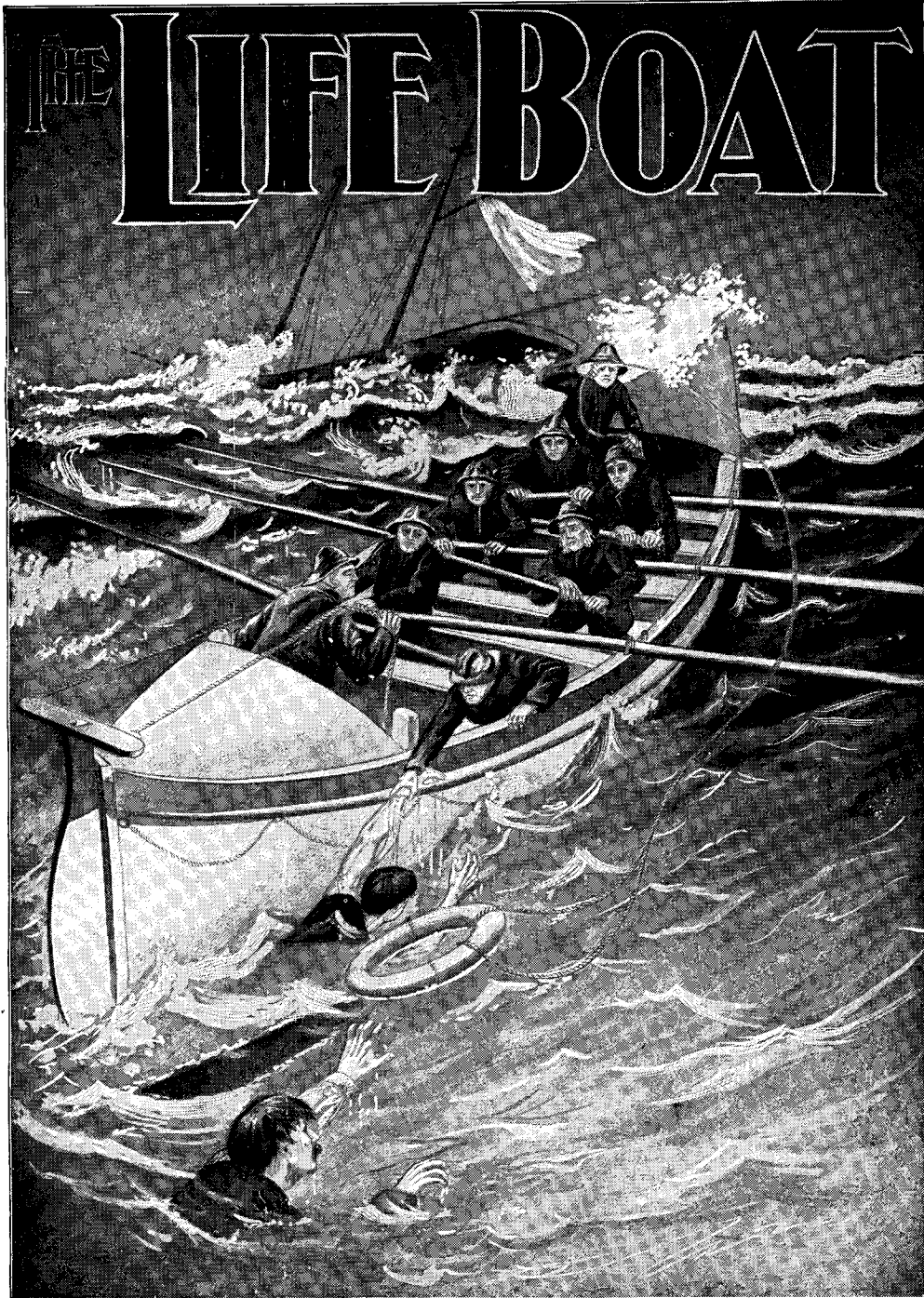


*After This Life—What?*

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Volume Eleven  
Number Two

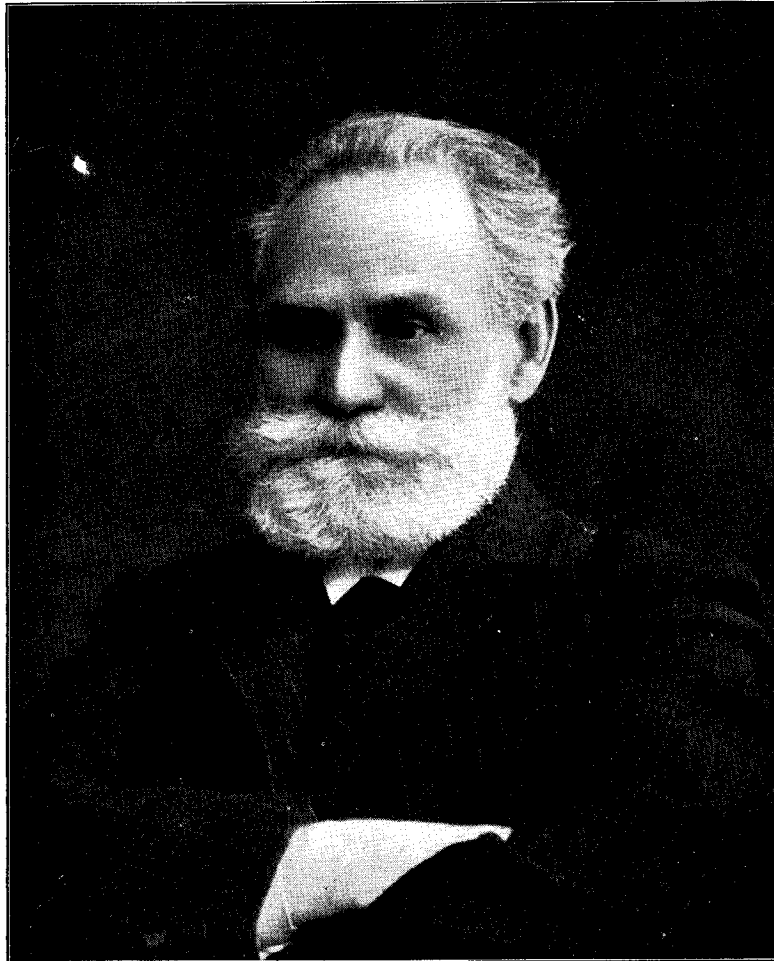
Windsor, Ill.

February, 1908

City Headquarters: 471 State Street, Chicago

*After Fourteen Years—Tom Mackey*

THE MAN WHO HAS SHED NEW LIGHT ON DIGESTION.



Prof. Pawlow, in far-away St. Petersburg, Russia, is one of the most remarkable investigators of modern times.

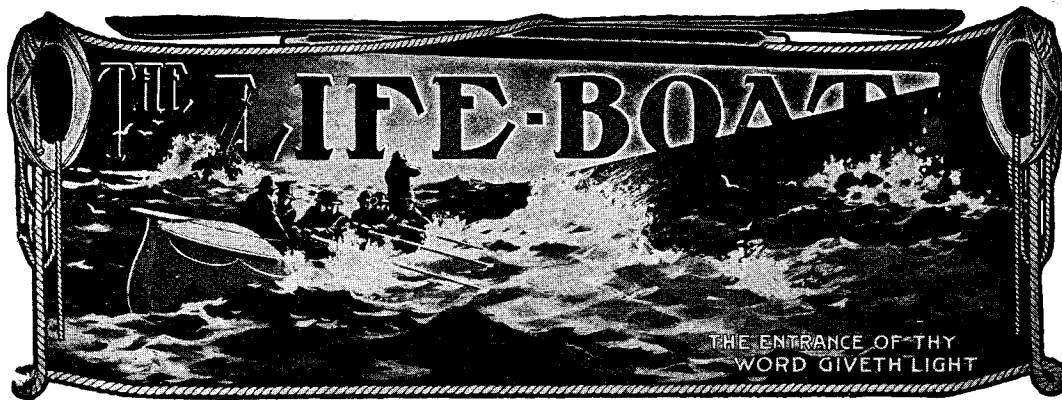
He made the interesting discovery that it is the taste of the food in the mouth that calls out the most important gastric juice in the stomach, thereby emphasizing the great importance of having food prepared in a palatable manner and masticating it so thoroughly as to taste every particle of it.

He found out that each food called out its own kind of gastric juice. This means that the fewer foods that are eaten at the same meal, the more likely they are to be properly digested.

He observed that if food which is ordinarily enjoyed is eaten when in a bad state of mind, there is practically no gastric juice poured out. This shows the physiological necessity of eating our bread with gladness of heart and to rejoice always, and at least at meal times.

He found out that when food is eaten with the mind distracted with other things, it interferes markedly with digestion. This explains why the care-worn business man who sits down and studies the market reports while he is eating has to take "drops" after dinner to stir up his stomach.

He observed that the very sight of good food tended to stimulate the production of gastric juice. This shows the physiological importance of having the food prepared in an inviting way, clean table linen, spotless dishes, not only when there is company but every day.



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

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**Volume XI**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: FEBRUARY, 1908**

**Number 2**

**WHO WILL ANSWER?**

PEARL WAGGONER.

Sleeping in their souls' deep darkness,  
Many all around us lie,  
While, across the surging waters  
Thousands more *forever* die;  
Bound in chains of error's blindness,  
Knowing naught of Christ, our King,  
Who will point their eyes to heaven?  
Who will teach their hearts to sing?

Can you see them hourly sinking  
In a cruel, hopeless grave?  
Can you hear their mournful pleadings,  
With no hand outstretched to save?  
List the cry: "Come o'er and help us!"  
Sounding from the distant shore;  
Would their blood not stain our garments  
Should we still that call ignore?

In a land of peace and plenty,  
In a land of Christian light,  
Can you sit at ease, while others  
Perish in the deepest night—  
In a night of sin and sorrow  
Pierced by ne'er a star of hope?  
Lo, the days, the years are fleeting,  
Yet they still in blindness grope.

There is also much of darkness  
E'en in this, a "Christian" land;  
Needy souls are all about you,  
Longing for a helping hand,  
Yet, though some at home must labor,  
Who will cross the rolling tide,  
Bearing hope and life to millions  
Waiting on the other side?

"Go ye, go ye," saith the Master,  
"To the world the Gospel give."  
'Tis His will that none should perish—  
Who will show them how to live?  
Who will answer, prompt and ready,  
"Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
Who will answer—who will answer?—  
Soon will dawn eternity.

**AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.**

TOM MACKEY.

214 N. Sawyer Avenue, Chicago.

[On the fourteenth anniversary of Tom Mackey's conversion he gave a talk to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family. When one remembers that on the very day of his conversion he had tried to kill his wife with an axe, that sin had made its deepest impress upon him, it is hard to appreciate that it was the same man who stood up and proclaimed the word of God in such a powerful manner, and, it *was not the same man*. The grace of Christ had built up a new man amidst the ruins of the old one.—Ed.]

Other people began this year on January 1st, but I do not begin it until January 4th at twenty minutes past nine. I was born the first time in 1854, and in 1894 I was born again. If you are only born *once* you will die twice, but if you are born *twice* you will die only once. I am so glad I have passed from death unto life. By birth I am a citizen of the United States, but by adoption I am a citizen of the heavenly kingdom.

When I gave my heart to God I could not read a word of more than four or five letters, I did not know a verse in the Bible. That very night I went on a missionary journey.

I did not wait to be put through some ecclesiastical mill and get fixed up, nor take a course in some seminary, but I went to a needy field,—my own home, and to my own wife, who bears marks on her body that she

will carry to her grave because of my vicious way of living.

