them a peace they have not known?

The experience of Paul and Silas in prison was related to them, testimonies given, and hymns sung in which many joined. Of the twenty-two before us, twenty-one hands were raised for prayer. May God bless and lead to Himself the one whose hand was not raised! Five or six also took the step right there, henceforth to serve Christ.

Upstairs about a dozen young girls, with a mother and three small children, awaited our coming. With the misery we had already seen that morning fresh in our minds and the tragedies in those young lives before us in our thoughts as we spoke to them of God's love and power, it was with a deeper feeling than we had ever had before of what a privilege it was to "tell the Story." The solo, "Come Home," was then sung. Not one could resist the tender appeal, and as the last strain ceased the silence was broken only by the audible sobs and almost heartbroken weeping of the girls, which continued through the

prayer which followed. But in spite of the trace of tears, the faces were brighter as we again rose to our feet, and the seed sown in their hearts we then left with God to watch over, water, and give the increase.

What work is more blessed than that of giving the Gospel to the world,—what art more great than that of restoring the image of God in the visage marred by sin,—what pleasure more real, more satisfying, than to impart courage and hope to the sorrowing of earth? And this is a pleasure that need not be confined to a few, for the world is full of sin, full of suffering humanity. It is not a pleasure so costly that but the rich can obtain it; even the humblest may share it. Try it in *your* quarter.

WILL YOU HELP FURNISH A DINING ROOM?

The dining-room workers of the Battle Creek Sanitarium recently gave eleven dollars and thirty cents toward the furnishing of the dining room in the new Suburban Home for Girls to be erected in Hinsdale, Ill. These workers, after having the matter presented to them, expressed their desire to help in the good work and so made up the above amount.

This sum will be placed in a special Dining Room Fund and will be used for the equipment of the dining room. Table waiters, dishwashers and anyone connected with dining room service are invited to give toward this fund.

If you have never known what it is to be without food and proper clothing and to be cast out from the only home you possess, because of some misstep on your part, why not show your appreciation by helping us build this Home where such girls can be cared for by a Christian matron? Interest your friends in this enterprise and send your gifts to H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill.

FOR SALE.

The Augusta Basket Factory. This factory is fitted up with facilities for making all kinds of fruit baskets, berry crates and boxes according to the most improved methods. Reason for selling, death of its founder. Address Mrs. G. E. Risley, 36 Howard St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Editorial Department

DA

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EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CHRISTMAS GIVING AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A wave of generosity sweeps over humanity as we approach the holiday season; and thousands of hearts feel the thrill of pleasure that comes from learning by practical experience the truthfulness of the words, "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive."

But there are many who have not learned that the greatest blessing comes from giving to the *needy* rather than to those who already have plenty. The earlier in life that this sweet lesson is learned the better it is. Encourage your children to learn this from some practical experience this season.

Job made the widow's heart sing for joy. Are there not some widows in your community who need your Christmas gifts more than those to whom you ordinarily give them? Are there some poor, unfortunate beings in your neighborhood to whom Christmas is likely to bring only a pang and a heartache at the recollection of better days? Begin now to plan how you can bring some brightness into other lives.

If you can think of nothing of that kind will you not furnish as a Christmas donation a few yearly subscriptions of this magazine to the men behind the bars in your State prison? Are you tempted to say they are not worthy? Are *you* worthy of *all* the countless blessings that have been scattered in your pathway the past year? **PLAN FOR A PROFITABLE CHRISTMAS.**

HARD TIMES.

We have had wonderfully prosperous times. To many they have been a rich blessing. The means which God had permitted to come to their hands they have put to the very best use. The needy, the suffering, the unfortunate, have shared with them.

To others it has only helped them to forget God. They have made wealth and prosperity their trust and have not had a moment's time to remember what doth it profit a man if he

gain the whole world and lose his soul.

