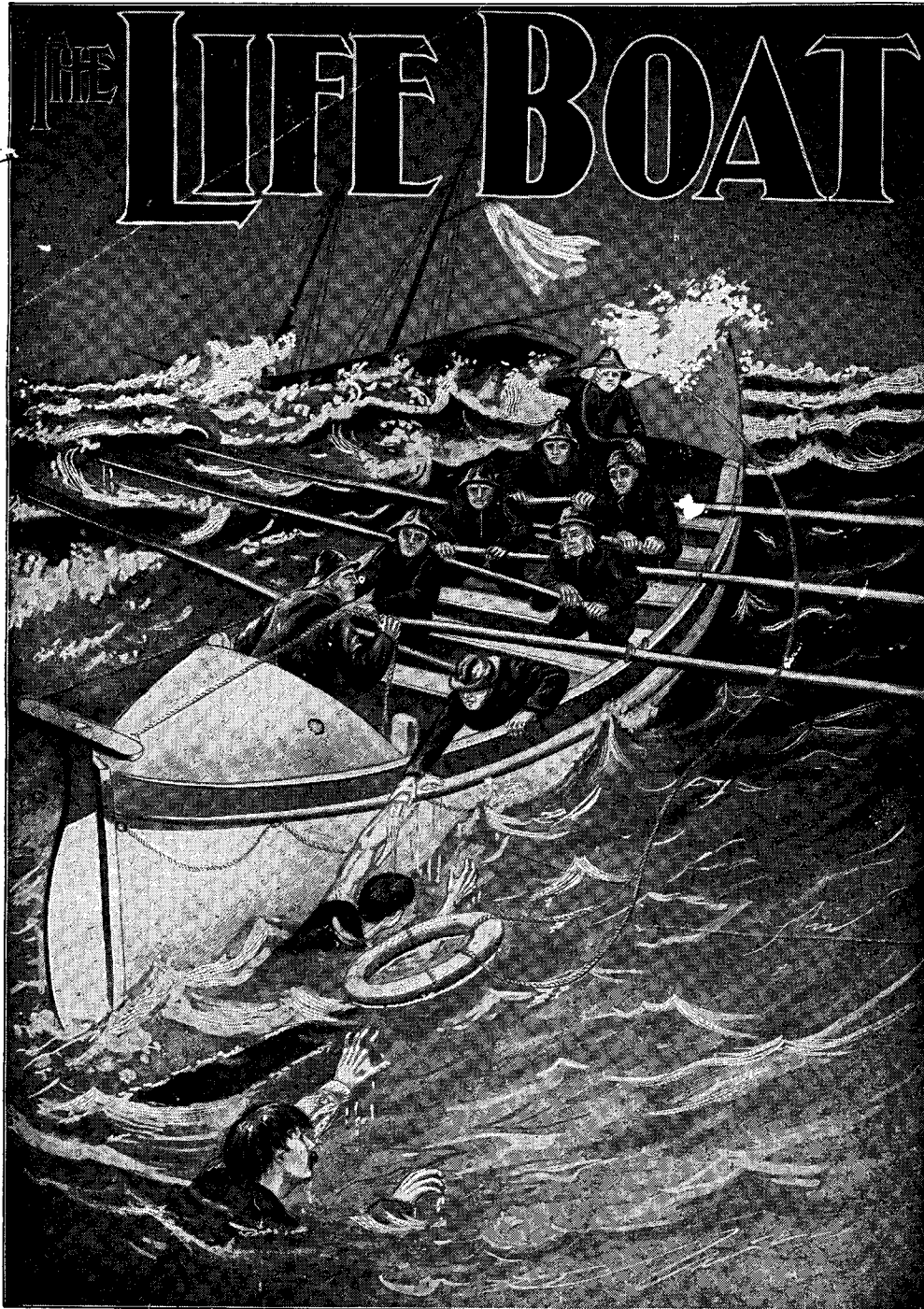


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"He that winneth souls is wise" — Are you Wise?

THE HOUSE-BY-THE-SIDE- OF-THE-ROAD

*He was a friend to man, and
lived in a house by the
side of the Road—Homer*



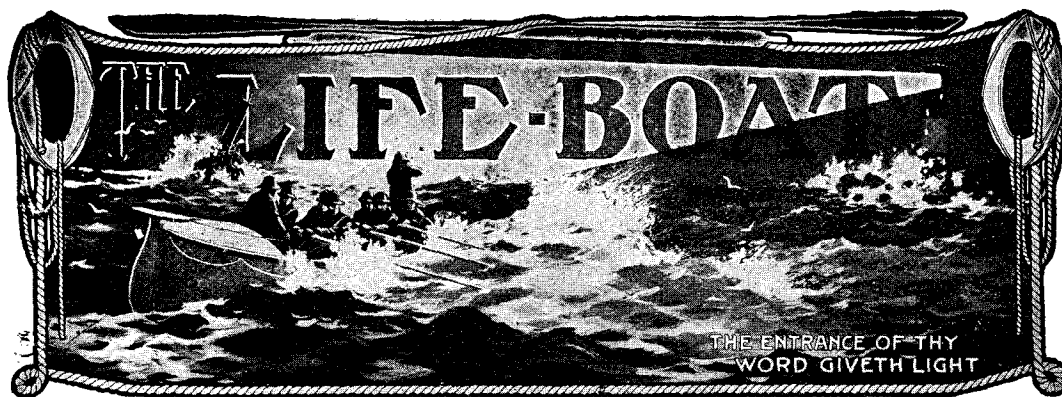
There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night;
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.



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

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Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MARCH, 1908

Number 3

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEAVENS.

(Psalms 19: 1-4.)

PEARL WAGGONER.

Oh, the language of the heavens! Whatsoe'er the age
or clime,
Whether spring or summer be it, or the gray old win-
ter time,
Still they speak in tones celestial, tones divinely ten-
der, true,
Dropping words of sweetest comfort from their can-
opy of blue.

Pilgrims, foreigners, and strangers, wheresoever we
may roam,
Yet we know our home is waiting far beyond that
azure dome;
And we gaze with wistful longing, knowing there we
soon shall rest—
While the spark of hope eternal glows anew within
our breast.

Who has not, in time of sorrow, when it seemed the
wearied soul
Ne'er could stem the tide of grief which like the bil-
lows wild would roll,
Looking to the starry heights, or to the calm, ethereal
blue,
Known pain's bitterness to vanish quickly as the
morning dew?

Or, again, in times of pleasure, when no clouds ob-
scured life's way,
When the heart was light and joyous, and the world
seemed bright and gay,
Who has not, on glancing upward, heard a whisper,
sweet and low,
"Here is joy eternal; cling not to earth's fleeting joys
below"?

Oh, the language of the heavens! Though without the
sound of voice,
Yet they speak the very message which will make the
heart rejoice;
Teaching faith, and hope, and goodness, giving forth
of Heaven's balm,
Lo, they speak, and in the soul is born an everlast-
ing psalm!

LENGTHEN YOUR DAYS.*

You may, by careful living, proper diet, and
the general exercise of good common sense,
prolong your life and its usefulness many
years. Should a doctor be able to go out into
the graveyard and bring someone back to life
before another sunrise, his name would be
heralded throughout two continents.

But the physician who puts forth the proper
effort can, by the assistance of man himself,
prolong human life, giving to those who live
rightly an old age free from the usual misfor-
tunes incidental thereto instead of but so
much worn-out machinery which must be
dragged around through the remainder of a
miserable existence.

America is a nation of homes, beautiful,
grand, magnificent; but generally the most
abject thing in them is the owner, who,
through lack of knowledge and careless dis-
regard of consequences, becomes but a thing
of sorrow to himself and those about him.

Great strides are being made in subduing
acute diseases. Diphtheria, yellow fever, small-
pox, and kindred acute diseases have lost their
terror, but chronic diseases kill the multitudes
just as they did in the years gone by, and
people look on it as a "visitation of Provi-

*[Abstract from the Quincy (Ill.) *Daily Herald*,
Jan. 31, 1908, of an address by Dr. David Paulson,
under the auspices of the Quincy Young Woman's
Christian Association.]

dence," or offer some other excuse as foolish, for the great mortality which comes every year.

Insanity, degenerative diseases and all the long train which might be named are on the increase. They are the result of an overdose of modern civilization, pure and simple,—nothing else.

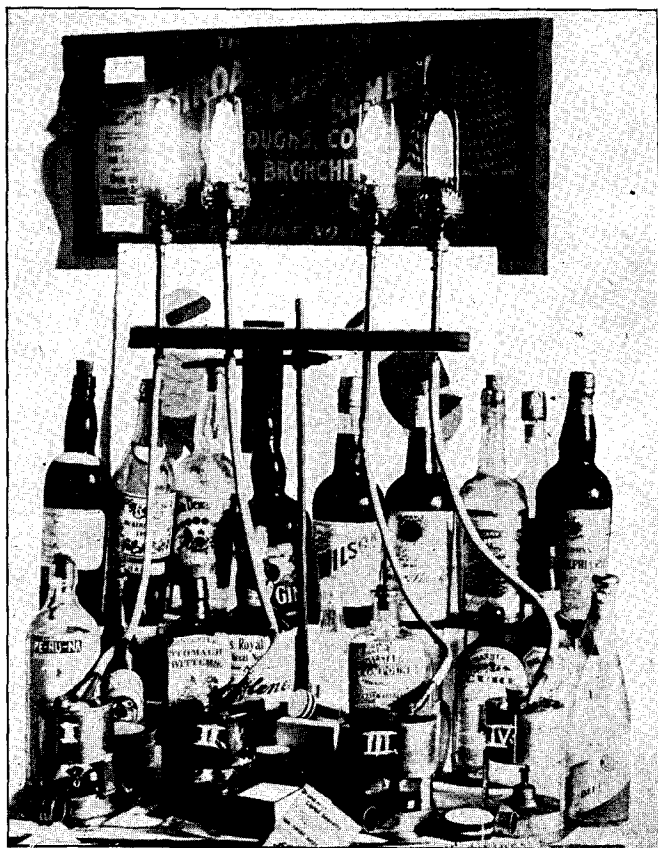
We feel sorry for the Chinese when we read of the vast amount of opium used in that country last year, but it is maintained that in America we use twice as much per capita as they do in China.

There were used twenty-three gallons of alcoholic liquor by every man, woman and child in America last year.

From a bottle of Peruna the doctor poured an ounce into a test tube, placed it over a retort connected with a gas burner and distilled the alcohol therefrom, lighting the gas burner and making a most clear and beautiful light which illuminated the entire hall for several minutes while the electric lights were turned off.

The use of soothing syrup for babies, and cocaine and other drugs for adults, is doing more to break down the health of the race than is dreamed of. All the preparations on the market for the speedy relief of pains are based on the effect of some narcotic.

Out of all this slough of despond into which



A BURNING SHAME.

Many of the leading patent medicines contain large quantities of alcohol. When a small quantity is heated, the alcohol can be evaporated, passed up into a gas mantle and will there burn with a brilliant glow as is shown in the above photograph.

the race has sunk there is a way of escape. We may live above the pain line.

The path which leads to the wonderful goal of good health is smooth and easy when once the start is made with a determination to keep on therein.