I had used tobacco for years, drunk liquor (I grew up in a saloon), was a bare-back rider in a circus, was a master in the prize ring, but never in my life had I had a Gospel invitation to a Gospel feast. I had never been in a church where Christ was held up as the motive power of the age. I had never been inside of a Sabbath-school. So I had many things to handicap me. The night I was converted a woman gave me this little Testament [holding up the same old worn book] and turned down the leaf at John 6:37, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and He did not cast me out, but took me just as I was.

When I raised my hand for prayer my ragged sleeve fell down over my elbow. Those who sat back of me said, "Curly is going to play the religious dodge," and I thank God I have been playing it constantly for fourteen years. It is a good thing to go into. One man said I was going into it for what I could get out of it, and I have.

Recently up in a certain State prison I met the man who said that of me the night I was converted,—he is doing *fifteen years in the penitentiary*, while I have been doing fourteen years for Christ on the *outside*. I thank God He is not only able to save us out but to save us in.

At the beginning of each year I take some text that I may fasten myself to every day of my busy hustling through the world. This year I have selected 2 Chron. 7:14: "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

What a giant text this is! There are nine divisions to it.

"If My people shall humble themselves." It is the easiest thing in the world to get puffed up. All you have to do in these days to be popular is simply to say, "That's so," and keep on saying "That's so" to what everybody else says and you will soon have everybody fall in love with you; but as soon as you begin to knock the chips off some of these persons' shoulders you will not seem so lovable to them.

Some years ago I saw a boy at the mission. He wanted to testify, but he was very embarrassed, and when he tried to say, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," he said, "I would sooner be a door-mat," and it was not long before he had the chance to be one.

Sometimes we have to help a poor fellow out of the mission as well as to help them in, and he was helping one out when the fellow knocked him down and literally wiped his feet on him. When he got up he simply thanked the Lord that he had the privilege of being stamped on for Christ. That man is now at the head of a large institution and supports a missionary in Africa, another one in China and another one in Japan.

#### THE TITHE BELONGS TO THE LORD.

I remember the night he gave his heart to the Lord. He was then earning four dollars and a half a week, but he faithfully took out one-tenth of it and set it aside for the Lord. Some of his friends said he was foolish. That man said: "This is the Lord's and I must pay my debts." If you go into his office now you will find that he has one of the finest positions in the United States. He was born of poor parents, never had any educational advantages, studied nights, but today is one of the highest men in his line of business. IF YOU SERVE GOD HE WILL SERVE YOU.

"If my people pray"—not merely *repeat* prayers. You remember when Peter was sinking on the water he said, "Lord, save me." It was an honest prayer and the Lord saved him quick. Oh, that I might be able to teach somebody the secret power of prayer,—not saying prayers, but *prayer!* Men ought always to pray, not sometimes, but *always*.

Shortly after I was converted I learned the secret of prayer. I read in my Bible that when we pray we were to go into our closet and lock the door. I was going along State street in a dejected state of mind. I had just been converted. We had neither food nor fuel in the house. I had not worked that day, and I did not have a penny.

I was clean and sober and that was one thing I praised God for. It was a marvel to me that I was sober. I did not have to go in and feast my eyes on the vile pictures in

the saloons. The fact that the Lord had taken all those things out of my life caused me to marvel. I knew the Lord had done it, I never could have.

Yet I met a terrible temptation. The day was well-nigh spent. I could not go home without something to buy food and fuel with, when Satan, who is always up-to-date and is doing business all the time, suggested to me a place where I could get some money.

I was a good card player and I knew a place where they would always stake money for me. I made up my mind I would have to go in and get a piece of money. I could not go home and face my wife who had been without food all day.

As I turned to go in I saw in front of the window some railing to keep men from leaning against the glass window. I was so ignorant of God's will that I stepped up against this railing, closed my eyes and asked God to help me win the game.

It is needless to say that God showed me that I should not go up-stairs, but instead He blessed me and prospered me so that I was able to bring home food and order fuel.

You may get so close to the brink that it almost seems you will go over, and the clouds may hang so low that you cannot see through them, but if you trust Him, He will never fail you. It is not pleasant for me to rip these things open, I do it for the glory of God, so that you may learn to be careful for nothing. (Phil. 4:6, 19.)

God will send you grace just as freely as He will send you gold, and He will send you gold just as readily as He sends you grace.

I have been doing evangelistic work in a great many States and countries and have traveled a great deal, and I just simply go from place to place where the Lord seems to impress me and where He wants me. People ask me, "What are your terms?" and I say I go wherever the Lord opens the door. Many times I have not had car fare to go to a place. Three times within the last ten months I have started to the station without the necessary amount for my car fare and God has marvelously supplied the need.

Some people say: "That man Mackey is a happy man." If you had been saved from what I was saved from you would be happy, too. I was in prison one time, and I was

guilty, too. At that time I was a young man. I had a prosperous business, a nice, lovely home, but I was taken out of that home and sent to prison.

Mrs. Mackey went and saw the man I had injured and he was willing I should be pardoned, and the prosecuting attorney and the jury that convicted me were all willing; so one day she came to the prison.

I was brought down from my cell. I had been brought down so many times to be punished that when I was going down this morning the boys said: "Well, what has Curly done now?" Some of them were real sorry for me.

Many times I had been tied up and fed with a piece of bread, and a sprinkling can with a nozzle was put through the bars of my cell so I could take it or leave it alone. This morning they gave me a bath and shaved me, still I did not know what was going to happen. You know the prisoners are not supposed to ask questions. You should have a good deal of compassion for the poor fellows behind the bars. Many of them really want to do right, but they do not have a nature that will enable them to do right.

Then I was given my street clothes, but yet I did not know that my release had come. Out in the corridor I saw Mrs. Mackey standing there and my heart seemed to jump up in my throat. Then the warden came and said, "I am glad to give you your release," and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I hope you will never come again except as a visitor."

I went out of that prison with so many good resolutions. I said, "I will not drink liquor any more, nor smoke; I will be a good man for Lizzie's (that is my wife's name) sake." About two hundred feet from the prison gate I felt faint and I said, "Have you any money?" She gave me a quarter and I went into a saloon and got a drink of liquor and some chewing tobacco. That shows how much good a resolution can do when it has no other foundation than a *human* resolve. Let God come into your heart, then you will have a foundation upon which to stand.

I was twenty-two years old then. I had fought my way up to a very high position in the business I was following, but when I

was converted fourteen years ago I was a poor, blear-eyed, wrecked fellow, forty years of age. But I got something that has enabled me to get along without liquor and tobacco and all those things that had ruined and wrecked my life.

(Concluded next month.)

#### A DISPENSARY CHRISTMAS.

EVA L. BORDEN.

888 W. 35th Place, Chicago.

When it became known in the neighborhood that there was to be a real Christmas tree and a real Santa Claus at the Dispensary, we were besieged with applications for admittance.

Youngsters who formerly took their greatest delight in slinging rocks through our back windows suddenly developed a great fondness for our society and courted our favor with their sweetest smiles.

Kind friends donated gifts of dolls, candy, books, warm clothing, money, etc., and when the tree was decorated it was a sight to appeal to the heart of any child. We selected eighty of the most destitute waifs as our little guests, but they had to tell the good news to others and fifty who were not invited threw themselves upon our charity, and, of course, we could not turn them away.

Two hours before the appointed time for the doors to open the crowd began to collect in front of the building, and such a scene of pushing, pulling and crowding to gain the front steps can only be equalled by the jam on a Chicago street car during the rush hours.

The Dispensary workers took turns at making stump speeches to entertain the youngsters and maintain the peace. But there is an end to all things and in due time our little guests were all seated in the class room gazing with many a delighted "Oh" and "Ah" at the Christmas tree,—the first many of them had ever seen.

A short program was enjoyed and the subdued expressions of pleasure rose to a perfect shriek of welcome as Santa Claus appeared to distribute the various gifts. In a short time each little girl was mothering a dolly, and each boy was in the happy possession of a book, while the specially needy were presented with some articles of clothing amid delighted whoops of joy. Even after the last bit of

tinsel was stripped from the tree, and the last kernel of popcorn had disappeared, the happy crowd still lingered.

The announcement that Protose sandwiches would be served at the front door sent the procession in the direction of the street, and each child left the building stuffed and happy. As the doors closed upon the last specimen of young America, and we listened to the happy shouts coming from one hundred and thirty childish throats we were obliged to pronounce the whole affair a great success.

#### FOUND GOD IN THE FROZEN ICE FIELDS OF ALASKA.

C. J. HANSON.

414 State Street, Chicago.

[Recently in the Mission Mr. Hanson told of the time when he mocked God in his heart and scoffed at sacred things, and how, after resisting the appeals of the Gospel, he was led to call upon God in the frozen ice fields of Alaska. We asked him to write out his remarkable experience for our readers, and we know it will be read with deep interest. Mr. Hanson is now an earnest and faithful soul winner.—Ed.]

I left Key West, Florida, on the 13th day of February, 1888. I saw the wounded and disabled crew from the Battleship "Maine" taken to Key West Hospital before I left for Galveston and San Francisco, where I secured passage for Kotzebue Sound, Alaska, where I arrived to prospect for gold.

There were many vessels in the sound and more of them coming at that time, all loaded with miners, prospectors, and supply of all kinds. I started up the river alone in my sixteen-foot boat, leaving the bulk of my provision to be brought up later on. I had some very trying times during that journey of 375 miles; God had a chance to speak to me, and He made me very humble. At times I had to get out of my boat and take hold of the bow and walk backwards up the stream, pulling the boat after me inch by inch.

Finally word came that compelled me to go back and look after my provisions, so we had to stop in over winter. One day after the river and inlet were frozen over I had quite an experience, skating across the sound. All at once I was confronted

with a blow-hole with thin ice. I had no time to stop or turn so I went twenty feet under the ice. I swam back for the hole I went down, and found it, as I was going with the current. After I got my arms above the ice I had to break the thin ice with my elbow so as to get to the solid part.

But then how to get out with my heavy clothes on full of water, and heavy skates on my feet, with nothing but the smooth ice to take hold of! I tried once and failed, but at my second leap God helped me out, for I could not have got out without Him helping me, of that I am certain. The

during the winter, and while I was going up the river.

But now God had me completely cornered. This brought me humbly on my knees before Him. I asked Him to help me for there was nothing in earth or heaven that could help me but God alone. I prayed God most earnestly to help me for I was undone without His help, and the Lord heard my cry.

An opening began to form in the ice, from my little sixteen-foot boat towards the shore, and I started for the shore in thanks



Kotzebue Sound, Alaska. Mr. Hanson's Boat Marked With a Cross.

water was twenty-one feet deep, and the thermometer stood about ten below zero.

In the spring I started for Nome in my boat, a distance about 300 miles, for we had heard of the discovery of gold there. The water was full of a great amount of floating ice and icebergs. Finally I could go no farther. The ice closed me in completely. There was nothing but ice all around as far as my eyes could reach, except a little blue haze of the land far away, and I knew it was my only safety to get to shore some way, but how? I did not know. I commenced to think about some way to get away from that place. I was a complete prisoner but not quite yielded to God, although He had talked to me in many ways

and praise. My heart was full of joy and rejoicing and my faith in God increased hundredfold. I got ashore safely and then I knelt down and thanked God for helping me through in such a miraculous way.

During the time I was at Cape Nome I had many wonderful manifestations from God. I often heard His voice, and God gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost and set me on fire for lost souls, and when I reached Seattle my heart was burning in agony to tell of God's wonderful love.

