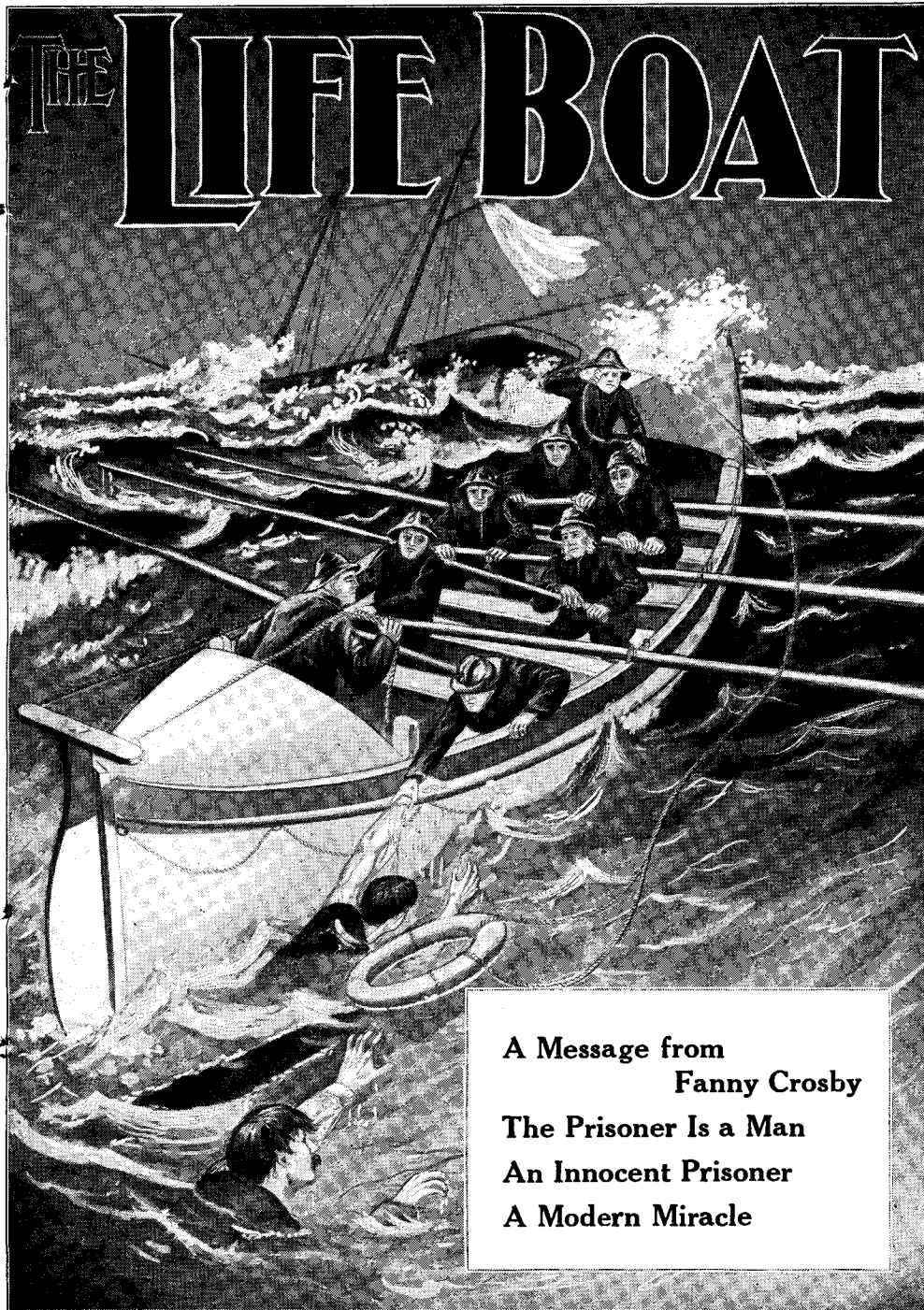


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Number Five**

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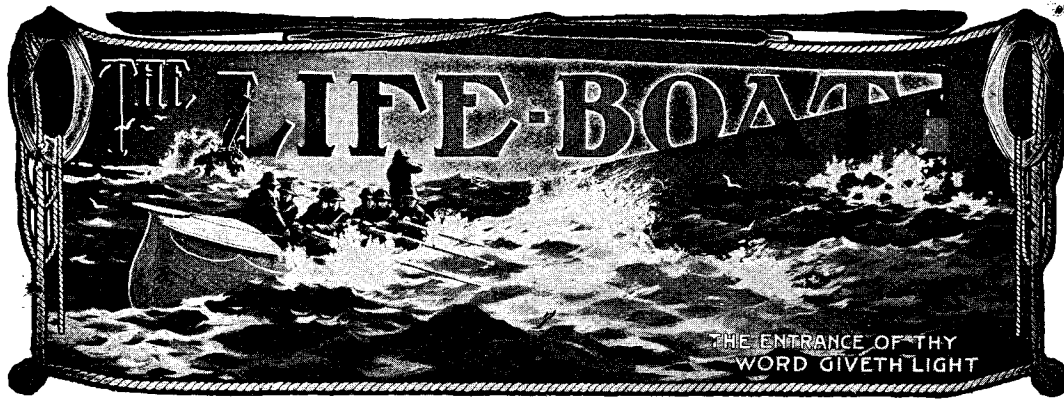
May, 1910

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The shore patrolman from the New York life saving station, with his hand shading his eyes, looking out over the vast expanse of water in the direction of a distress signal.



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

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Volume XIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1910

Number 5

A Genuine Moral and Physical Transformation

A most inspiring and instructive article appeared in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*, written by a life term prisoner in the Sing Sing prison. His experience impressed us so strongly that we asked permission to republish it in this special number. No one can read it without becoming profoundly interested.—ED. LIFE BOAT.

I WAS born in New York City thirty years ago next July. My parents were Southerners, Mother being a Marylander and Father from East Tennessee and Kentucky. My father's mother was a woman of remarkable power and efficiency and a hard worker all her life. She taught school in various places; she became interested in phonography and aided in the promulgation of that study; she taught phonetic classes, became a university teacher, and, finally, compiled an improved phonetic shorthand system. She did a wonderful work as I now see it, and I speak of her at this length because she is the possible explanation of a part of my life at least.

For it was from this mother that my father received a heritage of independent thought which led him to discard the truths of Christianity, probably not from his life, but certainly from his affirmation, and he

allied himself with various free-thought organizations.

THE "DO AS YOU PLEASE" CREED.

During all of my boyhood I was thrown into the company of people much older than myself, and because of my father's liberal views these were mostly people of no religious beliefs, but skeptics and affirmed atheists. The creed of these people was "Do as you please," and generally they lived up to it. I was taught to do likewise. It was a kind of pragmatic atmosphere—all things were to be judged by results, and if the results proved good the means could not have been ill. I was taught that there was no will higher than my own: that in very truth I was "Captain of my soul" and must give account to no one save my own conscience. This, as the years went by, became easy because I had little conscience, and what I had was so perverted that it was worse than none. My habits were formed

early. I learned to smoke at five or six. I was allowed to eat a miscellaneous lot of fodder, of which meat formed a large percentage and sweets and pastries another. Wine, beer and whisky were almost always in the house, and from the time I was ten I was allowed beer if I wanted it.

THE CRIMINAL ALPHABET.

I was bad. I was not more than six or seven when I learned to steal pennies. From this beginning I never lost the habit of considering other people's property as my own if I could get it. During my schooling I was dismissed from every school I attended save two in my very early boyhood, and, finally, when I was sixteen I went to work. But I shifted from one job to another or loafed at home. I went from bad to worse, and at seventeen I was about as immoral a lad as one could find. I knew, after a fashion, that I was doing wrong, but conscience was warped and I didn't care. At eighteen I fell in love with a young woman—one of the very few women who excited only pure thought in my mind—and through her influence largely I was baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal Church. But no one told me much about the salvation possible for a man like me—they mostly preached "Be good" without giving any adequate reason why I should be. It was not long before the parents of this girl, quite rightly, gave me orders to keep away and she was forbidden to hold any intercourse with me and I went back to the old ways.

Of course, when a man begins to live in a sewer he naturally gravitates lower and lower. And one day I killed a man, a personal friend, for what money he had on his person. Thirty-six hours later I was arrested. After a year in jail I was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree and sent to prison for life. This was ten years ago: when I was twenty.

MAKING GOOD IN PRISON.

When I came to prison I was put to work on a sewing-machine, mending the shirts and underclothing of the other inmates. My mind, young as I was, had not been destroyed, and as I was quick to comprehend I was a little later allowed the run of

the shop, being depended upon to do a variety of odd jobs which were so infrequent that no one person was assigned to them. I ingratiated myself in the good will of the officer in charge, and after about eighteen months he permitted—even requested, I believe—my transfer to the printing department. There I worked on a case and did stone work for about five months, taking to the trade like a fish to water, and was then made foreman, having entire charge of stock and the direction of forty or fifty men. This position I held with more or less credit for three years, when, a citizen instructor being employed, I was transferred to the offices of the industrial departments, though I still retained charge of stock in the printing office and really did the bulk of the work which I had been doing.

I had lived in the prison a more or less disorderly life, stealing what I wanted if I could and having several fights, being punished in the dungeon for one at which I was caught. I gave free reign to my temper and was noted among the twelve hundred or more inmates as having a reputation about as unsavory as it could well be in a prison.

CHRIST SHONE ALL THROUGH HER.

One day a woman, perhaps sixty years old, came as a visiting missionary to the prison. She talked to me, perhaps half an hour. This woman brought to me the message of Christ, and, though at this first interview with her I would not allow her to tell me of Him, yet He shone all through her person and speech and spoke to me. She made me stop and think—something I had never done before. I saw in the future nothing but a blankness, a death in life—a life in death—and the years stretched out before me as level as a sheet of paper and with absolutely no horizon. I was living to no purpose; my life had no objective; I was a vegetable.

For two months after this meeting with the missionary I thought much and finally concluded that without decency and Christianity I could not do anything in life, with the result that I gave my life to Christ—in a word, was converted. That was in 1906.

Since then I have grown in strength until now, instead of the old reputation for lawlessness, I am known from one end of the prison to the other as a Christian. My life is changed and is now entirely devoted to Him. During the daytime I am employed as stenographer to one of the officials, and my evenings are spent in choir work, of which body I am the conductor, and in preparing myself in divers ways for the service of Christ. Sometimes in the early mornings I write, as these pages have been written, afterward being transcribed on the machine. No longer is my life that of a squash (I don't like squash), but it has an ideal—an objective.

EATING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

I felt my life was clean of past sins and that it was "up to me" to keep it so. I knew that I had been given a new start in life, but I also felt that there was still something that was wrong. Finally I began to think of my eating and drinking. I invariably asked God to bless what I was about to eat and then went ahead and ate it in amount and manner as I jolly well pleased. Through the following of such a course I became sick, and in the summer of 1908 I was in anything but the best of health. This was indicated to me by a comparison of weight with height, if no other criteria had been used—one hundred and eighty pounds to five feet seven inches and a half; thirty-three pounds above the proper weight, and four pounds over the twenty per cent fluctuation which the life-insurance companies allow for good risks. For years I had been seriously incommoded by a skin eruption which at times was so severe that I suffered from sleeplessness because of the itching and pain. One of my shoulders gave me considerable trouble from muscular rheumatism (so called, though there is no such disease, it being usually the result of uric-acid poisoning, the correct terminology for which is "myalgia"), and I was at this time just recovering from an attack lasting about six weeks, during which I could, at times, scarcely lift my arm above my head. I have always been afflicted with nasal catarrh and was very susceptible to colds, which would hit me hard and last long.

There were other ills minor in degree, but most unpleasant and denoting imperfect blood condition (for it is true that the blood is life, and where there is pure blood there will be perfect health), and I wanted, quite naturally, to get rid of them all. I had been treated by physicians for the skin eruption, one having called it neurosis (probably correctly) and prescribing bromides, while the other did not name it but treated it locally. But there was no relief because the symptom was being treated rather than the cause; and one day, while waiting for the physician, his attendant said to me: "The trouble is you are too fat." And I left that room with a bee in my bonnet.

EXPERIMENTING WITH FLETCHERISM.

It was then that I heard of Horace Fletcher and his so-called "Fletcherism." I read of how Mr. Fletcher found himself a physical wreck at forty and how he had overcome the ills and ails consequent upon his unwise eating. I compared his case to my own, read his theories and saw at once that they were sound. I read Paul's admonition to the Corinthians: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink . . . do all to the glory of God." And when I faced myself with the question whether I was eating and drinking to His glory I had to confess I was not.

Then began my experiment with "Fletcherism," and I soon began to believe in dietary righteousness. Now, indeed, I put it on a par with spiritual well-being. The two are so closely related and commingled that to me they are indistinguishable one from the other. I don't believe a dirty man—dirty either inside or out—can be a Christian. "Cleanliness is next to godliness"? Yes; alongside, and one quite impossible without the other. I believe a dirty man can be converted—certainly I was dirty. But he cannot stay dirty and inhabit the presence of a clean Christ. Either he must forsake the one or the other. So gluttonous eating and drinking went. The Alkaloidists have, I believe, a sort of slogan which they employ: "Clean out, clean up and keep clean," which I now apply to myself.

I'll admit that all this was hard. It meant the reforming of life habits. But

hard or easy, was it worth while? If after a fair trial one finds one's self in better condition, physical and mental, then he must conclude that it is good. If not, that it is evil. But I contend that one who has not tried it has no right to an opinion one way or the other. In the case of men who ridicule "Fletcherism" they do not know, practically, the first principle of "Fletcherism."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Therefore I say to any man who reads this: If you are not feeling "up to snuff" and want to increase your health and efficiency, try "Fletcherism." Here in prison we can not choose those foods which we best like; we must eat what is put before us or go without. And, as a matter of fact, if we are "Fletcherites" it won't hurt us—indeed, will often do us good—to go without a meal. Before I began the practice I used to eat at least my full ration of hash in the morning, accompanied by three (more often four) pieces of bread. Of the dinner I usually ate all that was placed before me: soup, meat and potatoes, and from three to seven pieces of bread. And at night four to six pieces of bread and about half a cup of tea. In contrast compare the present: Breakfast: half or less of the hash, and never more than two pieces of bread, having usually to carry a crust away from the table with me because I have not time to eat it while seated. Dinner: meat about the size of two fingers (more often none), potatoes, one (seldom two), a third of the soup and two pieces of bread. Supper: two (sometimes three) pieces of bread, sometimes none. Never, while eating, liquid of any kind; water, during the day and evening, two quarts.

Now what is the result of this decreased dietetic regimen? What has its adoption accomplished? The neurotic (eczematous) affliction has entirely disappeared; I have had no attack of the myalgia during the interim. no cold has gripped me and the catarrhal trouble is much alleviated. I sleep better (and less), think better, work better, feel better and am better. I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, which is just about the amount at which I should tip the

beam, and have reduced my girth from a full thirty-six inches to a scant thirty inches, while the chest measurement has remained about the same—thirty-seven inches, normal. I feel that my efficiency has increased tenfold since practicing "Fletcherism."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN THEORY.

I am in the habit, in my letters and writings, of using the name of Jesus Christ very frequently. I'll tell you why I do. Men tell us today—the New Thinkers and their like—that men do not need a Saviour; that all a man has to do to rise victor over the world, the flesh and the devil, is to think right. If any one preaching such a creed had seen life as I have seen it and been drunk on the dregs of sin as I have been, had been down in the depths of hell as I have been, and then, having been drawn out of the depths, made sober by a draught of the precious blood of Christ, and instead of the old sights and sounds had come into attunement with the Divine Voice, one wouldn't preach that way! Let a man go to hell as I did, and by the grace of Jesus Christ, be liberated, and he won't be content to preach platitudes and highly sounding phrases calling attention to the mind and its power over all things. He will know, and, knowing, must tell of the saving power of Christ and that the mind of the flesh is enmity against God. I tell you, such a man knows! The other is a guesser. The man who knows may not know how he knows; he may not be able to sit down and outline by what process he came into the knowledge; but it is his, and no power on earth can rob him of it.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUT SHELL.

Now, there is my story, up or down to date, as you will have it. I dare say it is not an uncommon one. A Christless home; much quarreling between parents and all members of the family; youthfulness and yet no home teaching of example nor precept to curb the spirit or give it natural play; a seeking outside the home for that which would satisfy the natural curiosity; a drifting into depraved methods of life; finally, what must and, logically, only can

be—a bringing up with a half-hitch and a round turn. And blessed, I say, is the man who is taken in his sinful life early, as I was, and sent to this school here. A hard school is this Sing Sing (or it was hard, for now I am taking an elective, post-graduate course), but it taught me those things which I could not or would not have learned had I never come here. I believe any man may learn them if he will. I have, and now my life is spent in teaching the things I have learned. To that end I use every means available: word of mouth, columns of our paper here, personal letter-writing, and, what is probably most effective, example.

