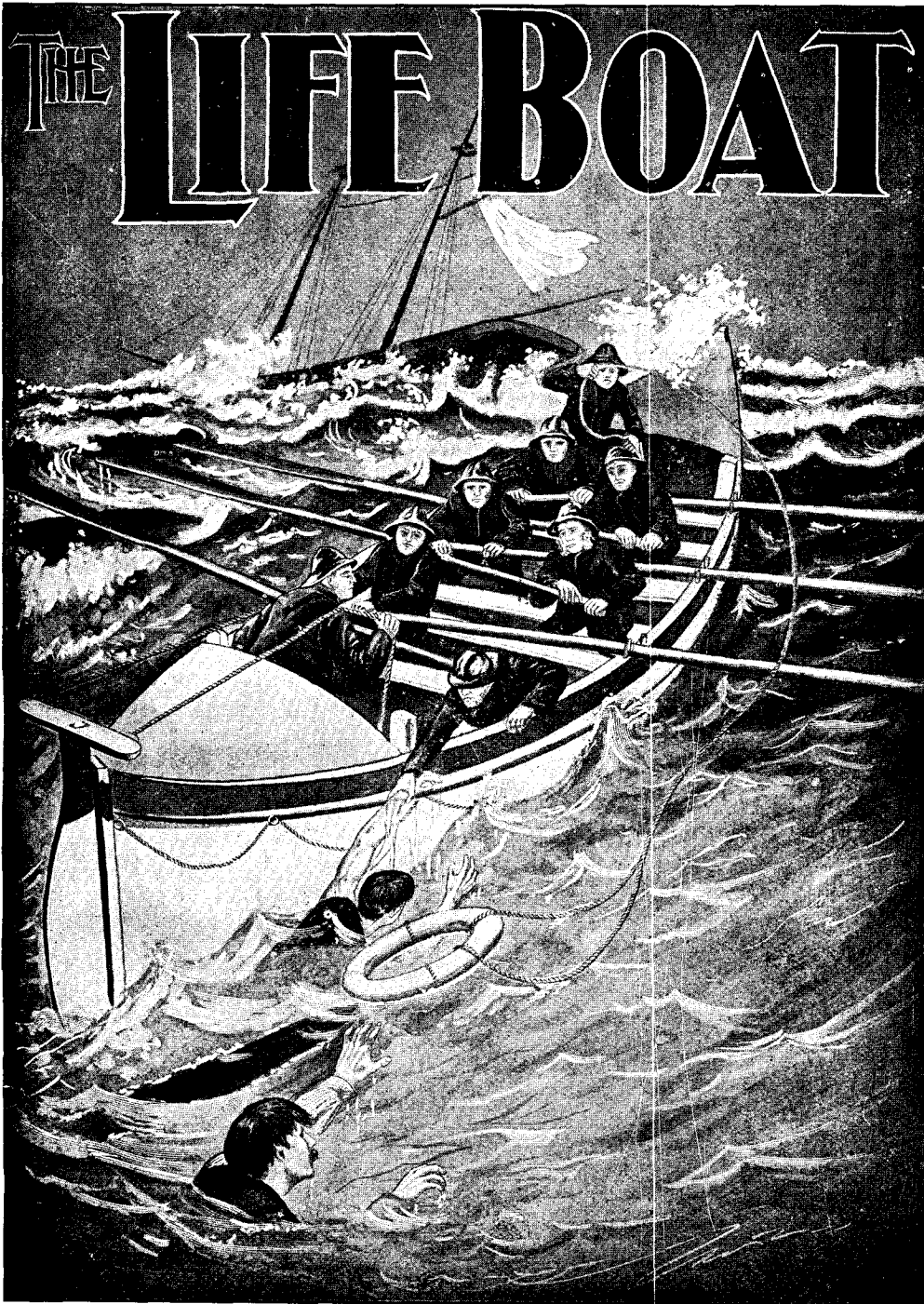


Tenth Annual Prisoners' Number

50 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents



The Greatest of All Miracles—W. J. Bryan

**Volume Twelve
Number Five**

Winsdale, Ill.

May, 1909

A Friend to the Friendless—White



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This charming childhood scene will awaken different memories in each of our readers, but in any case it can hardly fail to waft back some sweet, helpful and wholesome impressions.



**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 XII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1909

Number 5

**DON'T MAKE THE WRINKLES
DEEPER.**

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
Oh, do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young
As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make
Thy mother be a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with the kindly deeds,
Be patient, true, and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day the dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper.

—Selected.

A FRIEND TO THE FRIENDLESS.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

[The following encouraging words have been compiled and approved and we trust they will prove an inspiration to many a despairing soul.—Ed.]

You who are tempted and tried and discouraged, look up. A divine Hand is reached toward you. The hand of the Infinite is stretched over the battlements of heaven to grasp your hand in its embrace. The mighty Helper is nigh to help the most erring, the most sinful and despairing. His great heart of love is yearning with deep and tender compassion over those who are careless and neglectful of their eternal interests.

INDIVIDUAL CARE, LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

Let us remember that Jesus knows us individually, and He cares for each one as though there were not another soul on the face of the earth. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He knows the wants of each of His creatures, and reads the hidden, unspoken grief of every heart. If one of the little ones for whom He died is injured, He sees it, for He is acquainted with all that is misunderstood and misrepresented by man.

Christ has weighed every human affliction, every human sorrow. He bears the weight of the yoke for every soul that yokes up with Him. He knows the sorrows which we feel to the depth of our being, and which we can

not express. If no human heart is aroused in sympathy for us, we need not feel that we are without sympathy. Christ knows; and He says, "Look unto Me, and live."

All the paternal love which has come down from generation to generation through the channel of human hearts, all the springs of tenderness which have opened in the souls of men, are but as a tiny rill to the boundless ocean, when compared with the infinite, exhaustless love of God. Tongue can not utter it; pen can not portray it. You may study that love for ages; yet you can never fully comprehend the length and the breadth, the depth and the height of the love of God in giving His Son to die for the world. Eternity itself can never fully reveal it.

FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

Christ is affected as His weakest follower is affected. The sympathy of Christ is such that He can not be an indifferent spectator of His children's sufferings. Not a sigh is breathed, not a pain felt, not a grief pierces the soul, but the throb vibrates to the Father's heart.

As a faithful Physician, the world's Redeemer has His finger upon the pulse of the soul. He marks every beat; He takes note of every throb. Not an emotion thrills it; not a sorrow shades it; not a sin stains it; not a thought or purpose passes through it, with which He is not acquainted.

Christ feels the woes of every sufferer. When evil spirits rend a human frame, Christ feels the curse. When fever is burning up the life current, He feels the agony.

TALKING WITH GOD.

God is bending from His throne to hear the cry of the oppressed. To every sincere prayer He answers, "Here am I." The prayer that ascends from a broken and contrite heart is never disregarded; it is as sweet music in the ears of our heavenly Father; for He waits to bestow upon us the fulness of His blessing.

The prayer of the sincere heart offered in faith will be heard in heaven. It may not be grammatical; but if the heart is in it, it will ascend to the sanctuary where Jesus ministers, and He will present it to the Father with the fragrant incense of His own perfection, without one awkward, stammering word, graceful

and perfect through His merit; for His righteousness refines and ennoble it, and makes it acceptable before the Father.

OUR BEST MOTIVES AND EFFORTS.

When it is in the heart to obey God, when efforts are put forth to this end, Jesus accepts this disposition and effort as man's best service and He makes up for the deficiency with His own divine merit; for He is the source of every right impulse.

Through the merits of the Redeemer, the Father looks upon us with tender compassion, and speaks to us hopefully the language of forgiveness and love, for Christ was treated as we deserve that we might be treated as He deserves. He was condemned for our sins in which He had no share, that we might be justified by His righteousness in which we had no share.

OUR BEST INTEREST IN VIEW.

God does not require us to give up anything that it is for our best interest to retain. In all that He does, He has the well-being of His children in view. Would that all who have not chosen Christ might realize that He has something vastly better to offer them than they are seeking for themselves! For the more we know God, the more intense will be our happiness, and the lips that are willing to speak, though unclean, will be touched with the living coals and purified. They will be enabled to speak words that will burn their way to the soul.

SOME SIMPLE BUT WONDERFULLY VALUABLE HEALTH IDEAS THAT ARE TOO OFTEN OVERLOOKED.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

CHEW FOR YOUR LIVES.

There is nothing simpler than chewing. We learned to do it before we can remember, yet there are but few who *remember* to chew properly. We are just beginning to appreciate that thorough mastication brings a harvest of blessings. We receive so much more benefit from the food that we eat that we do not need to eat so much.

Thorough mastication means, in the majority of cases, a cleaner tongue and a *clearer* head. It means the awakening of a more *dis-*

criminating taste, so that one will be more disposed to discard unwholesome food and be more content with a simple variety.

All one has to do is to keep chewing and little by little the back of the tongue clears the food away, so when mastication is completed the mouth is empty. Pretty soon one comes to relish the food so much more that he gets enough extra satisfaction from eating too abundantly to pay him for the extra chewing.

DEEP BREATHING A PAYING INVESTMENT.

The shiftless hired girl only sweeps the middle of the room. The average individual is equally shiftless about breathing, for he only breathes in enough air to ventilate the center of the lungs; yet by deeper breathing he could do himself more good than by taking medicine.

Every time we take a full, deep breath the diaphragm is pushed down over the liver and gives it a good squeeze, just as you might press a sponge in your hand. It gives the circulation in that region of the body a good boost.

I once heard Dr. Babcock, the noted heart specialist, tell of a patient who was suffering with a terribly congested liver from a crippled heart. He said he could get no effect from any drugs. He then instructed the patient to breathe deeply for fifteen minutes at a time several times a day, and in a few days the liver was the normal size.

You who read this, why not take a hundred deep breaths a few times a day without having a doctor prescribe it for you? You will receive so much benefit from it that you will

wish somebody had put you on to that simple trick long ago.