But now the tide has turned. "When Thy judgments are in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." It is entirely possible that there are more people will find a real blessing from hard times than there are who have found prosperity to be a real blessing.

May the Lord help each one of us to bind about our wants, to remember even in hard times that if we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness all the other things shall be added to us that we really need; that the promise that those who fear the Lord shall not want any good thing, is just as true in panicky times as in prosperous times.

TREATMENT OF THE ERRING.

Do you know some professed Christians who do not believe just as you do or who perhaps seem to have backslidden from the truth they once loved? Instead of treating them as outcasts remember that as long as Christ is not ashamed to call us His brethren, just so long we should be willing to call those who are struggling under greater difficulties than we know, amidst perplexity and evident shortcomings, our brethren, and treat them in such a manner that they will never have any reason to suspect that they are anything else. If we have a genuine interest in human souls how can we do otherwise?

Instead of Christ denouncing such a deliberate rebel as Judas He advertised to everyone present his special sympathy for him by kneeling down and washing his feet. You may say, "But these people I have in mind are wandering away from the truth;" but does not your Bible tell you to bewray not him that wandereth? (Isa. 16:3.) You may say they are inspired with the spirit of the devil, but our Bible tells us that Christ durst not bring a railing accusation even against the devil. (Jude 9.)

The fact that men have been wonderfully used of God in some directions is no proof

that their *example* is safe to copy in the way they treat those who are going astray. It was after John had been up in the mountain of transfiguration that he wanted fire called down from heaven on the heads of the Samaritans. This shows that a disposition to bring trouble on those who are not worshipping God after our manner, dies hard. When so many opportunities to reach perishing souls are passing forever from our reach what we need is to receive the showers of the latter rain of God's Spirit. As that purifying fire begins to come into our lives we will not have such a desire to fold our garments about us for fear we shall come in contact with some of those who are going astray.

THE PASSING OF ANOTHER DELUSION.

A little more than a generation ago almost everybody labored under the delusion that in order to be strong they must drink liquor. And the average mortal saw to it that his cellar was well stocked with stimulating drinks before the winter set in. That delusion has died hard, but it is dying just the same.

Another delusion that we have harbored almost as persistently is the deeply rooted notion that in order to be strong we must eat a large amount of flesh food. But light is breaking in upon the minds of the brightest lights in the medical profession and of the most sensible men and women, that overloading the system with proteid food has been the cause for more Bright's disease, rheumatism, nervous prostration and mental breakdown than was generally supposed. It is refreshing to observe how the pulpit and the press are beginning to speak in no uncertain tones about this question. We quote the following editorial from the October *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"The fact that we are eating less meat, as a nation, is a tribute to our common-sense and a good thing for our health. We have lived all too long under this meat delusion in America. It is not so long ago that the steak or chop at breakfast was a usual sight: now it is a rarity at well-considered tables. Men's luncheons are getting simpler, and the three-times-a-day meat idea is rapidly changing for the meat-once-a-day rule.

"A curious fact is that men are clinging with greater tenacity than are women to the idea

that meat more than once a day is necessary for strength. Years ago nursing mothers exploded the idea for themselves; many a woman found that to eat meat three times a day did the child at her breast more harm than good: it made the child restless and failed to give lasting nourishment. And this latter point, so incontrovertibly proved by women, is what men cannot get through their heads! They confuse the temporary energy that the eating of meat gives them for strength, not realizing that this energy burns out in two or three hours and confers no lasting benefit upon their system. The wise little Japanese found out this truth centuries ago, and his endurance is marvelous. Some day the American man will find it out, and when he eats less meat he will be better for it."

That it is high time for our people to begin to discover that there is better food for health and strength and mental and moral clearness than feeding on animal flesh is shown from a recent report of the United States department of agriculture, which states that in 1904 there was eaten in this country 185 pounds of flesh food for every man, woman and child in it, while in Great Britain they only used 121; in France 79, in Belgium 70, in Denmark 76, in Sweden 62, in Italy 46.