There is nothing so free, nothing so pleasant to take, nothing so easily obtainable, as an unlimited supply of pure, fresh air.

Our ancestors lived in log houses, where the wind whistled through the cracks and crevices, the great fire-places swept out any foul air which might accumulate, the violent physical labor which was performed burned up in a measure the great quantities of meat consumed, the old-fashioned flour which was rich in the elements that go to make bone, blood and muscle was, with other foods of a like nature, that which sustained them and kept them living to become patriarchs among the people noted for its longevity and physical and mental prowess.

JUST AS IMPORTANT FOR MAN AS FOR THE MONKEYS.

Dr. Evans, Chicago's health commissioner, recently told about the monkeys in Lincoln Park. The mortality among them from consumption had been enormous, the entire number having to be replaced every fourteen months.

Four years ago the keepers turned four of the sickest monkeys out in the park, to let them die out in the open, as they had but a few weeks to live. Much to the surprise of all the parties, those four monkeys are alive today, although when liberated they were in the last stages of consumption. What it has taken four years to learn about in monkeys, humanity should learn in ten years at least. People are not born with consumption any more than they are born with the multiplication table, and reasonable care will keep most people free from it.

More people are now earning their bread by the sweat of their wits than by the sweat of their brow, depending on a Turkish bath or some substitute to sweat the system thoroughly. The subterfuge of such things is plainly apparent in the results obtained: the analysis of the sweat following a Turkish bath contains but little poison, while the sweat

following labor or physical exercise properly taken, drives out the rankest poison from the body and clears the system of that which kills us as surely as strychnine or any other poison known to materia medica.

BREATHE AS IF PAID FOR IT.

Take deep breathing exercises to massage the organs of the abdomen, particularly the liver. Under an X-ray instrument it has been shown that congestion of the liver has been most rapidly reduced by this simple thing.

The lungs are the great purifiers of the blood and they should have a chance to do their work. A sunken chest, a relaxed abdominal wall and other useless degeneracies into which we drop through carelessness in physical exercises are not fair to these organs on which our very life depends.

Be careful what you eat. Bread and butter is more nourishing than meat, is more easily digested, and more satisfactory in every way. Care for the stomach. Men think with their heads but they live with their stomachs and other kindred organs. You cannot have peace in the head if at the same time there is war in the stomach.

A cold bath is a regular fire alarm of the system. A hot bath followed with a rub with a mitten dipped repeatedly in cold water, is the finest thing in the world, but must not be overdone. Dashing cold water in the face revives a fainting person. Dashing cold water over the liver or other organs is just as good, nay, better even.

Nearly everyone should occasionally take time to do nothing. Go apart from cankering care. Rest while you are well, because you will have to do nothing when sick, which is infinitely more unpleasant. Someone has said that busy men may be on their way to Heaven, but they will be sure to stop at a sanitarium on the way.

Don't be afraid your business will go to ruin if you leave it a week. You will have to leave it for good some day and you had just as well let it get used to running without you now to some extent. Have a hobby and indulge it. It makes no difference what it is, so that it is right and honest.

There is nothing which helps the retention of health so much as the peace and knowledge of Christ and His teachings in the human soul;

and no chart of action will supersede that laid down by the Man of Nazareth, whose teachings are yet the solace of mankind.

DO YOU SOMETIMES GRUMBLE?

MARTHA VETTER,

888 Thirty-fifth Place, Chicago.

[We trust that some one while reading this article will be led to dedicate his life to similar services. We should be glad to correspond with such.—Ed.]

I think it does us all good to meet people that are more unfortunate than we are, because then we appreciate more our own blessings; we begin to realize how much more thankful we ought to be. I never realized it so much as I do right here in the Dispensary, for we here see so many people who have not even a thing to eat in the house and are sick besides.

Many miserable conditions are found on visiting the homes of the poor. At one place I called the husband was very sick with rheumatism, and the woman had nothing but a few biscuits for her children when they should return from school.

At another place the children had just gotten over scarlet fever. They did not have any clothes. The mother said if she only had a skirt and a waist she would go to a restaurant and work, but she had none. I told her to come down and I would see what we had.

We gave her some clothes and she went away very happy, thanks to the dear readers who are sending us clothing, which we are able to give away. It is really a hard winter for most of the people around here, because lots of men are out of work and don't seem to be able to get any.

I am glad that I can have a part in the Lord's vineyard, and that I am here where I can help others who are less fortunate than I am. We treat about fifty people a day and all kinds of pitiful cases come under our observation; my heart goes out to them. But, above all, I feel thankful that God called me to this work, that I can, as I come in contact with these people, tell them that God loves them just as much as He does me, that He tries every means of bringing them to Him.

Dear reader, if you ever get discouraged and think you have a hard time, come over

to our Dispensary and take a trip with me to some of these people. You will soon forget the trouble you have (unless you are *very* selfish), and you will find that joy and sweet happiness that comes only to those who, while looking over the day's work, can say: "With God's help I made some home brighter, some wrinkled face smile again, some woman's tears dry." That is the greatest blessing that can come to a human being.

"HARD-A-PORT!"

REV. E. S. UFFORD,

Author of "Throw Out the Life Line."

On all ships ploughing the seas there is stationed a man on the forward deck who eagerly scans the distance. If he sees any approaching ship or obstruction, or his ear catches the sound of breakers tumbling over ledge or shoal, he passes the word to the man at the wheel. In any moment of peril he cries the quick order, "Hard-a-port!"

Paul, the apostle, who had suffered three shipwrecks, lends interest to one adventure where he saw the shipmen take soundings, and observed their fear, the writer of it mentioning a horror of falling upon rocks. A stately ship, outward bound, is indeed a spectacle of the sea. To the look-out on watch, and the pilot at the helm, comes the momentous task of skill and watchfulness.

There is a crisis in every human life. It is that moment when the helm is put hard-a-port, and the shoals of evil are safely, perhaps narrowly passed. A man about to die was asked by a ministering visitor, "What can I do for you?" "*Do?*" moaned the poor sinking soul; "Oh, that you could *undo!*"

The "City of Portland" was a steamboat plying between Boston and Portland, Maine. On Saturday evening, November 25, 1898, the storm signals were flying from the wind-swept bays of Maine to the milder seas of the Carolinas. But old Captain Blanchard had weathered many a gale and he ventured forth on his fateful errand. Other ships had preceded him. He met them coming back. They waved a salute to him and his fearless passengers. It was their valedictory. On they went into the night and into the storm. The ship foundered, with all on board. She lies somewhere on the New England coast

in her shroud of seaweed; and sepulchred within her white casket are the lost loved ones. If when they saw the example of the other boats returning, fleeing from the black angel of death whose wail was like a requiem, the presumptuous captain had put the helm hard-a-port, all would have been well. But he tempted fate.

One of the most beautiful mottoes I have used in my temperance appeals is this: "We bind ourselves that others may be free." There is no safe ground other than total abstinence. I talked with a lad emerging from a saloon, who replied, "I only took a glass of

its terror was over he asked the captain if a storm was the worst thing navigators encountered. He said it was not. "An iceberg, then?" He replied that they could detect its approach as well as to outride the gales. "What, then, is the most perilous thing on the high seas?" He said, "A derelict, a floating hull, dismasted, drifting in the path of steamers, against which we may crash and go down."

The bad example of the evil-minded man or woman is baneful. Oh, that each human bark sailing life's seas would heed conscience as she sits on the forward deck crying, "Hard-



*Throw out the life-line
across the dark wave,
There is a brother
Whom some one should save.
Somebody's brother
O who then will dare
To throw out the life-line
His peril to share?*

E. S. Ufford

beer." But it was a link in the chain of bondage. Thus it is hard to impress young adventurers toward the danger line with the sense of the peril ahead.

A grain of sand is a small thing, yet it halts the mechanism of the beautiful watch in the hand of the conductor. In the eye of the engineer it hinders his schedule. One little sin often leads to eternal ruin, just as a pimple lets into the temple of clay the assassins of blood poisoning, or a seed germ rears the upas tree of consumption.

Dr. Chapman was coming up from Porto Rico when a storm caught the ship. After

a-port!" But pride is such that it cloaks its sin. It covers over the infested spot lest the searchlight of God reveal it.

It is said that a lady consulted a physician and was informed that she had a malignant disease. She could live but two weeks. Then she went to her home and attired herself for the evening party. She put on her jewels, her laces, her sparkling gems, and so danced the hours away, despite the fact that across her heart was written the sentence of death.

A poor "down and out" met me one day, and taking my hand, said, "Can't you help me?" I told him I was helpless to save him

but I said I knew One who could. I introduced him to Jesus Christ. He was sweetly saved in our city mission. He is now on the right course.

I saw a converted drunkard who took the very whiskey bottles that had flung him gutterward, and filling them partly full of water, adjusted them in a frame; then with two sticks he sang the hallelujah chorus of his new-found joy, the very vehicles of his former sorrow and bondage now turned into a crystal harp. By one turn of the helm of decision, he sped from the wail of sin's storm, and steering his habit-tossed ship toward the smoother sea of peace and hope he foiled the rocks of their victim. The Divine Pilot was by his side. All was well.

Young man, ahoy!

PIONEER MEDICAL MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

CHARLES CAVE, M. D.,
Barbados, West Indies.

[The following are abstracts from a personal letter received from our former pupil, Dr. Cave, who is now a medical missionary in Barbados, West Indies.—Ed.]

I am the first medical missionary physician that has ever been out here. I am securing a large stone building, surrounded by trees and other natural scenery, isolated, and yet not too remote from the city; it is a fine house and well adapted for my work. The outlook is bright. There is something *real*, something *tangible* to this work; no myth about it. I am sure that unless a young man undertakes this work with the *full* conviction that it has the Divine credentials upon it, that it is *the work for this time*, and that the world is crying after it, he will become just a commercial speculator in medical practice.

I thank God that He sent me to the American Medical Missionary College. I am proud to have that word "missionary" on my diploma. It is the only word that I value, because it gives color and dignity to my calling; it sets my work on altogether a different platform to that of other men who are merely using their profession to earn a living.

I am planning to hold a temperance meeting once a month. I want to make this thing

of intense interest to the public. The people like such things, and I believe that as a physician I can accomplish inconceivable good by the help of God. My work, however, will run on the self-supporting basis.

A GREAT OUTDOOR BANQUET.

ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

"And a great multitude followed Him, *because* they saw His miracles which He did on them that were diseased." John 6:2. If you never do anything that is valuable to anyone folks are not going to follow you. What ought we to do? Just exactly what was done for me in this Sanitarium: They gave me good food to eat; when I was tired and sick, they gave me treatment that relieved me. One day when my feet were tired and I was not looking for medical attention or anything of that kind one dear girl took me downstairs and bathed my feet. When you do these things people come after you to know the reason for it, and the truth.

Jesus said to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread?" Was it not sweet to have Jesus talk to them? Jesus was sitting right near to Philip and He spoke to him first. He is just so good, He gives us a share in His work. Poor Philip did not see that.