There are thousands of people who chase over to Europe, take long sea voyages and do other expensive things for their health when if they would stay at home and practice deep breathing, adopt the thorough mastication of



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HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

simple, wholesome food, drink from one-half dozen to a dozen glasses of water a day and get plenty of fresh air at night they would get twice as much help by staying right at home and it would not cost them a cent, which is the only thing that spoils these most im-

portant remedies. Most people only appreciate what they pay for. If a deep breath cost a quarter hosts of people would flock to Deep Breath Headquarters and buy some.

WORK OUT YOUR PHYSICAL SALVATION.

The young kitten's breath is sweet, and we do not mind having it on our laps, but the old, lazy house cat's breath smells catty, so he has to sleep in the barn. The wide-awake up-to-date cat takes his daily physical culture. Some folks think that when the cat is stretching himself he is playing, when in reality he is engaged in serious earnest business. These feline movements were the fundamental exercises by which Sandow built himself up from a spindling youth to the giant who could lift something like a ton and a half.

Pull your hand slowly up toward your shoulder, all the time imagining that you are lifting a heavy weight. Then take a deep breath and push it away again, as if you were pushing over a stone wall. Repeat with the other arm. Then lift your knee up toward your chest, imagining that you have about two hundred pounds hitched to your foot, then push it down, just as though you were pushing a post into the ground. Do the same with the other knee. Make each movement slowly. That gives you the idea. You will soon be able to invent a whole system of exercises all of your own.

It is more important to have strong abdominal muscles than it is to have strong muscles of the arm, for while we think up in our brains we live, move and have our being down in our abdomens. A capital way to strengthen these muscles is to sit near the front of your chair, then tilt backwards against the back of the chair, at the same time raising the knees. Repeat this a dozen or more times, with the chest well up, several times a day and you will soon have strong enough abdominal muscles to pay you well for the trouble.

When you are standing or walking keep your neck pressed back against your collar button. If you wear no collar button do it anyway. Raise your chest well up toward your chin and all other things in the way of proper position are sure to be added to you.

While you are doing your daily work imagine you are taking physical culture in some gymnasium. In other words, that you are *playing*, and you will get twice as much good

out of the work, and will do no less work either. Your work *can not* be a drudgery unless you make it so.

When you get tired of these exercises you might try knee-bending or squatting down and rising up for a change. You will not do it very long before you will be glad to stop, and it is splendid exercise for the lower limbs.

THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Only a tiny bladelet,
Only a shoot of green,
That lifts its head from earth's soft bed
Where lately the snows were seen!

Tiny and frail and helpless,
Whence did it gain the power
To wend its way to light of day
And form of itself a flower?

Dark was the ground above it,
Heavy the clods of earth;
Though weak and small, it pierced them all—
And robins proclaimed its birth.

Whence did it learn the wisdom?
Whence did it gain the might?
We simply know God willed it so,
And helped it to find the light.

His was the power that filled it,
His was the hidden life:
And shall not He take care for *thee*,
And gird thee to meet earth's strife?

Wearied, perchance, thou feeblest,
Grieving because so weak:
In weakest hour God shows His power,
And clothes with His strength the meek.

Not to the great and mighty,
Not to the wise alone,
But to the host who need Him most
God maketh His goodness known.

Just like the flower accept Him—
Naught, then, can keep thee down,
But true success thy life shall bless
And all of thy days shall crown.

THE GREATEST OF ALL MIRACLES.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

[It is our earnest prayer that a stronger faith and a spiritual inspiration will be the result of these earnest heart to heart words from our gifted and noted American citizen.—Ed.]

In the journey from the cradle to the grave we encounter nothing so marvelous as the change in the ideals, that works a revolution in the life itself.

In college I became acquainted with a student fourteen years my senior, and learned

the story of his life. For some years he was a tramp, going from place to place without fixed purpose or habitation.

One night he went by accident into a place where a revival was in progress, and he was not only converted but he decided to be a minister. I watched him as he worked his way through college, doing chores to earn his board and lodging, and during the summer months working at anything he could find to do.

I watched him as he worked his way through theological seminary and then I watched him as he preached the gospel until he died, and I never knew a man more consecrated to a high purpose.

The change came into his life as in the twinkling of an eye. Could anything be more marvelous? Yet some have rejected the Christian religion because they could not understand its mysteries and its miracles.

COMMONPLACE YET MYSTERIOUS.

I plant some seed myself in the springtime—lettuce seed, melon seed, various kinds of seed. The earth grows warm beneath the rays of the sun; the seeds burst forth and send their little roots down into the ground and their tiny leaves up into the air. And, drawing their sustenance from the same soil and the same atmosphere, these vegetables finally mature and when I go to gather them I find that they differ in size, in shape, in flavor, in coloring, in everything. But I like them and eat them, although I do not understand the mystery of their growth.

Did you ever raise a radish? You put a small black seed into the black soil and in a little while you return to the garden and find a full-grown radish. The top is green, the

body white and almost transparent and the skin a delicate red or pink.

What mysterious power reaches out and gathers from the ground the particles which give it form and size and flavor? Whose is the invisible brush that transfers to the root, growing in darkness, the hues of the summer sunset?

If we were to refuse to eat anything until we could understand the mystery of its creation we would die of starvation—but mystery, it seems, never bothers us in the dining room. It is only in the church that it causes us to



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A YOUNG FARMER.

hesitate. The mystery of life itself has never been revealed to us.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL.

We often see things that we can not hope to possess, but there is no ideal, however high, that can not be ours if we desire it. The highest ideal of human life that this world has ever known was that furnished by the life of the Man of Galilee. But it was an ideal within the comprehension of the fisherman of His day, and the Bible says of Him that the common people heard Him gladly.

I like to think of life as a continual progress toward higher and better things—as a continual unfolding. There is no better description of a really noble life than that given in Holy Writ where the wise man speaks of the path of the just as "like the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Give one food and he will hunger again, give him clothing and his clothing will wear out, but give him a high ideal and that ideal will be with him through every waking hour, lifting him to a higher plane in life and giving him a broader conception of his relations to his fellows.

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF.

WESS WALKER,
Garfield, Wash.

Ahab was a very wicked king who ruled over Israel. We read concerning him, "There was none like unto Ahab which did *sell himself* to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord." 1 Kings 21:25. He was guilty of murder, yet God had mercy on him. He repented when the Lord sent him a message of warning, and he humbled himself.

Then the Lord said to the prophet Elijah, "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before Me? Because he humbleth himself before Me I will not bring the evil in his days, but in his sons' days will I bring the evil upon his house."

So God had mercy for this repenting sinner, and we may rest assured that if Ahab's sons had repented as he did, God would not have brought the punishment upon them either, for He has said, "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck it up, and to pull down, and to destroy it; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." Jer. 18:78.

So let us all know that God hath mercy for the truly penitent; no matter *how great* our sins have been there is hope in Jesus. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

WAS IT IN ANSWER TO PRAYER?

P. F. HASKELL, M. D.
A. M. M. C. Dispensary, 888 W. 35th Pl., Chicago.

[Dr. Haskell is resident physician in this, the only dispensary in all the stockyards district. This medical missionary center is a light in a dark place. The following experience is an interesting side-light on the varied experiences which one meets in such a work.—Ed.]

Our little dispensary family was seated around the supper table, all heads were bowed as I was saying grace. I was particularly impressed with the thought of our dependence for safety upon our heavenly Father. I recall saying, "Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest, guard us during our unconscious sleeping hours."

That night at half past three we were all awakened by hideous noises and loud talking. After arousing myself I appreciated the fact that by my open bedroom door stood a maniac.

The nurses and myself had been up with a sick lady all the previous night, hence were very tired and sleepy this night and slept soundly. The man was talking very excitedly and incoherently, and was carrying a lighted candle, also a hammer which he was swinging in a rather reckless manner. Standing as he was by my open door, he could easily have instantly knocked my skull in, but the Father to whom I had surrendered myself and in whose care I confided, now protected me.

The man followed an impulse to go down the stairs to the front door, leaving the candle on a table near my door. I followed him as far as a little landing half way down. From here I spoke to him, asking him what he wanted. He turned and looked at me with his wild-looking face. He raised the hammer and shook it as if to throw, then he hesitated and asked, "What shall I do with this hammer?" I replied, "Please put it there on that desk," which he did.

He then held up the key to the door and asked again, "What shall I do with this key?" I replied, "You had better put it on the table."

which he did. He then pulled a shawl strap from his pocket; "I am going to take this to the saloon," said he. "No," I replied, "put that, too, on the table." This he did, adding that I was a Christian gentleman and he wouldn't steal from me, then made a profound bow and courtesy and went out.

I hurriedly went down, slipped the key he had left on the table into the key hole and locked the door and then looked around. What a mess I found! He had said in his talk that he wanted to drive out the evil spirits, so to do this he had lit every gas jet he could find on the first floor and in the basement; he found several that I knew nothing of. He had evidently been in the house a couple of hours. Candle grease was tracked everywhere, paper was torn and scattered about, leaves had been stripped from plants, a couple of windows had been smashed, everything was in disorder.

One place we found an old lantern in the middle of the room with a glass of water near it as if he had tried to fill the lantern with water. How easily he could have set fire to the house, especially since he lit so many matches! In one place we found a quantity of stubs. How easily he could have killed us all with the hammer! We also saw where he had carried a large hatchet about with him. He could have used this on us while sleeping so soundly.

The first thing I did was to thank God for His protection over me that night. By chance I learned of this marked carefulness, but how often, oh, how often, this same power keeps us from unknown danger. Many are the times our guardian angels shield us, I believe so strongly.

I have narrated this little occurrence in the hope that it may stimulate a deeper faith in God and in His power to save and help in time of need on the part of some one who may read it. Commit your way unto Him, He is both able and willing to care for you.

THE ENCOURAGING END OF A DIS- COURAGING EXPERIENCE.

MRS. FRED NELSON,
204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

[Mrs. Fred Nelson has shown a genuine interest in the prison work by carrying on an extensive correspondence, by befriending the ex-prisoner and conducting services in the

county jail. One of the men who was converted in prison through her efforts is about to become a foreign missionary. We question whether anyone will be able to read the following experience without their hearts being touched.—Ed.]