On Sundays I went to the city workhouse, poorhouse, city hospitals, marine hospital and industrial school. At the poorhouse there were six places to hold service and I enjoyed that very much. At the



Nome, Alaska, After Gold Had Been Discovered There.

workhouse were two places for services to be held, praise God.

Since then I have been so wonderfully blessed by God, that while I have been walking in the streets of cities like San Francisco, New York, St. Louis, and even here in Chicago, I have scarcely noticed what was taking place around me, for my heart and mind have been in constant communion with God. Glory to Jesus, for such wonderful salvation! It is being in the world but not of it.

#### HOW TO BECOME REALLY GOOD.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

How can I become good? Think of the torment that men have endured in all ages to make themselves good and yet have failed. And there are thousands of people living in Christian lands who have not themselves learned that secret.

Personally, I was brought up in a Christian home. I learned to pray to God before I can remember. At thirteen I joined the church, and I had a reasonable knowledge of the theory of Christianity. I toiled hard to become good.

At the age of seventeen I was brought to the very brink of the grave with a terrible attack of malignant diphtheria. A wave of despair swept over my soul such as I never

can describe, when I found that there was a chasm between me and heaven that I could no more bridge than I could make a plank reach across Lake Michigan.

God mercifully raised me up. Incidentally that affliction changed the entire current of my life. I determined to discover the secret why that chasm was not bridged over when I reached the brink of the grave, and I have found the secret.

It is so much more simple than I ever imagined, and that is probably the reason why so many people are missing it altogether.

I was only an ignorant country boy, but Christ tells us that there will be many of those who have had the best opportunities who in the day of God will find themselves in a similar deplorable condition.

He says: "On that day many will say to me, 'Master, Master, was it not in your name that we taught, and in your name that we drove out evil spirits, and in your name that we did many miracles?' And then I shall say to them plainly, 'I never knew you. Leave me, you who live in sin.'" Matt. 7:22, 23 (20th Century version).

What more frightful disappointment could possibly come to a human soul than to imagine that the pearly gates were to freely swing open for them and then find out when it was too late that they had missed it



entirely? and especially so when they had considered themselves model Christians and others had complimented them on their many attainments.

The Master points out the same principle in the parable of the wedding feast. In those days when a man gave such a feast he also provided the wedding garments for the guests. But a certain man had failed to put it on and so appeared there in his ordinary clothes. And when the king saw this man, he said, "How camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" And he gave orders he should be cast into outer darkness. (Matt. 22:11-13.)

The foolish virgins although they had the proper lamps in their hands, that is, they had belonged to the right church, had no oil in them. (Matt. 25:1-13.) I am thankful that we do not have to manufacture this oil ourselves.

#### A COMFORTING ILLUSTRATION.

In Zechariah the 3d chapter, we have in a nut-shell God's whole scheme for making us good. Joshua, the high priest, is pictured as representing anyone who desires to be saved. Satan was at his right hand to resist him, just as he is at your right hand.

But the Lord rebuked Satan, saying, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Anything that is plucked out of the fire is likely to be badly singed—just what sin has done for every one of us. Joshua stood there clothed in filthy garments. That is the best our own unaided efforts will amount to in God's sight.

Angels stood before Joshua. There are angels that accompany us from the cradle to the grave, ready to help us if we will let them. (Heb. 1:14.) The Lord told those angels to take the filthy garments off from Joshua; he did not even have to do it himself. He just had to be *willing* to have it done. Then the Lord said, "I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." He did not tell Joshua to go and make a man of himself; he said, "I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

If you want to reach the top story of a Chicago sky-scraper you might pull on your shoe strings until you were red in the face and everybody that went by might commend

you for your earnest efforts, but it would be so much more effectual to quit trying to lift yourself and merely step into the elevator and be willing to have it lift you up. We can't of ourselves build a character that will be worth anything in the judgment. We can be *willing* to let God do it.

The simplicity of it is shown in Luke 18:9, 10. A proud, thoroughly self-disciplined self-righteous and I suppose model Christian as viewed from the outside, went up to the temple to pray; and he thanked God that he was *good*, that he did not do any outrageous wrong: he fasted twice a week, he payed tithe.

But a poor, despised, crushed publican did not even have courage to lift up his eyes to heaven, but he smote upon his breast in despair, saying merely, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And the Master said of him, "I tell you, this man went down to his house *justified* rather than the other."

Notice the only thing this man did was to appeal to God's mercy, and the river of God's mercy that had been dammed up so long for his particular benefit gave way immediately and fairly surrounded him, and he went down to his house justified.

I do not suppose he understood the philosophy of it any more than a patient whose face is marked for the tomb understands how he can grow up again into robust, sturdy health. Suppose that this publican should have kept on praying this prayer every day of his life, would not God have continued to say he was justified, and would he not have been saved in the kingdom of God?

You say, that seems simple enough for the beginning, but how can a man maintain such an experience so that day by day God will say, "Well done"? I have no recipe how to make men think you are wonderful and good; philosophy of all ages is full of that. But I can show you what to do so God will finally say that you are wonderful.

#### SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL.

You have seen how Joshua, by merely having a willing mind, received character, and in what a simple manner the publican received justification. Paul tells us: "As

ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, *so. walk. ye in Him*"—no new element.

The most effective things are the simplest things. We doctors tried for twenty years to find a wonderful cure for consumption, but none of the supposed sure cures kept the consumptives from dying just as they did before we began to do anything for them. But finally it occurred to some simple-minded person to take the tubercular patient outdoors and let him breathe heaven's pure air day and night. And since then three-fourths of all the early cases have made good recoveries.

The cure for the sinsick soul is fully as simple a matter, but a great many modern Christians miss it just like some of Paul's Christian friends did. He wrote to them: "Are ye so foolish? having *begun* in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" Gal. 3:3.

#### DAILY DEPENDENCE ON CHRIST.

Conversion starts people right; at that time they see that they are helpless, they must trust *wholly* on Christ; then having begun in this spiritual way many expect to make progress by their own *human* efforts, just as those ancient people tried to get up to heaven by building a tower, while God's plan is to let a ladder down from heaven as He did to Jacob; and He does not ask us to build a *single* round in it.

In other words, we have only to continue to do every day just what the publican did. Paul, just before his death, acknowledged himself to be the chief of sinners (1 Tim. 1:15). That would be too humiliating for some people. Too many people very soon after they are converted join the Pharisee's church, and they will never see the inside of the kingdom of God any more than those wonderful people Christ speaks of in Matt. 7:22, 23.

In the next number of THE LIFE BOAT we will see more fully what a beautiful thing this all is when it is spelt out in practical, *every-day* experience. Meanwhile, pray to God for light and He will just as surely teach you as He makes the grass grow in the spring after a rain, for His promise is that they shall *all* "be taught of the Lord."

#### IMPROVEMENT FROM ADOPTING BETTER HABITS.

We publish the following extracts from a letter received from a teacher in one of the Buffalo schools. Her experience is interesting, but one which thousands of others might just as well be having.

"Last night one of your little papers happened to fall into my hands, and it interested me ever so much as it contained so many thoughts that are the same as those in which I have found help and comfort. The Christian part of the work is splendid, and you cannot know how much good it did me to read the articles regarding diet, temperance and health methods. I have held the same views for some time now, but it is so seldom I ever find anyone who thinks as I do that it is almost like water to a thirsty soul when I realize there are others who have found out the same things.

"About two years since, I began to look into the subject of health culture, and to study particularly along the line of a vegetarian diet. I persisted in some things, as an experiment, but I little knew where they would bring me. I began in doubt, feeling almost I was starting I knew not where. But here are some of the benefits I have found as a result of leaving out meat, tea, coffee and all stimulants, including pepper and other condiments, and by more thorough mastication of food:

"A measure of health more than I have ever known in all sorts of ways, which I will not numerate; an entire absence of nervousness, which I never could attain before; such a control of myself physically and mentally as delights me every day I live; a surprising improvement of memory and a great gain in clearness of intellect; and now best of all, a great gain in control of temper so that I am rarely irritable; and such a beautiful religious experience as seems almost too sacred to speak of. My work is that of a public school teacher, so you may know it needs patience and control of self; but it has become a delight to me instead of a task so hard I could scarcely manage it. My heart is full of love and it seems as if God sends me such beautiful thoughts I am almost overwhelmed by them. Each night they come to me when

alone and I wonder if He is sending them that I may be able to help someone who has not had the advantages I have.

"I sometimes visit in the homes of the children and find people whom I can help, and perhaps this is as good a work to be in as any. I am interested in any good, helpful work and wondered if I might do any good by writing letters to prisoners or in some such way. I think I will send some money to help out in the way of a dining room of which your paper speaks, as that is the right place to begin. Perhaps I might send money to help send your magazine to those whom it would help."

#### A NOTED DIETETIC REFORMER.

Dr. M. Hindhede, of Scandinavia, has already attained a world-wide reputation by his famous dietetic experiments. He has written several books; in one that has already gone through several editions he tells how to live on four, six or ten cents a day.

In a land that is so densely populated as Scandinavia, whose people have so long labored under the mistaken notion that it was necessary to eat a large amount of flesh food in order to maintain physical efficiency, the new light which he has been promulgating has created a tremendous sensation, and the influence of it has spread to the ends of the earth. We take pleasure in quoting a few abstracts from this instructive work:

It costs fifteen to twenty times as much to secure the same amount of energy from flesh foods as from starch.

In the old days we were taught that one-fifth or one-sixth of the day's ration must be proteid or albumen; I maintain that this teaching is absolutely erroneous. When one-tenth or one-twelfth or possibly one-fifteenth of the total day's ration is proteid it is sufficient.

One-seventh of bread is proteid, hence, except for the monotony, there is no reason why one could not live on bread and butter alone. So the only consideration we need to give to the proteid question is to avoid too large a quantity.

It is very fortunate that the least expensive dietary is the most wholesome.

The first sixteen years of my life I had the usual dietary of a peasant boy, containing little meat. I was in a good condition. For the next sixteen years as a student and physician I ate largely of flesh foods and did not feel so well.

Twelve years ago I began to lose faith in the old dietetic ideas so as an experiment I placed myself manifestly upon an extremely low proteid diet consisting of bread and butter, potatoes and fruit.

It never dawned on me that I could possibly maintain myself on this diet. I continued the experiment for a month with the remarkable result that I felt stronger, easier and more comfortable than when I began. I then began to gradually modify both my own and my family's dietary in harmony with the new principles.

That this change has not destroyed us is evident from the fact that my children are two years in advance of other children both in height and weight. I did not, however, propose to let this question rest merely upon my own experiments. As I began to investigate the matter I was astonished to discover on what flimsy foundations the old dietetic ideas rested.

I found that the Japanese runners, living principally on rice and garden stuffs were able to tire several shifts of horses a day. I found in the long-distance foot races in Berlin in which twenty-three entered, eight of whom were non-flesh-eaters, that six of these were the first to reach the end and all in splendid physical condition; while of the fifteen meat eaters only one reached the end—all the others had given up.

In another long-distance foot race from Dresden to Berlin there were thirty-five walkers; the first five to reach the end were vegetarians.

But the most convincing investigations were those performed by Professor Chittenden of Yale on a group of soldiers living for five months on a dietary containing only one-third the usual allowance of proteid. During this time their physical strength was doubled. A year later a group of Yale athletes living on a similar diet gained fifty per cent in strength. We can now begin to comprehend the marvelous endurance of the Japanese on the military field.

We cannot see the waste products resulting from excessive proteid food but they can be felt. The pains of rheumatism are merely these waste products signaling to its possessor that he is firing with unsuitable fuel. Frequently the man is too stupid to notice the

symptoms, and he who will not hear must feel.