I have gladly related my story for another reason: to show that among the convicts in New York State there is at least one who has been able to overcome the difficulties of prison life, the stigma of shame, the degrading, enervating effects of a life of wrong in youth; that at least one man has risen triumphant over it all and proclaims that he has come into his God-given heritage of true manhood. There are others who have done likewise: I am not alone nor in a class by himself. But—this is my story.

IF I ONLY HAD A MILLION DOLLARS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last evening I talked to the boys in Chicago's great reform school. As I looked into that sea of faces, few of which had ever had a mother's kiss lavished upon them, as I looked into those deep hungry eyes that had been so almost entirely deprived from seeing the smiles of loving parents, as I appreciated that most of them had been sinned against more than they had been sinners, how my heart ached for them, and I prayed to God that I might bring to them a message of my Father's love, who is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

A good woman from the south side church who had been invited to be present evidently felt also in her soul the great need of these unfortunate youngsters, for she said to me, "Oh, if I only had a million dollars, how much good I would do for these street waifs!"

I told her promptly that the very fact God

had not given her a million dollars was evidence enough to me that if she had a million dollars it would not be any good to her or anybody else. God gives each one of us all He can entrust us with. I reminded her of Moses when he wished he had a great gift of speech, etc., but God simply asked him, "What is that in thine hand?"

That is what God is going to hold each one of us responsible for—the simple gifts and the ordinary, humdrum opportunities that are about us each day. It is a trick of the devil to get us to overlook these and dream dreams of what we would do if we had some great and wonderful opportunities.

Doing the absolutely simple thing that lies next to us is the key to greater opportunities, and until we learn this important lesson we will accomplish but little in this world. God has big business for each one of us, but we will only find it by doing things that are small and very often uninteresting. Perhaps even our best friends will tell us that we are fools for spending our time doing such small things.

The other day one of our readers out west wrote a letter to me that illustrates this principle so beautifully that we print it in the next article as an inspiring suggestion to thousands of others who have similar missionary opportunities at their very doors.

Having given a cup of cold water for Christ's sake, having spoken a cheering and inspiring word to a fellow being for Christ's sake, will look as big when we meet it over in the day of God, if that was the only opportunity God gave us, as though we had raised the very dead.

HOW ONE HOME WAS BRIGHTENED UP.

MRS. M. C. JACKSON,
College View, Neb.

[Mrs. Jackson, in addition to her home duties has found time to visit her neighbors, selling copies of this magazine and lending a hand wherever help was needed. The following gives us a glimpse of the practical missionary work she was able to do for the suffering and needy. Remember Job said, "The cause which I knew not I searched out." "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him," "and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Then he said, "The blessing of him

that was ready to perish came upon me." Job 29:12, 13, 15.—Ed.]

While selling this magazine I had many opportunities for practical helpful work as I came in contact with those who were sick and in need. I rubbed away many headaches. With pans of hot water and cloths I relieved grippe and fevers. I found one baby and mother and father all sick. I chanced in on them and did not get away for a week. The baby had been sick with the whooping cough for four months. The air inside the house was as hot as July, the house closed as tight as a coffin and everything looked as filthy as—well, I can't think of a good comparison. All in the family were sick.

After about half an hour of persuasion I induced the parents to "run the risk" of letting me sponge the baby's burning face and hands with cold water. The father, when I went in, was on his knees by the bed drugging the little crying sufferer. The mother had not been out of bed for many days. Well, I soon got baby to open his eyes, he hushed that pitiful cry, put his hands up to my face and looked the words of gratitude. Soon he went to sleep.

You ought to have seen those parents laugh and cry at the same time as they saw that child brighten up. They had lost their first child and were in a fair way of losing the second.

Then I began treating the mother the same way. In a few minutes I checked her fever and I told her now to get up and dress. "Why! she said, do you think I can? Is it safe?" I assured them that it was.

Before all this was done the father wanted me to stay with them several days, which I agreed to do. The mother was up every day after that. I cooled down the fire and opened the windows. I never saw any one more willing to learn than those people, but the wife has much to learn yet. She was evidently brought up like a weed in the fence corner. I had to get them something to eat, as they for a week or more had only had what the neighbors had brought or prepared. There was not a clean dish or pan, chair or anything in the house. The father had become completely discouraged and was taking drugs. He at once went out and began clean-

ing a couple of feet deep of filth out of the back yard.

I made their home my home for eleven days and went out canvassing when I could. I have written to them today and will try to keep up instructive correspondence.

We had many good talks. I expect to sell magazines and do other missionary work as strength permits. Lincoln and its suburbs has room for much work.

WILL GO OUT A NEW MAN.

The following letter is from a prisoner in the Clinton prison, New York, written to THE LIFE BOAT:

"It gives me much pleasure and cheerfulness to read your letters, for I feel that they come from a pure heart. You can not know how it is to have one of God's people take an interest in us. Many of us would make good, but from early childhood we have not known what an honest, kind word was, or good encouragement. It goes a long way to making better men, and start us on the road to character building.

"Sixteen years ago I started in the wrong way, and I would be the same today if I hadn't your LIFE BOAT magazine and letters of encouragement and hope. I am telling the truth. I used never to care for Christian papers; now I read all I can get.

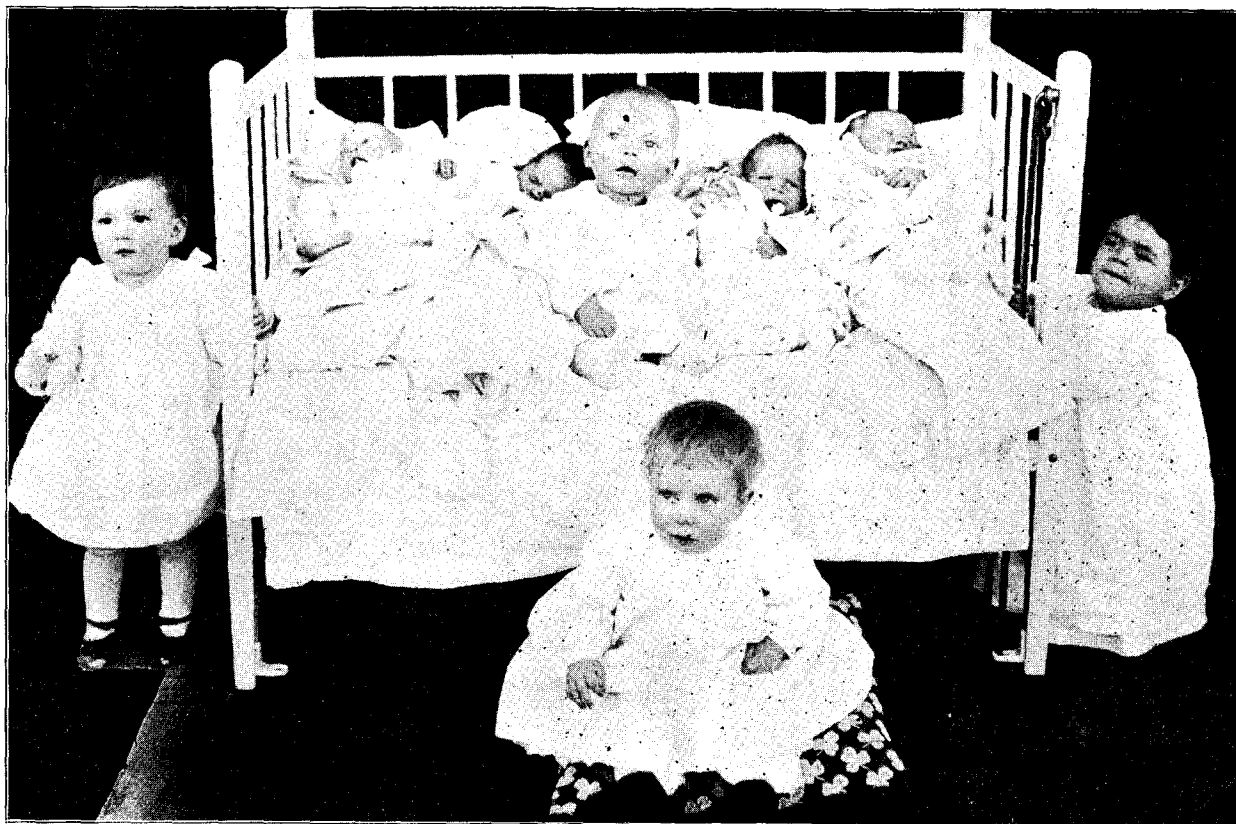
"I will not look back to the past, but to what is before me, and that is honest manhood. I came in prison bad; I will go out a new man if I live."

NOBODY IN THE WORLD THAT CARES.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

Four babies have been born in the home the past month, two of them a few hours apart. The mothers, with their little ones, are all doing nicely. One of the mothers felt that there was no possible way for her to keep her baby, so we have found a good Christian home for it.

I must tell you something about this mother. When she first came to the home, I wanted to know the name and address of her nearest relatives, so in case anything happened to her I could let them know. She said, "I have no



Eight of the eleven babies that are in the home at the present time. When we remember that these innocent babes are worse than fatherless they must appeal to our hearts.

relative. There is no one in the world that would care to know anything about me. If I die, I will have to be buried here." I thought, "Oh, how much those few words mean; no friend, no relative, no one cares for me." Is it any wonder that such girls make a mistake?



The accompanying picture is very interesting to the ones who made it possible to have it appear in this month's LIFE BOAT. I did not expect to have mine taken, but the necessity was thrust upon me. Some of the little ones have appeared before, but they are growing sweeter and prettier all the time. Some of them have been born within the last month. We had eleven babies here this month at one time.

Now, in order that the little ones may sleep out doors this summer, I want the second floor porch screened in and an awning put over the top. We must keep the flies away from our babies. We have our house all screened, but we have no place for them to sleep outdoors where they can be kept from the flies and mosquitoes. Who will help us make this possible?

In Proverbs 14:31 we are told "He that honoreth his Maker hath mercy on the poor."

The majority of the girls that have been in the Home the past few months are unable to pay scarcely anything. A number cannot pay a penny, yet they must be cared for.

Summer is coming and we shall not need coal, but we will have ice and a host of other things to get, and our folks all have good appetites. We are trusting God to supply our needs. He has been with us all the way in this work and has blessed us exceedingly.

WHO WANTS THIS RARE OLD SOUVENIR?

MRS. L. A. WADE,
Housekeeper, Life Boat Rescue Home.

Doubtless there are many friends of the rescue home who may never find it convenient to make it a visit, but we are desirous that all may be as well acquainted with the home family as possible.

About a year ago there came to live with us Miss Anna Dickenson, an elderly lady who, by earnest Christian endeavor and unselfish devotion to the interest of the home, has won much esteem and loving regard.

All her spare moments are busily spent in doing the needful little things, mending, reading to the sick, caring for the flowers, and many other little acts of kindnesses, which like the tiny violet filling the air with fragrance from behind the towering rock are vitally essential to the perfect whole.

Being intellectual and well read, she never misses an opportunity to sandwich in for the busy caretakers something spicy from the



Mrs. Wade's Mother Has Made a Home for This Child and Its Mother.

current news, and often some comforting thought from the Book of books. In the early dawn of morning and at eventide can be heard echoes going heavenward from her windows "open toward Jerusalem."

Many quaint little souvenirs decorate the walls of her little corner room on the second floor where most of her time is spent, except as with noiseless tread she strolls about graciously responding to every need that appeals to her limited strength.

Seated one day on an old chest which she told me was over one hundred years old, I asked her to tell me the history of an old platter outlined in brown with Grecian pattern which she had placed on the sideboard in the dining-room expressing a desire that it might be sold for the benefit of the home. She gives in this connection the history of her platter.

Way back in the eighteen-thirties a young couple set up housekeeping on a rocky farm in western Massachusetts, their home located on a hill called Cricket hill, thus named, it was said, because a man left his jacket out in the field and the crickets ate it up.

The bride had been a school teacher, and being frugal, out of her meager earnings had probably saved something. Some plain, substantial things were purchased for the house-keeping outfit, among them a whole crate of crockery. After a number of years of weary toil the farmers having heard of the vast prairies of the west so wonderfully productive, decided to sell the old rocky farm, which they did and came by way of Erie canal and the great lakes to Chicago, then an obscure town noted only for its depths of mud furnishing no facilities for transportation of immigrants.

So horse and prairie schooner were purchased to carry the family to relatives at Princeton, about one hundred miles distant across the prairie. A location was soon secured, but before the family could be established the husband and father sickened and died, leaving the wife to struggle on as best she could and care for four little children, the oldest but eight years. She bravely did her part, living upon and improving the land secured, passing through such struggles as only those who know pioneer life can understand.

The vast prairie has changed to fruitful fields, many towns and villages have sprung up, the rush and roar of traffic is daily heard where there used to be but the waving grass, the music of the lark with the bom, bom, of the prairie chicken, and where wild game used to abound.

Of that pioneer family but one member remains and she in her old age has come to end her days in the rescue home, bringing with her a few remnants, treasured because of old associations. One of them is the old platter of brown and white—about all that remains of the set of dishes with which the young housekeeper made her table fine in that home among the New England hills so long ago. Now it is gladly offered as a premium to the one who may in the near future give the most liberal donation to the rescue home.

Workers all over the land are meeting with marvelous success in selling The Life Boat. Send for a dollar's worth at agents' rates and try it in your community or write for special terms in quantities.

An Innocent Prisoner

David Paulson, M. D.

THE earliest recollection of my home life was my mother reading to me the experiences of Joseph. Joseph's father was childish enough in his old age to dress his son in such a way as to make his brothers green with envy. He was his father's pet.

Joseph, like every boy, had dreams of the future. The boy who has no dreams of the future has but little to look forward to.

As soon as we begin to dream of future greatness, God begins to put us through experiences that will *fit us* for this greatness, and Joseph was no exception. Joseph didn't have sense enough to keep his dreams to himself. They were buzzing in his head, and he had to tell them to some one, and so he told them to his brothers. His dreams suggested a time when Joseph would become a great man and his brethren were to look up to him from their bended knees. So they made up their minds that the best way to prevent the dream from being fulfilled was to crush the dreamer. That is a game that wicked men have worked in all ages. Nero crushed Paul, but millions are inspired today by reading his dreams.

PUT INTO "PIT" COLLEGE.

The sons of Jacob were herding cattle, fifty miles away. Jacob sent this boy Joseph, to find out how they were prospering, and as he approached the devilish thought came into their minds to throw him into a pit and let him starve to death, and then, they said, "We shall see what will become of his dreams." Gen. 37: 20.

So as some one has said, Joseph took his first course in "pit" college. When he had learned the lesson God had for him, he graduated, for his brothers finally decided that they had better sell him to some slave traders who were on their way to Egypt. I can appreciate that, in a few short hours, this half spoiled child was transformed into a man. I can almost see him now determining that he would be true to his father's God no matter what should befall him in Egypt; for although his brothers had treated him so devilishly mean, he knew that God had *permitted* it for some

good. Gen. 45: 5 and 50: 20.

The greatest thing I get out of the story of Joseph is the fact that, after a committee, consisting of his eleven wicked brethren, had deliberately decided to treat him outrageously, he could still say with assurance, "You *meant* it for evil, but God spelled it out for good." For every good dream you and I have in our heads, God may permit some wicked men to help hatch them out in a way that will not be pleasant to us.

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO GENERAL POTIPHAR.

Joseph was sold into one of the leading families in Egypt. The Lord helped him make good in such a manner that his master could not help but observe it, and so he was given the oversight of everything in that home. It must have been a wonderful experience. Here he learned the court language of Egypt. He became acquainted with Egyptian manners. It was a post graduate course, in which he learned a thousand things he never would have had a chance to learn if he had stayed at home and continued to be his father's pet and wear his nice new uniform.

Great opportunities always bring great temptations, and presently a terrific temptation was cast in his pathway. (Genesis 39.) But Joseph had his feet planted on this rock—"How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin *against* God?" Gen. 39: 9. It was his sense of personal obligation to God that kept him straight. Such a man you can trust with anything, in daylight and in dark. He is safe anywhere and everywhere.

LIVING DOWN A WRETCHED LIE.

Then Mrs. Potiphar lied about him in a most contemptible manner, and his experience teaches us that it is possible to *live down* a lie. How many good people I have met who have been completely crushed because some one had told some scandalous falsehood about them! I recommend such to read the price that Joseph paid to live down the lie about him. No one today cares a straw about the name of Mrs. Potiphar, but millions of men, in all ages, have been made more manly because of the name of Joseph.

