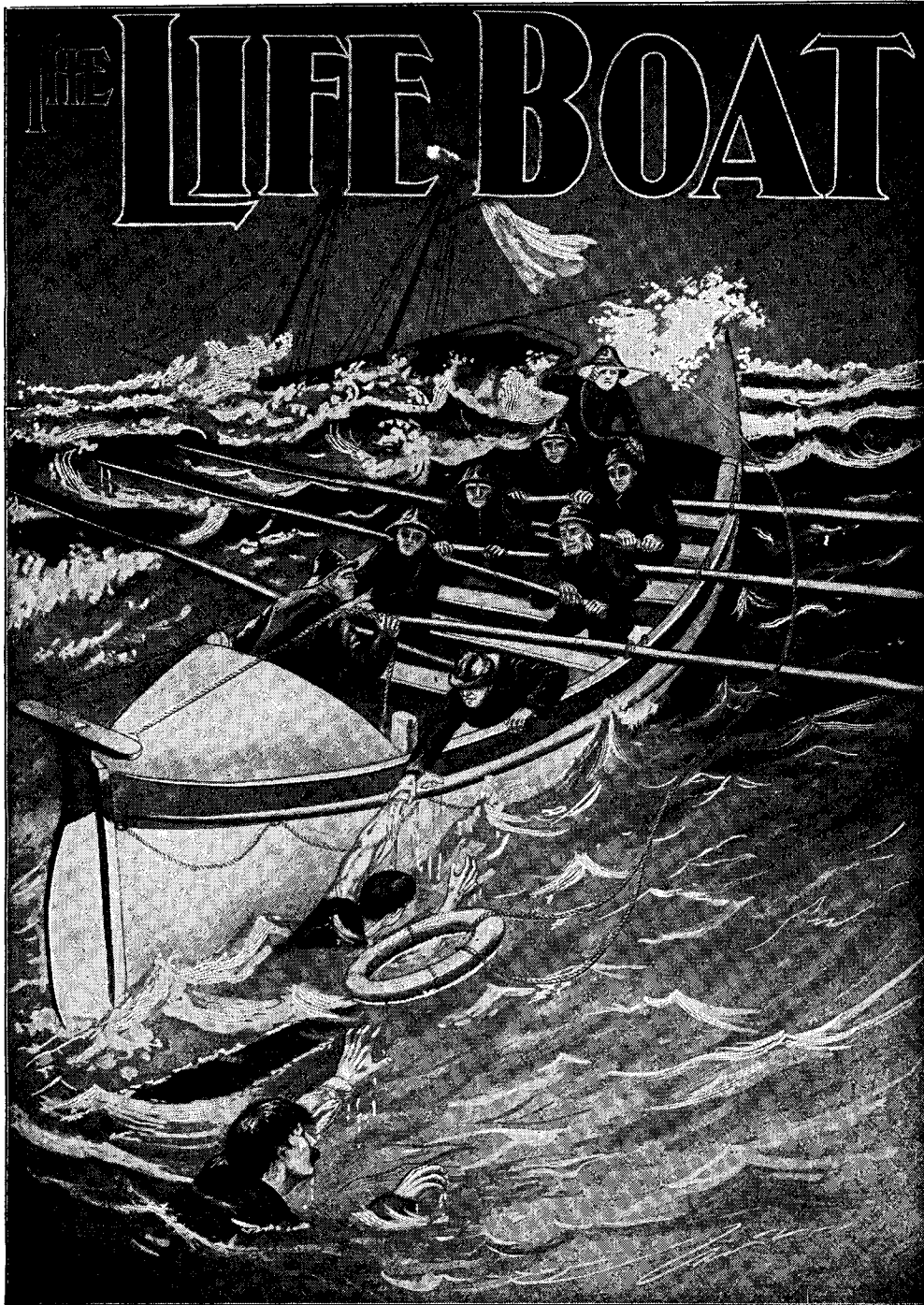


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The Poor have the Gospel Preached to Them

Volume Eleven
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July, 1908

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“Go, and Do Thou Likewise”

A HEART TO HEART TALK

Are you a Sabbath reformer? Not unless you are interested in feeding the hungry, bringing the poor that are cast out to your house, clothing the naked, interesting yourself in the hungry soul. For in the fifty-eighth of Isaiah God connects Good Samaritan work with genuine Sabbath reform.

As you observe the foreign missionary movement extending to the very ends of the earth is your soul thrilled as you read the Master's words: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come"? Matt. 24:14. Are you trying to teach others the signs of your Master's return as brought to view in Matthew twenty-four? You will be unsuccessful unless you are **living** that part of Matthew twenty-five which says: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; . . . 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."

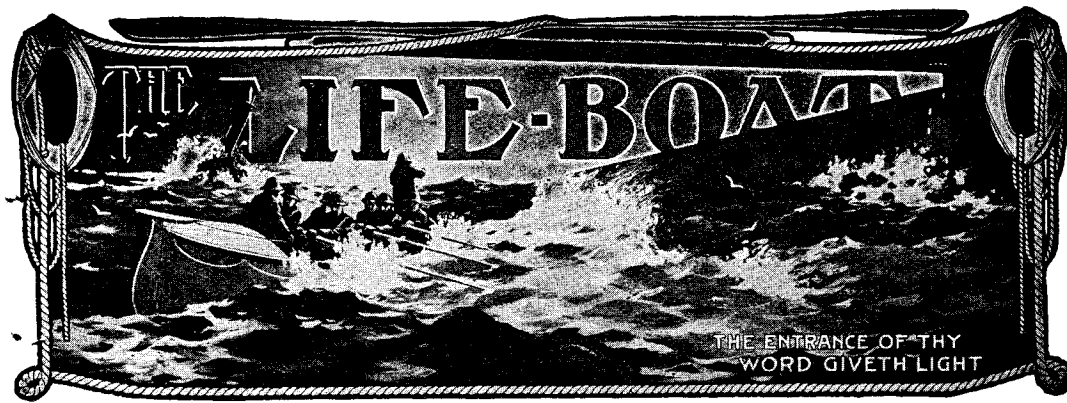
Have you by faith put on the robe of Christ's righteousness? If you have you will be led to do the same as Nebuchadnezzar was admonished,—"**Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquility.**" Dan. 4:27.

When Job put on the righteousness of Christ he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, he was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. He became a father to the poor and the cause that he was not acquainted with he personally investigated. (Job 29:13-16.)

God has connected the Good Samaritan work with righteousness by faith, Sabbath-keeping, and the hope of His returning. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Come, my brother, my sister, my friend, and begin to look around and see how little your community has been blessed because God has been good unto you. When you sense this as God will help you to sense it there will be more people in your neighborhood who will desire to be Christians. Do not let the devil cheat you out of this; go off alone and talk to God about it and He will help you to begin.

David Paulson.



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

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Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JULY, 1908

Number 7

THE ROAD TO JERICHO.

PEARL WAGGONER.

On the road to Jericho a traveler helpless lay,
Far from friends or kindred—all alone,—
Robbed by thieves and wounded, now outstretched
upon the way,—

Not a soul is nigh to heed his moan.
Lo, a Priest and Levite see him; yet they pass
him by,
Leaving him in pain to suffer, and alone to die.

What inhuman treatment! think we,—oh, what lack
of heart!

How could one so void of kindness be?
We could never thus so coolly idly stand apart
If such suffering *our* eyes should see!
Yet, oh, pause, and look around, nor harshly judge
them so,

For thou, too, art on the way which leads to Jericho.
'Tis the world's well-beaten highway, which we all
must pass,

Full of dangers and with snares beset;
Many every day are falling, yet how few, alas,
Recognize they really owe a debt
To these weaker ones less favored, wounded in the
strife,
Now discouraged, fainting, fallen,—scarce a hold
on life!

Yet, among Judea's mountains, where this traveler
lay,

One there was who stayed his wants to tend;
One, a good Samaritan, who, looking not for pay,
Proved himself indeed the stranger's friend.
Hear the echo still resounding all the ages through,
Of the Master's blest commandment: "Go, and like-
wise do!"

Oh, this road to Jericho! how many cruel scenes
Could its stones, if but alive, relate,—
Of the griefs, and groans, and heart-aches, and the
"might-have-beens,"

Or of help which came, perchance, too late!
And the list is ever growing, for each closing day
Sees new wrecks of human lives bestrewn upon the
way.

Look around thee and behold them! Even at thy
door
Thou wilt find the signal of distress;

Yet not they alone are needy who for help implore,
But the weary, whom a smile would bless.

Dost thou, like the Priest and Levite, coldly pass
them by,
Seeing not earth's many sad ones, heeding not their
sigh?

All alike have need of mercy and a patient Guide,
Else not one could ever make the goal;
Robbed of joy, or friends, or virtue, wounded, sore-
ly tried,—

Lo, full nigh thee gropes some fainting soul!
All alike are fellow travelers; why should those
who're strong
Shun the one who's made a misstep,—taken by-paths
wrong?

Canst *thou* not some burden lighten, make some heart
rejoice,

On this rocky road to Jericho?
Thou wilt then some day with gladness hear the
Master's voice

Saying in His accents sweet and low:
"Inasmuch as these My loved ones have been helped
by thee,
Lo, I count it thou hast done it even unto Me."

STARVING A WIDOW.

DR. LUCINDA MARSH.

Hinsdale, Ill.

One day while in India a servant came to
me for permission to go to see a dying rela-
tive. I offered to accompany her. Following
along through a dark, narrow street crowded
with filthy, half dressed men and women and
naked children, we came to a stairway leading
up to a dozen or more low, dingy rooms.
These we ascended, followed by the motley
crowd of natives just mentioned, all curious

to see what the foreign "Missababa" was going to do.

One after another knelt and kissed my feet to show their respect. I was led down a narrow back hall to a small room about eight feet square, the only means of ventilation being the door through which we entered. Its walls were covered with smoke, as it must serve not only as bedroom for half a dozen or more but also for general living room, reception room and kitchen as well.

No chimneys are used, the smoke escaping through the door if it finds itself cramped for room within. Here on the hard cement floor, without even a mattress, we found the poor, sick woman covered only by a few filthy rags.

I stooped to examine her and never in my life have I witnessed such a sight. It seemed to me that nothing but skin covered her poor bones and through the sunken abdomen every prominence of the backbone could easily be outlined.

I found her temperature subnormal and her pulse weak and irregular. I hastened to ask what nourishment she was having, and this was the answer, "None, Doctor Missahib." "None!" I exclaimed; "Why none?" "Oh, no one to give her food since she is too sick to get it herself." "No one, out of all these people?" eagerly I inquired. "Nay, Dr. Missahib, she widow, childless widow, we no touch her. Gods be angry, she die."

THREE MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD.

