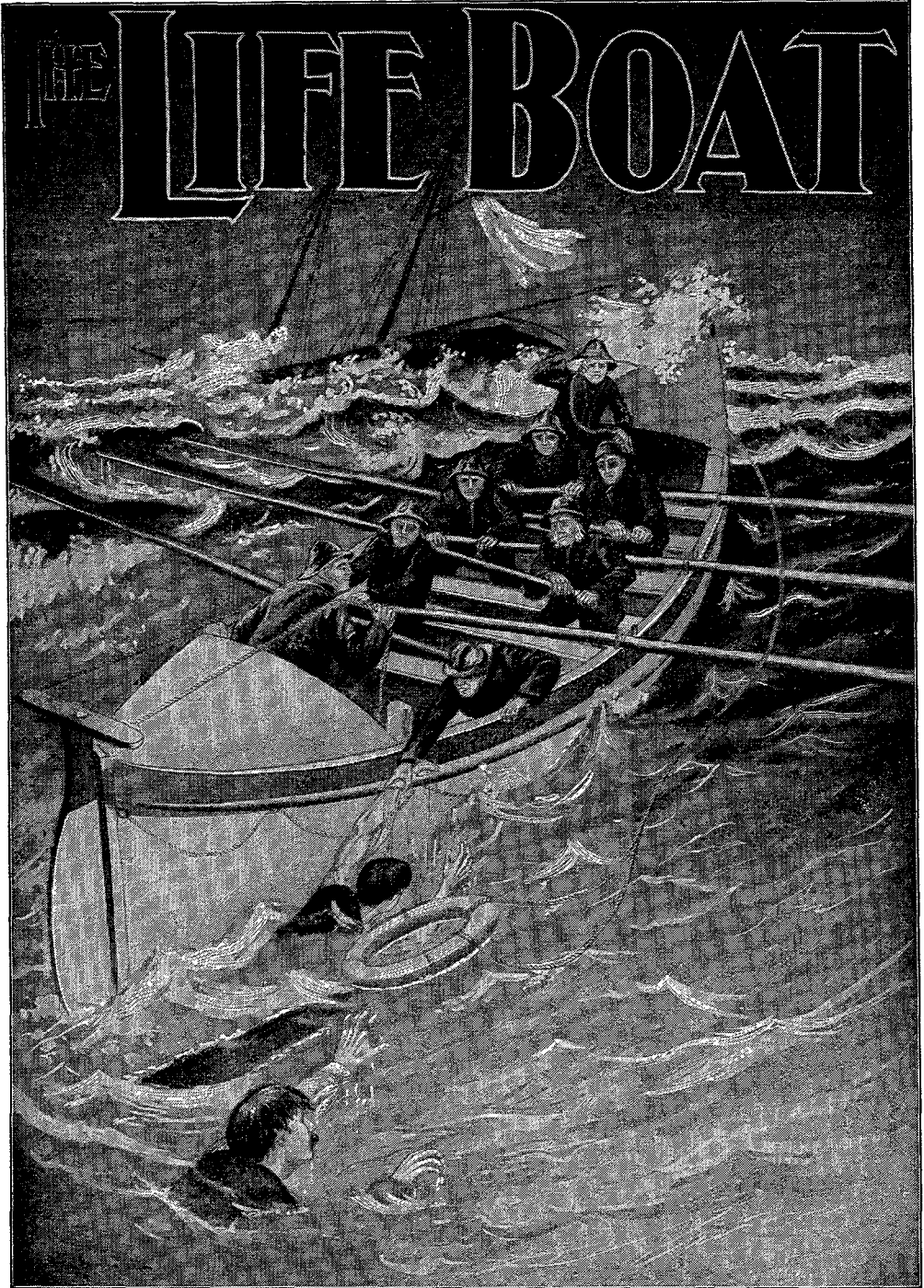


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Volume Nine
Number Eleven

Hinsdale, Ill.

November, 1906

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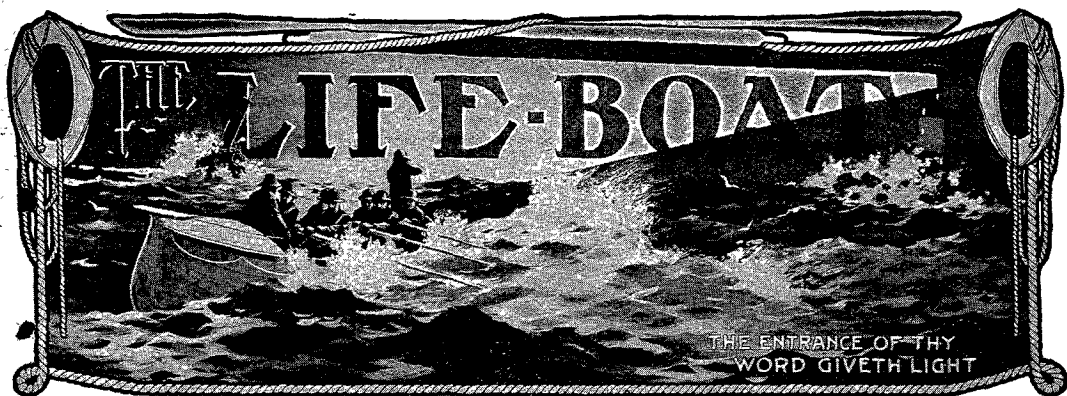
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Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: NOVEMBER, 1906

Number 11

"NOTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR."

PEARL WAGGONER.
Hinsdale, Ill.

And hast thou nought then to be thankful for,
Or grateful be,
When God, who reigns above for evermore,
Still cares for thee?
When life, and breath, and "all things" He bestows
As thou dost need,
Canst thou not thank Him that His mercy knows
No bounds or creed?

What though earth's treasures from thy side are rent,
And leave thee lone—
May He not do His will with what is lent,
And take His own?
Canst thou not thank Him for the blessings true
He still has left,
And grateful be that thou of heaven too
Art not bereft?

Hast thou on love relied, and known love fail,
And hopes to flee?
Arise, and find with Him within the vale
New hope for thee.
Yea, thank Him that His love is changeless still,
And ever thine,
And that His love thine emptiness can fill
With peace divine.

What though grim Poverty about thy ways
Her veil hath thrown,
Or bright and cherished joys of former days
On wings have flown;
Yet thank Him for the riches of His grace,
Which nought can steal,
And that the presence of His lovely face
Heart wounds can heal.

"Why shouldst thou thank Him?"—nay, why shouldst
thou not,
With heartfelt praise,
When with His goodness, wheresoe'er thy lot,
He crowns thy days?
O thank Him for His mercy, truth and power,
And mighty love,
And for the way He leads thee hour by hour
To joys above.

FRENZIED HEALTH WRECKING.*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The same spirit of recklessness which is seen in the management of financial affairs is also manifested in disregard of the laws of health. As a consequence, the rising generation has neither the physical strength nor the endurance of the preceding one. When eleven hundred students in a State Normal school were asked how many of them knew that they were as strong as their parents were in their prime, only six hands were raised.

An official investigation concerning the physical condition of Chicago school children revealed the fact that one-third of them were afflicted with some form of nervous disorders. As they grow up will they not be more fit candidates for the hospital, the insane asylum, or the grave yard than to fill useful places in the ranks of society?

The horror of the age limit is being brought definitely before us by employers who too often have good reasons for discriminating against those who have attained the age of forty or fifty years. When men should be in their very prime they are beginning to fall into decay and are almost ready for the scrap-heap stage.

The business man who has an earning capacity of five thousand dollars a year is worth

*Abstracts from lecture delivered at the Joliet, Ill., Chautauqua, season of 1906.

as much as five per cent income on a one hundred thousand dollar machine, but would the owner handle it as carelessly and recklessly as he frequently treats himself? Thousands of people act as though they had procured through tickets to destruction, and they will discover altogether too late that they have made no provision for stop-over privileges.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

There are at the present time fifty thousand people who are coughing their lives away with tuberculosis in the State of Illinois.

In Great Britain there is one insane person for every two hundred and eighty-eight of the population, which is twice as many in proportion as it was fifty years ago, and the largest part of this increase has come the last few years.

It has been estimated that in Chicago there is one insane to every one hundred and fifty of the population, and the insane population of this country is increasing three times faster than our general population, while in Louisiana, according to Dr. Hays, of the State hospital, it is increasing five times as fast as the population.