Years ago I used to think that it was my personal duty to take time to clear up and explain any lie that was circulated about me. I generally discovered that by the time I had one taken care of the devil had nine more sprouting. I have learned a better way—to let the Lord take care of the liars, and expect God, in His own time and way, to bring something out in my life that will show to every rightminded person that what was said about me must have been false. This plan saves a great deal of valuable time, and works like a charm when it is once sincerely adopted.

AS GENERAL PRISON MANAGER.

Joseph went to prison, and he had a hard time. At first he was put in irons. Ps. 105: 17-22. But God so worked for him that ultimately he became general manager of the prison (Gen. 39: 22), and while there he was constantly looking after the welfare of others. He forgot his own troubles in helping others out of theirs. One morning he observed two men who were especially sad, and he inquired, "Wherefore look ye so sadly today?" Gen. 40: 7.

Some of you think you have all the trouble there is. You are so busy with your own troubles that you have no time to notice those of others. Remember Joseph was absolutely innocent. He might have said, "Oh, well, if I had done something I would not mind it." But although he was innocent he took time to help other people out of their troubles. By and by, one of these two men whom Joseph had been good to, was released. He promised to remember Joseph when he got out, but he forgot all about it. Gen. 40:23.

TASTING INGRATITUDE.

Some of you who read these lines have taken a post graduate course in the school of ingratitude, and you know what a large tuition you had to pay. So Joseph had to remain in prison two more years.

Then old King Pharaoh dreamed a dream that no one could explain, and then the chief butler, who had been a fellow prisoner with Joseph remembered his sins and told Pharaoh of that wonderful man down in prison, who not only could dream dreams, but could explain their significance, and Pharaoh sent for Joseph and told him what he had heard of his ability.

It was not simply in his father's home, nor in the courtly home of Potiphar, nor down in the dark dungeon cell that Joseph acknowledged his father's God, but when he stood face to face with the king of the greatest nation, in some respects, that the sun ever shone upon, he said, "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." Gen. 41:16.

Down in prison Joseph had a post graduate course of a different character than the one he had in General Potiphar's home. There he met the greatest people in Egypt; in prison he met some of the worst. In this way he learned how to deal with every type of character. Pharaoh's dream meant that Egypt was to have seven years of plenty, and then they were to have seven years of famine.

THE FIRST CORNER IN THE GRAIN MARKET.

Joseph suggested that they should gather enough corn during the first seven years to last them through the seven succeeding years. Pharaoh knew full well that his cabinet was largely made up of a pack of grafters; hence as he looked on the manly young man before him, who had withstood the temptations of court life in Potiphar's house, who had gone to prison to live down a lie, who, in other words, had gone through the fire without a smell of it even on his garments—Pharaoh, I say, knew in his very heart, *he* was the man to gather corn.

Today, when a man dreams dreams, the hard headed business man who spends all of his life "gathering corn," looks dubious and says, "Oh, he is just a dreamer," but remember, dear reader, that the same God who gave Joseph dreams *also* helped him to gather corn. That same God today will see to it that the fact that you take a little time off to study your Bible, to pray, to dream dreams, will not disqualify you from gathering corn; or, in other words, from becoming a substantial business man. As far as I am concerned, if I could have but one, I would rather dream dreams than merely gather corn, but I know the good Lord is willing to help me to do both.

Finally, the whole civilized world were compelled to go down to Egypt to buy grain, for the famine apparently was universal, and you may be sure that when these people went back with their sacks of corn, they had also re-

ceived from Joseph the bread of heaven into their heads and hearts.

Joseph's experience has been an inspiration to me in many a dark hour. I have told his experience to thousands of men who are today in prison, as Joseph was, and it has helped to inspire their lives. I have learned that if any one is permitted to treat me in a shabby manner, God will work some good out of it if I only permit him to do it, and every such experience is intended by God to teach me how not to treat other men if I should be tempted to do likewise. Joseph's experience was written for our admonition.

PRISON BARS NEVER SO STRONG BUT GOD CAN ENTER.

(From a Prisoner in the Michigan Branch Prison.)

I am a convict in the Michigan prison at Marquette, and since my arrival here I saw for the first time, the little book called *THE LIFE BOAT*. There are a number of the convicts here taking it, and as soon as they found out I was trying to live a Christian life, I was given a *LIFE BOAT* to read, by a good, loving brother convict.

In an unguarded moment I committed a crime while I was insane under the influence of drink and domestic trouble that put me in this prison.

I can't tell you how it does comfort a man when he knows that the prison was never so strong but God could enter, and oh, how He does comfort you! He can tell you all about prison life, because He was a convict Himself.

Dear brother convicts, if you are not Christians, let me entreat you, never go to sleep until you go to your blessed Saviour and get your sins forgiven, and He will meet you more than half way. When you get right with Him He is in your cell every night to meet you. How He does comfort! He is the best company you ever had. God bless His name!

Why, there are some men here that you can just see the love of God shining in their eyes. There will be a big surprise party in heaven when you get there to find lots of men and women that were converted in prison.

Just think of it! I was taught by a good Christian mother to think a prison was an

awful place, and that there was no redemption for you after you had been there. It is better to keep out of prison. I advise every person to live within the pale of the law and keep out of prison, but if you do have the bad luck to get into one, as I have, for God's sake don't think there is no hope, for you are just the man or woman God is looking for. You may be another John Bunyan. Who knows?

Go to God; He is your friend. I wouldn't give up my hope of heaven to be set free this very night.

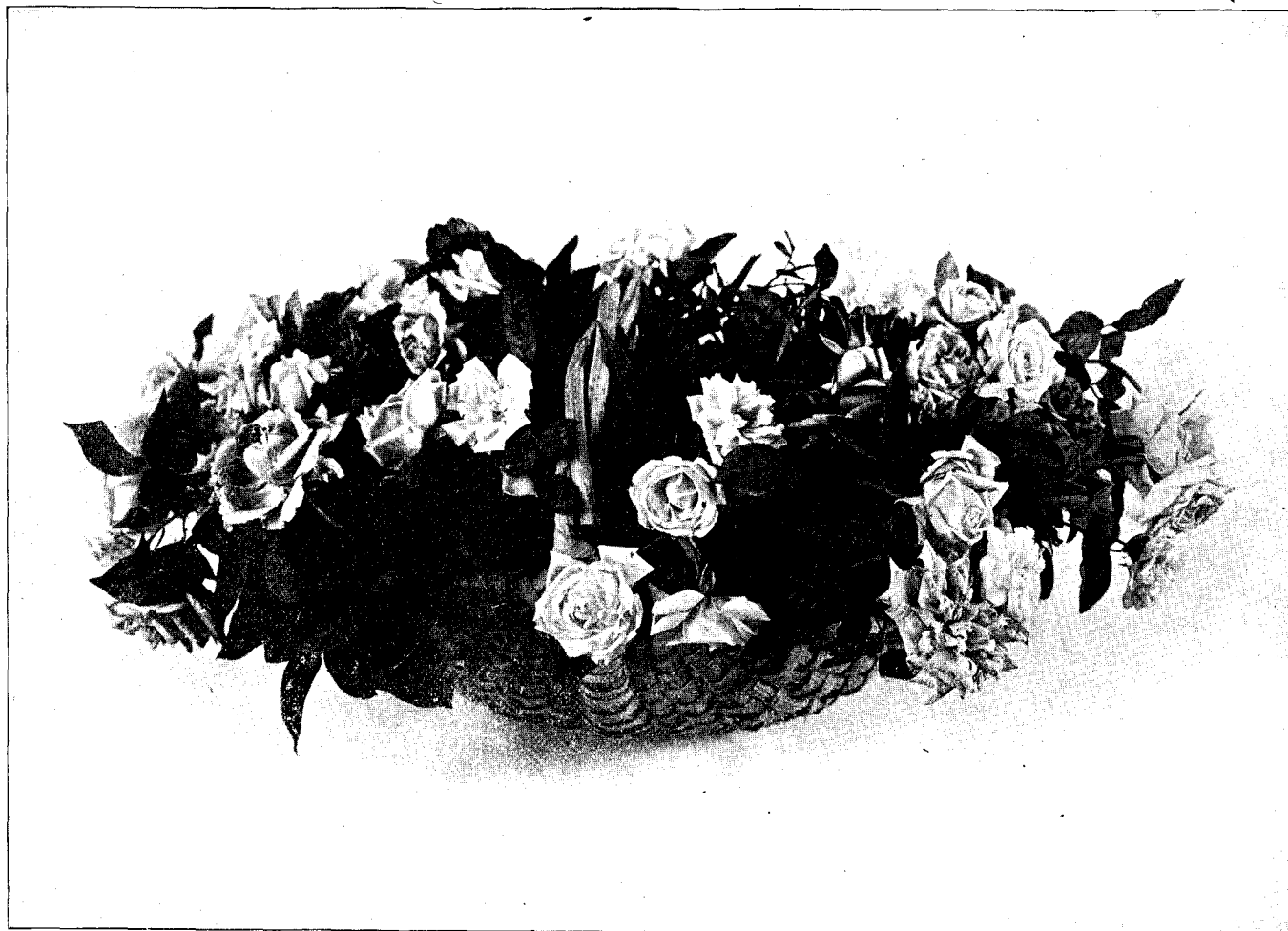
WHAT A LITTLE FLOWER DID.

C. T. EVERSON,
3722 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.

I remember reading about a great scientist in France, an infidel, who was one of the leading men when Napoleon was first emperor of the French. Napoleon became suspicious of him and put him in prison. Here he spent his time pacing back and forth in that French prison court. In the night he would look up in the sky and say, "Why, those stars all came by chance; everything came by chance. There is no God." And on the stone wall which enclosed the court one day he wrote the words, "All things come by chance," and then kept up his walk back and forth in that prison like the animals engaged in our city parks.

One day while pacing back and forth he spied a tiny bit of green peeping out of a crevice just beneath the words he had written on the wall. It was the only green thing in the court. Day after day he watched that little plant, and he began to study every leaf as it came out, and after several weeks of waiting there came a blossom of white and purple, and orange colored fringe on it, and his heart was overjoyed. Then he looked up to where he had written, "All things come by chance," and the little flower seemed to whisper, "All things do not come by chance."

The flower and the words he had written did not seem to fit together in his mind as he gazed at both, so he rubbed out the words, and in their place wrote, "He who made the flower I adore." That man who had studied infidelity for many years, learned from that little



The same God who can cause to grow such beautiful roses, can so transform our lives that they may become equally fragrant and beautiful.

flower of the power of God. He very tenderly cared for that little flower and would put something over it to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun,—it was the whole center of his life, that little plant.

A girl who came to visit the man in the next cell saw him caring for it so tenderly, and told the jailer's wife about it and she the jailer, until finally it came to the ears of the emperor; and Napoleon said, "A man that can love a flower like that can't be a bad man," so they let him out. And he took that flower with him and put it in a greenhouse and let it grow.

If a little flower like that could do so much for God, what could a real consecrated life do? If a little flower can convert a great man from infidelity to the power of God, what ought the masterpiece of God under the power of God to become in saving men for God?

We have not begun to realize what a man may be in this little old world of ours if he will only let his life become pure like that spotless lily Jesus speaks about. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." May every one of us get hold of that thought and power and live for Him, that when our Saviour comes in the clouds of heaven we may be able to look up and see Him, for the pure in heart shall see God.

KNOWN AS A PROFESSIONAL CROOK—NOW A CHANGED MAN.

The following is culled from two letters received from a notorious sinner who has been confined in five different prisons in the state of New York, and is now serving a sentence in Sing Sing prison. He has become converted and is trying to be a soul-winner in prison:

"I am very glad and happy to let you know that I have been born again in God's light, washed clean in Jesus' blood and in the Spirit. I am now happy and free, thank God. I was lost, now I am found; snatched from darkness into light.

"I had a very bad bringing up in a hospital by a nurse, who was a foul fiend; I was beat over the head with sticks and clubs and other weapons. I left the hospital, and have been an outcast ever since. My father is a

wealthy business man in New York City. I was separated from my legitimate parents by a nurse. I have served many years in several prisons; was a cigarette fiend, tobacco chewer, cocaine and opium fiend, and drunkard, but thank God, it is all washed away now. God spoke peace to my weary soul in this prison, on my knees, with the tears rushing out of my eyes for over two hours. Now I am a new man. Blessed salvation, now I am free; out of darkness into light, now enjoying liberty. I was suffering with remorse for seven months before my conversion. God laid my soul bare to me. I have now consecrated my life to work in His service.

"I thank God today for washing me whiter than snow, and I now see that God had his hand in my imprisonment this time. Very peculiar incidents have happened to me in my past life, and God has been my best friend. I was blind and in complete darkness as to a hereafter. I always thought that when you died that was all there was to it, and that church and religion were an occupation just the same as doing anything else; therefore, I never took heed to the religious teaching. Glory to God, I am a man today, and my hope and ambition is to be a soul winner, and I will be one.

"My past life is wasted. The wages of sin is death. For what badness I have done in the past, I can now make restitution to God by being a soul winner. You can send me THE LIFE BOAT, as it will be the means of saving some poor soul in my company."

TO ANY GIRL IN TROUBLE.

Any young woman who is in trouble or in need of a friend need not be discouraged. God is looking for you and we are ready to help you. Do not give up in despair because you have made a misstep. God will forgive your sin if you ask Him. Christ says: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Your life can yet be made as pure as the snow. The Lord has helped us to help many a poor girl to get started right. Write to us. Address either Dr. Mary Paulson or Mrs. C. L. Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.

Story of the Cherry Mine Disaster

"Four hundred and eighty men were employed in the St. Paul mine at Cherry, Ill., where the recent disaster occurred. As near as I can tell two hundred and sixty-seven of the men caught in the mine at the time of the fire will never get out alive. Just think of it! The first and second rooms or veins were all open so they could not shut themselves in. There was a six-inch seam or vein of sulphur right through the coal which was burning and the men could not get away from the fumes of it.

"When we were caught in the danger one of the men from the second room began to shout 'Fire,' and we soon lost track of everybody and everything. Some ran away to another room and hid themselves from the gas, because the gas was terrible. If you have ever smelt sulphur burning you know what it is.

"We were in the third room, which must have been about a hundred feet square. The entrance to this pit was just wide enough to run the car back and forth. We took coal and walled ourselves in there by building a regular partition across that opening. We took mud—that blue clay that came off the coal—and plastered it all over. It was so dark after we got ourselves walled in, we dared not light a match; the gas was so heavy we were afraid it would make an explosion.

"I just threw myself down on my knees and said, 'Lord, now take me if You do not need me for anything.' But He spared my life and He not only saved me but twenty more workers with me.

"Some of the other men yelled and swore and cursed and took God's name in vain. I said, 'My brothers, quit your bad talk, let us get down on our knees and beg God to take us out of this pit, and He will.' Some of them said, 'There is no God. We have got to die. We can't get out.' I got on my knees and prayed and my prayer was answered, praise the Lord! I never lost hope.

"We were there in the darkness for seven day with nothing to eat and nothing to drink excepting a few drops of water that soaked down from the roof of that mine. We did not get any fresh air; it was pretty foul. We were shut off entirely from food and water and from light and air.

"It was so dark we could not see our hands before our faces. There was never a match lit while we were there, because we could smell the gas coming in all the time. All we could do was to lie down on our faces, because the gas, being lighter than the air, came about two feet of the ground and under that we were all right. But as soon as I would raise my head, to kneel down even, I was right in the gas all the time, so I just kept down on my hands and knees.

"The first two or three days we got pretty hungry, but I asked the Lord to 'fill me now,' and He did.

"The mule we had to run our car to the shaft was imprisoned with us and of course it stayed right there. We had some feed for it. But the day before we were rescued some of the men killed it and began to eat its flesh. I ate two bites and that is all; it did not taste good.

"I was hungry for the first couple of days but after that the fever took me and then, exhausted from the gas, the Lord took my appetite away and that helped me. I lost twenty pounds in seven days. That is going down pretty fast.

"The other miners that cursed at first got pretty quiet before they got out. Their voices got pretty weak and I heard some of them plead with the Lord and really praying to the Lord to help them out. Who they were, of course, I could not tell. I could not recognize their voices, because when a fellow gets overtaken with gas his voice changes pretty bad.

"One of the men down there began to pray very earnestly and you could not hear a word from the others while he was praying. He did not believe in any God before, but down there he was glad to pray to God.