"How long has she been without food?" I asked. "About three months," came the answer. I gave her a little stimulation and sent for some milk. This I urged her to take, but she turned her head away and mumbled something in Hindustan. "What does she say?" I asked of the interpreter by my side. "She say, she no want it," was the answer. "But tell her," said I, "that she must take it or she will die. Tell her I want to save her life."

She turned her face toward me and for a moment a look of gratitude swept over it; then despair took its place and, mumbling something, she turned it from me again.

"What does she say?" I asked. "She say she no want to live—she widow, childless widow, no one care for her."

If ever I felt my utter helplessness, it was

at this time. I prayed earnestly and talked gently to her of One who does care.

Finally I succeeded in getting her to take all the nourishment I thought best for her to take at one time, and then I appealed to the motley crowd about me to help me get her to the hospital not far away where she could have proper attention and care.

"Bring a board," I said, "and four coolies to carry her." "Nay," said the interpreter, "She widow, childless widow. If she die in coolies' hands, coolies lose caste." "Then," said I, "bring a carriage, I will take her myself."

One man went out, but soon returned saying the "garry walla" (carriage driver), would not take her now—"Wait a few days until she was better, then he take her." I entreated, but all in vain, for well I knew that if she were better in a few days there would be no necessity for taking her to a hospital.

In desperation I appealed to them again to help me save her life, and asked, "Is there no one who will give her nourishment and medicine for me, as I direct"?

Finally, after some jabbering among themselves, one woman came forward who was said to be her sister-in-law. She promised to carry out my orders and so I departed.

DEATH PREFERABLE TO SUCH A LIFE.

The next day I called again, but found my orders had not been carried out because the poor woman did not wish the food. Her limbs were cold and her pulse very weak and irregular. I gave her stimulation and nourishment, and after securing a promise from her sister to carry out my directions whether or no, I again departed with the promise to call again in the afternoon.

In a few hours my servant called and told me the woman was dead. I could not but thank God that she was relieved of her miserable life on earth, without comfort, without joy or satisfaction, with only misery and contempt and neglect. But I thought of the two million child widows of India, who have never known what it is to be a mother, and wondered if they are all to pass through this or even a worse experience.

I thought of all the tortures and abuses heaped upon these poor innocent, miserable creatures during their entire lifetime, until

death, even though caused by neglect, seems a kindness.

ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH HIM?

There is One, once a Prince of Heaven, who gave up all the glory and honor and happiness bestowed upon Him by His Father and took upon Him the form of man and suffered as the poorest and most hated of mankind; who finally died the cruel death on the cross, the most cursed and contemptible of deaths,—just to show His love for the oppressed and teach them what is really worth while in this world of sin and sorrow.

Before He left this world He commissioned His followers to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to *every* creature. He left with us the story of the Good Samaritan to teach us how unselfish, earnest and self-sacrificing should be our efforts in behalf of the afflicted. And now the call comes, "Lovest thou Me?—Feed My sheep."

There are those, all over the world, who are perishing for what you and I might do for them. Oh, let us not pass by on the other side, lest the time come when He shall say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

GOOD SAMARITAN WORK FOR STRUGGLING AMERICAN COLLEGES.

DR. D. K. PEARSONS,
Hinsdale, Ill.

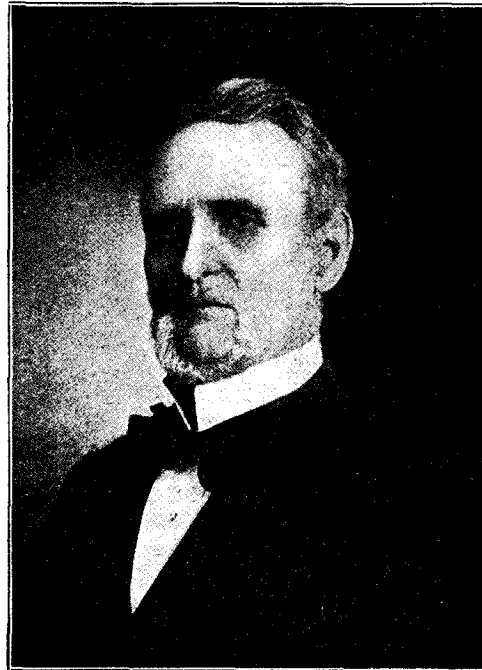
[Our neighbor, Dr. Pearsons, who has given away with a lavish hand his millions to help struggling colleges all over the land, is enjoying substantial health and strength and mental vigor at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He accounts for this, as he told us recently, from the fact that he had not dug his grave with his knife and fork. Recently we had the pleasure of hearing him give a talk in the Hinsdale Congregational church on the "Philosophy of Giving," from which we abstract the following.—Ed.]

In 1852 I came West and I went up to Janesville, Wis., to see some cousins. I went as far as Elgin by rail and then took a stage and went on. We came to Beloit and forded the river; we had to stand on the seats to keep from getting wet while crossing the river.

An old fellow got aboard the stage coach at

Beloit, and as we went by the little Beloit school building I asked what they were doing there and he laughed and said it was just some Yankee crank running a school. I shook my fist in his face and said, "Old fellow, I am going West and by and by I am going to get rich, and when I do get rich I will build up this college for Beloit and will do it up good. Remember now what I tell you, old fellow. Good-bye."

Time went on and the poor collegè was



Dr. D. K. Pearsons.

begging all over the country to get help. They had splendid men, and they were turning out splendid students. I went up there about nineteen years ago to their commencement exercises. I only knew one man in the audience, and I said, "When you get through your program I will speak." They said to the principal, "There is a man here who wants to speak." He said, "Wants to speak? What do we want of an outside man who wants to speak?"

But finally they permitted me to talk and I got up and faced that audience, a perfect stranger. I went on and told them about see-

ing them in the early days when they were first building up, and told them I would give them one hundred thousand dollars clear money if they would raise another hundred thousand. Well, I never saw people so shocked in my life. "Who is that fellow"? There I was all alone standing up there, except for my good wife who was with me and stood by me.

In six months' time they raised that money. Time went on and they were crowded for room, so I gave them a splendid dormitory.

I intended them to furnish board for \$1.50 a week,—I can board on that,—but they got extravagant and charged more.

It went along a little further and they decided to let the girls come in, and I built the finest dormitory I ever saw, and it accommodates eighty splendid girls.

Well, they were getting along well and everything prospered, so I built them a science hall,—that cost me eighty thousand dollars, but it was the best money I ever spent. So all in all I put in \$491,000 into Beloit College, and I am awfully glad I had it to put in.

My work has been to help the poor colleges. It would amuse you, it would instruct you, it would please you to look at some of the colleges in the South I have helped,—perfectly wonderful!

There is a college down there located at Guilford, N. C. It was from there that many of our prominent people in Chicago came. I get very much interested in it, and there was something very peculiar about it. When I wrote them I would send them a certain sum if they would raise the same, they sent it in no time.

They were thoroughly American and good people, and it gave me a great deal of pleasure to lift those people up. They now have got double the number of students, and not only that but it has made them all feel like being men. They are now making their college a universal college for all that part of North Carolina.

I have been very much interested in Berea College, Kentucky. I went down there ten years ago and was never more interested in my life. The people all around there are poor, very poor—mountain whites. I was a mountain white and although I lived in the Green

Mountains in Vermont, I was just as poor as they.

After building them some buildings—and I had given them two hundred thousand dollars, I feared I was going to lose that money. The school could not prosper unless it had pure water, and they had no water except what they got three miles away and that was good for nothing. They must have water or depart.

I wrote them I would give them a complete water works. I sent a man down there who examined it and said it would cost fifty thousand dollars. The pipe would be five miles long. They went to work with great energy, they worked hard, they worked to build the water works, and the fifty thousand dollars paid for them complete, so there was not a cent left.

Now that was a good thing to do. They had fourteen cases of typhoid fever from drinking impure water, and wrote to me. There was no other way than to get drinking water from the mountains; so they went to work and brought the water from the mountains from living, flowing springs—the best water works in the world. And they have not had a case of typhoid fever there since, and now they have one of the nicest colleges in the country.

Oh, it is grand and inspiring to look at those young men and women from poor log houses in the mountains, poverty-stricken at home, but with courage; oh, they are noble men and women, the best specimens of mankind you can find today—three millions of them! I wanted to do something for them and I have not got through doing for them yet. It is the best place to use money in the world, and I will tell you why: They have the *true* American spirit, and they are educating their children in the right spirit.

I have helped forty-three schools and colleges in twenty-eight different States. It is a wonderful subject, it is marvelous; you have no conception of it unless you have gone into it thoroughly.

The finest thing I have done is for Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington. I commenced really when they had not a penny and were mortgaged for fourteen thousand dollars for the building. The fellow must have been

a fool to put that mortgage on them but he did. And there they were, stranded. They were drifting, drifting down to destruction.

I wrote I would give them fifty thousand dollars if they would raise that too, and I never got an answer. I waited a little while for something to turn up. Finally a man threw himself into a chair in my office, saying, "I am Mr. Penrose, president of Whitman College," and said, "You say you will do so much if we will do so much? We never can do it—raise so much! We are too poor." By the way, he was a smart fellow. I said, "Young man, what are you *made for*? You were made for just such service as that, and you have got to go into it. Here I will write a check for fourteen thousand dollars, and you pay that mortgage, for a start."

Penrose went home. He paid that debt off that mortgage and today they have a half million endowments, and I built them the best college building in the northwest; and now they have struck for a million dollars endowment, and they are going to find it, too.

That means a great deal for those people out there. That is a new country. It is a wonderful country.

Now, I say to you, and you will think I am a funny kind of man, "*Give away your money!*" What do I want of it, only to get me enough to eat and drink? That is enough; I do not want to carry anything away. I want to leave my money to do *good* in the world, and I know where to do it, too, and no one can stop me.

There are some very wonderful things a man can do with money. It is perfectly astonishing to look and see the things money has done in South Carolina. I could tell you such stories about educational institutions in South and North Carolina as would touch your hearts. It is wonderful.

DID NOT KNOW HE WAS WELL OFF.

A prisoner in Dannemora, N. Y., writes:

"I receive your magazine that you have been sending me and I only wish it was published every day, as it is a great comfort to me. A man never knows he is well off until he is brought to a halt in his dishonest life, until he is brought face to face with the law; and then he generally puts the blame on others when he himself is to blame. Hereafter I will

walk the straight path and let those who wish to walk the crooked paths do so.

"I had a good position before I was sent to prison, but was too weak to fight the devil; but I shall conquer this time and not give up.

"I enjoy reading religious papers now. Two years ago you could not get me to look at, let alone read, a religious paper. But I can say now, though in prison, I am a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and shall let Him guide my footsteps for the rest of my life. I hope to meet you and the other people who are trying to save sinners, on that beautiful shore."