There are thirty thousand insane people in the New York insane asylums, or enough to make a moderate-sized city of lunatics, imbeciles and maniacs.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the eminent English authority on insanity, has recently stated that if insanity continues to increase at the present rate it is only a question of time not far in the future when there will be a larger number of insane people than sane.

There are three thousand epileptics in the State of Wisconsin and about 160,000 in the United States, or about one to every five hundred of our population.

If cancer continues to increase as rapidly the next ten years as it has the past ten years, an eminent surgeon has said that it will be responsible for more deaths than tuberculosis is now.

There were nearly ten thousand murders in the United States last year and over nine thousand committed suicide, which is twice as many as ten years ago.

Something of the unsettled condition of society can be inferred from the fact that we had about seventy thousand divorces in this country last year.

A host of our prominent men are falling victims to heart failure, Bright's disease, or apoplexy. A multitude of our fellow men are in such pain and suffering that they have good reasons for crying out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

THE CAUSES OF FRENZIED HEALTH WRECKING.

The Babylonians, Persians, Greeks and Romans brought ruin upon themselves by immorality and strong drink. The two and one-half million who are afflicted with syphilis in this country, the 450,000 young men in this country who, according to Dr. Howard Kelly, annually plunge into immorality for the first time, give some suggestion as to the extent that we are following the nations of antiquity in this respect.

The twenty gallons of liquor consumed for every man, woman and child in this land last year indicate to what extent we are following them in regard to the use of strong drink. In addition we used more alcohol in patent medicines last year than was consumed in all other forms of alcoholic liquor except beer. With so many fathers procuring their liquor from the saloons and so many mothers securing theirs from the drug store, what hope is there for the children?

Last year we imported a million pounds of opium and a ton of morphine. It is estimated we have among us a million opium slaves, and the amount of cocaine used has tripled since 1898. There are drug stores in Chicago which derive their principal revenue from selling this drug to the cocaine slaves in their vicinity. The cigarettes used by our boys last year, if laid end to end, would reach around the world twice and from New York to San Francisco and back again. The young tobacco user is virtually in a chain gang. He is traveling up the hill of mental, moral and physical progress with all the brakes heavily set.

Add to all these things the unwholesome dietary placed upon the majority of American tables, which is more conducive to creating the liquor appetite than it is to building up pure blood, sound nerves, and strong muscles, and then going "the pace that kills," and is it any wonder that we are reaping the very harvest that these facts and figures portray?

HOW TO BE SAVED OUT OF THE WRECK.

If a business proposition should be presented

to you that promised a hundred per cent returns in one year, many of you would want to investigate immediately; but what is much more important, the majority of you, by perseveringly putting in practice the simplest health principles, may attain such a result healthwise; and even from a financial standpoint it is worth while, for in the secret of a clear head frequently lies the secret of success.

Next to developing a character that will stand the test of the judgment, is there anything that we should become so enthusiastic about as the postponing of our own funerals? We should not be satisfied to be living barely above the pain line. There is a vast difference between *living* and merely *existing*.

We must get back to nature. One of the most important and most serviceable lessons that the Japanese have taught us is what a nation can attain to when it carries into practical effect the essential principles of right living. It is said that there are a million baths taken daily in Tokio. The Japanese soldiers carried their portable bath tubs into battle and took their baths on the firing line and lived on a simple, nourishing and practically a non-flesh dietary.

It is difficult to have peace in our heads that passeth all understanding and at the same time have a war in our stomach that is beyond all description. It is well for us to remember that what we eat to-day is going about thinking and talking to-morrow.

The importance of proper mastication must not be overlooked, for there are no teeth in the stomach. The wise man admonished us to go to the ant and learn her ways and be wise; he who has for more than half a lifetime neglected to properly masticate his food might go to the squirrel and learn her ways of chewing and thereby secure an increased installment of health, for experiments have shown that small quantities of food well masticated are worth more than a large quantity almost literally dumped into the stomach.

Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, has recently made an experiment of four and one-half months' duration on a body of students, allowing them to eat whatever they desired, but insisting on thorough mastication. By their own choice, at the end of the experiment they were only eating one-sixth as much flesh food as at

the beginning, while their strength and endurance had more than doubled.

The Lord told Adam to earn his bread by the sweat of his face. Too many of our modern business men are trying to earn it by their wits instead, and then do their sweating in Turkish bathrooms. But it is only by daily engaging in some form of vigorous exercise that the poison which ordinarily shortens life or brings on chronic disorders can be burned up, so it is far better to leave a child a sand pile than a gold mine.

Last, but not least, we need to bring our troubled and distracted minds to Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," for a good state of mind not only promotes digestion, but it assists in regulating all the



important functions of the body. Many a poor sin-cursed creature needs to get under new management so as to be able to say by a well-regulated life, "This place has changed hands."

SPEAK ONLY KIND WORDS.

The following lines are from a letter received from a prisoner in Michigan City, Ind.:

"Your kind words to me make me wish the whole world knew the value of making a kind word; it is better than a whip lash. Kind words do not cost much; they are quickly spoken, they do not blister the tongue that utters them, they do not keep us awake till midnight, it is easy to scatter them, and

oh, how much good they may do! They do good to the person from whose lips they fall; they will smooth the rough places in our natures.

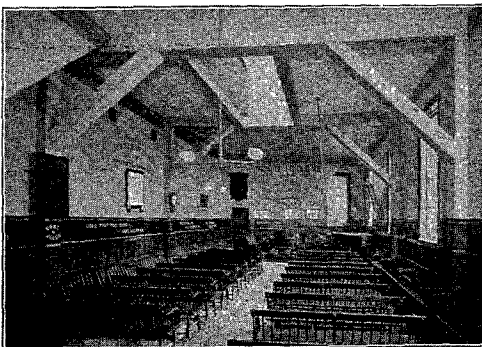
"Care to say kindly things will drill our natures into kindness; it will help to pull up all the roots of passion, it will give us a spirit of self-control, it will make the conscience delicate and the disposition gentle. No one can tell how many burdened hearts may be relieved, how many weary discouraged souls may be inspired. Kind words can never die."

THE JERRY MCAULEY MISSION, NEW YORK CITY.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH,
Hinsdale, Ill.

This mission is situated under the shadow of the great Brooklyn bridge and only a block removed from the water's edge. The bridge, that wonderful masterpiece of human skill, swinging so high above the water that it casts a shadow over the streets and lanes of that vicinity, is a type of the great cloud of sin which hovers over the district and darkens every home. Is it not the device of man which has brought those thousands of people together in such a way that there seems to be almost no means of honestly earning a living and no inspiration to a higher life?

While in New York recently it was with difficulty we found our way through this densely populated district to the doors of the



Interior View of Mission.

Jerry McAuley Mission, that place which is sacred to the memory of hundreds of redeemed men and women. A large audience of clean, well-dressed, wholesome looking people

were assembled and were engaged in a lively song service.

In different places on the wall were noticed tablets inscribed to the memory of those who had given years of loving service in this mission and who are resting from their labors. The most prominent one was to the memory of S. H. Hadley, who for twenty years was the superintendent of this mission and whose unselfish ministry lives still in the lives of those who have been redeemed through his efforts.

The meeting was an interesting one and certainly proved that the Jerry McAuley mission was not established in vain. Some forty-five men gave testimony to the power of God to save, and about thirty of that number told of being entirely delivered from the drink habit.

AN UNDESIRABLE REPUTATION.

A large, healthy, happy looking man who sat near the piano and assisted in the song service told how he came to God one night a hopeless sinner. He said: "That is the only way I could come to Him. I begged for relief. I thought I was dying and God could not refuse me and be true to himself.

"At first I took whiskey as a medicine and finally my system got so impregnated with it that I *had* to take it. I was that way for twenty-six years and it took more and more to get the desired effect. I had six epileptic fits; I was picked up one time in a fit in St. Louis. I did not dare to go to bed for fear the effect of whiskey would die out and I would be too weak to get out and get more. I was a hopeless drunkard, hobbling along with two canes. People in town all knew me and when I would go into a saloon the man would give me a glass and say, 'Take this and get out of here; we don't want a tragedy in here.'

"I had all sorts of diseases,—Bright's disease, tuberculosis, hemorrhages, and the doctors used to bring visitors and lecture on my case to show what whiskey had done for me. But I did not die. One doctor said I might live three years. I have sent him my picture since then.