"One fellow who must have been a Christian—he knew my name—said, 'Brother Martin, can you sing a song?' Sing 'Nearer my God to Thee.' I began to sing that song and one said, 'Yes, we will be nearer than that before we get out of here.' But I said, 'Do not fear, God is with us.'

"I had the conviction myself that we would be saved. I knew we were going to come out of there. I never lost hope, never lost sight

of Jesus either. Nobody can help like Jesus. I knew He was not going to forsake me there—no, sir! Praise His holy name!

"The black damp was frightful and the dirty water was dripping on us all the time—just enough to keep our clothing damp.

"The gas put some of the men to sleep and they were sleeping nearly all the time. Once in a while we would hear a groan from some one and we would think, 'He is passing away.' But no, he was kept.

WAS PRAYING WHEN RESCUE CAME.

"I was on my knees praying that noon when the rescuers came. I did not know then what time it was. All at once I heard a crash. They knocked our partition down, and when they did that I yelled. I heard someone say, 'Some of them are *alive* yet anyway.' I saw the light from the shaft, and a voice said, 'Whoever is alive there come on up here towards the light.' I just crawled up on my hands and knees and got there first. The rescuers said, 'Do you want any help?' I said, 'I don't know.'

"I was too weak to stand and could not get up so they picked me up and carried me to the cage. He asked, 'Are there any more alive?' and I said, 'Yes, I think they are all alive.' So they went back and began to pull them out and they were all alive except one that died when we were taken from the cage. The five or six men that slept all the time got up and walked right off.

"I lost track of the days because it was night all the time. When we came out I could hardly see anything outside. The beautiful sunshine was such a surprise to our eyes after being accustomed to the blackest darkness for seven days. The light not only shone into my eyes but the light shone to my soul when I got out.

"There was a crowd of people stood right there by the shaft when we were hauled up and when I got out my voice was pretty weak but I shouted, 'Praise the Lord!' I was soon helped into the wagon and we had to go eight miles to the hospital.

"After I got to the hospital I did not feel like eating for a week. All I took was sweet milk. Three weeks ago yesterday noon we got out of the mine and I have not been able to take a good meal yet.

"I cannot begin to tell you the horrors of that experience, a person does not know until he goes through such a thing himself. I did not want to be buried four hundred and twenty-six feet down under the earth, that seemed too far away. When I die and am buried I want to be put not more than four feet down, yet I know God can hear the cry of his children even though they are down in the bowels of the earth.

"We do not have to be four hundred and twenty-six feet down in the ground in order to pray to God. If we pray to Him more often when things go well with us perhaps we would not need to pass through such trying experiences to lead us back to Him. I know that I was *disobeying* God at the time and I believe this experience came upon me to show me my condition.

"God brought me out and today I am a living witness of His power. My health is not very good yet but the Lord was with me and I never lost sight of Jesus while in there."

GOOD THOUGHTS FROM A PRISONER.

A cheerful man is a man of many friends. God is always close to the man who needs Him most.

Opportunity must be sought for, it seldom comes unsolicited.

Prison cells are never dark when *God* is allowed to be the light of them.

The man who waits until he leaves prison to conquer his bad habits may never conquer them.

The Bible has helped more men to overcome spells of discouragement than any other one thing on earth.

Being in *prison* is not the worst thing in life, if we but trust in God. Being out of prison *without* God is much worse.

SELLING THE LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE.

The public are deeply interested in this magazine and are glad to buy it. Many have thus been converted, showing that it is a good missionary work to sell this magazine. Order an instalment to begin with and write for special prices.

The Prisoner as a Man

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth
NEW YORK CITY

[We are pleased to present to our readers the following abstract of a splendid address that Mrs. Booth gave before the annual congress of the National Prison Association held in Chicago. The Lord has used this good woman to bring an inspiring message not only to the hearts of thousands of prisoners, but to plead the cause of the prisoner most eloquently before hundreds of thousands of American people.—Ed.]

IN rising to speak this evening upon the theme which is so near to all our hearts, I have a feeling of strangeness. I usually have a great audience of boys before me; tonight I find myself looking down into the faces of those who are generally behind me, backing up my words, encouraging me in my work.

As I speak, I wish you would look behind and beyond me, and call up the faces of those whom we are seeking to serve and to help, for I feel that I come here tonight not to state my own message, my own theory, but as a representative of the boys. I would speak to you the thoughts that they have over and over again written and spoken to me. I would take your thought and mine down into the many places through this broad country of ours where these men, once clothed in a great shadow within the walls under your authority, are today in happy homes, living up to principles that they imbibed in prison and sending back to all who stretch out a helping hand to the prisoner, a message of good cheer because of the success that has come to them.

For twelve years I have been traveling from prison to prison, from New York to California. For twelve years I have watched that which the public can not see, the devoted, earnest, practical efforts of our prison men, often unrecognized. I, who know something of their difficulties and can appreciate the hills of obstacles that they have climbed and the difficulties they have beaten down, feel proud that I can stand beside them and in some measure help them. I wish them every success in the future and I congratulate them

upon that which has been accomplished in the past.

THE DISCHARGED PRISONER.

We must not forget that the discharged prisoner of tomorrow is the one who today is within the walls, and if we are to view with any kind of hopefulness, if we are to look forward to any real, lasting, practical results in the amelioration of the condition of the man when he goes out into the world, it must begin when he is within the walls. You can not have a butterfly if you blight or crush the chrysalis. And that which is true in nature is true in this field.

The man who goes within prison walls has in many instances a very sad, dark, miserable past. His ambitions have been of a low order. He has lived upon a low level. Mentally and physically and morally he has been stunted. When he comes within the prison walls, what are we to say to him? Is it to be written over the doors of our prisons that those who enter here are to leave hope behind? No, indeed! When men are shut up behind prison walls, they are made to think, stopped in their heedless career, cut off from the baneful habits of wickedness. They have come into a new attitude and that must be the time for preparation for the future, so that when they go out into the world again they may have fresh ambitions, better, higher hopes that will carry them up, so that they will forget all about that from which they have come, even the little, narrow cell they have left behind them.

Those of us who are in close touch with the men during their imprisonment, who watch them and talk to them, and inspire them and map out and plan the future with them—we, I am glad to say, exchange pessimism for optimism; and, looking out into the future, we proclaim that there is hope for all if we can but bring to them that touch of inspiration that will make them rise up and work out their own salvation. I believe, and I think many of the chaplains and wardens would

say, that a large percentage of the men within the walls of state prisons do genuinely reform.

A BETTER TOMORROW.

The world says there is no good in the ex-convict; it draws off from him; it has no sympathy. That has been said in the past, but it is for us to see that it shall not be said in

American public, meeting vast audiences in cities, towns and rural districts, amid all classes of society, and I can say this for our American people; they want only to be taught, and in a moment they will rise up and cast their prejudices to the winds. I have never yet spoken to an audience, members of which



Maud Ballington Booth.

the future. It is our business to see that the world learns that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, even when a man has erred and gone astray, are not mere sentiment but a reality.

For twelve years I have been constantly in this work within prison walls, and from the prison walls I have been sent out to the great

did not come to me afterwards and say, "We will gladly help."

The problem is misunderstood. Wrong conceptions have been borne. Some of the miserable, old notions have clung. People have not studied this subject, or they have read the press and then considered that our prison population were dangerous despera-

does, and have drawn off from them; but all that the world needs today is a clearer understanding of its duty toward the prisoner. All it needs is the assurance that within our prison walls are men worth the saving; all it has to see is how the error of the past has driven men down and out into misery and a repetition of crime, and I believe that the great, careful American public will give them fair play. They shall have a chance, and their imprisonment shall not be as a brand upon their life.

I believe there are many things that are going to help wonderfully within the prison, putting new hope and encouragement into the prisoner's life. I, as I look back, can see changes that have lifted the burden and cleared the atmosphere and brought out stars in the darkest night. There was a time when the prisoner was degraded, when he was looked upon as one who should suffer every possible humiliation. Today the thought is not to humiliate him, nor to grind him down, not to blight the chrysalis in its cell, but rather to bring to bear the influence that will change his future.

TRUSTING THE MANHOOD OF MEN.

Some have said to me, "Don't these men fool you?" Is it not likely they join the League for what they will get out of it?" I have answered that I would rather be deceived, having done my best for a man, than to have it said that some man has been driven back to a life of crime because I held my confidence from him. We must be ready to trust somewhat. Why should we put all suspicion upon these whom the law has dealt with? There are people in the world who are just as unworthy. In my life, over and over again, I have even found people professing Christianity from whose lips have fallen lies and whose lives have been false. We may have our disappointments, but let us look at the many who have proved worthy of all that has been done for them.

I do not want to weary you with statistics; but I can say this: Through two of our Hope Halls we have already passed over five thousand men who would otherwise have been homeless. So you see the work has already accomplished something. I can see what it has accomplished when I have the opportunity

of seeing in their happy homes, with their wives and children and dear old mothers, some of those whom I knew in prison so hopeless and despairing.

The Volunteer Prison League is too well known to make it necessary for me to enter into detail except to say we have already enrolled over fifty thousand men within prison walls; and I believe it has brought a message of hope and inspiration, for it was the dear, sweet message of the love of God, of hope for the higher, better things that can come into the lives of men. We have to come back again and again to rest upon that and take new courage and new strength. It is not our work, but God's work, and where God works, lasting results will be seen.

GRAFTING A ROSE INTO THE BRIAR BUSH.

You have heard the legend of the gardener who, walking up and down the highway, saw amid the weeds beside the road a poor, struggling brier. He dug it up and carried it away with him, and the brier cried out and said, "Oh, you have made a mistake. What can you want with me? I am only a wild brier."

The gardener went on his way and by and by came to the gate of a beautiful garden and passed through. Under the shade trees, away from the sunny patch that was given to the flowers, he dug a deep hole and planted the brier. And again the brier cried out and said, "Oh, gardener, you have made a mistake. I will spoil your flower bed."

But the gardener knew what he was doing. He took the knife and pruned it and then took a bud from the rose tree and imbedded it in the bush. Time passed and the dew and rain from heaven came, the sunlight and good soil did their work, and the brier by and by put forth its green leaves and then its buds, and then as the sun cast its rays over them they broke out into a glory of roses. The air was full of the fragrance, and once it had been only a wild brier.

What right have we to say that this miracle can not be performed in the garden of God with those He cares for more than any gardener can care for any flowers? True, they need pruning. I do not say they have not been wild, but the promise in God's word can be fulfilled that the heart of stone can be taken out and a new heart can be given un-

to them and the world shall be made the better. We should never forget that. Those who have been a curse can become a blessing.

SOME ACTUAL RESULTS.

The statistics we can show are these: Seventy-five per cent, we believe, are doing absolutely right; twenty-five per cent are doing fairly well, and perhaps five per cent go back into the old life and into prison, and, thank God, I can go back into the prison and get after them again. I can talk to them when I find them back there and make them ashamed. You say, "Be fool enough to give them another chance?" I say, yes. I know many a man who has done right at the second chance. He had not had quite enough of the lesson.

Does it not all pay? These are not a pack of wild beasts. Every one has a soul, as much as you and I, and one that is just as dear. Do you not think it worth while? God loves them. What would you and I do without His love? Let us write it on the walls of our prisons; let us speak it through our words; let us give it through the touch of our hands; let us inculcate it in our discipline; let us stamp it upon our hearts and lives, that love will conquer where punishment can not succeed. Let us not classify these men as hopeless and degenerate, but let us remember that in the breast of every human being there is something that may be appealed to.

TAKING THE LORD IN AS A PARTNER.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

About seventy years ago, George Müller began to care for orphan children in Bristol, England. He conceived the idea that if he was doing this for the Lord, he could look to the Lord for support, so he determined never to ask a human being for a penny; merely to make his needs known to the Lord, and expect Him to impress His people, far and near, to assist in this work.

Little by little the work grew. One large orphan asylum after another was built until five great institutions had been erected, accommodating two thousand children at one time.

Mr. Müller carried on this work himself for

over fifty years, until his death; then his son-in-law, Mr. Wright, who had been associated with him for some years, took the responsibility and carried on the work in the same manner for seven years, when he died.

Since then, G. Fred Bergin has been carrying on the work in a similar manner.

The expenses of this enterprise at the present time are five hundred dollars per day, yet they have adhered to the original plan never to ask any one for financial assistance. They have made their wants known to God, and He has impressed different people to send in large sums and small sums, and at no time did they have to stop for want of means. During all these years, there has been donated to this orphan home, and its associated lines of usefulness, nearly ten million dollars. Let no one suggest that it is not possible to do big business on faith!

We recently wrote Mr. Bergin, the present manager, inviting him to write a message of cheer for this special prisoner's number of *THE LIFE BOAT*, and he wrote us as follows:

"I greatly rejoice in your efforts to reach the prisoners of the country. May the Lord add his blessing to every number of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I must ask you to excuse me from writing an article. I do this for two reasons: first, anything of that kind looks like an appeal or an advertisement of the work, which is entirely foreign to our principles; secondly, I am so pressed with work here now, since the death of my beloved son, that I must not undertake any extra work.

"You are at perfect liberty to extract anything from our report which I am sending you under separate cover.

"My time is so occupied here that it is very difficult to get an extra hour. I am interested in your work as a busy practitioner of medicine. What a fine opportunity for service to Christ must be afforded you among the many patients. God bless you in it! My three sons were all educated for the medical profession."

For only two new subscriptions we will send you the book, "Pastor Hsi's Conversion," one of the most interesting and inspiring missionary books ever written.

On March 24 Fanny Crosby, the most remarkable hymn writer of this generation, celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She has been blind from earliest childhood, yet she has written eight thousand songs; among them are some of the best known hymns, such as "Blessed Assurance," "Keep Me Near the Cross," "Rescue the Perishing," etc. We invited her to contribute a message for this special LIFE BOAT, and she cheerfully responded by sending this original poem.

THE LIFE BOAT COMES TO SAVE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Precious souls that now are drifting,
From the Saviour far away;
Listen to the news I bring you,
In His holy name today.
You are drifting in the darkness,
O'er the stormy ocean wave;
You have neither chart nor compass,
But the Life Boat comes to save.

Comes to shield you from the anguish,
Of a death that never dies;
At its helm, her arms extended,
Mercy stands with pleading eyes.
You are tossing on the billows,
Mid a storm you cannot brave;
You are sinking 'neath the waters,
But the Life Boat comes to save.

There's a promise full of comfort,
Jesus left it long ago:
Though your sins may be as scarlet,
He will wash them white as snow.
Trust in Him your only refuge,
O'er a stormy ocean wave;
You are lost, but not forsaken,
For the Life Boat comes to save.

Hasten quickly, time is flying,
Do not slight the earnest call;
In the Life Boat, blessed Life Boat,
Praise the Lord, there's room for all.
Oh, the joy that passes knowledge,
Oh, the rest beyond the grave.
Look aloft—the clouds are breaking;
The Life Boat comes to save.

A Modern Miracle

Tom Mackey,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

[Tom Mackey has established more than a dozen missions in different parts of the United States and by his marvelous presentation of Christ thousands of men have had their own lives changed and transformed. Yet sixteen years ago, on the very day he was converted in the Pacific Garden Mission, he had tried to kill his wife with an axe. He was a light weight pugilist, and he would not hesitate to knock a man down in the streets of Chicago if he thought he had ten cents. He was a terror to policemen. He had served time in prison, and was in every way a noted character in the worst districts of Chicago.]

The next day after he was converted, he dropped into a large room where Dr. Kellogg was then serving penny meals to the great mob of starving men who were stranded in Chicago immediately after the World's Fair. From sheer weakness Mackey stood leaning against one of the pillars in the room, and asked Dr. Kellogg if he would give a poor starving fellow a bowl of soup. He received his bowl of soup, and at the same time the doctor asked him if his soul was saved, and he said, yes, that was saved the night before. The doctor asked him what evidence he had of it, and he said he had not tasted either whisky or tobacco since last evening. That was longer than he had gone without either since he could remember. Then the doctor persuaded this ragged, battle-scarred veteran of Chicago slums to get on the platform and tell his story to the hundreds of men who were in the hall eating soup. It was his first gospel talk.

I have often heard Mackey say that bowl of soup saved his soul. He was getting desperate from hunger and was being tempted to go back into sin to get the price of a meal. In his feeble way, he was calling on God to do something for him, and the gift of that bowl of soup he considered an answer to his prayer.

Mr. Mackey is now running a large mission work in San Francisco, California, and from there he wrote the following message for this special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT.

In these days there are thousands of people who question seriously whether there is any genuine divine transformation in human lives. We hear much about evolution—gradual development of the good that is naturally in the human life, and all that kind of talk, but when one sees, in a day's time, a vicious criminal transformed into a law-abiding, stirring soul winner, he cannot help but admit that there is a real power that can come into the human life which is beyond human explanation.—Ed.]