WORK FOR EX-PRISONERS.

For many prisoners it is a live problem what they shall do after they leave the prison gate. Some dislike to avail themselves of the very few opportunities that various prison relief associations afford. It is not always easy to walk into a job as soon as their sentence expires, and the wearisome time spent in securing a foothold often becomes the devil's opportunity to start them back again into the old life.

A recent letter received from a prisoner in the New York penitentiary at Auburn contains a suggestion that we believe is worth while for many prisoners to seriously consider. He writes:

"Kindly inform me in regard to selling THE LIFE BOAT and if one can devote his entire time to it. I will be thankful for any suggestions you may have and will answer any questions you wish to ask in regard to myself."

We have a number of men who devote either all or nearly their entire time in selling this magazine. They dispose of anywhere from five hundred to two thousand or more a month, and the profits on these sales furnish them a very fair income, and at the same time it gives them many opportunities to speak a

word in season to them that are weary. The stimulating influence of doing Christian work is a constant spiritual elevation.

If ex-prisoners would be willing to undertake this kind of service the Lord would soon lead them into other things if it were for their best. The magazine is furnished in large quantities at a great discount.

WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE?

Mrs. A. C. Behrens, Sanitarium, Calif., who was formerly engaged in Christian work in the Hawaiian Islands, writes the following regarding their effort to regularly furnish a number of copies of THE LIFE BOAT for the Oahu prison in the Hawaiian Islands:

"A few Sabbaths since, we had a missionary exercise at the St. Helena Sanitarium, about the Hawaiian Islands. I told them concerning our work here and they raised a neat little sum to procure LIFE BOATS, *Instructors* and *Little Friends* to send to the prison and reform school. Enclosed you will find sufficient to pay for twenty-one yearly subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT for this prison."

What these good people have done for this prison in the far-away Pacific should be done for every State prison in this country. It is not enough to merely send out a special prisoners' number once a year.

We must see to it that the man behind the bars who has abundant time to think and who has learned from *personal* experience that the way of the transgressor is hard, is supplied with Gospel literature that will show him the way out into the clear sunlight of God's love.

A DEFINITE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The following, gleaned from our correspondence, shows so clearly how the Lord is still ready to answer our prayers, that we reproduce it here:

"I will now answer your letters and tell you what a wonderful thing our loving Father has done for me and my poor, crippled husband. I have been praying that there would be provided a way for me to pay my rent pledge on the Mission, and renew my subscription.

Last evening in the same mail with your letters came a letter from Colorado contain-

ing four dollars for work we had done long ago and had forgotten. We never expected any recompense. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel. It seems just like a miracle to be helped in such a time of need.

"We are very poor and my husband is a cripple. We have a mortgage on our home. This is an unusually hard year for us; the late frost killed all our fruit and we have not half enough for our own use, but we trust in our loving Father in heaven. He will never leave us nor forsake us. Enclosed you will find four dollars; fifty cents for my renewal, fifty cents for the mission and three dollars for the New home for girls."

CHRISTMAS PENNIES.

A little six-year-old girl heard about the needs of the Rescue Home and saw the picture of the little boy who was found in the garbage can. She had been saving up her pennies for some time to spend at Christmas, but she asked her mamma if she could not give some of her money for the rescue work and she gave half the amount saved, which was five cents. God will surely bless little Vera Wolf in making the sacrifice she did.

THE PRISONER'S FAMILY IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

After a man is sentenced, the public are likely to forget that no matter how guilty he may have been, in most cases his wife and children, or dependent parents, as the case may be, usually become the innocent sufferers. We were glad to note in the last Prison Congress recently held in Chicago that much more attention was given to this question of the prisoner's family than ever before.