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A GOOD SAMARITAN TO THE LONELY FISHERMEN.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Nearly all of our readers must have heard of Dr. Grenfell, who for years was the only physician for six hundred miles along the bleak, lonely coast of Labrador. What could possibly have induced this brilliant man, who was assistant to the Queen of England's physician, to fling his life away among those ignorant, uncouth deep-sea fishermen and the half civilized Eskimos?

About two years ago he visited Chicago and spoke nine times to crowded houses in less than four days. He then told us that when he was an ambitious, worldly minded young doctor, not appreciating there was anything in life except eating, drinking, the theater, football and athletics, he happened to go by Mr. Moody's tent. Out of curiosity he stopped.

He came away feeling that Moody had something that was worth having, and also with the thought that his own life was unpractical and useless. With it came a conviction that his religion had been a humbug. He made up his mind to take Jesus Christ by simple faith to help him to do good in the world.

He learned of that most inhospitable part of the earth with brief summers, intense and long, drawn-out winters of terrible cold and fierce storms, and he decided to bestow his life in this, the most needy place he could find and there commend Christ to the fishermen.

We have not time in this article to tell of the co-operative stores that he started, the mills that he built to furnish employment in winter when there was no fish, the hospitals that he

has founded up and down the coast, the orphan asylum, the schools that he has established, the breaking up of the iron rule of the grasping trader, the banishing of the curse of the saloon power and many other things that he did even, too numerous to mention.

In other words, he tried to preach the Gospel to these folks as he would like to have it preached to him if he had been in their place. He tried to do just what he thought Christ would do if He had been there.

Today every fisherman, every woman and child on that bleak coast know him. They have his name constantly on their lips, and he did it all just to *commend Christ*.

Perhaps a fisherman's wife is dying two hundred miles away: the poor, despairing husband starts out over mountain and valley to call Grenfell. No matter what time of day or night, he merely hitches up his dog team and starts out.

News has just reached civilization of the most thrilling experience of his life while on one of these errands of mercy:

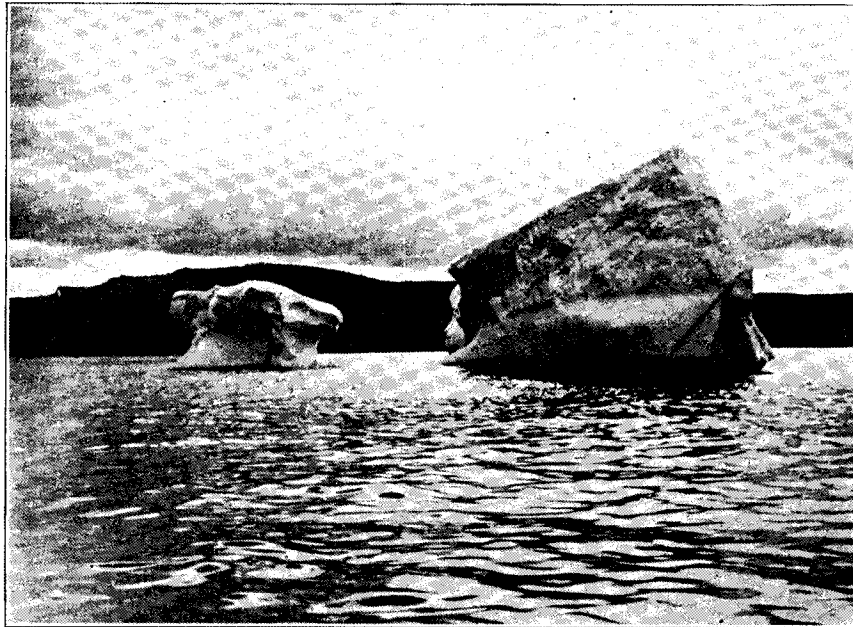
"He was traveling over the ice with a pack of dogs, when he found himself driven off the coast by a moving ice field. Before he

realized it he was in an area covered only with broken drift ice, and before he could stop the dogs the animals had carried him into the water. The dogs attempted to climb on Dr. Grenfell's back, and he was obliged to fight them before he was able to climb onto a solid piece of drift ice. The dogs also succeeded in saving themselves.

"With the wind blowing a gale from the northwest, the temperature ten below zero, and night at hand, the doctor would have been frozen to death, for his clothing was saturated, but for the originality and ingenuity he displayed. Taking off his skin boots, he cut them in halves and placed the pieces over his back and chest to shield those parts of his body from the blast.

"As the wind and cold increased when night came on, he determined to kill three of the dogs to afford him more warmth and to supply the other beasts with food, fearing that, becoming hungry, they would tear him to pieces.

"As it was they attacked him savagely and he was bitten terribly about the hands and legs. He spent a trying night. He wrapped himself up in the skins of the dead dogs but



Springtime off the Labrador Coast, showing the immense mountains of ice.

still found it so cold that he repeatedly had to run about the ice to keep up the circulation of the blood.

"Hoping that next day he would be in sight of land, though the ice was fast receding from the shore, the doctor took the legs of the dead dogs and, binding them together, made a pole, to the top of which he attached part of his shirt, to serve as a signal, and this eventually proved to be his salvation, for the flag was seen by General Reid, and they effected a rescue."

Paul gives an explanation for such a life: "For the love of Christ constraineth us." Human love, which we have in common with the brute creation, merely looks after *me and mine*. And some are so destitute of natural affection that they do not even do that. But this Divine love is a heavenly plant. You can't originate it by yourself any more than you can develop a case of smallpox, but you can catch it just as you can smallpox, and after you have caught it it is wonderful how others can catch it from you.

Dear reader, are you going about destitute of that love? You are missing the sweetest thing in life, for you are not getting by any manner of means all that is coming to you even in this life. Pray God that you may have His love shed abroad in your heart. (Rom. 5: 5.)

A PASTOR'S PROFITABLE EXPERIENCE.

A well-known pastor while under our professional care recently told us an interesting experience which we pass on to our readers. We wonder why there are not more people who pay a tenth of their income to the Lord. It is His plan and it cannot be improved upon. Read Malachi 3:10, 11, and see if the Lord will not pour you out a blessing.

"From early childhood my mother taught me to give one-tenth of my income to the Lord. This I have observed to the present time, and I have found many precious blessings in following the teachings of my mother.

"Last year I had saved up a little money with which to take a vacation. One day a stranger called at my study and told me of the sad condition of her sister, who had married a worthless man. She was about to bring a new life into the world and was absolutely destitute of food for herself, nor had one

particle of preparation been made for the little newcomer.

"My visitor said that she herself had just lost her husband and was without means. Upon inquiry she said that about twenty-five dollars would be needed for the emergency. I thought and prayed and was impressed that they were more in need of the money than I was of the vacation, so I gave the sick woman a check for twenty-five dollars.

"Some days afterwards I was invited to come out and see the baby and mother, and when I saw the expression of gratitude on the mother's face I felt more than repaid for the little I had done.

"Upon reaching home I found a letter from a wealthy lady in the neighborhood, rich in the grace of God and full of good deeds,—not a member of my own church—who had heard that I was about to take a vacation and enclosed a kindly note accompanied by two hundred and fifty dollars, just ten times the amount I had contributed for the mother and baby.

"This is but one of many similar experiences. It always pays to lend to the Lord."

MAKE THE BIBLE YOUR DAILY SPIRITUAL FOOD.

HOWARD A. KELLY, M. D.,
Baltimore, Md.

[We are assured that all will read with deep interest this helpful article by Dr. Howard Kelly, well known as one of the world's foremost surgeons and the distinguished professor in the Johns Hopkins University. May the Lord help each of our readers to receive for themselves this benefit and blessing from the Word of God.—Ed.]

The spirit of a man has its food just like the body, and even as we can starve the body until it grows lean, emaciated and powerless, so we can starve our spirits until there appears to be no more real life left within.

You come up to such a spirit-starved man and you knock at the door and get for an answer "not at home"; but somewhere crouching down in a dark, dusty corner, clothed in a few scanty rags, the forlorn, starved spirit is hiding.

Now what is the proper food of the spirit? I was going to say we know well enough how to feed and take care of our bodies; but no, I even have to take that back,—we don't know

at all. We spend over a billion dollars a year in deadly, soul-destroying liquors, and suffer in our community men who manufacture or dispense these liquor poisons. But that is another question. The proper food of the spirit is God's word contained in the Bible, and I never yet met a strong Christian who did not love and use it day by day.

Of this Bible God has said by His prophet Isaiah, My word "shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Chapter 55.)

The Jews of old knew well that the Word of God was their very life, for every Jewish child for centuries past has had to learn these remarkable words from Deuteronomy, chapter 6, "Hear, O Israel: Jehovah our God is Jehovah: and thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thine heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."

The orthodox Jew to this day keeps a part of this command in a very literal way by having these words written in Hebrew on a bit of parchment and enclosed in a glass or a tin tube tacked up at the side of the doorpost of his house.

If anyone wants to know what men thought of God's Word in David's time, about a thousand years before Christ, let him read the Word (Psalm 119) and note carefully all the writer says about law, testimony, judgment, commandment, statute.

If truly Christians, how much more reason have we to cry out (Ps. 119: 97):

"Oh how love I thy law,

It is my meditation all the day."

The writer says (verse 89):

"For ever, O Jehovah,

Thy word is settled in heaven."

And with this declaration it is easy to turn to the New Testament where we learn that Christ

is the living Word, for "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." John 1: 14.

Christ is the word of God; if God speaks to man, it is through Christ. If God reasons with man and calls to him to quit his sins, it is because Christ has come and died for sin and sinners.

God's logic is Christ. What law will the Judge use, what statute books will He open when He demands of me an account of my stewardship in this life? Christ is His law and His logic. What have I done with Him?

Let me then open my Bible from Genesis to Revelation and seek for Christ on every page. Paul shows us the way to use the Bible when he finds God's great promise and prophecy of the coming of Christ in Genesis 1: 3: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light," of which Paul says: God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. 4: 6.

It may be puzzling at first to note the way apostles and writers in the Gospels and the Epistles quote old Testament Scripture. But it is not so when we discover that Christ is their theme whether we are considering the history of the Jews, or the types or the prophecies.

So then, if we feed on God's Word, it is because it is His means of revealing the strength to be gained through Christ. Apart from Him we have no Bible and are of all men most miserable, but in Him we have all things.

I HAD TO LOVE THEM.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Years ago I was in Bellevue hospital studying medicine, spending some of my spare evenings in mission work. My heart ached for the poor street urchins in whom no one seemed especially interested, and I asked permission of the superintendent of the mission to let me have the mission Sunday afternoon to try to put something into the lives of those children.

In they came—those dirty, ragged, undisciplined street Arabs. I told them about a



"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!"

The boy is doubly blessed who has not only the blessing of all nature at his command, but also kind parents who *really* love him. The average street Arab possesses neither.

God of love who like as a father pities his children, pitied them (Ps. 103:13); but it made absolutely no impression on them. On the contrary, I thought they resented it.

