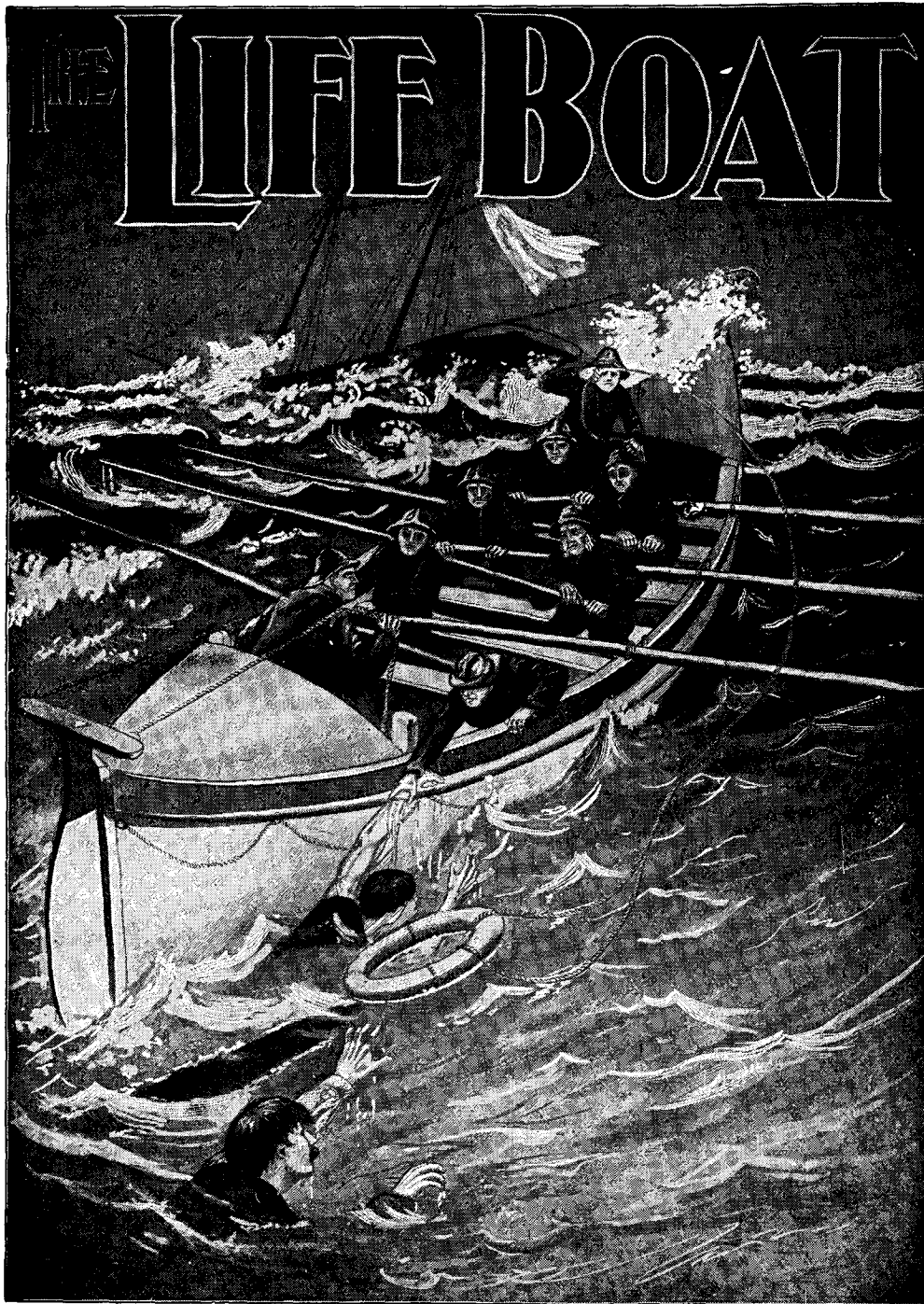


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Winsdale, Ill.

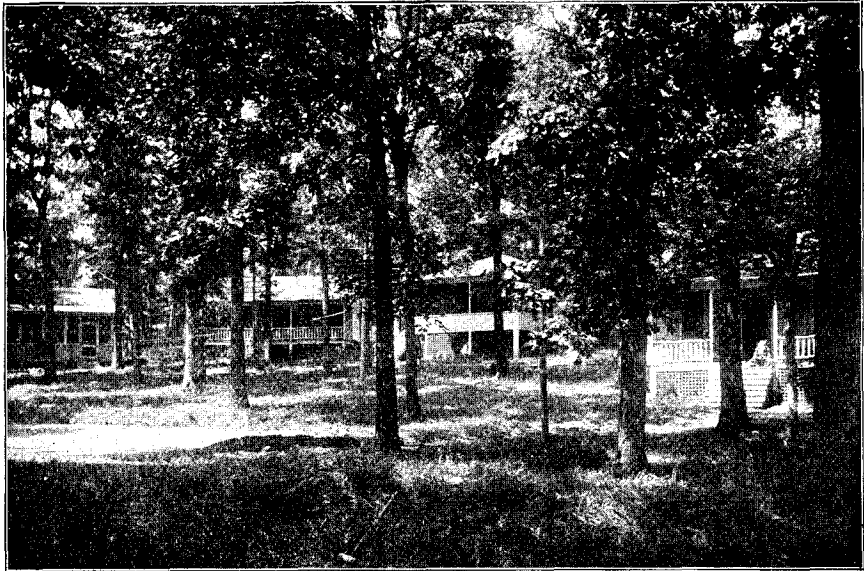
September, 1908

**"I got it in the right place"—Mackey**

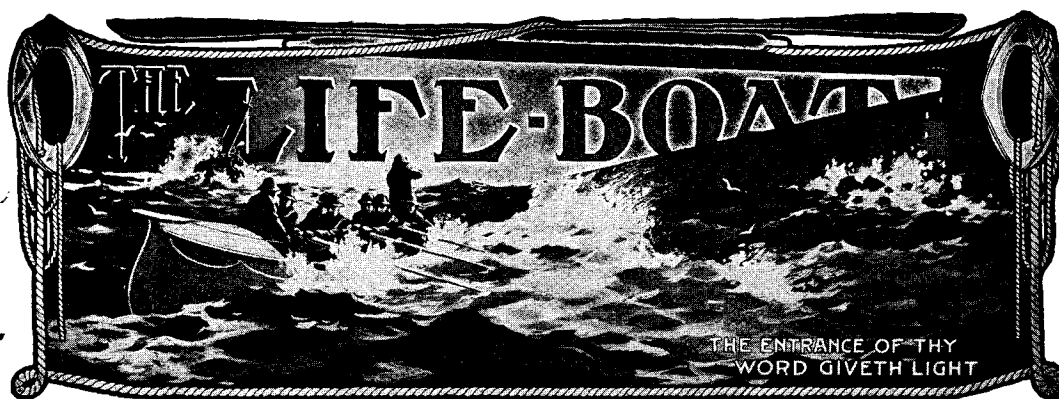
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**View Directly in Front of Workers' Dormitory, Hinsdale Sanitarium.**



**A Group of Cottages on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.**



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

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

**Volume XI**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: SEPTEMBER, 1908**

**Number 9**

**I HAVE YIELDED ALL TO HIM.**

F. S. H.,

Colorado State Penitentiary.

All the stress and bitter longing,  
All my care and earthly loss  
And the doubts that come a-thronging—  
I have brought them with my wronging,  
And have laid them at the Cross.

All the years of sin and sorrow,  
All the deeds of sinful youth  
And the hours I tried to borrow  
Of the future's coming morrow,  
I have given for the truth.

All my grief has passed to gladness,  
For the Saviour reigns within;  
Nevermore in sinful madness  
Will I wander in my sadness  
Down in paths of death and sin.

**"I GOT IT IN THE RIGHT PLACE."**

TOM MACKEY,

214 North Sawyer Ave., Chicago.

[Mr. Mackey was years ago a bareback rider in Dan Rice's circus. He afterwards became a pugilist, a saloon keeper, a prisoner, a drunkard, and almost everything else that goes with that kind of life.

Fourteen years ago he was converted. Like Paul, the Lord made him an apostle to the outcast. He has established more than a dozen missions. It was he who preached the Gospel in mighty power at the Buffalo exposition and on the streets of St. Louis at the Columbian exposition, and since then has

conducted extensive evangelistic campaigns in various cities.

A few nights ago he spoke in the Pacific Garden mission, from a report of which we abstract the following, which we know will be read with interest by all of our readers.—Ed.]

January 4, 1894, I was a poor lost sheep. You remember "The Toledo," one of the old dives on the other street? Well, that night I went in there and got my last drink. Then I went to the drug store and bought five cents' worth of poison with my last nickel, to destroy my life.

Mrs. Mackey and I had been out in front of an old dive of hell over there and had had some hard words between us and I tried to kill her with an axe, but, thank God, He saved me from my bloody intent.

I was anchored down here in the city and she was out in a poor, miserable home running a sewing machine to support herself and little girl. I really had no home, had driven away my wife, had lost my reputation and was fast losing my soul. Once Mrs. Mackey took me to a man who examined me and he said there was nothing to be done for me; I was a degenerate and there was nothing for me but the pit.

Mrs. Mackey never ought to have married a man like I was. Young women that will leave Christian homes and link up with unbelievers—God pity them! But when I got

in prison Mrs. Mackey came to the prison door and held out her hand and said, "Tom, try again." But I had lost my power, my manhood, I lost everything, and on that night I was on my way to go and commit suicide.

While going by this mission I met a man who *knave* what I wanted. He was not the kind of man who had an ambition to stand on the platform and preach, for, thank God, he was a *worker*. I was about three-fourths gone; I had all the liquor I could get. As I stumbled along the street I met him, and he said, "You don't need whiskey, you need *Jesus*." He was a fisher of men. He got me to come in and I sat down in my rags and filth and heard the Gospel. The preacher did not say it was whiskey that was the matter with me, he did not say it was tobacco, he did not say it was gambling, he did not say it was stealing—not any of those things at all, but he said it was SIN.

I got what was coming to me that night. I am so glad I got it and I got it in the right place, too. I did not get it in the head, I had *no* head to get it in, but I got it in my heart. That evening I began to cry for the first time, the tears came down my cheeks. I was sorry, oh, how sorry I was!

I shall never forget that night when a man stepped out here on this platform and said, "You men that want to be

saved raise your hands," and I raised my hand up and my ragged coat sleeve fell down. I didn't know anything about the other fellows. I came forward and knelt down here by the organ. I was a poor, ignorant fellow who did



Kodak view of Tom Mackey standing by one of nature's freak formations—two trees grown together several feet from the ground.

not know how to read letters. I came to this place and He did not cast me out. Oh, how many times I have come here to this spot since then!

That night after I had that little prayer down there by the organ I was still so intoxicated that I got up and tipped the man over on the platform who was praying, but he just kept right on praying. I sometimes wonder why they did not put me out, but one of the workers kept talking to me about salvation.

I sat down and thought, now Mrs. Mackey must have been down here today and told that fellow about me. I'll get him out of doors and I will lay it on *him* good. My, my, he laid it on *me* and everything he said was true. I got it good and plenty.

I started on a missionary journey that night. I went home and said to Mrs. Mackey, "By the help of God and the words of this Book I am going to be a better man," and then Mrs. Mackey said, "Tom, let us pray." That was the first convert I got, but I did not stop there. I bless God I was able to pray sincerely that night, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

When I gave my heart to God some of my old companions who were sitting in the rear sneered and said, "That fellow is a snow bird, he wants to winter off the mission." And some converts do think when they give their hearts to God they are going to work in a bank right off. I had to saw wood and did not get but ten cents an hour, nine hours a day, that was ninety cents. We got paid every night. I took that money and got something to eat and then came to the mission.

If before my conversion some fellow had come to me and said, "Mackey, you are going to be converted in the Pacific Garden mission and then you are going to saw wood over on the West side, I never would have believed it. There was one thing I would not do—that was to saw wood.

Then I got promoted; I got a position to scrub floors in a great, tall building for twenty-five dollars a month. While I was doing that work fourteen hours a day something told me that God was going to use me. Sometimes the devil would make me think it was hard, and then the small voice would come and say, "Be quiet, son, be quiet," and then I

would see the Hand reaching down and I thanked God for salvation.

