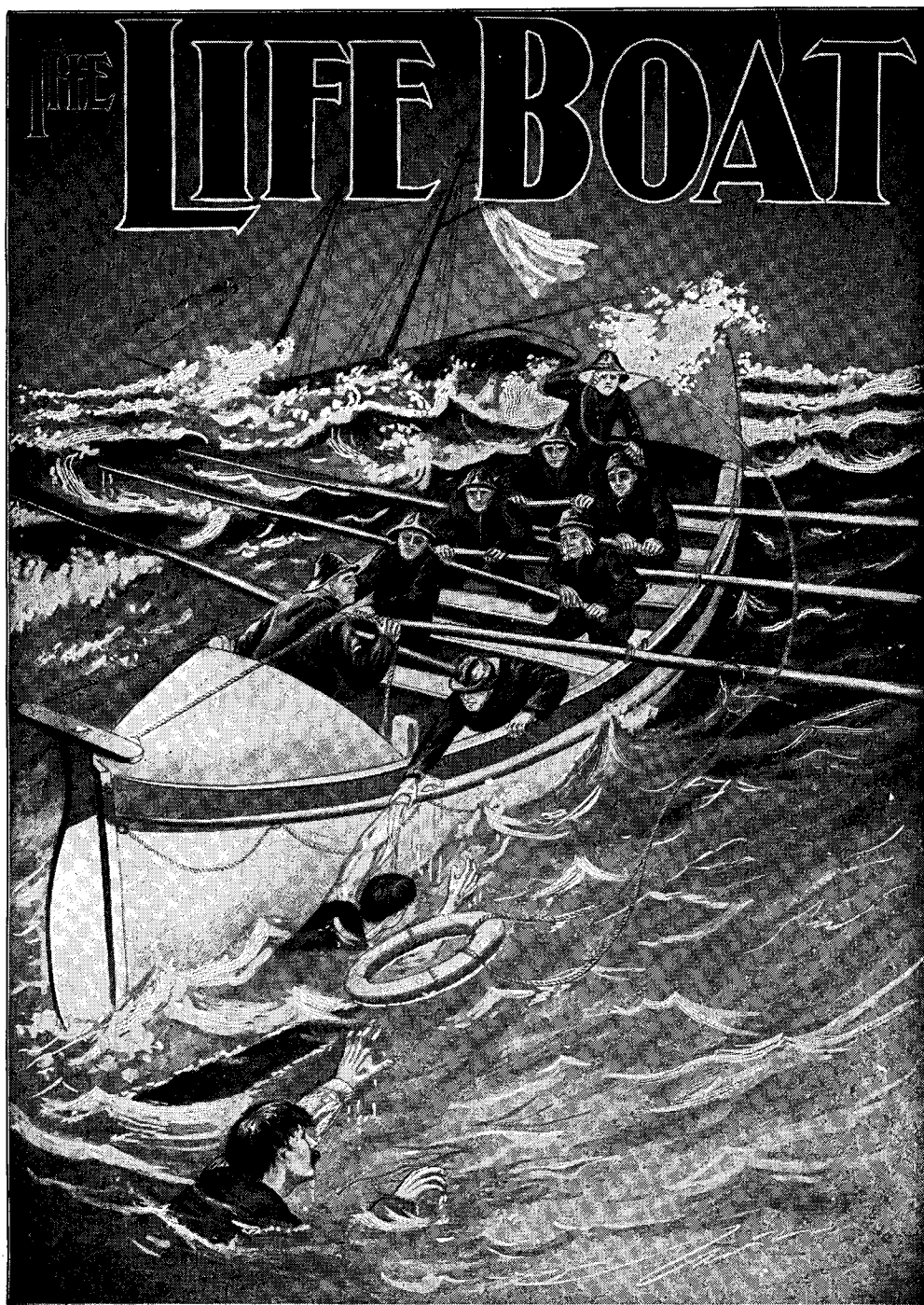


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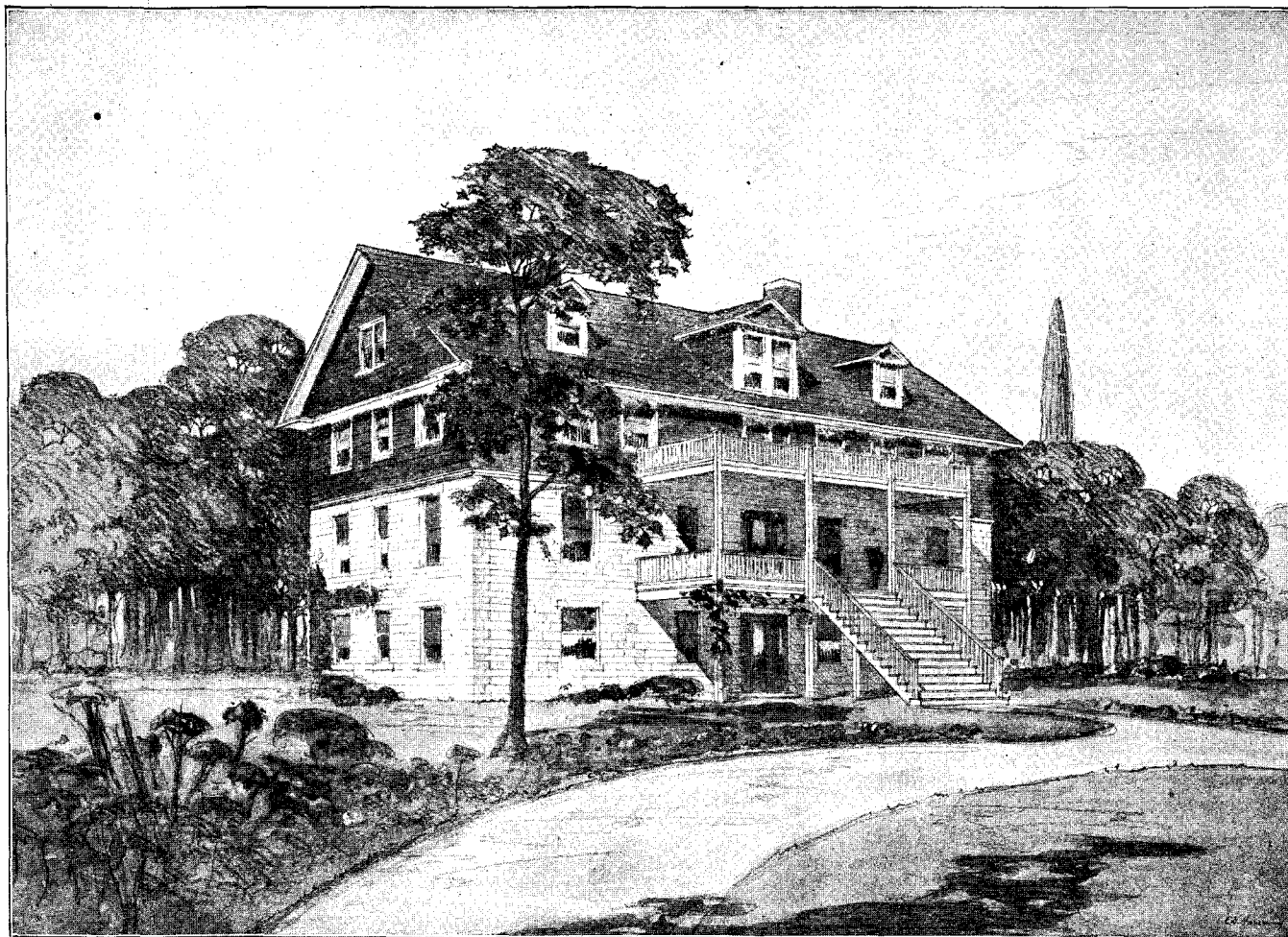
Volume Eleven
Number Six

Windsor, Ill.

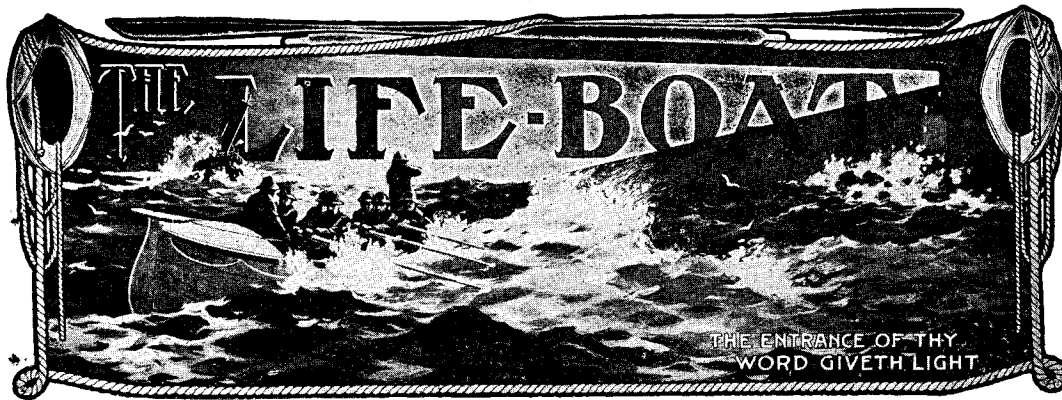
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ARCHITECT'S PICTURE OF THE NEW SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS, WHICH IS RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION.
See Mrs. Swanson's article on page 170.



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

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

Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JUNE, 1908

Number 6

A PLEA FOR THE PRISONER.

PEARL WAGGONER.

[The following original poem was read at a recent meeting held in the Hinsdale Sanitarium, in the interest of prison and rescue mission work.—Ed.]

You cannot see the inner man, you cannot know the heart,
Then how can you the motives read, or play the judge's part?
You see him fall, you pass him by—so terrible his deed!—
If you were in his place, oh, say, think not your heart would bleed?

He is but human, judge him not, for oh, you cannot tell
What caused the act which led, perchance, to e'en the felon's cell.
You cannot know the struggle hard, nor yet the depth of pain,
As now he finds his best resolves, his strivings, all in vain.

You see him try to rise once more, you note th' indifferent smile,
And straightway say, "To work for him?—Ah, no, 'tis not worth while!"
Yet stay! and think—if he were you—if you were in despair,
Would you to all your heart reveal, and show it aching there?

No proof is it of hardened sense because no sign you see:
The feelings which most hidden lie the deepest ones may be;
And though the thought behind the act you cannot understand,
Be sure of this, whate'er his fault, he needs a friendly hand.

Yea, more he needs it than the one whom all so kindly greet,
Whose name has ne'er been tarnished, but which flattering tongues repeat.

But oh, the one who's fallen low, the weaker man,
who's down,
Hath he not need of something more than cold neglect or frown?

Full well he knows the bitter fact—the path of sin is hard,
But must he then from virtue's path from henceforth be debarred?
And how is he to reach it, all unaided and alone,
Unless the way to needed power some kindly hand hath shown?

Then hold not back the word he needs his courage to renew—
Remember too, a Saviour died for him, as well as you.
Oh, then, to these who're down, although behind grim bars they be,
Help spread the glorious tidings, that through Christ they too are free!

ROUGH DIAMONDS I HAVE MET.

WEBSTER WYLAM.

I have met some of the popular preachers on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean—Beecher, Bishop Simpson, Brooks, Dean Stanley, Chas. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Canon Farrer, Canon Liddon, also Sir Geo. Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A. Each of these men and scores more in Gospel and Altruistic circles with whom I have had any personal talks, have interested and inspired my mind. But I must confess that of all the men I have met no one single man so enthralled my mind and heart with such vivid inspiration as the subject of this article, Jerry McAuley, the real pioneer in what is now known as the Rescue Missionary Work in the slums, alleys and dens of

vice, and within the grim walls of the penitentiaries of these United States.