"I never found out what could cure me until I came into the Water Street Mission. The worse off a man is the more welcome he is here. Mr. Hadley said, 'If you have any

bums, you don't know what to do with, send them down here; those are the kind of men we want.'"

CAUSED HIS MOTHER'S TEARS.

One young man said he was the only one in the family his mother ever shed tears over. He was always in trouble. He said: "I went down and down until I got behind closed doors and under lock and key, and my mother was the only friend left; but to-day she is the happiest person in the world, because I am on the right road. It is nearly seven years now that God has saved me."

HE WANTED SOME OF THAT.

Another man said there was a time in his life when whiskey gave him vim and ambi-

up and said that God had saved them and then I stood up and said I wanted some of that. In a moment God took that thirst for alcohol and he took away the old mind of unbelief. The great transaction was done in a moment and there came joy and peace into my life. It was seventeen years ago since I started in this room. I used to have a pretty hasty temper in my old life, but I thank God that He has taken that out of my life."

HELPING THE WANDERER.

FANNIE EMMEL.

I was down at the Harrison Street police station a week ago Friday and two women who were occupying the same cell particularly impressed me. As I talked to them I realized that they were not the lowest of the low; they were not depraved and dissipated like many whom I had seen in that same cell often before. I asked God to show me how to help these women and how to do it right.

I learned that one of them had a blind mother who was dependent upon her for support; recently her mother had been sick, and as her doctor bills piled up she had been tempted and had been securing money in sinful ways—oh, at what a price in the end! I got into court too late to be of any service to these women, as they had already been fined twenty-five dollars and costs, which meant quite a while in the county jail if they had to earn their fines that way. I found this woman with her blind sick mother had no money to pay her fine, so there was nothing for her to do but to go to the Bridewell jail and then be forever branded as an ex-criminal. So I went to the judge and asked him to have this woman held over a day or two until I could have an opportunity to help her. He gladly consented.

Then I went back and talked to her about her home and her mother. She seemed so sincere that I felt I must do something to help her. I said: "You know you have sinned." She said: "Yes, it was an awful sin I committed." I then asked her if she did not want the Lord to help her. She said: "Yes." I said: "The only way is to tell Him; kneel with me in prayer and tell Him." She said: "I would, but I do not know how. My mother has been a Christian all her life, but she never told me how to be a Christian."



S. H. Hadley was for twenty years the superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission. The last words that he was heard to utter were: "My bums—my poor bums—who will look after them?"

tion, but it soon lost that effect and he was about to resort to morphine when he happened into the Water Street Mission. He said, "That meeting had a wonderful effect on me. It seemed every word spoken was for my benefit. I listened to men who stood

We knelt there and I prayed with her, and she lifted her eyes to God although not her voice.

I went upstairs and soon found the matter was arranged so she only lacked a dollar and a half. So I went to the sergeant and told him I wanted to pay that dollar and a half to him and would ask her to come back when she had earned the money and leave it there for me. A dollar and a half is not much money for some people to spend, but to missionaries it is a great deal. So she was called up there and her liberty was given her. As she walked out of the door I hurried after her to ask her once more if she would not pray. She said: "Miss Emmel, I am going home and I am going to ask my mother to teach me to pray."

When I returned a few days later to the police station to see if she had left the money there for me it was not there. Then the temptation came to me that it was all for nothing—that my money was gone and the woman was gone and that was all there was of it; but I comforted myself with the thought that I did it for Jesus' sake and for that woman's sake: I owed it to her because of the better opportunities I had had in life than she had had. I went back again the next day and yet the money was not there, but when I called the following day there was the dollar and a half left for me. It encouraged me to trust God more and to know that He can bring all things out right. His name is wonderful; He is the Prince of peace. I hope some day to learn that this experience proved a real turning point in this woman's life.

DO YOU EXPECT TO BECOME A FOREIGN MISSIONARY?*

JULIUS PAULSON.

San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

I used to think when I was younger that if I could become a missionary and go off to a foreign field then I would be a good boy; that if I was sent off as a missionary then the Lord would especially work for me and keep me good. I thought the Lord worked especially for people because they were in foreign countries, but I have found that it is harder to live for God in a foreign country than it

is at the Sanitarium. Here you have but little to discourage you. You have spiritual leaders who when they see you going about with a long face ask you what is the matter, and they encourage you to go right on. But when you get in a heathen land there is no human soul to encourage you when you get discouraged and you are compelled to go to God and seek Him alone.

You *never* in the world will be a missionary in any other country unless you are a missionary here. It is very important that each one should learn to know God for themselves, to seek Him daily and then they will be prepared to do it when they go to some foreign country.

We should never get the idea that our whole object in life is to live for self. When you become a real true Christian, when you know God and have learned to serve Him then you really learn what is the true object of life. There is no true satisfaction except in that. It ought to be the earnest desire of everyone to develop into true men and true women. You can not be that except you are Christians. We ought to make the most of our opportunities while here and live for God and do good to our fellow men.

THE THIRD LETTER IN TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

The following extracts are from a letter received from the Indiana State Prison:

"I am one of the unfortunate ones. My mother before me was ignorant, but honest and respectable, and it was her aim to bring up her children in honesty. But, alas, she died before I was nine years of age and from that time on for thirty years I have been floundering on the sea of time. The eight years I enjoyed with mother was the happiest time of my life. Since then I have lived a hard life. I became hardened in soul, body and mind. I have never forgiven humanity for allowing me to grow up ignorant; how in the name of God can any sensible man or woman expect from me an honest, high and noble character when I was neglected religiously and educationally in the very best time of my life? When I hear of a man saying that such as I are hardened and incurable criminals it makes me think that if they would only try to do as Christ taught there would

*Talk given at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, September 22, 1906.

be less criminals. Law reforms no one, but religion has taken the vilest of men and women and made of them honored citizens.

"I have often thought that it would have been better for me if I had been born a savage, but I do not think so now: the Bible has changed all of that. But do not understand me to say that I am a Christian, for I am not; I never pray. I know this is bad; any man ought to be ashamed to say he does not pray, but truth is truth. I believe that your magazine has a good effect on men. I like it and read it when it comes my way. It tells of so many things that I know to be true; it is clean, good and healthy reading.

"I have been a prisoner in the State six years; how long I will have to stay no one knows but God. I am here for twelve dollars—not much, but it may mean fourteen years just the same. I am tired of the old life; it is no good; there is nothing in it. If I did not devote every minute of my time to something I would have been crazy long ago. This is the third letter I have written in twenty-three years; the reason I do not write is because I have no one to write to."

HEALTH SEEDS. III.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

14. *Tea and Coffee.*—These much-used beverages are harmful to health for the following reasons:—

1. They encourage the taking of liquids at meal time.
2. They are stimulants, not foods.
3. They are medicines, coffee containing caffeine; and tea, theobromine; both drugs acting on the nervous system.
4. They dilute the digestive juices, and delay digestion.
5. The tannic acid of tea possesses a harmful astringent action.
6. By liquefying foods in the mouth they interfere with proper mastication.
7. They belong to the stimulant family, and are often forerunners of worse habits.
8. The "tea-drinker's habit" is a nervous disorder recognized by medical authorities.
9. They are a factor in the cause of neurasthenia, a nervous disorder.
10. They produce distressing headaches, and other undesirable effects.
11. The American people use over one billion pounds of coffee annually (13.64 pounds per capita). This costs us \$81,000,000 a year.

15. *Alcohol.*—Those who would sow for health must avoid alcohol in all its forms for the following reasons:—

1. Those who buy alcohol spend their "money for that which is not bread."
2. Alcohol is a poison. The most eminent scientific authorities declare it is not a food.

3. It is a nerve fooler.
4. It is a reason robber.
5. It is a money waster.
6. It is a home breaker.
7. It is a mind destroyer.
8. It is a conscience searer.
9. It is a poverty-producer and crime generator.
10. It is the handmaid of vice.
11. The good feeling that it gives you to-day is but placing a future mortgage on your health and strength.
12. Americans use $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons a second, 100,000,000,000 gallons a year, \$18.50 for each man, woman and child.