I soon discovered that most of these children had drunken, brutal parents who kicked and cuffed them and mistreated them, and they did not want to hear anything about a God in heaven who would treat them the same way.

The thought came to me, *I myself must love* these youngsters. It was easy to feel *sorry* for them, but to love a dirty, rough street urchin whose hair was full of vermin—how could I do it? I asked God to put His love into my heart for them and He answered my prayer, and then I found it was unnecessary for me to advertise that fact to them. The language of love is universal. If you feel kindly toward even a dog he will wag his tail and give you a look of recognition.

Then I could tell them there was a God in heaven who felt towards them just as I did, only infinitely more. I will never forget the last meeting we had together, when I was to leave the city, and some of these children said with tears in their eyes, "Who will love us now when you are gone?"

One of the sweetest experiences of my life was when I knelt down with those children in that parting meeting and committed them to the Father of the fatherless, to that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

At that moment I rededicated my life to God and asked Him never to permit me to be a loveless being. I believe some day when my feet shall have the privilege of treading the streets of gold I shall have with me some of those children as fruits of that labor of love.

SOME OF MY PRISON EXPERIENCES.

REV. N. KINGSBURY.

Santa Ana, Cal.

One Sunday morning while visiting one of our large penal institutions, I was requested by the superintendent of the Prison Sunday School to teach the graduating class. To explain a bit—the graduating class was made up of those prisoners who were to be set free during the current week. I was interested and said yes. On being introduced to those I was

to teach, I found myself face to face with eight men, each clad in the prison garb, stripes. Being a young man not quite out of my teens, what I saw and heard made a lasting impression upon my mind.

Here before me were eight men ranging from twenty to seventy-five years of age. All of these individuals were more or less teachable save one, the youngest—he was morose, sullen and unresponsive. The eldest of these men was the one in whom my interest centered most strongly; certainly, I was interested in all, but this old man who had come up well nigh to the four score milestone was a most interesting person.

His was a touching story. He told me how while a young man he had lived happily for a number of years with the young woman whom he had married, how children came to brighten the home, how by and by at some social gathering a glass of ruby wine was taken, then another and another until the awful appetite for the drink had captured and made a bond-slave of him.

One morning he awoke in a prison cell and wondered where he was, how he came there and why he was there. By and by an officer came around and in answer to his queries he was told that while full of whiskey he went home and in his wild delirium killed his beloved wife and mother of his children.

Alas, alas, the bitter agony in that man's face, the flood of tears that streamed down his cheeks and dropped from his long white beard. Ah, the memory of that scene will live as long as I live.

The tale began with the wine glass at that fashionable party, pleasant home, select society, friendly invitation to take a social drink—now the tale runs on through to the drink shop, the licensed saloon, the State commissioned servant, the devilish whiskey, its riotous fires, hardening heart, firing the brain, whetting the murderous blade, sapping the life blood of the love of his life, wife, mother, motherless children—the prison cell, a life sentence, and twenty-five years had been spent in that penal home.

The man had been converted soon after his incarceration, had done so well, so nobly that he had been pardoned out. He said to me on that Sunday morning, "I don't want to be set

free; I prefer to spend the balance of my life here; yes, I have children, they are respectable men and women, well-to-do in life; yes, true I am their father and they will welcome me to their homes, but not one can *forget* that father took mother's life. And I, why, the thought will be hell to me!"

Oh, my dear reader, that is an awful picture, an awful experience. This man, good, kind, loving—all this, materially turned into a fiend slew his wife and did not *know* what he was doing. Who is to blame? Where rests this awful responsibility? You say, "In the whiskey, charge it up to whiskey."

What then of the man who sold the whiskey? He knew the possibilities that lay in every glass of the fiery liquid. What of the State that authorized by license this man to sell the stuff?

When the deed was done under the State's license then the State said, "Shut the man up, put him in stripes, put him to hard labor, let the eyes of the curious look upon him through the iron gratings." So, he is treated like a hyena!

By and by the Lord of glory visits him in his cell and he is "born again," becomes "a new creature in Christ Jesus," but there is no change in the prison garb! A pitiful tale, is it not? Now he is going out into the world again. Any friends out there? Not often. When most people look upon him they only think, say, "Jail-bird, look out for him!"

For God's sake, who loves men and who would "save unto the uttermost"—Reader, Preacher, Sunday School Man, Christian man, woman, help such men forget that they are "jail-birds," why, bless you, there is the making of "a son of God" in many of these men. To have angel wings is better than to remain a "jail-bird."

One says, "I've no confidence in them." Ah, yes, there is a whole big share of the trouble right there, and the man who has just come out of confinement knows it.

Get down there Preacher man, Christian man, Godly woman—it won't hurt you. Take that man by the hand and say, "Jim, I love you, Jim, Jesus loves you, Jim, I want to help you, never you mind Jim, if you have been down, you are going up now, Jim!" What will he do?

He will look in your eyes or hang his head, for he is mightily surprised just now. He is wondering where the gentle breeze came from when he expected a cyclone, a kick! A cold heartless look—a vision of the back of the head instead of a smiling face and a helping hand are not what men who have come forth from the prison cell need. What do you think about it, reader? What are you going to do about it?

HEART TO HEART WORDS TO THE PRISONER.

A few words to men in confinement and I will drop the matter until my next article: Brother, mine, you who have gone astray and are "serving time," take all the lessons you have had right home to heart. Right where you are get down upon your knees and tell Jesus Christ (every man's best friend), that you are a sinner, that you want His forgiveness.

Don't wait to get better to do this—come to Him just as you are, mistakes, crime, sin, all. Drop all at His feet. Do this in simple child-like faith. Be a Christian right now, right where you are. Ask Jesus Christ to help you every hour.

Maybe you are a "lifer"; never mind, to be a Christian will be the most helpful thing in the world. It will make shorter each hour and each day and your reward in the Kingdom of Heaven will be great. If, by and by, you are to be free to go out into the world again, go out an humble follower of Jesus Christ. Commit all your way to Him. Then no matter what comes to you, show the world that you can be, you dare be, you will be, you are a man—God's man! Do that and God will raise up friends for you, sure as you live!

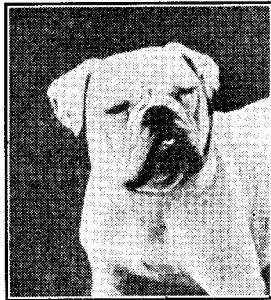
Someone says, "Oh, that is all theory." I know men and women who have had your experience, who have been right where you are now. Out in the world they are today noble men and women, respected, beloved by men and blessed of God. You can do it, man! You will do it! God bless you—I am your friend, write me; I'll not help you to rebel against those who have you in charge for the time being,—not that, I will try to help to bring about a better state of things and I'll help you to rebel against sin and the devil. I'll try to show you how to trust Jesus Christ the Victor.

CARING FOR DOGS INSTEAD OF THE POOR.

MRS. MARY E. COLLINS.
Greenwood, Miss.

[Mrs. Collins has been endeavoring to give a practical education to some of the poor children of her race. Her heart has been mightily stirred by reading the accounts of sums of money expended on famous pet dogs, and she shows in this article some sparks of the fire in her soul at the sense of this outrage as she compares it with the neglected children of her race whom she is trying to uplift.—Ed.]

I am not a writer, but I am a Christian and am trying to do something for God's cause. But when I look at the accompanying pictures



A Five-Thousand-Dollar Dog.

and read of the folly of some of these rich people and learn of the money that is spent on dumb brutes, I wonder, where is the heart of man?

The first picture shows a bull dog that is said to have sold for five thousand dollars.

The second picture shows two servants giving another valuable dog a bath, and the third shows the maid servant with him at the manicure's having his nails polished. I wonder where the heart of such people is.

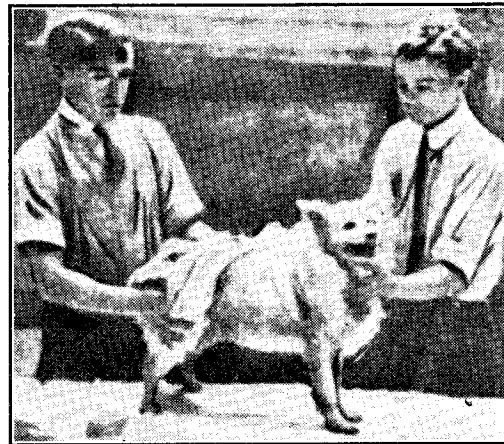
Can they not find some other useful way of spending their money than to put it on dogs? The Lord Jesus says, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor,"—I do not know of a single instance where he said a dog. God made man in His own image, "in His own likeness made He man." When dogs sit at the table and are waited on by servants, it looks very much like trying to make him a human being, which is a disgrace before God.

God has loaned you great wealth and riches and your barns are full and you have no place to put your wealth. God wants His money put to exchange and gain so he can reap a large harvest when He comes. What kind of gain would you get by paying five thousand dollars for a dog and hiring servants to wait on him?

Dear people, I hope you will not be as the

rich man spoken of in Luke 16: 19-27. If the five-thousand dollar dogs were let loose they would lick the sores of the poor that are at your gate waiting for the crumbs that may fall from your table. I pray that you may not send God's beggars away empty-handed, for God has need of those thousands that you are spending on dogs.

Dear friends, I could make better use of the money that it would take to purchase five or six of the dogs at five thousand dollars each than you can make of five million dogs like them. Six of such dogs would represent thirty thousand dollars. If this sum were entrusted to me I would purchase land and build an industrial institute for boys and girls who are too poor to go off and learn a trade and have not the means and opportunity to do so. I would also have a woodyard annexed to help support the school.



Getting a Bath.

In this country I have seen a young woman buy at a bargain counter a calico dress pattern for ten cents and then have to pay fifty cents to have it made. If more of the girls were taught to sew, cook, make butter, laundry and keep house, why, one of these girls could bring more happiness to a home than any number of dogs.

The boys could be taught carpenter work, masonry, mechanics, farming and stock raising, plastering and tinning. Would not this be better than spending the same amount of money on dogs? God has need of the thousands you



At the Manicure's.

are throwing away, to carry on His work among the poor. He says, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

Suppose we could care for fifty boys and girls each year, and teach them something useful in life and then let them go out in the world and teach others, what would return to us? Good citizens, men and women we would be proud of in days to come.

This would be putting God's money to exchange, and you would have a better report to go down on record in God's book of remembrance. Wouldn't it be better in the last day to say, "I have given my surplus money to the poor," than to say, "I have spent thousands on dogs and have given my time for their enjoyment"? Man can profit by your gifts, but dogs, never.

* Dear good friends, do not throw your surplus money away. God has need of it right here to carry on a work for His kingdom and to prepare man for better service in life. I am laboring to build a Christian industrial institute here. A few have contributed to the work and I ask you to help me in this work for the Master. No gift is too small and none too large to help to carry on the Master's work.