Some of the readers will remember the experience that I related in the special prisoners' number two years ago concerning a college girl, an accomplished musician, whom I first met in a cell while holding services at our county jail. We became warm friends and I



Mrs. Fred Nelson.

promised her I would stand by her as long as she should need me.

After she received her sentence to the State prison I sought out her cell and found her lying unconscious on her cot. I knelt by her and prayed for her and kissed her. It was sadder to me than any death-bed scene. My heart went out in deepest sympathy for her grief-stricken, aged parents.

After two years of confinement in the State prison the happy day at last came when I was permitted to sign her parole. I realized the responsibility resting upon me and in my journey to Joliet I earnestly claimed God's prom-

ises. I remembered Jacob's words, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

It was a Sabbath day, but I was happy, knowing that I was on an errand of mercy to loose the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free (Isa. 58:6).

After signing the parole paper the warden very kindly asked me to dinner and showed me every courtesy, and gave me permission to have an interview with any of the prisoners that I had been having correspondence with or wished to see. I cannot express in words how grateful I feel to the officers for the kindness they showed toward me.

We then went to Chicago, as I had a longing in my heart to visit the Life Boat Mission. We arrived in time for the evening service. The organist being absent, this girl from the prison was asked to take her place. What an exchange—from a prison cell to active service in a mission!

The rousing, inspiring songs led by Supt. Van Dorn, were an uplift to us and caused us to feel it was good to be there. The speaker of the evening told of his past life; he had spent many years behind prison bars and now he is an evangelist—a miracle of grace. In the audience were people of all walks of life, ministers, teachers, reformed sinners and those who were still struggling in their bondage to sin.

Mr. Van Dorn took us out to the Hinsdale Sanitarium, another spot that I had often wished for an opportunity to visit, and to meet Dr. and Mrs. Paulson. It is an ideal place; the very atmosphere seemed to me to have life-giving tendencies.

Before breakfast the next morning there were wafted up to our room the sweet strains of music from the parlor, "Wash me, and I shall be Whiter than Snow." How beautiful it seemed! The snow had fallen gently during the night, covering the earth. The doctors, nurses, patients and visitors all gather in the parlor each morning for worship. How beautiful to thus begin the day! I noted that all faces looked cheerful and happy.

The business manager, Mr. Hoyt, read from the 29th of Job, drawing a helpful lesson from the fact that Job was great and good because of the life that he lived, because he delivered the poor that cried and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, and so the blessing of

him that was ready to perish came upon him.

Not only was the Christian spirit manifested in this parlor service but everywhere one was reminded of it. The Bible was in each room. At the breakfast table a lady who had been a patient there for three months told me she was now well, but she had so fallen in love with the place because of the sweet spirit that prevailed that she greatly regretted to leave it.

We arrived home at midnight. We had read the story of the prodigal's return over and over again, but we saw it in a new light when this aged father and mother welcomed back their darling girl. The scene was touching; they fell in each other's arms. There is no love such as that of a mother for her child, yet our heavenly Father's love is even greater. I thank God that He has permitted me to have some of these experiences.

FORGETFUL OF SELF.

On April 1st, half a dozen young women graduated from the Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital Training School for Missionary Nurses. They have gone through three years of earnest, serious and thorough-going training and have dedicated their lives to heal the sorrows and sores of humanity. Their class motto was, "Forgetful of Self." Each has written briefly concerning her life's ideals.

HOW I FORGOT MY OWN SORROWS.

When I first came to the Hinsdale Sanitarium I had just passed through a great sorrow in my life, and I was so much absorbed in my own condition that I could not think other people had or could ever have as much. By thinking about my own trouble I made myself quite miserable.

After I began to take care of the sick and endeavored to make them comfortable I began to feel happier myself, until one day I found myself quite happy and contented and I wondered what had come over me. The secret was I had learned to forget *myself* while working for others, and a happiness which can come in no other way filled my life. All the bitterness had left me and only a love for my fellow creatures remained.

Now I am not perfect nor have I attained the heights that I want to, but I am striving on toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I am thank-

ful for the spiritual help I have received while here, for the principles of health that are taught here, and for the dear friends that have stood by me during these three years. To me there is no spot so dear as the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

MARTHA VETTER.

WHEN HE CALLS I SHALL FOLLOW.

Before I came to Hinsdale I had made up my mind that I would become a nurse. I was not a Christian. It came to me one night to

learned to rely on Him. I now leave my future in God's hands and am awaiting for Him to direct me. When He calls I shall follow.

DAGMAR PETERSEN.

FITTED TO HELP HUMANITY.

I am so thankful that God put it in my heart to connect with this work. I feel I can do more now to help suffering humanity than ever before. My spiritual condition might have been vastly different today had I not



THE NURSES' GRADUATING CLASS.

Rachel Olson.

Mary Strouf.

Dagmar Petersen.

Martha Vetter.

Annalee Aikman.

Eva Borden.

take the nurse's course and my mother and I lay awake and talked about it nearly all night. I heard of Hinsdale and so came out here. As I learned about the work here it looked like a mountain to me; I thought I never could enter a Christian work like this, but shortly after coming here I was converted and was baptized.

I know the Lord certainly led me out here. If we let the Lord guide and direct us He will work out all our experiences for our best good. I have enjoyed my course. I have spent here three of the happiest years of my life. I have felt so near the Lord and have

come here, for I felt myself gradually drifting away from the truth. I can not thank the people here enough for encouraging me on when I would get discouraged. I have now finished my course of training and with God's help I hope to be faithful to the end.

RACHEL OLSON.

ON TO HIGHER HEIGHTS.

I have now completed my course at the Hinsdale Sanitarium Training School. I can not speak enough for my training and in behalf of the teachers who taught me, and the beautiful spirit and influence that has surrounded me all these three years. I first be-

came acquainted with this work by attending service at the Life Boat Mission. I had been a Christian but while here I have been brought to see more light and truth and I have stepped into it by faith, and I know there is a blessing in it for me.

I do not want to be content with what I have attained. I want to press on to higher heights and do more for my Master in helping suffering humanity. MARY STROUF.

SOME OF THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CHRISTIAN
NURSE.

Some of the greatest privileges and blessings of my life have come to me during the last year of my nurse's course which I spent at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. God is in the place ministering not only physical life and health, but also soul-healing and eternal life.

It has been my privilege to kneel by the bed-side of the suffering and to point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and to the great Physician who forgiveth all our iniquities and who healeth all our diseases.

Broad indeed is the field of the missionary nurse. With one hand she may grasp the throne of God and with the other hand lift up suffering humanity, thus ministering health, joy and glad tidings of salvation to the needy one. ANNALEE AIKMAN.

IT GAVE A NEW OUTLOOK TO MY LIFE.

I came in touch with this work about seven years ago through reading THE LIFE BOAT. Later, while in Chicago studying, I became sick and came to the Hinsdale Sanitarium for treatment. While here I became impressed with the idea of becoming a missionary nurse. I went home for a few months until I became stronger physically and then returned and entered the nurses' course with great doubts as to whether I should be able to finish or not. The Lord has been especially good to me and I have been able to complete it.

I greatly appreciate the opportunities I have had here in missionary lines, especially in the visiting nurses' work in connection with the Dispensary. When the work was first mentioned to me I thought perhaps I would be able to do it for a little while, but not to keep it up, but it has grown more interesting each day and as the duties multiplied it seemed as though my strength increased with them.

I have had much more satisfaction in work-

ing for the poor of earth than I would have had with those of more means; for that reason I have appreciated the privilege of working along this line. I feel as though I would never care to enter any other profession. I believe the Lord has especially prepared me for this work and given me strength to carry it through so far and He will go with me all the way.

One thing I have noticed throughout my course is that each line of work I was given to do was rather difficult, but I found that every work prepared me for the next line that was coming.

Aside from the education and the help this course has been to me mentally and spiritually and in every way, I have appreciated the friendships I have formed and the association of the people I have come in contact with and I think that in every way it has broadened my perspective. There are very few things, looking backward, that have remained unchanged in me. I have been given a little clearer view and a broader vision of life and of everything in general.

I think the three years I have spent here have been the best in my life. Whatever the Lord may be able to make of me and in what way He can use me I can date from the time I first entered the institution and began the nurses' course. EVA L. BORDEN.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital Training School for Missionary Nurses is recognized by the New York State Board of Regents. This is an indication of its standing. The next class begins June first. Three or four more earnest, substantial, consecrated young women could be admitted. Send for application blank.

A MESSAGE FROM THE RESCUE HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron, Hinsdale, Ill.

God has been very good to us the past few months. Thirteen babies have been born in the Home this year, and four of them have been adopted into good families. Two of our babies had broncho-pneumonia but recovered. It seemed to me at times that I could scarcely get through with it all, but I trusted in Him who never leaves me nor forsakes me.

I have been praying earnestly to God for some consecrated conscientious girl or one

who would be willing to learn to come and help me. She would have a good home and an opportunity to make friends and win souls



One of the Home babies which is being brought up by its own mother.

for Jesus. If such a person reads this would you please correspond with the writer about it?

As our expenses will be greater than our income, I would like to hear from any one who might want to send us a permanent donation every month—something we can depend on.

We also need screens for our whole building and front porch. Will some one send us something toward putting in these screens?

It will cost from one hundred and fifty to



Emmel and Myrtle. Both were Home babies.

two hundred dollars. We must protect our babies from the flies and mosquitoes. If you send money for the screens, please designate it as such.

I am of good courage and believe the Lord who helped us to build this Home will put it in the hearts of people to help us. In Matt. 9:29 we are told that "according to your faith be it unto you."

THE RESCUE HOME DEDICATION.

The Rescue Home will be dedicated the 15th of June. It will be an important event. Men and women, whom God has especially used in rescue work, will participate in the exercises. We should be pleased if many of our friends in different parts of the country could plan to visit Chicago at that time and be present at this occasion. Write for further information.