GOD has been good to me. Just to sit and think of the past sixteen years and three months tomorrow, April 4th, I feel just like David when in the 103d Psalm he commenced counting his many blessings, also he named them one by one.

(1) "All that is within me." That is a good text on healthful living. With these words in mind we will put nothing *within* we cannot ask our Father in heaven to bless. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31. In my sinful state, serving the flesh, I used all kinds of intoxicants, also tobacco, having used it to chew for thirty years, and smoked for twenty-five. Surely I could *not* say as

David did, "All that is within me, bless His holy name," or as Paul said, "Do all to the glory of God."

(2) David said, "Forget not all His benefits." The benefits of the Christian life are so many from my point of view. First to be *pardoned* from all past offenses—all to be blotted out, to be remembered against me no more; then to receive *peace*. The justified man has peace (Rom. 5:1). Therefore being justified by faith (not works, Rom. 4:5), just simply faith, just enough to hear Him and believe His word (John 5:25). Then comes *power*. The need of the day in preaching and witnessing is power: power to stand when tempted, power to say no when tested, power to do right when tried. "Forget not all His benefits."

(3) "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." He does not forgive some but *all*; not parole but *unconditional* pardon; clears the docket of all the old charges against you and turns you out free. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you *free*." John 8:32. How dear to the heart of the helpless, hopeless and friendless to be made free—prison opened and told to go and be free!

How well I remember one experience when I was shut in in prison. I was guilty, had a fair trial, was convicted, condemned by court and jury and sentenced by the judge. He did his duty. I had to go, leaving wife, baby, home, friends, business, leaving all that was dear to my heart, being punished for my disobedience. Details of the cause don't count.

While in prison my wife saw the man I had fought, also the judge who sentenced me, and the prosecuting attorney, also sheriff of county, and with her petition she got me a pardon. Then one morning I was brought down from my cell, I did not know what for. Some of my chums said, "Poor Curly, he has done something and will be punished," but they did not know of the pardon awaiting me below.

I came into the jailer's office and there I was released, unconditionally pardoned, fully, freely and frankly forgiven, and came out free. I thank God I have never had to answer for

that charge again. Since that time I have spoken in one of our big prisons where the same keeper who was mine is the keeper, and after one service in his prison he invited Mrs. Mackey and me to have dinner with him and his family. David said, "Who forgiveth all."

(4) "Who healeth all thy diseases." Truly this blessing comes through obedience. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." John 2:5.



Tom Mackey.

The blind man went, washed, and then received his sight. The palsied man stretched forth his hand, the lame man at the pool arose at the command of Jesus, and I can not help but believe if a man would be obedient he would find the very same Jesus healing him today. Jesus has not changed. Heb. 13:8. He is the same *yesterday* (the past), *today* (the present), and *forever* (the future).

Now David comes to the fifth blessing, the

blessing of redemption. "In whom we have redemption." Eph. 1:7. Paul speaks here (verse 13) of trusting; "in whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise."

"Ye shall receive *power*" (Acts 1:8), fulfillment of Joel 2:29. To be redeemed from destruction is a blessing to praise God for. The Word of God declares "the wages of sin is death." The soul that sinneth shall die. Thank God for the sure cure for all these sins of the past, also thank God for the privilege of counting our many blessings as David did. Ps. 103:1-4.

Praise Him for all within and forget not all His benefits.

Praise Him for forgiveness.

Praise Him for health.

Praise Him for redemption.

"For bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4:8. He is coming to fulfil all.

CAN GOD STRAIGHTEN OUT A PROFESSIONAL CROOK?

DICK LANE.

[I never meet Dick Lane but I ask myself whether I have given the Lord a chance to do as much for me the last fourteen years as He has done for that former criminal. This man had a mania for stealing, a sort of insanity some of us doctors would be tempted to call it, for he would break open a safe when he did not need the money, and when he had to take unheard of risks to do it. Yet no one can meet him today without knowing that God has transformed his life.

Scoffers may explain it in any way they like, but the naked fact remains, and it is easier for me to believe that Christ has come into his life and made this change, than to explain it in any other way.

Dick Lane has now resigned the position that he has held for so many years with the *Record-Herald*, and is spending his time in visiting missions, and telling the story of what God has done for him. We are glad to give all of our readers this abstract from a talk he gave some time ago to the patients in the Hinsdale Sanitarium.—Ed.]

It is a very embarrassing thing for a man to get up in a public audience and uncover a

past life of sin, but I feel that these last fourteen years of my life do not belong to me.

Fourteen years ago I was down and out, and the world was against me. Everybody said, "You ought to be in the penitentiary." During my fifty years of criminal life, I have served time in six different penitentiaries, north, south, east and west.

I did not go into the Pacific Garden mission the night I was converted for any religious purpose. I knew the officers were looking for me to run me in, so I went in the mission to hide from them. As I was passing by, I saw the door open, and I thought the officers would not look for me in there, so I went in and walked down the aisle and sat down.

I folded my arms and began to look around the building. I am a close observer of things going on around me. I had to, in my past life, study the lives of men and women. So I began to size up the audience, and on the west side of the room where the visitors sat, there was quite a nice looking audience, but around me the men looked like they had come out of a threshing machine. I thought, "Why didn't I get over there?" Then I thought, "Birds of a feather flock together."

I was not at all interested in what was being said for I was thinking of a crime I had committed over in Iowa, and of the judge over there who said, "If Dick ever comes this way, I will give him the *full extent* of the law." I knew that meant getting twenty years.

Then I heard men get up and say they had been thieves and robbers and barrel house huns. I was pretty far down that night. I felt blue. One man, sitting on the rostrum, gave his testimony, and he let some words drop so that I recognized him as having been with me in the penitentiary. I fed that man in prison for three years. He was changed so that I did not know him. I said, "I do not know about these other men, but I know that man would not be on that rostrum unless his story was true. There must be *something* in it."

When I was in the penitentiary, the chaplain would come around and talk with me, but I would not listen. One dear old chaplain came around to my cell, and said, "Dick, I have good news for you. You are going out tomorrow. Now what are you going to

do?" I said, "You know what I am going to do. Every man's hand is against me, and I am against every man. But you need not worry. I'll not do anything here in Michigan. I will go to Chicago and organize a mob, and go at it again."

Well, when I was converted, and that man got the news, he said, "Bless God, I am going over to Chicago and see Dick." It was a surprise to him, because I was an awful bad man in the pen, so that everything that was done around there was blamed to me. I even stole chickens right in prison, when I worked in the kitchen department. I could not be honest even in prison.

I remember a dear old lady in Iowa asked me to go shopping with her, and I was so bad that in five minutes after I got in the store, I began loading myself up with little things off the counter. If I had been caught it would have made trouble for her as well, but when you are in the service of the devil you do not have respect for yourself, or for anybody else. But now old things have passed away and all things have become new.

This new life does not come in a minute; it is a growth in grace. When I started out, the old fellows on Van Buren street said, "Dick, you will be back again before you are a week old."

No one has any idea what a man that is trying to get out of the mire has to contend with. The world is against him. I had not been working two weeks before the men in the building were thunderstruck because a thief and a robber was working with them. They went to the manager, Mr. Kohlsaat, of the *Record-Herald*, and said, "We are going to quit. Why that Dick you've got around here will be sure to steal something and we will be to blame for it."

A little while afterwards a couple of detectives came up to see Mr. Kohlsaat, and said, "That Dick Lane you have working for you is a robber; there is nothing in him. If you keep him, he will do you up sure." Mr. Kohlsaat said, "I don't know anything about that, but one thing I do know, I would not be afraid to trust Dick with two thousand dollars."

There I was, doing the hardest kind of laborious work at seven dollars a week, and had never done an honest day's work in all

my life. I remember living on bread and water for fourteen days in Joliet prison because I would not work. I was so lazy.

That seven dollars a week looked good to me. In the old life a hundred dollars would only last a few days and here was only seven dollars for a week's hard work, but something kept telling me it was better further on. I would think like this, "I know I am saved." Well, I got out of that hard work, and finally got up on Easy street.

I remember when Melvin E. Stone took me over and introduced me to Mr. Kohlsaas, and he told Mr. Kohlsaas that I had been a thief for fifty years. You know when a man goes to get a job, and says he has been a thief for fifty years, he wouldn't expect to get it, but Mr. Kohlsaas said, "Now, Dick, I like the way you talk, and I want to help you. One thing I want to know; will you be honest with me?" I said, "Yes, Mr. Kohlsaas, I will." He said, "Dick, I will take your word." Today that man is the best friend I have on earth.

When the news went around the country that I was converted, the people said, "That man has lived a life of robbery all his life, and he *can not* be honest." Those men were watching me like a hawk. I went down to the Palmer House and saw several policemen standing there, and I thought that but for God my feet would not touch the sidewalk before I landed out in the street in a patrol wagon. As I passed by them, I said, "Thank God, you can not get your hands on me now."

People will doubt the religion of Jesus Christ, but if they could follow us fellows and know what we know, they could not help but believe. I used to try to get away from myself, but I could not; I was miserable all the time.

My wife is today out in the Elgin Asylum. That is the only drawback I have in this life, but I have faith in the Lord that something will yet turn up.

I have tested both sides of this life. I believe that Jesus Christ was crucified over nineteen hundred years ago, outside of Jerusalem, and taken down from the cross, and after three days rose from the grave, and the angels said that Jesus Christ would come again. There is nothing in this world that I value

more than Jesus Christ. I would not give up my hope in Christ for all the millions that Rockefeller has.

LEFT ALONE IN A DREARY PRISON.

The following is from an inmate of the Illinois State Penitentiary:

"As I was reading some articles in *THE LIFE BOAT* some time ago, I observed a title which read, 'If you have no one else to write to, write to us;' so as I have no one to love or care for me, I thought I would write to you, and ask your aid and advice that will equip me to fight life's battles with the sword of peace, honesty, and good will to all men.

"It is true that I have sinned, and done wrong, but I confess my sins and ask to be forgiven, and that I may have the affections and love of the citizens throughout the land.

I have no mother; she has gone and left me; but it gives me pleasure when I think that some day we will meet never to part again. I have other relatives, but they don't love me nor write to me; so I am left all alone in a dark, dreary prison, with no one to love nor care for me.

"Dear friends, if you will allow me to call you friends, can you not imagine the sorrow and agony that surrounds my lonely heart? I believe you can, and I further believe that you will answer this letter, and write many more, and will give me words of comfort and love. I ask you to in Jesus' name. It gives me great joy and comfort to receive letters from any one from the outside; so if any one who reads this letter wishes to write to me or send literature, you are at liberty to do so. I extend heartfelt thanks to any one who will do so."

A BUSINESS MAN'S APPRECIATION.

"The writer has found your magazine a great source of help and encouragement and has felt the loss of same a great deal this last few months. This little messenger of good has meant a great deal in my life, and although struggling along in sin, I always felt it inspired an effort and longing in my heart for better things."

SUMMER'S APPROACH.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Barren and brown in its winter's gown
Was the world that lay at my side;
Trimnings of green had not been seen
Since last year's blossoms died.

Folded away were its garments gay
While the earth was in mourning clad.
Song-bird and rill were silent and still—
All nature hushed and sad.

Lo, overnight, what a marvelous sight
Is unveiled to my wondering eyes!
Robins are here with their songs of cheer,
And earth shows glad surprise.

Carpet of green where the brown had been
Is unstretched at my rev'rent feet;
Trees have their share,—and in all the air
I breathe a perfume sweet.

What is the song that is borne along
On the wings of the fragrant breeze?
What was the word Mother Nature heard
To work results like these?

Sadness is gone with the springtide's dawn,
And each listening heart is thrilled,
Hearing anew Heaven's love song true
With which the air is filled.

Just to obey and to own the sway
Of this same Power, so all divine,
Were it not strange if it worked no change
Within your life and mine?

Oh, for an ear that God's voice can hear,
And like nature will then respond!
Beauty 'twill bring,—yea, the soul's real spring,
With summer's joys beyond.

THE NEW LIFE BOAT HOME IN CHICAGO.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Years ago, the Lord helped us to carry on a very extensive rescue work in Chicago. Six years ago we established our rescue home in Hinsdale, and it continued to grow until finally we built the splendid home we now have. The last few years we have not been able to do as much work in Chicago as we desired, but a few months ago the Lord began to open a way for us to again enter a large field in the City of Chicago.

The president of an eastern railway had been generously assisting Mrs. Mary D. Hall, in Chicago, in a work for friendless women and those who needed a temporary shelter. In a providential manner, she heard of our work, visited our home in Hinsdale, and suggested that we take over the work she was endeavoring to do, and she would assist us in carrying it on as far as she was able. She also enlisted the interest of her eastern friend in the same plan.

After giving the matter earnest thought and prayer, we took up this work, and then began to look for a larger and more suitable location than she had for her work. The Lord opened a way for us to secure, on very favorable terms, what was formerly known as the Branch Sanitarium, at Thirty-third place, just off Cottage Grove avenue.

This building was originally used for a city mission training school; later it was purchased by money donated by the Wessels brothers of South Africa, as a sanitarium to be headquarters for the Chicago medical missionary work. Since we moved our headquarters to Hinsdale, this institution has been operated by others along purely medical lines.

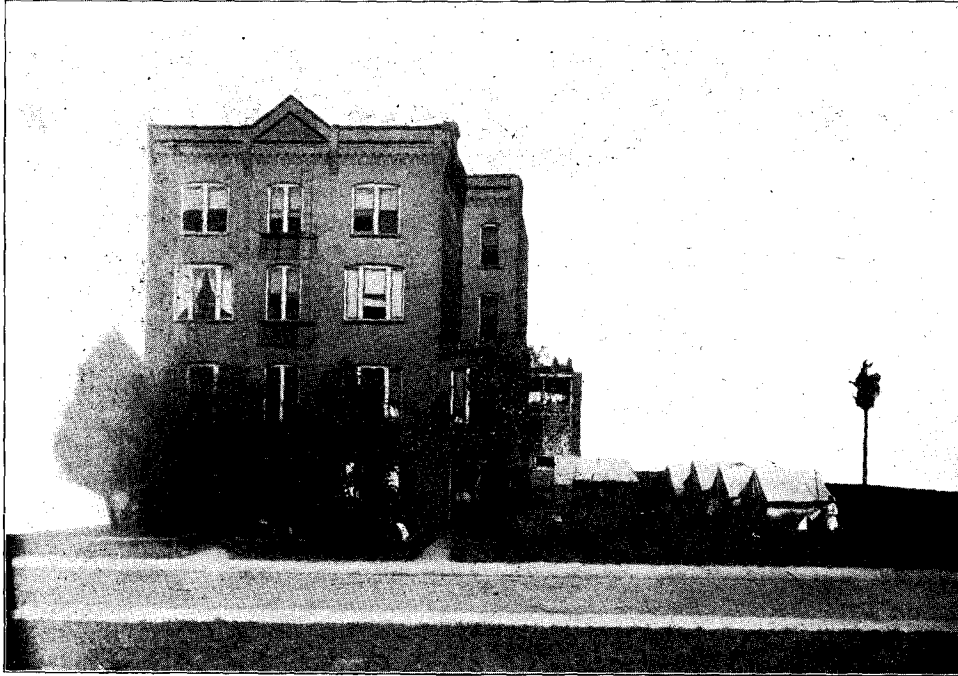
The Life Boat Rescue Home has now leased it as an annex to the work we are carrying on in Hinsdale, and it will become the center for the various Life Boat activities in Chicago. Any woman that is stranded in Chicago will find here an open door until something can be done for her. Any girl who wants to leave a wrong life will here find a stepping stone to a higher and better life. When a young woman has been brought into court for perhaps a mere indiscretion rather than any crime, the judges will be glad to give her a chance to come to this new Life Boat Home until she can be brought in touch with her parents and her home.

We shall also carry on in this institution, a brief but thorough-going training course for city medical missionary workers. There are hundreds of devoted workers who have long desired to get a six months' course in missionary nursing, so as to give them larger opportunities to work for their Master. We shall provide such a course as speedily as Providence shall open a way.

We trust our friends will help us liberally in properly furnishing this institution. Thirty dollars will beautifully furnish a room, and the donor's name will be put on the door.

Let us hear from many of our friends who have helped us in days gone by, and from many others who have never yet assisted us in saving souls in this great city.

If you would shine as the stars, you must live near the sun.



View of The Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

THINKS HE IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

A prisoner in Clinton Prison, New York, writes the following from the prison hospital:

"When I was put into prison, I thought everybody had forsaken me. I was sick and not able to help or care for myself, but the hand of God was with me, and the loneliness of that hour I shall never forget; but, my friends, it was only my Garden of Gethsemane. It must needs be that I suffer before I was fit for the work the Master had given me to do.