One said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes." A little boy who had heard about Jesus, said, "Mother, I am going over to hear the Lord today." They were not rich, but as he was to be gone all day she put him up a little lunch,—just a few biscuits and a few small fish, not much of a dinner. The lad was going to see Jesus. He took what mother gave him and ran along, and that was all the food there was in that company, a poor, poverty-stricken crowd.

Jesus said, "Make the men sit down." There comes a time when Jesus won't talk with you nor argue with you nor tell you the next thing. Now when you get in a hole and go to the Lord and He says something that seems to be entirely irrelevant, you mind Him.

"There was much grass in the place." I do not know what that means, but the Lord provided a comfortable place for His people.

THE BOY GAVE UP HIS LUNCH.

You can see they went and hunted up the boy. "We want your lunch." The boy did not

say, "You can't have it, I am hungry." No, he said, "Here it is." Have we given Jesus all we had? Have you given Him your power to wash dishes, the power to say, "Jesus loves you,"—the five loaves and two fishes, the commonest kinds of things? It is the *commonest* things of this world that confound the mighty.

"And Jesus took the loaves." Jesus needed those loaves and those fishes, and He needs the poorest one of us and all that we have,—absolutely needs it. He needed the little colt He rode on that day when He rode into Jerusalem. And He needs you. Would it not be too bad for Jesus Christ to go with an unfilled need that you or I can supply? He took the loaves, so He takes what we bring Him.

He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and all the fields were His before they were created; the bread was His, and yet Jesus gave thanks, thanked the Father. And when you and I come to Him, poor, sinning, miserable, weak, helpless human creatures, Jesus Christ gives thanks.

"He distributed to the disciples." Would you not have liked to have been there? Some of those men who had tramped along the dusty road that day, and the women who were so busy they had not got much for themselves, don't you think they were pretty hungry people? Yet they had as much as they needed. It is the will of God His children should be filled with all the fulness of God, not just the bread of this life, for man shall not live by bread alone.

WHAT WE GIVE WE RECEIVE BACK AGAIN.

Now just notice the order: Jesus took the loaves. We have to bring our talents to Him and He gives them back to us. Then let us feed the people. That is the crown of Christian experience, to be able to feed hungry men and women.

Houses must be built, the sick cared for, and crops sowed and reaped, but the greatest thing of all is that these men and women should be so taught in the Gospel that they can bring other men and women to Jesus Christ. That is the work Jesus wants His people to do. And while you are nursing the sick, and others caring for the house, and patients are being healed, every day that work ought to go on. You do not have to stop and hold a Bible reading to help a soul.

WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES.

The other day I was standing in my room,—the room all dirty, and I was packed to go South. I was thinking, when here came in a woman who lived in the building, the last one on earth I should have thought of and one whom I had not liked very well,—a backslidden Christian Scientist. She asked, "Are you alone?" I said, "What is it, dear? The men are coming in and out, taking the things into the wagon."

I saw what she wanted, and right there the Lord let me give her Bread He had given me before. And it did not hinder my plans, but the goods got out on time, and the woman was helped. There may be church services and revivals, but the Lord will give you just these opportunities.

Don't you suppose that dear boy had a good dinner? A bigger dinner than when he started out? The bread and fishes had passed through the Lord's hands.

"When they were filled,"—remember, filled with all the fulness of God. Paul prayed they might be filled with the knowledge of His will. It is your privilege to be filled with the knowledge of His will. And if you can't spell straight and can't talk good grammar and have not been to school, or if you have all the knowledge of the schools of the world, you may be filled with the knowledge of His will!

*(From talk given Dec. 14, 1907, to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family.)

A UNIQUE WORK FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARY E. COLLINS.
Greenwood, Miss.

[Mrs. Collins is a humble Christian worker who is trying to teach the children of the South land about Christ, and also to better their condition in every way by teaching them farming and useful industries. The Lord has wonderfully blessed her.—Ed.]

A short time ago I asked one of my boys how his sister, who was ill, was getting on, and he said the doctor had given her up to die. I asked him if she was a Christian, and he said, "No." Somehow I began to feel uneasy about that girl and at noon I went to a neighbor's house and talked with her about it.

She said she had just told a brother that there was work for him to do and that he was passing the opportunity by. I said.

"Somehow, I am interested, yet I have never volunteered at a bedside to pray for anyone."

Every time I have an opportunity and fail to make use of it, I am in trouble. I promised the Lord I would go the next noon, which was Thursday. I prayed several times for her that night, for I could not rest. The next noon came. The tempter tried hard to make an excuse for me. He made me sleepy, that wouldn't do; he made me sick, but that wouldn't do. While sitting there casting the whole thing over in my mind I prayed to the Almighty to make me strong and able to resist all temptation. When I came to myself I was half way to the house of the sick girl. I found her feeling much better and in her right mind.

SEALED LIPS WERE OPENED.

I sat there and fanned her, but with my mouth sealed until the hour was nearly spent. I would look straight at her without saying anything and she asked several times if I was tired. I had to breathe another prayer for the Lord to unseal my lips that I might say something to this poor soul. My mouth was opened and I began to talk to her. I said, "Sister, have you trusted the Lord?" She said, "Not yet, Mrs. Collins." I asked her if she wanted to and she said, "Yes."

I prayed and she prayed and asked the Lord to save her that very day. When I was through, she asked her sister and another lady to pray. I had to leave, but I did not forget that poor child. I went to see her again and she said, "Mrs. Collins, the Lord has saved my soul and I am so glad." This was on Thursday, and Sunday morning she passed away. It is good to work for Christ.

WHO WILL HELP?

I am praying and trusting that the Lord will move on someone to help us get the things we most need in our work for these dear children. Do not forget that we need a laundry, furnace, tubs, flat irons, two dozen chairs, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, curtains, shades, rugs, large mirrors, wall paper, sheets, mattresses, pillow cases and pillows, blankets, spreads, bowls and pitchers, towels, table cloths, a section book case, an office desk and many other things. The laundry room is also to be built. No sum is too small and all donations are highly appreciated. Do not turn away from

this call. Remember the voice which said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

We are certainly glad that the Master is working for us. We have received some money from different places, a large box filled with Santa Claus articles for a surprise to the children from the president of the International Sunshine Society, of New York; one nice contribution came from Oakwood, Ala., another from Adel, Iowa. I am so glad to find kind friends to help those who need it.

ONE WAY TO ASSIST.

We are anxious to find someone who will loan us two thousand dollars, for which we will offer security, both city and county real estate. The city lot has two three-room houses, both well insured, upon a lot 100 by 150 feet. The farm is 160 acres, twenty-five of which are in cultivation and eighty-three acres will be in cultivation next year. The soil is rich loam. We have a five-room house on the place as well as smaller buildings. We will pay the highest rate of interest and wish to make arrangement to pay back the principal on the instalment plan.

If we could get some money we could make improvements on our work here that would enable us to do so much more for these girls. The Master has taught us to ask and I hope I am not asking too much. I want to use more of my time in winning souls for the kingdom.

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.

(Concluded.)

TOM MACKEY.

214 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago.

Some years ago I had the privilege of leading a man to Christ who was just out of one of the New York State prisons. I was down town doing some missionary work when he came to our door. Mrs. Mackey said, "I am very glad you have come; come in, brother, and make yourself at home." When she called him "brother" he wondered if she knew who he was; it is not customary for an ex-prisoner to be called brother, and that struck him as a remarkable thing.

That night he went with me to the mission and a man whom the Lord had used me to lead to Christ ten years before related his experience. I closed up with an account of

my own. My friend sat in front of me, and the Gospel message went to his heart. He knelt down in prayer and called on God, although right out of State prison; and God heard his prayer and did wonderful things for him.

Now he has a mission over on the North side, and last night I was in that mission and heard a woman give a wonderful testimony. She had taken the Keeley cure twice, the Washingtonian cure three times, tried Christian Science, and everything that money and scientific research could suggest to cure her.

She was not an illiterate woman, but very talented, one who was expected to make her mark in the literary world. But sin got into her heart. She became not only a drunkard but a slave to the morphine and cocaine habits. She had taken in all seven different cures, but there was nothing that did her any good until she came to the foot of the cross and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And last night she stood up and testified, "I am rejoicing in the God of my salvation." Oh, how it made my heart glad! When they found her she was almost on the verge of insanity.

LATTER-DAY DELUSIONS.

Recently while in a large church a lady came to me and said, "I want you to pray for my husband." I said, "Sister, what is wrong with him?" Then she explained that they had been having some confusion in the church because of some new-fangled things that had come in about people claiming to speak with tongues, etc., and you know the nearer we come to the coming of the Lord the more of that sort of thing we will see in the world. I hear people singing, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!" But if they are not making use of the *one* they have what would they do with a *thousand*?

Then she went on and explained to me that her husband was a drunkard. I said, "Are you praying for him?" She said, "Yes." "Does he know it?" She said, "I hope so." She had not dared to let him know she was praying for him, because she said, "Well, he is such a proud man, so haughty," etc., and she was really afraid to let him know she was praying for him.

Does it not seem nonsensical not to let the friends you love dearly know you are praying

for them? I had the privilege of praying with her husband, and recently I had the privilege of coming back to that same church and meeting that gentleman and his wife and taking lunch with them. He told me that when his wife came home and told him she was praying for him it broke his heart and he had never had it mended again.

Right in your own family there may be someone who is just hungering for the Gospel



TOM MACKEY.

invitation. You may buy all the books in the world on how to win souls for the Master, but you will never do it until the Holy Spirit reveals to you your own heart, helps you to put away sin, to give up the flesh and the devil and just become a child of God. That is the secret of it.

Nicodemus was a mighty man. He could read the Word of God as well as the disciples, but the Master said, "Ye must be born again."

And the experience of the leprous man shows the simplicity of it. He had heard Jesus speak of that sermon on the mount and he said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Jesus said, "I will," and just touched him and it was done. I am so glad he did not say before he did it, "Now you have got to quit stealing and smoking and swearing," etc., but that touch of the Divine finger cured him from wanting to do any of those things.

There is so much in prayer. You remember when Peter was walking on the wave and took his eyes off Christ, he said, "Lord, save me." It was a sincere prayer and the Lord saved him that quick. I would to God I might be able somewhere, in some place, to teach somebody the secret of prayer,—not *saying* prayers, but to *pray*. There is power in it. Men ought always to pray, not sometimes, but *always*.

IN THE LAST DAYS PERILOUS TIMES SHALL COME.

"There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." Rom. 3:11. Is not that the terrible condition of affairs today? Some preachers say the world is getting better. I wish they would travel with me a few months in some of the places I have been, in the levee district in New Orleans, up at the head of the Great Lakes, where Mrs. Mackey started a rescue home wherein are five girls under fourteen years of age who are candidates for the maternity shelter. But I am glad there is power, and though sin does abound grace does also abound. "And ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Jer. 29:13.

You need never expect to have your prayers answered unless you exercise faith with them. It goes hand in hand. Then again we so many times expect God to do things for us that are not good for us. Moody once told about his boy Will, who, when he could not get a thing that he wanted, would whimper and cry, then get on his back and kick and yell until he got what he wanted. One day when Moody was shaving, Will came and said, "I want that razor." And when he could not get it he began to go through some of his tricks.