TO MY SISTER WHO IS IN NEED OF A FRIEND.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

It pays to have faith in humanity. No individual who realizes that there is someone in existence who has faith in him is ever going to abandon himself to a life of sin. Some one when asked how he came to make so great a success of life, replied: "I had a friend."

To be a friend to the one who has gone astray, to the one who has made a misstep, means to have confidence in such an one, and it takes faith to have confidence in one who has not "made good."

I shall be glad to correspond with any young woman who is in need of a friend. If you are in trouble and cannot see your way out, write to me; I think I can help you. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.



A Home baby now eighteen months old.

REAPING WHERE MOODY SOWED TWENTY YEARS AGO.

E. B. VAN DORN,

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

[When Mr. Van Dorn related to us the following experience which he had several days ago, we asked him to write it out for the benefit of all of our readers. Some of us may be neglecting just such opportunities to drop a word in season that God will use to change the entire career of a human life. On the other hand, some of you who are reading these lines may be just where this man was twenty years ago when Moody spoke to him. If so, take this remarkable experience to heart and do not make a similar mistake.—Ed.]

As I was walking down Wabash avenue the other day I happened to overtake a man with whom I dropped into a conversation about the weather and other current topics. I said to him, "You are a mechanic, are you not?" He said, "Yes, I am a steam fitter." I asked him what wages he got when he was at work and he said five dollars a day. I then remarked, "Well, you don't look very prosperous for a man who has a trade like that and such good wages." (His elbows were showing through his ragged coat and his shoes barely hid his feet.) I then said to him, "Say, man, don't you think you have missed about half your life by not being a Christian, spending your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

He stopped walking, so did I, and he looked straight at me and said, "You must be a Christian"; and I said I was. "Well," he said, "isn't it strange: twenty years ago in an eastern city as I was walking along the street, Mr. D. L. Moody overtook me and spoke to me just as you have today, about missing more than half my life if I did not become a Christian, and spending all my money and labor for naught."

Then I told him God had been good to him and again granted him time and opportunity to see the error of his way and repent; that it was impossible for him to retrace the twenty years he had lost—they had gone, as well as Mr. Moody—but fortunately it was not too late to take Mr. Moody's advice. I asked him if he was willing to do it now, and after a few excuses, which were successfully met with the Sword of the Spirit, he said he was.

I suggested we pray. He said, "*Pray right*

here?" I said, "Why not?" So we both turned toward the curb stone, and while standing on that busy street corner under the canopy of heaven, we bowed our heads. After I had asked the Lord in a few words to save this man he prayed a simple prayer to God for deliverance from the power and burden of sin.

I then asked if he was willing to co-operate with God in the answer of his prayer and he said yes. I then inquired if there was not something he could begin to clean up on right there; he thought for a moment, then turned toward the street and spit the tobacco out of his mouth and threw away what he had in his pocket.

I then asked him in parting if he would do his best to be as faithful during the coming years as he had been negligent during the past, and he said, "Sure, I will." We shook hands and parted, he going one way and I the other. The probability is that I will never again in this life meet this man any more than Mr. Moody did. He likewise overtook him on the busy highway, embraced the opportunity to speak to him about the course that he was pursuing and the emptiness of the life he was living and pointed out to him a *better* way.

In the providence of God I came along and overtook him in the same manner after twenty years of wasted opportunities—and yet not altogether wasted if at last his soul is saved. When Mr. Moody met him he was young and strong in the strength of young manhood, full of ambition and hope for his future.

There was a way that seemed right to him; he pursued it to his own sorrow. His supposed ideals were low-deals, and every deal made him lower in the esteem of himself and his fellow men. Now his former associates had forsaken him; he was alone—and yet not alone, for he was not able to get away from himself, from his rags, his misery, etc. When I met him he knew not where to spend the night; he had neither food nor shelter nor friend nor money. "But the end thereof are the ways of death," Prov. 16:25. He saw it, was awakened from it, saw the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and grasped the truth that He "hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

May you who read this be faithful to the call of the Spirit to be ready to speak a word in season and out of season to them whom you meet, knowing not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. Paul may plant, Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase.

A CONVERSION UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

R. H. MC BRIDE.

1180 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago.

[Mr. McBride started out as a railroad man. He climbed up the ladder until he reached nearly the top round, with a salary of four hundred dollars a month. At the same time he began to drink liquor and he soon reached the bottom and drifted about in Chicago homeless, friendless and penniless. In this condition five years ago he drifted into the Life Boat Mission thinking it was a saloon. He was converted and began at once to work for others in the Mission, the Harrison street police station, the John Worthy school, and in Y. M. C. A. work, etc. The Lord has kept him and blessed his work. The following is one of the many interesting experiences that the Lord has been giving him.—Ed].

Sometime ago I went over to Marshalltown, Iowa, to fill some appointments. I spoke in the First Baptist Church Sunday morning to one of the largest church audiences in the city. The assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was there and heard the talk and after the services were over he wanted to meet me Monday morning and have a talk with me.

When I went down he asked me this question: If a man had forged a check and brought it to me to be cashed what would I do with the man? He said, "I had an experience like that and wanted to know what *you* would do." I said that would depend on the circumstances; that would depend on what Christ would do when a man among men. I said, "Can you imagine for a moment that if Christ cashed a check for a poor unfortunate man He would hunt around for a policeman the first thing?" He grasped the situation right away, and said, "I want you to come with me."

On the way to see the prosecuting attorney he told me that an unfortunate man of the city named Stevens had forged a man's name to a check for four dollars and that he had cashed it, and that he went and had him arrested, and the man was now lying in the

county jail. We went and met the prosecuting attorney. He said that from his standpoint there was nothing he could do and the law would have to take its course.

Then we went to the county sheriff and asked permission to see Stevens, and he went with us himself to the county jail and took in two of the deputies as well as two of the guards. He opened up the cage and there were thirteen persons.

The young secretary walked up to a gruff-looking fellow and called him by name, and with tears in his eyes said, "Stevens, I wronged you and I have come here today to apologize." He said, "I want you to meet my friend, Mr. McBride from Chicago, and I want you to have a little talk with him," and he introduced me.

I shook hands with him and said, "Stevens, you look to me as if at one time in your life you were a church member." He said, "I was." I said, "You were happy then and you are unhappy now?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Let us ask God to help you," and he said, "Wait just a minute," and he walked up to the corner where there was a cuspidor and spit out a quid of tobacco and came back and said he could not ask God to help him with such a thing as that.

As we knelt down I asked the rest of them to kneel with us, and after urging them a little all the persons, including the deputies and sheriff, knelt with us as we asked God to help the unfortunate man. When we rose I asked if he thought God could do this, and he said "Yes." I asked if he had faith that He would do this and he said he did not know about that. "Well," I said, "have as much faith for that as you have about asking Him to do it, and see what will come of it."

Two weeks ago I received a letter from the secretary in which he stated that the man Stevens had been released from the county jail. They stated that he had been punished enough and that he had been reading his Bible, trying to do what was right, and helping the other men, and they felt he should be given his freedom.

The secretary said in closing that in all his Christian life since boyhood, "The experience I had with you counts more than all the rest put together. I can't say enough for your

coming to Marshalltown and for all you have done to others and have done for me. May God prosper you in your work."

I had a hard time getting away from the town. So many wanted to come and shake my hand and they hung on. The deputy sheriff himself said, "Well, Mr. McBride, I heard you speak yesterday in the jail, and I am convinced that your coming to Marshalltown has done a lot of good."

IT MAKES A MAN MAKE GOOD.

W. B. CRANDALL.

[Mr. Crandall wrote, at our request, this story of his experiences from the Iowa State prison. After he gave himself up to the chief of detectives here he was sent to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he had committed his crime. While in the county jail there awaiting trial, he labored for the souls of the prisoners, and two of them had a real spiritual uplift. After his sentence to the State prison he went back and had a meeting with the prisoners, and went to the State prison with the full conviction that God was going with him as He did with Joseph. And God will do it. If this man remains faithful he will yet be heard from.—Ed.]

One day a few months ago, during a few moments of insanity (as that is the only way I know of expressing it), I got hold of some money in a dishonest way. I went to Chicago and was drunk from the first moment of my downfall. I hardly remember all that took place for the next few days, but you can imagine what kind of a life I led, being with evil companions who thought little of "sticking a man up."

On a Tuesday evening I had an appointment with a fellow at 9:30, and I assure you we had not an honest pursuit in mind. On my way to meet him, I happened to pass the Life Boat Mission on State street. Someone spoke to me and asked me to come in, but I, of course, did not heed him and instead went on down to the corner. I got another drink, and while in the saloon I could not put the fellow at the mission door out of my mind. I decided to go back and hear what he had to say to me. He noticed that I had been drinking very heavily, still he asked me in. I had an hour or so before my appointment, so went in more to kill time than anything else.

Mr. McBride was speaking that night, and all that he said seemed to hit me on my weak spots. I remained until he got through talking, and I made up my mind that if God had done so much for Mr. McBride, He could do the same for me, if I would give Him a chance. Man will put confidence in man, so why should not man put confidence in God?

I then felt sorry for what I had done and wanted to square myself with the world again and start over by putting my trust in my Saviour and doing the best I could by Him. The next afternoon I went down to Captain O'Brien, chief of the detective force, and gave myself up, for I knew the longer I kept away from my punishment the longer God would keep me away from His care.

You may think that I dreaded my coming trial, but I did not, in fact, I longed for it, as I wanted everything over. I knew my God had given me courage so far and would to the end. Even while I was in the county jail, He brought comfort to me in many ways, as well as allowing the devil to put temptations before me just to test me. He asks you to prove to Him that you do not want the devil's company any more, and that asking for proof will come when you least expect it.

Leading a Christian life is not all smooth sailing at first, still He does not ask you to be perfect, either, but just to trust in Him and do the best you can, and He will take care of the rest, so long as you put your confidence in Him.

God is always knocking at the door of your heart, but will not come in without being asked. Why not open the door for Him and give Him a month's trial? and at the end of that time, if you are not satisfied with what He has done for you, why the devil will be only too glad to take you back.