I offer no apology in claiming that the Water Street Mission is the Cathedral or original headquarters of that vast diocese composed of over five thousand missions of a kindred nature to our famous Life Boat Mission.

No fleshly hand of bishop ordained Jerry McAuley; the imposition of a mightier hand—that of the Archbishop of archbishops, God Almighty, was laid on him. This language may seem too extravagant but it is impossible to overrate the estimate of his unqualified gospel work in the redemption of numberless hosts of men from lives of vice and consequent shame, wretchedness and abject woe.

Banker Hatch wrote a biography of this man that is now out of publication. My details are personal, never written before, my object is to show the psychological side of our hero's being and thus help even the worst reputation behind bars to see that no immoral hole is too deep to be beyond the reach of the Divine grace of God to rescue you.

My boys, bad as your past is, given to the service of the devil, you will see in this short biography of first-hand facts that you and God can be a majority against the forces of evil.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints which perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn or shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

In this article I will relate how I met Jerry and in my next give details of my personal observations.

In the year 1871 I arrived from England's shore—a boy full of ambition fresh from a home presided over by godly parents. I handed my letters from my old Sunday school and church to Dr. William Smith. I was gladly welcomed in true American manner by the pastor, officers and members of the Norfolk Alanson M. E. Church.

The prayer meeting was held every Friday night. Old fashioned Methodism reigned in those days of the strong amen corner, and as the natural sequence they looked after uttermost sinners. One Friday night in the midst

of prayer service a man stepped in and took a seat—a stranger to me. The large audience turned their heads in the direction of the newcomer. I whispered to Brother Bachus, "Who is that man?" He replied, "I'll introduce you to him at the close of the service."

Immediately as the last note of the hymn of doxology floated to God on high, Jerry was surrounded by a large circle of friends shaking his hand with prayerful exhortations to keep right with God.

PEN PICTURE OF JERRY.

I was introduced. I shook his big brawny hand, once stained in crime, now cleansed by the blood of the atoning Saviour of men. He had a big eagle-like piercing eye, high cheek bones and cheeks marked with the furrows that sin had plowed on brow and cheek.

He had just two nights before been saved in the Cherry Street Mission. He was known as the worst man that ever lived in the toughest ward of New York City, the fourth ward, presumptively a Roman Catholic, but de facto, a godless, hell-defying man.

I have heard him say in deep humility and shame, "I have committed every crime on the calendar but murder, even this I have premeditated to commit." There was no leaven of boast; he made the statement only when he felt it would glorify God's grace and convince the uttermost sinner he was not beyond the reach of Divine pardon.

Three times he was sentenced to State prison. The last sentence, of twenty years, was for a crime he never had committed. Proof was established of his innocence and he was pardoned after serving several years behind Sing Sing bars.

He returned to his old haunts, though he had previously, in his prison cell, sought forgiveness at the throne of grace; his old haunts were again invaded, the old demon drink overwhelmed him and he was in danger of going back to prison. Standing one day in Cherry Street, downhearted, realizing he was a devil's castaway, a missionary who had often pleaded with Jerry to seek the Lord while he might be found, made another effort to induce Jerry to come to the mission.

He knew too well how faithfully this brother had followed him with the devices of his missionary love and as an excuse he said, "I

can't go to the mission with this old coat on my back." The brother instantly pulled his coat off and made the exchange. That floored Jerry. He attended the mission that night and as his after life showed, was gloriously saved from not only the guilt but the power of sin.

Marvelous transformation—the toughest sinner in New York converted into the greatest missionary of the cross to the slum sinner that the world has ever witnessed! Another evidence of the miraculous power of Divine grace! Unable to read his Bible, illiterate, his companions in sin all around him, he determined with groanings of soul that cannot be uttered to help save the castaway, and opened what is now known as the Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street.

Living in sin with the woman he called his wife, he laid her soul at mercy's door; she was saved and they were united in the sacred, loving bonds of matrimony. She was an earnest co-worker and helper to the day of his death, when he laid down the weapons of his warfare against sin to grasp the crown of reward and triumph.

Think of it, my boys, what Divine grace can accomplish for you just as it did Jerry McAuley. In my next article I will write you some of the details of his life.

THE WAR ON THE CIGARETTE.

LUCY PAGE GASTON,

Superintendent, National Anti-Cigarette League.

Now that the war on the liquor traffic is making such splendid headway there is hope that other destructive agencies may be vigorously attacked.

While good men slept an enemy sowed tares and the reaping time has now come for the cigarette sowing that has been going on for thirty or forty years in America.



Gradually people are waking up to the fact that cigarette

smoking has become a greater nuisance to the youth than even the use of intoxicating liquor, and that it leads directly to the saloon, to the use of drugs and to other most awful

forms of debauchery and vice. It has made tens of thousands into weaklings and degenerates; it has filled graves by the thousand and is acknowledged to be the key to the insane and imbecile asylums everywhere.

People have gradually become accustomed to the danger, and some vigorous efforts along special lines are necessary to arouse the public. Such an effort is being made by the National Anti-Cigarette League, of which Dr. David Paulson, editor of this magazine, is the honored president. The Chicago League had its start in 1897, and the National League was organized in 1901.

Beside the work of agitation and education carried on by personal work, meetings, circulation of literature, etc., the league is taking an active part in helping to shape legislation for the extermination of the cigarette paper, which is now such a source of demoralization, furnished as it is with the bag tobacco.

Seven States have already outlawed the cigarette by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes and cigarette papers. These states are Tennessee, Wisconsin, Indiana, Nebraska, Washington, Oklahoma and Arkansas. The lines are laid for a winning fight next winter in Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas and some other States where tobacco trust money and influence have so far counted for more than the interests of the imperiled youth. State committees are being organized of men of great influence to lead the fight for law enforcement and for better laws.

The *Boy Magazine*, monthly, fifty cents a year, appeals to boy-lovers as well as to boys themselves and furnishes full information regarding the progress of this great movement.

June 28 is the Annual Anti-Cigarette Day in the Sunday schools of the Nation. It should be observed everywhere with platform meetings, etc. Anti-cigarette songs furnished by the league add zest to a meeting when sung by a chorus of boy voices.

Now is the time for good people everywhere to get in line with the movement and push the work of prevention and rescue as well as legislation. Let "Exterminate the cigarette and save the other boy," be the battle cry of good people everywhere. Address the writer, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

FLIES ARE MORE THAN NUISANCE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Someone has said that a housekeeper will spend a day rummaging over a bed in order to find a bed-bug, but will pay no attention to the fact that her kitchen is full of flies, forgetting that the fly is a pestilential fellow.

Each fly speck from a fly that had been fed on tubercular sputum contained hundreds and in some cases thousands of live consumptive germs.

During the Spanish-American war the ravages of typhoid fever became frightful, although the water supply was considered to be pure. It was finally found that swarms of flies were visiting the out-houses and pits and afterward tracked over the food which our soldier boys ate, thereby planting the typhoid fever germs directly on the food.

When the kitchen tents and the foods were screened over and other proper precautions were taken so that the flies could not so readily infect the food, the typhoid fever ceased.

At this season of the year in the streets of Chicago countless numbers of flies will camp on the filth of the street one minute and the next minute will visit the numerous unprotected fruit stands. A few minutes later the small boy buys an apple and eats it without peeling it, and yet it is considered so very surprising if he contracts some severe gastro-intestinal trouble.

When you see a fly wiping its feet on your dinner, bear in mind that as it does not keep a diary from which you can learn of the different places it has visited during the day, you had better regard it with suspicion. Do not permit the flies to hold a summer festival in your kitchen, pantry or dining-room.

The Philadelphia Board of Health have instructed the owners of butcher shops, milk houses, groceries and candy stores to cover all their eatables so as to protect them from flies. Do that yourself without waiting for some Board of Health to compel you to do it.

Do not allow quantities of filth to accumulate around your premises to make a convenient place for the flies to congregate for a carnival. The fly is something more than a nuisance—it is altogether too often a messenger of death.

PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

PAULINE HANSON.

[Many of our readers are struggling under some burden of ill health or physical defect of some kind. Let such remember that after Paul had prayed three times to be delivered from his, the Lord said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This led him to exclaim: "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. 12:9). You may have the same experience. The reading of this article will help you to enter into it.—Ed.]

Quite frequently we meet strong, healthy, well developed people who bewail the fact that, owing to certain circumstances, they are not able to accomplish all of the special things they would like to do. On the other hand, many who are hampered in some way or other, physically (and consequently, have the more reason for so doing), lament the same fact. My message is to both classes, but principally to my less fortunate friends.

I have seen her with the deformed fingers whose remaining able fingers had nimbly dressed her hair more artistically than could she do, of the flaunty, conspicuous hairdress. She was a splendid writer, as well, very deft with the needle and unusually skilful and original in many ways.

I have known of her with no hands at all to be of sweet disposition and an ardent student. I have known him with but one eye to be an expert accountant. I have known her with no physical strength with which to walk about like her fellow creatures, to crochet and knit for her own livelihood as well as that of others.

I have known the little crippled boy whose sunny disposition and merry whistle were the life of the neighborhood, which were sadly missed after his departure. I have known her of the weak, frail frame to be master of the piano, pouring forth beautiful music.

I have known those who have been simple-minded, whom God had endowed with one gift with which in their feebleness to benefit the world, which has often been music. We know of many blind, who are sweet musicians. I have seen in the lame great teachers. I have seen him with the heart disease be the calmest in a panic. We know of the fancy work the blind are capable of making, their unusual talents and keen instincts.

Think of that patient teacher, Miss Sullivan, who taught the deaf mute and blind girl, Helen Keller, besides her education, philosophy and some of the sciences. She is today a scholar to be envied. I have known of him who had no arms, but a Godlike spirit, to write helpful things for the soul with his foot,—so great was his desire to help the “kingdom come.”

Fanny Crosby, the blind poet, wrote through her amanuensis, many of the inspiring hymns which we have in our churches. Moses had an impediment in his speech; Aaron was his instrument. Dorcas was a weak, poor woman. Think of the needy ones she clothed.

There are many invalids who, bedridden and shut in, are great blessings to those who come within their reach; some point out the pathway to eternity from their sick-bed to those who have not yet found it; others send forth messages to the soul in writing.

I once knew an old lady who had been bedridden for twelve years. Her death was looked for almost momentarily, and one day she said to me: “There must be something for me to live for yet, as long as He has not taken me home. I wonder what it is often, but He will show me. Perhaps it is my prayer for some poor lost soul that He wants.”

Whatever your physical misfortune may be, if you are a stranger to Him, your first duty should be to “draw nigh”; if you are already “hid in Christ” and are disabled from doing the things you would most like, you can surely pray for and bring some lost loved one to Him. What better service could you render? Take heart, afflicted one; perhaps He will make a way for you to accomplish that which your heart has longed so much to do. Ask Him.

HOW GOD ANSWERED OUR PRAYERS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

849 S. Arch Ave., Alliance, Ohio.

[Few people in this generation have put in nearly ten years of such faithful, loyal and successful work for the Master as Miss Emmel did in searching for those whom the enemy had stranded in the slums of darkest Chicago. For the present she has been compelled to withdraw on account of ill health. Her judicious and discreet work won her the confidence of all the city officials with whom she came in contact. Such a faithful example

cannot help but be an inspiration to many others to dedicate their lives in a similar manner to winning back the lost to the Master.—Ed.]