"When I came to prison, I was at once taken to the doctor, and he put me into the hospital, and I have been here ever since. God put me where I could see what the fruit of a misspent life was. For almost two years I have been here with these sick men. My heart is sad, indeed, when I think of these poor brothers. I have stood beside them and saw them close their eyes in death.

"It is pretty lonely to die in prison with not

a loved one to speak a kind word to you, and then be taken to the Potter's field for your last resting place.

"I wish to thank you for writing to me and sending me THE LIFE BOAT. Your letter made me feel that I was not forgotten by everybody, and that there were people on the outside that were willing to help those in trouble."

THE PINK ROSE AND THE "DEVIL OF JACKSONVILLE PRISON."

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

As I visit the central police station of Chicago week after week and find there all classes of women, old and young, cultured and ignorant, the well dressed as well as the vagabond, my heart goes out for them. They all have at least one trouble in common—they are prisoners.

Then I think of the vast army of women in our state institutions who are prisoners. It is to you that we bring this message, you who

are shut away from the world. Have you lost hope? Do not give up. It has taken hours of prayer and toil to reach you with this message. Somebody sacrificed for you. Somebody shares the love that Jesus has for you. Somebody is praying for you tonight.

No woman need despair even though she may be in prison, Christ has paid the price and "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing *He ever liveth* to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25.

I have seen many a woman in a dingy cell kneel on the cold stone floor and sob out her repentance to God, and to her that cell was an open door leading heavenward. Many a forgiven soul has risen to her feet and with a new light in her eye has shaken my hand and said, "By God's help I'll try."

I am thinking just now of a poor debauched woman who was so wicked that the police even did not care to pass near her on the street.

She was lying in a New York City prison cell when a good Christian woman came in and distributed flowers among the inmates. She had one rose left after going the rounds. She asked the guard if there was not another person to whom she could give that flower. After some hesitation he led her around to the cell where this miserable woman was confined. The rose was handed in, a kind word spoken and the visitor was gone. But the flower kept speaking of Jesus' love in louder and louder tones until there was born in that soul a desire to be pure and sweet like the rose.

Then came the request to see the one who brought the rose. The missionary was sent for and there that woman who was a miserable outcast, a burden on society and a greater burden to herself found her way to Calvary through her tears. In the few years of life that remained she labored unceasingly for God, leading hundreds to the Saviour who had done so much for her.

Another woman, sitting in her cell with handcuffs on her wrists, chains around her ankles, was the most dreadful creature who ever entered that prison; in fact, she soon became known as the "Devil of Jacksonville Prison." No one dared enter her cell.

A new superintendent was appointed, this time a woman. She ordered the keeper to release the poor victim. He refused. Said his his neck would be broken should he attempt to remove the handcuffs. He was commanded to enter and release the woman in the name of the law.

He entered, revolver in hand, removed the fetters and backed out of the cell. The new superintendent then entered, put her arm around that woman and told her she loved her. That broke her heart. She was glad to know of a Saviour who loved even her. She afterward became an evangelist, going from town to town and from city to city telling her story of redemption.

My dear sister, what God has done for the worst of women, He can do for you. It is only a question of *letting Him*. Remember, He said to the woman who was caught in sin and brought to Him: "Neither do I condemn thee: Go, and sin no more." Jesus is not condemning you today, but He is telling you to "go, and sin no more." Then lest the temptation to sin become too strong and you feel you cannot resist, He says, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Write to me. I want to correspond with you. Address me Hinsdale, Ill.

A DIRECT ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Mrs. C. H. Ross, of Alliance, Ohio, has kindly permitted us to use the song on the opposite page, of which she is the author. She also writes as follows concerning her interest in the prisoners and prison work:

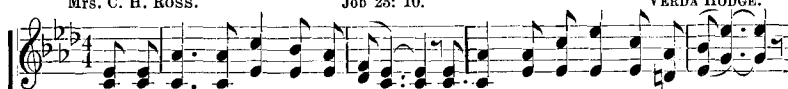
"Last year I paid for one hundred copies of the May number and asked that fifty copies be sent to prisoners at Columbus, Ohio. In the October number of *THE LIFE BOAT* I read an account of a letter written by a prisoner at Columbus in which he stated he read the May *LIFE BOAT* and it led to his conversion the same night. When I read this account tears streamed from my eyes and my heart went out in a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to God. I said, "O God, I feel this is a direct answer to my prayers concerning the *LIFE BOATS* I sent to Columbus. I wish the prisoners to know me as their friend and sister through our Lord Jesus Christ."

He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

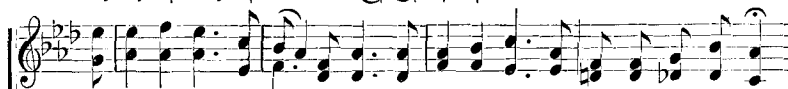
Mrs. C. H. ROSS.

Job 23: 10.

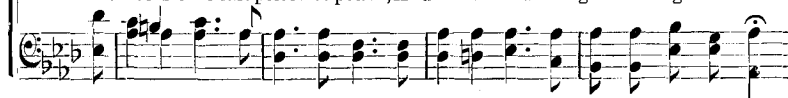
VERDA HODGE.



1. Jesus knows the way thou art taking, He watches thee sleeping or wak-ing;
2. Yes, He knows thou wand'rest away, So grieved when thy feet turn a-stray;
3. O why from Him turn a - way, "I can-not prove true," you say,
4. He will keep thee faithful and true, Thy strength he will dai-ly re - new;
5. From thy Savior turn not a - way, He ten-der - ly calls thee to - day;



He knows how deep in sin thou art, He knows the tho'ts and intents of thy heart.
 He knows how sin on thee has grip, And that it will thee of thy birthright strip.
 If I do give my heart to God, And walk the path the saints before have trod?"
 O, He will nev - er let thee fall If thou wilt on-ly heark - en to His call.
 He of - fers thee His priceless peace, And from sin's bondage He will give re-lease.



CHORUS.

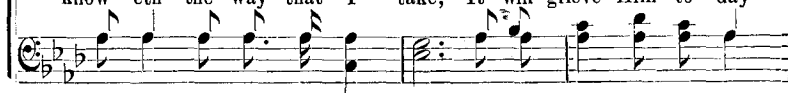


For He know - eth the way that I take, Yes, He

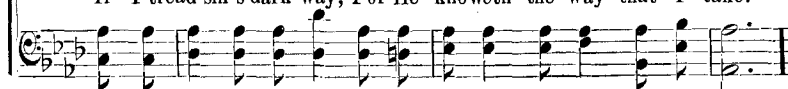
Yes, He know - eth the way,



know - eth the way that I take; It will grieve Him to - day



If I tread sin's dark way, For He knoweth the way that I take.



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Casting Bread Upon the Waters

E. B. Van Dorn, Supt. Life Boat Mission,
LA GRANGE, ILL.

[For twelve years the Life Boat Mission has kept open every night. It has always been located on State street, within half a block south of Polk street; for the first eight or nine years on the west side of the street, and the last four or five years on the east side of the street, at No. 471.

It has now been decided to transfer the Life Boat Mission to the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary at 888 West Thirty-fifth place, just west of Halsted street. Thousands of patients have been helped physically in this dispensary, and we believe that there are many of them who need a special work done for their souls. There is very little mission work done in the stock yards district, while there are three missions in the vicinity of the present location of the Life Boat Mission.

We trust we shall have the prayers of all God's children in making this change.

In this article, Brother Van Dorn points out a few of the many cases that have been wonderfully blessed by coming in contact with the Life Boat Mission work.—Ed.]

FROM THE LOWEST DEPTHS TO THE HIGHEST HEIGHTS.

SOME twelve years ago last December there was a man of culture and refinement who had grown up in a respectable home in an eastern city. His people were of influence and wealth and social standing in every way and this boy was given all the advantages of education from the standpoint of the world and he went through college and graduated with honors, and by and by took a law course and was admitted to the bar to practice law.

He was a great politician and was able to make a mark in the world, but intoxicating liquor took hold of him and he kept going down and down until by and by he was on the streets of Chicago with shoes gone and an old ragged shirt on, and when he came in to the mission and raised his arm for prayer he had not the necessary clothing to cover himself with. He had taken his shoes off and sold them for thirty-five cents and went out barefooted with the snow on the ground.

He had said, "I will spend ten cents of it for something to eat, ten cents for a place to stay, and ten for rum," but he spent the

whole thing for rum. That man came into the Life Boat Mission and gave his heart to God, and a few days ago he stood in one of the largest theaters before a large audience and stirred the entire audience with his eloquence in favor of blotting out this great curse that is ruining our land. His heart is changed, his whole disposition, and the things he once loved, he now hates.

His family spent thousands of dollars to cure him, but when God changed his heart, He took away his appetite and made him a new man. He is now doing efficient work in the anti-cigarette crusade under the direction of Lucy Page Gaston.

Days and days, weeks and weeks, and months and months I tried to help that soul in every way I could and yet it seemed my labor would be in vain, but in Eccl. 12:1 it says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." So after twelve years here he stands a monument to God's grace and to demonstrate God keeps and saves all who come to Him. And so it has been worth while.

HOME RUINED BY RUM.

This curse of rum blights families and in fact the whole creation on this earth. While working in the mission yesterday a woman about forty years of age came in and I went to meet her. She buried her face in her hands and wept as if her heart would break. I tried to pacify her, and by and by she told me between her sobs her heart-rending story. She married seven years ago the man of her choice who earned good money and all that and their prospects for the future were bright. But in spite of it all, he was taking his occasional drink.

Up until two years ago she got along pretty well with him, but after that it has been a dog's life and now he has disappeared, and from the description of a man she read about in the paper she supposed he had drowned himself in the Desplaines river, and she said, "What shall I do?" And she cried as if her

heart would break. His house and lot and team had been mortgaged and there the woman was with two children, one sick in the hospital with brain fever, and the other at a temporary home, and there she was without a dollar in her pocket to sustain life with.

"Oh," she said, "If I can't get help somewhere, I will go and take that baby and get the other one and push them into the lake and jump in myself." Drink is a ruin and only the grace of God can help take it away.

FROM A VILE BRUTAL PIRATE TO A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

A few years ago I went to the Workingmen's Home and held a meeting. There was a big shouldered fellow there who used to be a pirate on the sea. He used to go over to Africa and get the Africans to come on board their ship and on the way over to America, if they would see a British vessel coming toward them they would go with all their might and get out of the way of the pursuing vessel; and when they saw they could not escape they would run the whole crew of negroes down into the sea.

That man came in as I was telling of God's salvation. He was wicked, one of the vilest men I ever knew. The police would not let that man go down in the loop district at all, and if he went down there he would have to have an escort. They would not let him go anywhere but what he was watched, he was such a wicked man.

When he saw me, that man said to himself that night, "That is a pretty decent looking fellow, perhaps I can get something out of him," and he came down thinking he could get something out of me. But that man, nearly seventy years of age, knelt there and gave God his heart, and from that day that man has earned an honest living. He has not done any more pirate work or held up any one on the street but has earned his living and has a good home on the west side and a companion by his side, and is doing well. It paid that night to tell the story of God's grace for it changed that man's life. I do not know how many others there have been, but now and then there has come a diamond out of the clay, that has been polished.

I read a story of a man polishing diamonds, and they make a good many artificial diamonds

these days by a certain process; and this man, to keep his eyesight up to where it ought to be would keep a *genuine* diamond before his face all the time. Now if I was looking at these creatures all the time I would get discouraged and give it up. But I have a diamond, Jesus Christ, and He puts an inspiration in my soul and I tell that inspiration to the other fellow.

WILLING TO BE A SIGNBOARD.

While I want to see men saved I am willing to stand in the forbidden paths as a signboard pointing to Christ. Thousands who are enjoying so-called pleasures of this world can not pass the signboard without being warned. Like two men in Niagara riding in boat with the tide: they were in their bathing suits, and the crowds strolling up and down saw these men too near the rapids and warned them they had better pull for the shore. But they drifted on and on and on, and the multitude came surging down to the beach and did their best to persuade them to pull for the shore. But the young men raised their hands and pointed to the muscles of their arms as if to say they knew what they were doing. By and by when they laid to the oars and wanted to pull for the shore the oar split in two and they began to swirl around, and over the falls they went.

So in spite of our warnings thousands say, "I can stop when I want to; can stop tobacco and drink when I want to," but when they try they have not the strength, their will power is gone and the storm comes and they are wrecked and ruined and crushed, and down they go. Let us not trust in will power or resolution or anything of that kind. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

God wants us to make our choice today, not tomorrow. Every once in a while I meet some whom I try to encourage to be temperate in their habits. They say, "Oh, I am not worried about that, I think I will get through pretty well." But God wants obedience.

If we will be obedient to Him down here with the adverse circumstances around us, then God can trust us over there to be obedient and do His will. Blessed are they that do His commandments. If you are putting off obedience, whether in the physical life or in the

matter of appetite or in the so-called pleasures of this world, sooner or later that thing will bind you with cords that can not be broken.

That man that left that woman and two children did not want to come back and say he had spent the twenty-eight hundred dollars in dissipation, so he plunged into the water and ended it all. But there is a better way. Jesus Christ came to seek and save that which was lost. Whether in sickness or health, or in

whatever condition you are, God is able to deliver. May the blessings of God be upon him that is separated from his brethren. God will bless you with all the blessings He blessed Joseph with. Though you are bound there is a God that can help. He says, "I will hold thee by thy right hand." He will help you no matter what your trouble may be. Let us call on Him, for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

The "Open Door" to the "Shut-Ins"

"I am the door—by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." John 10:9.

[This article was written by a prisoner in the state prison, Jefferson City, Mo. It watered our own souls as we read it and although it is lengthy we have decided to publish it entire and we earnestly invite all of our readers to read it thoughtfully and prayerfully.—Ed.]

THE title of this article can not but catch the prisoner's eye; for if there is one man seeking an "open door," it is the prisoner. I myself have been waiting for a certain door to open for six years, and am still waiting. The above text speaks of the door. Wide-awake men are ever looking for an open door. After all, there is very little difference between men; and the real difference is that many are quick to see the open door and quick to enter; while others are slow to see, and when they *do* see an open door, they stand on the threshold suspiciously asking themselves if they should enter. While they consider whether it is wise to enter, others brush them aside and slam the door in their faces.

Many are seeking open doors to knowledge; others to fame; others to wealth, etc. But there is one door, which, if we enter, will bring more blessings than any or all others put together—the door spoken of in our text. "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."

Let us ask the question: To what is Christ the open door? First: To salvation; "By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." There is no other name under heaven whereby we must (or can) be saved, preached the Holy Ghost through Peter. Men have been seeking

other doors of salvation, but all such attempts have failed. All men have that deep yearning to get in right relation with the God of the universe. It may be misunderstood, but it is there.

THE UNSATISFIED LIFE.

Even the infidel admits that he is not satisfied with life as he lives it. There is something lacking. Yes, this need of salvation is felt, and generally misunderstood as a hunger or thirst for the excitement of a life of gaiety. Alas! How many precious young souls have wandered into the world to gratify this thirst for God (Ps. 42:1, 2) which the parents either neglected to attend to or were wholly indifferent to.

Thus even in many professing Christians' homes the young soul is unconsciously crying out as David (Ps. 63:1), "Early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee [though the child may think it is longing for the modern 'soul-destroying' dances, theaters, etc.] in a dry [alas, the homes are too often so] and thirsty land, *where no water is.*"

This is an awful picture of many Christian [?] homes. Does the average free man realize that fifty per cent of the men in this prison came from professed Christian homes? Yet it is too true!

Therefore, my dear fellow prisoners who may be reading these lines, let me ask you between prisoner and prisoner, is it not a fact that we have sought to quench our thirst for God—whatever we may have called it in our ignorance—in worldly pleasures?

Think a moment, dear friend! As you look back, have you found satisfaction in drink, or lusts, or dances, theaters, gambling or theft (which is the same), or venting your anger against society, etc.? Are you as an unconverted man *satisfied* with life as you find it today? No! Ah, how truly I can sympathize with you. You, like myself, have been following phantoms to the shame of ourselves, suffering of our families, disgrace of our hitherto good name. Reputation is destroyed, as far as good reputations are concerned. Whatever power we may have had, our situation has robbed us of it.

You are sick with sin, are you not? Down deep in your heart, don't you hate your sins? Ah, you do, I know how you feel. I know that you long to be up on your feet again. I know that you have often said, "Ah, I know I am a sinner; I know I have sinned, but I wish I were different. I wish there was some way to escape from this situation. I want to do better, but alas, even if I could get up and walk with God, there stands my sinful past to stare me in the face on the Great Day. How am I to escape?"