I had God's hand in mine for some time. What you want is to get your hand in God's. Some time after I was converted right out in front of this mission a fellow came along and knocked a chip off my hat and then there was trouble. I let go of God's hand in a hurry.

Now, I let God take *my* hand in *His*. I am not talking about a second work of grace, but about a continuous work of grace. One day I let go of God's hand and I said, "Now, Father, get hold of mine. I am part Irish, but get hold and never let go." He did, and He has it now.

When I was saved I did not let the Lord control my hands. He saved me from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head, but I left these two members on the outside. Brethren, if you come to Jesus you want to get "all in." ALL IN. That is the trouble with some fellows. GET IN. GET IN. That is what you want, the power to get in. You want the power to lift the man up.

I am glad God put a holy GO into me at my conversion. After a time I got a chance to open a mission. Some people said, "That fellow is crazy." It was not open long when the place was enlarged and we had to close and lock the front doors to keep the people out. Then He helped me to open other missions and since then I have had unnumbered opportunities. It is blessed to know my Saviour, not only up above, but while here below. I bless God that He walks with me and talks with me.

I want to say a word to you, young converts: God wants you to come and God wants you to do a work for Him. Don't you wait until the glory is all passed on, but just get next to some poor fellow—the sooner the better—and say to him, "In the name of Jesus Christ rise up and walk."

When Peter, James and John were going up to the prayer house and there was a poor fellow at the gate, Peter did not preach to him, but he said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." (Acts 3-6). He did not get up, he needed *power*. Peter had the power and he was not afraid to use it, and so with his

right hand he reached out and lifted him up. If every saved man and woman had the power that God wants him to have there would not be a single sinner or a harlot on the streets tonight.

#### FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The young woman spoken of in this article had at the early age of twenty-four arrived at the place where she felt life was a burden. Her misdeeds had brought trouble and sickness upon her until, as she peered into the future, she could see nothing but darkness, and to look back sent a thrill of horror through her whole being.

She lives in an Eastern city. One day while sitting in its beautiful park with a darkness in her soul so dense that she could not see the beauties of nature about her a missionary came that way with some copies of this magazine in her hand. She sat down and spoke words of cheer and hope, then went away leaving a paper for the poor, discouraged young woman to read.

That number of *THE LIFE BOAT* happened to contain the remarkable story of Sister Abram's conversion as she gave it a short time before in the Life Boat Mission on the occasion of the anniversary of her husband's conversion. When Mrs. Abrams told that story she realized that God was helping her and that He would use it in some way to His glory. Little did she dream that her testimony that night was for a poor discouraged woman nearly a thousand miles away; but God's ways are not our ways.

The story of Mrs. Abrams' experience was read with deepening interest and conviction by that disheartened girl in the park, and she said: "Surely if God can do that for Mrs. Abrams He can do it for *me*. I am going to write and ask her and tell her about my case."

In her first letter she wrote, "No one ever went so far down as I have. I have rejected my Saviour, I have sinned away my day of grace."

For five years Mrs. Abrams has corresponded with her and through her letters brought hope and cheer into the life and heart of her new-found friend. She finally married and now has a beautiful baby, but as the years

have gone by she has had an ever-increasing desire to meet face to face the woman who was used by God to lift her up out of her wretched condition.

A short time ago her dream was realized; she made a trip to Chicago and visited Sister Abrams and the other workers here whom she had learned to love through *THE LIFE BOAT*. The Christian love and fellowship which her soul desired she found, and she was happy.



Mrs. Abrams, the woman who was marvelously used by God to bring a soul from darkness into light.

Her former experience had undermined her health and a physical examination by Dr. Mary Paulson proved that she was suffering with an incurable disease which would in a very short time take her life. When told of her condition she replied that she was ready to go. While here she received a more complete glimpse of Christ's power to save. The fountain was open and she stepped in.

She went back to her home happy and rejoicing in Jesus. The letters that have been received from her since her return from which we make a few abstracts in this connection,

are evidence that she has chosen that better part which will not be taken from her.

We quote the following from a letter written to Sister Abrams shortly after her arrival home:

"I am having a hard struggle since I have been home, but the dear Lord is with me. I have had worship twice a day since I came and also on the train. It is so sweet to trust Jesus and do His will. I wish I could live with you, then life would be sweet and worth living. We talk about you at each meal,—you are our main thought."

Another letter says:

"I am having an awful struggle, but, Jesus, I'll go through with Thee, let come what will. Let the path be dark and rugged, Jesus, I'll go through with Thee."

"I am so thankful for my trip to see you. I would go ninety miles tomorrow just to see you, if I could. My trip is long to be remembered. You have done so much for me. I will never forget you as long as I live and then if we don't meet again here we will meet in our heavenly home."

"What a beautiful thought to know we shall know each other in heaven! I ask God, 'Why is it I have to suffer on and be a burden to myself and to others?' Why it is, God alone knows."

"Sink or swim, live or die, I am going to serve my Lord. Something occurred the other day that was irritating to me, but I said, 'Let us pray.' I never could have done that before. I would always get angry and say mean things, but the love of God in my heart has shown me different."

A more recent letter to Sister Abrams contained the following:

"I can't raise my head from the pillow and can hardly write so that you can read it. I really wasn't well enough to take that trip to see you but *love* conquered and I shall never regret it, for it did me a world of good. It showed me my real spiritual condition and while with you, you pointed me more fully to God. Everybody, every one, was so good and kind to me. I wish we had a few of those folks down our way. No one cares for me. I often wonder, does God care? But, yes, He cares, I know He cares. His heart is touched with my grief. When the days are weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Jesus cares."

"I know you would like to come to me and would come if you could, but I am still trusting and talk to Jesus every day and I know He hears me. Today I was looking over the sheet of music you gave me, and could almost hear Mr. Abrams sing, 'Grace Enough for Me.'"

Since beginning this article I have received the following letter from her:

"DEAR SISTER CLOUGH: \* \* \* It has been four weeks since I was taken sick. The weather is so very warm it is hard to lay in bed, but I get no better. I gain no strength whatever."

"My doctor made an examination and he, too, says I have a cancer on the liver. He can do nothing for me, but says it is only a question of time and that I cannot live very long."

"Let come what will I am ready to meet my God. I am simply trusting Jesus every day. He is my all and in all, and I find

" 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His word."

"I am so glad I ever came to Chicago. My trip did me a world of good. I met so many kind people,—everybody so willing to do for me. I do love kindness. Sister Abrams is a dear soul, I do love her dearly. I send my love to all. I must close as I am very tired."

This poor woman may be dead and buried by the time you read these lines, but the lesson to be drawn from this experience, I trust, will kindle a flame in your heart that will not be quenched until you place yourself in the furrow of the world's need and say, "Here am I, *use* me."

Mrs. Abrams has been used by God to help many others of her brothers and sisters in need and her devoted Christian life is an inspiration to any one who comes in contact with her.

It is just such incidents as this that have led me from time to time to drop my busy cares in the office and take this paper from door to door, from shop to shop, remembering the words, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11:6.

"Ye are the light of the world."

## THE GOSPEL IN FARMING.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Supt. Life Boat Mission and The Missionary Farm.

[We trust that each of our readers will receive some helpful suggestions from the principles brought to light in Mr. Van Dorn's experiences at the missionary farm. All about us are object lessons that can suggest spiritual truths to us if we will only have our eyes open to them.—Ed.]

I certainly have had some interesting experiences in connection with our work. During the month just passed, of July, we have had 1,020 at the Mission, 268 testimonies, 95 requests for prayer, and individuals assisted 151; and so, with all the other work, we have had on our hands I feel something has been accomplished during the last month.

The missionary farm is an opportunity for men to make a choice. It is a good place,—plenty of fresh air, opportunity to work, wholesome things to eat, yet some men are more willing to sacrifice all for something to tickle their appetites.

There are every day some practical things to be done there: poultry to look after, fruit trees to tend to, and we have been endeavoring to teach these spiritual lessons from the practical things of life.

When we went there the poultry had not been cared for properly and vermin had gotten in there and it had not taken long for them to begin to run down; so the first thing I did was to take out the inside of the poultry place, as the poultry were dropping dead. I said to the men, Just as these vermin have taken hold of the poultry, so *your* sins have

been sapping your life blood away, and you say it is a dispensation of Providence and lay it up to God. And as we must keep this place clean so you have got to put these things away from your lives. That is the way I have been endeavoring to instruct these men.

In the orchard we found the caterpillars had covered some of the limbs and there were hundreds and hundreds of these just ready to break out in new life and spread their work all over the orchard. We took a torch and consumed them, and another lesson was drawn: We must let God's Spirit come into our lives and consume the dross that we may live and not die.

In the field we are trying to raise corn and other things, but the various thistles come up to crowd them out. And so things come up in our lives to choke out that which is right and these things will destroy us. Just as these things are working against the fruits and grains so these others are working against the soul.

There is another thought in the preparation of the soil. The seed must be put in at the right time and then the cultivating must be done at the right time; when these things are neglected the weeds get the start; so it is in our life. In the spring time the ground must be plowed and then the proper kind of seed put into the ground.

So in this way from time to time we endeavor to teach the men the practical side of the Christian experience. We are to weed these things out for a place for good things,



Mr. Van Dorn and his flock of chickens on the Mission farm.



—cultivate corn, grains, and in cultivating that you get rid of the evil.

We have a pump on the farm that is not in very good shape: we have to prime it. That is the way with many in their Christian experience: they have to be primed,—attend a campmeeting or revival,—before people can get anything. But in another part of the field there is a spring bubbling up. Christ said that the water He would give would be “a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” No one can come in con-



Getting Water From the Spring.

tact with such a Christian without learning some object lesson in the Christian experience.

This is the aim and object of our place. I trust that as we endeavor to instruct these men they will be constrained to do that which is lawful and right. I do not even feel discouraged about those men who go away from us without being helped or saved; they cannot forget these lessons.

They may forget God and all we have done for them for a while, but there will come a day when it will all come back to them. And in the great gathering day I

believe many will come up to us and thank us for the fertile word and for the blessing that has come into their lives from our humble efforts.

### FRIENDS AND FRIENDS.

PAULINE HANSON.

There are various kinds of friends. If you are in trouble of any sort a person who comes under the caption of “friend” at all, will perhaps merely sympathize with you; another sort of friend will tell you how sorry they are, hoping everything will shortly adjust itself and that the vexation will be out of the way, partly because it does not interest them especially, and you readily see that your burden is not a welcome one at their door; still another will feel extremely sorry for you, but when the situation requires a little of their effort, time, money or worldly goods to help you, it is lamentable to see how, like the “priest” and “Levite,” they will pass on their way.

But in your troublous times have you had the pleasure of meeting the real friend who, in sympathizing with you is, without presumption, anxious to know your need, and willingly does all in his power to help you, exerting himself, often discommoding himself greatly, and it may be, depriving himself, but it is always done cheerfully and gladly—if not anxiously—giving you that which the others’ sympathy lacked—proving himself a modern Good Samaritan?

That is the kind of friend one likes to meet—one who does something to alleviate the sorrow, who eases the sore heart or relieves the situation, whatever the need may be, whether material wants, money, concentrated thought or advice, or any aid possible which the occasion requires—such is the never-failing *friend*.

What a comfort it is when some one takes the time and pains to try and help you along your way, and what solace it is to know that some one cares to understand you!

Be that friend to those whom *you* meet in affliction, just as you would like them to be to you in similar circumstances.

Do not wait for a chance to do good service; look for it.

## SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

## WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

ASA OSCAR TAIT,  
Associate Editor *The Signs of the Times*.

Many important questions are agitating the public mind at the present time. Among these the following may be mentioned.

In 1889 Thomas G. Shearman, an attorney of New York, well-informed upon the subject, published the fact in "The Forum" that there were seventy persons in the United States who owned and controlled wealth aggregating \$2,700,000,000. He sounded a note of warning in regard to the tendency of the time toward the great concentration of wealth. His articles were commented upon extensively. They were made the subject of discussion by leaders in Congress as well as the leading editorial writers of the nation. The facts then published were considered very startling.

But while these seventy men had such a vast amount of money at that time, Mr. Moody, the great Wall Street authority in statistics given out by him on January of the present year, shows that on January 1, 1904, the big trusts of the country controlled an aggregate of \$20,379,162,511, and on January 1, 1908, just four years later, they had increased this to \$31,672,160,754.