Mr. Moody was a very tender-hearted man and it hurt him not to please the child, and

he did not know what to do next. He did not like to spank the little fellow, and so he tried to find a way of escape. He noticed a large plate of oranges and apples, and, with the razor in one hand and the fruit in the other, he said, "Do you want that?" And you should have seen the boy grab the orange! He did not want the razor then.

We ask God for things that would unfit us for things He has for us to do and would hurt us, and then He comes along with some beautiful fruit such as love, joy, long-suffering; there is a bunch of nine kinds of such fruit in Galatians 5, and they won't hurt us. I know my God will withhold no good thing from those who walk uprightly. Ps. 84:11.

"This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Often I have been called to pray in hospitals, prisons and sanitariums and insane asylums. One day I was called to pray with a woman who had lost her reason because of the awful calamities that had come upon her. Her husband had died, her sons, her daughters; her home had been burned up and she had lost her money. Then Satan thought he had her; but even in her deranged condition the Spirit of God prompted that woman to pray, and her reason and health were restored, and she is rejoicing today. She had not lost all. We want to pray in faith.

When you get an opportunity to do something for God, don't see the obstacles, but be true to God and he will be true to you. I am thankful that fourteen years ago when I was walking down Van Buren street with the intention of throwing myself in the river and ending it all, I met a man who, when I said to him, "Say, boss, won't you help me to get some liquor?" answered, "You don't need liquor, you need Jesus." I thought he was crazy! I looked at him. I had never struck anything like that before. He said it so earnestly, so forcefully, that it brought me to my senses.

There was spiritual power about the man, and my heart was smitten. Then he spoke to me. He put his arm around me and brought me into the Pacific Garden mission. He didn't put me in a back seat and say, "Make yourself at home." No, he brought me right up in front where I would get hit real hard.

Three or four times I tried to get out of my seat to smash the speaker's face, for the devil was in me, and God was trying to get me from the devil. Finally he knelt down and talked to his Father in heaven. He was acquainted with God and he could say: "My Father who art in heaven, as you saved *me* save these men that raised their hands!" As he was praying, looking up in faith with his eyes closed, I got up in my drunken condition, and lurching forward tipped him over so that his face struck the edge of the platform and the blood came from the wound. But he kept right on praying. He didn't say, "Take this old drunk away."

And so I found Christ when I was a poor, blear-eyed, drunken bum, and since then He has used me to His glory. The Lord called me into evangelistic work. Last year I had five hundred calls, and I could not of course begin to fill them all; but I traveled four thousand miles, staying two or three weeks in each place, doing what I could to win souls to the Master.

LITTLE TALKS ON VITAL TOPICS: PRAYER.

(Concluded.)

J. A. L. DERBY.

In our studies of prayer so far, we have found that every statement with reference to receiving our requests leads back to the keeping of the commandments of God. There is one principle yet to consider.

We are told that we must ask in the name of Jesus (John 14:13). Now I fear that this has led us to think that to meet this condition, all we need to do is to end our prayers with the formal phrase, "In Jesus' Name." But really this is not what it means at all. It is perfectly evident that in order to get money from a bank something more would be necessary than for me to go to the bank and say, "Please give me ten dollars in the name of the United States, or of Mr. Rockefeller." But what more should I require? Obviously, that I should in that particular transaction have the authority of the United States or of Mr. Rockefeller or of some other depositor.

Now if any of these are willing that I should draw in their name I have only to bring some evidence of that fact. We call that evidence a check. What is the Christian's check? The

answer is found in John 14:14, 15: "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments."

This is only another way of saying that we must be loyal to God and keep His commandments, for Jesus tells us to follow Him; and if we do this we shall keep the commandments of God, for Jesus said, "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

In conclusion then, we must be sure that we have made a complete *abandonment* of ourselves to the Master. Let us ask ourselves a few questions in the light of the cross of Calvary:

1. Am I willing to die for Him who died for me?
2. Am I able to suffer for Him without becoming rebellious or bitter of heart?
3. Am I willing that I should never receive the exact thing that I pray for, and never know in this world why I did not receive it?

Unless we are submissive to the wills and ways of the Great Giver, we are not in the spirit of prayer. Yet, if our hearts are right and the conditions which we have been talking about filled, we may be sure of one thing: that the all-wise God gives us what He knows to be best for us and which we would choose if we could see everything as He sees it; and we may be certain that in the great day when we shall know as we are known, we shall understand that God's ways were best, and we shall have the satisfaction, which will at the same time be a proof of our eternal loyalty, that we trusted him in darkness and in day, in times of trial and perplexity such as the angels that fell were never called upon to pass through.

Let us then "pray without ceasing," for prayer is more than asking, for it is thanking and praising, and talking with God. The life of prayer is the life of joy and continual and ultimate triumph in the life of righteousness. It is one of our chief sources of moral strength.

Let him who would now be skilled in the science of prayer, take his Bible and concordance and hunt up every reference to this subject which he desires to master. He will find that these few studies, of which this is the last, have only hinted at the wonders of his theme.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

SPEAK A KIND WORD TO THE CONVICT.

MILT BERTRON, JR.,

Penitentiary, Lancaster, Neb.

(Inspired by Mrs. Fred Nelson, a true, noble woman and earnest worker, on behalf of our detained brothers.)

When his heart is weighed with sorrow
And his soul is deep in despair,
Then won't you speak to him kindly?
Please help him his burdens to bear.
You call yourself the Lord's servant,
In His vineyard of sorrow and woe:
Is a convict not one of His children?
Then give him kind words as you go.

Oh, speak a kind word to the convict,
You know not the cause of his fall;
Remember, we're all of us brothers,
And God is the Father of all.
No stain can destroy the God-likeness,
Christ died for him, same as for you,
And if you'd receive of His mercies,
To your share in His work be true.

When Liberty's first dawn he's despairing,
I pray, leave him not to his fate;
A word timely spoken may save him—
Oh, speak it, I pray, ere too late.
Kind words are so easily spoken,
Only God knows the good they may do:
Then speak them, I pray, to each other;
To the work of the Master be true.

HOLDING OUT THE FRIENDLY HAND.

FRANK ANDERSON,

Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

God was so good to me the past year. At a recent service I held in the jail in East Cambridge, Mass., where three hundred and eleven men and forty-seven women were, I had the privilege of asking them if they wished to be prayed for, when one hundred and thirty-six men and thirty-six women held up their hands. An hour in the jail yard with the men after the service gave me a chance to come in personal touch with many.

That service was held Sunday morning, the 29th of December. Since then ten have come to me, signed the pledge and knelt with me in prayer, and as fast as their sentences expire those who want to lead better lives come.

It is the friendly hand, the faith in God, that counts. A man in my office today who came from prison this morning, said to me, "Mr. Anderson, there is no class of people in the world that know better whether a man is a genuine Christian or not than a lot of men in prison.

I read a letter today from a prisoner with a long term ahead of him in Charleston penitentiary, asking me to do something for

him. We must remember these men are closed away from the world with no one to care for them. This man said, "I am forsaken by all; have not a friend in the world." I love to help them; God bless them.

Our Band held last year one hundred and ten meetings, with five hundred and forty requests for prayer. Our Saturday evening meetings are growing in number of attendance, with a beautiful Christ-like spirit prevailing. For over two years, without a break of one Saturday night, we have held these



Yours for Christ, Frank Anderson.

meetings, and God has most wonderfully blessed them. The want and need of funds to help those who need it is what confronts me all the time. God will raise up someone to help me, I know that.

So many prisoners in different places speak so well of THE LIFE BOAT. If at any time here in Boston or New England I can render any assistance to any of the readers of the grand old prison LIFE BOAT, you have only to make such wants known.

A LIFE TERM MAN WHO NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

The following letter comes from a prisoner in Columbia, S. C.:

"I want to live for the Lord and to learn to love Him because He first loved me. Oh, if I

could only call back the past sin that I have done I would be the happiest man that ever lived. I am praying to the Lord to forgive me for the past. I read my Bible; I have not been reading it very long but I am trying to learn more about it.

"I have never gone to school a day in my life. I have not had the chance some boys have had, and I had nobody to tell me that the Lord loved my soul. I just raised myself. I hope that you will pray for me that I will learn the right way He wants me to go. If I could call back my life I would spend it differently to the way that I have.

"When I get to thinking of my past life it makes my heart ache to see how far away I have been in sin. I have tried sin but have found no pleasure in it. A man may find sorrow in sin, but will not find pleasure; he may seem to for a little while but there is not any *real* pleasure.

"Can a man be saved who has been as low down as I have? I have done all kinds of sin that can be mentioned. But I have a hope that the dear Lord will save me if I will trust Him. I have no desire to sin against His will and will not do anything that I know is sin. I read that whosoever will can take the water of life; does that mean me, as far in sin as I have been?

"I love to read your good letter. I have read it several times and hope to hear from you again. I hope that the dear Lord will bless you for being so kind to me. I have a life term in this prison; have been here nearly eight years. Pray for me; I hope that I may be a star in your crown."

NOT SO DREARY SINCE ACCEPTING CHRIST.

From a life-term prisoner in Washington, D.C.:

Dear LIFE BOAT Friends:

I take pleasure in writing to you once more. Your last letter is getting old and I want a new one. I want also to thank my dear Christian friend, Mrs. S. R. Mavity of St. Helena, Cal., for her kindness in sending me this paper and other reading matter the past year, and to thank her in advance for a continuance. Other friends wrote to me in response to a letter of mine published over a year ago; I was unable to respond but I appreciate such friendship

because it comes from strangers whose only motive is to do good.

THE LIFE BOAT has always been welcome to my prison cell, and I have never seen one that did not contain something to cheer and help in the darkest hour. I am still serving on my life sentence and will soon pass the tenth milestone on the monotonous journey. But since accepting Christ as my life Giver the way is not so dreary, because I have more strength, more of the spirit of a sound mind, and He assures me that all things work together for good; and in spite of the world, afflictions or anything else, He is able to complete the good work already begun in those who love Him.

I desire the prayers of all Christian friends, that I may recover in health, and strength of mind and body,—also for my dear and faithful wife and children, that they may be sustained in every trial, and if it be the Lord's will that I may return to them. I am here in the Government Hospital almost a wreck, but there is nothing too hard for the Lord, and through His grace I hope to enjoy life again.

A TOUCHING SITUATION.

The following lines are written by a life term inmate of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary:

"I was so thankful to hear from you once more, also for the LIFE BOAT; it is much pleasure to me during these lonesome evenings I have to spend in this place. I do want my freedom so much. I have been here near seven years under a life sentence. Think of it! My poor old gray-headed mother who needs my labor has no one to care for her in her old days,—and I working here for nothing while mother is at home starving, with not enough clothes to keep her warm. May God have mercy! I am a very strong man in strength and mind. I am six feet two inches and was twenty-two years old when I came here. I had but one bad habit and you may guess what that was. I don't use tobacco at all and don't gamble.

"I have worked hard all my life at anything I could get to do, ever since I was ten years old. At fifteen I worked on the railroad as a section hand, and you know that is hard work. I never had the privilege of going to school as other children did. Thank you once more for those books; I trust to hear from you soon."

APPRECIATED FRIENDSHIP.