AN ESCAPE FROM A DESPERATE ENDING.

Perhaps you are thinking this now, and like I did you are contemplating suicide as the nearest road or door of escape out of this tormenting situation. But, dear friend, listen to our text: "By Me if any man enter in, *he shall be saved.*" Do you know what that means? Listen; it means that the blood of Jesus Christ shall cleanse us from all past, present and future sins (John 1:9), and that if you confess your sins God will *blot out* "as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins;" return unto Him for He has redeemed you. Isa. 44:22.

But you say, "What am I that He should redeem me?" Never mind what you are. He loved you enough to give His only begotten Son that you might have eternal life (John 3:16). Furthermore, He will blot out your sins, not for your sake so much as for *His sake* (Isaiah 43:25). His honor is at stake, and you may know that a holy God who can not lie, will fulfil His promises.

Will you come to Him now? Do you love your sin or present state better than you love God who bought you with His own blood?

Nay, I can not believe it. Your heart is not cankered to that extent yet. Therefore, He cries, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28-30. Thus, my dear reader, you shall be able to understand the next thing to which the door opens.

"I am come that they might have life, and that we might have life more abundantly.

John 10:10. The result of accepting Christ's offer of forgiveness, means eternal life. No more death to fear, in Christ Jesus. He came that they might have it more abundantly."

You and I have life, mere existence, but men and women at liberty have it more abundantly. The caged bird has life; but the wild bird roaming over the prairie has life abundant.

A COUNTERFEIT EXPERIENCE.

Here let me say to believers, "Are you enjoying this life abundant?" Many exist on so little religion that they live a miserable life which makes Christianity repulsive to the average unbeliever, whose view of religion is formed by their barely existing Christian lives.

I don't blame unbelievers for ridiculing Christianity as it is lived by many. Christ claims to give His people a *contented* heart in whatsoever condition they find themselves, and yet they complain of the food, the officers, the scanty clothes, the uncongenial surrounding, etc., as if Christ does not transform a prison cell into heaven's waiting-room, where can be heard the sweet melody of heaven, and the angels singing over one poor repenting sinner.

Oh, the joy of living the life more abundant, even in these prisons! I would rather live as I have lived these last three years with Christ as my daily comforter, than to have all the money in the world, and not have a Christlike heart to spend it for the good of humanity. Men, you don't know what it is to live unless you come into this door and enjoy the life abundant.

Then again, this is an open door to liberty and security. How sad, indeed, it is to hear men say, "I would become a Christian, but I want to be 'free' and do as I please." The fact is, in refusing Christ, they reject true liberty. Sin is a *binding* influence, which binds its victims so thoroughly that nothing in hell or heaven could loose them but the Son of

God, who makes us free indeed (John 8:36).

There is no true liberty outside of Christ. We are endowed with wonderful faculties, such as the will, conscience, emotional nature, etc. All these *can not* have their natural exercise outside of Christ. That we do not use our power of choice as God wishes is evident from the daily sins committed. Men choose that which will bring upon them the wrath of a holy God.

BLUNTING CONSCIENCE.

If we find ourselves victims of evil habits, and victims of man's law, it is because sometime and somewhere, in our past lives, we chose to do our own will, which threw us into the great river of sinful elements that drag myriads to destruction. Having chosen wrong, we do violence to our conscience until it has lost power in its rightful kingdom.

God intended conscience to reign supreme in your soul, but, alas, it is like a king exiled from his rightful domain. The result is that sin has scared it, and you no more hear its warning as of old.

That conscience, more than any other principle of our nature, promotes virtue, is a truth all may know by recalling their experience just before they committed some sin. Conscience is to the human soul what a regulator is to a watch, and if it be not allowed to act in that capacity, we will suffer.

Alas, what makes the unconverted prisoner's life so miserable? It is not the imprisonment, or bad food, or an impossible task, or lack of friends, or enforced separation from beloved kindred; but *conscience*, that great accuser, who marshals every sin we have committed before our mental eye to our unutterable sorrow.

THE SLAVERY OF SIN.

Sin has, indeed, made of us bad slaves. We were the means of bringing ourselves into captivity. "For whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." John 8:34. Ah, how true we know it. Like the smith of old who boasted of tempering steel so that no file could sever it; one day he made a pair of handcuffs, and for lack of something to do, he slipped them on his wrist. To his astonishment, they clasped; he forgot that he had not made any keys for them. There he was, a prisoner to his own invention. Help was summoned; but

true to the smith's word, the steel was fileproof. Finally they had to resort to a cruel method and applied acid to the steel before the poor smith was liberated.

Is not this our state? We sinned one sin after another; contributed to make the chain more firm; until today, my dear unconverted readers, you are in bondage to your own invention. But the door to liberty is secured. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you *free*, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36.

Christ liberates the opium fiend from his drug; He liberates the libertine from his lustful passion; He liberates the thief from his desire to steal; He transforms the moral monster into a living saint. He makes of society's parasites, society *purifiers*. He makes out of the harlot a God-fearing, self-sacrificing saint, living her life to help her fellow being. He takes the meanest, most corruptible man or woman, and gives them new hearts, making all things new until they walk in all the manhood and womanhood into the glorious liberty of sons and daughters of God.

Again, Christ is the door to satisfaction. They "shall go in and out and find pasture." Ah, how little the Christless experience satisfaction. The very fact that they go on from one bad habit to another is proof that they are not satisfied. No, Christ alone can satisfy the soul.

This, dear reader, is the door I am inviting you to enter *now*. I assure you by the unchangeable Word of God, that if you take this stand, you shall never regret it. I was once on the brink of destruction by my own hand. I was once the most miserable sinner on earth, hating everybody, determined, if I got out, to slay my enemies. But thank God for having blotted out all my sins, and given me a hunger for souls that I have dedicated all I have and am to Him forever. This is the God of love, who calls you, in the words of our text, "By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

IT MADE A BETTER MAN OF ME.

"I received this month's number of THE LIFE BOAT last night just before I left the Indiana state prison. I will say right here that THE LIFE BOAT has been largely instrumental in making a better man of me. It showed me the way to God."

A TEN CENT MAGAZINE.

LUELLA RASMUSSEN.

[Our agents are expressing their satisfaction that THE LIFE BOAT has been improved and made a ten-cent magazine. The following is one of the many letters we have received.—Ed.]

It is with great pleasure that I learned that the price of THE LIFE BOAT was increased to ten cents per copy, as I find it takes just as long to sell a five-cent paper as a ten-cent magazine. I have sold thousands of the ten-cent journals, as the *Life and Health*, *Watchman*, *Signs of the Times*, *Liberty*, etc., and I find no difficulty in selling any of the above named journals. I have even come across people who have said that five cents was too little to ask for THE LIFE BOAT. They have said, "Why, that is too little to ask for that paper. Nearly all the magazines are ten cents. Why don't they charge ten cents for it? They ought to."

I think sometimes that our lack of faith is the reason we are afraid of changing the LIFE BOAT from a five-cent to a ten-cent journal. I know when I first began to sell the ten-cent magazines I was a little afraid to try but God revealed to me that all things are possible with Him if we but trust in His almighty power. So I started to sell the ten-cent journals, and I was surprised to think I could sell fifty of them in one hour, so I was convinced that it made no difference about the price, just so we had faith in God.

I shall have no fear in the change of the price of THE LIFE BOAT. I am going to solicit for THE LIFE BOAT more than for any other paper, as it has just the material in it that appeals to the people, and it reaches the hearts of those who are discouraged and need a friend. It points them to that great Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION FROM JAPAN.

Recently we received the following letter from F. W. Field, Tokyo, Japan. Professor Field, who was a former schoolmate in this country, has now spent several years in Japan, holding up the gospel in that far away land. In a recent letter, after receiving a compli-

mentary subscription to THE LIFE BOAT, he writes:

"Your kind letter came to hand by last mail, and with it a copy of the January LIFE BOAT. Please accept my sincere thanks for this gift of THE LIFE BOAT for the year. I know I shall enjoy it, and I hope and believe that I shall find it a help in selecting matter for our little Japanese missionary paper. The day THE LIFE BOAT came, I spent a good share of the evening reading it. May the Lord continue to bless you all in your good work, and reward you richly, both in this life and the life to come."

LET OTHERS DO LIKEWISE.

This good woman has for several years helped to raise enough money to send sixty LIFE BOATS to the Pennsylvania prison. The good accomplished by these papers, eternity alone will reveal. Let others do likewise. Every state prison should be sent a good sized club of LIFE BOATS every month during the year.

"Enclosed you will find check for \$17.00. \$15.00 of it is to renew the sixty subscriptions of the LIFE BOATS for the prisoners, which subscription expires this month. The remaining two dollars is for one hundred special prisoners' number to be sent to the same address, Mr. Joseph Welch, Chaplain of Eastern Penitentiary, Twenty-second street and Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. I sincerely trust they will bring forth much fruit for the Master.

"ELLA S. IRWIN."

THE DANGERS OF FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

Just as we are going to press, the news is flashed over the wires that a terrible riot has taken place in Changsha, China. Every mission station in the city has been burned, and forty-one missionaries barely escaped with their lives, leaving all their property behind.

It was in this city that J. Hudson Taylor, the leader in the China Inland mission work, died a few years ago. It is also in this city that Dr. Frank Keller, our old fellow student in medical school, has been at work bringing souls to Christ.

Our former pupil, Dr. Emma A. Laird, who

is a medical missionary in this city, wrote us recently as follows:

"Traveling facilities are so poor here that it takes a long time to get around. Walking is really the quickest method we have here to get to any place in the interior of this province. We can praise the Lord that there is some hope of a railway from Canton to Hankow through here. They have most of the grading done in this section and are building the depot. Steamboat communications are shut off for two or three months in the winter.

"We have just had our first baptism and a little company organized into a church. Not many, it is true, but all thoroughly in earnest. It is even worse here than in the United States to get the people to leave off their bad habits. Opium, wine and tobacco are hard to give up, but I believe pork and red peppers are harder to quit."

AN ARMY OF CHICAGO STREET ARABS.

A. B. DUNN, M. D.,
Hinsdale, Ill.

On alighting from the street car one might think that the John Worthy reform school was a large university, but as we neared the building, we saw bars up to the windows.

On entering through the large iron doors, we were pleasantly impressed to see the large spacious rooms in which many young lads whose ages range from seven to seventeen spend a certain portion of their lives. The boys are well organized. Seventeen youngsters form a company, which is commanded by a captain, who is selected from among their own members. A certain bell rings, which is a signal for each boy in that company to bathe his face, another bell and they dry their faces; again bell rings, and each one understands that he is to take his place while the captain combs his hair. By the way, the captain of each company combs all the youngsters' hair in his company. It reminded me of the words of Christ, who said that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Now the mass of young human beings were ready for their evening meal, after which we

had service, which is held by Mr. McBride every Tuesday night for the boys.

A number of friends entertained the young audience with solos, duets, and quartets, which were appreciated by all. For the next thirty minutes the boys had a military drill, which showed superior work and excellent training. One well-known business man remarked, "In ten years some of those lads would be able to manage my work."

Who can tell what good these young hearts could do if trained for the work of the Master, should they accept an opportunity to be guided by Christ?

An address was given by Dr. Paulson, who told them if they wished to become great and good men they should take good care of their bodies by sitting up and breathing properly, at which moment the boys straightened up and began to take deep breaths. He told them that in eating they ought to masticate their food well, so that they would have clear complexions and strong stomachs. He explained to them that if some man would take a hammer and go to break up an expensive piano, they would think such an one insane, or a fool; so if a boy smokes cigarettes he is injuring his brain and ruining his moral and spiritual welfare.

He then directed their young minds to a higher power, that is willing to reach down to them and help them to climb upward, whose grasp would never loosen unless they themselves did it.

After services we were permitted to witness the youngsters prepare for bed. They marched to their dormitory, which contains four hundred single beds. Their procedure was somewhat different from most of our methods; a bell was rung for each movement the boys made. First, they took their coats off, then at the signal their shirts were exchanged for long white night shirts. After securing their position, their trousers, shoes and stockings were off.

Each boy knelt at the foot of the bed for five minutes for the purpose of praying to their Maker, as Dr. Paulson had explained to them. When the trumpet was sounded by one of their members, they were in bed ready for sleep.

We left by way of the three large iron doors through which we entered, with our hearts

deeply touched by the scenes of that evening, and with a great desire to be the means of helping souls to Christ in the great city of Chicago.

AN EXTRA GOOD NUMBER.

"Enclosed find twenty-five cents for a bundle of LIFE BOATS. It is an extra good number. Indeed, it seems to me that every one when it comes is such. God bless THE LIFE BOAT. May it save many of the perishing. Please fill this order as soon as possible and oblige.

MRS. G. E. RISLEY."

A TEN CENT MAGAZINE.

"I think the April number of THE LIFE BOAT is fine. Glad to see the picture of the rescue

home in it. The paper sells better with that in.

"I am glad you have decided to make THE LIFE BOAT a ten-cent magazine. It should have been done before. It will sell just as readily for ten cents as for five cents."

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

COULD NOT GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.

DENVER, COLO.

"I believe THE LIFE BOAT does a good work in the world; it has its mission. Some like the magazine and wish a copy every month. A lady told me in March she could not get along without it.

DIBBON HINKSON."



The Good Samaritan Inn is a sanitarium effort for the self-respecting poor which is located just across the street from the Hinsdale sanitarium. Patients pay from one to two dollars and a half for rooms. Board is furnished on the European plan, costing from thirty-five to fifty cents a day. The charges for treatment are similarly in proportion to their length and expense. Total charges average from six to nine dollars a week.

This institution was closed during the winter because no heating plant had been installed. It will be opened again in a few weeks. We hope and pray that the Lord will enable us this summer not only to put in a heating plant but also to enlarge this unique and much needed institution.

Out in the Swim

Rev. Capt. Kingsbury,
SANTA ANA, CAL.

NOT long since, I had a business engagement that took me to a certain home. In the home I found a careworn mother surrounded by half a dozen children and with her hands in the wash tub. A few words set at rest the business matter. Eyes and ears had opened up the situation, then the question, the fact that possibly I never would have another opportunity here; is this mother a Christian? I must know, and quickly, for I must not hinder.

"Sister, what a precious legacy, what a wealth of riches you have in these little ones. How much you need one best friend. Do you know the Lord Jesus? Are you His?"

"Ah, no, sir, I am sorry to say I am not."

"Sister, will you not right here, this moment, take Jesus Christ to be your friend and Saviour and your children's forever?"

Ah, the floods broke then; but without a falter in her voice, and with a wonderful light shining through the tearful eyes, and looking straight at me that mother said, "Yes, sir, I will."

Another case: It is the school house. Bell will soon ring and call all the students to their studies. I am incidentally in the hallway. Here is a young man standing a little apart. He is not a Christian, father and mother not Christians. He is a fine young man of many excellent characteristics yet lacking the one essential thing—not a Christian. So I said to this young man:

"God bless you, my brother, I believe the conditions here have been such for a few days that you must have been thinking some of your duty to God; is not this so?"

"Why, I suppose every reasonable man will think of these things sometimes."

I said, "My dear boy, don't you feel that you ought, that you owe it to God as well as to yourself, to your fellow men, to make the best of yourself, of your abilities? How can you do this better than to surrender all to Jesus Christ, than to consecrate all to Him and His service? Can you think you ever dare hope for a more favorable time to take

this step than now, than this morning before you begin your school duties? 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' Now, brother, won't you accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour now this very minute, right here?"

The young man was deeply touched and he responded, "Yes, sir, by the grace of God I will," and so another began the new life.

I met a young fellow in whom I became at once interested, sought the opportunity to converse with him, and found him ready to talk. The one theme up to which I led was the Christian life. The young man became interested more and more deeply, until after showing him clearly as possible the way into the kingdom he confessed that he would like to become a Christian, but said that he did not see how he could. I talked to him of giving up sin, of seeking forgiveness, of just taking God at His word, of faith in what Jesus had done, and asked him if he thought his sin was so great that God could not forgive him. He said, no, he did not think any of these things were in the way; furthermore he said he thought God would willingly pardon his sins. All seemed a blank. At last at my wit's end I said:

"Well, brother, are you willing to just surrender, yield yourself to God's will?"

Then came the word, "Ah, sir, that is the trouble, I fear."

"Now then, my brother, that won't do at all; there is too much at stake here. Now then, will you not right now give up your will, let God's will be your will, God's way your way? Will you get right down here on your knees and tell God, 'I'll give up my will?' Will you do it?"