1898 was the great year for the formation of the trusts. At the beginning of that year the amount of capital held by the trusts was not greatly in advance of what it was in 1899, when Mr. Shearman first gave out his facts. But in the six years between 1898 and 1904 the record is most significant indeed, and then in the following four years over eleven billion dollars were added to this very significant sum.

Mr. Sereno S. Pratt, editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, gives further significant facts that there are only about seventy men who control this vast amount of the nation's capital. And it could be further stated that it is a well known fact that of this seventy there are just two men who are not only in actual control of the seventy, but of the finances of the whole country at large.

The highest estimate of the aggregate wealth of the nation is \$120,000,000,000. Thus it will be seen that seventy men actually own and control one-fourth of the United States.

Right alongside of this great concentration of wealth has been a most strikingly remarkable concentration of the forces of labor, lining themselves up to battle for a part of the substances that are going into the hands of these few men.

The foregoing is a very brief statement of well-known facts and any man that you may meet anywhere in the country will readily agree with you that a conflict is on, and they will not venture to suggest what the final results may be, but two thousand years ago the sacred writer very clearly described what is now passing as an actual reality before the world. His language is the following:

"Come now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and your silver are rusted; and their rust shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out: and the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived delicately on the earth, and taken your pleasure; ye have nourished your hearts in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned, ye have killed the righteous one; he doth not resist you. Be patient, therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient over it, until it receive the early and latter rain."—James 5:1-7.

A. R. V.

You will notice that James says that these are conditions that are to exist in the last days, and we are exhorted instead of engaging in the heated conflict, to be patient until the coming of the Lord. The coming of the Lord is the great event before the world; it is the one event to fill our souls with joy, for every individual who will see in the light of current events that Jesus of Nazareth is about to return to earth again, has an anchor for the soul that will sweep aside every foreboding shadow and that will destroy every particle of grief, distress, and despair.

The prophets have also told us the meaning of the great spirit of war that is in the world. The battleship has been more than quadrupled in its destructive power during the last ten years; the cruiser is far more than quadrupled; the torpedo boat is almost six times more powerful and destructive than

ten years ago; the submarine torpedo boat that was an experiment ten years ago is now an assured success in every navy of the world.

Airships have reached the point where we can say that they are being rapidly perfected, and the prospect is that the next great war will be fought not only on the earth, but in the air, and on the sea, and under the sea. These are significant facts.

The Bible tells us what they mean. They point to the unmistakable event of the second coming of Christ. Many other things in the world are equally as striking, and they equally show that the much-to-be-desired day of the Lord's coming is right at hand. To those who refuse to prepare for His coming these may seem like dreadful forebodings, but to those who have experienced the joy of pardoned sin, and of personal experiences with the Saviour, every new token of His coming is a new source of joy and pleasure.

#### "WHAT SAD TALES THOSE WALLS COULD TELL!"

PEARL WAGGONER.

[Every Sunday morning a group of our workers conduct a Gospel service for the prisoners in the Harrison Street police station. Miss Waggoner, who attended last week's service, has expressed her impressions in the following lines. One of the young men had attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself a few hours before this service. The guard discovered him just in time to save his life. He had an opportunity to hear the Gospel of salvation from the lips of these workers.—Ed.]

The August sun with piercing heat  
Shone down upon the city street,  
The sultry air no stirring made,  
The ground seemed burning, scarce was shade,  
While passers-by with eager pace  
Were seeking for some sheltered place.

Yet lo, at last we gained one spot  
Where Solon's burning rays reached not:  
The gas-light, as it strove to illumine  
The many-cornered, stone-walled room,  
Was flickering bravely. Cheerless, bare,  
Was all our eyes distinguished there.  
The windows all were closely barred,  
The floor was cold, and damp, and hard;  
Yet stifling was th' imprisoned heat  
And foul the air we had to meet,  
As mingled with tobacco fume  
Vile, odorous stench cut the gloom.

In such a place, on such a floor  
We knelt to earnestly implore  
The blessing of th' Almighty One  
On all that should be said or done  
In meetings we were there to hold  
For wand'ers from a Saviour's fold

Within the first, long, cell-lined hall  
We found eleven souls in all.  
On bench or stony floor they lay,  
To sleep the dreary hours away,  
While others sat in blank despair,—  
And sorrow marked each young face there.  
A crowd they were of mothers' girls;  
Through iron bars the matted curls  
Of one hung out: that head once pressed  
Against some mother's loving breast  
Now pillowed was on bed of stone,—  
Scarce more than child, yet all alone!  
Oh, who will come and help to save  
These sinking ones from sin's dark wave?

Then songs of Jesus and His love  
Were wafted to the courts above  
From out that jail; while eagerly  
The inmates heard, "Salvation's free!"  
And then, the service almost o'er,  
We bent the knee to God once more,  
For eight, with trembling, upraised hand,  
Had asked the prayers of all our band.

The scene is changed: Another cell!—  
Ah, what sad tales those walls could tell  
If but alive! In this we find  
A boyish figure there confined.  
Scarce more than nineteen years have passed  
Since in the world his lot was cast,  
Since, lo, he knelt at mother's side,  
His mother's joy, his father's pride.  
His form is slim, and pale his face,—  
What does he here in such a place?  
'Twas larceny, the records read,  
Which caused him now such shame and dread,  
Yea, goaded him to such despair  
It seemed too great for him to bear,  
And so, worn out with mental strife,  
Had urged him on to take his life.  
Unconscious in his cell he hung  
Ere he was found. So frail, so young,  
Oh, were there none, in Christian land,  
To hold to him a friendly hand,  
To hold up Christ, the sinner's Friend,  
To teach this life is not the end?  
And yet, thank God, 'twas not too late  
To save him yet from such dark fate,—  
He listened to the Gospel song,  
He learned of Him who sin and wrong  
Is ever ready to forgive,  
To bid the dying, "Look, and live!"  
We had to leave,—the seed was sown,—  
Yet God remained, and He alone  
The full results of it may know  
Or cause it in those hearts to grow.  
Oh, Father, bless the word, we pray,  
Which in those cells was left that day!

And now behold one other scene  
 Where Satan's ravages have been:  
 A group of girls have gathered round  
 To hear the Gospel's joyous sound  
 While there, closed in by well-barred gate,  
 Their pending trial they await.  
 Some faces there are grave and sad,  
 While some are careless-seeming, glad,  
 And one poor child, of fifteen years,  
 Strives all in vain to hide her tears.  
 The way of sin she early tried,—  
 Alas, it had not satisfied!

Yet she was not the only one  
 To suffer by the wrong she'd done,  
 But all who bore her father's name  
 Shared equally the grief and shame.  
 Two months from home she'd been away  
 And now her brother on this day  
 Had come to see her,—in that place!  
 He sat apart with buried face,  
 His whole frame shook with anguish wild,  
 And he was sobbing as a child,  
 Yet forward leaned, with wistful gaze,  
 To see if she her hand would raise  
 With others who desired our prayer.  
 And then, with each one kneeling there,  
 Our hearts ascended where on high  
 God hears each humble, heart-felt cry.

You ask, O reader, does it pay  
 To spend one's time in such a way?  
 Nay, does it pay, we too, would ask,  
 To fail to do so sweet a task  
 As that of speaking words of hope  
 To those who now in darkness grope?  
 The world is full of souls oppressed,  
 Of weary ones who long for rest,  
 Of wand'ring ones, and sin-sick souls,  
 And others sinking in the shoals  
 Of sin and crime. Oh, will it pay,  
 Think you, upon that last great day  
 When 'fore your God you're called to stand  
 To meet Him with an empty hand?

The time is fleeting! Rise and do  
 The work the Master showeth you.  
 And let this e'er your answer be:  
 "Lord, here am I,—send me, send me!"

The call to religion is not to be better than  
 your fellows, but to be better than yourself.  
 In this world it is not what we take up,  
 but what we give up, that makes us rich.

**Why continue to use your old worn-out Bible when you can get an elegant, genuine Oxford teachers' Bible containing concordance, all the helps, and bound in French Morocco, absolutely free as a premium by merely securing eight new subscriptions or renewals to THE LIFE BOAT? Your friends will thank you for calling their attention to it.**

## NATURE'S REMEDIES, OR THE SIMPLE TREATMENT OF SIMPLE DISORDERS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A few years ago the yield of corn in Iowa averaged only thirty-one bushels to the acre, but the agricultural college and the railroads sent out missionaries to teach the farmers the gospel of improved methods of raising corn. As a consequence they now average forty-four bushels to the acre. If these farmers should as enthusiastically adopt advanced methods in the cultivation of their own *health* and in the treatment of the sick they would attain fully as encouraging results in improved health.

Fresh air, active exercise, baths, proper food and loving care are among the influences that nature uses to develop the helpless infant into a strong, robust manhood and womanhood. These same natural agencies are as necessary to transform the feeble invalid into a condition of health and strength.

### RESULTS IN ACUTE INSANITY.

In a recent article in the *Chicago Tribune*, Governor Deneen stated that at the beginning of his administration there were in the Illinois insane asylums thirteen thousand five hundred insane patients who were treated by drugs and mere mechanical restraint, with only five to seven per cent of cures, while in those institutions that were equipped with water cure facilities *forty to seventy* per cent of the cases were cured.

Governor Deneen maintains that through his efforts the use of drugs and mechanical restraint in the insane asylums are now replaced by the mild, humane and curative water cure treatments.

Facilities are now being provided at the Cook County Detention Hospital, where the insane of Chicago are first received for out-of-door recreation and continuous baths for the acute maniacal conditions, and the shower, needle and spray baths for various other forms of insanity.

In the place of drugs and mechanical restraints patients when received are now given hot packs and prolonged baths at the temperature of the skin, as a means of allaying excitement and sleeplessness. The immediate results are *marvelous*,—a raving maniac be-

comes almost as docile as a child while in this bath.

#### NATURE'S REMEDIES FOR OTHER DISORDERS.

We are just beginning to appreciate that fresh air is as beneficial for pneumonia patients, dyspeptics, neurasthenics and mental cases as it is for consumptives, for exactly the same reason that water cure is as valuable in all these diseases as it is now proving to be in insanity.

Formerly nearly one-third of typhoid fever patients died and many of those that recovered suffered the rest of their days from its effects. Dr. Brand of the German army began to give the soldiers that had typhoid fever cold baths with such marvelous results that he only lost two or three cases in a hundred.

Then baths were introduced in the Johns Hopkins hospital with similar results. Finally this method has spread almost all over this country. We do not now consider a case of typhoid fever, if taken in time, much more serious to deal with than a case of broken bone or the whooping cough.

The value of cold treatment in fever is not merely in the reduction of temperature, but in increasing the defenses of the body. Professor Winternitz of Vienna has shown that there are something like twenty per cent more white blood cells out in the circulation after a cold bath than before.

A good substitute for the cold bath is a cold wet sheet pack and vigorous friction at the same time, or repeated cold enemas. In typhoid fever cases large, cold compresses should be kept over the entire abdomen much of the time when other treatments are not being given.

#### PNEUMONIA.

Precisely the same remarkable results are now being obtained in the treatment of pneumonia. In the Presbyterian hospital in New York fifty-six consecutive cases were given the fresh air treatment and every one of them made good recoveries without taking any drugs except laxatives.

The essential features in the treatment of pneumonia are hot hip and leg blanket packs the half of every hour. The old fashioned idea was to bleed the patient. The hip and leg pack bleeds him into his own blood vessels by drawing a larger amount of blood into

the lower part of the body.

Fomentation to the back with cold compress to the chest, cold mitten friction every few hours are valuable adjuncts, at the same time the patient should breathe absolutely pure air.

It is really remarkable that the Greek physician, Hippocrates, recommended baths in pneumonia four hundred and fifty years before Christ. It is not advisable to treat typhoid fever and pneumonia without competent medical supervision, but there are a number of simple disorders that every intelligent person should know how to treat.

#### GOD THE HEALER.

The fundamental principle to bear in mind is the fact that God is the real healer. (Ps. 103:3). As man can only *cultivate* corn but cannot grow it, so the various treatments that we administer can only cultivate health. It requires the same power that repairs broken skin, fractured bones, to restore disordered liver, sick stomach or diseased nerve.

It is very unwise to depend upon patent medicine or drug medication of any kind to relieve every pain and ache or simple, acute disorder. Healing cannot be put up in bottles or peddled out at so much an ounce.

(Continued Next Month.)

#### HOW THE LORD SENT A CORK LEG.

MRS. EVA M. WHITTEMORE,  
New York City.