From Dannemora Prison, N. Y.:

"It is with great pleasure that I avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have manifested in my spiritual well-being. I may sincerely say the reading of your bright little paper and the knowledge that at least one good man honors me with his friendship has been of great moral value to me, ever urging me on toward a higher and purer life. I feel confident that with the Lord's help I shall finally see the ever nearing brightness of the shining light of salvation."

CHRISTIAN WORK IN PRISONS.

Written by inmate of Michigan Reformatory to Mrs. Fred Nelson:

"As I am the vice-president and chairman of the Lookout Committee I felt that it was my duty to my Master as well as my duty to the Christian Endeavor Society to write you this letter to express our Christian thanks to you for the interest that you take in us poor sinful men who have broken the law of God as well as that of man.

"There are forty-six of us who claim to be followers of Jesus, and we send our Christian love and prayers. The Society as a body, who are working for Jesus in here, offered up a special prayer last Sunday for you; and oh, you don't know how happy your letter made us all. We ask God's blessings on you for it.

"I have good people—mother, brother and sisters, but they don't know that I am here. I am praying that God will be with me always and that when I am released I can write to my dear mother. I hope to hear from you again and also ask you for your daily prayers for myself and all the members of the Society."

LIQUOR WAS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

From the Indiana State Prison an inmate writes:

"You will be surprised to hear from me as I am a stranger to you and also in prison; but I hear that you are always ready to help a soul in trouble so I thought I would write you a letter. I don't call myself a criminal, as this is my first and last time in trouble. Oh, how I can look back and see where I have made my mistakes! There is no reason why I should be in prison; I have a good trade and always

worked,—but it was that cursed old drink. Never will I touch it again.

"I am so so lonesome I don't know what to do. I read THE LIFE BOAT as often as I can get it; I think it is the best book I have ever read. I have been in the hospital for one year, don't know how soon I will get out. If I don't get well I want to be ready to answer when I am called. May the Lord bless you in your great work."

NEEDS A BIBLE.

A prisoner writes from the penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky.:

"I appeal to you for help. I am in prison without friends. Christ is all the comforter I have. I haven't anyone to correspond with; would like some Christian friend to write so. I am twenty-six years of age, without any relations,—unfortunate, got into trouble. I have only been in prison four months and have ten years to serve. I am in need of a Bible."

WHO WILL SEND A BIBLE?

A prisoner in the Indiana State Prison makes the following request:

"I need a Bible and dictionary; I have a Bible but it does not belong to me. But don't you worry yourself about that for you have been too kind to me already. I wish the little LIFE BOAT came out every week for it is a blessing to our hearts; it cheers me up when I get it. I always fall on my knees and thank God for it.

"Your letters encourage me; I read them over and over and they give joy to my heart. I wish I could receive one every day, but of course I could not answer it. I am very thankful for what I get, and may God in heaven bless you all. I would like to do some kind of work for Jesus; if I can't do it with my mouth I can do something for Him with my hands. I can do a little and every little helps."

SEES LIGHT AMIDST DARKNESS.

A prisoner in Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., writes:

"I give thanks to God that my prospects in the future shall not be darkened by the past, also for the power to realize my present situation. But the hardship that I am enduring at the present time I am pleased to say is not without its good result, as I have acquired

some Bible knowledge which I think I could not have otherwise obtained. I sincerely believe in what I have read and it shall be my endeavor to act accordingly in the future. At one time my imprisonment seemed a burden to me, but I think God has given me power to reason and I am now in a more contented frame of mind, as I think the end will justify the means of my reform."

FROM AN EX-PRISONER WHO HAS
WON OUT.

WEBSTER WYLAM.

This letter is not to the esteemed editor of THE LIFE BOAT for the very simple reason I want to do that which the editor is a very poor hand to do,—beg. In one thing the writer and the editor are alike; they never beg for their own necessities. In another thing—that of begging for help for other unfortunate ones—we are as opposite as the Northern and Southern poles.

No reader of THE LIFE BOAT can be unaware that in proportion to the good accomplished by its varied agencies, such as the Life Boat Mission, Women's Home, Medical Dispensary, and last but not least the unparalleled power for the uplifting of humanity behind prison bars of this magazine, there is no screaming, telling, heart-gushing appeals for financial help.

I have had several conversations with Dr. Paulson; have watched at a close range the workings of the various missions in THE LIFE BOAT corporation and have concluded it is the editor's idea that the good done is its best appeal for the dollars so much needed. That is partly true, but the cold type, the most brilliant pen, the greatest tongued orator can never bring to the mind of readers and hearers the actual self-sacrificing work achieved to lift up the submerged tenth, as witnessed by myself ever since I left the Indiana State Prison last September.

Having been a minister for over twenty years, I feel that this fact, added to the fact that I spent eighteen months in Indiana State Prison (although innocent, affidavits now being made to that effect), renders me competent to criticize the work and make an appeal that immediate help be sent to provide every prisoner in the land with a copy of the May edition of THE LIFE BOAT magazine. This edition is solely devoted to the prisoner's help.

Think what it means to send enough magazines to supply one hundred thousand prisoners, the estimated population of County and State prisons. Today I have my liberty. In these few months I have furnished a happy home, have an important, responsible position in one of the largest concerns in the United States, assist The Life Boat Mission and others as far as I have power to meet the demands upon me; all this I owe primarily to THE LIFE BOAT editor and the self-sacrificing, Christian-like superintendent, E. B. Van Dorn, of The Life Boat Mission.

I watched with keen interest for eighteen months the missionary power of THE LIFE BOAT in Michigan City prison, and was compelled to marvel at the manner in which they perused every page, particularly the prisoners' number of last May. I am just brimming over with episodes for ultimate salvation of men by this magazine.

I propose to tell in the May number of how I have prospered by the assistance, first, of God's grace, a wife's loyalty and Christian devotion and the powerful influence for good in the lives of scores as well as myself, of THE LIFE BOAT magazine and its missions. The name subscribed to this is my old pen name, but in the name of one hundred thousand pale-faced unfortunates behind the bars, every one of them with a soft spot in their hearts, I appeal to THE LIFE BOAT readers to send in the subscriptions that will enable the editor to send the prisoners' number, like a flood of sunshine, into every cell in this and other lands.

TO MY SISTERS IN DISTRESS.

We hold out a helping hand to any young woman in trouble or discouraged who will write to us. Girls have come to us who were on the point of committing suicide. By God's help they are now living happy Christian lives. If you are in trouble, write to us. Address Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

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.



Photograph of the prisoners in the great prison dining room of the Illinois State Penitentiary. These men need to have their souls fed as well as their bodies. Remember that the May issue will be a Special Prisoners' Number.

FROM PRISON BONDAGE TO SOUL-WINNING SERVICE.

The following is from an ex-prisoner now in Washington, D. C., who was wonderfully converted while in a South Dakota prison and who endured much in order to live up to his convictions. What the Lord has done for him He can do for every disheartened and discouraged soul who appeals to Him from behind prison bars. To anyone who feels impressed to assist this brother we shall be glad to furnish his name and address.

"I want to tell you how the Lord has blessed me and is still blessing me. I have my permit renewed to speak on the main avenue here in the capitol of the United States two nights in the week. I saw the leader of what is called the Fountain Mission today and he told me that he wanted me to come and help him. They have meetings there every Sunday afternoon from one to eight p. m.

"Yesterday I went into the Central Union

Mission and the leader asked me if I was prepared to give the lesson. When I got through with the lesson he asked if there were any that wanted us to pray for them, and four came forward. So you see the Lord has a work for me to do and He has me almost prepared for it. What a glorious thing to work for the King of kings and Lord of lords and to be in harmony with Him!

"You know what a battle anyone has to fight coming from prison out into the world, and especially one who will keep God's commandments. I could have gotten plenty of chances if I would have worked on the Sabbath. I was determined to prepare for God's work in spite of anything that would come up.

"If you know any of the brothers or sisters who would like to contribute to this work by a small offering I know that the Lord will bless them. The most of my time now is engaged in visiting the sick and the discouraged, giving them words of comfort and warning them of

the wrath of God which is to be poured out without mixture. I know that the end of all things is at hand and that we should watch always lest we fall."

IT KINDLES THE FLAME OF MANHOOD.

From the House of Correction at Milwaukee, Wis., we have just received the following:

"Although I am a stranger to you it took me over two weeks to muster enough courage to write to you. I had the misfortune to lose most of my friends and everybody seemed to go back on me, so I have nobody to write to. I recently received a copy of your magazine and it seems to inspire me to lead an honest and upright life after I leave this institution. I am almost nineteen years of age and I am no strict Christian in that sense of the word, but I have a strong desire to do what is right and honest.

"What I want is a little counsel and advice to drive away the 'blues' during my incarceration behind the bars for the thirty months to come. By reading a few pages in the magazine it seemed to kindle that flame of manhood and pride within me to see some of the 'boys' make a success in life after leading a dishonest life in the past. I do like to read some of the articles in the magazine and am eager to get it every time some boy gets one here."

HOW TO BECOME REALLY GOOD.

(Concluded.)

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

When I was a boy I was constantly told I ought to be ashamed of myself for doing this thing or that, and I was. I was told I ought to behave in school and I knew it but could not, for no one told me *how* to be good.

In the first place the Lord does not do it all at once. When the children of Israel went into the land of Canaan the Lord said He would not drive all the inhabitants out at once, but "by little and little I will drive them out before thee" (Ex. 23:30). These cities represent inherited and acquired traits of character.

The Divine conquest of those things in your life will be a *progressive* work. While this work is going on in us we may become very much discouraged at some things that are not being removed as soon as we would like to

have them taken out of our lives. More than likely our neighbors will criticize us on the same points and say we are not Christians.

There is something very helpful in the Bible on this point: Asa was king over Judah. Idolatry had invaded the land before he began to be king; it was especially the high places that were dedicated for this false worship. The Divine biographer says that "Asa did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord." Yet *"the high places were not removed"*; nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days." 1 Kings 15:14. You may just be sure he did not look perfect in the eyes of his critical neighbors. No doubt some of them said, "I have no faith in Asa's Christianity as long as he permits those high places to remain."

MAY BE PERFECT WITH GOD AND YET CRITICIZED BY OTHERS.

This shows it is one thing to have your heart perfect with the Lord and altogether another one to have it perfect with your neighbors. Some people are so anxious to appear perfect to their neighbors that they never get a chance to have God make them perfect. But if a man should have the applause of all the people in the world while he is alive, and fail to have God's approving verdict pronounced over his case after he was dead, how much has he gained?

However, I do not want you to think that Asa just sat there and did nothing. The Lord set him to doing some things that required more courage than would be required to order a company of men to take their tools and go out and tear down some idolatrous high places. He removed his own mother from being queen because she made an idol in the grove. He removed all the idols that his father had made. But undoubtedly there were plenty of people who did not give him any credit for doing those things, who simply had no confidence in him as long as he left the high places.

I am continually seeing in my associates some "high places" and it is often very trying to me that they are not removed; then I open my Bible and read this verse where the Lord says that Asa was perfect even though the high places were not removed. In other words, the Lord looked down and said to Asa, "You

have done what I have set you at," even though he did not do all the things that his neighbors thought he ought to do. That is put in the Bible to encourage us individually and to show us what a risky thing it is to criticize others.