Then the young fellow said, much moved, "I will."

Down he went on his knees, but bless his heart, he was not half way down before the thing was done and Jesus had another trophy of grace and God had another soul. The young man rose from his knees, went to a friend, won him to Christ, then another, and

another, until in a short space of time he had four or five young men. What a glorious result! Ah, to surrender the will to God absolutely, how grandly it works!

THE PATHOS OF IT.

Now here is another case of another sort. I relate it to show what a pathetic and pitiful experience it is. One noon I secured a bit of lunch and hied me to the park for the noon hour. I wanted to catch a man, a soul for Jesus. I had not long to wait until I saw a bright young man with lunch basket seat himself upon a settee apart from others.

I walked over to him and said, "Good day, young friend, you see I am having a lunch in the park today. Your position looks so pleasant that I felt tempted to ask you if I might join you here in this; I like the company of a bright young man and I trust that I do not intrude."

"Not at all, sir, not at all; I shall be glad to have you join me today. I often take lunch in the park. You see I am a student in a business college. We live out a little piece in the residence district and so I come over to the park and usually pass the time very pleasantly."

"I am glad to meet you and glad to know that you so employ yourself. What about the studies? Tell me about them."

The young man was a fine looking young fellow, appeared to be about eighteen, though on account of his stalwart, manly appearance he proved not to be quite so old as this. I inquired about his plans for business life, and all that. It was easily apparent from the character of his talk that the young man was of good parents and of mettle and quality. After conversing of these things in an interesting manner I at last said:

"Well, my young brother, I have been greatly interested in all this but with all this, all your plans and prospects, I trust you have chosen the best of all partners, the Lord Jesus Christ as your partner."

A look of blank astonishment filled that young man's face such as one seldom sees. "Why, sir, I don't know just what you mean."

I said, "Are you not a Christian?"

"No, sir, not at all so far as I know."

"Do you not attend church some place?"

"No, sir, never been in such a place."

"Don't you attend Sunday school?"

"No, sir."

"Don't your parents believe in such things or care for such things?"

"I think not, sir, at any rate they have never taught me to become interested in things like this."

"Can it be possible that no one has ever talked to you about the Christian life?"

"No, sir, you are the first man who ever talked to me about such things."

By this time our hour was almost up, but I felt that in the little while that remained I must try and unfold the truth as simply as I could in Jesus, telling of God's gift in His Son, of Jesus' love, of the sinner lost, how Jesus saves, how joy and forgiveness, peace and pardon all come to the man who seeks his Lord. The young man seemed much interested, and it all seemed like a new revelation. He seemed grateful to me and seemed to desire to know more.

I had to leave for my home right away and know not what the outcome was, but I have that young man on my prayer list and can pray that the Holy Spirit may reach him. But how strange that here in this Christian land any bright young man should have been so brought up that he knew nothing of the glorious things of God. We ought to help such; we must help them.

I have headed this article "In the Swim." In other words, I have sought to show how Christian men and women, if relying wholly upon the Holy Spirit for courage, wisdom, impressions, guidance, may be able to lead others to Jesus, even amid what may seem like difficult surroundings, yes, while busy with the pressing cares and burdens of life under almost all circumstances. Jesus set a mighty pace for discipling men in sin to Himself. Brother, follow your Leader. "Go ye," that is His bidding. "Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men."

(Note: Others beside prisoners are writing me—troubled ones, burdened ones, fearful ones, trembling ones. They need help. So I say not only the dear ones within the prison fold but anybody, anywhere, whom I can help by a word of cheer, advice, prayer—just come along; tell me your troubles. Address as above.)

"He that winneth souls is wise."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

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, Mission Farm, La Grange, Ill.

R. H. McBride, "The Parting of the Ways" Home, 112 West Twenty-second street, Chicago.

Editor of THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

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

Pearl Waggoner, Hinsdale, Ill.

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

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

Rev. Capt. Kingsbury, Santa Ana, Cal.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN PRAYER?

There are more people who believe in the telephone than who believe in prayer; in other words, they know it is possible for Edison to make an arrangement so they can talk over long distances and receive an answer back again, but they don't think it is possible that you can do the same thing to the Lord, who made Edison. Strange that Edison could do something for us that the Lord can not do.

A man said to me one day that if he could only see a wire running up to heaven it would be easy for him to believe that he could pray to heaven. Then I told him about the wireless telegraphy; how it is possible now to send a message through the air across the Atlantic ocean and get an answer back again; yet some people do not think it is possible to send a

message through the air to God, *who made* the air waves that carry the wireless message.

But some will say, "I have *tried* to send a wireless, and got an answer back"; to which I answer, "I have *tried* to send a message to God and *got an answer back*," so as far as experience goes, I am as well off as the other man. But the certainty of my faith in prayer does not rest entirely on my personal experience, for my Bible says, that if we ask, we shall receive. We do not always receive the thing we ask for, but God gives us what is best for us, and He is too wise to err.

WRITE TO US.

If any of our readers have no one to correspond with, especially no one who can be of help to them in a spiritual way, they may feel free to write to us. We are well aware that a letter is a simple thing; yet sometimes a friendly letter has been the means of saving a human soul. Address Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

SORRY HE WAS BORN.

When a child, my father used to read the Bible through by course at morning worship. He always skipped the first four chapters of 1 Chronicles, giving as a reason that they were only names. But by so doing he missed two beautiful verses that have been a wonderful help to me. 1 Chron. 4:9, 10: "And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren, and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, because I bare him with sorrow."

I don't know why the mother of Jabez was sorry that he was born. Perhaps he had a harelip, or a club foot, or perhaps he looked as if he was not going to be a bright child. At any rate she named him "Jabez," so that whenever his name was spoken he would be reminded that his mother was sorry when he was born.

Most of us under such discouraging cir-

cumstances would have sat down and said, "What is the use?" and simply folded our hands and groaned because we did not have a better chance. But Jabez did not do anything of that kind. He did something that each one of us can do. He called on the God of Israel, saying, "Oh, that Thou wouldest *bless* me indeed, and *enlarge* my coast, and that *Thine* hand might be *with me*, and that Thou wouldest *keep me* from evil," or as another translation has it, "act for me against the evil," or in other words, "fight my battles for me that it may not grieve me," or as another translation states it, "give me pain,"—evidently when they called him Jabez.

Some of us are so situated that it is not pleasant for us to have the past brought up any more than it was in the case of Jabez. Now notice what God *did* for him,—and that is what He will do for us for He is no respecter of persons. "And God *granted him* that which he requested."

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN PRISONS.

A few weeks ago I visited the Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Academy. The students of this school have donated the money necessary to supply the Ohio state penitentiary with the special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT for several years. They responded nobly again this year. Enough money was raised to send about six hundred LIFE BOATS to the chaplain at Columbus, Ohio.

It will be a source of encouragement to the prisoners to know that there are splendid young men and women in the outside world who are willing to make sacrifice to show their interest in the welfare of those who are not so favorably situated as themselves.

WATER FROM THE HOME WELL.

David had been chased about for months from pillar to post by his enemies who sought his life. He was now a middle-aged man. It seemed as if almost everybody had it in for him. Then he thought of his childhood days when he used to herd sheep for his father down in Bethlehem. And he longed, and said, "Oh, that one would give me drink

of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" 1 Chron. 11:17. It seemed if he could only have a cup of water from the old well in his father's yard it would make him feel young again.

Perhaps as you are reading these lines you are also thinking of your childhood days, thinking of the time when your mother taught you to pray, when the promises of God seemed sweet to you, before the storms of sin had brought their wreckage. Will you remember that Christ was born in Bethlehem? He is the *real* well of Bethlehem. If you will even now drink in some of His promises you will appreciate again in your soul some of those experiences you had in the springtide of your life.

THE PRISONER'S FAMILY.

We are deeply interested in the prisoner's family. We would be glad to undertake to find friends to stand by them in their hour of need.

We particularly urge the prisoner to keep in touch with his family. No false pride should stand in the way of doing this.

More than once the Lord has used us to establish friendly relations between the prisoner and his family. We hope to have the opportunity of doing this many times again.

THE DEVIL'S TRADE MARK.

Roosevelt has just emerged from the jungles of Africa. He has been nearly a year in the burning, tropical sun. He has been subjected to all sorts of physical exposures, yet at the age of fifty-one years, he came out as tough as an ox. This same man, Roosevelt, was described by one of his classmates in the following words:

"When he was a schoolboy he was a little weak-eyed delicate consumptive kind of a fellow, and ours was a rousing big class. We were seated alphabetically, and he was away back among the R's. He could not half hear or half see, and had a hard time generally; so the professor took pity on him and put him next to me, among the F's, but bless your heart, he was the last fellow in the world I would have picked out for president, let alone a great one."

Roosevelt's splendid health at present did

not rain down ready-made from heaven. He has had to sow for it. His dietetic habits are simple. When president of the United States, his breakfast consisted of boiled eggs, rolls and coffee. His noonday lunch, bread and milk, and then late in the day, a simple dinner consisting of two or three courses.

Roosevelt, even when pressed by the tremendous cares of his great position, would find time to take vigorous physical exercise, chopping wood, taking long walks, etc.

Roosevelt does not use tobacco in any form. This latter fact has no doubt been a valuable asset in building up his health. The boy who smokes cigarettes soon has the devil's trademark stamped upon him, and I generally can recognize a cigarette smoker almost as far as I can see him.

The cigarette kills the boy on the installment plan, just as a cat kills a mouse. You know the cat will plant its teeth into the mouse, crush the little bones, then let the mouse cripple away a few feet, imagining that it is escaping, then the cat will crush it some more, then permit it to drag itself a little further away, and then will finish the mouse.

That is the way tobacco kills the young lad, and by the way, tobacco isn't any good to the grown man or woman. If any one should see me chopping a piano to pieces with an ax, they would naturally think I was a fool, or a lunatic, or a brute, but I might buy another piano. But supposing I am ruining my nervous system by the use of tobacco! Where can I go and buy a new crop of health? Then who would be the greater fool—the one who smashed the piano, or the one who smashed his health by practicing wrong habits?

I feel as sorry for the boy who smokes cigarettes as I do for another boy who has a peg leg; in fact, I feel more sorry for the cigarette smoker than I do for the boy with the wooden leg, for he is more seriously handicapped in life's struggle.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

"This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

Every well-informed student knows that the

modern missionary movement has now reached the end of the world. Everything else proclaims the fact that the world is waxing old like a garment; in other words, that the end of all things is at hand. Be ye also ready.

THE LIFE BOAT IS NOW A TEN CENT MAGAZINE.

We have found it impossible to continue to retail the LIFE BOAT magazine at five cents. The price of printing, cost of paper, and other material, has advanced so much the last few years that the price we received from agents for THE LIFE BOAT was not sufficient to pay the printers' bills.

This LIFE BOAT is forty-eight pages in size. We hope to make every number an improvement over the preceding one. We hope that all of our friends will rally to give it a wider circulation than ever before.

SPIRITUAL STARVATION.

In a previous LIFE BOAT we told the story of one of our patients who found it necessary to fast about six days. The first few days she suffered considerable from hunger, but after that she scarcely had any desire for food at all; in fact, felt quite comfortable, and told me she was getting along famously without food.

I thought to myself, that is exactly my spiritual experience when I do not feed on God's Word for a few days. I get into such a condition that I don't feel the lack of it at all; in fact, almost lose my appetite for spiritual things entirely.

A nurse near New York City, reading that article, wrote us as follows:

"THE LIFE BOAT is always good, but the last one was the best I have ever read, I believe, because it contained food just for me. 'Starvation Without Pain' was written for me, no doubt; I thank the Lord for every word.

"It is true what you state. I speak from experience in *both kinds* of starvation. Praise God for His wonderful love and long suffering with me. I am now feeding on His dear Word constantly and find I can not get too much. I used to take *so little of it* that I at last sought the 'predigested food' entirely."

PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED.

The Bible advises us to acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto us. Job 22:21.

There are many people who are acquainted with the Lord in the same way that they are with Roosevelt. They have *read about him*, but they do not know him personally as a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Proverbs 18:24.

The man who has not become personally acquainted with the Lord has not got all that is coming to him in this life. There has been something lost out of his experience all the way along, and nothing else will quite take the place of it.

ARE YOU DOING BUSINESS IN DEEP WATERS?

I used to think that Ps. 107:23-30, was simply written for people who traveled on the ocean. But during the last few years I have been compelled to do a great deal of business in "deep waters" and still remain on dry land. "They that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. * * * Their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end."

When a man has used *all* his wits to get himself out of trouble is there anything more he can do? When we can truthfully say that we have done the best *we* could is there any more that can be done?

Yes, thank the Lord, there is one more thing we can do, and that is why I do not want to give this verse away entirely to seafaring men. When they are at their wits' end "then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He *bringeth them out* of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He *bringeth them* unto their desired haven."

Dear reader, next time *you* reach your wits' end, and that will be before you are many days older, try to call on God and you will wish you had learned that simple secret long ago. And then you will say, like the Psalmist, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Ps. 107:31.

HUNDREDS ARE LOOKING FOR IT.

We abstract the following from a letter recently received from an ex-convict of the Indiana state prison. Who can help us send THE LIFE BOAT into the prisons of our land?

"THE LIFE BOAT is accomplishing more real and lasting good among the inmates of the Indiana State prison than any other publication that enters, and its monthly appearance is anxiously awaited by hundreds of inmates."

DIETETIC SUGGESTIONS.

Eat your bread with gladness.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Talk courage and you will soon feel courageous.

Food must be well relished in order to be well digested.

Make the simple foods your first choice.

One well-prepared dish eaten with bread and some fruit or vegetable is ordinarily sufficient.

Give preference to the dry, toasted foods. The less fluid taken at meal time the better.

A low-proteid diet is the least likely to cause auto-intoxication.

Fletcherize. Chew your food as long as it will remain in your mouth. "If you taste your food before you swallow it, you will not have to taste it afterwards."

Use salt sparingly. Condiments should be wholly discarded, because they irritate the stomach, tending to produce gastric and intestinal catarrh.

Use cane sugar in moderation. Sweet fruits and honey are natural sweets.

When possible endeavor to eat some raw foods daily in the form of fruits, nuts or salads.

Do not eat a morsel between meals.

It is better to eat only two meals a day. If supper is taken, let it consist chiefly of fruit or rice or some of the cereal flakes.

Deep breathing improves the digestion. Practice it frequently during the day. More die of air starvation than food starvation.

Drink a glass of water on rising and retiring, an hour before each meal, and one to three hours after eating.

Worry kills. Hope inspires. God who made us is willing to take care of us. Cheer up.



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

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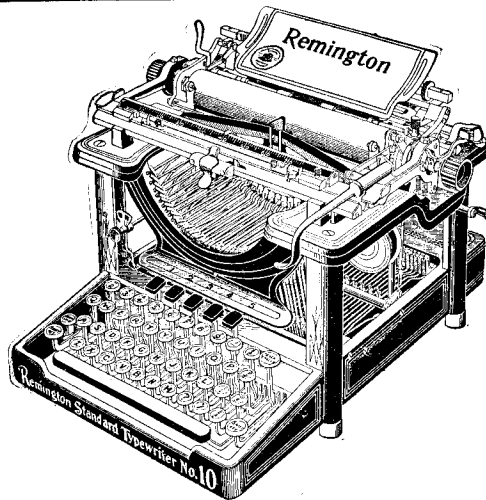
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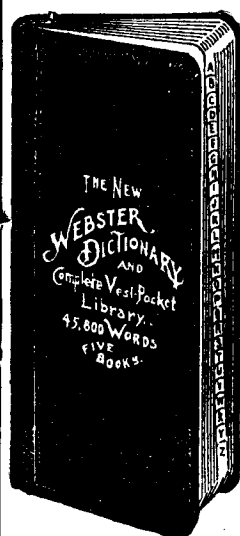
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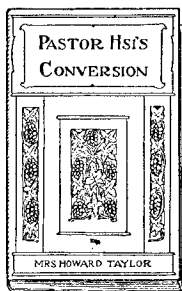
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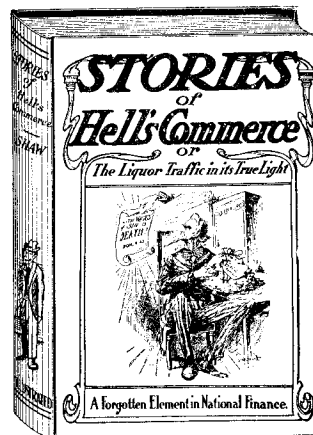
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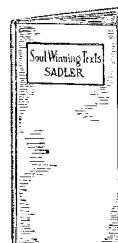
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