While the principal object to be attained by a low proteid dietary is improved health and good spirits, yet the economical side is also worth considering. People complain of high prices, when as a matter of fact it is the unwholesome foods that are increased in price while the most desirable foods are cheaper than ever.

The saliva is the best fluid to wash the food down with. It is a pernicious habit to soak the bread in coffee or soup. It is surprising how little fluid one demands at meal time when living on a fleshless and non-alcoholic diet.

The potato is one of our most valuable foods as it is rich in mineral salts. It should be well masticated.

The only real argument that can be maintained in favor of flesh eating is the taste, and it must be remembered that taste is due to soluble waste products as pure proteid contains no taste. It is these waste products that would have been eliminated from the animal's body if it had lived that gives the taste to the meat. It is certainly a hideous thought to think of putting these back into the system again.

With reference to tea and coffee we must not forget that they are both poisonous products. Those who have health to ruin will not admit that tea and coffee harm them, while the invalid speedily recognizes that tea and coffee interfere with digestion and, if drunk late in the day, interferes with sleep.

When it once becomes a settled fact that meat is a stupidly expensive food which one eats only for the sake of taste, that grains, fruits, potatoes are far better in all other respects, it must follow that there will be less meat eaten and more potatoes and bread.

Furthermore, as faith in the strength-giving properties of meat is lost, so will the taste for it also shrink. We shall gradually approach the old-fashioned peasant dietary in which potatoes occupy a much more prominent place than meat.

My father taught me that gluttony and drunkenness were two undesirable vices and that it was gluttony to eat much meat; but now people are not ashamed to sit down in a restaurant and eat three-fourths of a pound

of meat, while the majority would be embarrassed to be seen eating grains as the greater part of the meal and potatoes and gravy for dessert.

I am returning to the moral conception of my childhood. It grieves me to see mere children gormandizing with meat for I know it will bring them to grief later on.

#### LOOKING UP. WHY?

H. E. HOYT.

Hinsdale, Ill.

In a number of places in the Bible men are admonished to look up. There is a reason why this is suggested so often, and here it is:

Power cometh from above. If you will take time to read the story of the building of the tower of Babel as recorded in Gen. 11: 1-9, you will find a large company of men who had gotten the idea into their heads that it would be possible to build something that would reach *from earth* to heaven.

The distance between man and God, the earth of man and the heaven of God—the bridging of this space, the *working* of his way *up from earth to heaven*, has been one of man's continual efforts.

From this view point there is a touch of pathos in that Babel building story. There are a hundredfold more men who are doing Babel building today than there were so many years ago on that plain in the land of Shinar.

Babel building is man's effort to lift himself heavenward. It is expressed by some writers thus: "You are your god;" "Every man is his own saviour"; "Work out your own salvation." It is manifest in regrets, remorse, doing of penance, and so-called good works done in the hope of future reward, etc.

But how different is God's way! He has given us in the story of Jacob's ladder a beautiful illustration of His plan. This ladder was let *down from heaven* to earth, representing Christ, who was to come and who later did come *down from heaven*.

God stands at the top of the ladder and speaks to us, saying: I am the Lord God, I am with thee and will keep thee; I will not leave thee. Do not bow down your head as a bulrush. No, lift up your heads, O ye people.

Yes, friend, it is from *above* that all our blessings come. It was from above that the

Spirit in the form of a dove came and rested on the Christ. It was from above the words were spoken: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It was from above that the Holy Spirit came on Pentecost and lighted on each of them.

It is from above that His word cometh down like rain that watereth the earth, which shall not return unto Him void but shall prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent. And just now please remember this part of His word: "Thou hast given commandment to *save me*." (Ps. 71:3.) From above this word has been spoken, and if we will only let Him we shall be saved.

As for me, I will look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith. And in doing this I find sweet peace, everlasting joy, and enduring power.

Reader, try it! Try looking UP.

#### OFF TO AFRICA.

E. R. WILLIAMS.

[Mr. Williams and family have just gone as missionaries to Matabeleland, South Africa. The Sabbath before leaving he gave a talk to

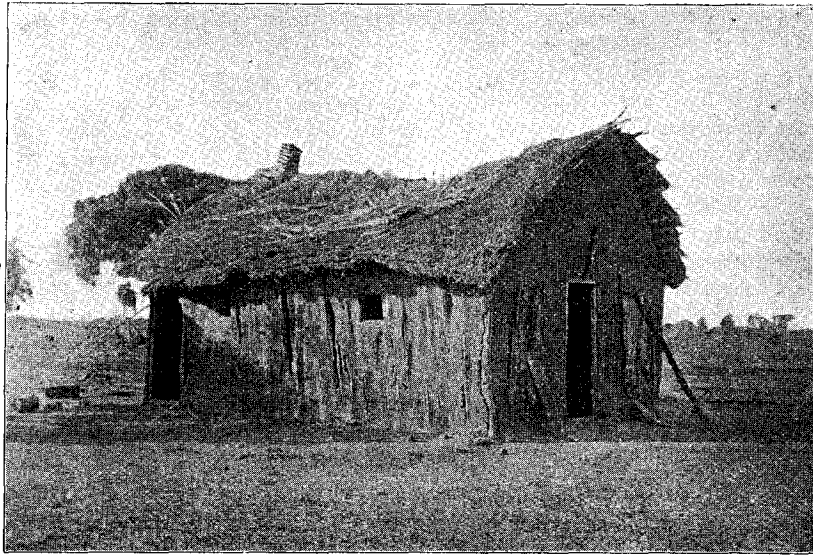
the Sanitarium family from which we abstract the following.—Ed.]

Dr. Barnardo once met a little ragged boy on the street: the boy wanted him to take him to the Orphans' Home. Dr. Barnardo said it was customary to have some recommendation, and asked the boy if he did not know of some friends who could recommend him. The little fellow said, No, he had no father or mother and no friends. Then he said, "Mister, if these 'ere rags don't recommend me I have nothing else that will." Dr. Barnardo then took the little fellow to his home. So it is with these people in Africa; it is their desperate need that recommends them to us.

When our mission first started in Matabeleland, South Africa, there was a plague among the cattle that destroyed the cattle, with famine among the people until the natives died almost as rapidly as their cattle. Five of our mission workers were taken sick and died. Native mothers would come beseeching our folks to take their children. Other mothers would dig a little hole in the ground and put their little ones into it, then run away, stopping their ear from hearing their cries. Some



Mission Station and Converts.



Primitive Civilization.

of the little fellows that were left at our Mission have now grown up. Meanwhile they have been trained so that we now have ten native teachers in that Mission.

W. H. Anderson, who was formerly in charge of the Matabele Mission, is establishing the work four hundred miles north. It took five months to make the journey with an ox team. One night the wagon became stuck in the river bed and they were all night trying to get it out. Meanwhile they could hear the lions roaring around them.

Among the many drawbacks our missionaries have to contend with are the white ants. The houses fairly swarm with them. They eat up the chairs, eat up the casings and eat up the floors. Some of you are thinking you would not want to go to such a place; that is just why I want to go. There is nothing better for us than hard work in a hard place. If you have got the blues, you hunt up somebody else who has them a great deal worse than you have and try to help them out. As we try to lift somebody else up, we find it will be our own salvation.

The people over there have many quaint expressions. They have what they call "one leg talk": when the natives get together for a council and someone gets up to talk who is known to be a little prosy, he is only permitted to talk as long as he can stand on one leg. It might not be a bad plan to adopt in some of our social meetings where some long-winded speaker gets up and kills the meeting by using too much time.

These natives will come for miles to see a stereopticon exhibition, so we are taking along a stereopticon and some views on Old and New Testament history; so those who cannot read can *see* the Gospel.



Simple Life in the Heart of Africa.

A native worker can be supported for about two or three dollars a month, so the thirty workers will be able to maintain twelve schools among the natives at an expense of a thousand dollars a year. While we have been blessed in this country and learned so much of God's truth, ought we not to be willing to go and help those who need the light? When we meet the Master we ought each to be able to say, "Here are some jewels that I have gathered for You."

One of the most inspiring books it has ever been our privilege to read is, "A Retrospect," by Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the great China Inland missionary enterprise. One can scarcely help reading it through from cover to cover in one sitting; and just think, you can secure this remarkable book for only two new subscriptions for "The Life Boat."

#### PLANT BLOSSOMS.

HELEN MAE MC COLLUM.

Hinsdale, Ill.

"Plant blossoms, beautiful blossoms,  
Along life's rugged way,  
To gladden weary travelers  
You're meeting day by day;  
With loving deeds of mercy,  
With smiles and words of cheer,  
Plant blossoms, beautiful blossoms—  
The harvest time is near.

"The world so full of sorrow,  
The heart so full of care,  
Are lighter for Hope's singing,  
Are better for Faith's prayer;  
But there's no prayer e'er spoken,  
Nor song that's heard above,  
One-half so dear to Jesus  
As the holy work of love."

This was our thought and aim as we entered the Harrison street police station the Sunday before Christmas.

In the first corridor we visited there was one woman and two girls. The service opened with a song, and one of the workers led in prayer, after which two of our number sang, "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me." How truly we felt the sureness of God's call, and how precious was His presence!

The woman at first blamed God for her present situation; but as she heard the words of the song, "Calling, O sinner, come home,"

and realized that He bade her flee from sin, tears streamed down her cheeks. When asked if they wished to be remembered in prayer her hand, with the others, went up, and all three kneeled.

We visited next the men's corridor, which was crowded, six and eight being in one cell. When we heard the noise from those cells it seemed impossible for it to be stilled, but as Mr. McBride opened the service we heard: "Keep still, there are ladies here," from the throats of those prisoners. It was astonishing to see them stop their smoking, remove their hats and listen attentively to the old but sweet story of Jesus. Although the day was dark and gloomy, all joined in singing, "There is Sunshine in My Soul Today," and raised their hands to be remembered in prayer. It was a pathetic sight to witness those dear souls kneel in their damp cells, paying homage to their King of kings, and Lord of lords. Oh, the dear ones that must go down the blood-stained way to Calvary, and on that cross of shame find their Master!

Last of all we came to the annex in which the girls are kept. How heart-rending it was to look upon their faces! As we kneeled with them, asking the Heavenly Father to forgive and extend His strong arm to lift us to a higher plane, it was sweet to know we were having a part in the great service of love. Oh, that parents might become better acquainted with the Saviour, that through His love they might come in closer touch with their children and so keep the feet of their loved ones from walking the paths of shame!

"The desert way He sometimes leads us,  
With daily manna then He feeds us."

How sad, but true! When we do not accept Christ as we should He has to lead us to that seemingly forsaken place to find Him. Still, how grand and beautiful is the knowledge that there Christ will feed us! And in that training school we may prepare for the beautiful beyond, so when we are all gathered on that golden shore we will be able to understand that God's way is always best.

There are times when it's safest to be lonesome.

### A WORD TO MOTHERS WHO THINK THEIR DAUGHTERS ARE SAFE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
Hinsdale, Ill.

Perhaps you think *your* daughter can never go astray. You may pride yourself on the fact that she has too much good sense, and you may be led to believe that no one can deceive her.

Please do not be too confident about this matter for it is possible that some day you will wake up to realize the terrible fact that your daughter has been deceived, all because you did not think it essential to forewarn her and help her to build up safeguards about her.

We are told that "in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves. . . . disobedient to parents, . . . without natural affection. . . . incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good." (2 Tim. 3:1-3.) As we look about us we can see this spirit abroad in the world today, and you may be sure that some of these people will be after your sweet, innocent girl.