16. *Patent Medicines.*—Many earnest health seekers are endeavoring to find relief in the patent medicine bottle. They are doomed to disappointment. Patent medicines are the greatest health-delusion of the age. You should not use them because:—

1. Honorable physicians do not practice secret methods.
2. You should not swallow medicines of whose nature you know nothing, nor have any way of finding out.
3. The majority of patent medicines contain enormous quantities of alcohol.
4. The chemist's report before me of fifteen patent medicines shows alcohol to be present to the extent of from 5 to 44 per cent. (Beer contains only 5 per cent.)
5. Many of these nostrums contain opium, cocaine and morphine, and should be labeled "Poison."
6. The patent medicine habit is but a masked form of intemperance.
7. There were over \$80,000,000 worth of patent medicines sold in the United States last year.
8. Americans use 50 grains of opium for each inhabitant. (Chinamen only use 27 grains.)
9. There are 1,000,000 morphine fends in the United States.
10. The use of cocaine has trebled since 1896.
11. There are about 10,000,000,000 pills made in the United States each year.
12. Many patent medicines will burn in an alcohol lamp or on a gas mantle, giving heat and light almost as well as pure alcohol.
13. Because the average invalid must not hope to find health in pills or bottles, but in obedience, to the laws of nature and the use of nature's restorative agencies.
14. There is one brand of soothing syrup which contains $\frac{1}{4}$ grain of morphine for every two ounces.

17. *Why do we think tobacco unwholesome and bad for the health?*

1. It is a useless and extravagant habit. "We spend as much for tobacco as for bread in the United States.
2. It is filthy, and the Bible declares that the unclean are debarred from heaven.
3. It is a poisonous herb, and forbidden by the Word of God. (Deut. 29:18, marginal reading.)
4. It contains nicotine, a deadly drug. Every cell of the tobacco user's body is poisoned by it.
5. Cigarette statistics show that it produces deterioration of both mind and muscle. American men and youth use about 7,000,000 cigars and 4,000,000 cigarettes annually.
6. It produces cancer and predisposes to other diseases.
7. The cigarette is a prominent factor in the production of insanity.
8. Its victims are its slaves; they are not free men.
9. It enormously increases the blood pressure, and so produces a predisposition to apoplexy and kindred diseases.

18. *Deep Breathing and Fresh Air.*—The out-of-door life is the secret of health. Man is an outdoor animal. He was made to live in a garden. Bad ventilation and an overheated house atmosphere are the causes of numerous maladies. (Don't allow the temperature of your living rooms to run above 70 degrees in winter.) Consumption and pneumonia are house diseases. The system cannot properly burn up its poisons unless abundantly supplied with oxygen. Keep the windows of your sleeping rooms wide open at night. Better sleep out of doors most of the year. If you cannot work out of doors, arrange matters so that you can sleep out of doors. You spend one-third of your life in bed.

19. *Physical Exercise.*—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." (Gen. 3:19.) Man cannot be healthy without working. Physical exercise is valuable for the following reasons:—

1. It makes you perspire. To have good health you must sweat every day.
2. When you work your muscles, the sweat contains twice the poisons it does as compared with that given out in sweating baths.
3. Muscles will not grow without use; they will become weak and atrophy.
4. The formula for health is "A sound mind in a sound body."
5. It creates an appetite. Appetite is the first factor in good digestion.
6. It insures a good circulation of the blood.

20. *Bathing and Water-drinking.*—Very few people bathe enough. Still fewer drink enough water. Pure cool water is one of the most important requisites of health. Two or three times a week a hot bath should be taken, for cleanliness, and thousands would be greatly benefited by a cold morning plunge or sponge bath. Those who have headaches and chilly sensations following the morning bath, should take it while standing in hot water, or precede it by a short hot bath.

These daily tonic baths keep the skin clean, the pores active. They strengthen the resistance to disease, by increasing the alkalinity of the blood, which causes the white blood cells to be more active and vigilant. Those who faithfully take their morning bath are less likely to take cold.

"Who healeth all thy diseases."

THE DARK SIDE OF CHICAGO.

E. B. VAN DORN,

472 State St., Chicago.

Another day had come with all its perplexities, trials and difficulties, but through it we had the assurance there was One by our side who was helping us through it. When the shades of night draw near, the thoroughfares that have been crowded all day with merchants, shoppers and others begin to be cleared, and for a short time it seems that the rush and noise of the day would be hushed. But hardly has the sun hid its face before there comes forth another world of life and activity. Wrecks of humanity with drawn and haggard features, the shew of whose countenance witnesseth against them (Isa. 3: 9), who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil,—the cursing, staggering drunkard, the heart-piercing cry of some lost, wrecked woman, greet us at every turn.

There is a district in this great city that is called "Hell's Square Mile." Within its boundaries the most degraded portion of humanity drag out an impoverished existence. The most helpless and most desperately abandoned are the drug fiends. Twenty per cent of the population in this district are addicted to some sort of drug. There are even hundreds of children who use the drug and scores of tots scarce out of their baby dresses who use as much as a hardened habitué. Of the four hundred boys in the John Worthy School fifteen per cent used some kind of drug, morphine or cocaine. Of the inmates of the Bridewell and the State penitentiary from seventy-five to eighty per cent of those from Chicago are bound by these awful fetters. This city is fast filling its cup of iniquity. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Rom. 8: 22.

THE WAY OUT.

But there is a way out. Jesus has invited all that labor and are heavy laden to come to Him, that they may have rest. There is a Fountain open in the house of David for all sin and uncleanness, and they who plunge beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains. The work is great and the laborers are few. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest,

that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

In the past the students of the American Medical Missionary College have given valuable assistance to the work in Chicago while carrying on their school work; and many of them to-day are being used of God in the dark places of the earth because of the lessons of faith learned while trying to show some of these unfortunates the way of salvation. Christ, the greatest missionary the world has ever known, often ministered to those that were afflicted with divers diseases and then told them the way of life.

Chicago is to-day a great pool of Bethesda in which are lying a great multitude of impotent folk waiting for the moving of the water. Jesus is waiting for you to go to them saying that their warfare is accomplished and their iniquity is pardoned. "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you." Isa. 35: 3, 4.

PROFITABLE YEARS IN PRISON.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes:

"I know only too well the folly of trusting in my own miserable self. I am a convict to-day because of the confidence I once had in my own ability and power; but, on the other hand, I have learned that there is nothing too hard for God and that I can do all things through Christ. After two years and a half of fighting against the influence of prison association and life, I am more determined than ever to be true. I want to serve God with all my heart, I want Him to have the balance of my life, I want my life to be a blessing to others, and I will try to make it so here behind the walls.

"In six months I shall step through the prison gates a free man, free not alone from the bonds of the law, but also from the miserable past. I can say God has wonderfully blessed me in my prison experience, and I consider that the years spent behind the walls have been the most profitable ones of my whole life, for in them I have learned the greatest lessons man is privileged to learn.

I praise God for what He has done for me. The devil is trying his very best to pull me down, but I find that with every temptation there is provided a way of escape."

FOUND ON A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Miss Louise M. J. Waddell, a nurse in the Michael Reese hospital, Chicago, died recently. After her death, among her things was found a scrap of paper upon which she had written the following words:

"To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, loving from the very depths of my heart; considerate and thoughtful regarding the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce harmony and not friction; to be pure in word, thought and deed; broad minded and liberal, not given to petty denunciation of my fellows; moderate in methods of life; never adding a burden or a sorrow where a little forethought would give pleasure; not hasty in speech or action; sincere, candid and truthful in every detail; conscientious and simple, keeping close to nature's heart and always relying upon Him I most earnestly strive to serve; keeping ever before me that exemplary life as my rule of conduct toward men, thus creating an influence for good. This is my idea of making 'life worth living.'"

Dear reader, if you should die suddenly, would your friends find similar noble ideals written on scraps of paper in your room, or would they find foolish, silly sentiments? Will you think earnestly about this?

A CRIPPLED MISSIONARY.

Although Frankie Beard, Byron, Okla., is confined to his bed he takes subscriptions for this magazine from the visitors who come to see him, and has already earned a fine premium Bible. Why don't some of you who have good sound limbs and can go to see your friends also take some subscriptions and sell some papers? He writes:

"I want to take orders all the time and try to do what I can to secure more premiums also. I am glad to tell you my leg is mending fast since the last operation and I think we can save it now if nothing else takes hold. My ankle is swelled and looks purple but it does not hurt me. There is so much of the

bone gone in my leg that when we dress it we dress the inside of the bone. You remember I told you I had been in bed twelve weeks when I last wrote you. I took my bed the last of January. I can now almost crawl out of my cot on a little wagon and my sister and mother take me out under the large shade trees. We went down on the little creek one Sabbath and read and sang, and I enjoyed it. I have four brothers and two sisters all at home.