It was not an easy thing day after day to go where distress and anguish was wringing the human heart and mind, but, remembering the love and sympathy of Jesus that always took Him to such places, His love constrained the faithful workers who went on these errands of mercy. They were many times repaid by seeing the Lord work so marvelously—it could not be doubted.

No more truly did the Lord open the prison doors for Paul and Silas than He did right there, even while we were yet praying, for some with whom the Lord permitted us to work.

Dear reader, do you believe even if you are sharing the same fate, though you are behind the prison bars, that when you are truly repentant in your heart and long to have help and power to enable you to live a life that you may honor Him who did so much for you, that it will be denied you?

The Lord will “reprove kings for your sakes.” He will melt the hearts of the officials as I have seen Him do many times, from the least to the greatest of them.

I must tell you of some of the sweet experiences the Master has given us in His work, for I *know* whereof I speak. On a Sunday morning in the regular weekly service two women knelt with us in prayer. The Lord sent the message to them of His love.

They were sorry for their sin, and kneeling on the cold, damp floor with their faces lifted up expressing their feelings of remorse, they asked Jesus to set them free. No sooner had that prayer escaped their lips than they were called for, and before our service was completed they were gone, and they carried away with them the evidence that God hears and answers prayer.

THE REPENTANT THIEF WHO TRUSTED.

Another was that of a young man who had been out of work and had taken something that did not belong to him. With no home in the city to go to, no mother to help him and sympathize with him in his test, we found him a prisoner behind the bars. After such an experience he asked, “What can I do?”

"Put your trust in God and give Him your heart," was the answer.

One of us on the outside of the cell, the prisoner on the inside, we prayed together. The young man promised he would trust. Everything a friend could do for another was done, but he must have the test.

The judge was prevailed upon to be lenient. He was released, and once more he stood on the streets of that great city, alone, penniless, hungry. The seed sown, had it taken root? His voice was raised to Jesus for help as he walked on, not knowing whither he went. Soon an unlooked-for friend stepped up and gave him a quarter.

He at once went to the other side of the city where he had hoped a friend would help him get a position. Not long afterwards he hurried down to the Mission to tell us what the Lord had done for him. He had a position, clothes and everything he needed, and with it all the hope of eternal life in his breast.

A MINISTER'S WIFE IN PRISON.

It was in one of my afternoon searches in

those dingy cells that I found a well-dressed middle-aged woman; she had nothing but a hard plank for a bed, with no pillows or bed-clothes to make her comfortable. She came not from the slums, oh no, yet she was a transgressor. She bore every mark of culture and refinement.

It seemed to me as I listened to her sad story that the Saviour's sorrow for her must have been the deeper because as a minister's wife she had failed to put into her own life what she must have sought many times to put into the lives of others. I could see the angels weep and my heart's sympathy went out for her. She was a picture of distress and grief as she stood alone in her disgrace, guilty before heaven and earth. Crushed with the load of sin, she called upon Jesus to help and save her.

Was there any way possible to save her from spending the night in that place? I hastened off to see the judge before whom she must appear the next morning, but could not find him. With an earnest prayer I continued the search and it was late in the night when I



A Group of Workers at the Harrison Street Police Station Holding Gospel Service.

found him on his way to his home. He was not too tired, nor too indisposed to come back with me to this disagreeable place to help me, if possible. As a father would listen to a child's story he heard hers.

When she promised that she would go with me and come back for nine o'clock court the next morning, she was released from spending that night in those horrible cells. Kind friends opened their homes to us as well as their hearts and that awful night of sorrow was spent in prayer mingled with praise.

The next morning found us on time before the judge who had been so kind the evening before. Do you think this woman needed a lawyer, dear friend? Everybody's heart that had anything to do with this case was made most tender and showed mercy, not because she was a minister's wife, but because she was depending on Jesus to work for her. He did not disappoint her. She went back to her home and family a much sadder mother and wife, but a repentant one.

There are so many others I might tell you of, but are you not willing to make your choice as you read, on the side of loving confidence in the One who has been faithful to you in your unfaithfulness? True, while you would have deceived even yourself in your weakness, He stands though unseen to your vision, saying, "I will strengthen you; I will uphold you with the right hand of my righteousness," willing to give even Himself to you. He wants you—do you want Him?

A VISIT TO THE JOHN WORTHY SCHOOL.

INA B. BRADBURY,
Hinsdale, Ill.

The John Worthy School is that part of the House of Correction of the city of Chicago generally known as the Bridewell, or city prison, destined for youthful male law breakers and having for its object the separation of the criminal youth from the adult offenders, while educating him along lines of reform.

Boys ranging in ages from eight to seventeen years here serve indeterminate terms for offences varying from truancy to the more serious crimes. These youths spend six hours daily, five and one-half days weekly in school

and shop and are taught the common branches, carpentry and manual arts. They exercise on the playground and in the drill hall, also by performing the domestic duties of the home.

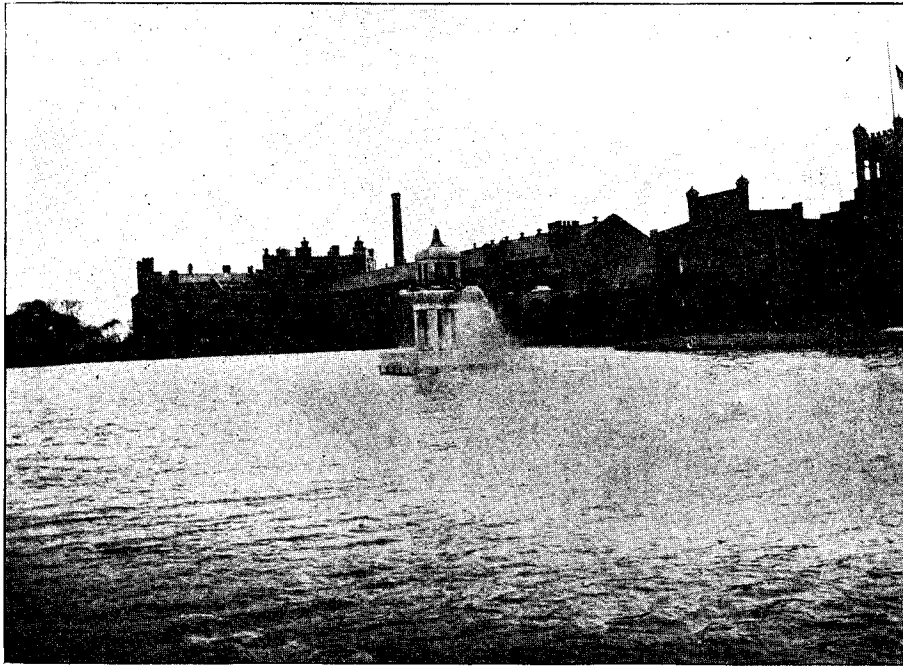
The school is named for John Worthy, a former inspector of the House of Correction, whose death occurred about the time the building was completed. The Board of Control, which consists of the Board of Offenders and the Superintendent of the House of Correction, has in prospect the addition of the utility of these youths in agricultural lines and is about to turn over a fine tract of adjoining land to the care of these boys and their teachers.

This departure is a most laudable one, opening as it will the book of nature to those who are suffering from the lack of proper environment and home training and enabling them to better know the Creator by co-operating with Him and observing His laws while engaged in the various lines of husbandry.

Our visit was occasioned by an invitation extended to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family by Rollo McBride, who for three years has met with the four hundred boys in the school each Tuesday night to conduct a Gospel service with them.

Ushered into the dining room by the supervisor, Mrs. Connorton, we were at once attracted by the ample library whose books, if chosen with the same discretion evidenced by the beautiful etchings upon the walls, afford health for mental uplift. The dining-room with its capacity of four hundred is not only the scene of the daily meals, but is also the assembly hall, and from its rear view we caught our first glimpse of the boys on the playground as they were lining up for their return to the drill hall.

The order of discipline is thoroughly military: the companies consist of groups numbering sixteen, with a captain over each, who bears the distinction as a matter of honor. Upon entering the drill hall the captains marched their companies into waiting line and at the sound of the gong passed the distributing point where towels were given out before they marched on to the lavatory, drank from the spigots and bathed faces and hands. After the toilet making they were assembled in the



View of John Worthy School Building Showing Fountain and Artificial Lake in the Foreground.

dining room and entered into the evening service with evident interest.

With surprising familiarity they chorused several Gospel songs full of much comfort to those young lives. As they sang "Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep," we noted among the others several closely clipped heads and knew that this was a new experience to them, being possibly their very first night in the school. We also thought of the four hundred single beds in the dormitory previously shown us, and longed that the heart-sick ones might appreciate the Saviour's care for them in this new environment while they would sleep.

After several brief solos and brief talks by Dr. Paulson and others, the drill captain gave a fine display of maneuvers by one company, which was followed by several martial airs by the drum corps. Then came the grand march of this young army to the dormitory where four hundred boys were put to bed in less than five minutes. We saw the night guard mount his elevated look-out, and while the bugle sounded "Repose," withdrew.

We recount the many advantages afforded these boys by the school which is so nobly grappling with one of the most perplexing problems of the age—the mending of broken lives—and vividly recall those young faces, grim and unlighted, as they responded to the commands of their superiors. In their isolation from the world how these boys appreciate any personal interest shown and how much the knowledge of the love of Christ could do to change theirs from a service of compulsion to the joyful one of love!

LESSONS FROM THE PAST.

We have abstracted the following helpful truths from D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation." They will bear most careful reading and re-reading:

If the Gospel was of a nature to be maintained or propagated by the powers of this world God would not have entrusted it to fishermen.

Let but a small seed fall near a time-eaten wall and as the tree grows up the wall will be overthrown.

Providence has resources that are unknown to the world. The Gospel contains a principle of life within itself, which the flames cannot consume, and it springs up again from its own ashes. It is often at the moment when the storm is at its height, when the thunderbolt seems to have struck down the truth, and when thick darkness hides it from our view, that a sudden glimmering appears, the forerunner of a great deliverance.

Every plant of God's must be beaten by the wind, even at the risk of its being uprooted; if it receives only the gentle rays of the sun there is reason for fear that it will dry up and wither before it produces fruit.

The cross ceases to be a cross as soon as we can say with love, "O blessed cross, there is no wood like thine."

The cross of Christ is divided among all the world and each man has his share. Receive what has fallen to you as a holy relic, not in a vessel of silver or gold, but in what is far better: a heart full of meekness.

Luther said: If you make people hear the voice of Jesus Christ you may depend upon it you will be useful and agreeable to a very small number only.

HOW MEN ARE MADE GOOD.

Faith is a divine work in us which changes us and gives us a new breath emanating from God himself. It *kills* the old Adam in us and by the Holy Spirit which it communicates to us it gives a new heart and makes us new men.

To open to all, through Jesus Christ, without any human mediator, without that power which calls itself the church, free access to the great boon of eternal life—such is Christianity and the reformation.

The text, "The just shall live by faith," had a mysterious influence on Luther's life. It was a creative sentence, both for the reformer and for the reformation.

It is not the man that brings the word that saves the soul, but the word which the man brings.

All human learning without faith is but an aqueduct without water.

Every generation void of the spirit of Christ must return to the Divine source to be filled up again. The humble reading of these Divine

writings will create in every age the communion of saints.

It is certain that man must quite despair of himself in order to be made capable of receiving Christ's grace.

What Christ was not He became in order that we might become what we are not. Do not pretend to such purity as to no longer confess yourself a sinner, for Christ dwells only with sinners.