The trouble with most of us is that we are ashamed to confess our Saviour before our fellow men, but we must remember He has said that, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." I know some of the boys here who attend our meetings believe in a better life, but when our chaplain asks for a few words from us they falter, simply because they are afraid of the com-

ment and sneer of fellow prisoners. Personally, I mark the sneerer down with pity and hope some day he will see his mistake and cry to God for mercy.

We cannot be like the thief on the cross beside Christ when He was crucified, as we have all heard of God's teaching and have no excuse. The thief had not heard until a short time before his death, yet he believed and had faith in our Saviour even though the others about Him had not, but what was his reward, what good did it do him, then? Our Saviour turned His head toward him and said, "Verily I say unto thee to-day, thou shalt be with me in paradise." So it is proved that when *all* the world turns on us, God is always willing to take us in His care.

Some may say, "I have gone too far to hope of making anything out of myself, I care too much for drink." That is just where you make a great mistake, because when we stop to think of many great evangelists of the present day, we are very likely to change our minds, as a number of them have been in the same boat we are now in and were taught the lesson of Christ behind prison walls and went from the turnkey's office with the love of God in their hearts, as I hope, or should say, know, I will six years from now.

It would be impossible for me to put down in black and white one-half of what God is doing for me. The comfort He is giving both my wife and self could not be told in words, but when I say I am happy, even behind prison walls, you will have a faint idea of what I have received from Him.

SENDING A MESSAGE BY WIRELESS.

Two ships rammed into each other out on the Atlantic Ocean. Both were about to sink. One of them had a wireless apparatus on board. The operator began at once to send signals hundreds of miles through the air and pretty soon other vessels began to pick them up and send back responses. Soon a noble ship appeared and took the passengers



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TALKING WITH PAPA ALTHOUGH SHE CAN'T SEE HIM.

You may likewise talk with your Heavenly Father whom you can't see.

off the ill-fated ships and saved their lives.

The most skeptical of these passengers not only believed it was possible to send a message through the air, but were profoundly

grateful that it was so and that they could get an answer back.

Do you believe it is possible for you to send a wireless message to God, who made the wireless waves, and get an answer back, or are you such a fool as to think that Marconi can fix up an arrangement that God Himself who created Marconi cannot make? No, you can send a wireless to God, and, what is better, you can get an *answer* back. Some of us have had real experiences just as those passengers who can speak from experience about the possibility of the wireless on board ship.

Don't forget when you talk in a telephone, if you want to hear anything you have got to have the ear piece up to your ear. When you talk to God be *listening*; you will get something. If you don't one way, you will another.

TALK WITH GOD.

A prisoner in the Missouri State Prison writes:

In the hurry and bustle of every-day existence so few of us are prone to remember our duty to the Master. How much purer could we make our lives by just a few moments' earnest talk with the Saviour every day! Do you ever stop to realize that He is with us always, forever guarding us from the pitfalls in our path, warning us continually by kindred manifestations, and yet we heedlessly rush on neglecting our opportunities?

After the day is over and the active cares of daily endeavor have been forgotten, then indeed is the time to "take it to the Lord in prayer."

If you have been neglecting this offer of salvation, do so no longer. It may be a little mortifying to go to the Lord with a load of sin on your soul, but each time becomes easier—you learn to trust, to have faith and, above all, to realize that a merciful Jehovah, whose Son died for us, extends His love above you. Oh, it's such a blessing to know that our Redeemer is ready at all times to hear the word of the sinner as well as the saint!

Just repeat the Lord's prayer in the evening when everything is still; dwell slowly and with sincerity on each syllable, and then un-

bosom yourself of the day's wrong-doing and have faith in the result.

After a few nights of this the mind will become clearer, the eye brighter; a heavy load will be lifted; sighs and tears will quickly give way to a song on the lips and in the heart; nature will take on a new hue; and this old world, forever changing, will become purer, better and brighter for your little daily devotional exercises.

"WE MUST TURN AROUND AND FISH SOMEONE ELSE OUT."

MRS. LOUISE PAULSON PETERSON.
Hinsdale, Ill.

[The other evening my sister Louise told something about a couple of children she had fished out of the very depths of degradation in the darkest strata of darkest Chicago. She said, "I *ought* to keep them, but how will I support them?" I told her instantly, "Write for the readers of THE LIFE BOAT what you have just told me and you will not need to worry over their food and clothing for this summer at least."—ED.]

I want to interest THE LIFE BOAT readers in a family that I first became acquainted with some years ago while doing visiting nurse's work in the "Little Hell" district in Chicago. This family lived in three rooms, in a dark basement.

Recently I again called on them and found them in this condition: All the furniture they had was a couple of old chairs, two old dressers and a bed which was composed of springs laid on an ironing board and a chair. The floor was bare and dirty. The windows were broken out and it was as cold as a barn.

At the time of my visit the husband was in jail, but I found two other men there in a drunken condition, one lying on the floor and the other on the bed, and the woman herself was partly drunk. The man on the floor kept groaning all the time, so the woman, who, although drunk, recognized the impropriety of the situation, turned to him and said: "Shut up; there are church folks here." He got up and staggered out into the front room and asked for more drink. Such a picture of utter abandonment could scarcely be imagined in human beings. The woman wanted us to pay the fine for her husband to be taken out of jail.

During our visit two terrible looking women

came in and wanted to know if any word had come from the men who were put in jail. Their manner showed that they had all been drinking.

In this wretched family were four children between the ages of five and fourteen years. For the sake of these children I tried to get this mother to take them to the Home for the Friendless, but she had many excuses. One could see that her real excuse was she loved the sin she was wallowing in. I finally got her consent to allow me to take two of the older children home with me, which I did.

The youngest, a girl of five years, is the pet of the parents. This means that she does not get quite as many beatings as the others, and if there is anything to eat she gets a little more than the rest, consequently she looks better than the other children.

A few months before the visit just described we secured the parents' permission to take this girl to our home for a while. All she had on in the world was some dirty, ragged boy's clothing. I washed her hair, which was evidently the first time it had been washed in her life. Her little arms were just black and hard.



The accompanying picture shows the little girl after I had had her with me for about two months; then I had to let her go back because

the parents insisted on having her with them. The mother would take the little one out with her and beg for food. This is how the family is supported, with what scraps are given them from the Sisters of Charity.

The children have been taught to beg and it is instilled in their little lives so strongly that the younger girl, with me now, not thinking



The two girls who are now in need of support.

where she was, said the other evening after she had a good supper: "Now I am going to bed in my nice little clean bed and I will get up real early in the morning and take my basket and go begging." I wanted to get the little boy, but the mother would not let him come because he must stay at home and beg for the family.

The oldest girl who is with me is the most thankful child I ever saw. She says that if she lived to be a hundred years old she never

could be thankful enough for what the Christian people have done for her. She told one of my friends that she liked to stay with me because I taught her to be a Christian and she can go to prayer meeting and say her prayers.

Perhaps some one would like to help me support these poor children who are *worse* than homeless. They both say they will do anything in the world rather than go back to that life again.

One day when we were eating dinner, the little girl said: "My, I like to stay out here!" I asked her why, and she said, "I get four slices of bread, and at home I never got more than one slice for a meal."

One of the children said the other day, "Can we stay out here now?" I told her that would depend. She said, "What does it depend on, if we are good?" I said, "Perhaps so." She said, "Then we will be *real* good."

"It seems to me that it would be almost criminal to send them back to that wretched home. The older girl told me she dreamed that I could not get anyone to help me care for them and that they would have to go back, and she rejoiced when she woke up and found it was not so. She says she prays every day and asks God to help her forget the things that she has learned from her wicked parents. She seems so hungry for the things of God. They have learned to repeat the twenty-third Psalm and the older girl says she is going to be a missionary.

One morning I was reading to them about Christ calling his disciples to be fishers of men and she turned to her little sister and said, "See what we must do. Mrs. Peterson has fished us out of that hole down there and we must turn around and fish *somebody else* out."

When this girl first told me of her hunger for God I really thought she was working me. I could not believe that a child from the slums was reaching out after God as she was; but I am discovering that while these children have much to unlearn, yet I believe they can become so filled with the things of God that the wickedness will be crowded out; and I feel it my duty to help lead them up into the light.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

A SOUL-WINNING PULLMAN CONDUCTOR.

H. A. LARKINS.
St. Louis, Mo.

[Mr. Larkin is a Pullman conductor running between Chicago and St. Louis. He comes to the Life Boat Mission three evenings in the week, and always has an inspiring testimony. He watches for opportunities among his passengers to lead someone to Christ, and has had some blessed experiences.—Ed.]

Last year four men on the train gave their hearts to the Master. The year before, twelve came over on the Lord's side. I can not say enough for the Life Boat Mission. The Lord saved me from drink, tobacco, lodges and other evil habits. The last forty months are truly the best days of my life. It is wonderful to be in God's plan, in God's thought, in God's will, and walk with Him. Let Him carry your burdens. I am so glad that we can have the assurance that we are walking in His way and have His smile and approval.

I love Jesus supremely because He changed my life. As I ride down from St. Louis to Chicago I always ask the Lord Jesus to come and stay by my side, and during the nights we have many precious seasons together. A man could not do what has been done for me; schools and colleges could not do it. He pulled me out of the miry clay and put this new song in my mouth.

THAT KIDNAPING CASE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A few weeks ago the public were profoundly stirred from the Atlantic to the Pacific for little Willie Whitla, of Sharon, Pa., had been kidnaped; and every true parent sympathized with the grief-stricken parents in their distress.

During those anxious days I was thinking of the thousands of boys all over the land that were being ruined by the cigarette evil and who would be sent either to the reform school, to the lunatic asylum, hospital or graveyard. Only a few seemed to become especially aroused over this terrible slaughter of the innocents. Many of those who were genuinely stirred up about it were regarded as enthusiasts or fanatics.