[When Mrs. Whittemore was a worldly-minded society woman thinking only of dress and luxury the Lord converted her and rolled upon her soul a great burden for the rescue work. She became the founder of the various Door of Hope rescue missions in different parts of the world.

On her recent return trip from California she stopped off at the Hinsdale Sanitarium and gave a helpful and instructive talk, from which we present the following interesting portion in this number, to be followed by others in a future issue.—Ed.]

Some months ago a gentleman was walking along the streets as fast as he could. His attention was attracted by a woman—a sad, wretched-looking woman standing on the corner of the street almost in abject despair. He stopped and looked at her. He tried to go on, but felt impelled to go back, and said, "My poor woman, you seem to be in trouble; can I help you?" She said, "No, *nobody* can

help me, I am so miserable." He said, "I am sorry to hear that; what is the trouble?" She told him.

He did not know if he was listening to the truth or not. She looked him in the face and told him how she had once a happy home; her husband was a bookkeeper, but one day was run over and his leg had to be amputated.

She said, "My husband was taken to the hospital and I could not get anything to do;



"MOTHER WHITTEMORE."

my sixteen-year-old boy could not get a place anywhere to bring home sufficient to satisfy our needs, and now my husband has been brought home and we live in a poor, damp cellar and we are almost starving to death."

He said, "I am going to see you." She said, "But, sir, it is not the likes of you to go there!" "No matter, take me there." Down they went, and there in a damp alleyway they saw the husband, just let out of the hospital, an intelligent looking man. He found it was only too true, and as he wondered what he could do to help them he said, "I am busy today, but I am going to leave you a little money and you get what is necessary now, and I will see you again, but I

wonder if something could not be done for your husband."

She said, "If my husband could only get a cork leg he might be able to get around and do something and we might have a happy home." The gentleman said, "Well, you take this money around to the Salvation Army store and see what they can do for you, and who knows but you might there get a cork leg?" The idea seemed so absurd of getting a cork leg at a second hand store that she actually had to laugh, but he said, "They have almost anything at the Salvation Army," which is true.

The poor woman said, "Well, I don't think there is any use going there, but they might tell me where I could get a cork leg cheaply. She went there and bought a good suit for her husband for twenty-five cents, a skirt for herself, and a suit for her boy for ten cents, and had \$1.75 left.

Then the man who sold them to her asked, "Now, can I do anything more for you?" "No, no." "Why, how do you know? Is there anything else I can help you in deciding about?" She was ashamed to even propose such a thing, but she swallowed her pride and said, "There is something else,—perhaps you might tell me where I could get a cork leg for my husband."

The man listened and his face lit up and he said, "Why, you don't have to go farther than this shop; I have a cork leg. A woman sent down some clothing yesterday with a note and said, 'I suppose you will laugh at the contents of this parcel: it was made for a member of our family, but it did not fit and you can do anything you want to with it.'"

She did not ask if it were a man's or woman's leg, but was so delighted with it she did not even let a newspaper be put around it, but carried it through the streets. She nearly flew down to the cellar and held the leg up to her husband. He grabbed it nervously and rolled up his pants, and as God *never* makes a mistake, it was a *perfect* fit for that poor man.

By degrees he got accustomed to the pressure and he hobbled around, and then by and by a desire came into his heart to investigate a little bit about his soul.

He got his wife and son to go with him to our chapel, where meetings are held every

night. He sat down there and learned the way to Jesus through the mercy seat. He availed himself of it and begged God to have mercy on his soul. It so touched his wife that with tears rolling down her face she came and knelt by his side, and the boy said, "I want that Saviour too," and in less than two weeks from the time she was crying on the corner of the street there were three souls rejoicing in Jesus.

It was not long before the company where he had been bookkeeper heard of this and came to see if it were true, and promised if he could come back they would get him back his old place. And now he is able to walk very nicely and without much suffering upon the leg God furnished, and that cork leg was used as a sort of beckoning finger of God's love for all three to avail themselves of God's love free to you and to me.

The boy answered an advertisement and they said they would give him a trial. They live no more in that little cellar, but have a nice little home and Jesus is the head of that house. Oh, what a *wonderful* Jesus we have!

#### A NEW MAN WITH A NEW HEART.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written to Tom Mackey by an inmate of the Illinois State Penitentiary:

"I want to write you a few lines to let you know that I am a child of God and that I have been born again. I have been praying to God for help for a long time, and now He has been helping me day after day, and I am going to stand up for Christ every time I can and try to help others when I can. I am a new man with a new heart, and when I get out of here I am going to do all I can to save others. I am not afraid to speak a word for Jesus.

"Drink has been all my trouble, and, oh, how I have prayed to God to save me from it! And now I know He has. At your meetings, please pray for me, and please ask the dear brothers and sisters to pray for me, and when I get out I want to come to you and let you see the man you have been praying for.

"I have a brother, but he is down on me and will not write to me. My dear father and mother and sister are dead; only brother and I are left. Mr. Mackey, please try and get me work or some one to sign my parole. I

can run a dynamo or fire a boiler. I am running a conveyor now. I am not afraid of work and I am quick to learn.

"I want to have a good talk with you or some one. I have no one to come and see me. Please write to me; a good letter from you would cheer me up, as I never get a letter. I am all alone in the world. God is the only One I can look up to and call 'friend.' If you will be my friend, oh, how happy I will be! Please do what you can for me; I pray to God you will help me. Please pray for me."

#### AN ECHO FROM THE BATTLE.

MRS. FRED NELSON,

204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

[Galesburg voted their saloons out of existence at the last election. The following side lights on that interesting campaign are from a letter written by Mrs. Nelson to the State Reformatory Christian Endeavor Society at Ionia, Mich.—Ed.]

I believe it will interest you to know about the victory won for local option here. It was a fight to a finish. Men and women worked in harmony, and something had to go. The ladies who were interested in local option visited every home in the city.

I personally visited one hundred homes. We presented a petition to each lady to sign, to show how the women stood on the question. Of the hundred homes I visited all but six signed, and four of those who refused to sign had husbands who were connected with the saloon business.

One lady I visited said to me, "No use for you to go next door as they are very bitter against the temperance cause." I said I must go anyway, as we are supposed to visit every home and must give an account of each. I went there. Her husband is a bartender in one of the finest hotels here.

She greeted me kindly until I told her of my errand, when she quickly changed; I had struck a tender spot. She said, "The saloons don't hurt *me* any, my husband does not drink." I replied, "My husband doesn't drink either, but don't you know, dear sister, that we are our brother's keeper?" "Oh," she said, "my brother is forty-one years old, and if he doesn't know enough to leave it alone I can't help it."

Her answer amused me and I explained, as

she did not see my meaning: "I myself have no brother, never had one, but I mean we are brothers and sisters in the greater sense, the world over; we are responsible for our brothers as far as lies in our power to assist them and to guard them from the temptations and snares if possible." "Oh, I see," she said, and after a further talk she was convinced that her duty was to be opposed to a business that only ruined lives and souls for this life and eternity. She signed the petition. I felt I had won a victory in her signing.

I had beautiful talks with many as I went from door to door. In one home I found the husband and father helpless, paralyzed. They needed words of comfort, and said what they needed more than anything else were kind words and sympathy. They are a good Christian family, and we cannot know why the Lord permits them to pass through such, but we know God doeth all things well.

I quoted some comforting words to them from Isaiah 35: 6: "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." "And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction \* \* \* Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Isa. 30: 20, 21. "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Isa. 48: 10. He said, "Yes, I know, and that is my comfort, the only comfort I have."

Let these, my dear brothers, be your comfort too. As I started out that morning, not knowing what success I might have or what opposition I would meet with, I sought Jesus for words, for comfort. I found this beautiful song and it became my constant prayer, so fitting, too, as it was raining, and the work did not look very inviting, but I would not have missed the rich experience for anything, and at the church the day of election I was asked to sing it three times, as it inspired others, too. This is the song that was constantly in my mind:

"As I walk life's crowded highway  
May my heart be full of love,  
Eager still to scatter round me  
Some sweet blessings from above;  
Mindful of my fellow pilgrims,  
Pressing on through sun and shower,  
Be it mine to pluck a briar,  
Be it mine to plant a flower,

Pressing on, pressing on, thro' the sun and through  
the shower.

"Daily mercies, like the sunbeams,  
Sparkle ever on my way;  
Yet, amid sin's gloomy shadows,  
Precious souls have gone astray.  
Trusting in the Lord my Saviour,  
In His Word, so pure and bright,  
Be it mine to clear the darkness,  
Be it mine to shed a light.

"See we often weary shoulders  
Drooping with a heavy load,  
Can we not do aught to help them?  
Can we smooth the rugged road?  
Oh, amid earth's many trials  
Let my faith be true and strong;  
Be it mine to soothe a sorrow,  
Mine to wake a happy song."

We had prayer meetings all day on election day in the churches. The women prayed while the men voted. The church bells rang to remind them of their duty to vote right for our sake and the children's sake. We also had children's parade and mass meetings for ladies, to stir up enthusiasm in every way. In the evening as the bells rang again, telling victory, how our hearts were lifted to God in thanksgiving! And those bells never sounded so sweet to me before.

The saloons went out of operation the first of May. We are so glad. This city has not been without saloons for thirty years. We feel sure that some lives will be spared from a drunkard's grave, and much misery and want and many tears and heartaches will be avoided. The prisoners of the jail here said they were so anxious to have them out as they had been the means of ruining their lives and causing them their trouble.

#### WHY I SHOULD NOT GO TO A DANCE, IF I WERE YOU.

ELVA G. WILCOX,  
Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Because it is a young man's duty to keep himself *pure*, and to associate intimately with those who will be helpful to him in remaining pure. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." James 4:4.

Because the familiarity of the dance may be one of the first steps towards immorality. "Take us the foxes, the *little* foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Song of Solomon 2:15.

Because it is a young person's highest duty to improve every faculty, physical, mental, and spiritual; dancing, as well as other world-



ly pleasures, tends to forgetfulness of one's highest possibilities, encouraging and developing the sensual rather than the spiritual faculties. "He that is faithful in that which is *least*, is faithful also in much."

Because I desire the loving approval and continual presence of my Saviour, whose promise to be with us is *dependent* upon our abiding in Him; because the tendency of worldly amusements is to separate between the soul and God, and to cause forgetfulness of our duty to glorify God in our body and in our spirit, which are God's.

Because as a follower of Christ I am responsible for the proper use of my time and influence. His instruction to the young is: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Because the grace of God that bringeth salvation teaches us "that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Titus 2:12-14.

Because the Wise Man, after repeated attempts to enjoy worldly pleasure, found that "wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness," adding, "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 2:12, 13; 12:13, 14.

Because it is the confession of those who attend dances and engage in them that they are demoralizing and tend to lessen self-respect and dignity. If this be true of those who do not profess Christianity, Christians ought not to sanction or countenance the amusement, but use their influence against it.

Because the Lord needs for His service *all* our talents and time, and time spent in amusements or pleasure seeking which does not elevate and refine is worse than wasted.

Because even one indulgence in what is not Christ-like may be the *turning-point* of one's own life, as well as influencing for evil some

one who is watching us. "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way."

Because Christ's command is: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or *whatsoever ye do*, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31.

#### NOT EVEN THE SCRATCH OF A PEN.

A woman who is confined in the prison in Lansing, Kan., writes Mrs. Abrams as follows:

"Dear, kind Madam: I seat myself to write you a few lines to inform you that I read in THE LIFE BOAT that you answered prisoners' letters, so I thought I would write you, as I am a prisoner and am also alone here. I have no one to write to me or send me anything and you don't know how bad it makes me feel when all the girls get nice boxes and letters and I cannot get even a scratch of a pen.

"I have read THE LIFE BOAT and I like it very much and would like to have you write and tell me more about it and about your good work. I am not a Christian, but would like very much to be one, and I am trying to do better, and I am going to live a better life when I get out.

"I have not received a letter since I have been here, so I hope you will answer my letter for it seems almost as if God Himself had forgotten me in my trouble; but I hope God is still with me or for me in some way or other. Please think of me in your prayers. From one that is unknown to you at present."