A heathen, a sinner, can perform all the other works, but to trust firmly in God and to feel the assurance that we are accepted by him is what the Christian, strong in grace, alone is capable of doing.

To preach faith, it has been said, is to prevent good works. Must not health precede labor? It is the same when we preach faith; it should go before works in order that the works themselves should exist.

Some desire to do good works before their sins are forgiven, while it is necessary for their sins to be forgiven before man can perform good works.

Since everything is done of Him, in Him, and by Him, what can we lay claim to for ourselves? Wherever there is faith in God, there God is; and wherever God abideth, there a zeal exists urging and impelling men to good works. The life of the Christian is one perpetual good work, which God begins, continues and completes.

THE BIBLE.

During the time of the reformation the people seized the pages of the Bible they saw spread before them as a letter coming from heaven.

Every institution in which men are not unceasingly occupied with the Word of God must become corrupt.

Tyndale, who translated the Bible into English, declared: "If God spares my life I shall take care that a ploughboy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."

When the church has lost the life that is peculiar to it, it must again put itself in connection with its creative principle, that is, with the Word of God. Every generation void of the Spirit of Christ must return to the Divine source to be filled up again. The humble reading of these Divine writings will create in every age the communion of saints.

THE FRIEND IN ADVERSITY IS THE REAL FRIEND.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron, Suburban Home for Girls, Hinsdale, Ill.

In Mal. 4: 5 and 6, we read: "I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers."

This prophecy has been fulfilled in more than one instance right here in this little Home, where parents and their daughters

come to understand each other better through the great trouble that has come upon them.

A dear girl came to us a few weeks ago who somehow felt that her mother never loved her. In telling me about it she said if she had known her mother loved her and cared for her as she now

believes she does, this great sorrow would never have come into her life. She said she was afraid to confide in her—thought she might turn her out; at times she longed to tell her mother all, but she was afraid.

O mothers, let your daughters know you love them and that you are doubly interested in everything that concerns them! Win their confidence by keeping their little secrets locked up in your own breast, going together with them to God. Pray for your daughters, for you know not the dangers that threaten them on every side.

This young girl thought when her mother corrected her that it was because she did not love her, did not want to see her have a good time, etc. She said, "This trouble has brought me to the place where I am now willing to obey my mother."

A great sorrow came into this girl's life before realizing that her mother did care for her. How much better it might have been had they understood one another before.



Sometimes God has to permit a great trouble to come upon us in order to bring us closer to Him. Somehow we love most those who help us in time of trouble.

In a letter from one of the girls, which I received the other day, she said: "Everyone there does seem so dear to me; I believe that the girls there do seem dearer than most people. I don't believe you who are doing the good work know how dear the place seems to us who have found a home there and *friends*, not pretenders."



One looking at the above sweet-faced youngster can hardly appreciate that when he was a baby his inhuman mother threw him into a garbage barrel in Chicago. Here a policeman found him. The court sent him out to our Suburban Home. Just before we found a home for him in a good family we had the above picture taken. Is it worth while to try to save such a sweet child for Christ?

I write one of the girls a good, newsy home letter, and tell her to pass it on. I do the same with some of their letters. In that

way we keep in touch with each other. Many of them take this magazine; they look for that like they do a letter.

When you hear from us again we will have moved into temporary quarters awaiting the completion of our new Home. We thank you all for the generous donations that have been coming in, but we still need quite a large sum. We will also need some consecrated workers. Pray for us that we may be counted worthy of the work God has given us to do.

TO MY DISCOURAGED SISTERS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

To any young woman who may chance to read these lines and who is discouraged with life, who is in need of a Christian friend's counsel and advice, we extend a helping hand. We are corresponding with just such girls all over the country and, by God's help, are able to bring to them hope and good cheer. Many a girl, who through the lack of a mother's training and in unfavorable surroundings, has gone astray. Some of these we have been able to snatch from the whirlpool of sin and plant their feet on the solid Rock, Christ Jesus. If you, who read these lines, are tempted to throw away your life in a similar manner, write to us. We want to be your friend. All letters will be held confidential. Address the writer at Hinsdale, Ill.

CHILD-SAVING BUREAU.

Do you know of a homeless child for whom no home can be found? Write us about it and send us its picture if possible; we shall try to find some childless parents who are just as anxious to extend to that child a parents' love as that child needs to find a loving home.

The next LIFE BOAT will be a Good Samaritan number. Order additional copies.

If you are putting in five or six hours a day on your neighbor's character, you are mighty apt to scrimp the building of your own.

AN INSIDE GLIMPSE OF MISSION WORK.

E. B. VAN DORN,
Supt., Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago.

The past month has been one of intense interest. Much has been accomplished. The attendance at the meetings has been good, and many have given themselves to the Lord.



One man came in and said, "I have just rented a furnished room, the first time I have had a room in twenty years. All that time I have lived in cheap rooming houses. I could not afford to have any better,

as I had to have the money for gambling and drink. But in these three weeks God has given me a position, clothes, and a good room, and has delivered me from the appetite of strong drink and tobacco. I praise Him for it."

HIS FAMILY REUNITED.

Another man who had been separated from his wife and children for some time dropped into a mission in New York city and heard testimonies of redeemed men, one of which especially seemed to tally with his own experience and led him to think that if God had saved those men He could save him. He then asked the Lord to help him, and He did.

He has now been attending the Life Boat Mission for over a month. He has been home and fixed up things with his wife and children, and now has a position and seems to be doing well. He often says, "I don't see how I ever took the money I earned and spent it for drink and tobacco, and left my wife and children in need. But I did to my sorrow and shame. Now it is my delight to minister to their necessities." The secret is: Out of Christ he loved self—in Christ he loved his neighbor as himself.

Last week one of the men who had been away for six months returned and said that while in Cincinnati he was in a mission and heard two men say in their testimonies that they were converted in the Life Boat Mission in Chicago. Thus the work goes on; as we sow the seed God gives the increase.

CARING FOR THE STRANGER.

There is a family from Central America—a man, wife and two children—who have attended the Mission this month. They seem to be in earnest in their Christian experience, though they have nothing of this world's goods and no means, having lived for three days on nothing but bread and water. The Mission workers have given them clothing and food. They are willing but know little of American ways and the panic places them in a hard way.

I hope you who read this and have plenty will remember the words of Christ, who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and will give of your abundance to the world's great need. If only a cup of cold water is given in His name it will not lose its reward.

At this writing there are no funds on hand for the further maintenance of our effort, but we are praying our Father in heaven that the door of hope to the poor outcasts may be kept open.

WANTS A CHANCE.

Only this morning I answered a request of a poor woman who once had a good home and a loving and faithful, industrious husband; but he died and left her alone in the world. She became discouraged and took to drink. In just a few years she was an object of charity, cast off, yet pitied by all. About a month ago she was arrested and sent to the workhouse for a month, and while there she wrote us the following note:

"My Dear Friend: I thought I would write you a few lines to inform you of my misfortune. I am now in the Bridewell prison again and have a ten-dollar fine. That means thirty-four days for me. I wish you could arrange it in some way so I can change my way of living and so keep from coming to this place. I am discouraged in every way. Please write and let me know if you

can help me to get a place when I get out so I can go to work and live a better life."

We wrote her that we would take her, which we did, and brought her out to our Hinsdale Suburban Home for women. She seems to want to do right, but the flesh is weak. She was once somebody's girl, once loved for the charm of her face and the song on her lips, and she still has a soul to be saved.

FROM SALOON JANITOR TO CHURCH PASTOR.

We are often asked the question, "What becomes of your converts?" The following letter was received a few days ago from one who drifted into the mission some years ago, an abject drunkard:

"I called in at the old Life Boat (God bless it) this afternoon to say good-bye. We may and we may not meet again this side of eternity. We go away Tuesday night. A couple of weeks ago I preached twice in a church down in the State. The same night the church in a general meeting extended to me a call to their pastorate.

"They have a fine modern church, and are just completing and will have finished in four or five weeks a beautiful little parsonage with about a half acre of ground and plenty of fruit. My wife deserves all this. I can't feel that I do. But candidly, is it not a wonderful change from scrubbing out Schiller's saloon, to such surroundings? What has God wrought! What can a man overcome with His help, and to what a growth he may attain by constantly trusting in Him!

"It is the moment by ourself that brings the danger; the moments with Him bring strength. I need much of prayer. Pray for me. Remember me in the Mission, and sometimes when discouraged and cast down and sin seems so all abounding and your task hopeless, think of me and the fortieth Psalm."

To know the work one must be there to see and to hear what the Lord has wrought. Will you pray for us? Will you assist us by your means, and thus "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal"? Matt. 6:20. Send your contribution to H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill., and receive his receipt for the Mission.

Some forget this is a *daily* effort for the lost, and that the Mission is kept open *every* night in the year. Meetings are held and all that we can possibly do is done, for the uplifting of our fellow men.

Every Sunday there are four meetings held in the police station, and every inmate brought face to face with the story of salvation. There is much to discourage us, but the joy of seeing a soul saved is worth more than gold or silver, and we know we shall see the travail of our soul and be satisfied when we shall see these loved ones in the kingdom of our God.

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Guard carefully the health of your children so that they will not fall an easy prey to the microbe this summer.



This is a time of year when colds are easily contracted. It is much more important to use measures to prevent catching cold than to care for a cold after it is well started, because each time one catches a cold the vitality of the whole body is decreased, and the body is rendered more susceptible to

germ diseases, such as pneumonia, tuberculosis, etc.

Give the children each a cold sponge bath in the morning upon rising. Rub them briskly so that the skin will be pink. Do not take the winter underwear off until the weather is settled. Keep the children outdoors during the middle of the day. Keep the windows open nights.

As the weather gets warmer there is more danger of indigestion from eating too much or half soured milk or unripe or decayed fruit or half decayed meat. As a result the child gets a severe attack of indigestion with high fever, rapid pulse, headache, perhaps convulsions, diarrhea or constipation.

Any mother should be able to treat a child in this condition. Give it first a teaspoonful or tablespoonful of castor oil, dose dependent upon the age, then an injection into the bowel of a pint or two of water as warm as it can

be borne. Stop the feeding for a day or two and give only rice water, if a baby, or orange juice and a little piece of dry toast if older. Give a full warm bath followed by a cool sponge. Keep the child quiet.

Put on a hot fomentation once a day over the stomach. The fomentation is applied in this way: A dry flannel cloth is laid across the stomach, another flannel cloth is wrung out of boiling hot water and put on the dry cloth over the stomach and then covered over with the dry. This hot cloth is changed as soon as it gets cool.

After this treatment is applied about one-half hour the abdomen is rubbed with a cold wet towel and then dried.

Do not allow the children to eat greasy or highly spiced foods, or condiments, or pickles or much candy unless you want to increase your cares and doctor's bills.

These few directions, if followed, will bring blessings to you and your family.

The next Life Boat will be a Special Good Samaritan double number. Price, ten cents. Write for terms to agents in quantities.

THE CALL OF THE PRISONER.

MRS. W. C. GUNN.

[The missionary's daughter referred to in this article is Mrs. W. C. Gunn, wife of Chaplain Gunn, who labored so long at the Fort Madison and Anamosa prisons in Iowa. She is happy in returning to the work this summer and extends here a greeting to any prisoner who may remember her and the sainted chaplain.]

Far away across the blue ocean, in north-eastern India, was the home of a missionary. A happy flock of children played under the branches of the tropical trees around the bungalow, but the mother's eyes oft filled with tears as she listened to their joyous laughter and thought of the time when she must seek homes for her darlings, across the sea, that they might receive their birthright among the influences of a Christian land. When the supreme sacrifice had been made and the voices under the old peepul tree had become silent the home seemed desolate indeed.