How are you safeguarding the girl of fourteen, fifteen or sixteen? Are you, as her mother, encouraging her in an unnatural love for another sex?

It has pained us to know of some mothers who encourage their fifteen-year-old daughters to choose their life's companion at this age. All other faculties are thus dwarfed when the girl should develop all her faculties.

What would you think of a gardener who, just as the bud was beginning to come into bloom, should pluck off all the petals but one and so leave the one petal to develop all alone and stand out an ugly growth.

Be careful that your daughter's "sweet and pure" affection for some boy does not crowd out and dwarf all her other beautiful possibilities of which she may be capable.

Scarcely a day goes by but I receive a letter from some girl sixteen, seventeen, eighteen or nineteen years of age in which she says that she has been going with some young man, he seemed all right but now she is ruined and she *can't* tell mamma. I never read such a heart-rending letter but I wonder where is that mother? What has she been doing for her daughter all these years?

What principles has she been instilling in her heart? Has she watched carefully her associates? Has she known where she has been spending her evenings?

I wish I could say something that would awaken some over-confident mother to the awful fact that it is possible for *her* daughter to go astray and that she must be her safeguard for her daughters.

### SAD, NEGLECTED CASES.

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

We must tell you about how we are getting on at the Home. We certainly feel thankful to friends who have made it possible for us



to keep this place open. If they could know something about the girls who have been helped here they would feel amply repaid for their efforts.

One girl, before hearing of this place, was about to com-

mit suicide. A friend gave her mother a Life Boat and in it she saw the invitation to girls in trouble. She said it seemed to her like a ray of light, so she wrote to Dr. Mary Paulson, who advised her to come. She seems grateful for what is being done for her and she said the other day that she would try and do some missionary work.

Another girl who is only sixteen years old has been with us for some time. She said that when she went home she would love and appreciate her mother more than she had ever done, and that she would keep house for her and live with her as long as she lived.

A little girl who came to us a few weeks ago tells a sad story. Her mother died while she was yet a baby, leaving a family of whom she was the youngest. Her father cared for them and kept them together until they were all grown. Through the influence of a woman who occasionally took this girl out automobile riding, she left home contrary to her father's wishes. She drifted into bad company and



finally to her ruin. With tears in her eyes she told me how it nearly broke her father's heart, as she was the only one in the family that had disgraced him. She seemed so timid and homesick when she first came, and she said, "Oh, if my sister had only come to the depot to see me off, I would not feel so badly." We assured her she was among friends and now she seems as happy as the rest of us.

Where it is possible for these young women to keep their babies we encourage them to do so, otherwise we place them in good homes. We correspond with the parents of these adopted children and so through us the mothers learn of their welfare.

The following is an extract from a letter received the other day from a lady who recently adopted one of our babies. She writes: "I asked the Lord to send me just the child He would have me rear for Him. When I heard of this little boy I felt just as sure as if an angel had come and told me, that he was the one he wanted me to have. And then, when he came, he looked just like my little blue-eyed boy. It almost seems as if our own had returned. We cannot see any difference. We love him just the same as we did our own."

We learn whole chapters of the Bible. When the girls are not working they are not reading novels, they are studying their Bibles. We expect to move into our new Home in the spring, where we shall have better facilities for carrying on the work we want done. Spiritually, physically and mentally we will need your prayers and we will need your help financially. We shall need consecrated, willing workers—those who know God has called them to this work.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

#### A MESSAGE TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

I wish it had not happened. I wish someone had helped you when you most needed help. But it has happened and you don't know what to do; you feel almost like ending it all. You wonder if there is anyone in the big, wide world that will now be your friend.

Yes, Jesus is a friend of sinners and He

has taught us to help those in trouble. So, my girl, *wherever* and *whoever* you are, when you read this know there is someone who wants to help you. Write to us and we will try to help you. Your letter will be kept confidential. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

#### SEVENTEEN SACRED PENNIES.

Several years ago while Dr. Goodison-Leach was at her old home she told of the rescue work for girls. A certain woman who heard her, whose husband was sick and who was very poor, felt strongly impressed that she ought to do something for this work.

Years ago she had lost a three-year-old daughter. At the time of her death little Nellie May had seventeen pennies in her little savings bank. The mother said, "I have often looked at those pennies and they have always seemed almost too sacred for me to touch, but now I feel like I want to give those pennies for that work. It is not much but with the blessing of the Lord it may help somebody." Then with tears in her eyes she gave those precious pennies to Dr. Goodison-Leach.

Like the poor widow who cast the two mites into the treasury, she little realized that her example would create a response in the hearts of many others. We published the account of it in this magazine and the most touching letters came from mothers everywhere, sending in the price of some sacred relics to help save some unfortunate child.

We have felt impressed to open this fund again to help furnish the new Suburban Rescue Home. It is not much but in God's hands it may serve like the five loaves and two fishes to bless a great multitude. Who wants to add something to the seventeen sacred penny fund?

#### APPEALS TO A PARENT'S HEART.

Every true parent will appreciate what the writer of the following says he feels every time his own children look into his eyes and say, "Papa." The majority of those who have strayed into forbidden paths had no wise and loving parents to point out the right way to them, while the devil had his agents on their trail every moment.

"I received the January LIFE BOAT yesterday. It seems to me this is the best one I

ever read. Surely this is a labor of love; may the Lord bless and prosper it!

"Find enclosed a donation to be used as you think best. If there is one thing that appeals to my heart more than another in your good work there it is that rescue home for girls. Three dear little girls here look into my eyes every day and say, 'Papa' in that trusting way that admits of no shadow of doubt or fear. Perhaps that is why I am so interested in those other girls."

#### THE HOLY LAND TODAY.

(Concluded.)

A. EDWARD KELSEY.  
Ramallah, Palestine.

Thirty-eight years ago two Quakers from New England felt a call for Palestine laid upon their hearts. They had a family of children, and yet the call came just as clearly as it came to the apostles of old to forsake all and follow Christ, so that they concluded they must take that journey and obey the Spirit.

While in England a certain lady, knowing of their intention to go to Palestine, gave them a little sum of money and said, "I want you to spend that as you think best for the people of the Holy Land."

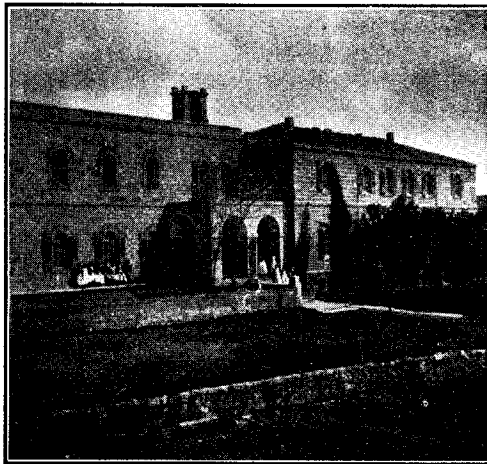
As they were going through the dirty, narrow streets of Ramallah, a village of four thousand near Jerusalem, a young girl of about fifteen met them and said "Good-morning" in English. They were very much surprised and said, "Where did you learn English?" She said she learned it in a certain school in Jerusalem.

This girl had been there a year or two and had learned just a little smattering of English. She said, "Won't you start a school for girls here? There is no school for girls." They asked who would teach it. She said she would. So they rented a little room and installed that young lady as a teacher. It was one of the first schools for girls.

The condition of the women and girls is something indescribable. I do not suppose there is a woman over fifty in that village who can read or write, because they had no privileges. So they established that work and watched over it from a distance, and the Friends (Quakers) established a medical mission there and sent out a doctor and his wife to that town.

From that we broke down the prejudice of the people, and eighteen years ago someone went over there and concluded that one great need was a training home where young girls of perhaps nine or ten years of age who had learned something in our day schools could come and be trained and developed as teachers in our mission. And consequently eighteen years ago this training home was established, and I am going to tell you what has been done in that time.

One hundred and fifty girls have spent a longer or shorter time in our Home. They have gone out through the breadth and length of Palestine, and as I have gone up and down over the land I have made it a point to go and see the girls and encourage them. And the results have been lasting.



The Girls' School in Palestine.

Two years ago a Christian minister and I were going up to Cana, where Christ turned the water to wine, when I said, "One of our girls is here; I want to see her." I had never seen her, because she had left the school some time before we went there.

We went to the door and rapped. A young lady, neatly dressed, came to the door. I introduced myself and she was very glad to see me and invited me in. We found her house a fit place for any American family. There were only three rooms, but that is better than most of the families have. Most of them have only one room for people, chickens, goats,

horses and everything. Everything was tidy and clean.

It is the custom when guests call to serve a little Turkish coffee, so small an amount that even Dr. Paulson would hardly object to it. She went out to prepare these little bits of cups and my friend turned to me and said: "Kelsey, if your mission has never done anything else in this land but to make one home like this, it is something." And I felt it was so.

One home has a tremendous influence on the homes about. No one can go into such a home and see everything tidy and neat without going back and wishing her home was like it. And that is but one of hundreds that I could take you into in many places, for our girls are now scattered all over.

One has gone as a missionary to East Sudan, British East Africa, and many places. And so the influence has gone out.

That is what our training home has begun. Some of these are wives and mothers, and we now have children of our first class coming back and being trained in our training home. Travelers going through the country will say to us: "Ramallah is different from all the other towns. The children there do not follow you and holler, and it is cleaner."

Forty years ago there was not a single window in all the houses of that town of four thousand population. The people were Ishmaelites indeed; every man's hand was against his neighbor. There is a proverb, "My cousin and I are against the world and I am against my cousin."

In that day everyone was afraid of everyone else, and so in their stone houses, high up about thirty feet from the earth, they would leave a stone out; and there would be a family of ten or twelve in there and at night they would shut the door, and you can imagine how foul the air would be.

They would live with their cattle and donkeys and everything else, and the only salvation of the people was that they lived outdoors all day and in the summertime would go out to their vineyards and live in those houses and sleep outdoors a good share of the year, and so sort of store up enough oxygen to last them through the night. But I am afraid any of us would suffocate in those sur-

roundings. Today, however, there are hundreds of windows, and the very fact that people there are beginning to appreciate the sunlight and fresh air shows something has been accomplished that has had an abiding effect.

We were educating these girls, but we realized the work was not complete, for we were not educating any boys as husbands. If a girl should marry she would have to marry a man who did not appreciate any of these things. We said we had not the money to establish a boys' home, but we concluded we



A Group from the Boys' School.

must launch out on faith and start it even though it was started in a small way. So we rented quarters and are still in rented quarters. We expect just as good results from the boys of the Holy Land as we have had from the girls.

Two years ago the president of our Board came over and we bought a tract of land containing twenty-two farms. When we measured them we had only twelve acres.

It was one of the most difficult propositions we ever had—to get those twelve acres. We worked hard and would have failed if the good hand of God were not with us, but when we got to a stone wall He would step in and help us out. The governor said, "I will not give you a title to that land."

He was a Turk who hated missions and everything connected with them. Yet in a few days' time he turned right around and gave us a clear title. You say it was because of what we did? No, we had just got to the end of our rope and could not do anything; but it was the Spirit of God working on his

heart which made him do what he would not do.

As I stand on that land, that beautiful hill, I can look over and see the hills of Moab where Ruth came over to the home of her mother-in-law, and can see the turrets of Jerusalem. To the northwest I can see the hill Mizpah, where Samuel anointed Saul; and to the west are the blue waters of the Mediterranean. And God has given us that beautiful site on which to erect a home for Jesus Christ.