But you will say, "What is our part? Don't we have to fight?" Yes—the good fight of faith. That is, maintain firmly our confidence in what God is doing for us. "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Heb. 3:14. You know what it is to have confidence in men and then lose it. Do you know what it is to build up confidence in Christ and *keep it*?

Just as long as you maintain confidence in God mighty things will be seen in your life. The only way to have confidence in God is to have something that will keep on establishing it, and that is where studying the Bible comes in. Read how tenderly He has dealt with others who were poor sinners like yourself and that will establish your confidence that if you maintain to the end you will also win.

IT IS WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE.

Don't forget that the battle is not ours but the Lord's (2 Chron. 20:15). We simply permit it to be fought. A patient does not open up abscesses or remove tumors, but he *permits* it to be done and suffers by the process. There is no way that we can have this battle fought without our suffering any more than a patient can have a tumor removed without suffering. But Paul said, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time [while it is being done] are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. 8:18.

When the battles of this life are over, when the tears, the sighs, the heart-aches and struggles are all past and you are victorious, one single day inside the city of God will abundantly pay for all that you have had to endure in the refining process. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

God has never promised us immunity from trouble while this work is being done, but He has promised us that all things that happen to us shall work for our good (Rom. 8:28). The patient who has a terrible tumor removed

knows that the sufferings are not to be compared with the health that he hopes to enjoy afterwards. We must simply yield ourselves to God as to a faithful Redeemer, have a faithful mind, and this is accepted.

And we must pray. You remember that there was a great battle down in the wilderness, but Moses was not in it. But there was one thing he had to do and that was to hold up his hands and pray. When he held up his hands the battle prevailed, but when he ceased to hold up his hands the battle went against them. Ex. 17:11.

In other words, when you and I who are on the battlefield of sin cease to pray, the battle that Christ and the devil are fighting in us goes against us. That is why we are admonished to pray always. It means to continually feel this thing that Christ did: "I can of mine own self do nothing." You may have assurance that God, who has taken the contract to save you, will complete the job on schedule time (Phil. 1:6), but you can get Him to throw up the contract if you insist and the devil will again take you captive. "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." Rom. 6:16.

IS GOD ANGRY WHEN WE DO WRONG?

When I was a boy my mother taught me that if I did a thing that was wrong the Lord was angry with me. Now I know He stays by me just as faithfully when I am doing wrong as when I am doing right. "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful." 2 Tim. 2:13. He is ready to take up the battle again when we permit Him. He is only grieved, but not angry. So we may boldly say, even when we have been going astray, "The Lord is my helper." Heb. 13:5.

When you once get a glimpse of all this you will not have a difficult time to love the Lord, and you will have that faith or confidence that worketh by love (Gal. 5:6). It is not hard to have confidence in people you love. The more you know of Christ the more you love Him.

It is better to practice *self*-discipline than to do nothing, but it is far better to have *Divine* discipline. Let the Lord plant that in our heart and it works out wonderful things.

There is a power goes with the man or woman in touch with Heaven that is irresistible. Viewed from a human standpoint things

may not be coming your way. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat [that is failure of crops]; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold [diseases break out among the cattle], and there shall be no herd in the stalls":—yet the man who has gotten hold of what Christ is to him will rejoice in the Lord; "I will joy in the God of my salvation." Hab. 3:17, 18.

If things do not come out as I have planned yet I am glad that I can rejoice in the Lord, and that will be worth more to me a million years from now than all the little things that are irritating and crushing the lives of so many of my friends and neighbors. These things all have their place but they are secondary to this. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

May the Lord help you to see the simplicity of it all. Take this simple truth into your life and it will astonish you the way it will sprout. God will water it by His Spirit and there will soon be foliage in your life and fruit that your neighbors can come and pluck.

Just begin to study your Bible to find out what God will do for you; your faith and confidence in God will grow; He will plant His life inside of you, destroy the old life, and by and by you will walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, a triumphant conqueror *saved by grace*.

HOW TO SPEND A PROFITABLE VACATION.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

[The following from the pen of Mrs. Abrams, whose wonderful conversion has been such an inspiration to many a sin-stained soul, is a good suggestion that might well be carried out by others. It is often while on a vacation, when we feel that we can relax and spend our entire time in self gratification, that Satan gets in his best work. Let us not be ashamed to confess Christ and work for Him even among our friends and relatives, while visiting them.—Ed.]

Recently the Lord gave me the blessed privilege of visiting my aunt who lives in a small town in Indiana. While on the train I prayed that my visit might not be in vain, and that God would go with me and use me

in some way, to honor and glorify Him. He did use me in a way I never dreamed of. I had thought perhaps I might sell copies of this magazine and get subscriptions for it to send to prisoners, but the Lord "works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

One day I said to my aunt, "Do you think if I should write to Chicago for Sister Richmond to come that she would be able to present this work in the churches here and interest the people?" "Why, yes," she said. I prayed over the matter and asked the Lord just what He would have me do, for I felt



MRS. ABRAMS.

it might be my last visit and I wanted to do something for Jesus in that little place to bring light and truth to those who sit in darkness. I wrote to Sister Richmond, asking her to come. I received a card saying she could come, but only for a few days.

My aunt and I prayed over the matter and we thought it would not pay for her to come for so short a time, as we had as yet not seen any opportunity to present the work in public, and even should there be an oppor-

tunity we felt that proper announcement should be made beforehand. So I wrote her a card, asking her to come later when she could stay longer; but she never received the card. The Lord had a work for her and for me to do and the time had come to do it. She came and took us by surprise, for which I now thank the Lord.

The evening she arrived we went to the Baptist prayer meeting. When an opportunity was given we gave our testimonies and spoke of the work the Lord had given us to do. Many hearts were touched and the minister said it was the best prayer meeting they had had for a long time. After the meeting the people came and shook hands with us and said they were glad we had come. One sister's testimony was about us and what we were doing, thanking God for the work we were engaged in.

We were asked to come the following Sunday morning and speak to the people, which we did. Mrs. Richmond gave a good talk and I had the privilege of reading some letters that I have received from prisoners. Hearts were touched. The people were interested and said to us, "How glad we are that you came, and your talks have done us so much good."

The minister asked us to stay for a few days and hold a mothers' meeting. We told him we would if we could do any good, so on Sunday night at the Temperance Rally he announced the meeting we would have for the mothers and girls, to be held at the Methodist church, Monday evening. Monday Sister Richmond sold this magazine from house to house while I stayed at home and worked and prayed.

That night we held our mother's meeting. Sister Richmond gave a talk on Social Purity and brought in the different lines of THE LIFE BOAT work. It was all very interesting and I had the privilege of relating some of my experiences and pleading with them in behalf of my sisters who are in sin, and begging them not to turn them down, but to lift them up. The Lord was with us and blessed us. After this meeting many came to us and told us how much good we had done them. I want to say it was the best visit I ever had and I thank the Lord for it. Those

people were led to rejoice in the light they had received.

I said to my aunt, "Did you think the time would ever come when I, who was once so low in sin, would become converted and come to your town and present these truths in the churches?" She said, No, she never did. She believed this was the way God was taking to open the hearts of the people to receive more truth.

I want every visit that I shall make, to be a visit for the Lord. I want Him to work for me and through me while on my vacation as well as while at home.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Superintendent Life Boat Mission.

It had been a hard day with us at the Mission, for everyone seemed to want something, and it seemed out of the question for us to meet anybody beyond our doors, to do them any good. The procession still marched in and out, for there is hardly an hour but someone comes to the Mission asking for something; and we are tried to the utmost to know how to do the best for them.

But one case was an exception: I want you to have the benefit of the joy that came into my heart. A woman from the ordinary walks of life came in and wanted to know if I were in charge of the work. On learning that I was, she told me some incidents in her life.

She said that at about the age of twelve she began to live a sinful life and had spent twenty years in the neighborhood of the Harrison street police station. She had been behind the bars of that place more than a hundred times.

Some ten years ago on a Sunday morning when she was locked in there, we had conducted a Gospel service there and the question of her soul's salvation was brought home to her. She said we tried to get her to live a different life, and prayed with her, and that she prayed the best she could. But she came out and went on in the life she had been living, till one morning she again found herself there at the Sunday morning meeting. We did all we could to get her to give her heart to the Lord, and she said she had

tried to pray. On coming out of the trouble this time she made an effort to do right, and the Lord helped her.

For ten years now she has lived a pure, clean life, and now has a home of her own in one of Chicago's suburbs. Her husband is a good, honest man and a Christian. We were invited to meet her in her home, and will do so at the earliest opportunity. She has overcome the past and no one would ever suspect that she had ever known the sorrow of a life of sin and shame.

Thus the vessel that was marred by sin has been made new and fit for the Master's use. And He who walked to the disciples on the storm-tossed sea, and who stilled the tempest at their call, "Carest Thou not that we perish?" is yearning to still life's tempest for you. He to whom the woman in sin was taken, who dispersed those who condemned her and said, "Go, and sin no more," stands ready to help you.

There is hope for the lost and for the lowest. As long as God gives you breath and the pulse throbs, you may make peace with God. Do not put it off the long years that this woman did.

And you, worker in the harvest field, remember that the Word of God will not return unto Him void, but will accomplish that whereunto He hath sent it. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6.

We hope you will not forget us in this field where the need is so great, but pray that means and workers will be sustained until the work is done.

ONE WEEK AT THE SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

MRS. IDA BROWN,

1715 W. Sixty-third St., Chicago.

To those who have never visited the Rescue Home for girls and have no idea how they do, I will just give a little sketch of the week I was privileged to associate with these girls. The matron was called away and I was asked if I would come out and stay while she was gone, which invitation I gladly accepted.

It proved to be the week when two of the

girls were going home. One of them, a beautiful young girl, intends keeping her babe but must find a home for it for the present, and as she was preparing its food and arranging its clothes the tears flowed down her cheeks. She ate no breakfast. It was worse than any funeral I ever saw—the saddest scene; I shall never forget it. One of the girls had just parted with her little one and this one knew she would be the next to pass through that trying ordeal.

Just then the young mother looked up and said, "Mrs. Brown, I wish you would take my little one for a time." When I could speak I said, "Would you, really?" I shall never forget the agony on that mother's face. I said, "Yes, I will take your babe," and so I did. We who are mothers can sympathize with a mother's heart.

I wrote home and told my family to have someone meet me at the depot, for I was coming home with a sweet little baby girl; and such a welcome as this little one has in our home! My husband met us at the train, one of the girls met us at the door, and the little boys saw us when we got off the car and they waved and waved. This little one has certainly got into a loving and welcome home, and I will devote my time to this poor little bunch of humanity and give it a home where it received such a welcome. Our family is large, but where there is room in the heart there is room in the home. The baby is doing fine. We all love it so dearly.

These dear girls are really more sinned against than sinners. Such love and unison is manifest in the Home, and each one is so thoughtful of the other's comfort. This is a terribly degenerate age in which we live and we know not what temptations may assail our loved ones.