#### HAPPY THOUGH A PRISONER.

I am sure all of our readers have been impressed with the good work that Mrs. Mary E. Collins of Greenwood, Miss., is trying to do in educating the neglected children of her race. Even the men behind the bars have felt the inspiration of her work, as is shown by the following abstracts from a letter written her by a prisoner in the Montana State prison:

"I often wonder how you are succeeding in the upbuilding of your work for humanity in your field of labor. While scanning a recent number of THE LIFE BOAT I chanced to see your article and see you are still toiling in

your field of work. Fight on bravely, and you will win out in the end.

"I often feel thankful for my trouble for which I was sent here, for I was a very busy man and took no time to think of anything but business. I often think I got into trouble as the only means I could be called to my senses and my great need of a Saviour's care. I spend many happy hours even though I am a prisoner. I have many friends among the prisoners; some of them are fine men and should never have been sent here at all. We have a Christian Endeavor Society here and a number of Bible readers.

"I am anxious to learn of your success. I will be glad to hear from any of the young people who will be kind enough to write. Letters are a treat here."

#### WHAT BECOMES OF THE MISSION CONVERTS?

The question is often asked, "Do the converts of the Mission hold out?" Not all of them. Some of those who followed Christ for a time finally turned back and followed Him no more. But in different parts of the earth can be found mission converts who are actively working for human souls. We quote the following extracts from a letter from P. H. Wist, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was converted in the Mission years ago:

"I intended to have sent the donation that I am now sending, in time for Xmas, but I was disappointed as some of my friends whom I was relying on to subscribe toward it did not show up; so now I make it good myself.

"I am not sure whether you recollect me personally or not but I do you for the eight years gone by. That little green spot on State street in the Life Boat Mission where I got acquainted with the Saviour, has been dear to my heart ever since.

"I have spent each Sunday of the last five years down in the Kings County Alms House visiting the sick and telling them the good news of the Gospel, and you know that you cannot go to such places empty handed.

"I attend the midnight meeting in Chinatown very often. It was packed to the door last Sunday night as there are so many men out of work at the present time in our city, and I had the opportunity to present to them

the Gospel, and the Lord did wonderfully bless me.

"I want to tell you that I am still a soldier in God's service; the enemy strives very hard with me sometimes, but, thank God, I gain the victory and I crush him hard at every opportunity. I ask you to remember me in your prayer. I believe that through prayer we gain the victory over the enemy."

#### SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

MRS. IDA BROWN,  
1715 West Sixty-third street, Chicago.

Here are some facts about the Bible that were gleaned by a prisoner, who made the Bible his steady companion. Thinking they might be as prized by others, I am sending them to THE LIFE BOAT.

The word Lord is found 1,853 times.

The word Jehovah, 6,855 times, while the word Reverend only once, and that is in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm.

The eighth verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest verse, and the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John is the shortest.

In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike.

No words or names with more than six syllables are found in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike.

The word girl occurs but once in the whole Bible and that is in the third verse of the third chapter of Joel.

There are found in the Bible, in the Old and New Testament, 3,586,483 letters; 773,693 words; 31,373 verses; 1,189 chapters; 66 books.

The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the twenty-third Psalm.

The four most inspiring promises are in John 14:2-28 and 37; Matthew 11:28 and Psalm 37:4.

The first verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new covenant.

All that flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfection should learn the sixth chapter of Matthew.

All humanity should learn the sixth chapter

of Luke from the twentieth verse to its ending.

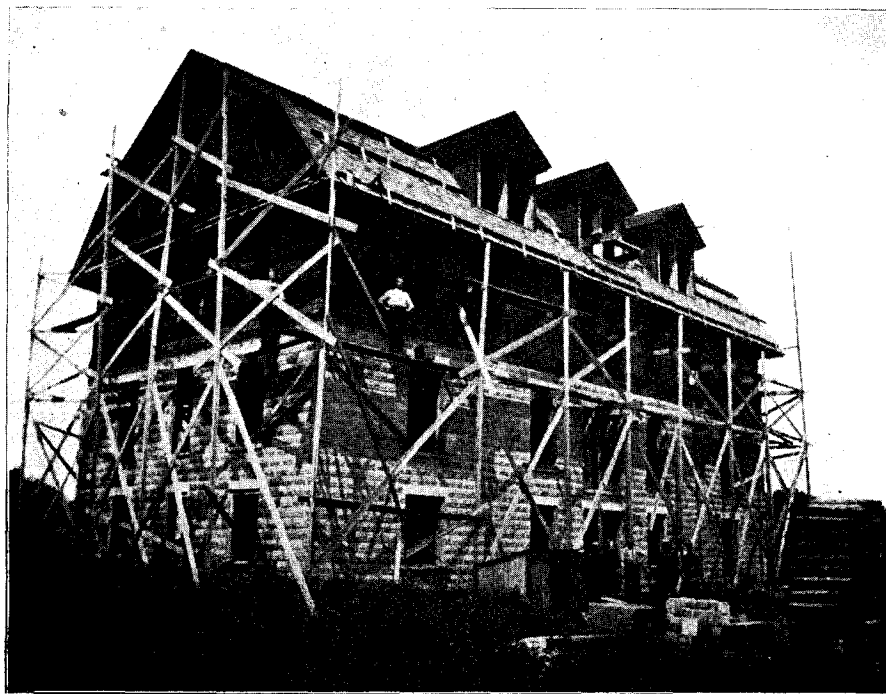
Where can there be so much comfort and strength as in the inspired pages of the Bible? In time of sorrow there is solace, in time of joy there is rejoicing. No matter what our perplexities or trials are we can find comfort when we come with contrite hearts and peruse this Book.

May all who read this article find as much comfort in the possession of these facts in a

especially used in rescue lines will be invited to be present and participate in the exercises.

It is earnestly desired that this institution should be dedicated FREE FROM DEBT. In order to do this three thousand dollars more will have to be raised between now and the holidays. We believe our friends everywhere will respond so liberally to this call that the entire sum will be made up in time for the dedication.

We trust that there will be enough, either



The New LIFE BOAT Suburban Home, Which Will Be Dedicated in December.

nutshell as has the one who has sent them to THE LIFE BOAT.

#### THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW LIFE BOAT SUBURBAN HOME.

The Life Boat Suburban Home, as is to be seen from the accompanying cut, is rapidly nearing completion. All the contracts have been let and it is hoped that it will be finished in another month.

The dedication has been set for Wednesday, Dec. 30. This will be an occasion of special interest. Leading workers whom God has

of individuals or societies, who will volunteer to FURNISH every room in the house. Let us also hear from those who will undertake to furnish the parlor or the dining room.

The names of all such will be perpetuated in the building. Remember that a gift of one hundred dollars makes the donor a permanent FOUNDER of this splendid institution.

Any girl who is in trouble or who is discouraged will do well to correspond with Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

## ONE NIGHT'S MEETING.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and the choir of the Olivet Church were present. Brother Ryan gave us some interesting incidents of his life, both as a sinner and as a Christian. The mission hall was well filled, and the Spirit of God came in, convicting men of sin.

In personal conversation with one man, he said he had just come in from a thousand-mile tramp. His feet were swollen and the agony of the swelling and the blisters made him rebellious. We gave him some cold water to bathe them, and persuaded him to tarry till the meeting was over.

After the meeting I spoke to him again, and asked him if he felt repaid for staying to the meeting. He replied that it was as near heaven as he had been for some time. He said: "I left a good position at Harvard as electrical engineer on account of this habit of drink and what goes with it. My dear old mother did all she could to persuade me to stop it, but I couldn't, and here I am tonight without a place to lay my head, or a bite to eat."

I asked, "Did you ever ask the Lord to help you?" He said, "No." I then asked him if he thought the Lord would hear him, if he would ask, and he said, "Yes." We opened the Bible, a verse of scripture was read, and then we knelt and asked God to hear the prayer of a poor broken-hearted man. He said it was the first time he had prayed, and asked how to do it. I said, "Tell the same things to the Lord you told me, and ask Him to help you, just as you have already asked me."

Then he offered up a most simple, earnest petition to the Throne of Grace. He told the Lord how he had betrayed the confidence of his employer, had left his mother, and of his sin against God, and asked Him to forgive him.

When he was through talking to the Lord I asked him if he would like to have God speak to him. He said, "I would." Then we got the message in 1 John 1:9, which reads like this: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Is that all there is to it? No, you are to

believe it, and then walk in the light as He is in the light, and you will have fellowship one with another. "Will you?" I asked. He answered, "Yes, I will." Then a new joy came to his eye, and he said, "I feel good already."

I assured him if he kept on in this way it would be better farther on. You have come for cleansing, and by faith the work is done through the atonement of the shed blood of Christ. You can go back to the mire and the clay of the life of sin, or rise in the power of the new life in Christ to the stature of the Man Christ Jesus.

It is with you, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The law of sin and death holds you in bondage and slavery, as the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes you free from the law of sin and death.

The law of life raises the tree, the grass, the herb, the flower of the field, and causes them to bud and blossom and bring forth fruit, contrary to the law of death and gravitation. The same power of life in Christ awaits your reception of it. It will free you from sin, with its slavery and bondage, and keep you free. And "if the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

He said, "By God's help I will! He was assisted in finding a place of rest for the night, and with a prayer in our heart that the Lord would help him to keep the pledge he had made to Him, and present him in that day before His presence with exceeding joy, we bade him good night.

## WAYSIDE EXPERIENCES.

MYRTLE BROWER,  
471 State Street, Chicago.

While out with this magazine I meet some very pleasant experiences. I come in contact with some of the most courteous and kind-hearted people of all churches and those who make no profession at all, who seem so interested in this kind of work and are anxious to learn all about it.

I met a poor Bohemian woman who told me her sad story—how they had educated an only son at a great sacrifice and had helped him to learn civil engineering. The boy went away and they never heard a word from him till two years ago; he was out west. Letter after letter the poor

mother had written, but all to no avail. Her poor old bent form heaved with emotion as between sobs and sighs she told me. As I tried to tell her and point her to the One who hears and answers prayer a glad look lit up her poor, sad face, and she said, "That is all I can do—pray for his home coming." What a comfort it is to trust in Jesus!

Another poor soul, in a saloon, said he was in trouble. I told him to call on the Lord, who would deliver and help him, then I gave him a copy of this magazine and one of the cards, and read to him the verse, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He certainly was heavy laden, and as I talked he buried his face in his hands and cried; so I left him the paper and card and invited him to the Mission.

Another sad picture was a child—a little girl about thirteen years old—who stood behind the bar in a saloon acting as bartender. There she was in that filthy place full of men. My heart ached for the child. I thought, what can be the outcome of such surroundings? I have often seen the mother there at the bar, but never the child until last week.

I met a poor man, a cripple, who was out for a little airing. I walked past him; but I felt a strong impression to go back and hand him a copy of the paper, which I did, and with it I sent up a prayer to the Father that it would be as bread cast on the waters.

One of the best jail meetings was the next Sunday after Christmas. Brother McBride spoke up in the girls' annex. I was much impressed with his talk to these poor girls and how he compared their lives to the flowers—first the tame roses that were cultured and watered with the best of care, then the pansies that were harder and more obstinate to grow, and the third comparison were the wild roses that took a great deal of care and anxiety. Just so with these poor girls: some of them were the pansies and wild roses; "Now which class do you belong to?" he asked. He then pointed them to the loving Saviour who is able to care for and cultivate the wild roses.

Again last Sunday morning the jail meeting was very impressive. The women in

the first corridor were certainly moved by the Spirit of God; there was such a calling on God, and willing hands raised up for prayer. And even after we had gone on to the criminal wards we could hear the sobbing and crying of these poor women who were so moved by the Spirit of God.

As we see the poor dirty hands reaching out from these criminal cells for prayer, it certainly is encouraging. Yet as you look at these poor sinful men it is hard to realize that, "Once he was fair, once he was young," and that "someone has rocked him a baby to sleep." But this we do know that Jesus died to save just such as these, and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that he that cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out. Precious words of Jesus! and how much they mean to such poor souls!

As I see Brother and Sister Van Dorn toil night after night in the Mission and try to pull men out of the fire, I surely believe that in the kingdom of God they will have many stars in their crowns. I remember one night when Brother Van Dorn was fighting the grippe, he seemed to think he could not say much that night. But as we listened and heard the Spirit of God speak through him to poor lost souls, we thought of the text, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

One comparison he made: When the wolf is stealthily slipping along in the herd of innocent sheep seeking to sap the life blood from the tender throat of one of the innocent ones, instinct teaches the sheep to push and press the enemy till they have crushed and trampled the life out of the enemy. So with the sweet Spirit of God: if we will permit it to come into our lives it will crush out all evil powers. And when the enemy presses hard and comes stealing its way into hearts, where sin abounds grace doth much more abound.