That is what I am endeavoring to do—erect in the land where Christ was a boy a home for Jesus Christ. You read that He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

As I have walked up and down that country and been drenched with the cold, drenching rains of winter I have thought, I have a home; I have loved ones waiting to minister to me—and thought how my Master went over that same road having no home, no changes of garments, but went about without a home that He might work His wonderful workings for you and me. I want to build a home where we shall gather the boys of Palestine and teach them the sweet Story of old and lead them to a living knowledge of the living Christ who will come into their hearts and live and reign there.

Our boys and girls are being transformed under the influence of the Gospel. Jesus Christ is no longer in this world in visible form, but I believe in the Bible truth that Jesus Christ is in this world. We may not see Him with the physical eye, but He comes to live within our hearts, and consequently when we lead a single child in that land to Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ enters into the life of that child and lives and reigns in it.

#### START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.

MISS KITTIE HOLLEY.

815 Olive Street, Seattle, Wash.

A few months ago as I saw others selling papers, I was impressed that I should do something for the Lord to carry on His work here in this great city, where souls are dying every day who never knew the Lord or shared any of His blessings. I do praise the Lord for all His goodness to me. I was once a

sinner as deep in sin as could be, but I thank God for delivering me from it and cleansing my heart. I want to ever tell of His blessings to those who know Him not.

As the year is still new I do pray that many who are in darkness may give their hearts to God and **begin a new life**, taking Christ as their example and following in His footsteps. The Lord says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and **are heavy laden**, and I will give you rest." Bless His name for ever and ever!

Oh, be not ashamed of God; get right with God first and pray for strength that you may grow strong in wisdom and knowledge. No matter how deep in sin you may be, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white like snow.

"I gave My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
What hast thou giv'n for Me?"

There is a Bible in which all the words spoken by Christ in the New Testament are printed in red, and likewise all the prophecies concerning Him in the Old Testament. This Bible contains in addition concordance and helps. It is beautifully bound in French morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. We actually offer this beautiful Bible for only ten new subscriptions or renewals. Interest your friends in "The Life Boat." Send in the subscriptions as fast as you receive them and ask us to credit you for this Bible.

#### GOLDEN GRAIN READY FOR THE HARVEST.

REV. N. KINGSBURY.

Granite, Okla.

[The highest and noblest work that a mortal can engage in is soul winning. Only a part of it can be taught in the schools of men. Pray to have God put the spirit of it in *your* heart and then *watch* for opportunities and *improve* them. You may make mistakes but the *greatest* mistake of all will be to do nothing. Do not fail to read this article. It will prove an inspiration to you.—Ed.]

One day while a series of meetings was running in the town of L——, Tenn., I had occasion to go to the church where the meet-

ings were held. On my way I passed a house near by in which dwelt two old people and a young girl. The old people had not attended church for many years; they had passed three score and ten milestones in life's journey and yet neither had ever entered the Christian life.

As I passed their home the old wife was out sweeping off the porch. I called to her and bade her good-day, inquired after her health, and said: "Sister H., we are to have service at the church in about an hour, won't you all come over? You will enjoy it, I am sure, and we shall all enjoy having you there with us. Come, won't you?"

The dear old lady eyed me in surprise, fixed her keen gaze upon me, and finally said: "Well, brother, since you have asked me I reckon I will come, and I'll try and get my old man to come along."

I passed on my way but did not think it wise to leave the matter just that way and so prayed earnestly that the blessed Holy Spirit would incline the hearts of these two old people toward the house of God.

Ah, my fellow Christians, here is where we too often fail. Often when we speak some word for the Master we just leave it there when we ought to implore His blessing upon the simple message. Again, we often pray for some blessing or for the conversion of some precious soul, and then never make an effort, never even speak a word when, as is often the case, opportunity after opportunity is given us.

We meet the person about whom we are anxious and we can talk gossip, tell stories, talk of the latest fashions, of politics, anything, everything but of Jesus. How strange! If we were fired with love and emboldened by the Holy Spirit, how differently we should feel and act and be, and what results would follow!

But to continue my story: Just before time for service to begin, sure enough here came my two old friends. They seemed to enjoy the service and when the night service opened they were back again. When the opportunity came both were at the altar and the Holy Spirit was apparently striving with them; yet neither of them took any decided stand that night.

Next morning the Holy Spirit impressed me strongly to go and see those old friends. I

went at once. Knocking at the door the old brother answered my summons and cordially bade me come in and be seated.

I immediately introduced the subject nearest my heart, the salvation of two precious souls. Would God save them? Would they yield themselves to the wooing of the gracious Spirit? They were advanced in years; they had been indifferent to all the means of grace; they had become hardened in heart; I had come there with the expectation that God would bless my feeble effort.

Addressing myself to the old brother I said: "Brother, I have come to talk with you about the salvation of your soul this morning. God has been gracious to you, He has spared your life; He is waiting, longing to save you; don't you think it time you recognized His claims upon you? Don't you know you need the forgiveness of your sins more than you need anything else in the world? He says, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness!' Doesn't that just meet your needs, your case?"

There were tears, a faltering voice and trembling tones, and the voice said: "Thirty years ago I was under conviction, but alas, I resisted. After all, I reckon that God will have mercy on a poor old sinner and help me. I've set my mind to quit sin and by the help of God I'll live right from this time on." Bless His Name, the old soul is moved to trust Jesus to forgive the sins of more than three score and ten years. Can He do it? Will He do it? Wait and see!

Now turning to the old wife I said: "Well, sister, you hear that, how about you? What will you do? The old soul broke all in pieces that minute, and floods of tears fell to the floor, and in heart-breaking tones an old voice said: "O preacher, I am lost, lost—no good to talk to me; I am just a poor, lost old sinner—no use, no use!"

"Hold on, sister," said I, "listen to what I say: I am glad you are lost!" The old head was lifted up, and through the shower of tears a pair of reproachful old eyes looked at me while the countenance was full of an inexpressible look of horror, and an old voice said, in tones of agony, "What! glad I am lost?" "Yes, sister, I am glad to hear you say 'I am lost,' glad you realize it, that you

feel it; for Jesus said, *The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" That sentence contains all the essence of His teachings, His ministry, His life, His work. When He was nailed to the cross that great, glad, glorious, living truth was nailed there in His person; that and His resurrection make the seeking effective.

Well, I repeated that glorious sentence, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." A look of wonder and surprise came into that old face and the trembling face said, "It that it?" "Yes, that's it. He came to seek and save the lost; you are lost, He waits to save you." "Yes, yes," she said, "I see it! came to save a poor old sinner like me, oh, what mercy! Come pa, let's go into the other room and get down on our knees and have the preacher pray for us two old sinners. Come along, preacher."

So out we went from the kitchen into the next room, and then rheumatic limbs and decrepit old bodies were forgotten. Down on our knees we went and I began to pray for these lost souls, then they got to doing some praying for themselves. Such prayers are often answered quickly, as they were in this instance.

And then there was joy, joy, joy in heaven among the angels, joy, new-born joy in two old souls in that room, joy in a preacher's heart. Why not? Had not Jesus found His own, His lost ones? Had not the seeker found the lost, and the lost ones found the seeker? Miracles of grace! Born again! New creatures in Christ Jesus! Why not call such days red letter days?

When that old couple rose upon their feet with eyes streaming with tears of joy the old wife reached up, put her arms about the neck of the one who had been her companion for so many long years, and said: "O pa, now we will live for God and we will serve Him and love Him together, won't we, pa?"

And so for ten years they have been praying and trusting and living for Jesus. Many a happy hour have I spent in their house talking of the things of the Kingdom, of the prepared home, of Jesus and His glory.

That dear old couple still live. They talk of their Jesus, of how He saved them, the poor lost sinners. Now they have passed four

score milestones in life's pilgrimage—like the golden wheat, ripening for the Kingdom.

Ah, what a multitude of lost ones, no, redeemed ones, will gather at the marriage supper of the Lamb! What a multitude there will be who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!

Brother, sister, have you ever had any red letter days? Ever led a soul to Jesus? Have you? Yes? Then you have tasted a joy unspeakable. Go do it again and that joy shall be multiplied in your soul. Every time you do it all the hosts of heaven throb with joy beyond telling.

Have you, like many another, failed to make one single effort to win one soul? Get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you, then ask Him to let you see the face of Jesus, His compassion, His love for a lost soul. Ask Him, too, to fill you with love for souls. Then the year 1908 will not be a fruitless one.

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#### CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT THE MISSION.

NELLIE JEFFERS.

After a song service in which all took part, the physical needs of the body were attended to in the way of a bountiful lunch which was served to all present. During the serving of this food a little girl sang the song, "He's Only a Tramp," which made us feel that we had something to be thankful for, and gave us a greater desire to help others as Christ helped us.

After this bodily feast we were served to a spiritual feast from which we learned that the Lord filleth the hungry with good things (Luke 1:53). This does not mean merely food and drink for the body but for the soul as well. Sometimes we may be well filled with bread while our souls are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. This hunger will be satisfied just as surely as the other hunger if we only come and sit at the feet of Jesus and allow Him to be our teacher, for He has promised that "they shall be filled." He is able to satisfy our longing for a better life if we will let Him into our hearts and allow Him to dwell there.

In the testimony meeting one of the men told how for twenty years he had been igno-

rant of the power of Jesus to sustain in trouble, during which time he had been a slave to whisky. Through the testimonies which he heard of how other men had found this fountain of life, he gave his heart to God and had awakened in his soul a new desire—that of working for God. He told how he had found that the power of Christ to save is not in a trust but is free to all: whosoever will, may come.

One man who had lived a sinful life for many years gave the following testimony of what God had done for him since he had let Him take possession of his heart:

"I want to thank God, friends, that I am here tonight. I have been coming here ever since the Mission was started. I was converted ten years ago. I was going by the Mission one night when I was so much under the influence of whisky that I missed the theater and wandered into the Mission instead. I thank God that since then there has been a change come into my life. I have seen many conversions in the different missions and have seen men changed in the twinkling of an eye. God saves not only from the drink habit but from everything.

"He wonderfully saved me from blood poison when all the doctors had failed. I was working down here a few blocks away, when I got my foot crushed and blood poison set in. I was attended by good physicians but they failed to help me. At last they gave my case up as a hopeless one.

"I was almost despondent, but decided to have some Christians come and pray with me. I was then trying to live the Christian life but was so weak that I needed help. My wife went out and invited in a little band of Christian workers to pray with me. After that prayer my foot soon began to get better. It is now as well as ever. I want to praise God that He has saved me not only from drink and sin but from sickness."

Others told of how the love of Christ had entered their souls and given them a new purpose in life. Some had been saved from drunkards' lives on the streets of Chicago, while one man told of how he had received the Gospel through this magazine while he was behind prison bars.

Before his imprisonment he did not have clothes fit to wear in a freight car. He wan-

dered about getting shelter where best he could. When he gave his talk at the Mission he was dressed as well as the average man. The Gospel of Christ provides for the needs of the body as well.

As we left the room to catch our train, a number of the men in different parts of the room were kneeling in prayer with some of the workers. Our hearts were made glad indeed to know that more souls were seeking the Saviour who gave His life for sinners such as we. Our earnest prayers are that those who knelt there that night will not find the burden of the cross too heavy to bear, but will lean on Jesus and look to Him for the help and strength which He is able to give.

It is a hard struggle every month to secure the necessary money to pay the rent for the Mission. We do hope that the hearts of many will be moved upon in keeping this life-saving station open in the heart of darkest Chicago.

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#### LITTLE TALKS ON VITAL TOPICS: PRAYER.

*(Continued.)*

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

Last month THE LIFE BOAT slipped away on its message of mercy before we got around to get our little talk on board. But we are glad to know that interest has not been lost, for we have been hearing from some people.