I pray that a few of the very rich who have money to throw away on dogs will sacrifice the price of a few dogs and give to this work to help the poor boys and girls who have so few advantages to get an industrial education.

I wish you would give this an honest consideration. When you have spent thousands

of dollars in idle pleasure, in bestowing your affections on a dog or a cat, what have you left more than a dog or a cat? If you would spend these thousands in building an industrial institution for the Mississippi negro you will have better citizens, better Christians, better farmers, better servants, better carpenters, mechanics, masons, doctors, lawyers, cooks, nurses, milliners, musicians, housekeepers, wives, mothers, husbands and sons.

To train the heart and the hands for the work of life makes the world more bright. There are many too poor to go off to school, but if such a school could be established in this State with a nice farm there is much good can be done in keeping live stock and gardening to help support the school.

ROUGH DIAMONDS I HAVE MET.

WEBSTER WYLAM.

Jerry McAuley was reared amid the most inconceivable wretchedness, squalor and vice. His relatives and companions looked at the whiskey cup as the promoter of happy days, rags were a luxury, theft, pillage and ruffianism a means to an end. As a boy, right and wrong, vice and virtue, and the never failing results—hell or heaven on earth—were never presented to his mind. He never had any schooling; even the alphabet of the English language was Greek to him.

Indeed there is hardly a man behind prison bars but has some knowledge of a mother's love and care. In his infancy father and mother died. I have heard him say: "I was loaded on the care of a drunken aunt and other relatives. From all the relations I ever knew I never received a kind word. The kisses they gave me were with the toe of their shoes. My earliest recollection of my sleeping quarters was down in the cellar, rats crawling all over me. Curses greeted me in the morning, and too often my breakfast was the leavings in the bottles of five-cent whiskey that had sent all the crowd to the floor in the small hours of the morning."

There is a phrase used nowadays that would falsely apply to Jerry—when God's saving grace laid hold on Jerry he was "down and out." I emphatically object to this statement, for no man is "down and out" until he is carried to a Godless grave.

Jerry was down, as the reader of this arti-

cle may be, but, like Jerry, you are not out. His after life proved the great truth that lying deep down in every man's personality there is a tremendous possibility of proving his future life to be the power of God unto the salvation of himself and his fellow men.

Take Jerry away from the squalor and vice and put him in a Fifth avenue mansion of luxury, refinement and moral living, and he would be just the same vicious ego. Only God's grace could save him. (Acts 4: 12.) Gilded vice is not virtue, the vice of the toughest sinner is no worse than the sleek, oily, well-groomed sinner of marble halls.

When the fashionable set would go in their carriages to see this wonderful man in the Water Street Mission, clad in furs bedecked with diamonds, he would warn them. "I want to tell you kid-gloved sinners there is just as much need for your seeking salvation as there is for the toughest sinner in New York. 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'"

Decision of character is the marked feature in the personality of this Godly man, as it is in all men who make their mark in history. He never permitted any difficulty to overcome his convictions of duty; even in the smaller details of action he was equal to the occasion.

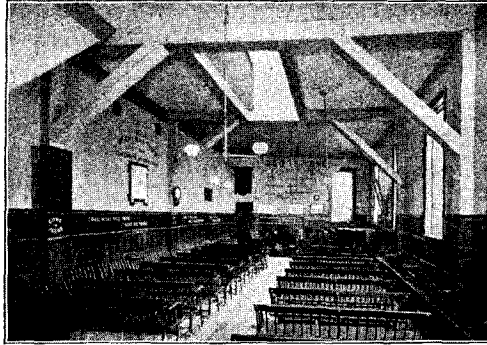
Some short time after he had started the Mission in Water street I went with the excursionists to the steamer and barge lying at the Cherry street wharf. All the friends, teachers and children of the Norfolk Alanson M. E. Sunday school wondered why the steamer was delayed. We finally learned that Jerry was at the Mission seeing that the homeless men had breakfast, and the officers of the school had requested the captain to wait a few minutes. At last the bell rang, and steamer and barge swung out to midstream on our voyage to Myers Groove, Staten Island.

Jerry stood on the dock waving his handkerchief in response to over six hundred handkerchiefs on board of the vessel, many expressions of sorrow that their friend should be left behind.

After a beautiful sail down the river to Staten Island, there stood on the landing stage a man vigorously waving his handkerchief. To every person's amazement it was our hero.

By street car, carriage and row boat he succeeded in reaching the excursionists' goal. Indeed, no difficulty ever daunted him from following his convictions of what was right.

Like all men saved by Divine grace he wanted to save the class from which God had snatched him as a brand from the burning fires of perdition. He started the mission in Water street amid clouds of difficulties. His



The Jerry McAuley Mission.

old companions made him the target of the shots of derision; the hissing words, heretic, coward and hypocrite, vile imprecations, met his ears at every corner of the fourth ward; the very police force hounded him at every step.

With a face of flint, undaunted he faced the enemy, with a hand of love he bade all welcome to the table of the Lord erected in Water street, by this man of God. In the short period of ten years his enemies became his friends, many became washed in the blood of the Saviour that redeemed our hero.

Wherever the English language is spoken the church of God has heard of the marvelous work of God wrought by the instrumentality of this three-times convicted criminal. Now Jerry started the Mission with five dollars of money in his pocket. His favorite expression in his meeting was, "It's not a bit of use preaching Christ to a man on a hungry stomach."

The pessimists came along—the same class of growlers and little faiths that pointed to the man in his prison cell exclaiming, "It's all wasted energy to try and save that man." They said, "Jerry, who will trust you with

money to carry on your work?" He would reply, "My bank is faith, God is the banker; He's rich enough to supply all our needs." Just at this critical moment Banker Rufus Harch of Wall street renown was sent to his help. No one man can ever charge Jerry with ever turning a homeless, hungry and repentant sinner away unfed and unsheltered.

He learned to read God's Word. He at times lost all patience with college-bred higher critics, and would often say: "These educated cads would reject a part of God's Word and keep the rest. If one chapter is false it's all false. No on the fence for me! I know it's true from cover to cover. If this Word said Jonah swallowed the whale I'd believe it—why not? If God made the man and whale He has power enough to make each swallow the other."

A multitude of rough diamonds no man can number, were picked out of the mud of sin; turned on the lathe of Divine grace, scintillating with the light of God's Word, they will sparkle in the crown of glory worn by Jerry McAuley, for "they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts. in that day when I make up my jewels."

To the boys behind the bars I would in conclusion say, you can follow in the same path that he trod, take an oar in THE LIFE BOAT, and help Coxswain Van Dorn of the Life Boat Mission pull to the stranded wrecks on Chicago's rocks and shoals of sin.

In my concluding article next month I will summarize his work and detail something regarding his triumphant death.

PUT ON KINDNESS.

REV. E. S. UFFORD,

Author of "Throw Out the Life Line."

Paul said this in sermon and wrote it in epistle. To the Colossians it was his text. David, filled with the mind of Christ, asked if there was any one left of the House of Saul, who once persecuted the Psalmist, that he might show him kindness for Jonathan's sake. It prepared David to interpret what God does for his children, so elegantly expressed in the 36th Psalm, "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore, the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Some one has said that if we sow a smile, we shall reap one. Not a day passes but in its golden hours opportunities are ripe for showing kindness to some one.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right—
Was that somebody you?

I often think that we are like emigrants on our journey to some land of promise. We can lift a burden for a fellow traveler. Once while I was en route on a train, I sat near a poor girl who had just landed on our shores in quest of liberty. She looked poor, but brave of heart. As the conductor approached her for her ticket she fumbled in vain to find it. She was able to speak scarcely a word of English. When he came along again she was no better off, but he gathered from her broken explanation that she had a purse containing a ticket and six dollars. Another fruitless search. I noted how patient and kind the conductor was to this lone child in the land of strangers.

At the station where she was to alight, he assisted her out to interview the agent for his relief in the affair. I rose and looked under the seat—there lay the elusive purse. Hastily I went out on the platform and gave it to the girl as the conductor stood by, much to her delight as well as my pleasure. I shall never forget the look she gave me. It was as if she had said, "Is this a sample of the land of which I have heard? Is not this the land of freedom? Then I have indeed found the blest country where they practice the golden rule."

Another day while on a street in a city I saw a Russian Jew. He had his wife and three children with him; he was looking for work. I placed a dollar in his hand, and the smile he gave me was worth it all. It was but a dollar, yet it was more than he could earn in two days in the land of the despot. He seemed to say, "I, too, have found at last God's country—a land where flowers and fruits abound, and the milk of human kindness flows. A clime where, the year through, the sun warms the valleys of plenty." And the news goes back to toiling ones beyond the sea, and they catch up the cry, "Where is this Eden which you tell us of, this land of

plenty?" And across stormy seas they come. On long voyages they journey that they may dwell among us. It may mean hardship and suffering until the home is planted.

These incidents make tender our own souls, and touch our hearts with a sort of kinship, of whom God has in view a purpose of making the whole world, some day, of one blood. We are all interdependent. Brain, hand, means and kindness are the loom in which we all are to weave, with the patient click of the shuttle, the finished product of charity. Fanny Crosby could write 3,000 lyrics. But it needed another to popularize and send them on their mission around the world. Many of her gems have been thus wedded by the winning tunes of Dr. W. H. Doane, of Cincinnati. He is a Baptist, while she is a Methodist. But gospel bells never chimed more sweetly like inspired tongues to echo forth the power of evangelism.

The cup of cold water spirit is today greatly needed. The Godly soul continually meets with incidents where he actually feels guided of God to perform some personal act to a needy one. I shall ask you to indulge me in my reference to one such case where a man had lost his situation in my city. He took to drinking to mitigate his trouble, but, of course, it only made more trouble. His wife had left him and returned to her parents in a near city. Down he went till the two weeks of his debauch had stamped as haggard a despair upon his face as ever taxed the pencil of an artist.

I saw him stagger by. Again we met and passed. It was no uncommon sight perhaps, yet on the next day, when we met again, he seemed like a man going down for the third time. I went to him, took him by the arm, led him to the city mission, where with the superintendent, we knelt in prayer as the first aid to the morally injured. He joined his voice in a fervent petition, "O Lord, help poor Tom." Then a light stole over his features, and laying his hand upon my arm, he said, "You have saved my life. I was just on my way to the drug store to buy the poison which I thought might end it all when you spoke to me." He was sweetly saved in his stay there, which was like a haven in the storm, until his wife who had heard of it, wrote him to join her, for she had secured for him a new

situation. He arrived, there was a precious reunion, and later he joined one of the city churches. How often have I thanked God that I threw out the life line to my brother that day!

Ah, well do I remember
The burden once I bore,
The weight of guilt and sorrow,
That made me "sick and sore";
The mission where I sought him,
Whose balm they said was free,
And knelt beside a godly soul,
The man who prayed for me.