Who is there that will visit this Rescue Home and adopt a little boy or girl so their mothers can go back into the world better for having had this sad experience? You who have large homes and hearts, open them and take one of these little creatures. The Lord will surely bless you. Again I say, God bless the Rescue Home for girls.

A sense of failure seems to be essential to great success.

HOW I OBTAINED FIVE BIBLES.

MRS. FRED NELSON,

204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

I can not help taking an interest in this work. I love this missionary life. I have received the beautiful Bible given for ten subscribers; it is a beauty. I wish that many might take advantage of these premiums and at the same time help a good cause. This makes five Bibles that I have received as premiums for subscriptions, and all who have seen them admire them.

The Bible given for ten subscribers is just fine, strong and durable. All the words of Christ are in red, also the prophecies pointing to Him,—a perfect Bible in every way. A girl in my neighborhood exclaimed when she saw it, "Oh, how lovely it is; I wish I could get one just like it!" I said, "You can, and I will help you"; so today I send in ten names for another, for her. She is delighted to know she can claim one for her own. I hardly know how to express my appreciation for all these fine premiums.

Eight of the last subscriptions I sent in I donated to prisoners who have asked for this magazine but had no means of getting it. I continually receive requests for it, and oh, how I wish I could supply them all! It seems as if there is no paper they can find anywhere which meets their needs as well as this one.

It certainly comes as a beacon of light to the shut-ins. And my heart rejoiced as I read of the kindness and generosity of Mr. Cones of Kansas in supplying our Joliet prison with five hundred and forty-eight yearly subscriptions. God certainly will reward him. It is more blessed to give than to receive. I have found this out for myself. There is such a sweet satisfaction comes in return as we minister to those who have no way of rewarding us materially.

I pray that God may impress many more to go and do likewise and provide those with the Bread of Life who have it not. Many are hungering and thirsting for just the consolation given through this magazine, and shall we deny them the little ray of hope we might give them? "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

DISPENSARY WORK AMONG THE NEEDY.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by Dr. Amy Bascom, Huntsville, Ala.:

"I have been having some experiences which have revealed to me more of the depth of the ignorance and the thickness of the darkness in which the black people live. The students in the Oakwood Manual Training School are of a comparatively good class. We can see that they have not had all the advantages of the better favored white young people, but we cannot judge from them nor fully realize the lack of knowledge and the really heathen condition of the mass of the negro race.

"One of our pupils who comes from but a mile or two distant called upon me to have an ear treated. It had been paining her severely and she said there was a discharge. On removing the cotton I concluded from the odor and sight that it was true. The mass mixed with cotton was jammed in clear to the drum.

"In syringing out the canal a small perforation of the membrane was visible. To the inquiry as to what had been put into her ear she replied onion juice and castor oil. On further questioning she said her mother had also tried coal oil. When through with the treatment she volunteered to add that they had also used bay rum in the ear. We were glad to give her some simple instruction concerning the care of the ear.

"A young colored man came for treatment. He had received some slight injury to the first finger of his right hand. As the result of plastering it with meat, ashes and soot, it had actually rotted so that the bone was visible and so loose as to be easily removed with forceps. He said a great many people had told him to use soot and ashes.

"This is only one of the heathen customs which have survived from the time when the African was treated worse than a brute. We want to hold some health schools through the country. Certainly there is great need."

TAKE HOLD OF THE STRAP.

E. B. VAN DORN.

One of the mission converts, in giving his experience, told of an incident that happened on a street car. A young man came in; the car was crowded, and as there was no seat he

was compelled to stand. They had not gone far before the car gave a sudden jerk and the young man nearly fell to the floor. The conductor spoke to him and said, "Why don't you reach up and take hold of the strap?"

Thus it is with us: we try to stand alone. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 14:12. God is offering His hand to us, saying, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Perhaps you have been struggling along in trouble and perplexity, not knowing that there is One at your side who is ready to save.

You may have known there was One who could help you, but you have neglected to avail yourself of His help, and you now find that you are in despair, and lost. He says to you, "I will redeem you with a stretched out arm." Ex. 6:6. Then you can say with others, that "the Lord thy God brought thee out thence . . . by a stretched out arm." Deut. 5:15.

If you feel your weakness, He is strong. "Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is Thy hand." Ps. 89:13. Look up, thou trembling discouraged one, and place your hand in His, for He is mighty to save. He will lead you beside the still waters, and in green pastures.

THE ALMOND TREE.

PAULINE HANSON.

The almond tree in blossom is a sight whose beauty and significance cannot be imagined without being seen. It blooms before the leaves are fully unfolded, the blossoms being white, and not straggling here and there, but so thick and so dense as to make the tree resemble a snowdrift, unlike and far excelling the beauty of our native fruit trees.

There it stands in all its hallowing loveliness, decked in the spotless white; so unpretentious, and yet so dignified; so majestic, and yet its branches are benignantly spreading forth the numberless blossoms, each and every branch finally yielding its own part, promising a tree laden with "fruits." There it stands, mutely proclaiming purity to the onlooker; and its peculiar characteristics, with the snowy shroud brocaded with the dainty outlined petals, somehow remind one of the dazzling whiteness of the "bride adorned."

Have you not seen some lives that were so sweet and gentle, so meek and yet so strong;

so lofty of thought, and yet so unassuming and undefiled of character that the purity of their soul radiated from out their eyes, and a peace not of this world illumined their countenance? Have there not been times that their face so strongly reflected the image of Christ that you were greatly startled, it almost seeming a supernatural vision?

They are the ones who are always ready with a helping hand, a cheerful smile or sympathetic touch; who sweetly "endure all things"; they are the ones who do not fail you in time of trouble. Their being is as alive with good works as the almond tree, which, it would seem, *cannot* find place for *another blossom*.

Their good deeds, which, although they would not seek to expose, are so numerous and have proved such blessings, that they are as a mighty tree whose spreading branches give nests to the birds of the air; as the mountain, whereon feed the innumerable cattle; as the long rivers, which irrigate and make fruitful thousands of miles of dry country.

They are the faithful stewards, supplying from His bounty temporal need and distributing spiritual gifts. They are the ones whose whole life is devoted to Him, and whose loving service has ministered to many. Surely they are the fulfilment of the thought, "And the almond tree shall blossom," and of the ones who will some time be clothed in the spotless "white linen."

A BOOK YOU SHOULD READ.

You should read this book and you would be as delighted as the one who wrote this: "I received the little book, 'The Song of Our Syrian Guest,' and thank you very much for it. I read it through and must say it is beautiful. It bears reading many times. One cannot get the full meaning by reading it just once; it is so deep."

This book is given for two new subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT.

SHOW THIS MAGAZINE TO YOUR FRIENDS.

"You will find enclosed fifty cents, for which send me THE LIFE BOAT one year. I managed to borrow the money. THE LIFE BOAT is worth more to me than food when I am hungry."

Editorial Department

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SOUL-WINNING POWER.

Mr. Trotter, the superintendent of the Grand Rapids Mission, said recently in a Moody Institute Conference something on the above subject which we earnestly commend to every Christian worker:

"I lived for ten days next room in the hotel to Gipsy Smith. I watched the man. If Gipsy Smith didn't pray any more than you do, he would not preach any better than you do. He labors in prayer. Sometimes he labors all night through. When the invitation is given, after he has preached a sermon, two or three hundred come flocking down the aisle to the inquiry room. We get so busy doing God's work that we haven't time to wait upon God. We get so busy doing it that we *don't* do it.

"The trouble with us is that we get too much stuff in the way. We have to meet this board, and listen to that woman who has money, and you know she dictates the price of most of our Christian work,—and yet we wonder why we don't get anywhere!

"If you are winning souls you have no business to care whether men like you or not. You must take up the cross of Christ and deny yourself. The trouble with us is we are compromising with sin. If I compromise, God won't stand for it.

"Some people think we have to mix up with worldly things. The theater is here, they say, and it is here to stay, and we who are Christians should go there and insist upon good shows, and in that way we will elevate the theater to where it belongs. When you get the theater up to where you could open it with prayer they would kick you out. Anybody who thinks they can take God to a theater is barking up the wrong tree.

"Do you cater to the world? Then don't expect any favor from God. You cannot have sin in the life and have the power of God upon you. Look at Mr. Moody. That man would get up at four o'clock in the morning and pore over the Book and cry out to God, and he would go out and stir things.

"One night in this church I was sitting down in front, and he talked on Daniel 12:3. He seemed to be talking direct to me, and he said: 'Boy, you can do it!' I sat there very nervous and scared. When he had done he gave an invitation, and the people poured down the aisle. I wondered how he did it,—then I found out he would rise at four and cry to God for hours at a time for power. I don't count it a miracle that Moody won.

"I have never met a man or woman yet who didn't know what stood between them and God. Every time I am paralyzed I find it, and God keeps touching the sore spot. You have some companion that you must give up. You have some relation that nobody knows about, and while it is not exactly a sin it must be broken and made right. The minute the sin is out, God and His love and power and the Holy Ghost come in; but you must pay the price."

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THIS?

In a Western prison there is a Creek Indian who saw the Bible for the first time after he got into prison. We sent him a Bible. He is rejoicing in reading it and proposes at the expiration of his sentence to go as a missionary to teach the Bible to his people.

In another Western prison is a man who was converted in prison by reading this magazine and is now earnestly studying the Gospel truths for this time with a view of preparing himself to be a missionary to the Spanish-speaking people of Central America at the expiration of his sentence.

In the capital city of this nation is a man who holds Gospel street meetings, who was converted in a Western prison from reading this magazine. Before the expiration of his sentence he had fairly saturated his mind with Bible truth. So we might go on and mention such instances indefinitely.

Read in this number letters from life-term

prisoners telling how the message this magazine contains sheds light on their dreary pathway; then ask yourself how many copies of the May number you will subscribe for to be sent at wholesale rates to your State prison.

Consider whether there is not some trifling luxury you may sacrifice in order to make possible this labor of love.

Christ says, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." Have you ever tried to find Christ there? The Psalmist says that the Lord looketh down and heareth the groaning of the prisoners. Read the many letters from prisoners in this number and if your ears are half open you will also hear the groaning of the prisoner.

Years ago Mr. Moody said the prisons of America were the best missionary fields that he knew of. They are more so today. There are plenty of men in prison whose hearts are open to receive the Gospel. Will you help to give it to them?

WHO WILL RESPOND TO THIS APPEAL?

A few months ago we received an earnest appeal from the Illinois State Prison League to furnish them enough copies of this magazine for every member of their League for one year. We published the appeal and God impressed the heart of a leading business man in Kansas to respond. He sent money to pay for five hundred and forty-eight copies for one year.

The following letter is from the secretary of the Prison League in the Missouri State Penitentiary. We trust that God will lay the burden at somebody's door to help this League get the Gospel through THE LIFE BOAT.

"I am secretary of the Prison League here, and this morning I mentioned in meeting I would write to you to supply us three hundred LIFE BOATS for one year, or as many as you can send. The League's bank is empty at present and we will have to look to other Christian men and women to supply our need of LIFE BOATS.

"I will have six months to stay after May 4th. I am hoping to begin life anew, all over again, and under the banner of Christ Jesus as my General.