During those five days of suspense Willie's father carried around with him the boy's

nightgown in his grip. When the boy was returned the father embraced him and said, "My boy, my darling Willie!" and all the crowd rejoiced with him. He telephoned to his wife: "Willie is here in my arms; he is safe. Glory to God, mamma! It is the happiest night of my life." He then turned to the crowd and said: "This is my son. He was lost and is found again. If I live a thousand years I can never do enough to repay the press, the police and the people who have all done noble work in helping me find my boy."

As I read this I thought of that statement in Luke 15: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Then of that prodigal son that returned, and when his father saw him a great way off he had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him and ordered that they should have a great jubilee, for "this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Dead reader, as you decide to return to your Father in heaven there is even a greater joy in heaven than there was down in Sharon, Pa., the night Willie Whittle was returned to his father's and mother's arms. Read the fifteenth chapter of Luke over several times with this kidnaping case in your mind, and see if you don't get some new light out of it.

SEED SOWING AMONG PRISONERS.

MISS E. G. CRICHTON.

Each Sunday morning in the northeast corner of the old Harrison street police station, our band of workers gather around the little Billhorn folding organ to ask God's blessing before sowing the precious seed of His word among those who are lonely and in distress. No pen can ever portray the look of anguish and despair on some of their countenances as they sit alone behind those prison bars.

As the little organ peals forth its sweet strains of gospel songs and the heart to heart talks are heard of God's saving power, very often they find lodgment in many a hopeless and discouraged heart. There lingering in memory and nurtured by God's tender care, they have helped many to become triumphant over a life of sin, enabling them to go forth from a prison cell to be a blessing to the world.

As we leave the cells in the basement to enter the Annex there is always a great blessing awaiting us there, and to me it is the most blessed opportunity of the day. Here we gather together our younger sisters to sing and pray, and very often we repeat that old familiar twenty-third Psalm, that so many of us learned at mother's knee.

Never shall we forget the experience of last Sunday morning as the Spirit of God led us to sing a sweet song reminding those wayward girls of their Christian mothers' tender and loving care:

"When I became a prodigal
And left the old roof-tree,
She almost broke her loving heart
In mourning after me,
And day and night she prayed to God
To keep me in His care;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there."

As the words were sung their hearts melted and their sobs mingled with the song, which proved that the seed-sowing had been done; and as we closed with prayer nearly every girl raised her heart to God asking Him for strength to answer the mother's prayer.

We are thankful for the call that God has given each one of us in permitting us to go from Sunday to Sunday to sow the precious seed of His Word. One prisoner said that we shall never know until we reach the other shore how much good we have done in the lonely prison cells.

AN AUDIENCE OF BLUE-COATS.

R. H. MC BRIDE.

1180 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago.

During the telegraph operators' strike one Sunday morning the Chief of Police had crowded in the Harrison street police station one hundred of his finest policemen, held in reserve to quell riots that were hourly expected. About this time our little band of Christian workers came down the winding stairs with the little box organ, and the door was opened by the sergeant.

The room was found so full of tobacco smoke it was impossible to see four feet away and the sergeant said, "Well, I feel sorry for you this morning. I think it will be almost impossible for you to hold services here." But we pushed our way through, the little organ

bumping against the legs of these big blue-coated officials until room was made between the two corridors, where it was set up.

It was useless to pass out our few song books so we began in a loud tone of voice to tell about the work we were doing down there, until our voice was heard throughout the corridors. Then we began to sing gospel songs and many of those big manly fellows joined in the chorus.

We then went into the criminal corridor and asked those to raise their hands who wished to be remembered in prayer. About thirty-two of the thirty-five raised their hands for prayer. Then turning around an invitation was given to those big, manly policemen if they did not want to be remembered in prayer, and nearly every one laid aside their cigars, pipes and cigarettes and raised their hands, requesting that they too might be remembered in prayer. They were all asked to kneel as prayer was being offered in their behalf and to our surprise about seventy-five of those one hundred policemen actually knelt in prayer together with those behind the bars as prayer was made in their behalf.

After the services were over many of those big men came forward and shook my hand saying that it was one of the best services they had ever attended, and the desk sergeant said it was one of the most wonderful services he had ever seen in all his life.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

N. W. OLUIN,
Huntsville, Ala.

I want to tell the many friends of THE LIFE BOAT some of my experiences while a prisoner myself in the Mississippi State Penitentiary for more than seven years. While in prison someone sent me a box of papers among which were a few copies of THE LIFE BOAT. Of course I read them all, but THE LIFE BOAT seemed to be so peculiarly adapted to my condition at that time that I took more kindly to its message.

In it I saw how others, who had been in my condition, had since been so highly favored of God that they had been led by this same medium to give their hearts to God.

I was led to bow upon my knees and there enter a solemn covenant with God to return to the keeping of His holy commandments as soon as I was set free again, and I believe God heard that prayer for from that hour I became a better and happier man.

I then resolved to begin work for God in a judicious, careful way. The little paper had done so much for me that I thought it would be of some help to others. I presented it with much timidity to several of the boys and, to my surprise, every one was glad to get a copy and they took so much care of the little paper that I cannot help shedding tears of joy even while I write this.

I saw some LIFE BOATS of the prison number of 1906 just three days before my discharge on the second day of last month. One of the poor fellows, in showing his, said, "You will soon be free. There will be no one here to write for Bibles to give us poor fellows who have a sentence over here and no way to get free. Will you try to get your people to send us THE LIFE BOAT? I believe if God will save me at all He will use that paper as the means to draw me to Himself."

On the day of my release I went to some of them to bid them good-bye, and I never, never, never can forget that last appeal as they stood with tear-dimmed eyes and called out, "Please don't forget to send us THE LIFE BOAT, it is us poor prisoners' friend, for it tells us how to be good."

Dear reader, I must confess that I melted to tears. I was leaving there a pauper myself, with none to whom I could look for support save only the people of God, with not half money enough to pay railroad fare to this place, and almost destitute of clothing. What could I do? I thought and prayed over the matter and after considerable hesitation I was persuaded to take this course to make this appeal.

Who will help to send two hundred and twenty LIFE BOATS every month for a year to the prison at Parchman, Miss.? I am personally acquainted with the majority of the officers and I believe I am simply stating the bare truth when I say that they are generous, and as a whole, kind-hearted and true. They will gladly, cheerfully, see to it that THE LIFE BOAT reaches the prisoners, for, as some of

them say, "The men ought to have that paper, it makes them better."

Please send all donations to THE LIFE BOAT, specifying that it is for the Mississippi prison. There is a work to be done, a work that *must* be done for the Mississippi prison, for there are souls who are feeling after God if haply they might find Him. Among the rubbish lies many a pearl, that with the polishing grace of our Redeemer's blood will be made jewels in His crown and stars in ours.

Begging excuse for broken language, I send this appeal to you, dear reader, praying the Holy Spirit to impress your heart. I am here at this place studying to receive an intelligent understanding of the truth so that I can wisely present it to those in the home land or in the foreign field, wherever the Lord may call me.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

[The following letter was received recently from an entire stranger. This is only another indication of the fulfilment of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The seed sowing has been done and now the returns from the harvest are coming in. What kind of harvest have you been sowing for? Remember that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Ed.]

Dear Sir and Friend:

Knowing your little publication, THE LIFE BOAT, reaches thousands of men behind prison walls, knowing also how eagerly many of these men await its coming each month and how it is influencing and teaching men to live better lives, I feel desirous of adding my testimony to those you publish from time to time.

I know it is possible, and that some men are serving the Lord in prison.

About eighteen months ago I was arrested for participating in a burglary. While in jail the desire to live a better life came to me. The desire was strengthened by reading some religious papers, among which was one of your magazines.

I lived a life of sin and dissipation for many years. In THE LIFE BOAT I read how the dear Lord was saving just such men as I was. This so encouraged me that I began to pray.

The devil tried in many ways to show me why I could not live a Christian life. Although I have now been serving the Lord many months the devil still tries to ensnare

me, but God does not allow him to tempt me beyond my strength.

My experience has taught me that the greatest sinner can be cleansed and freed from his sins if he will but call upon the Lord. The dear Lord knows the crippled condition of the sinner, but He will not forsake those who earnestly try to learn of Him.

Paul was a great sinner, but he turned from sin and became one of the greatest workers in God's vineyard.

Serving the Lord in prison makes prison life more endurable. He knows the heartaches, struggles and disappointments of each prisoner. When we go to Him with all our trials and sorrows we can feel that He understands us as no earthly friend can.

For the encouragement of those who have long sentences to serve I wish to say, "With God all things are possible. Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven." I firmly believe that had I not yielded to the will of God and promised to obey His laws I would still be in prison today.

The writer was sent to the penitentiary on an indeterminate sentence. The prospect of getting out at the expiration of the first year seemed doubtful, but I made up my mind to trust the Lord for my freedom and to serve Him when I received it as well as while in prison.

I felt sure God was satisfied with my plans for the future, therefore I believed my prayers for pardon would be answered. Long before I was released a friend wrote: "When the Lord is ready to give you your liberty there is no prison strong enough to keep you imprisoned." I found that to be true. In September of last year I was paroled. Just here I wish to say that while there is no prison strong enough to hold the man God wants out, neither is there a man so deep in sin but what he can find a way of escape from sin through the blood of Jesus Christ. Prison life will be more bearable, freedom when it comes will be sweeter if you make Jesus your companion.

The writer has a card in his room with the words on it: "Kept by the power of God." Every day this fact impresses itself on my mind. Although I am often tempted by the devil and often feel the struggle too great, still God keeps me. Each time I repel the devil I become a stronger and a better man.

Dear brother, it will be easier and safer to begin a Christian life now. Don't wait until you are free. God knows you will need to be a Christian and strong in the Lord to resist the temptations that will assail you when you again go out in the world.

Don't make the fatal mistake so many have made of trying to live a better life without God's help. Most men in prison have led unhappy, wretched lives. The Christian knows there is peace and happiness in serving the Lord—then why not try this way of living?

Perhaps you think it is too late, or maybe there seems to be a great obstacle in the way. The writer thought so, too, but by prayer he soon learned how God smooths the rough places and takes away sinful desires.

The best way to begin, the quickest way to get acquainted with God, is to pray, *pray always*.