And now I'm saved to serve him,
And full of faith am I,
That other fallen brothers,
I'll rescue ere they die;
I'll show them my Redeemer,
Who will their Saviour be,
And kneel beside them as one did—
The man who prayed for me.

DO YOU NEED TO MAKE A SIMILAR CONFESSION?

MRS. C. E. DE WOLF.

The question in *The Life Boat*, for November, "Have you ever had a similar experience?" led me to think of the following circumstance. I was interested in the subject of temperance and called upon a certain woman who was terribly addicted to the habit of drinking. Her husband seemed fairly intelligent and industrious. I found the woman to be rather refined and attractive. There were several children, the oldest being but nine years of age. It was an interesting family but for the drink demon.

One day the oldest child called upon me with a temperance card. That poor mother had evidently sent her daughter with the hope that I should so impress the need of temperance upon her that she would be saved from the degradation into which the mother had fallen, for that girl, a mere child, already knew the taste of liquor.

At the time I was in deep trouble myself and so wickedly self-absorbed that I seemed to an extent to have lost my enthusiasm for the temperance cause. If I remember correctly, a pencil not being at hand I simply remarked, "You can sign it yourself." I did not pray with her.

She went away with the card unsigned. I neglected to call upon her. We moved away from the town and I have never seen them since. I give the name, in the faint hope that I may hear from some member of the family.

The name is Oldfield. That this confession may be the means of helping some one to keep from neglecting a soul-saving opportunity is the wish of the writer.

DON'T MAKE A BARGAIN WHEN YOU ARE DOWN.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

In the low moments of life, when you find yourself down in the valley where the overhanging cliffs shut from your view the last gleams of the setting sun and you are left alone in the gathering gloom; in other words, in the hour of discouragement when the darkness of despair is gathering about you, do not make any bargains with the devil. It is the wrong season for bargains.

Satan is a traveling salesman who does business only in the darkness because his goods are more attractive then; but don't do business with him. You will get the worst of the bargain every time.

If you find yourself caught under the craigs of discouragement and cannot see your way out into God's great sunlight, remember the promise that sustained David of old, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," and then don't make any bargains with the devil. Follow this rule through life and it will save you many heartaches.

DONE MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE DYSPEPSIA TABLETS USED.

The following is from a life-term prisoner in the South Dakota penitentiary. We hope that every one who reads this magazine under much more favorable circumstances and with much better prospects ahead, will be receiving from its pages the same help both physically and spiritually that this man behind the bars has done:

"I consider it my duty to write to you and state that I have been very much benefited by reading *THE LIFE BOAT*. It is always welcome to my cell. It helps me so much. I have been awakened to the needs of a better life and wish help to attain it. I am here for life and greatly desire the prayers of the *Life Boat*

family. I have only been trying to lead a Christian life since commencing to read your magazine.

"I was intoxicated when I got into this trouble and never will I drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. I have been troubled with indigestion and I saw several of your articles on the mastication of food, which has done more good than all the dyspepsia tablets I ever used. I will always take the magazine. I would rather have it than all the other reading matter I receive."

GOOD SAMARITAN HEALTH WORK.

DR. KATE LINDSAY,
Boulder, Colo.

[Thirty-three years ago Dr. Kate Lindsay graduated in medicine from the University of Michigan. She was among the first lady physicians in this country. She has lived long enough to see something like seven thousand women enter the medical profession. She has lived to see great reforms brought about and has helped to introduce them. While in attendance at the recent American Medical Association meeting in Chicago she met the Hinsdale Sanitarium workers and gave them a helpful talk, from which we abstract the following.—Ed.]

The time is coming when we will no longer feed an infant as we would a man, nor feed the student as we would the vigorous worker chopping wood. Science is showing us how to adapt the food to the needs of the individual. The stomach can be either a chemical laboratory to prepare the food for the body, or it can become a distillery to produce alcohol and other poisons.

I recently saw a young baby who was made drunk from what it absorbed from its own stomach. It had eaten some apples, and then drank two glasses of milk. It had convulsions, went into a stupor, and was dead drunk for three days. The child will probably never get over the nerve storm that was induced by this intestinal intoxication.

THE GOSPEL OF FRESH AIR.

Then there is the fresh air. We may think that we have plenty of fresh air when we have the window open just the least little bit, but we who deal with consumptives know that it is not enough. Do not get it into your head that fresh air is only useful for the consumptive. It is just as essential for those

of us who are well. It is just as beneficial for us to sleep out of doors as it is for the consumptive.

I once lived among the Mohammedans, and they said that it was written down that such and such a thing *must* come to pass, and when the time came it would come anyway. Now it is not written down anywhere that we must have tuberculosis, nor even because our ancestors had it, but it is written that we will have it if we do not have plenty of good air to breathe.

The fact we live in the country is not a positive assurance that we are making the best use of these things. There is a widespread sentiment that the country is rich, increased in goods and has need of nothing, when as a matter of fact the country in many places is becoming a most desolate place.

CONSUMPTION IN THE COUNTRY.

I recently visited my old home in Wisconsin, and I was surprised to find that whole families had been swept out of existence by tuberculosis. Of one family of six members tuberculosis had carried off all but one. It was not due to intemperance. Of another family of seventeen children there were only left two. The second and third generation had been wiped out by tuberculosis. Yet none of these people ever lived in the city.

You can smother in the country for lack of air just as quickly as you can in town. Let a person be shut up in a close room with a base burner, light a kerosine lamp and merely turn it down low for during the night and tubercular germs will be successfully cultivated in that home.

This is evidence that there is a wide field in the country for the missionary nurse to go among the people and instruct them. While we work for the people of the slums let us not forget those who have been the backbone of the nation.

Let us not forget that the morals of the country children need looking after just as much as the morals of the slum children. Humanity is the same everywhere you find it. It is not one kind of humanity that develops into criminals and another kind into saints. It is only by the grace of God that any of us are what we are.

INTERESTING CASES AT THE HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Matron, Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

A little over a week ago a lady from a distant town called me up by 'phone and wanted to know if I had a girl who would like to go out and work in a private family. I told her I had one who had a baby and would not part with it; if she did not object to the baby I would send her. She said she could not take a girl with a baby.

A few days later she called and said the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," kept ringing in her ears all the time. She said she believed the Lord wanted her to take this girl and help her. This lady is a beautiful Christian character, and I believe the girl will appreciate all the kindness shown her. This one experience has strengthened my faith, and I firmly believe this is the Lord's work.

In Daniel 4: 27 Daniel tells Nebuchadnezzar to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it might be a lengthening of his tranquillity,—quietness, or peacefulness. In Prov. 21: 13 we read: "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." In Prov. 31:9 we are told to plead the cause of the poor and needy, while in the 20th verse the one is commended who "stretcheth out her hand to the poor" and "reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

I must tell you about a little seventeen-year-old mother whom I went to see the other day at one of the charity hospitals in the city. About nine months ago she left home and all her loved ones, with a young man who deceived her in every way possible. He pictured to her the attractions of a great city, and told her he could make her so happy; and she believed him.

They came to Chicago and lived in a furnished room. Nearly every day she would beg him to marry her; he would tell her to wait,—that he would some day. Just as she was about to become a mother he left her with only twenty cents.

She, broken-hearted and alone, did not know what to do. She sold everything she had that was worth selling, then she came to this char-

ity hospital where I found her the other day. In a day or two we expect to bring her out here and do all we can for her.

Reader, I believe if you could have seen her as with tears in her eyes, she said, "I hope I am not a bad girl," it would soften your heart, even though one of the most conservative. Now this poor child has no clothes, no money, and if anyone who reads this feels a burden to help her you can send the money to me and I will see that it is put to the best use possible.



The sweet-faced youngster shown above was deserted by his mother one year ago last March. He was left at the Life Boat Mission and was brought out to the Home, where he was tenderly cared for till the following July, when we adopted him into a good Christian home.

I know you will be interested in the second picture accompanying this article when I tell you the baby was brought to us in the little telescope shown in the picture. We took it into our hearts and home. It is a strong, healthy baby and we hope to find a good home for it.



The Telescope Baby.



Two New Arrivals.

These two babies are the latest arrivals in the Home. Their mothers have good positions and are caring for their babies themselves.

We believe the Lord reigns in our Home. The girls all pray and learn chapters in the Bible. We try to cultivate the Good Samaritan spirit. You know it makes us happy if we do something for the needy. We must have compassion for the one that falls by the way.

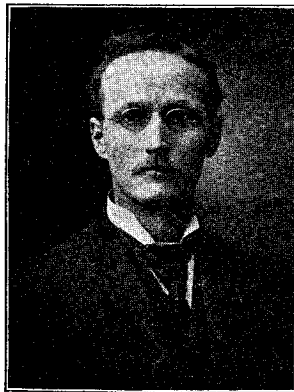
Do not forget about our new Home; our needs will be many before we get it completed and furnished. We will also need earnest, consecrated workers. Pray for us.

DEAD TO HIS MOTHER FOR TWELVE YEARS.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Supt. Life Boat Mission, 471 State street, Chicago.

A few evenings ago one of the boys came in to the service a little early. Noticing from the smile on his face that something unusual had happened, I



asked him what made him so happy. He began to laugh and said, "I got a letter from home." Then he said that twelve year ago, in an eastern city, he had left the parental roof, and from that day until a week ago his

parents had not heard from him, or he from them. As they had never found any trace of him, they thought he was dead.

The evening he left home he had one of the boys up town come to the house and borrow his grip in which he had previously packed all his earthly belongings, so that his parents did not suspect that he was going away. Little did they think it was the last time they should see him when he left the house that night.

Twelve long and weary years have rolled by; the boy has been in all the principal cities of the world and finally wandered into the Life Boat Mission in Chicago about three months ago. Over the platform in a very conspicuous place is the motto, "Write to Mother." He saw it and it pierced his heart like a dagger.

He tried to dismiss the thought, but it haunted him night and day. Every time he came to the Mission he could not help but look at it, and then his thoughts would revert back to the home and mother he had left behind and he wondered if she were still living in the old place, and a thousand other things.

Finally he went to his room and tried to write to her, but not until four o'clock in the morning was the letter really finished. In the morning it was placed in the post box on the corner and the deed was done,—a letter was on the way to mother. Then came days of anxious waiting and wondering,—"Were they alive, would they get the letter, and would they answer"?—were the questions that continually harassed his brain. In due time the letter was received and an answer penned, a copy of which is presented below, which speaks for itself:

My dear boy:

I could not believe it when the mailman brought to me a letter from the boy I love. John, I never expected to hear from you; had given you up for dead, but thank God you are not. John, you don't know what awful days I have spent since you went away. I knelt up at the window praying to God to save and keep you, and to send you home to your dear mother. Now, John, I am going to pray for you to come home as I want to see you ever so much, and I am afraid you won't have your mother so very much longer. I hope you will come home and come very soon.