Now we want to illustrate again what we have said several times already; namely, that there is a science of prayer. Suppose when the cook wanted to make some cake she could not tell how the baking powder and water and other things would work, or whether they would work at all or not. Cooking would be a sorry business, wouldn't it?

Well, suppose you want help from God but cannot tell whether you can get it or not: what would be the use of prayer?

You may be sure from many of the texts we have already given in previous talks, that God does not deal with needy sinners in any such haphazard fashion. In our December talk we found that the five conditions of prayer may be reduced to three. Those are:

1. The petitioner must be a keeper of the commandments of God. 1 John 3:22.

2. The request must be according to God's will. 1 John 5:14, 15.

3. It must be made in the name of Jesus. John 14:13.

Let us look at this second condition in the light of a few passages of Scripture. If we can only find some principle which will always be a test of what God's will is, it will simplify our subject very much; for how can we tell whether a thing we want is what God is willing we should have?

There is a text which will make this point clear. It is found in the 40th Psalm, verses 7 and 8. It contains some words of Christ telling what He would come into the world for. Notice particularly in the 8th verse: "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart."

This plainly says that what God wills is always in accord with His *law*. Hence if we are living according to our first principle—keeping His commandments in spirit and in truth, we may be sure that *He will make plain to us whether we can in prayer claim from Him any particular thing.*

We close by an illustration or two. Suppose I want money to be rich; or perhaps I may *think* I would do an immense amount of missionary and charitable work if I were only rich. But what I *think* about it is not what God *knows* about it.

Now if I want it because I *think* I ought to have it, no matter what God *knows* about it, then I am worshiping myself and putting my will before God's will. So I am not keeping His commandments at all. First, because I am breaking the first one: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Second, I am breaking all of them, because I cannot keep any of them without obedience; and if I am not willing to go without what God knows is not best for me, I am *not* obedient. Thus I refuse the very principle of the whole law.

I say then, in conclusion, that if we seek to know God's will concerning any particular thing we want, he will show us in some way. He may, indeed, show us that a thing is best for us and that He wishes to give it to us, but He may make us wait a long,

long time, years may be. Why? Because He wants to teach us patience and trust.

There is no promise that God will give into our *possession* at the time we ask it, any particular thing. But He does promise that if the request be a proper one He will give us the *right* to the thing when the suitable time comes.

Here is the promise: "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." 1 John 5:14, 15.

#### THE BIBLE VERSE SOCIETY.

Doubtless you all read and memorize portions of the Bible, but would you not enjoy studying the same verses that thousands of others are studying at the same time, thus storing your mind with many precious gems?



Alice M. Temple.

This is not an untried theory for this society was organized six years ago and many are the testimonies received daily, saying,

"I have followed the verses from the beginning and find the plan so helpful and interesting that I wish to continue."

This year we are to search for answers to some of the vital problems that confront most of us sooner or later. Among these are: "Why Study the Bible?" "Are We Accountable?" "What is Sin?" "Will There be a Final Separation of Christ's Followers and the Impenitent?" "Who Will be Redeemed?" "What is God's Will Towards Us?" "Is There Danger in Neglecting to Accept Christ?" "Will Our 'Good Works' Save Us?"

The world is flooded with literature telling us of men's opinions; but a "Thus saith the Lord" is our only sure ground of knowledge on such lines and our safety is assured only by compliance with Divine instruction. The grass of earthly wisdom may wither; the beautiful



flowers of human culture may fade, but the words of our God shall stand forever. Christ says, "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." (John 12:48.)

The monthly lists are published in attractive booklet form. The booklets contain all the references for the year, also suggestions on topical study; and a plan for Bible making is described. A blotter, printed in two colors, and bearing the likeness of the general secretary, is highly prized by many. One of these, "A Letter for You," and a leaflet is sent with each booklet. The package is sent for ten cents each, three for twenty-five cents and a greater reduction on larger quantities.

The founder and general secretary, Miss Alice M. Temple, of South Woodstock, Vt., is a young woman who has been ill nearly eight years. Her illness has been long and painful and until recently there has been little hope of her recovery.

At the early age of sixteen she enlisted in public school teaching. She was happy in the school room! As she looked into the faces before her she saw not only the faces of the children, but those who were soon to take active parts in the great drama of life and though lessons were important, yet to help the plastic youth to grow into strong, noble, pure men and women seemed of greater importance.

When taken from this active field and confined to her bed, day after day, her heart still reached out to those beyond. A plan she conceived in her girlhood, grew until it seemed in God's order for her to introduce it to her many friends through the medium of the press. Everyone was most cordially invited to join with her in reading or memorizing a verse daily.

Soon, thereafter, floods of inquiries came pouring in and so rapidly has it grown and so widely spread that it already numbers many thousands and has students not only in every State in the Union, but in several Canadian provinces, in England, Australia, China, India and in many new fields. A letter from China states: "We are publishing the lists in Chinese for the benefit of our members."

Her heart goes out in deep sympathy to all who suffer misfortune in any way and she desires a hearty, friendly handshake with all who may chance to read this. She would be so glad to have all read or memorize the daily

verses and thus have a common bond of interest. If any care to study but cannot supply themselves with lists, do not fail to drop her a line telling her about it.

Do you not know of someone whom you would like to invite to study with us? We extend to all a hearty welcome.

Miss Temple's ill health compels her to drop her pen for a little rest and change, however, she would be pleased with a personal word from you all. All orders and inquiries sent to her assistant secretary, Miss Lena M. Hopkins, 160 Warren street, Boston, Mass., will receive prompt attention. Write today.

FEBRUARY.

*Why Study the Bible?*

- |   |              |   |              |
|---|--------------|---|--------------|
| 1 | 1 Pet. 1:23. | 5 | John 15:7.   |
| 2 | John 3:16*.  | 6 | Psa. 119:11. |
| 3 | John.6:63.   | 7 | Psa. 78:1.   |
| 4 | John 17:17.  |   |              |

*Are We Accountable?*

- |    |               |    |               |
|----|---------------|----|---------------|
| 8  | Luke 21:34.   | 19 | John 5:40.    |
| 9  | John 7:37*.   | 20 | Rom. 13:12.   |
| 10 | Col. 2:8.     | 21 | 1 Thess. 5:6. |
| 11 | Luke 21:8.    | 22 | Gal. 6:7.     |
| 12 | Prov. 14:12.  | 23 | Matt. 8:17.   |
| 13 | Matt. 6:24.   | 24 | 2 Cor. 9:6.   |
| 14 | Luke 17:2.    | 25 | Luke 12:48.   |
| 15 | 1 Cor. 10:12. | 26 | 1 Pet. 4:7.   |
| 16 | John 4:50*.   | 27 | Matt. 16:27.  |
| 17 | Luke 12:57.   | 28 | Rom. 13:11.   |
| 18 | Jer. 21:8.    | 29 | Psa. 50:22.   |

Why go without a watch or use an inferior one when you can get a beautiful standard watch, gold or silver case, for only thirty new subscriptions? We have sent out nearly a basketful of these watches and they give the very best satisfaction.

INDIGESTION AMONG PRISONERS.

The following is from a convict in the Southern Illinois penitentiary:

"I received the December copy of your magazine and like it better than any of the religious publications that I have read. My confinement has shattered my constitution to a considerable extent. I have some trouble with my stomach but feel an improvement since following your instructions regarding mastication.

"Out of one thousand men in the prison about seven hundred complain of some stomach derangement."

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Editorial Department</h2> <p style="margin: 0;"><b>DAVID PAULSON, M. D.</b> EDITOR</p> <p style="margin: 0;"><b>William S. Sadler, M. D.</b> ASSOCIATE EDITOR</p>	
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### ANOTHER PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT IN MAY.

Next May will be our Ninth Annual Special Prisoners' Number. God has moved on the hearts of His children in every part of the earth to donate the amount necessary to make it possible once a year for practically the entire population of our State prisons to read this special number of THE LIFE BOAT; and we believe that we shall be enabled to do this again.

Among these hundred thousand men there are a large number who committed their evil deed upon some overmastering impulse of the moment, who are at heart just as well meaning as anyone on the outside. Should we not help them to get a copy of THE LIFE BOAT?

On the other hand, God has again and again used THE LIFE BOAT to change the lives and the hearts of the most hardened criminals, and He will do it again. How much will you donate to this prisoners' fund?

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#### HOW TO START A MISSION.

Frequently we receive inquiries similar to the following, asking for suggestions on how to start mission work:

"Some three years ago I spent a little time in Chicago. I frequently attended a number of meetings in the Life Boat Mission, and now my wife and I are desiring to start a similar work in our own home town and community. So we would ask your advice as to the best way to begin this work. What is the best way to get a start?"

To this we answered in part as follows: A good way to begin soul-winning work in your community is to order a club of one hundred LIFE BOAT magazines, which will be furnished to you at wholesale rates. Sell them to the people and tell them of the work that you are interested in. Next month go over the same ground and again put a magazine in their hands and try to extend your list.

Keep praying most earnestly and directly the Lord will bring you in contact with someone who needs spiritual help. Invite some of them to your own home some evening and sit down with them in a social way and have a little Bible study on what Christ is willing to do for the humble seeker.

Do not try to open a formal mission the first thing; it is expensive and there would not be likely to be enough people in the community to attend it and support it, until you have enlisted the interest of a goodly number of people in some such way as mentioned.

Begin to interest yourself in the young people. If there are some boys who smoke cigarettes send to Lucy Page Gaston, 1119 The Temple, Chicago, enclosing a few stamps, and she will send you some excellent anti-cigarette literature and also some information how to organize an Anti-Cigarette League.

All the time be endeavoring to persuade others to win souls to Christ. In a little while the Lord will help you to have a most interesting work going on in your neighborhood with practically no expense to yourself and with only a little more expenditure of your time than some of your neighbors spend in going to theaters and entertainments, and for other foolish purposes, that are in no way fitting them to meet their Maker. Write to us of some of your interesting experiments.

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#### A PRAYER MEETING AT THE BOTTOM OF A MINE.

All have read of the recent horrible Pennsylvania mine disaster in which so many human beings lost their lives almost instantly. The rescuers found a number of men on their knees showing that they were praying when they were hurled into eternity.

Who dares to deny that even at that last fatal moment some of them did succeed in taking hold of the hand of God that is always outreached to save? But how much better it would have been if some of them had been

willing to have attended some little prayer meeting the night before!

Reader, have you lost faith in prayer? Have you become so busy that you never have time to even think of it? Do not forget that when death stared these men in the face prayer was the only thing they thought of. It will be the first thing you will think of if you should ever pass through a similar experience, if you have any time to think at all. Will you think *now*?

#### ARE YOU SAVING THAT FOR YOUR LOVED ONE'S FUNERAL?

Nicodemus came and saw Christ by *night*. He afterwards lifted a feeble voice of protest in the Sanhedrim when the sentiment against Christ was surging at the high-water mark, but after Christ was dead he and the rich man, Joseph of Arimathea, got their heads together and made the necessary financial arrangements so Christ could have a decent burial.

This was a commendable act, yet how much more grateful it would have been to the heart of the Master if He could have had such evidence of loyal friendship during His life when genuine friends were so scarce.

There are a great many in modern times who are like Joseph and Nicodemus. They rarely ever speak kind and loving words that would be like healing balm to the aching hearts of their relatives and others about them. They bring no flowers to cheer the disheartened and discouraged ones, yet at the funeral they fairly cover the coffin with beautiful flowers, and appreciative words are spoken when they can create no responsive smile on the face that is cold in death.