"I will ask you to send us in care of our chaplain three hundred LIFE BOATS; and I shall ask for a collection in our first meeting

after we get them, and send you all we can. If I can't raise it all here in the League meeting I will pay it myself as soon as I earn it after I get out, a free man, and get employment.

"But send the papers, beginning with the February issue, for one year. I wish it were a weekly so it would come more often; I never tire of reading it; it is simply grand and good reading. I shall act as your agent down in Oklahoma after I get out, as I expect to emigrate to the new State after leaving here in November. I want to open up a mission in one of the large towns like you have in Chicago.

"The count here now is 2,014 men and 55 women, total 2,069; quite a family, are we not? Best wishes to THE LIFE BOAT family; ask them to remember the boys and girls here in prison in prayer, for God hears the prayers of the just."

HAVE YOU FOUND IT SO?

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord" (Ps. 33:5). You who have found nothing in the world but sorrow and misery and sin and wickedness and decay, ask the Lord to open *your* eyes that you may *see*, and then you will discover that the earth is *full* of the goodness of the Lord. Then you will have something to feel thankful for.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

There are fifty thousand people in Illinois who are suffering with tuberculosis, and one of them dies every single hour. If Asiatic cholera or the bubonic plague should invade our State and become responsible for one-tenth as many deaths as the "white plague" now is, public sentiment would be aroused to the highest pitch.

As it is, the government goes on complacently spending millions to stamp out hog cholera, to eliminate undesirable weeds, to discover better ways of killing potato bugs, but spends only a mere pittance for educating the public and assisting them in stamping out tuberculosis, pneumonia, and the diseases of childhood. And yet these diseases are almost entirely preventable by practical and sensible measures that are well known.

For this reason it is highly essential that there should be created as soon as possible an intelligent public sentiment which shall favor

thoroughgoing, rational, aggressive measures for prevention of disease.

The promotion of health includes, however, many other factors besides fresh air. Recent reliable scientific investigations have shown clearly that there is as much room for improvement in our general dietetic habits as the modern self-binder is in advance of the old-fashioned reaping implements of our forefathers.

Apoplexy and heart failure, which are increasing by leaps and bounds, are largely due to easily prevented errors in eating and drinking. Mr. Edison, the electrical wizard, has well said that as a nation we are "food drunk." If a business man should take no more intelligent care of his business than he does of his own health, he would speedily be financially bankrupt, as he soon will be physically.

Nature starts most of us out with a reasonable capital of health just as a judicious father might do in the way of business for his son. And then it is for each of us to decide whether we will squander this sacred trust or whether we will promote it so that we may live out the full measure of our days and enjoy both health and happiness.

NO TIMBER THERE.

HAROLD S. ANDREWS.

While I was walking along one of the main streets of Buffalo, N. Y., I noticed a man just entering a carriage with three ladies and I asked him to buy a copy of this magazine. He inquired about the work in which I was engaged and with the words, "Stung on the threshold of the carriage," he handed me a half dollar for the paper and was off.

One boy said he didn't need a LIFE BOAT. I told him he did. Then he said, "Well, I don't. I can build a raft and cross that river below the earth." I told him that when he got there he would find no timber to build with. That is the trouble with a great many people today. They are not getting together the right kind of timber in their building and it will not carry them safely to the other shore.

I am now in Springfield, Mass. This is a good place to work in and I am meeting with some excellent experiences. I am thinking of building a yacht to run on the Ohio River. It will be a Gospel boat. I am praying for this project to be a success.

The Life Boat

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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.

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

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

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

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

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THINK of selling over one thousand LIFE BOATS a month while going to school!

WHAT one boy HAS DONE any boy CAN DO.

ANY bright boy can earn a good living and learn how to be a missionary at the same time.

"Cast
thy
bread
upon
the
waters;
for
thou
shalt
find
it
after
many
days."



Boys!
get
busy
handing
out
Gospel
food
to
the
hungry
souls
about
you.

HAROLD ANDREWS, the boy whose picture is given herewith, has sold about a thousand LIFE BOATS a month while attending school. He has done this right in his home town. He is now devoting all his time to the sale of THE LIFE BOAT and is meeting with excellent success. Read his article in this issue.

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Write for terms and get started at once. Address,

THE LIFE BOAT

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that you enjoy a piece of music so much better if it has a pretty melody. "Mountain Flowers," "The Wonderful River" and "His Loving Voice" are pieces you will be delighted with. They are arranged to be used either as songs (for medium voices) or as easy piano pieces. All three for 40 cents. Send in your order at once to

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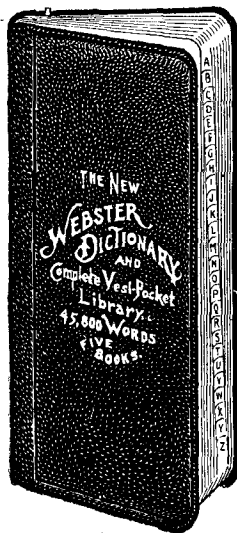
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192 pages, 5 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. Weight, 2 ounces.

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Large buyers make lots of money and small buyers make but little money.

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100 mottoes, 12 by 16, sent express prepaid on receipt of \$6.00; 50 for \$3.50; 12 samples for \$1.00.

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The world is waiting for you to sell them a Bible motto.

Enter the field at once.

ADDRESS

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You must enclose stamp for reply.

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By sending in any donation small or great; those sending in **one hundred dollars** or more will be known as **founders**.

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

But there is always a chance for legal complications to arise that will defeat the purpose of the one who made the will, so a better way is to **be your own executor**; that is, invest the money in the Home now on the annuity plan; that is, you receive a very substantial income on your money each year while you are alive and then permit the capital to become the exclusive property of the Home at your death.

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I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of _____ dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Suburban Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation.

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"Pork, or the Dangers of Pork-Eating Exposed."

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THE above set of booklets, which should be in the hands of every Vegetarian and student of diet and matters of right living, will be sent post free, in connection with one three months' subscription to **GOOD HEALTH** at the regular price of 25 cents. Canadian subscribers pay 10 cents extra, to cover foreign postage.

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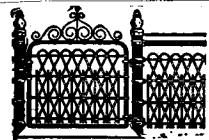
"Ethics of Flesh-Eating."

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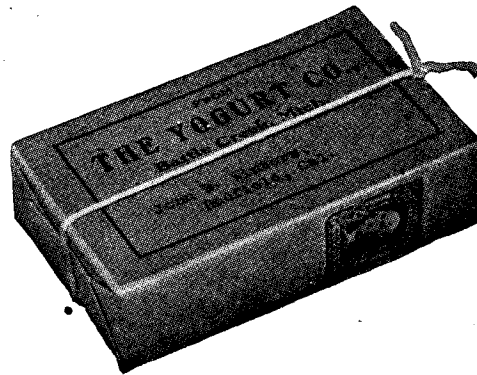
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❑ We have succeeded in preparing this ferment in concentrated form so that it may be administered in capsules.

❑ Packages containing four dozen capsules, each post-paid, \$1.00.

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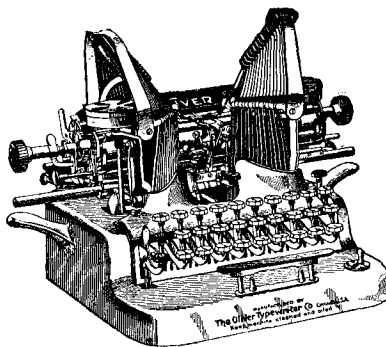
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Every Pen is 14K Solid Gold

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

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For Five Yearly Subscriptions at Fifty Cents each we offer the **OXFORD TEXT BIBLE** which is just a little larger than the ordinary size pocket Bibles; contains six maps; size $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. Beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

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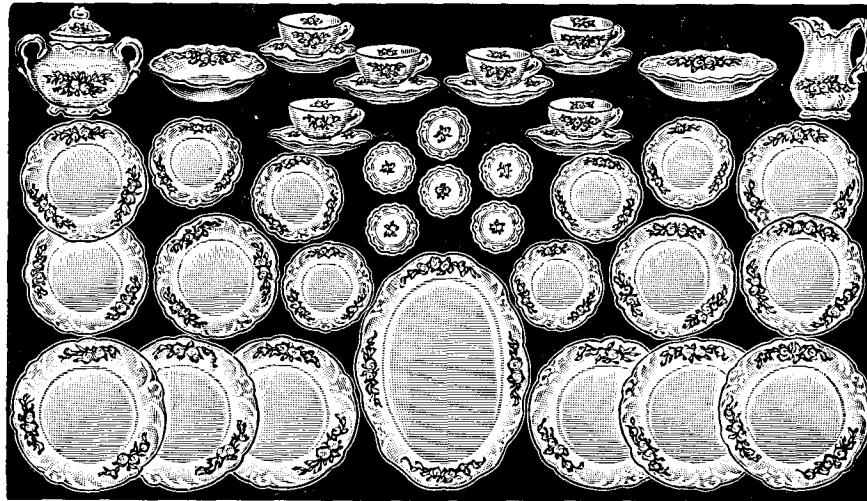
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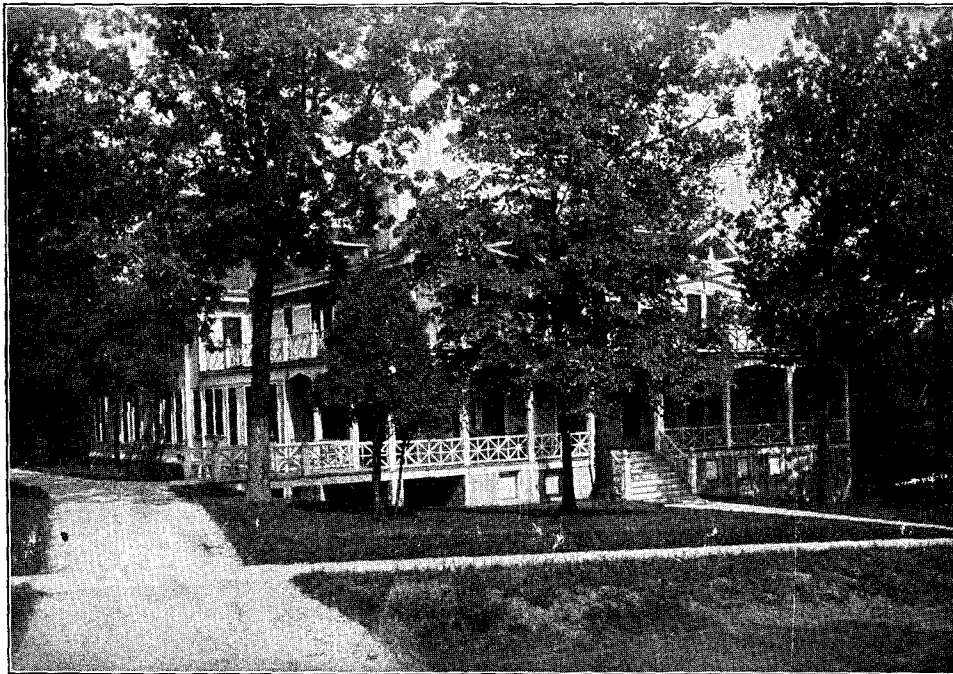
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