One of the Sunday-school teachers in the Illinois State penitentiary writes us the following letter, which we trust will lead every reader to see if there is not some Christian service they can render to some dependent prisoner's family in their vicinity:

Dear Brother: Such a generous response came to your appeal for subscribers that I am wondering if the readers of THE LIFE BOAT in every community would be willing to act as a committee of one to look up the poor and needy, especially the families whose husband or father is in some prison and the family thereby deprived of the breadwinner.

It seems to me that as the cold season is advancing many Christian people who would be willing to add a little more to the weight of their Christian service, would be amply repaid with that blessed commendation of our dear Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Many of us have all the comforts of life to enjoy and yet there may be in cities and towns where THE LIFE BOAT is read, some wife or mother who is wearing her life away in silence, whose heart is breaking for the want of a kind-hearted Christian to take her the Word of Life. Perhaps it only needs that such should be told of Jesus who is mighty to save, in order to win their precious souls for Him and inspire them to a higher life of service for Him.

And, too, while the prisoner is provided a place to stay and plenty of provisions for his body, yet what is to become of those dependent on him, those women or children who are unable to work, to make their way alone in the world without a friendly hand extended in the time of need?

I pray for the time to speedily come when the Lord may raise up someone of ample means and talent to make an organized effort in every State to reach out to help all such poor and needy ones, and help to carry with their message of cheer just the provision that is needed for body and soul.

My prayer to God is that this may arrest the attention of some who will give themselves and means toward such an object. As winter is rapidly nearing again, may God move the hearts of many to hasten on in the steps of Him who came not to please Himself but to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, speak peace to the troubled soul and to comfort all who mourn.

It seems to me today, as we have burdens of our own and those of dear ones to bear, that if we tried to lift our neighbors' burdens and help bear his crosses our own would become lighter, according to His gracious promise.

Wishing you and your faithful helpers God's richest blessing in all things, and a happy Thanksgiving, I am

Yours very truly,
F. C. HAYWARD.

There is nothing so worth saving as a human being.

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

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
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N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 471 State street.

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

NEEDS A POSITION.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by an inmate of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory:

"You said that you wanted me to consider you as my friend; I consider you as such and hope that I may prove myself worth your friendship. You said you were interested in reading my previous letter. Please tell me what I could have said which would make someone, out of so many of the inhabitants of this nation which seems to be very cold and inhospitable even to those who were born in it, interested in me.

"I am a man, I mean a pessimist, and though I try to take the world and such as it gives me with a smile on my face, I can't do it, that's all. Please tell me how I can get interested in someone.

"I am very much interested in securing an education, and even though I am in the highest grade in school here, some of the things which I'll need most in my trade and occupation outside are not taught here. My time will soon be up,—five more months and some odd days and I will be a free man. I have been in prison for six straight Christmases and am going to try to get out for this one; if I don't succeed I will be in Chicago next spring looking for a position as an architectural draughtsman, mechanical drawing, or carpenter. I have studied and practiced all three of these trades, and though mechanical drawing is my principal and most ambitious occupation, I can fill any of the other two with experience and recommendations."

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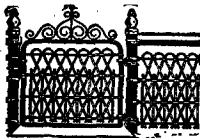
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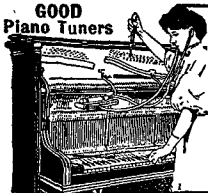
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Branch Houses: 812 Seventh Ave., Peoria, Ill.; 119 Pearl St., Portland, Maine.

Send ten cents for a sample copy of "Good Health." Should be in every home. Address **Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich**

D. T. Shireman, Toluca, N. C., has lost the address of the prisoner with whom he has been corresponding. He asks him to write again.

A year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT would make a good Christmas present for some friend. Act upon this suggestion and you will never regret it.

Wanted—A Life Boat agent in every community. Write for special terms.

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THAT FITS

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

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

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2. No. 7C, International Series Reference Bible. This Bible does not contain Concordance or Helps, but has marginal reference in the middle of the page. It is self-pronouncing; size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$ inches, and contains seventeen maps. Nicely bound in morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red and gold edges.