Are you waiting until your wife is dead to let everybody know how much you love her?

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

If you ever expect to dwell in God's holy hill you will have to ask the Lord to save you from *backbiting* with your tongue, doing evil to your *neighbor*, or taking up a *reproach* against your neighbor even if it happens to be the *truth*.

Are you peddling around some miserable little *gossip* or slander against your neighbor or about some member in your church or against some institution? If you have imagined that

you were doing the Lord's business while so doing, be sure to read the fifteenth Psalm and you will be cured from doing so any more.

Get two new subscriptions for "The Life Boat" and get Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book as a premium. You will never regret it.

#### A FIERCE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

We publish an extract from a letter recently received, for the purpose of helping those who imagine they are having a hard time when in reality, perhaps, they are surrounded with all the comforts of life.

Imagine yourself in this poor man's place for a week, how grateful you would be for all your present opportunities and privileges! We were glad to place this poor man's name on our mailing list for the coming year.

"I have not renewed my subscription to the LIFE BOAT yet; I could not get the money. I am anxious to renew it and will if I have to borrow the money. I will tell you how I am situated: We have not a chair in the house, we use some little boxes to sit on, our table and bedsteads are such as I made myself out of rough boards; but we can do without those things, and if I possibly can I will send you some money to help on the good work. I am also in the Master's work. The LIFE BOAT has been a good help and a blessing in my family. I must have it again as soon as possible.

"I have four little boys to care for and they have no mother. My brothers and sisters told me that I could not take care of the children alone, but I said with the Lord's help I could and I would.

"I was told to put my boys in an orphan's home, but it is over four years now that I have been caring for them, and I know my work and trouble will soon be over because our Saviour will soon be here."

Show this copy of The Life Boat to a few of your friends. They will be thankful to have their attention called to it. Some of them will want to receive it regularly.

**"I WAS SICK, AND IN PRISON,' AND  
THEY VISITED ME NOT."**

Can anyone read the following letter and not feel grateful that some effort is being made to send the printed Gospel to the prisoners? Remember that those who shall finally meet Christ in peace will have had an interest in their hearts for the prisoner. (Matt. 25: 35-46.)

How much will you do to enable us to furnish all the prisoners with the May number of the LIFE BOAT, which will be a special prisoners' number? The following letter is from a prisoner in Massachusetts:

"I do not know what I shall do, as I have no home, no relatives, no friends here to whom I can apply for assistance when I am released in July. I was sick and in prison, and they visited me not, excepting my poor sick wife. She visited me several times before she was taken to a home for such as she. I have no way of making money except by hard work, have never had the advantages of an education. Being one of a large family I was obliged to remain at home to help my father on the farm until the younger boys were able to take my place.

"And now, with sorrow and many regrets I look back over a misspent life of sin and folly, the remembrance of which is grievous to me. My greatest regret is that I did not give my heart, my life, my all to God in the days of my youth, while the evil days came not and before I had ceased to have any pleasure in them. Had I done this I might have escaped many bitter sorrows and also escaped the prison. But I have thought sometimes it is all for the best; God, who is all-wise, knoweth what is best for us, and He doeth all things well.

"I have sought for happiness and pleasure in many ways.

I have roamed the lurid scenes of vice,  
But never knew substantial joys  
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.  
The more I strove against his power  
I felt the weight of guilt the more,  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'

"I am striving to follow the leadings of that Voice; and in doing so I find I am blessed, and I can rejoice in my tribulation and suffering, knowing that beyond the clouds of sorrow and affliction is Heaven and beyond the darkness and storm is sunshine."

**DRINK GAVE HIM TEN YEARS.**

A prisoner in the Illinois State Penitentiary writes as follows: "Your welcome letter received. I thank you for addressing me as 'friend' for friends like you are well worth having, as I know that very few people would like to have convicts on their list of friends.

"I have since the receipt of your letter had another Life Boat which a fellow prisoner had loaned me, and I liked it even better than the first. I read in it a letter from a prisoner in Massachusetts, and it impressed me very much as his experience was somewhat similar to mine.

"I was born and brought up in a Christian home, and have always believed there was a God, but somehow the influence of the training I received early in life has long since left me, and I'll admit that many a time while in a drunken frenzy, had anyone mentioned God to me I would have struck that person down. Drunkenness has put many a person in an earthly hell of mental and physical torture. Yes, drink is the cause of my spending ten of the best years of my life in prison.

"I desire to lead a better life when I leave this place, and if I could only grasp religion in the true sense of the word I would gladly welcome it, but at present I do not feel the influence of God within me, and if I could get the prayers of you people I would greatly appreciate it."

**A beautiful pocket Bible is a grand thing. You can get some truth from God's word in the spare moments you otherwise would waste. Ask five of your friends to subscribe for "The Life Boat," and receive a morocco-bound pocket Bible as a premium.**

**SEED SOWING.**

HAROLD S. ANDREWS.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

[Harold Andrews has sold tens of thousands of copies of this magazine in different parts of the country, defraying his own traveling expenses from the commissions of his sales. We hope many others will become interested to distribute this soul-winning sheet.—Ed.]

Upon leaving Cincinnati I went to Sandusky, and on my way stopped off at Day-

ton, Ohio. Dayton is a very pretty little city and has a good number of business places. One Sunday morning I bought an excursion ticket for Sandusky, where I stopped only two days.

While I was standing on the dock watching some boys fishing, I met a young man whose acquaintance I made, and upon conversing with him I found he was what some folks call "down and out." As he had only nineteen cents in his pocket he asked me to give him six cents more, but I said he should come with me and I would help him out; so he did, and the next morning we took a train bound for Toledo. After a short stay we went to Detroit, Mich., where I secured him work.

I then took my departure for Buffalo. As I left, tears stood in the eyes of my friend, and he expressed many thanks for what I had done for him. We were together till the last moment. The day I picked him up he was shabbily clad; at the time I left him, was well dressed and of light heart.

His story was that he was an orphan, and that he had made his living ever since he was fourteen years of age. Drink was his downfall, but I left him praying, attending missions, and doing kind deeds. May God bless him and keep him in harmony with His holy Spirit.

I went to Niagara Falls yesterday to take in God's wonderful works. I took seventy-six LIFE BOATS with me, never expecting, however, to sell more than twenty-five; but with the help of God I sold all in three hours and a half, besides seeing all the sights. The falls and the sweeping rapids at the velocity of twenty-seven miles per hour are awe-inspiring and beautiful beyond description.

My next place will be in Albany. I trust the Lord will be with me and with all the co-workers. My earnest prayer is for the success of the LIFE BOAT rescue work, that it may become more established and gather in all that wander from the pathway of God into the clutches of Satan.

How much are you interested in the next Special Prisoners' Life Boat, to be issued next May?

## The Life Boat

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

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

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.

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

### 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.

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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.

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

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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.

Next May we shall issue another Special Prisoners' number of The Life Boat. How many will you subscribe for for your State prison? Write for wholesale rate.

#### NOTICE.

The writer would be glad to receive clean copies of the LIFE BOAT, *Youth's Instructor* and *Little Friend* for missionary work. Please send them to Mrs. Ida Brown, 1715 W. 63rd street, Chicago, Ill.

# Invalids Take Notice!!

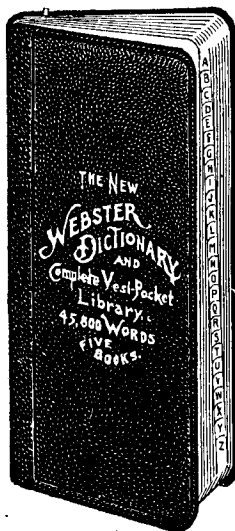
The Managers of the Hinsdale Sanitarium announce that after March first, for those patients who are unable to pay the regular sanitarium rates, accommodations will be provided in the sanitarium annex at approximately one-half of the ordinary sanitarium prices. Write for information. Address, The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.

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By remembering in a substantial manner this worthy labor of love in your will.

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by  
J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

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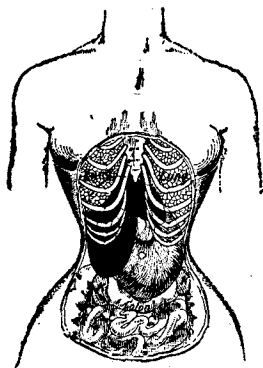


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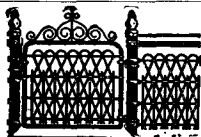
N. B.—The treatise by Dr. Kellogg contains information which every health club member or health worker ought to know.

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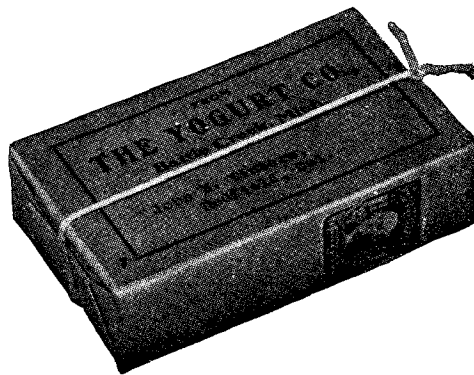
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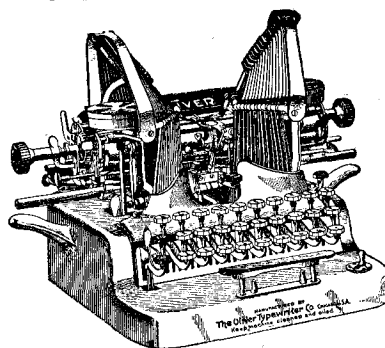
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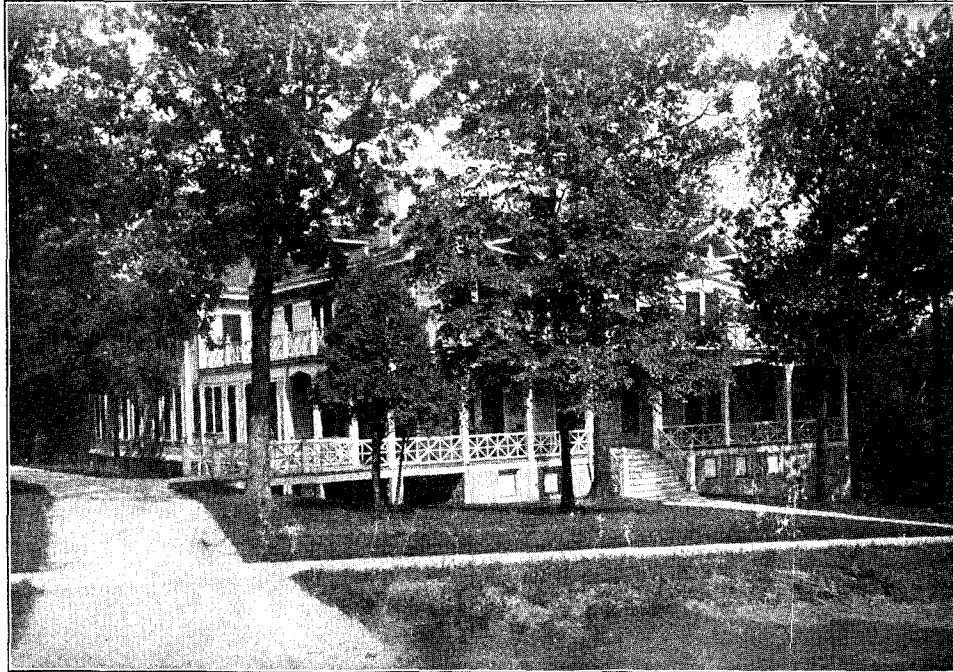
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