One of the little ones thus placed in the

care of others determined that as soon as her education was completed she would return to this far heathen land to carry on the life work of her parents. More than all else she desired to become a *missionary* and bear the glad tidings of salvation to those sitting in darkness. Through her years of study this purpose was ever kept in view and the memory of those consecrated Christian parents proved a constant inspiration, and ever and anon over the tossing billows came to her ear the call: "Come over and help us!"

But God had other work for her, and the plan of her life was to be entirely different. While she waited for the way to open to return to India she met the one destined to be her life companion, and reluctantly she gave up her cherished desire, and became a pastor's wife *at home*. But ere long a *call* came to the young minister and his wife, *this* time not from over the waters, but from behind *prison bars*. The sighing of the prisoner could not remain unheeded nor the pitiful cry, "There are so few to care for us, or who come to point the way to Christ and pardon!"

So, the way opening signally, and an unseen hand guiding, these two began to work in *this* part of the world's great harvest field.

It was their high privilege to give many a "cup of cold water" in His name to thirsting souls, and during nearly twenty-two years spent in such service it became their life work and the joy of their hearts to render this blessed Christ-like ministry to fallen humanity and strive to restore them to paths of righteousness and peace.

The missionary's daughter felt she had found the work God wanted her to do, in a *prison*, instead of a field in a foreign land, and accepted it, and was very happy in it, whether leading the service of song in the chapel or teaching in the Sabbath school, or conversing personally with those anxious to find a better way.

But, alas, there came a day when life's pathway grew suddenly dark, as her loved companion and sharer in this work for the Master was taken from her, and she was withdrawn from the service and associations so dear to her heart. But their memory was cherished during the lonely years that followed, when

the Sabbaths, once so full of the rescue work, seemed so long and empty of the familiar occupation. It was hard to sit with folded hands after so active a life, but she strove to be *patient* and do whatever *other* work came in her way.

Then lo! again came the call from behind *prison bars*, heard years before: "Come over and help us, for workers are so few!" Her heart yearned to respond, "Here am I, I will come," and her prayer, "Lord, open Thou the door," now seems answered.

This coming summer she expects to return to this Gospel work she loves so well in the prison at Anamosa, Iowa. If, before life's pulses fail, a few more years remain, how gladly will she strive to bring a few more sheaves for the Master within these prison walls! Ah, who can afford to be idle, sitting with folded hands, when this lost world is to be won for Christ and the call for helpers resounds on every hand? Is it not better to toil and sacrifice selfish ease and pleasure, and to follow in the train of our great Leader until the night comes when no man can work?

Our Lord during His earthly ministry once gave the wondrous teaching: "I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in *prison*, and ye came unto Me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." What joy to be worthy of this commendation from His lips!

And when the deepening splendor in life's sunset sky shall reveal the opening gates where loved ones will welcome us, sweeter than the music of the angels will sound His voice if He can say unto us: "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord!"

"JUST LIKE FRESH BREAD."

The following letter is a sample of the appreciative words we are receiving in almost every mail from prison chaplains concerning the May number of *THE LIFE BOAT*. Our only regret was our inability to send as many to each prison as we could have desired. We trust the day is not far distant when many will appreciate the glorious opportunity of subscribing for a goodly number of *LIFE BOATS* to be sent each month to each of these prisons.

Albany, N. Y., May 13, 1908.

My Dear Dr. Paulson:—

I thank you very much for those one hundred and fifty copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*. It was a difficult thing to distribute one hundred and fifty copies among nearly five hundred people, but we arranged that they should each have the privilege of reading it, for each one wanted to read, as one expressed it, "the best magazine published." So I allowed two days for the first one hundred and fifty, the next two days for the second, and the last days of the week for the balance, who were allowed to keep them.

Well, it certainly was a grand number; its whole make-up was for the uplift and help of the sinful and fallen. Oh, how eagerly they read it! One said to me, "Chaplain, it is just like fresh bread," and another, "It is just what I need." May the blessed Holy Spirit sanctify and bless the seed sown, for of a surety no publication, to my way of thinking, reaches men and women better than this Boat of rescue. May God bless you in this work of love and may He make it very plain to you that none of the words shall return void. Yours very truly,

ANDREW M. VAN DER WART, Chaplain.

THE OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY.

The students of the Mount Vernon Academy, Ohio, donated the money to send the special prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT* to the Ohio Penitentiary. We publish the following appreciative letter from Chaplain Starr and we trust that the reading of it will help to awaken a deeper interest in supplying this magazine regularly to the men behind the bars.

"Dear Doctor Paulson:—I am much gratified to acknowledge the coming to us of six hundred copies of the prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT* for the use of the sixteen hundred and fifty prisoners now in this institution. You also inform me that we are indebted to the students of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, for this liberal supply, as they have financed the donation. These young people are therefore filling a double duty—while they are themselves students, they are, at the same time, teachers of others, for these *LIFE BOATS* freight knowledge, and are silent teachers.

giving instruction inoffensively, to those who wish to learn.

"Of the sixteen hundred and fifty inmates of our prison about forty claim to have had a college education, ninety a high school, eight hundred and twenty-five common school education; two hundred and forty-five can only read and write; and four hundred had no education before coming to the prison. So we have twelve hundred and fifty who can read, to whom we distribute the six hundred copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*.

"When *THE LIFE BOAT* has been read by one prisoner, we try to pass it to a second reader, and so on. The supply you have sent us, used thus judiciously, will circulate generally through the prison and will do much good. *We could use more.*

"I myself have read every article in this May number with pleasure and profit. I do fully appreciate and commend the teaching of *THE LIFE BOAT*, not only upon moral, and mental, but also upon physical and economic lines. The body is the habitat, and instrument of the soul, and by this body's members the soul must do its life work. Should not such a body be kept clean, free from poisons, and vigorous? Yes, certainly.

"If I were to give special commendation to any one article, I should choose 'My Parole Experience,' as exceptionally valuable; so also is 'An Inspiring Experience.'

"Dr. Paulson, I believe more and more in the release of prisoners on parole; I think in most cases it is better for a prisoner to go out on parole than by pardon or expiration of term. The paroled man is sure of honorable employment, and he goes directly to it, and is at work before the discharged man has found anything to do. The perilous time for a released man is when he is undecided, and unemployed. Then during the time a man is on parole, he can get balanced up, while he is still under the kindly supervision of the parole officer, and by correspondence, and contact, he can gather up and reunite the raveled ends of his former domestic, social, and business relations, so far as whatever was good in them will warrant.

"I am beginning the ninth year of work as chaplain and librarian of this great prison,

with conditions far better and more encouraging than they were when I came to the prison. There is much to commend, from the chaplain's standpoint, in the administration of the prison under Warden O. B. Gould and the Board of Managers.

"Gratefully yours,
"DAVID JUDSON STARR.

J. G. Carlberg, Chicago, writes:

"I have been distributing about twenty-five copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* at the Desplaines street police station pretty regularly every Sunday for the last six months. I have been greatly blessed in the work. It has encouraged me to more diligently study the Word of God and to have more faith in His precious promises."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

H. O. TOLNAS,
Brunswick, Ga.

[Mr. Tolnas is a self-supporting missionary in a needy portion of God's vineyard. We trust that many others who are more favorably situated will improve the opportunities the Lord gives them of engaging in soul-winning work.—Ed.]

I am thankful to the good Lord that *THE LIFE BOAT* ever came to my fireside. Many times I have realized the truth of these words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and especially among the unlucky ones who have been deceived by bad company and have

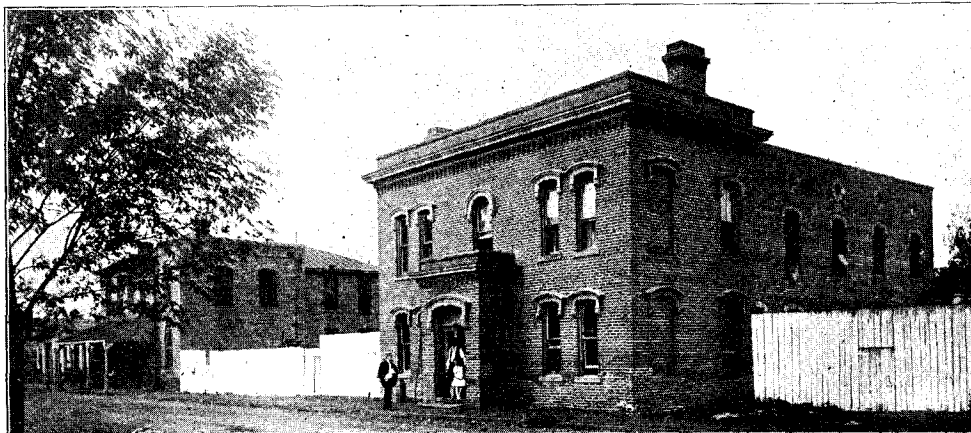
fallen over their own mistakes until sooner or later they find themselves behind locks and keys.

I am very sorry to see so many of them that are wishing and pleading for liberty, but yet have not learned to give their Lord and Saviour liberty in their hearts and minds.

Only a few weeks ago in one of the jails shown herewith, I was holding a Sunday morning prayer meeting with six men—five awake and one asleep—and during that little service one of the men suddenly became very happy—his bondsman appeared. The prisoner immediately picked up his only possession, a little old fiddle and a very short and ugly-looking pipe to which he appeared to be absolutely a slave, and he left the prison.

It sometimes almost breaks my heart to see so many people, old and young, good and bad, who are constantly giving themselves over to that accursed thing, tobacco. But I am also glad that our work with the Bible and *THE LIFE BOAT* in this community is not in vain. One of the prisoners said that *THE LIFE BOAT* which I had given him to read was the best book he had ever read and he asked how soon the next one would come out.

I meet with many encouraging experiences which I may have an opportunity to tell in the future. I give my whole time to self-supporting missionary work in this corner of the field where true Christian workers are so very scarce.



View of Mr. Tolnas entering the County Jail with *THE LIFE BOAT*.

THE DRUNKARD.

W. C. BARTON.

348-11-B, Frankfort, Ky.

[Mr. Barton's sentence expires in September. He will be glad for someone to hold out a helping hand to him at that time.—Ed.]

The evils of intemperance stop not here. The drunkard has a wife. Perhaps he won her in the morning of life, when the bloom of youth, health, and sobriety glowed on his cheeks, and the light of genius lit up his bewitching countenance. They went to the altar with hearts of tenderness and love. Heaven smiled upon the union.

There the happiness of the coming years lay, like an ocean of pearls and diamonds, in the embrace of the future; there hope sat, like a bird of auspicious omen, high in the green leaves of fancy, and poured into her bosom the sweet harmony of an Elysium.

Her husband, in an unsuspecting hour, forgets his bridal pledges, the sparkling bowl of friendship steals upon the hours of domestic enjoyment, his noble nature yields to the bright eyes of the charmer, and alas, he becomes, step by step, a daily drunkard.

What scenes follow? Night upon night finds him in the midst of his family, brimful of spirits and passion. His wife meets him with a trembling hand, an aching heart, tearful eyes, his children retreat from corner to corner, as if an evil spirit had made its appearance, and even his faithful dog sulks away, with the growl of anticipated blows.