Your sister Rose has been dead now for four years, and the last person she asked for was John. We used to say, "Rose, hurry up and get well, as John is coming and he wants to take you for a walk." John, keep away from drink and bad company. I will continue praying till I see you.

Now, John, answer this letter right away as I am anxious to hear from you. Your father is well and is still in the grain business doing fine. He used to tell me to stop worrying, that you were dead. Well, John, I will close this for the mailman is coming and I want to post it; so good-bye.

FROM YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

It is just such experiences that give us courage to forge ahead amidst many difficulties. We trust that our friends will not forget that this Mission is absolutely dependent upon their help to pay the rent and other running expenses. It is certainly a part of God's plan that this light house should be kept burning amidst Chicago's great darkness.

LENDING MONEY AT FOUR HUNDRED PER CENT.

Every reader of THE LIFE BOAT knows about J. Hudson Taylor who went out to China about fifty years ago and founded what has since become known the world over as the China Inland Mission, which now has something like nearly a thousand missionaries connected with it and has flourishing stations in every province of China.

But few know anything about the early experiences of this remarkable man who was so wonderfully used of God; hence we present the following interesting incidents:

From seeing the inconsistencies in the lives of some who professed to believe their Bibles he was led into skepticism. One day his mother, seventy or eighty miles away, rose from the dinner table with an intense yearning for the salvation of her boy. She went to her room and locked the door and prayed hour after hour until she felt impressed that her son had been converted.

That very afternoon he happened to pick up a tract and in reading it he was thoroughly converted. You, parents, who read this, who also have unconverted children, take new courage and fresh hope.

SACRIFICING HOME COMFORTS.

Perry, the famous Arctic region explorer, when a mere boy, used to wrap himself in a blanket and sleep out of doors in the snow, to prepare himself for the North Pole trip he expected to make later in life. In the same manner after J. Hudson Taylor was converted and felt a call for China, he began to take more exercise in the open air to improve his health. He put aside his feather bed and many other home comforts in order to prepare himself for rougher ways of life. He began to get experience in Christian work, distributing tracts and visiting the poor and sick.

THE TITHING SYSTEM AND CHRIST'S RETURN.

It was about this time that his attention was called to the importance of setting aside a part of one's possessions to the Lord's service. He was led to study the Bible on this subject and from that time on he determined to set apart for the Lord not less than one-tenth of whatever money he earned.

He also had his attention called to the second coming of Christ. The effect of this

blessed hope was a thoroughly practical one. He wrote, "It led me to look carefully through my small wardrobe to be quite sure that it contained nothing I should be sorry to give an account for should the Master come at once," and he found he had articles of clothing which could be used to better advantage by some of his poor neighbors.

He wrote that he had found it very helpful from time to time ever since to act in a similar manner,—that he has never gone through his house from basement to attic with this thing in view without receiving a great accession of joy and blessing.

With the object in view of accustoming himself to endure hardships and also economize in order to assist others, he cut his diet to mainly oatmeal and rice with occasional variations, and his experience was that the less he spent on himself and the more he gave away the fuller of happiness and blessing did his soul become.

HOW GOD REWARDED HIS FAITH.

After attending the Sunday morning service it was his custom to spend the afternoon and evening doing Gospel work in the various lodging houses in the worst part of London. At such times it almost seemed to him as if heaven were again below. On one of these errands of mercy a poor man asked him to go and see his wife, saying that she was dying and that his family was starving.

When he arrived at the room he found four or five children standing about with sunken cheeks telling the story of slow starvation. On a wretched bed lay the poor exhausted mother and by her side a tiny infant only thirty-six hours old.

Mr. Taylor's weekly allowance had not arrived and he only had one half-crown of money. He thought to himself, "If I only had two shillings instead of this half-crown how gladly should they have a part of it!"

He began to tell them that there was a kind and loving Father in heaven who would not forsake them, but something within him said, "You hypocrite, telling these unconverted people about a kind and loving Father in heaven and you yourself not prepared to *trust* Him *without* your half-crown!"

To talk further under these circumstances was impossible, but he thought he would have

no difficulty in praying with them, but scarcely had he knelt down and opened his lips to begin praying than his conscience said this, "How dare you kneel down and call God your Father with that half-crown in your pocket?"

As they rose from their knees the poor father turned to him and said, "You can see what a terrible state we are in. If you can help us, for God's sake do." Just then the words flashed into his mind, "*Give to him that asketh thee*" (Matt. 5: 42), and he put his hand in his pocket and drew out the half crown and gave to the man; and in so doing the joy all came back in full flood tide to his heart.

Not only was the poor woman's life saved but he realized that his Christian life would probably have been wrecked if he had not obeyed the strivings of God's Spirit.

When he went home that night his heart was as light as his pocket and when he knelt down at his bed he reminded the Lord of His own words, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and he asked the Lord not to let the loan be a *long* one or he would have no dinner next day.

The next morning before he had finished eating the last food that he had, the postman knocked on the door. On opening the letter which he brought he found nothing within except a sheet of blank paper, a pair of kid gloves and a half sovereign of money.

In writing of this he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! *Four hundred per cent* for twelve hours' investment! That is good interest. How glad the merchants would be if they could loan their money at such a rate!"

"I then and there determined," he said, "that the bank which could not break should have my savings or earnings as the case may be,—a determination that I have not yet learned to regret."

[We have abstracted this story from J. Hudson Taylor's marvelous, interesting book, entitled, "A Retrospect," which is furnished for only two new subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT. You should read the entire book. It will prove an inspiration to you.]

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Prov. 19:17.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

If you, who read these lines, are a girl in trouble, then please know that this is written to you. I wish I could tell you of the many girls who have been saved from absolute discouragement and even suicide by reading this little message which appears in each issue of The Life Boat. Many of these girls we have had the pleasure of meeting face to face and they have been cared for at our Suburban Home, where they have not only found a place of refuge, but have received new encouragement and a new inspiration.

Possibly you dare not tell even your own mother your trouble, and you don't know the way out. If you are anxious to find not only a "way out," but a correct and right way, and want to start life anew and forget the past, write to us and we will try to help you. All letters are kept confidential.

THE LIFE BOAT MISSIONARY FARM.

E. B. VAN DORN, SUPT.

471 State street, Chicago.

Our missionary farm near La Grange is doing a good work. Early in the spring when we began operations we helped one man who is now doing well, working in our neighborhood, earning good wages, and whose course of life seems to be changed. He is a clerical man, able to do good work when he is sober, but with the loss of family and other things he became discouraged and gave up.

A man not long before that had just come out of prison with no friends, no family to encourage him or to help him, and, of course, drifted into our place. There the Gospel was preached to him and a helping hand was offered him, and he took hold of it. He also was down on our farm for a while and now has steady employment.

We now have a boy only eighteen years of age, with no parents. When I first met him he was sleeping on the sidewalk, in dry-goods boxes and over hot-air shafts, while some of his companions kept watch that no officer came along. He has now been on the farm about four weeks, and is doing well.

We have every reason to think that this farm will become a great blessing to many a wayfaring man.

NOON HOUR AT ARMOUR'S.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Dr. Paulson was invited by the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago to give a talk to the employees of a department of Armour's in the stock yards, and it was my privilege to accompany him.

At the end of the new elevated car line, which now runs through the entire stock yards district, we met the secretary, Miss Berninger, and her assistant, Miss Kellogg. Then we immediately went to the canning department of the Armour building. On the second floor we found long tables lined with girls on either side busy at work labeling the cans. We had scarcely caught sight of them at work when the gong sounded and all hurried away for their lunch baskets. They soon seated themselves on little boxes between the tables eating their noonday meal.

Song books were passed to all of them and while they were eating we began singing, "Let a Little Sunshine In." We next sang, "Count Your Many Blessings," and by this time our audience joined in the song.

Living as these girls do in the atmosphere of the slaughter house day and night, and spending their days in one ceaseless grind, we could not help but wonder what blessings they have to count, yet they really seemed happy and were on the average healthy looking.

We soon discovered that the secretary who usually conducts these meetings had found her way to the hearts of these girls. We noticed that as she passed in and out among them with a cheery word for each they responded with a smile of appreciation, which, no doubt, to her, was worth all her efforts in their behalf.

The singing over, Dr. Paulson gave them a short talk on health. He told them he was interested in postponing funerals. He said that in nine cases out of ten we create our own sickness. He told them to chew their food well, that in doing so they would not only cut down their board bill, but also prevent a whole string of physical ills in addition. Headaches are often caused from eating too rapidly. He suggested that we go to the squirrel and "learn her ways, and be wise."

Another thing: Investigators have found that if we eat when in a bad state of mind the

food will not digest readily. If we cultivate a cheerful, happy state of mind we will get more out of digestion. When a person's digestion is on a strike then there is not much doing up in his brain. Most people who have a bad digestion have also a bad temper. God meant us all to be happy and cheerful; if we are not, we are not getting all that is coming to us in this life. God has given us the true formula for happiness: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He then told them that people who have to work indoors day after day as they were doing were extremely subject to consumption. One-fourth of all our grown-up people die of tuberculosis. None of us need to have it. Those who are compelled to work *indoors* during the day should, if possible, sleep *outdoors* at night. Tuberculosis is a house disease and the best cure for it is fresh air. Fortunately there is no air trust and no one has a "corner" on the air market, so there is no excuse for depriving ourselves of air.

At the sounding of the gong the meeting closed with a hearty applause from those present.

Miss Berninger gives a large share of her time to the betterment of the young women employees of the stock yards. She visits a different department each day in the week and holds services with them during the noon hour. She has also organized helpful clubs, sewing societies, etc., among the girls. She has a wonderful opportunity to change the current of these girls' lives into right channels. Certainly there is need for such work, as I am informed that the large majority of them spend their evenings in the nickel theaters and the dance hall.

A STRANGER WITHOUT A FRIEND.

The following letter comes to hand from the Stillwater (Minn.) State prison:

"You will think it strange of me in writing to you, for I am a stranger and in prison without a friend to write to me. I heard from a friend in here that you are always ready to help a man that is down if he is willing to lead a better life. God knows I am trying right now in here to become a better

man. I haven't anyone to correspond with me, and would like some Christian friend to write to.

"This is the first time I ever was in prison, and with God's help it will be the last. I receive your magazine from a prisoner in here every month and I like to read it; and he told me last holiday that you would be my friend if I would write to you. I hope God will bless your kind work. Wishing you many blessings, I wait patiently for your answer."

THE BLESSING IN DOING.

REUBEN FINNELL.

I am glad that I have once more gotten a chance to do some of the Good Samaritan work that we have been commissioned to do by our Lord and Master.

I want to say to all those who are longing for something—they do not know what—to take up this work at once and get the blessing that is promised us of we give a cup of cold water to the needy.

God spoke to Abraham commanding him to leave his home, and saying He would bless him and make him a blessing. The same promise is to us. If we will pass the blessing along God will give us many more.