"I was much pleased with the Bible I received from you; I think it is nice."

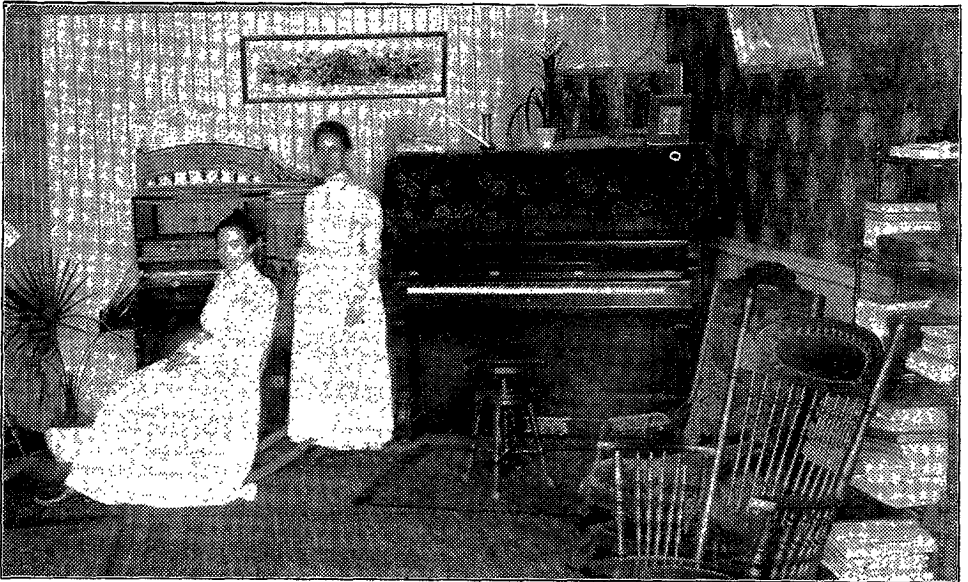
AFTER MANY DAYS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Six or seven years ago when we had our little headquarters down on South Clark street where we used to serve dinners for the girls in order to get in personal touch with them, we would go right into the houses of sin and invite the landlady with her whole household to come in, which they frequently did, and many were really helped from that work. Still I was sometimes worried because we did not get greater results.

One night near the midnight hour, just as I was closing the house, a girl was struggling by under the influence of liquor. The thought came to me that possibly that girl's mother was praying for her daughter, and I said, God help me to do something for this poor soul. So I took her into the reading room and we sat down there by the light that came in through the window (for our electric lights went out at twelve o'clock), and there hand in hand and heart to heart I talked with that girl for her mother's sake and for Christ's sake. I told her the way to do right. I tried to get her to pray but she went away without taking a positive stand, and I never knew that anything came out of it until a little time ago she came one night to the Mission and asked me if I knew her. I said I could not place her. She said, "Don't you remember 479 South Clark street, that midnight you talked to me when I was intoxicated? Don't you remember Alice?" I said, "Of course I do."

Then she turned to the splendid looking man by her side and said, "This is my husband, Miss Emmel. I am living right now." Then she introduced me to her sister, who asked



Parlor in the Rescue Headquarters when they were on South Clark street in the very midst of what was then perhaps the most sin-stricken area on earth. In this room frequently a dozen or more girls were invited to lunch and sat down with the workers to a table spread with home cooking. It was pathetic to note how those surroundings reminded them of better days, and almost before they knew it they would join in singing familiar gospel songs, which they had learned in childhood days. All the houses in that block have now been torn down and the space is occupied by railroad buildings.

me how I got her wayward sister to do what was right. I said the Lord did it. She told how thankful she was that the Lord was helping her and she invited me to come and visit her in her home.

Dear friends, often when weary and worn out with anxiety and care I have been tempted to question, Does it pay? but just about those times the Lord brings around some such experience as this; then I say, it does.

In those days we used to pray that the Lord would give us a place where we could take our girls out of the city, where they could not step right over our door-sill into houses of sin, and the Lord was good to us and helped us. He providentially opened a beautiful home in West Hinsdale, and now we feel the need of a greater work and I am sure the Lord will help us.

These girls need to be separated from the haunts of sin and have Christian people encourage them on until they get thoroughly established.

Recently a beautiful young woman stepped into the Mission with a suitcase in her hand. I did not recognize her and she said, "I guess you do not know me, Miss Emmel. My name is Mrs." I did not know her until finally she reminded me about two of our workers, Miss Smith and Miss Burghart, and the experience they had with her on State street one night. Then I remembered that when she was very sick in one of those places she sent for us and we found her case a very serious one. The nurses were not able to do anything for her and so they persuaded her to go to her brother's, and they carried her out and put her in a carriage and went with her to her brother's house, where they gave her good care and nursing and finally persuaded her to do right. We lost track of her. Miss Smith laid down her life and Miss Burghart is far away, but now she came to me to tell me how she had lived a true and upright life and how she was happily married and was a member of the church.

I wish the reader could go as I do every week of my life down to the Harrison street police station service and see perhaps five or six men in one cell kneel down after earnestly requesting us to pray for them, and sing songs like "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

They always request some such songs sung, as they bring back memories of home. After service they tell us how glad they are that we came down and brought the Gospel to them.

One such circumstance recently brought joy to my heart. There were three men in one cell, one of whom kneeled down and prayed with one of the workers who stayed and did personal work after the service. When he came out he came to the Mission and told me his experience. He was a man forty-five years of age. He told how sin had come into his life and how he had served the devil and gotten back all the devil's wages. He told how the service of the devil brought him everything that is bad, has taken away his wife and children and everything pure and sweet. He had served a number of times in the Bridewell and the last time he came out he had a dollar and a half and was determined not to do anything wrong, but as he did not have the Lord in his heart it was not long before his dollar and a half was gone and he had nothing to eat. He soon got into trouble; then the officers came along and took him to the police station where he heard the story of Christ. He said God saved him then and there and he had been so happy ever since, and he went on to tell how precious the Lord was to him. He had gone right to work.

Another night he came into the Mission and said he had found out that drink was not the only sin. Sometimes he wanted to swear, and he said he had a hasty temper. "I want the Lord to save me from that," he said. I told him that sin is sin and he declared he wanted the Lord to save him from ALL sin.

BRINGS KINDLY FEELINGS.

The following lines were written by a prisoner in Allegheny City, Pa.:

"Your kind letter of recent date has been duly received and you can not imagine how glad I am to hear from you. None but those who have had the experience know how much joy and sweet consolation and kindly feeling a kind letter brings to one's heart in a place like this. If one is inclined to have an ill-feeling toward the outside world, believing no one has a thought or care for him, a kind letter from some true Christian will do a

great deal toward bending his mind to right thinking.

"It would be lonely and desolate indeed in my cell without the love and comfort of a dear Saviour. Sometimes I feel downhearted and much discouraged, but when I remember His words: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' my heart lightens, knowing He is still leading though the way seems dark.

"I thank you ever so much for sending me your magazine. It certainly is a dear little paper and I hope it may be a blessing to all who read it; I know it has been one to me. I hope you and those connected with its publication, and also those who distribute these little messengers, will continue to carry on the good work. The fruit may seem few and small, but do not get discouraged: remember you are working for the Lord and He will certainly reward you for your labor though you see but few fruits of it now. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' May God give you grace, strength and wisdom to continue in the battlefield for Him and the salvation of precious souls."

GOSPEL WORK IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY.
Roxbury, Mass.

Last Sunday I spoke to the prisoners in our State Prison; there were about eight hundred of them. They seemed to be very interested, especially because many of them knew that I represented this magazine. I was glad to have this opportunity of talking to them and of telling them of God's love. I know that souls were touched and I trust that sometime I shall see that this effort was not wasted. I believe that we will have to wait until we get over on the other shore to see the fruits of much of our labor.

A week ago last Sunday I spoke to the girls in the Crittenton Home. Ten of them gave their hearts to God. The meeting was filled with God's Spirit and His tender power so that souls were broken down. I have since received a lovely letter from one of the girls, telling of her full and free surrender. I am so happy for the results that soul-winning brings. It is its own reward here as well as hereafter.