AN APPEAL TO THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY.
Santa Ana, Cal.

So far as lies within me I shall endeavor to make this article prove that I am interested in the best and highest welfare of the man behind the bars. How I wish I could grasp the hands of each one of you, look into your eyes and speak to you face to face! If I could I do not believe one of you would doubt for one moment my sincerity.

No man is wholly bad unless he is an irresponsible degenerate. Every man has a tender spot in his heart and a gracious side to his nature. It is to the noblest and best in you, my brother, that I wish to appeal in this talk to you through the columns of THE LIFE BOAT.

It is an advantage to look at things just as they are, to candidly consider conditions and then to courageously make the best of a bad situation. Do not make the mistake that so many have made and lay all your misfortunes upon somebody else. No doubt you have had a hard chance, perhaps it has been almost worse than no chance, perhaps you have had a hard row to dig; yet it is better to face the truth and own up to it that it is the love of sin that is

after all at the bottom of most of the hard rows.

The harvest is of the same kind as the seed, only *more* of it. Now, we are all sinners whether outside of prison or inside. Each needs salvation, each needs God's mercy and forgiveness and help, so in this respect, my brother, we are all in the same boat. The man who determines to make the best of everything is the truly wise man.

So instead of thinking yourself the most unfortunate in the world, look up; there is light, love, joy, peace and rest for you. Heaven's own King came down to earth to seek and save that which was lost, and the thickest prison walls cannot shut Him out. Every one of you may know Him if you will. Tell Him, though you are behind the bars, your life shall be his. When Jesus fills your life the very place that you are in will be a brighter place for you, the time will flow on more swiftly.

Many of you will one day go out free men. Do not think you have no friends out in the big world. You have friends good and loyal and true.

Do not stop to think about the past. Make up your mind by the grace of God when you go free you will "make good," and with the help of God you can do it. With Him to stand by you you will be sure to be a winner. The grace of God is a good deal bigger than your needs and a good deal bigger than your great enemy, the devil. Remember the promise of God: "Commit thy way unto the Lord * * * and He shall bring it to pass." If you trust Him, He will trust you.

A wicked man full of whisky stopped in front of a gate where stood a little girl pretty as a picture beside the old well. As he stopped she said, "Please, sir, wouldn't you like a cup of good cold water this hot morning?" The man was amazed; he took the cup and while he was drinking his little friend said, "I love you, sir, and Jesus loves you, too." Then the tears started and the poor fellow said, "God bless you, child; you don't know what you have done for me." Right then and there that man got his start for the kingdom of heaven.

That is it, brother; no matter where you are Jesus loves you, yes, *you*; He does.

Many of you men have had a praying mother. You want to meet that faithful, loving, self-denying mother in the kingdom of God. For the sake of mother's love and mother's prayer take mother's Saviour for your Saviour, and His love is a thousand times more tender, gracious and forgiving than that of any mother who ever lived. His call is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A VISIT TO MY OLD HOME.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,
3529 Cottage Grove Ave, Chicago.

Since I left the old life and found Jesus precious to my soul I have been praying that the day would come when I could visit my old home place and interest the people in the work I love. Mrs. Richmond was called suddenly to Jackson, Mich., recently on account of the death of a friend, and the Lord opened the way for me to accompany her.

While in Jackson we went to the State prison and attended the service; the chaplain gave a beautiful talk. After the service we had the privilege of meeting him and telling him about our work.

The chaplain told us he had seen that little paper before, as they had some copies of THE LIFE BOAT that had been sent there, and he said it was doing a world of good and there was no paper like it; it made better men out of the prisoners.

We had the privilege of talking with a prisoner who was selling some of the beautiful things they make. When we talked to him about the goodness of God his face just lit up with the glory of God and he said, "I know the Lord, I know He is good." It would have done your soul good to just look into his face.

They had an orchestra of prisoners and a choir of men voices, who sang beautiful songs. The prisoners all dress in plain blue clothes. As we sat in the lobby they filed down the steps at both sides, one at a time, and as I saw those men I knew how sad they must be and I thought of the love of God,—how if everyone gave his heart to God they could sing the song of the redeemed while there in prison. I could not help but weep.

On our return we stopped off and visited my old home, the home of my childhood days. While there we sold this magazine and God blessed us in our work for souls. In the evening we attended some of the meetings that were being held in the different churches and Sister Richmond told how the power of God can come into a person's life and transform him from a wicked sinner to a consecrated worker for God; then I had the privilege of witnessing to the power of God in my life.

I told them how I thanked God for the Life Boat Mission and how some years ago my husband and I were on our way to the theater when the mission door swung open. I know the angel of the Lord opened the door so that I heard them singing. The Spirit of the Lord led us into the mission and I gave my heart to God and began to pray for my husband.

There was one man in that audience who would never speak to me in the old days, but before I finished my talk he was crying like a baby, and he came up to me at the close and said, "I want you to come over to my house and stay while you are here."

It was hard for me to tell my experience in that town, for all of those people knew me in my wicked life. The devil said to me, "What do you want to get up here for? You cannot talk like other people." I bowed my head and asked God to use me that souls might be saved. After I got up there the power of God came down upon me and I could have stood and talked for an hour. I saw tears in many eyes. They said they never heard anything like it. Old men who knew me from a child shed tears as I told them of the wonderful change that had come into my life. I told them I believed the Lord was soon coming and how necessary it was to get ready to meet Him.

I ask an interest in your prayers that I may be faithful at last and wear that crown of righteousness that fadeth not away. Don't you want to wear a crown? It is for you. I want my crown to be full of stars. The stars in our crowns will be the souls we have brought to Jesus. May God held us to arise and shine.

"Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy."

THE PASSING OF ANOTHER DELUSION.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A little more than a generation ago almost everybody labored under the delusion that in order to be strong one must drink liquor. The average mortal saw to it that his cellar was well stocked with stimulating drinks before the winter set in. That delusion has died hard, but it is dying, just the same.

Another delusion that we have harbored almost as persistently is the deeply rooted notion that in order to be strong we must eat a large amount of flesh food. But light is breaking in upon the minds of the brightest lights in the medical profession and of the most sensible men and women, that overloading the system with proteid food has been the cause of more Bright's disease, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and mental breakdown than was generally supposed. We quote the following editorial from the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"The fact that we are eating less meat, as a nation, is a tribute to our common sense and a good thing for our health. We have lived all too long under this meat delusion in America. It is not so long ago that the steak or chop at breakfast was a usual sight; now it is a rarity at well-considered tables. Men's luncheons are getting simpler, and the three-times-a-day meat idea is rapidly changing for the meat-once-a-day rule.

"A curious fact is that men are clinging with greater tenacity than are women to the idea that meat more than once a day is necessary for strength. Years ago nursing mothers exploded the idea for themselves; many a woman found that to eat meat three times a day did the child at her breast more harm than good; it made the child restless and failed to give lasting nourishment. And this latter point, so incontrovertibly proved by women, is what men cannot get through their heads. The wise little Japanese found out this truth centuries ago, and his endurance is marvelous. Some day the American man will find it out, and when he eats less meat he will be better for it."

That our people have begun to discover that there is better food for health and strength and mental and moral clearness than

feeding on animal flesh is shown from a recent report of the United States Department of Agriculture, which states that meat eating is slowly decreasing in the United States, although compared with other countries in 1904 there was eaten in this country 185 pounds of flesh food for every man, woman and child in it, while in Great Britain there was used only 121; in France, 79; in Belgium, 70; in Denmark, 76; in Sweden, 62; in Italy, 46.

FREE ONCE MORE.

The following is from an ex-convict who was converted through reading this magazine while in the Florida prison camp. He is now rejoicing in double freedom—freedom from sin and from prison bars. He writes:

"I praise God for what He has done and is doing for me every day. Today, at this very moment, I am discharged from this prison camp and am once more a *free* man. I am free not only from incarceration, but also from any momentary or intentional sin, and as for my past I have prayed constantly and am confident the Lord has answered my prayers and forgiven my sin. So I leave this place a happy man with a joyous heart and a *clean* soul.

"Again I'll repeat that *THE LIFE BOAT*, combined with your personal interest, has been the real foundation of my conversion. As you say God has a place in store somewhere for me, so with His help I am sure to get there. I have no situation in view, neither have I any means to subsist on until I get something.

"When one leaves the prison, or chain-gang, as it is called in Florida, there is but little hope for him to get a situation whatever, as there are very few openings here even for good characters. All the laboring work is done by negroes. But I have my trust in God and can not be discouraged."

Do not forget our special 1909 offer: Five Life Boats to one address for \$1.50. Our readers everywhere are taking advantage of this offer. It gives them extra papers to hand out to their friends, to give away when traveling, and to use as other people would tracts. Take advantage of this offer.

FINDS HELP FROM THE BIBLE.

A prisoner in the Milwaukee house of correction writes:

"I have been studying the book of John and I find it very rich in promises and precious words. I have sometimes doubted the theory of a resurrection, but lately I have become convinced that it is not a theory but a reality and that the grave is not the end. Everything that God has created proclaims a resurrection. The trees in the park near here look dead and lifeless, but we know there is another springtime coming when they will burst forth into life again. Surely if the Father with His infinite power gives them the measure of another life He will not withhold that hope from us, when the winter of our life is past.

"I feel somewhat appalled at times when I think of the great amount of evil with which I have repaid my Creator for all the blessings He has bestowed upon me—life, health, strength, etc.—and I look upon my imprisonment as a sort of penance for my sins.

"I believe the world is what we make it and I cannot help thinking after reading of the example that Christ set for us that the old world would be a glorious place to live in if every one would follow in His footsteps. It would not be necessary to build houses of correction or reformatories for our brothers nor Rescue Homes for our sisters, for His plan is a true solution for all the problems that now vex society. Such questions as intemperance, immorality, impurity and all other defects of an imperfect civilization would be settled forever.

"When I hear these good men tell us how Christ brought them out of a life of sin and degradation it leads me to think that there is yet some hope for me. It is my earnest desire to break away from my evil habits and former associates and any little help you may be able to give me along this line will be appreciated."