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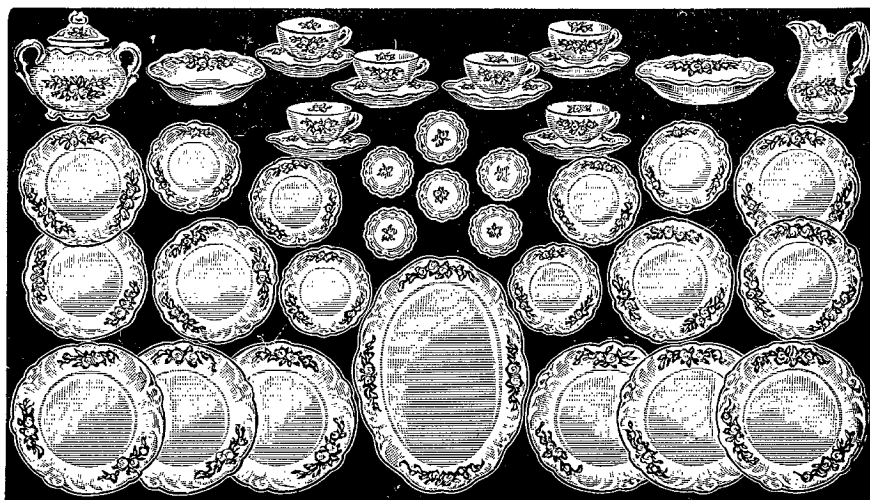
1. The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible. Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the Combination Concordance, in which the Helps are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

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

CLASS D. For Twenty New Subscribers.

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

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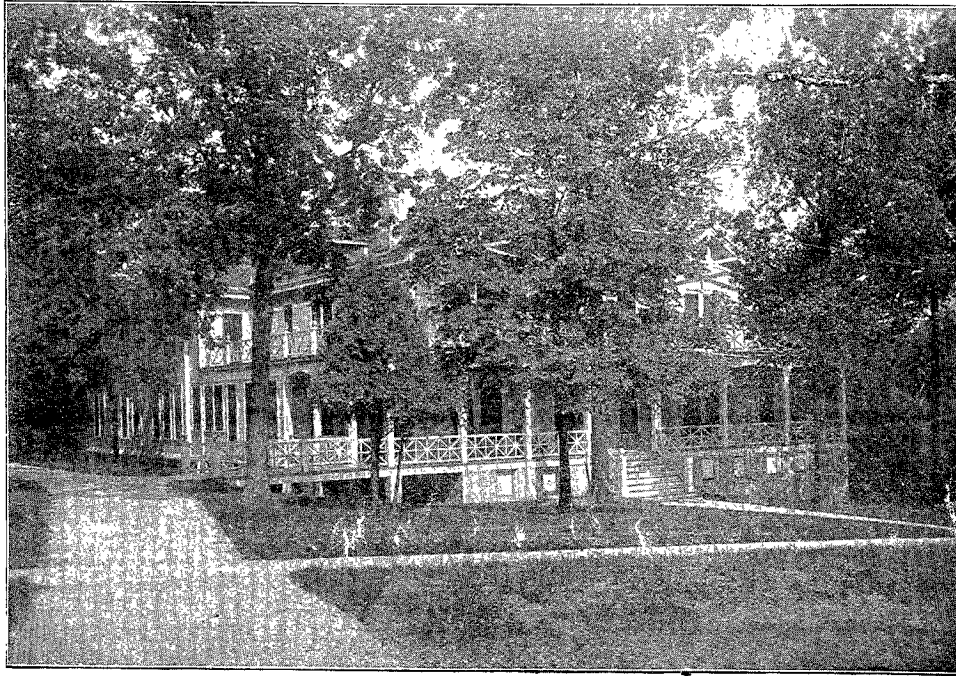
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