The little homestead becomes the theater of family broils and angry blows, and neither his wife nor his children are secure from the fury of his drunken madness. When the sacred anthem should bear aloft the thankful music of the family, the wild songs of the intemperate are chanted to the impious orgies of vice; when the grateful breath of humble prayer, like incense should waft to heaven their wants and woes, he pours out a torrent of curses on their devoted heads; when the holy Bible should spread its evening and morning banquet of wisdom and love, he opens the tablets of a heart on which is written the history of wretchedness and woe.

Who does not shudder at this mournful picture of desolation and ruin? The condition of the wife is most pitiable. The cries

of the half-clad starving children ring in her ears daily, and the hectic flush of premature death dries up her briny tears as they trickle down her cheeks. Her heart is a little city of ruins; hope, pride, happiness, fortune, all have departed.

Even while the wife binds up his wounds, his gross ingratitude sends to her heart keenest pangs; while she sheds tears of sympathy over his wayward conduct, his cruel treatment freezes them into ice drops before they touch his bosom; while she entwines her affections around him, as the virgin bower enfolds the oak, his swelling anger and peevish passions snap the gentle cords and spurn her proffered tenderness.

Still the doting wife grasps the hand that withers her hopes of earthly happiness and that consumes the sweetness of her youth, beauty and health.

Go now with the drunkard to his death-bed and behold his last moments. Nerves of iron would be moved, the fountain of tears would be broken up, and the marble heart of selfishness softened into momentary sympathy.

His past actions rise up, like so many bloody phantoms, before his startled gaze. His squandered fortune, his blighted prospects, his desolate heart, his beggared children, his heart-broken wife all pass before his mental vision, in hurried and ghastly succession. His physical pain cannot be mitigated, nor his mental agony removed. Remorse spreads a pall over the future. Will you hear his groans and wailings on his back of misery, disease, and death? Will you look on the contortions of his limbs and features as the last sparks of life, like molten lead burn and seethe through his veins? Will you follow in fancy's wake his rapid and fervid thoughts, as they tear away the dark mantle of the tomb, and pause tremblingly, midway, between life's fitful fever and his hurried destiny?

Does he call for his cup? It will add fury to his despair. Does he ask for his comrades? Their Bacchanalian howls and idiotic laughs will bring no quiet or peace to his fearful breast. Does he stretch forth his trembling arm to grasp the silver-fingered hand that poured this death-bane into his vitals? That hand could not rescue him though the priceless worth of Aladdin's lamp were the offered ransom.

Let us finish the frightful picture. He breathes his last moments in darkness and despair, with hideous cries or in sullen soulless stupidity.

Who will not lend his heart and hand to forward the great temperance reform, and battle down the pernicious evils of drunkenness? Will a single lover of virtue, peace, and religion refuse to enlist in this philanthropic and Christian cause?

What gray-haired father will not lend his venerable locks, his feeble steps and his spotless name to hallow and consecrate it? What fond mother, with a glowing heart of parental tenderness, will not inspire her sons with ardor and enthusiasm in its advocacy? What young lady with the roseate sweetness of youth blooming on her cheeks and her dreams of future happiness reveling in her heart of diamond purity, will not enter the ranks of its champions, with her cheering smiles and sparkling eyes? What young man will not leap with joy at this moment to pierce with his sword of virtue and patriotism the bloated carcass of this national and social vice? Let no one falter in the cause, and under the smiles of Providence, we will roll back the tide of intemperance and cover our country with moral and physical blessings.

A HARD TASK MASTER AND POOR PAYMASTER.

MR. VAN LANDINGHAM.

Ten years ago I stepped into the Mission under the influence of liquor and God performed a great change in my life. There has been a change and difference in my heart and life until now. My appetite for liquor has been taken away. For thirty years I served the devil and served him faithfully. I found him a hard taskmaster and a very poor paymaster. For thirty years all my earnings went to him. I had gotten down to the brink of the grave.

After I had been converted one year I had my foot smashed between two box cars. Blood poisoning set in and the doctors gave me up and told me I would not live **longer** than eight o'clock that night. You can imagine my feelings. I had no relatives within two hundred miles. My wife said: "Well, you are serving God; don't you believe He can save you just as well as He could take away your

appetite for whisky? Why not go to the Mission and get them to come up and pray for you?"

She went to the Mission and a group of the workers came. When they came my foot was running a gallon of green water a day. When they got there I could not speak. They prayed and their prayers were answered. By the time the third prayer was offered the water stopped running in my foot and I began to feel that I was getting better. That was no Christian Science, but it was the power of God. That gave me faith. He saved me from sin and He also saved me when the physicians gave me up. I said, "God, if you will save my life I will work for you." I have not got a drunken man's home tonight. My wife doesn't worry about me coming down here and singing and dancing in the saloons. She has perfect confidence in me now, but when I served the devil she could not trust me with a five-cent piece.

HOW GOD ANSWERED PRAYER.

REV. N. KINGSBURY.

During a series of meetings which I conducted some years ago, three men came into the service one night. These men were pointed out to me as among the hard cases. Two of them were drinkers, the other was a rank skeptic. I became much interested in them



and felt that if they only knew the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour the whole question of life conduct and eternal interests would all be solved.

I noticed the men first particularly on a Wednesday night, and going home with a good brother and his wife I made the suggestion

that we offer special prayer for those men. They readily agreed. We continued the second and third night and on the third, or Friday night, while upon our knees the assurance came to me that our prayers were answered, that God had given us our request and that within a few days these friends would know Jesus the Christ as their Jesus. I said, "Now we need not pray longer for those men, but may turn our attention to others."

FROM NOTORIOUS DRUNKARD TO DEACON.

Sunday night, during an after service, one of the men stood up and said: "Yon all know me. If any of you people have faith enough in God to believe that He can save such a sinner as I, won't you pray for me?" Earnest prayer was offered for the poor man. Next morning I hastened to his home. His wife met me at the door. When I inquired for her husband she said: "He is up-stairs. I will call him."

Presently in response to the call he came down. He had a big family Bible in his hand. Putting the Book upon my knees he pointed to a Temperance Pledge bound in with the Family Record, and there below the Pledge I read the man's name. I looked up into his face and said: "My brother, I am glad to see that, but that is not salvation, that is resolution, good as far as it goes. What you need is to take Jesus into your life, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

He expressed much fear as to whether he could keep the pledge or not. I said: "My brother, get down upon your knees and ask Jesus to take away your appetite for strong drink and let Him save you." He shook his head and said: "I have not enough faith to do that." After some more talk I read the Word and prayed with him.

I knew it was a hard case, for the man had told me that it was impossible for him to pass a place where liquor was sold, or to smell the stuff and not drink. A few days before, his wife told me that while in a drunken fit he had chased her about the house with an axe determined to kill her. However, my faith wavered not.

On the second morning after my visit, while out for exercise, I saw the man coming toward me. He also saw me, and came running, crying

out at every step: "He's done it! He's done it!" I said: "What is it, my brother?" "Why, Jesus has taken away the awful appetite, and I hate and loathe whiskey and all else of that nature with unutterable hatred."

Mind you, beloved reader, there was rejoicing in that home. Years afterwards I met that man and he told me how Jesus had kept him all those years with never a moment's desire for drink. Jesus had made him the superintendent of a Sunday school, a deacon in the church. Christ's man! That tells the story.

ONE WHOLE NIGHT OF STRUGGLE.

Now about the second man. A night or two later he called at the house where I was staying and asked for me. I said, "Bring him in." Poor man, he was under deep conviction; every line of his features told the story; the agony in his eyes told of the agony that was tugging at his heart because of the awful burden of sin that was upon him. He opened his lips and tried to tell the story of his sin, his need, his burden. We wept and prayed together, then went to the service.

The service did not seem to help the poor man, and so I went home with him and in the presence of his wife sat up late to talk to him of Jesus' love and of His willingness to save. Still he would not, or could not yield. At last I went with him to the door of his room and got him to promise that before he came forth again he would settle the question of his soul's salvation. I prayed for the convicted one again and retired.

When I rose in the morning the man was still in his room. The wife said she thought her husband had had a hard time. Ah, the door opens and here he comes, face all aglow, lips praising God. "Born again, born again, a new creature in Christ Jesus!"

The struggle was a hard one, but with the complete surrender came a joy into the burdened heart that no tongue could tell. It is always so, always so. What a change! How much it meant to the wife, the children, to the community; yes, even old cronies and fellows in sin! A life that had been defiled with vile drink, cursed God, now telling the story of the cross! Ah, what hath God wrought!

EVERY REFUGE OF LIES SWEEP AWAY.

A week has passed away since that united

prayer was offered, and Saturday night has come. At the close of the service that night the wife of the third man, the skeptic, came to me and said that her husband wanted me to go home with them. How gladly I responded! The house was reached and then I had a quiet, plain, prayerful talk with this man.

He was unlike the other two. He did not love whiskey. He was a good, clean, moral man, kind to his family and all that. In these things he differed from the other men, but in the one thing he was just the same—a guilty sinner in God's sight. For does not the Word declare there is no difference, for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"? At first the dear brother clung to the fond hope that he was different, but soon the truth in the hands of the Holy Spirit swept away "every refuge of lies," and he saw clearly his condition in God's sight.

Now came the moment when he, too, bowed at Jesus' feet and the cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" was heard, and mercy was granted. The man's face was a picture. He had made a discovery greater than that of Columbus. He knows that Jesus saves and that Jesus has saved him. Tears of joy course down his cheeks, and there is another face that tells the story of joy unspeakable. Bless His name, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet to pray for and help men into the kingdom.

Brother, sister, do you know *how* sweet? Have you tried it? *Right at your elbow* is a friend, a neighbor, unsaved, you are the one being above all others perhaps who can most easily lead that man or woman to Jesus Christ.

If you have never prayed especially for a soul, if you have never spoken a word for Jesus, it is time you did. You are losing the sweetest joy of life. Bestir yourself, down on your knees ask God to forgive your coldness, your negligence, ask Him to set you on fire with the Holy Ghost and then go out for a soul and you will win it.

WANTS RELIGIOUS AID.

A prisoner in the New York State penitentiary writes:

"The height of my life's ambition would be very nearly reached if it were possible that I might receive a little religious aid

from your hands. Although I have a five-year sentence hanging over my head I have not lost hope. I find great consolation from reading the Bible.

"It has taken me twenty-eight years of bitter experience to find that my so-called friends were false and not true. I have now discovered they were not of the right caliber to be classed as friends of one who had a good, pure character to lose.

"I know the only time to start to do right is *now*. I am trying hard to grasp the idle moments and put them to good use."

WHOLESOME HEALTH IDEAS.

John D. Rockefeller's physician, whose advice is said to have virtually rebuilt the Standard Oil chief, lays down the following rules:

"Fresh air, and plenty of it, moderate exercise, and plenty of it, simple food, in moderate amounts, well masticated, with a mind free to enjoy the things that cannot be bought and yet which are freely given to men and women—air and sunshine—will make any man young again and full of desire to live as long as the natural course of human machinery will permit him to live.

"Liquor and tobacco should be eschewed. The body can stand only a certain amount of poison, and the natural waste fills this amount.

"As far as diet goes, the older a man grows the less meat he should eat. A mixed diet in which well-cooked vegetables and ripe fruit have a large part is a maintainer of health in old and young.

"Buttermilk and clabber are excellent for the body and he is a wise man who makes these a part of his daily diet."

Many might advantageously go to the squirrel and learn her ways of chewing, and become healthy, for there are no teeth in the stomach unless you have swallowed some and then they would be out of commission. If you will chew your food thoroughly you will not only get more satisfaction out of it but you will eat less and feel better. Try it; then you will wish that you had begun long ago; for a little food well masticated is worth more than a large quantity literally dumped into the stomach.