I do praise God for the great remedy for sin. Oh, may many souls be brought into the kingdom of God, through this Mission, is my earnest prayer.

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Order back numbers for missionary work. Special discount while they last.

## A WORD OF GOOD CHEER.

D. T. SHIREMAN,  
Toluca, N. C.

Christ died for all mankind, and every man that comes into this world should give himself to the work of helping every other man he comes in contact with. In other words, the world should be better for his being in it.

All Heaven is interested in saving the human family. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Poor sinner, you who read these lines no matter where you are, *look up*, the Lord wants to talk to you. "Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord. Again He says, "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doing from before mine eyes; cease to do evil." Heaven is for you, poor sinner. Will not all you who read these lines make up your minds to meet the author in the glorious city Christ has gone to prepare for all who will come to Him? Come now, and we can talk this over in the home above. Write me a note after reading this.

## AN APPEAL FOR A PRISONER.

We print the following from Mrs. Lyle because we have the utmost confidence in her judgment. Some years ago she did a splendid work for prisoners in the Hawaiian Islands. Since returning to this country she has carried on a most profitable and helpful prison correspondence. Hundreds of prisoners all over the land have felt the uplifting influence of her consecrated pen. Hence, we commend this personal letter to our readers as God may impress them:

Dear Brother:

I came here to look into a young man's case whom I have been corresponding with for about a year now. I have had great confidence in him and believe he is worthy of all that can be done for him.

Liquor was the cause of his downfall. He is about thirty years old and very bright and intelligent. At the time he was married his friends (?) sent them in liquors, and although he had drank nothing for four years, yet he got *started* that night and continued to drink until he drank up nearly everything they had.

While in a drunken debauch he forged some notes. He is paying the penalty for one here in Oregon, but his time will soon be up now, but the poor boy is wanted in California

as soon as his time is up here, for the same offense there. Now we have thought of a plan to get some money to pay off that note which will enable him to go from here a free man, otherwise he will be reincarcerated in California.

His wife, who has a little baby, has left him, which has nearly broken his heart. He is a strong temperance man now. He is making a thorough study of the subject and intends to do what he can in the temperance cause when he gets out. He is very much interested in our literature and I believe will become one of us.

Now we have thought to send out a circular letter to some charitable institutions asking as many as could to give ten cents each, hoping in this way to get a little sum to help on this, and would you be willing to make a call in the September number of *THE LIFE BOAT* for as many as felt inclined to help in this to give what they could towards this? I have every confidence in the world in this man; if I had not I would not ask this of you. The young man wants the name and address of everyone who helps in this, no matter how small it may be, as he wishes to make restitution as soon as possible after his release.

I feel as I am not very well known, if you make a call for assistance for the young man, I wish you to keep all such funds in your possession until the time comes to use them, for you know there is so much trickery going on in the world—people getting money under all kinds of pretense, so I fear people might misjudge the motive and pay no attention to the call.

I am really anxious to help this young man. He comes of excellent parentage, has a good education and is a very capable man. The crime he committed was done while crazed with liquor. He talks with me freely and does not try to excuse himself in the least. He has fully repented of his folly and is anxious for an opportunity to redeem his past. These offenses were committed at practically the same time while crazed with liquor. He drew the checks on saloon keepers where he had spent the most of his money. He was taken with delirium tremens just about this same time and suffered everything here in a hospital before being able to be taken to the penitentiary.

Now if you find it in your heart to make this call, arrange it so that the money will come to you. I do feel real anxious for this young man to have a chance to prove himself. I was instrumental in helping a young man out of the Salem penitentiary last spring and he is in Portland, has a good position, is well liked and is doing fine, so I feel somewhat encouraged.

I know you must use your own judgment as to what is best to do, but I hope you can do

this. Asking that God will bless and guide you, I am

Yours in the work for the fallen,  
MRS. H. C. LYLE,  
Ridgefield, Wash.

#### THE OLDEST MISSION IN CHICAGO.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

When scarcely more than a child I first heard of the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. My childish imagination pictured a beautiful little mission situated in the heart of a garden of flowers. I thought a mission with such a beautiful name must be beautifully located. When I visited it I found the beauty was only in the name.

The mission is located on the corner of Van Buren street and Custom House Place in the very heart of the levee district, with the notorious South Clark street not more than two blocks away, Harrison street police station only three blocks distant, and Custom House Place, a street formerly so vile that no respectable person would care to travel on it, passes its doors.

Although there is nothing beautiful about the place and its surroundings, yet the work of grace which has been accomplished there for more than thirty years is certainly one of the most beautiful things in all the world. Such world-renowned evangelists as Tom Mackey, Dick Lane, Melvin Trotter and Harry Monroe were all converted in this mission.

Colonel and Mrs. Clark felt called of God to open this mission. They gave their lives to the work of reclaiming men. Years ago Mr. Clark passed away, but Mrs. Clark has toiled on and although now past eighty years of age, yet every night finds her at the mission.

She gets down among the "boys" and in her sweet Christian way leads them to the feet of the Master. She is a constant inspiration to the younger workers and also to the converts. This woman, although possessed with talents and influence in society, forsook all in order to be a fisher of men. She has certainly chosen the better part which will not be taken from her.

I visited this mission recently and heard Brother Mackey tell the old, old story which seems ever new. We are glad to be able to reproduce that story in this issue for the benefit of THE LIFE BOAT readers. When the

meeting was opened for testimonies a young man got up and gave the following impressive testimony:

"About a year ago last January I was in jail in Colorado. One day Mr. Mackey came into that jail with a party of Christian workers and held a Gospel service. After he had stopped talking I sent a note up to him stating that I wanted to have a talk with him, but the note was not passed on. I was in the city jail waiting to be tried for forgery.

"I went to Colorado with one purpose in view. I went straight to a large hotel with a swell check and passed it. I have forged checks all the way from New York City to California. They cannot say I have never paid society what I owned them, but I have never paid God what I owe Him.

"When I was arrested and put into jail I fought the case. At that time I did not have gumption to stand up and say that I had done it.

"Tonight while wandering up and down the streets of this city I found this mission and came in. When Mr. Mackey preached tonight I decided that what I did not do a year and a half ago I was going to do tonight.

"I thank God that he led me into this mission. Had those people let me talk to Mr. Mackey on that day I believe that today I would have been by far a better man. At one time I scoffed when I saw men on the streets asking for the grace of God, but I do not scoff tonight. I thought those men were cowards, but tonight I think if a man doesn't stand up for God he is worse than a coward. I thank God that I dropped into this mission and heard Mr. Mackey speak and I want to go out and be a man."

Another well-dressed gentleman stood up and said that a little over fourteen years ago, just after Brother Mackey had come to Christ, he came and knelt at the altar and God took his right hand and lifted him up. Another said that only one week ago he came into the mission, down-hearted and discouraged, and now he had just accepted a good paying position and was happy. He praised God for the change.

After a dozen convincing testimonies the men who felt their need of Christ came forward and knelt at the platform. Before the

meeting closed there was a row of men from one end of the long platform to the other on their knees seeking God. They repeated together the prayer of the publican. "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Whether there was another Mackey, or a Dick Lane in that company, God only knows, but every soul in the sight of God is of priceless value. I am reminded of the text, "Come unto me, ALL ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This invitation is extended to every soul on the face of God's earth today. Why not accept it?

#### IS THERE HOPE FOR THE SICKLY BOY?

Is there any chance for a poor sickly boy? Do not conclude because a boy is very pale and sickly that he does not have a glorious future before him. Let him sleep outdoors, drop out beefsteak, tea and coffee, and live on simple, wholesome food, taking care to masticate it thoroughly. Let him take outdoor exercise.

The following experience, written by Mr. Ridge in the *Sunday School Times*, concerning the early life of Roosevelt, who, as everybody knows, now has magnificent physical powers, should be encouraging:

"I have a friend, Joe Fitch, district attorney in Brooklyn, N. Y., who was in the same class at college with President Roosevelt. Said Joe, 'He was a little, weak-eyed, delicate, consumptive kind of a fellow and ours was a rousin' big class.

"We were seated alphabetically, and he was away back among the R's. He couldn't half hear, half see, and had a hard time generally. So the professor took pity on him and put him up next to me among the F's. But, bless your heart, Ridge, he was the very last fellow in the world I would have picked out for a president, let alone a great one.'"

#### "THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

In this country about two out of every five children die before they are five years old. That this is by no means "a mysterious dispensation of providence" is well illustrated by

what Curtis wrote in the *Record Herald* concerning the Japanese children:

"Notwithstanding the way in which infants are left to themselves, the mortality is much less here than in other countries. This is accounted for by the fact they are out in the open air most of the time. In the United States thirty-five per cent of children born never reach the age of five years. In Japan the death rate among children under five years of age is usually no greater than among the older people."

#### THE HEALTH SECRET.

A Baptist minister seventy-five years of age gives the following as the secret of maintaining health and youth to an advanced age:

A morning scrub,  
A daily walk,  
And fruit at every ration.  
The purest air,  
The plainest fare,  
And thorough mastication.

#### A NEVER-PARTING FRIEND.

The following lines are abstracted from a letter written by a prisoner in Bismarck, N.D.:

"I am trying to live a Christian life in a penal institution, penniless and friendless, but I find in the love of our Saviour a never-parting friend that gives comfort to the soul and an unwearying mind. It affords me much pleasure to have picked up one of your LIFE BOATS recently. I find great comfort and joy in reading it."

#### A SCHOOL FOR INDIANS.

The following abstract is from a letter received from California enclosing a donation to the Rescue Home. We reproduce it here, thinking that perhaps it might be a suggestion to others to do likewise:

"Our nearest neighbors are Indians and I have felt for several years we ought to do something for them. My niece and myself are thinking of starting a school for the Indian children. My niece taught a church school last term.

"We are told to begin work right at our very doors, and the Indians came and settled right alongside of us, as it were, so I guess the



Lord wants me to teach them. This will be the first school of this kind that I know of in California.

"I hope you will remember us in your prayers. The Captain, as they call their chief, gave fifty cents to the girls' rescue fund."

#### EXPERIENCES BY THE WAY.

Mrs. Josie Gage, who has sold large numbers of THE LIFE BOAT, writes from Astoria, Ore.:

"Mrs. Lyle of Ridgefield, Wash., with several of us tried to get a poor prisoner pardoned. He stayed at her home for a week or so until he secured employment. He was so pleased and thanked us all for helping him and promised us we would never regret what we had done, or have cause to be ashamed of him. He had been in prison for eleven years. I was very thankful for him and only wish that many others would in the same way take hold and do right.

"I met a poor man one night a week ago that I believe had been drugged. He had lost all his money and was in deep trouble. His two little boys were at home. His wife had died two months before, and he did not have a cent. We did what we could for him and his family and he appreciated what we did and promised we should never be sorry for what we had done."

#### HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. Stella Archer Simson of Boston writes that a Home has been opened for unfortunate girls at Winthrop Beach, where the girls will be entirely separated from the temptations of the city. The rent for this Home has been provided. She expects to open soon a shelter for girls in the heart of the city. This we suppose will be used as a snatch station, working conjointly with the country Home. We wish Sister Simson and her associates success and much of the blessing of God in this new undertaking.

W. H. Standley of Watertown, N. Y., writes that God has been wonderfully blessing him in his evangelistic work. He says his experience is deepening and broadening as he keeps low at his Master's feet. He says: "I am pleased to hear from you and to know that you are still pushing the work. It is a grand work, and I am in sympathy with you, but the

needs of the work here are so great and times so hard that I cannot respond to your appeal; but Phil. 4:19 is solid for you as it is for me."

Mrs. C. Willeford, Thomasville, Ga., who several years ago was an active LIFE BOAT worker, writes in a recent letter the following: "I am as much interested in the LIFE BOAT work as ever, but have been ill for the past two years. The first thing I do when the magazine comes is to read it and it cheers my heart to read from the different workers. I am glad to see so many new workers who are taking the places of the old ones who have dropped out. If you do not hear from me very often you may know that you have my prayers and my sympathy just the same."

Mrs. E. J. Abbot, Dover, N. H., writes:

"It might be encouraging to you to know that a barber to whom I sold THE LIFE BOAT for nearly two years, after he had been away for a while met me on the car one day and asked me if I had any LIFE BOATS with me. I did not happen to have any that day. He told me where he was working and asked me to bring him one as soon as I received some. Another barber in this town always takes one. I am much encouraged in this work."