AN INTERESTED CHINAMAN.

Edna Sweet and Mrs. Kedler have sold tens of thousands of LIFE BOATS in different parts of the country. After taking a little furlough they are now again enthusiastically at work. Miss Sweet writes us in a personal letter concerning an interesting experience she had in Hamilton, Ont.:

"You will no doubt be as much surprised as I was when I tell you that a Chinese laundry man gave me five dollars for the babies in the Rescue Home. I was working on King street and entered the laundry. One Chinaman bought a paper cheerfully. The other one, who seemed to be paying no attention until I turned to go, reached out his hand for a paper, which I gave him. He disappeared in the rear, but returned in a few minutes with an envelope which he handed me smiling, but said nothing. I thanked him as I left.

"When outside I looked and saw it contained a bill and the envelope was addressed to another lady. I thought perhaps he had mistaken me for someone else, so I went back, but he assured me it was no mistake, saying 'For you,' and motioning, 'Ole en'lope.' I thought it probably contained a dollar. Even that would have seemed generous, but when I reached home I was telling Mrs. Kedler about it and took out the envelope to show her, when I discovered it was a five instead of one dollar bill."

"What are you doing for Jesus?"

Some of our readers are donating from five to fifty yearly subscriptions to their State prisons. No more appreciative gift could be made. Will you not do the same? Write for special rates to prisons. We would also invite prisoners who can afford to subscribe to write for special rates for themselves and others.

The Life Boat Mission is located at 471 State street, one-half block south of Polk street. Open every night of the year. When in Chicago you are earnestly invited to spend an evening at the mission.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

THE PRISONER'S FAMILY.

We are glad to know that the public are beginning to appreciate the fact that frequently the prisoner has a family, whose condition is often pitiable in the extreme. If you who are reading these lines happen to know of just such a family, will you not seek them out and let them feel a friendly hand clasp and an assurance of brotherhood or sisterhood? By doing this, you will be doing them more good than if you gave them a corner lot. At the same time, don't forget to render them such other assistance as the situation may demand or your circumstances will permit.

WHAT DO THESE THINGS MEAN?

Before the Master left this earth He declared that when this Gospel of the kingdom should have been preached to all the world for a witness then the end would come. During the last twenty-five years the feet of missionaries with this Gospel have been treading the uttermost parts of the earth. Be assured the Saviour will make good His prediction.

According to the last Sunday's *Inter Occan*, "since the Italy earthquake, Dec. 28, which cost a hundred thousand lives, there have been just exactly forty earthquakes, piling up additional proof that the earth has become a menace to the children that nestle at her breast." "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21:28.

CAN AN EX-PRISONER MAKE GOOD?

Of course he can, although this question is frequently raised, just as if ex-prisoners were different mortals from other people who have made mistakes and fallen down. The Scriptures declare that although a man fall he shall rise again, and it does not make any exception in the case of prisoners.

It would make a long list, the number of ex-prisoners that we have personally come in contact with or known of who have made

good. Let me cite the case of one and let that stand as an illustration of others.

A couple of years ago we signed the parole papers of a man from an adjoining State prison. He shortly secured a position in one of the leading manufacturing concerns in Chicago. He has been promoted five times. He has charge of one of the important departments and is honored and trusted by the officials of the concern; but he is a humble and trusting child of God, and that is the secret of it.

A few nights ago he was invited to a banquet with the officials, but that was the eleventh anniversary of the opening of the Life Boat Mission and he came there instead to give his testimony of what God was doing for him.

The man who takes the Lord in for his partner will make good anywhere. The man who takes the devil in for his partner will fall down, and great will be his fall, soon enough.

IF NO ONE ELSE TO WRITE TO, WRITE TO US.

Loaded down with the cares incident to a busy physician's work, it is difficult for us to carry on in a satisfactory manner an extensive correspondence, but we can often be the instrument in God's hands of getting such in touch with others who can correspond with them. At any rate, we gladly repeat the invitation in the title: If you have no one else to correspond with, write to us.

If you are lonely, heartsick, discouraged, despondent, friendless, whether you are in prison or out of prison, we will be glad to at least help you to get in touch with "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We are glad to be personally acquainted with just such a friend, and He is willing to take others into similar confidential relationship with Him.

Address, Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

GETTING GOOD OUT OF BEING IN PRISON.

Do you remember anything about Joseph? He was his father's pet and his brothers did not like him. They fixed up a scheme to make trouble for him: He was first thrown into an empty pit. He stayed there for a while and took, as someone has called it, a course in "Pit" College. Then he was sold to a great man in Egypt; but the great man had a small wife and she conjured up trouble for him, so he was put in prison, although he was innocent as a babe.

But he made the best of his situation, and kept learning something, and when he graduated from prison, he became one of the managers of Egypt and had a wonderful career.

You can read all that in the first book in the Bible, chapters 37 to 48. Nobody has written a story in modern times that contains anything half as interesting and inspiring. Read it and determine by God's help you will repeat, as far as God wills it, Joseph's experience.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN.

Last month we presented the general plan of a sanitarium work for the sick poor which is about to be established on seven acres of ground recently purchased for this purpose just across the street from the Hinsdale sanitarium grounds. We are glad to be able this month to report progress. The contract has been let for the necessary alterations and enlargement of the large double house already on the grounds. This work will be completed by the middle of May and we hope to be able to receive patients by June first.

To the sick poor simply furnished rooms will be rented for a dollar and upwards a week. A wholesome dietary will be supplied on the European plan at practically home prices. Simple but substantial treatment will be given at cost. This will make it possible for the poor to come here and receive a chance to get well without being made beggars.

We call upon our friends everywhere to help us raise the necessary means to pay

for the grounds and for the buildings and equipment. One hundred dollars will make its donor a charter member in the Good Samaritan Inn corporation. Ten dollars will make one a founder, but even the smallest sum will be gratefully accepted. Donations may be sent to Dr. David Paulson, president, or to H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill.

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

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

Mr. McMillam, Superintendent Prison Department, Salvation Army, 395 State street, Chicago.

Rev. F. Emory Lyon, Central Howard Prison Association, Rand McNally Building, Chicago.

E. B. Van Dorn, Superintendent Life Boat Mission, 471 State street, Chicago.

R. H. McBride, 1180 East Garfield boulevard, Chicago.

THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Capt. Kingsbury, Santa Ana, Calif.

WILL YOU BECOME A REGULAR MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER?

A number of our kind-hearted and generous friends have agreed to pay from twenty-five cents to five dollars each month to help send Life Boats to prisons, to pay the Life Boat Mission rent and to assist in the Rescue Home. Will you not become one of these? How much will you send us each month? Write us. Address The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

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.

NOTICE.

Will buy for you wearing apparel, household furnishings, etc. For further information write to Ida Tomson, buyer, 837 Marshall Field Building, Chicago.

Send for a sample copy of *The Signs of the Times*, an excellent magazine for young converts. Address, Mountain View, California.

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.

SPECIAL SALE ON MUSIC.

Following most beautiful sacred solos are for ordinary voice and piano: "The Fading Flower," 50c; "His Loving Voice," 40c; "Mountain Flowers," 35c; "The Wonderful River," 25c; or \$1.50 worth of MUSIC for 25c. Send order to "Gospel Music Co.," 670 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

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.

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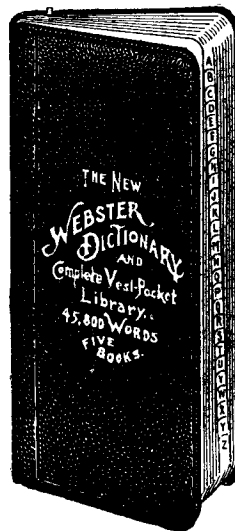
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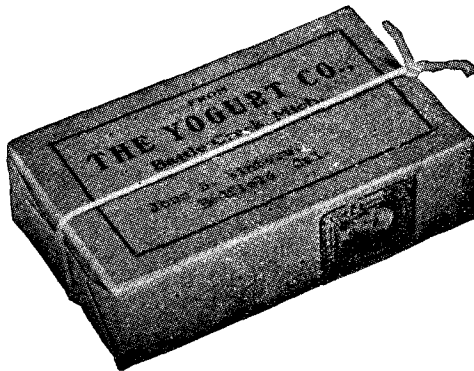
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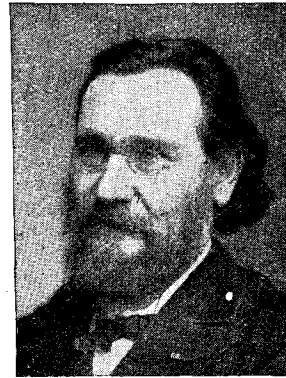
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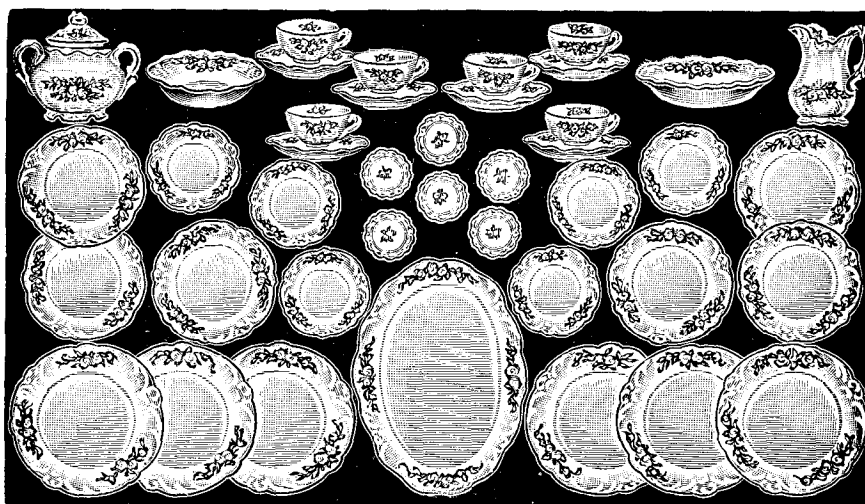
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