Think of a man trying to appear pleasant, to speak inspiring and wholesome words, while someone is grinding their heel on one of his toes: but this represents the real condition of the poor sufferer afflicted with neuralgia, headache, or some other painful disorder. This only emphasizes how difficult it is to have the peace that passeth all understanding in the head while there is a war that is beyond all description in the stomach.

The *Chicago Daily News* writes editorially concerning General Booth's health habits:

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

SAVED FROM THE CIGARETTE CURSE.

We quote the following from a letter received from D. Hinkson, Denver, Colo.:

"You remember your article in the August issue, 'The Deadly Cigarette?' A lady in Denver bought a copy from me of this issue. I did not meet her again until December. She was pleased to see me and immediately bought a paper from me, telling me that this article had helped her little boy who smoked cigarettes. He was only nine or ten years old. The pictures of the gradual changes in the boy who smoked, together with the article, had made such an impression on him that he has not smoked since. He has also talked to his boy friends about it and tried to prevent them from smoking. I thought you would be glad to know this; if one boy is saved it will be worth the effort you have put forth in behalf of the boys.

"This city is over-run with cigarette fiends. If only some kind Christian man who loves the boys would undertake the work! But where is he to be found?"

Order a copy of the Good Samaritan number of "The Life Boat" for every pastor in your community. They will appreciate it and will recommend it to their flock.

THAT INTOLERABLE THIRST FOR LIQUOR.

Recently a lady wrote to us: "There is a case of pronounced drunkenness in our town. He is struggling hard to conquer the habit but without success. Will you not write him?"

We wrote the man as follows: "Inebriety is really a disease in a case like yours, but if you will intelligently co-operate physically as you should in a few things, and look to the Lord, you can be delivered.

"I would suggest that you adopt an absolutely fruit diet for a few days. Eat all you like of it four times a day. It will astonish you the way it kills the thirst for liquor. Then begin to eat regular meals, consisting of well-cooked rice, corn flakes and cream, toast and butter, and gradually begin to use other substantial foods such as baked potatoes.

"Cut out from your dietary meat, mustard and pepper and all fiery and spiced things. I have seen men who have struggled to get rid of the liquor habit fail for years, and as soon as they adopted this régime the thirst would leave them as if by magic.

"I have also met a number of the world's most renowned temperance reformers, and after they learned personally of the value of these simple principles they deeply regretted they had not known them before, as they felt they might have done much more good in the world.

"Now get right after this thing in dead earnest. Pray constantly. I will be glad to give you any further suggestions that may lie in my power. I will ask our people here to earnestly pray for you."

WHY DO PEOPLE BECOME SICK?

Someone asks: "Are not all the ills of the flesh of the devil? I believe there is an 'uttermost salvation' for the flesh of His saints as there is for the spirits of them."

Not all ills of the flesh are of the devil, although perhaps in most instances the devil tempts us to sow the seed that brings a harvest of physical suffering. The majority of our physical ills are the divinely appointed result of definite sowing, and God cannot relieve us from their consequences without a change on

our part in sowing. That is why He says the prayer of him that turneth away his ear from hearing the law is abomination, and that is just as true of physical law as of spiritual.

If I put my hand on a hot stove it is a part of God's wise plan that a blister shall be raised. The devil may tempt me to put my hand on the stove, but just so long as I persist in so doing just so long blisters will be made. I may pray ever so sincerely to God to relieve me of the blisters, but if I persist in putting my hand on the hot stove my prayer is abomination to Him. (Prov. 28:9.)

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." This is especially true in a physical sense. That is why when God led His people out of Egypt He not only instructed them in reference to spiritual things but just as abundantly in reference to health. And whenever God has inaugurated a great reform in the world He has always put a particular emphasis on the Gospel for the body as well as for the soul.

It is not generally known that John Wesley wrote a remarkable book on health. Those who cheerfully sow for health in accordance with the light that God has given His people anciently, as well as in modern times, can claim the protection of God just as much physically as they can spiritually. But if they do not it will be true of them, they ask and receive not because they ask amiss (James 4:3). The just shall live by faith, not by *presumption*. Genuine faith always appropriates not only the life of Christ but also the obedience of Christ.

Learning to eat and drink to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10:31) is something we can make progress in just as we can grow in grace. What God is anxious to do for our bodies we can frustrate by ignorance or violation of principles of health just as thousands are frustrating the work of the grace of Christ on their souls.

Do not forget that when the Master walked here among men, endued with all the power heaven had, He did not in a marvelous way remove weariness from His disciples but asked them to come aside and *rest* awhile. Many of His disciples today have supposed the Master would do for them what He did not think best to do for His disciples two thousand years ago,

and they find out only too late that God's plan has not changed.

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

WHAT A MISSION CONVERT SEES IN EUROPE.

WALTER C. RUNDIN.

[Several years ago Mr. Rundin was marvelously saved in the Life Boat Mission. He immediately began to assist in bringing souls to Christ. He took a special interest in the Gospel work that is carried on every Sunday forenoon in the Harrison street police station. Our readers will be interested in the following extracts from a personal letter, written to Mr. Van Dorn.—Ed.]

During the last seven months I have toured England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands, visiting the capital of every country mentioned and also the principal cities in each of the different lands.

I am glad that God has constantly been my guide and adviser as I have gone from place to place. It must be a pitiful condition to be away from God. Although I have traveled in good style, stopped at first-class hotels, and always had plenty of money, yet I have felt that I was a stranger in a strange land. And whenever I saw the stars and stripes or the words "United States," my heart leaped for joy, for I said, "That's my country, my flag, no matter where I may roam."

How sad and empty must be the life of the poor sinner who really belongs to God but who is in a strange land! He may have everything he desires, but he lacks one thing, which I consider the grandest and dearest in all the world,—the love of Jesus.

Oh, how can a sinner stop in a strange land? Is there not a thread of anxiety, a chord of homesickness in a sinner's heart, when he hears the Word of God? There must be. Would to God that every alien who is away from his home, heaven, would realize what a poor, homeless condition he is in.

The memories of the Life Boat Mission are always before me, especially when I have sat

SOMETHING SPECIAL NEXT MONTH

The July Life Boat will be a Good Samaritan Special. It will be a double number. Retail price ten cents. It will be filled from cover to cover with live experiences and inspiring articles from those whom the Lord has been using in a special manner in Good Samaritan work. Order additional copies. Write for special wholesale prices.

in places of worship such as St. Paul's or Westminster's in London, Notre Dame in Paris, the cathedrals at Antwerp and Upsala. The decorations and ornamentations in these vast houses of worship are beyond description, but I could not find a sign hanging on any wall similar to those in the Life Boat Mission which attract the attention of the stranger, such as "Jesus Saves," "Come Unto Me," etc. The services, especially in Notre Dame, are wonderful, but the sinner's cry in the Mission is *more* wonderful.

If time permitted I should write about the elaborate services in Notre Dame. The cathedral, when full, holds 20,000 persons. To know and fully appreciate this cathedral one must personally see it. But as for a revival in Notre Dame, that is an unheard thing, just as we are dazed when we do *not* have one in the Life Boat Mission.

I attended vesper services in St. Paul's cathedral, in London, one Sunday evening and enjoyed them very much. To get a good seat a person must be on hand at least a half hour before the services begin.

The preaching is very good, but if sinners are often saved in there is a question I leave unanswered. The tremendous crowds which visit St. Paul's do so for curiosity more than anything else. They have heard of this house of worship and, naturally, when they arrive in London they make their way to St. Paul's; but let us hope that many who step inside receive a blessing or a word that will ultimately lead to their salvation in case they are not already soldiers of the cross.

I thanked God, as I sat in that large, dreary cathedral, that I was born again. My thoughts then wandered back to 471 State street, and I just asked God to bless the little company gathered there.

Another place of interest to me was Westminster Abbey. This sacred edifice's history dates back into the period when the boun-

daries of history and tradition were but imperfectly understood. Kings have been crowned in this Abbey and kings have their last resting place here. To go up one aisle and down another in this vast place is an hour which can never be forgotten. One can see the entire English history inside its walls. The great cloisters, built during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are something out of the ordinary and must be seen by the individual before they can be appreciated.

But as for me, give me a chance to say a word or two to a fallen brother or sister in the Life Boat Mission. Give me the opportunity of giving a testimony for Jesus in the old Harrison street police station in company with that little band which leaves the Mission every Sunday, rain or shine, to give a word of hope, of sunshine, of encouragement, of God's wonderful salvation, to some poor sister or brother sitting behind the bars.

In all my traveling I have yet to see such a foul, dirty, unsanitary police station as that one. In Europe that cell hole would never be allowed.

But my prayer is that God may bless the seed sown there every Sunday morning, and that many souls may be won to Christ in that very station. The Mission has a tremendous work to carry on in that locality, and may it never be obliged to close its doors because of not having sufficient funds. May every reader of the precious LIFE BOAT send in a contribution for its work of rescue.

When I was in Karlstad, Sweden, I met a young man who could speak English, and immediately we became friends, because it had been almost a week since I had uttered a word of English.

Imagine my surprise, upon speaking of the LIFE BOAT to him, when he said, "Why, I received one of those magazines when on board

the Atlantic steamer bound for Sweden." So, you see, the paper finds its way to Europe. He continued: "I am saved, thank God, and to have a LIFE BOAT pressed into my hands in mid-ocean was a joy and blessing to me."

I hope you may have many blessings and victories this coming winter and many souls be brought out of darkness into light, into that blessed light which comes from Calvary. May God bless you and all who are giving their time and efforts and money to the good work which is daily being performed to God's honor in the Mission.

If anyone can say that the Mission is unnecessary or not doing a good work, I wish to ask that person to pay a visit to 471 State street, any night in the week, and if he can leave it without a "God bless you" to some one of the workers, or can say that it has not got a wonderful mission to carry out, I must confess he must have a very poor eye-sight or a limited brain capacity. My earnest wish is that I may soon be among you again and do what I can to bring salvation to some lonely, needy **soul**.

ARE YOU A LUKEWARM CHRISTIAN?

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The Master said of the Laodicean church: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Rev. 3: 15, 16.

The condition of a lukewarm Christian is very much like that of an engine without steam. The engine stands on the track, apparently well equipped in every detail to move the long train of cars behind it; every part is well oiled, the boiler filled, and a good fire in the fire-box, yet when the engineer opens the throttle there is no power to move the train.

What is the trouble? There is no steam. He glances at the register and it records but two hundred and ten degrees of heat. He must have two hundred and twelve degrees before the water will generate steam. Lukewarm water never moved an engine. So our life's train will never go forward with a lukewarm Christian experience.

In order to make a success of anything we

must make that thing a part of ourselves; we must throw our whole soul into it; in other words, we must be or do that thing with *all* our might.

Every city, every community, every church, is cursed with lukewarm Christians. They are not holding up the crucified One in a way that leads the sinner to desire Him. They are to the church what the steamless engine is to the train.

Why not cease this useless show and ask God to fire our souls with the love of His Spirit so that the register of our missionary activities may never drop below the boiling point?

In this time of lawlessness, crime, injustice and general disregard for the things that pertain to God, those who have undertaken to pull their life's train into the station of heaven must be sure that their steam gauge registers high.

Now, my dear brother or sister, if along the way you meet with some other fellow traveler who has become discouraged and disheartened through some unfortunate circumstance, will you not take time to help him get started again?

AGENCIES AND INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE PRISONERS' PROBLEMS AND WELFARE.

The various Hope Halls, Maud Ballington Booth, New York City.

Mr. McMillan, Supt., Prison Dept., Salvation Army, 395 State Street, Chicago.