PRISON WORK IN THE SOUTH.

MRS. C. WILLEFORD,
Thomasville, Ga.

The weather has been so unfavorable that I have not been able to get out very much, so I had not carried my last month's papers to the jail until yesterday morning. I found the prisoners had been looking for me, and had asked the jailer why I did not come



with the magazines; they all seemed so glad to see me with the papers. Those who were out in the corridor met me at the door and shook hands and said that they were so glad to get the papers again.

When we passed on to where there were others in their cage the jailer called out, "Come, boys, and get your books." They seemed so glad to get them. One said, "It surely does my soul good to read this little book; I want to subscribe for it when I get out." One woman who is in for murder said, "I want your magazine; I find comfort in it for me." One man just before going to trial said, "I want to thank you for what you have done for me since I have been in here. No one has been here to speak a kind word to us or pray for us, and you are the only one who has done anything for my soul, bringing us good papers and beautiful flowers." I was glad that I had done that little.

I recently visited the Federal prison. Their club of papers had expired and only a few were getting the paper, and they seemed to miss it so much. We would ask all our friends who are interested in rescuing the

souls of poor unfortunate men and women to help furnish the penitentiaries and jails with this paper. I have personally kept up this work in the past, but I am not situated so I can do much now.

SOME ENCOURAGING RESULTS.

E. B. VAN DORN.

472 State St., Chicago.

I am glad to tell of the progress of the work for Christ in the slums of this great city. We have much to be thankful for. The Life Boat Mission doors are still open; the light still burns, and the poor receive it gladly. Men from every strata of life come within our doors. We have done our best to inspire them to a higher life, and God has helped us. All will not yield to the influences for good, but those who do, receive power to live above that which has been their ruin.

A brief look at the past will show you that there is fruit to show for this effort. Last night as we were about to open the meeting a man came in who was the first convert in the Mission, and we were glad to see him. Nine years and a half have rolled by since its doors were opened and since a card of invitation was put in front of this man as he stood at a bar drinking. He read it, left his cup of beer and came to the Mission, and that night gave his heart to the Lord.

His work has since taken him to all parts of the world, but he never forgets the place where God broke the fetters that bound him. Before he left he told us how the Providence of God had guided him, and earnestly besought those present to give their hearts to God. He has just finished a course in college, and has now accepted a position in the Government service, where he will be able to help the sick and wounded and, best of all, point them to the Lord, that great Physician who is able to save both soul and body.

In our last week's work we called on a woman in the tenement part of the city. Several years ago her husband came to the Mission in a horrible condition, and gave his heart to the Lord, and for about two years theirs was a happy home where the sunshine of God's presence seemed to dwell; but in an

evil hour he forgot God and fell, and now she scarcely ever hears of him. Yet she still remains faithful, and is rearing her boy to a life of usefulness in the work of God.

Through this family we got acquainted with a young lady who was converted and has since taken up a training to become a missionary nurse and has become a most reliable and conscientious worker.

In another part of the city we called on one of the boys who was converted in the Life Boat Mission, May 21, 1902. He now has a comfortable home, a loving companion, and is in a good business, all the proceeds of which he is using in the work of the Lord. He was a drunkard of the worst type, but from the time he started to serve the Lord he has never been back to the old haunts of sin.

Not far from there lives Brother McDougal, who is an employee in one of the large packing houses of the city, in the paint, paste and label department. His wife is blind, so they do not come to the Mission very often, but they are grateful to the Lord for what He did for them there. Where he once used liquor and tobacco and left his wife to depend on the charity and kindness of others, he is now living a clean, sober and industrious life, and their home is full of the sunshine of God's presence.

In another part of the city is a girl who was forbidden to come to her mother's home on account of the life she was living. She was addicted to the use of cocaine, morphine, opium, wines, liquors and cigarettes. The last time she was arrested she was brought out of a saloon, and the officer said, "I wish I could send you to h—ll." There was no one to pay her fine, so she was sent to prison. While there she heard the song sung:

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by."

She called on God and He heard and delivered, and she is now living a good Christian life. She has a home of her own, and the mother who refused her shelter in her home has sought refuge with her daughter and has not been turned away.

One month ago a boy came into the Mission with a revolver in his pocket, intending to kill himself that night, and he was converted. The next day I went to see his

mother and arranged for her to meet him at the Mission. They met, became reconciled to each other, and he has been to the meetings nearly every night since.

A few weeks ago two girls came to the city to find employment. One of them became sick and they came to the Mission for aid. They were both converted and are since giving considerable of their time to selling this magazine and doing other gospel work.

Last week one man came to us and told how he had just come from an Eastern prison, where he had served a term of twenty-four years. His form was bent, his features drawn, his hair gray, and he asked us to help get him work, saying that he was through with the life he had lived. Without money or friends, with a prison suit on his back that every policeman recognized, having forgotten to walk any other way than the prison lockstep, and with the world having moved on a quarter of a century, present-day affairs seemed a mystery to him. What shall this man do? Where will he go? *What would you do?* We were glad to send this man where we thought he might secure work. We assisted him in other ways, and with a prayer that the Lord would bless him we sent him on his way.

Our Workingmen's Home is doing a good work. Many have not only been benefited by food, shelter and raiment, but they have been inspired to a higher life, and many have been converted in the services held there daily. Every man can get a bath, a good bed, his clothes fumigated, and have an opportunity to wash his clothes, so that he may at least be clean. There is a lunch room where he can at cost get good wholesome food that will nourish his body and not create a desire for liquor and tobacco. Those who can not pay the sum of ten or fifteen cents for these accommodations are given work enough to earn them. The manager, Brother Winchell, has started a plumbing shop and a mattress department, which promise success.

This is surely a pool of Bethesda where the poor, the halt and the blind resort for the moving of the waters. Some are so wedded to their evil ways that they get only temporary help for the necessities of the flesh; others have felt their need of the great Physician and have found in Him a healing balm and

gone on their way with a new song in their mouth.

The work in the police stations among the children is the saddest we meet. Here one week ago we found a little girl only thirteen years of age, who will be a mother in a few months. Yesterday a little girl of the tender age of fourteen came to the police station with her younger sister and told the matron how her stepfather had abused them, and asked for protection. The physician found that she would soon become a mother. Our workers will stand up by these children in the court and give them all the help possible, and the police matron in that department has said she will ask the judge to give this girl to our workers.

God has given our workers favor among the officers of the law. We have tried to do the thing we believed was right in the fear of God, and we have never been refused to this day. We have gone to the highest officials in our city and talked to them in a simple way of those we have been interested in, and have always secured the help we desired. God has wrought in it all.

Our daily work is to hold a service in the Workingmen's Home every evening at six-thirty o'clock, a doctrinal Bible class at the Mission from seven-fifteen to eight, then the regular gospel meeting from eight to nine-thirty. Sunday there are four meetings in different parts of the prison. I have been asked to speak regularly in the noon-day meeting in nine different railway shops in the city. Several times a month there are special meetings in the Y. M. C. A., where I have opportunity to tell of the love of God and the power of our Christ.

We are doing with our might what our hands find to do, and I pray as you read this article you may have wisdom from above to know how much you can do to help us keep this light burning. It costs about \$150.00 per month alone to keep the Mission doors open.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

If you are disheartened, discouraged, in deep trouble and do not know the way out, write me. Your letter will be held confidential.

Mrs. David Paulson,
Hinsdale, Ill.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.

MRS. E. GROSJEAN.

Albany, N. Y.

It was my privilege to attend several sessions of the national prison congress which was held in the Senate chamber of the State Capitol, Albany, N. Y., September 15-20. Superintendents, wardens, chaplains, prison physicians and others interested in prison reform were in attendance. Such topics as the prison labor problem, prison sanitation, tuberculosis, and educational work for prisoners were discussed. Among the ladies who addressed the audience were Maud Ballington Booth and Mrs. Lucy M. Sickels, superintendent of State Home for Girls, Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. Booth's subject was "The Hopeful Side of Prison Life." She discussed at length the improvement of the prison environment and talked hopefully of what may be accomplished through humane treatment of the prisoners. She described some of the steps that had been taken to remove ex-prisoners from criminal influences. She cited instances of prisoners who had given up their old life of sin and are now honest, industrious men, and said that those men and women who tried to live honest and industrious lives ought to receive the touch of human sympathy,—that where there is life there is hope. Jesus who cleansed the lepers in Jerusalem years ago still lives to cleanse lepers to-day.