Let me say I think the July LIFE BOAT the best ever issued. It seems to me the name could be the Live Boat, for it grows better every issue. I am very glad I can be of help to you. "I had to love them" is a lovely article.

E. S. UFFORD,

Author of "Throw Out the Life Line."

Hawaii, June 6, 1908.

I haven't missed a single copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I read every copy carefully from cover to cover. THE LIFE BOAT is a good missionary because it finds its way into many a home and corner where some of the worst sinners are. Reading in it experiences others have had makes many a person to forsake his sins and follow in the footsteps of Jesus. I believe THE LIFE BOAT is doing the best work in the prisons. I give my copy away to the people after reading it through from cover to cover.

MARTIN NIELSON.

# Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

## THE CONVICT'S FAMILY.

If a man is sent to prison from your community and has a wife and children, do you make it any concern of yours? Think of the suffering, the shame and hardship that such a family has to suffer. Will you risk your reputation a little by becoming a good friend to them? Your reputation will in nowise suffer up in the courts above for so doing.

## LOOKING ON WHILE A WOMAN DROWNS.

A terrible illustration of the spirit which is beginning to take possession of the hearts of some was manifested when recently a woman in Chicago fell into the lake and two hundred men and boys stood idly by and watched her as she struggled and uttered screams for help.

One of them rushed up and seized her purse which lay at the spot from where she had fallen. Before the life-saving men could come, she had gone down for the last time.

The captain of the life-saving crew said, "Those men acted like a pack of dogs; any one of them could have stepped down and pulled her out by hand without any peril to themselves."

No one can read this without feeling a thrill of righteous indignation sweep over his soul; but let me ask, Are there some in your community who are being overwhelmed by discouragement and despair and who are losing their souls while you are looking idly on never reaching out a helping hand to them? No matter what your professions are, in the day of judgment will you not have to line up with those two hundred men and boys?

## THAT MESSAGE IN A WHISPER.

Elijah was in a discouraged state of mind. Things had apparently not come his way; so depressed, disheartened, and in a pitiable plight, he went off into the desert. There was an earthquake, but it told Elijah nothing. There was a great storm, but it revealed nothing to this storm-tossed soul. Then

there was a still small voice, which perhaps nobody else heard. Often God will whisper something to you—something that your listening ear will catch, but your neighbors will not hear. But when Elijah heard that voice he knew what he was to do for the rest of his days.

Do not forget that the devil can also speak to us in still small voices. How are we to know? No one could *imitate* the voice of your closest friend to you even over the telephone: you are too well acquainted with it. Get so well acquainted with God's voice as it speaks to you in the Bible, that you can at any time check up any still small voice with it. If the impression that comes to your heart is *contrary* to the voice that speaks so plainly on every page in the Bible, pay no attention to it.

The Lord has a string on each one of us and is guiding us as far as we will let Him. The words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," are spoken to *every* son and daughter of Adam, but He does not force us to accept His guidance. So instead of being a mighty power of influence to the world to inspire and lift up thousands of men, you may become a sort of nuisance, just as some old, dead trees simply encumber the ground.

## MIXING THE GOSPEL WITH POTATOES.

There are so many people who say that they would like to be missionaries if it were not for their business—they could not leave their business. But it is *not* necessary to *leave* our business in order to be soul winners. Every business that is fit to be in at all furnishes opportunities for soul winning.

The Rev. Ward, pastor of the Bridesburg Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, tells the following in the *Sunday School Times* concerning a recent convert who asked, in a church full of his Christian neighbors and friends, "How many present have been acquainted with me for five years?" Almost every hand was raised. He then asked, "How

many of you were *concerned* about my salvation?" About half as many hands went up hesitatingly. The man then said, "I don't wish to hurt any one's feelings, but, pardon me, if I say I don't believe it, for with one exception not one person present *ever said one word* to me about accepting Christ."

But somehow Christ had found and accepted him, and sent him off on the dead run for souls. He was a luckster and his business gave him his opportunity (*every man's business does*). When he sold a half-peck measure of potatoes he gave *free* a whole hearted measure of gospel invitation to the gospel meetings. In order to keep his promise "to stop by" and bring the man to church, he "turned in" fifteen minutes earlier.

During the day he had found time to drive by the pastor's home to tell him of some man's promise to come and to whisper a word about the man's disposition as a basis for united effort. "I want you to leave him entirely to me tonight. He will sit with me where I can watch him during the sermon, and tomorrow I'll report."

In a meeting for prayer concerning a specially hard case, holding his clenched hand above his head he said: "I haven't got him yet, but I'm going to hold on to him to the very last." He was the banner soul-winner because he *mixed* the Gospel with his potatoes.

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#### GOD'S TENTH.

God's children from the earliest recorded times set aside in a special manner one-tenth of their income for the extension of His work. Abraham paid tithes, the children of Israel set aside one-tenth of their income for their religious work.

Malachi the prophet told the people that if they would again assume their tithe-paying obligations the very windows of heaven would be open to bless them, and Christ himself set His seal upon this practice when he said, "Ye tithe mint and rue \* \* \* these ye ought to have done." Luke 11:42.

Can it be possible that Christians living today under the blessed light of the Gospel should set aside less for its extension than God's children did in the dim light of the distant ages? Thousands of people who have adopted the tithing system have had literally

verified in their experience the blessing that Malachi promised.

Have you adopted it? If not, why not? You will find out when you accept God's plan that *He* can make nine-tenths of your income go farther than *you* can make tenths when you are living contrary to His plan. If you do not believe it, try it for six months.

We shall be glad to correspond personally with those who want to ask still further questions regarding this subject.

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#### HEART-TO-HEART WORDS ON RIGHT-EOUS EATING.

When you sit down to the table and ask God to bless the food to your good do not forget to co-operate in having that prayer answered by endeavoring to eat and drink to the glory of God.

Every one of us have seen ourselves on our own plates. It is not far from the truth to say that what we eat today is going about thinking and talking tomorrow and the next day, and one reason so many have such low thoughts is because they eat such low things. They merely use their stomach as a convenient place to dump things into that happen to taste good.

Years ago I heard a great educator say that one who lived on hogs and hominy was not likely to think angels' thoughts. The apostle admonishes us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh. That certainly includes poisons in the blood.

The man who lives largely on juicy beef-steaks, eats mustard and pepper and other spices, drinks strong tea and coffee and smokes tobacco, is filling his blood with toxic substances that are just as certain to create filthiness of the flesh as sowing thorns and thistles will produce thorns and thistles.

Do not forget if you are trampling on some God-given physical truth that you have had your eyes open to, it will not be long before you will be likewise trampling upon some moral and spiritual truth. They are all beads that are hung on one string. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," is just as certain of physical truths as it is of spiritual truths.

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Renew your subscription now.

### WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE RICH MAN'S WEALTH?

Are you worrying over the rich man's wealth? The Bible says that "the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just" (Prov. 13:22), and "though he heap up silver as the dust, \* \* \* he may prepare it, but the *just shall put it on.*" (Job 27:16.) And, furthermore, God giveth to the sinner employment to gather up and to bring together, that he may *give it to him that is good.* (Eccl. 2:26.) And, again, "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall *gather it for him that will pity the poor.*" (Prov. 28:8.)

That is God's eternal truth. For by and by the great fortunes become distributed and diverted into useful channels. God has His hand on the lever of circumstances. He keeps the books, and in the last analysis sees that the right thing is done. You may become impatient with the way things are going. If so, read these verses over again and then resolve to wait patiently on the Lord.

### LINCOLN'S VISION.

Years ago when Lincoln was a mere youth he left the farm in Illinois and drifted down to New Orleans in a boat with several other boys.

There for the first time he saw a slave market. He saw a young girl being sold from the auctioneer's block. He saw the hard-hearted buyers feeling her arms to see if she had good muscle.

The boys looked on in idle curiosity, but Lincoln turned away saying, "Come, boys, I *can't* stand to see that; if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it *hard.*" That day a great fire was kindled in his soul.

Years afterwards in the darkest days of the civil war, when nearly all the members of his cabinet were in dismay and were in favor of retreating, he knew what to do. Why? Because that Divine message he received down there in that New Orleans slave market stood by him and he knew what God wanted done.

You may see some pathetic sight tomorrow and some of those who accompany you will see nothing particular in it. But God may use it to fire you with a life's determina-

tion that even the fires of hell cannot consume.

### WHO WILL SET THIS MAN UP IN SHOE BUSINESS?

[Just as we are going to press we receive this appeal from a man who has spent thirty years in prison who has been converted. If the Lord moves on any of our readers to help this man they may send the money to the editor of THE LIFE BOAT, who will forward it to the warden of the prison.—Ed.]

"I am sixty-two years old. I am a shoe cobbler by trade and want your aid in getting a start in a small shoe shop. A set of tools will cost from seven dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars, leather stock about five dollars, and shop rent for a month three to five dollars, so by the end of the first month I will have done enough work to repay you for what you will advance me.

"Fifteen dollars is enough to give me a good start. I have a place in mind I wish to locate where there is no regular shoemaker. If you will only help me so I can help myself I shall ever be your humble servant.

"I shall give you a mortgage on all tools and stock until I repay you the loan with interest. It means everything to me to get a new start in life. I was converted since I came here and by God's help I want to go out and stay out, a saved man. By giving me your assistance you not only do your part to a brother who is down and wants to get up and do right, but you are showing yourself to be truly born of the spirit of God's love. So please let me hear from you before Nov. 2d. You can send the money to me here in care of the warden and I can buy my tools on the way.

"Now, doctor, don't fail me. I get five dollars gate money and car fare on the day of my discharge. Just think of it, thirty years in prisons, forty-five years a criminal, and now a saved man, living a good upright life! I want to continue to live a good life. Will you help me to do so?

ED INMAN."

No craft ever foundered with Christ on board.

## The Life Boat

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

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

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and foreign countries.

### EXPIRATIONS.

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

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

### MISTAKES.

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

### PREMIUMS.

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

### RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

### UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

## HOMES IN THE WEST

If you care to learn something about the possibilities of securing Western farm land which can be worked under irrigation it will pay you to correspond with THE IRRIGATION AGE, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, the only publication of its class in the world.

### "THE IRRIGATION AGE"

is a finely illustrated magazine of from 30 to 50 pages and will tell you all about how to secure homes in the West and the different systems of irrigation. What may be produced on an acre of ground with irrigation as compared with ordinary farming, and will also give you information about the cost of this land and what would be required in the way of money to secure a farm and become established as an irrigation farmer.

### "THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION"

is a 260 page book, finely illustrated, cloth bound, which treats of irrigation "from the ground up." Price postpaid, \$2.00. THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION and THE IRRIGATION AGE (one year) for \$2.50. The price of THE IRRIGATION AGE alone for one year is \$1.00.

Address D. H. Anderson, Editor, THE IRRIGATION AGE, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

### SPECIAL CALL.

The following letter was received by me a few days ago in response to the "Special Call" in the July LIFE BOAT. Did you read that notice?

"Dear Sir:

I just purchased a copy of the July LIFE BOAT and noticed your "Special Call," and enclose you a check for one dollar. This is the profit on a roll of Bible Mottoes that I sold. It gives me great pleasure to do this little bit for Jesus.

Yours sincerely, H. B. T."

Are there not many more who want a part in this good work, who will sell a roll of the Bible Mottoes to send THE LIFE BOAT to the prisoners? Address, C. W. Smouse, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

## The Life Line

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

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

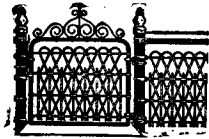
Do you want to take a trip across the Continent? Pay your way by selling The Life Line.

"I would not be without The Life Line for twice the subscription price," writes Ole Lindland, N. Dak.

Send thirty-five cents for a year's subscription, or five cents for sample copy and terms to agents.

We want two good general representatives for The Life Line and have a good thing to offer. Write at once.

Agents are making fifty dollars a month selling Bible mottoes. Send twenty-five cents for samples and terms. Let us do your job printing. Address, THE LIFE LINE, Keister, Minn.



## LAWN FENCE

Many Styles. Sold on trial at wholesale prices. **Save 20 to 40 per cent.** Illustrated Catalogue free. Write today.  
**KITSELMAN BROS.**  
 Box 417 Muncie, Indiana.