Rev. F. Emory Lyon, Central Howard Prison Association, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Rev. Luther B. Haines, Editor Prison Evangel, 260 King St., Columbus, Ohio.

E. B. Van Dorn, Missionary Farm, Supt., Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago.

The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

The following among many others are carrying on extensive and very helpful correspondence with prisoners:

Mrs. Fred Nelson, 204 Duffield Avenue, Galesburg, Ill.

Mrs. D. K. Abrams, 3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. H. C. Lyle, Ridgefield, Wash.



Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

THE RISING TIDE OF GOOD SAMARITAN WORK.

There is a sound of a going in the mulberry trees and it is time for every one to bestir themselves. In different parts of the land people are being moved upon by the Lord to do Good Samaritan work, to live over again the experiences pointed out in Isa. 58 and in Matt. 25:34-40.

Is not your heart being stirred more deeply than ever before in this direction? If not, it will be if you are a child of God, for it is in the air. The time has come for it.

And with it there is a remarkable enthusiastic interest in the circulation of *The Life Boat* magazine. Young people's societies are ordering a thousand or more a month. Individuals who have recently taken up this work are selling a thousand copies apiece each month. Even the children are taking hold of this work in a surprising manner.

Make this an earnest matter of prayer and see if the Lord has not some duty for you to do. Write to us for special terms and interesting reports from others.

DO YOU KNOW SOME CHRISTIAN SALESMAN?

Several Christian traveling men have recently volunteered to use their spare moments in extending the circulation of *THE LIFE BOAT* and to interest their customers in Good Samaritan work. This is a blessed ministry. There is nothing wrong for a Christian to have a part in legitimate commercial enterprises. Paul sewed tents, but he also did some other things.

The Christian salesman who does *nothing* but sell goods will some day sell his soul; in fact, he already has it up for sale.

Send us the names and addresses of any Christian salesmen, traveling men or clerks that you may know of and we will take up correspondence with them and tell them what the Lord is doing through others. Do not forget that the Lord may have some blessed experience for yourself along the same lines.

IS SOMEONE CATCHING THE GOOD SAMARITAN SPIRIT FROM YOU?

Has anyone fallen by the wayside mentally, morally or physically in your neighborhood? There is something wrong with your preaching, praying and spiritual experience if such a case does not appeal to your heart.

You may say, "There is so much to be done that the little I can do will be of no use." But what you do may be like the spark that touches the powder to inspire others to work.

If you had the smallpox a large number in your community might catch it from you without any special effort on your part. If you have the Good Samaritan spirit they may catch it from you.

FREE ONCE MORE.

Some years ago at one of the regular Sunday morning Gospel services held in the Harrison street police station a young man by the name of Arthur Morrison was converted, confessed that he was guilty of forgery in Kentucky, was taken there and sentenced to two years in the Kentucky State prison. He lived the life of a model Christian prisoner, was arrested again at the expiration of his sentence on a technicality, and then served a second sentence. Friends helped him to make full restitution and he is now again a free man and writes from Bunker Hill the following:

"I am now out of Egypt and in Canaan. Oh, it is glorious! My soul shouts for joy. Words are impossible to express it. But hallelujah, my soul sings. I am at the home of Brother and Sister Dent, a place where the Lord reigns and rules, and they are very kind to me.

"I was entirely exhausted when I arrived here, but hope to be in good shape in a short time. Then I shall start out to spread the Gospel through the medium of *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine and the Moody Colportage books, etc."

IS THERE SALVATION FOR AN OUT-CAST WOMAN?

Last Sunday night after we had given a gospel talk at the Mission a woman whom the Lord remarkably saved some years ago rose and said:

"Dr. Paulson has quoted, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' No one knows that better than myself. When I was serving the devil he put me behind the prison bars many times. I thank God He has delivered me from both prison and from sin. When I came to Jesus He forgave me. I praise God that we have such a wonderful Saviour.

"The devil had me behind worse prison bars than they have in Chicago. I had an appetite for drink, cigarettes and cocaine, and nothing but the power of God could set me free. I do praise God that my sins are forgiven. 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' 1 John 5:11."

A RAY FROM ONE OF GOD'S LIGHTS.

We cull the following from a recent letter from Mrs. A. E. Lounsberry, Sioux City, Iowa, who, with her husband, is conducting a mission in that place. Mrs. Lounsberry has done much to extend the influence of THE LIFE BOAT in her community in former years, and we pass on these words of courage and good cheer just received from her.

"The work is increasing; success has been given us through our patience and efforts. Souls have been brought to the truth, the fallen lifted, the famished fed, the unfortunate clothed. Many hearts have been blessed and brought on higher ground; praise the Lord!

"I still sell THE LIFE BOAT and have many helpful experiences; just last week was a wonderful week to me in the blessed work. One prodigal found his way back while I was pleading with him.

"I ask the prayers of the Life Boat workers everywhere that this may continue to be a soul-saving station, and that many may find relief by stepping into the life boat."

CANNOT DO WITHOUT IT.

"Please find enclosed money for fifty cents to renew my subscription another year. I do not

know just when it runs out but I want to be sure to keep up my subscription as I never will do without THE LIFE BOAT. I will get along without some other things rather than not have this magazine."

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING?

A self-pronouncing Bible, in which all the words of Christ in the New Testament are printed in red and the prophetic types and prophecies in the Old Testament referring to Christ are also printed in red. This is a magnificent Bible. Your children will be intensely interested in it. You can secure it for ten new subscriptions or renewals for THE LIFE BOAT.

A physician in an Eastern prison writes: "I received a copy of the May LIFE BOAT and became very much interested in it. I should like very much to have a copy each month. I have no funds or I should subscribe for it regularly.

"I hope to be of some use to my fellow men when my time has expired. I should like very much to be associated with the LIFE BOAT work and do some good the balance of my days."

Mrs. Miller, Boulder, Colo., orders several LIFE BOATS and hands them out in the jails and penitentiaries. Cannot you do likewise?

The president of a Young Ladies' Club in Pennsylvania writes:

"Let me know your terms for twenty subscriptions for a year to be sent to our State prison in Philadelphia. We want to get our members interested in this work. We have been sending some but now we want to subscribe for twenty regularly."

J. E. Wood, superintendent New Mexico Society for the Friendless, writes:

"THE LIFE BOAT is a monthly treat from cover to cover, a help in many ways, and should be in every home in the land. I read each number clear through, and receive a great blessing every month by so doing."

The Life Boat

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

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

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL CALL.

We wish to find fifty readers of THE LIFE BOAT who will take hold at once and each sell a small roll of the

LOVELY BIBLE MOTTOES

and give the profits—\$1.00 on each roll—to help send THE LIFE BOAT to prisoners. For full information write at once to C. W. Smouse, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Mention LIFE BOAT.

Among the most valuable magazines that come to our desk is the *Good Housekeeping*. The article on flies in the May number is worth more than a whole year's subscription price. Sold at all news stands.

"The Signs of the Times" is an up-to-date religious journal which every Bible student should read. Send for sample copy. Address Pacific Press Publishing Co., Mountain View, Cal.

MONEY FOR AGENTS

Patent patches or clamps are splendid for mending hot water bottles. Send 30 cents for nine clamps, a wrench and instructions.

We have a cement that mends agate, enamel and tin ware. Send 30 cents for enough to mend 30 holes. These articles will prove satisfactory. Agents wanted. Address, H. F. PHELPS, Minneapolis, Minn., Station F.

The Life Line

A religious monthly published in the interest of aggressive reforms and practical Christianity, devoted to the kingdom of God.

Introduce The Life Line in your community, earn your own money and do good.

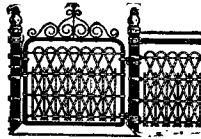
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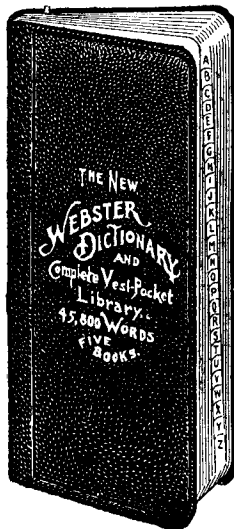
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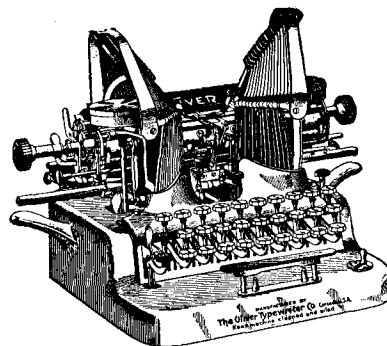
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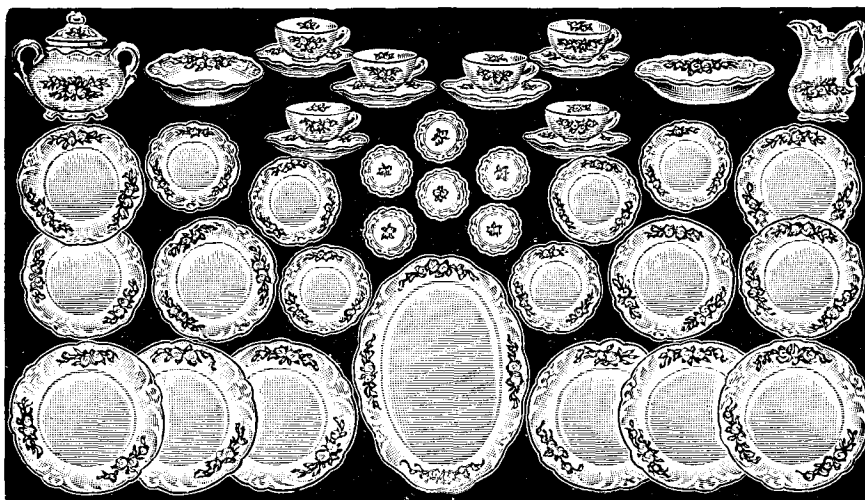
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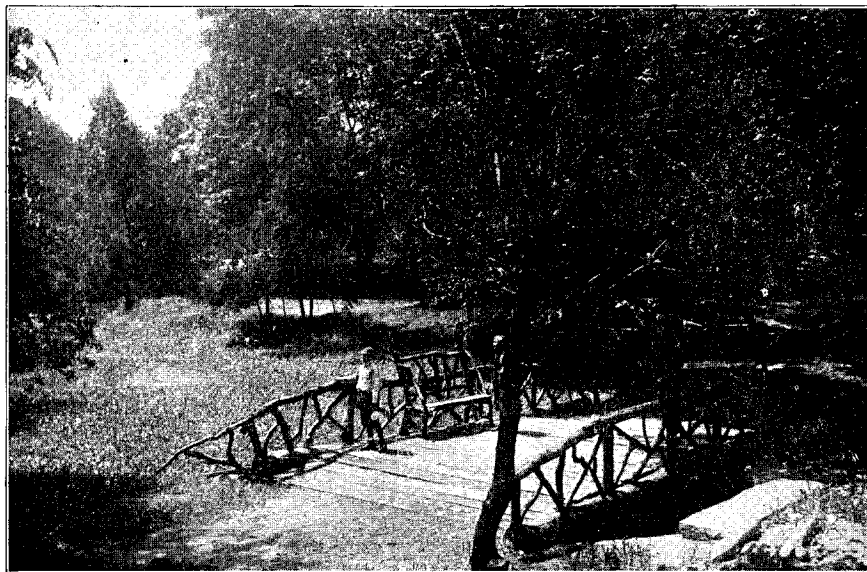
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