Mrs. Lucy M. Sickels' subject was "The Delinquent Girl." She said that in many cases the delinquent or the over-indulgent parents were accountable for the failings and faults of the delinquent girl. She said there are mothers who allow their girls to play with children of the streets because they are so busy that they have no time to be companions to their girls; that there are mothers who send their girls on errands to the saloon, and others who do missionary work to the neglect of their own families, or who attend theaters and entertainments while the delinquent girl is left at home or upon the streets to choose companions for herself. It is a mother's privilege to bless the world by her influence, but it is only when she seeks in her own life to follow the teachings of Christ that the mother can hope to form the character of her children after the divine pattern.

Mrs. Sickels told of different lines of the

work that are taught to the girls in the Industrial Home and stated that seventy-five per cent, after they are discharged, live worthy and useful lives.

The State is required to keep all prisoners employed making articles that may be used in the State departments, so that it shall not compete with outside labor. In the exhibit of prison-made goods there was a beautiful box made of 22,000 pieces of wood of various colors put in the form of a Mosaic. It was made by an inmate of the Auburn (N. Y.) prison. During the past year it is said that no prisoner was discharged from any New York penal institution who could not read or write. Much credit is due the faithful work of teachers in these institutions.

I met Chaplain Van Der Wart, who expressed his appreciation for the several hundred LIFE BOATS that we had been able to supply regularly to the Albany penitentiary. I distributed a goodly number to prominent men and women and urged some of the officials to try to get the magazine in other penitentiaries and prisons.

CARRYING SUNSHINE INTO DARK CORNERS.

LUELLE RASMUSSEN

1018 E. 156th St., New York.

[Some months ago Miss Rasmussen resigned from a profitable office position here in Chicago and went to New York to join Mrs. Kershaw in her work for the outcasts, without any hope of financial support whatever except what she could earn in her spare moments by selling copies of this magazine in the business houses and on the streets of New York City.—Ed.]

Mrs. Kershaw and I go from cell to cell at the Tombs, handing the prisoners THE LIFE BOAT and giving what encouragement we can, as the Lord gives words. We visited one cell where a young man in the boys' department was sitting with his face buried in his hands, weeping bitterly. Upon handing him a magazine his face brightened, and the Lord was very near in giving me words to speak that would help him most. I left his cell with the pleasure of knowing that another soul had had the opportunity of hearing salvation's story.

In another cell was a lad I should not have taken for more than fourteen years of age. When I started to speak to him, asking him

if he did not want a paper to read, he took it, but was so completely broken-hearted he turned away not wishing to speak. Then I begged him to come near as I wished to tell him something. I asked him if his mother or anyone came to see him and he said he did not know where his mother was and his father was dead; he said he had seen his mother only once and had been stopping with a lady who took no interest as to his welfare. My heart was made sad to see his pitiful condition, and as I was telling him how much Jesus loved him and that He would never forsake him even though everyone on earth did, but was the same yesterday, to-day and forever, the tears rolled down his face; he had no mother's love, no father, no friends, and no one—at least so it seemed to him, but he felt encouraged as I told him we wanted to be his friends.

I had given several Bibles away to the prisoners and on inquiring how they were progressing with the reading of the Word I found that one had read it through, while another had read over half. We are thankful that they have an opportunity to study its contents.

When Mrs. Kershaw first visited the Tombs she became very much interested in a young man there, and never failed to stop at his cell to give a word of encouragement. He has since been released and has made several visits to our home. God's promise that His word shall not return unto Him void, has surely been proved in this case, as his desire since his release is to live a Christlike life.

Since coming to New York I have been given a class in the women's department at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. My heart was stirred as I looked into their faces; I wondered how many of them felt they needed a Saviour, and knowing they were in trouble I thought the 107th Psalm would be a source of encouragement to them, showing the wonderful mercy and love of God to them. While studying it with them their hearts were touched and tears came to their eyes.

One day as Mrs. Kershaw entered a crowded car a lady rose offering her seat, saying she had been riding for hours. She said she was a stranger in the city, and told a pitiful story: Her husband had disappeared in a most mysterious manner. He went to work one day as usual and never returned, so she thought

something must have happened to him and had come to the city in search of him. She was completely broken-hearted. Mrs. Kershaw handed her her card and invited her to call, telling her there would be someone at the house to receive her. So she came, and when I went to the door she met me with tears in her eyes. She told me her trouble, while I tried to give her all the encouragement I could, and before she left we knelt in prayer asking God to guide her husband's steps homeward. She was so down-hearted she could not pray.

She had a little boy six years old, and before she left her home she had made all arrangements with a lawyer in regard to her estate, willing everything over to the child and seeing that it would be cared for; then she intended to commit suicide. When I heard that, I could see how the Lord had guided her steps so she should meet Mrs. Kershaw and come to our home and have an opportunity to leave her trouble with the One who knows all things and cares for us.

We continued to remember her in our supplications before the throne of grace, and about two weeks later we received a letter from her stating that her husband had returned. He had lost his reason and said he must have walked to New York, as his feet were sore and blistered. But he said that something told him he must go home, which simply verifies the promise, "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18:19.

STOPPED HIM IN HIS DOWNWARD CAREER.

The following lines are culled from letters written by an inmate of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary:

"I am alone in this world, without any earthly friends, but I can say from the bottom of my heart I am glad to have you both as my friends, as it was your little book, *THE LIFE BOAT*, that stopped me in my downward path and brought me to myself and showed me the right road to take in this life. You don't know how much joy your little book has brought me in my prison cell.

"Life in this world is short, so with your help and advice I am going to try and gain that life which is life eternal. I am going to stop short in my wickedness and wrong doing and look up to Him who is willing and able to give me strength to leave wrong alone and do that which is right.

"I am happy in this place because God is with me here,—happy with the thought that I am looking for the eternal life that is to come, and that Jesus loves me and I can call Him my Friend in a prison cell.

"At one time I used to sell papers in Chicago for a living. A big city is the last place for any young person to earn his living. He should stay at home until he is able to take care of himself in any walk of life. I don't know what a home is in this life, but in the life to come I am looking for my heavenly home, where I know I will be happy."

A PEACEFUL WARFARE IN CUBA.

ISAIAH MOORE.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore took the medical missionary nurses' course in Chicago and while here had a varied and rich experience. They felt a call to go to Cuba to establish themselves as self-supporting missionaries. They have faced all the difficulties incident to pioneer missionary work and are now back in this country on a brief furlough. While passing through Chicago they visited the old scenes and talked to the workers, from which we quote the following abstracts:

I was so surprised and so glad to see the difference that has taken place in the work here in Chicago since I worked here two years ago. I never have been sorry for the time spent in the work in this city. The experience that I gained has been a blessing to me in my work. Trials came to us in this work here, but they were only a foretaste of the troubles that we have had to meet since we went to a foreign field. I know of no field or school better adapted to train workers for foreign fields than this one and its allied institutions around Chicago. You here have all classes of foreigners whom you can labor with in the city, and you thus get the experience here that you will need when you go into foreign fields.

We went to Cuba two years ago last May. After we had been there some time we endeavored to get some nursing to do and so-

lited work from the doctors. But we soon found that they told us that foreigners were not needed. One doctor told me when I stepped into his office: "I think you had better pack your trunks and go back." I called in to see him a few days afterwards and said: "Doctor, I have not gone back yet; I have come here to stay." That doctor has been a friend to our work since. Another doctor told me he had all kinds of work, more than we could possibly do, but we have not received a case from his hands yet.

The time came when I had only two dollars left; my wife asked for that and I gave it to her and in two days I had to have fifteen dollars for house rent. This experience was evidently one that the Lord wanted us to get. I knew the money would come. The man came who owned the house; he was a Cuban, and said he would have to turn us out if we did not pay it; but the Lord sent us the money to pay that rent. Soon after I met a man who had rheumatism and gave him two or three treatments. He then took us all around the country and one lady wanted my wife to come down and give treatments. In that way our work was opened up. If we only have strong enough spiritual eyesight to look through the cloud we will see the bright side that is always beyond.