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

## The Fading Flower

"The Wonderful River," "His Loving Voice," and "The Mountain Flowers," four beautiful Sacred Solos for 50 cents or two for 25 cents. Order at once from

**OTTO LUNDELL**  
 670 Monon Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

## IMPORTED BEAUTIES

Over 56,000 sold in less than 100 days. 100,000 just arrived and 200,000 now being made of our own, from our own wordings. Some agents make \$10.00 a day.

We send you 100 Bible cards for \$3.00; 100, 12x16 on heavy paper for \$5.00; 1,000 for \$30.00. The more you buy the less they are. ADDRESS WITH STAMPS,  
 Lock Box 257. HAMPTON ART CO., Hampton, Iowa.

## THE BEST YET!

**FOR ONLY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.**  
 A new Webster's Dictionary and Complete Vest Pocket Library by E. Edgar Miles, for only two new subscriptions. Bound in morocco, gold stamp, gold edges, thumb index. It is really five books in one, distinct and complete.

(A). A Pronouncing and Statistical Gazetteer of the World.

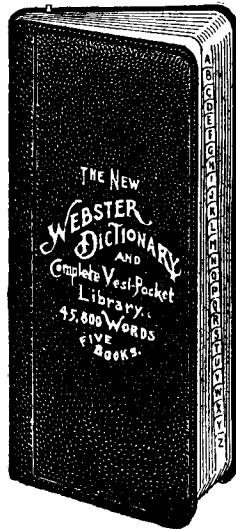
(B). A Complete Parliamentary Manual, based on Roberts' and Cushing's, and fully equal to either of these books.

(C). A Rapid Calculator and Compendium of Business and Social Forms.

(D). A Letter Writer and Literary Guide.

Added to the above is found an attachment consisting of a Three Years' Calendar, Perpetual Memorandum and Safety Postage Stamp Holder.

It contains 45,800 words absolutely fully pronounced, all for only two new subscriptions to The Life Boat.



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

## BOTH THESE SONGS FOR 15 CENTS

"Will It Be Too Late?"

Duet and Chorus

An Excellent Invitation Song

"An Hour With Thee"

Solo

An Impressive Devotional Song

FIRST VERSE

My heart is tired, so tired to night,  
 How endless seems the strife,  
 Day after day the restlessness  
 Of all this weary life,  
 I come to lay the burden down  
 That so oppresses me,  
 And shutting all the world without,  
 To spend an hour with Thee.

Either of these songs sent for 10c. or the two for 15c.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE

**Beddoe Music Co., St. Helena, Cal.**

## BACK NUMBERS.

Copies of the July Good Samaritan number of THE LIFE BOAT can be secured at a dollar and twenty-five cents a hundred while they last. Order early. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

## NOTE THIS

The new SUBURBAN RESCUE HOME FOR GIRLS is now rapidly nearing completion. A considerable sum of money will be needed to complete it and furnish it

### How You May Help

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

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

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

The following is a proper legal form for a bequest:

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



## Dress for Health

### THE GOOD HEALTH CORSET

Was designed by health experts to meet the actual needs of the body. No steels nor stays. It is endorsed by the physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and has hundreds of satisfied wearers. See it yourself. Order to-day; try it ten days, and then if dissatisfied, return it and get your money back.

Prices in white Jean or Batiste, according to bust measurements; 30-38, \$1.25; 40-42, \$1.50; 44-46, \$1.75. Add 50 cents for highest grade White Sateen garment.

Catalogue will be sent on request.

**The Good Health Co.**

27 College Hall, : : Battle Creek, Mich.

## CASH PRIZES

GOOD HEALTH is the oldest, the biggest and the best health magazine. It is edited by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and represents the world-famous Battle Creek health idea.

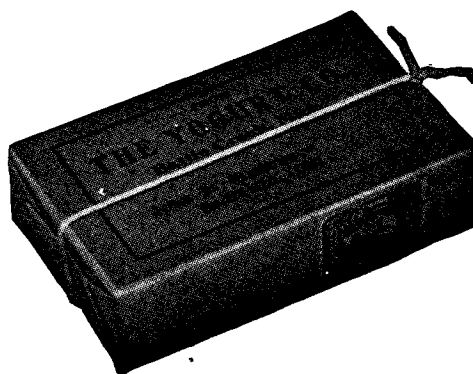
Over a million and a half in money, besides the unremitting efforts of hundreds of tireless workers have been expended in the development of this great "Battle Creek idea" as it is today, standing at the very head of the great world-wide health movement. Here is one single example of its progress:—About two months ago Charles E. Wood, a Washington, D. C., millionaire, left a million and a half, if not more, for the erection of a sanitarium at Atlantic City by Dr. Kellogg and his associates.

## We Want Agents

We want them everywhere—people to represent this great up-to-date health movement before the world. Liberal advantages besides the cash commissions. Cash prizes awarded every month. If you are interested, write for a sample copy and list of the prizes offered.

**Good Health Publishing Co.**

27 College Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.



**Q. This box contains over half a billion disease-destroying germs.**

**Q. In the box pictured are enclosed four dozen capsules, each of which contains, in a preparation called YOGURT, from ten to fifteen millions of germs. These germs are of a harmless species, and their mission is to drive out of the system disease-producing bacteria, such as are always present in the intestinal tract in cases of *Intestinal Autointoxication*.**

**Q. YOGURT is our name for a remarkable lactic-acid-forming ferment discovered in Oriental milk preparations by Masson of Geneva and later investigated by Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, and other European medical authorities. It has proved a positive remedy for Intestinal Autointoxication, and is therefore invaluable in a large number of chronic diseases, particularly many cases of arteriosclerosis, Bright's disease, skin maladies, chronic rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis and chronic biliousness. It is of service in all cases in which stools are putrid, the tongue coated, and the breath bad. It is of great value in typhoid fever and other febrile disorders; also in the intestinal disorders of children, rickets, emaciation and malnutrition.**

**Q. Hitherto this remedy has not been obtainable in this country. It may now be secured, freshly prepared and of superior quality.**

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

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

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD ONLY BY

**THE YOGURT COMPANY**

College Hall, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Send a stamp for the "Yogurt Book"  
and a free book of Health Rules.

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We have a proposition that will interest you.

We are wholesalers and general agents for Bibles, and handle the largest lines manufactured in the United States or England.

We want you to write to us today for our **New Illustrated Catalogue No. 2** which will be sent you free, together with instructions telling you just how you can double your income right at home.

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We want at once a reliable agent to represent us in your vicinity. Write to-day.

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Do you want a special Bible for yourself, or one for a present to some friend? Write to us. We can supply you with anything made, at the lowest prices.

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Address

**The Central Bible Supply Co., La Grange, Ill.**

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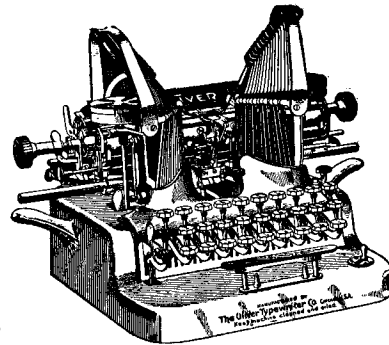
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## A Special Fountain Pen Offer

WE WILL FURNISH A

**First-class Guaranteed  
Fountain Pen**

FOR ONLY

**Three New Subscriptions for The  
Life Boat at 50c Each**

Every Pen is 14K Solid Gold

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

# LOOK AT THESE BIBLE OFFERS!

If your Bible is worn out or if you do not possess one, here is an opportunity for you to secure one **WITHOUT MONEY**. It will cost you only a little effort. These Bibles are not cheap Bibles, they are selected from the best series of Bibles manufactured.

## Oxford Text Bible

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

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For Eight New Subscriptions or Renewals to The Life Boat we will send you a Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible; printed on good linen paper, contains New Cyclopædic Concordance, with all Helps, Index, Bible Dictionary, Tables, etc., under one alphabetical arrangement, with new illustrations. The latest thing in Teachers' Bibles; minion type; size,  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$  inches; bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

## Red-letter Teachers' Bible

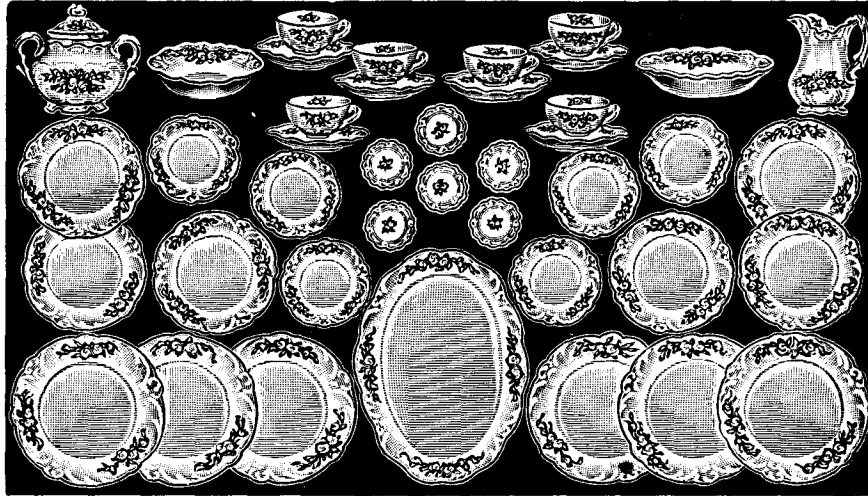
For Ten New Subscriptions or Renewals you can secure The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible. Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the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

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

## This Beautiful Dinner Set

**FREE; Read the following and learn how to get it.**

We have made arrangements so that we now offer this beautiful 42-piece dinner set for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS for the Life Boat. These dishes are of the dainty shapes, light in weight, but durable and exceedingly attractive because of the new and beautiful coloring effects, which are gold lined. The decorations and designs are burned on underneath the high glossed finish, which protects and prevents the fading and gold from wearing off. These dishes will, with ordinary care, last a lifetime. They will be sent to you carefully boxed direct from the factory for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, freight charges additional when you receive them.



"I have been using a set of these premium dishes in my home for several months, and they look just as good as new. I was well pleased with them when I received them, but am still more pleased with them after several months of hard usage. They are both dainty and durable."  
—A Life Boat Reader.



## A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch FREE

**For THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or renewals at fifty cents each.**

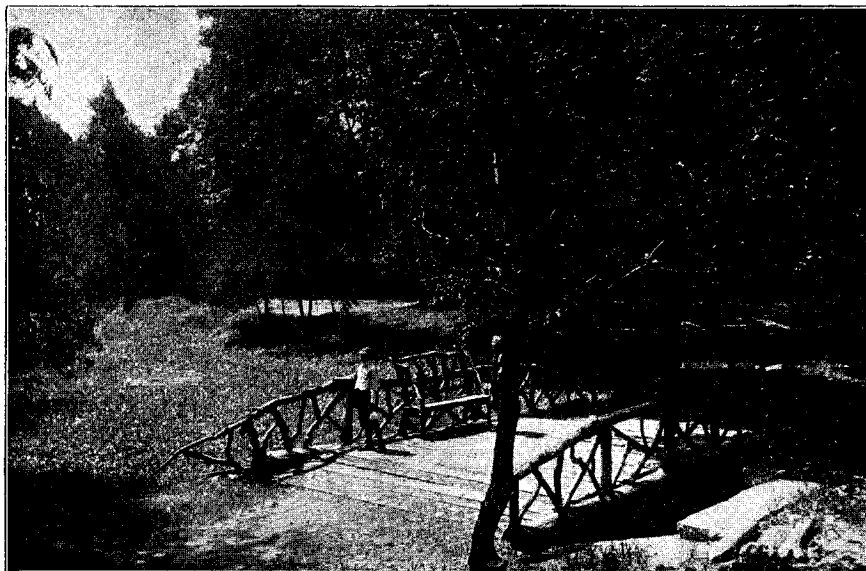
We offer a seven-jeweled watch, gold filled, ten year guarantee case, beautiful design. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for more than two years, and they give the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch.

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# The Hinsdale Sanitarium



A VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDING



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The HINSDALE SANITARIUM grounds comprise ten acres of charming scenery. The most ideal place for patients to come and have their health restored. Complete equipments. Everybody so busy getting well that they neither become lonesome nor homesick. Only a few minutes ride from Chicago on the C. B. & Q. Send for ARTISTICALLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET giving full information. Address  
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