In taking up this Good Samaritan work I have been able to use THE LIFE BOAT very successfully, as the helpful testimonies in it are mostly from those who were down and have been helped through the reading of this book and by the ministering hands of some of the workers.

I have been able to start many young people to work selling this magazine and distributing it to prisoners, which has strengthened their spiritual life and helped those who received it.

I have many peculiar experiences in encouraging people, young and old, to take up this work, and the ones who apparently would have the best excuse for not doing so are those who generally make the best success.

I recall an incident that may be helpful to those who are thinking of starting in this work.

One worker said he knew every one in the town and he knew they would make fun of him selling a little paper—the times were so hard no one would buy. Then he had the backache and had been working very hard.

All these objections were finally talked out of him, and after asking God to go before and bless him, he started out.

In three hours he had sold over sixty papers and it was almost impossible to get him to stop; yet he had an engagement.

One lady who had never sold papers or anything before, in sixty minutes sold forty-five. She simply trusted God and worked hard. No one can do this work without trusting and going ahead.

Many mothers and wives could make their homes and their lives sweeter if they would spend an hour or so a day, or two hours a week, in this good work, visiting the hospitals, giving away a few good papers, and speaking words of cheer and comfort to the sick and suffering.

By coming in contact with the suffering they would forget their own little trials and would take courage and thank God they were so wonderfully blessed. Many of our trials and troubles are imaginary, and by getting away from ourselves we will be blessed and be a great blessing to others.

Subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT and get someone else to subscribe, or sell some of them and join in the blessing.

Get right with God and get busy about His work, and the blessing will follow.

NOT ALTOGETHER FORSAKEN.

An inmate of the House of Correction, East Cambridge, Mass., writes as follows:

"Your kind letter came to hand and I can assure you I was very glad to receive it and to know that I am not altogether forsaken and despised, but that there are yet not a few good Christians left in the world who can sympathize with an erring brother, who will give him kind words of comfort and encouragement as you have done for me. I am sure if I follow your good advice and counsel, which I am striving in my weakness to do, I shall not go astray nor lose my way.

"May the Lord help me to live nearer to Him. I feel that He is helping me and that the way is growing brighter day by day. I received your magazine and the tracts and have distributed them among the boys and men. I trust they may do them good and lead them to a better life."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

HAS THIS BEEN ACTED OVER IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD?

One day Christ reared a very enduring monument to a kind-hearted man whose name we do not even know, but we do know he was one of the despised Samaritans. A traveler had been brutally attacked and robbed on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. A priest, a professed spiritual leader, went by, but he felt he had too important business on his hands to even stop and look at this poor outcast. Another supposed leader, one of the Levites, came by. He was enough interested in the poor, wounded traveler to go and look at him, but then he passed on.

Did you ever go and look into some distressed man's condition and then decide there was nothing you could do? If so, you belong to this Levite's tribe.

Presently a Samaritan came along. He was not a professed spiritual leader. He probably was not even a church member, but he had what neither the self-righteous priest nor the self-satisfied Levite possessed—he had compassion in his heart for the man in distress.

He went to the man, not merely to look at him, but to do something for him. He took the oil and wine that he was carrying along for his lunch and he poured that into the man's wound. Although he had never received any instruction in bandaging yet he tore up his handkerchief and bound up the poor man's wounds.

There was no ambulance for him to call, but he did the next best thing—he put the man on his own beast. There were no hospitals or sanitariums in those days where he could take the patient, but he did the best thing he could—he took him to an ordinary wayside inn. Although he was no trained nurse he did not feel that would excuse him, but he stayed and gave the man the best attention that he could.

The next morning he left two days' salary with the hotel keeper with the promise that if the patient's bill amounted to more he

would become personally responsible for it. Of course, he ran some risk. This stranger might have been a grafter, but when a man's heart is touched with compassion he will always risk something rather than miss a possible opportunity to help humanity.

If you have the same spirit in your heart you will do likewise even though some of your friends think that you are foolish for doing it. Will you not read the story of the Good Samaritan in Luke 10:25-37, and if you ask God to show you what that really means to you it will be a blessed thing for your community that you happened to live in it.

OFF-HAND MINISTRY.

Some years ago after giving a lecture in a Western State a young woman stepped up to me and remarked: "Something you said to me six years ago saved my soul." She then went on to explain: She was employed in the same institution that I was connected with. She had become utterly discouraged and had packed her trunk determined to leave and to abandon all Christian aspirations and ideals.

She happened to meet me at the drinking fountain, and she said that I asked her if she was in a good state of mind and if she was getting along alright and was making progress spiritually. She said she rather evaded my questions, but went back to her room strongly impressed that she ought to be interested in her own soul if there was anyone else that was. She said she got down and prayed and God changed her mind. She is now a successful Bible worker in God's vineyard.

While she told me this story I began to think of the number of similar opportunities I must have overlooked, and I asked God to enable me in the future to be always able to speak a word in season to him that is weary; and I only relate this personal experience with the prayer that it may inspire many others to watch for opportunities to win souls to the Master. There is a golden moment when a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in

pictures of silver. May you live near enough the Lord to be able to recognize that critical moment.

A HINT ABOUT SUMMER DIET.

A recent editorial in the *Chicago Record-Herald* volunteers the following sensible information, commenting on the high prices of flesh foods:

"There is a providence in prices, and high prices are sent, no doubt, to teach important lessons and bring about salutary reforms. There is no dietetic habit that needs closer watching than meat eating. That it is vastly overdone is the opinion of physicians of every school. It follows, therefore, that whenever people who are fond of meat are compelled by circumstances to eat less of it they ought not to fret about it, but, on the contrary, take advantage of the situation and improve their health."

WHY NOT FORM A GOOD SAMARITAN BAND?

Christ sent His disciples out two and two, and the children of Israel marched in companies. Wherever you see successful business accomplished you will find a group of men associated together.

Invite to your home three or four or half a dozen people whom you think will be interested in good Samaritan work. Form yourselves into a Good Samaritan league. Appoint a leader and a secretary.

There are problems of helpfulness to be solved in your community that none of you are going to do alone. If a few of you meet once or twice a month, compare notes and experiences, pray together, encourage one another with some truth you have gotten from the Scriptures or other sources, confer together, light will break in, and you will have a blessed time. If you do not believe it, try it.

If you wanted to move a large stone you might try to do it alone, then one of your neighbors might try, then a third man, and after that a fourth man—but the stone would lie there just the same. The only thing that has been accomplished is that you four men feel you have *tried* to do something. But suppose all four of you should take hold and lift at

the *same time*, then you could easily roll away the rock.

You will get some interested in this who have never seemed interested in anything else. The Good Samaritan probably did not belong to any church, but when we have become interested in the needs of others the sense of Christ's personal presence becomes very real to us. Write us some of your experiences and we will send you some of ours.

IS HE CALLING YOU?

Read the following extract from a letter recently received, and then ask yourself, "Has God ever given me a call to work for Him?" If you are a Christian, more than likely you will find that He has given you a call. If you have not responded, is it not time that you made an effort to fulfill your mission before it is too late?

"I have become very much interested in your Mission through reading *THE LIFE BOAT*. The impulse has possessed me to write you concerning the work. It may be that your Mission is the place to which God is calling me. I have felt much burdened for the hopeless and enchained individuals in our part of the country."

BRIGHT PROSPECTS AHEAD.

A prisoner in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary writes:

"I came to this place a stranger to God, but, glory to His blessed name, I shall leave it with the blessed assurance of Jesus in my heart, that I am a child of a King and heaven is my heritage.

"I am a skilled mechanic and a good, all-round printer, so that I am sure of enough work in the city of Chicago to pay my way, and I want to spend my evenings in the Life Boat Mission in labor for Christ."

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*.

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.

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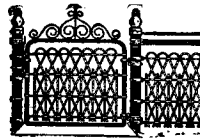
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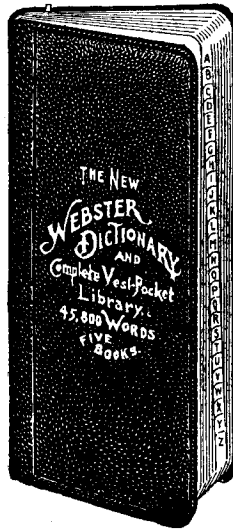
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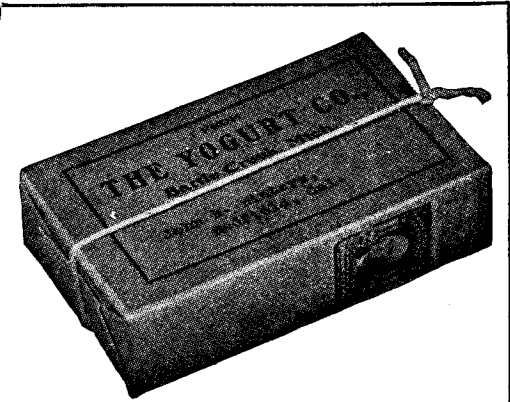
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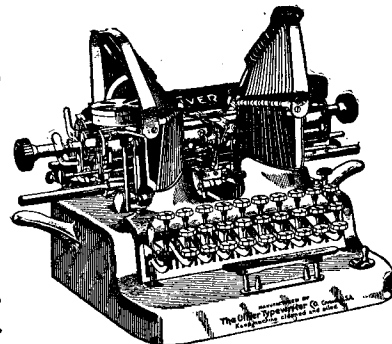
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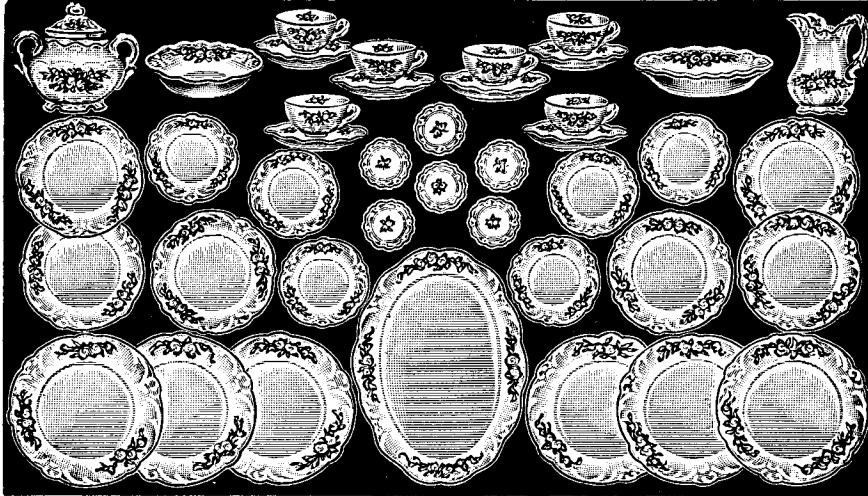
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