My experience in the Workingmen's Home, in the Halsted Street dispensary, and in the North Side treatment rooms have helped me in my work in Cuba to know how to meet the classes of people there. I was always afraid of a drinking man from childhood up, but in Chicago work I handled a great many drinking men and never had any trouble with them. Men would come in the Workingmen's Home and use all kinds of language; I told them they would have to leave that language out while in there and I never heard them swear again while I was there. If we stand for principle while here with our patients, when we go to a foreign field we will know better how to deal with them there.

One day an old lady came over to our home and said: "My son has a very high fever." We could not then talk very much Spanish. She said, "Doctor, what shall I do for him?" The house I went to was just boards piled up, dirt floor; there were plenty of dogs in the house, and the children scarcely looked like

human beings. The man was bundled up in rags and had a temperature of 105; I only wondered that it was not much higher. I said, "We have got to get off some of the rags." I took them off and then asked the old lady for ice. I gave him a good, thorough cleansing externally and internally and then gave him a wet sheet pack and his temperature came down promptly. The next day he was at work.

A word in regard to the political condition in Cuba: I have often seen a meat bone thrown out to two dogs—first one would get it, then the other would get it, and there would be considerable growling. That is the way it is in Cuba; there is a big fuss once in a while about who shall have the political offices. If you go to a Spanish country do not worry about the political affairs. If you leave them alone then don't fear but they will leave you alone.

Just before we opened our English school for Spanish children one prominent man said: "Now perhaps you would like to teach the Bible, and you can do so." We take the Bible into all our work. The people will come in and study the Bible in school when they would not go to hear a sermon. It is very hard to do public work, but there are good opportunities for private work.

SOUL-WINNERS' BIBLE STUDY.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.
DIVINE FULLNESS.

The Peril of an Empty Experience.

When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out: and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation.—Matt. 12:43-45.

The Fullness of God awaits our Demand and Reception.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.—Eph. 3:14-19.

1. The Fullness of Knowledge.

For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.—Col. 1:9.

2. The Fullness of Righteousness.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.—Matt. 5:6.

Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.—Phil. 1:11.

3. The Fullness of the Spirit.

Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business.—Acts 6:3.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5:18.

4. The Fullness of Praise.

Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.—Ps. 71:8.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.—Ps. 126:2.

5. The Fullness of Faith.

He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord.—Acts 11:24.

6. The Fullness of Good Works.

There was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and aims deeds which she did.—Acts 9:36.

7. The Fullness of Joy.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive; that your joy may be full.—John 16:24.

8. The Fullness of Comfort.

Great is my boldness of speech toward you, great is my glorying of you: I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.—2 Cor. 7:4.

9. The Fullness of Light.

The light of the body is the eye: if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.—Mat. 6:22.

10. The Fullness of Glory.

Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.—1 Peter 1:8, 9.

11. The Fullness of Power.

Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.—Acts 6:8.

But truly I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and to Israel his sin.—Micah 3:8.

12. The Fullness of Reward.

Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward.—2 Jno. 8.

13. The Fullness of Fruitfulness.

If these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.—2 Pet. 1:8.

FIND THE CAUSE, THEN FIGHT IT.

BENJAMIN KEECH,
Randolph, N. Y.

There is a cause for everything. If our experience as Christians gives us more unhappiness than joy, if we have just enough religion to make us miserable, there is surely a reason somewhere, which, if we seek, we shall find. Too many work without prayer, while others pray without working. Some try to please men instead of honoring the Saviour of men. A number have little grains of hate and bitterness in their hearts, which in that condition can not overflow with love and sweetness. Then, again, the best of Christians are sometimes lacking in the true spirit of humility and of holiness, while a great many mean to do good deeds, but never do them.

Too, unless one is especially strong, one will accomplish better work and attract more blessed experiences by associating frequently with other Christians anxious to do good. We must all stand alone in one sense, but a lonely Christian is apt to become sour. There are probably at least two souls in your community that aim to be sincere. You ought to help each other. Whatever the cause of failure, the cure is the Bible, real prayer and genuine self-sacrifice. "Fight the good fight" and kill your pet foe, even if it takes a lifetime. You can yet realize the joy that every Christian expects.

IS THIS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

Mrs. Gertrude Wash, Pactolus, Ky., writes:

"Before I was converted, when I would see others down in sin and doing wrong I would feel so thankful that I had never done such a thing; but once when I was in a good revival and the text was taken, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," His blessed Spirit came to me and showed me that I was a sinner. I went to God in faith, believing, and He forgave all my sins and made me a child of God.

"Oh, if the vile sinner could realize that God loves a sinner! He loved them so well that Christ shed His precious blood for them,

and it does not take any more to save them than it does the best moral person on earth, for it takes the grace of God to save us all. We must all be born again before we can enter the kingdom of heaven."

WONDER WORKING POWER.

E. B. VAN DORN.

It was a day of activity, and very warm. Many blocks we had walked on the hard, hot streets, that we might see those that needed comfort and help. We were tired, and it seemed we could go no farther, yet there were other heights to assault and strongholds to attack in the name of Jesus. Not many had come to help in the evening service, but the few that were there knelt together and asked the Captain of the Lord's Host to lead in the conflict.

We then went out on the street, soon found a crowd of men and sang to them two songs, "Throw Out the Life Line," and "Blessed Assurance." Then one of the company stepped forward and began to tell the men about Jesus. At the close of a brief service they were invited to the Mission, where the meeting would be continued. Several of them came, and the hall was well filled.

Prof. F. E. Belden, who was present, gave an interesting talk, and illustrated how God covered our sins with the blood of Jesus. After an interesting testimony meeting there was opportunity given to those who wanted to know the way, to raise their hands. There were three who came to the front, and four others who raised their hands. There seemed to be an earnest seeking after God for the pardon of their sin, and a desire to be free.

One young man was brought to me and he told me the old story of wrong, which had its root with bad associations, dime novels and cigarettes. He said that the rest of the family, parents, and five sisters were all good Christians, that sin had separated him from them all, but that he had given himself to the Lord and hoped that the Lord would open the way for him to be reconciled to his loved ones. We secured his name and home address and promised to see the mother the next day. As we were about to part he took from his pocket the revolver with which he had planned to take his life that night, and gave it to me. He had done wrong, it had

separated him from home and all that was near and dear and he thought there was no use living. He had even chosen the place where he was to do the awful deed. Satan had lured him in the path of evil, and promised him great things; it seemed right, but the end thereof was the way of death. With those who were still there we knelt and thanked God that the power of the enemy had been broken and that his young man of only nineteen summers had been made free. The words of this beautiful song were sung while we were on our knees:

“O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, My Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.”

The next day we went and told the mother, and her heart was made glad. That evening found her at the Mission to meet the one that was lost but was found. There was joy in our hearts as we saw the meeting, and there was joy in heaven in the presence of the angels, over the sinner that repented.

The final result of sin is as fatal as Satan had planned for this young man. You who read this may say Satan can never get you to do that, but you who are doing anything wrong are following in his footsteps to ruin, and death. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin; and the wages of sin is death.

A PRISONER'S ADVICE ABOUT WORRYING.

The following thoughts are gleaned from a letter written by an inmate of the Jackson prison, Michigan:

“Most of the time during my incarceration here I have devoted to the study of the Bible. I have come to my cell a number of evenings when I felt very blue and sadness reigned in my heart. I picked up a copy of your little magazine, read it all through, and when I had finished it I had forgotten all my sadness caused by worrying. Let me say, my dear friend, you are doing a wonderful work in

sending these little books around for the men behind prison walls to read.

“A good many men in prison worry too much. The more a man braces himself against worry the more worry will get its grip on him; he even begins to worry lest he is going to worry. He worries over his good resolutions and worries because he is not living up to them. Emotions do not have handles, that can be gotten hold of by main strength, by an act of the will. You can not attack them subjectively. A man who worries should brace up and act the way a cheerful man would act, walk and talk the way a cheerful man would walk and talk, and after a time the emotions slip into line with his assumed attitude; he actually becomes what he has been pretending to be. To be happy and cheerful I get hold of the good Book and ponder its pages.

“Every man ought to have a hobby of some kind or other which demands a certain amount of physical work, so that when he gets through his business there will be something interesting for him to do—something he can talk and think about with pleasure. The following day will go more smoothly, more successfully, if it is forgotten for a while.

“I like to see a man who can act happy even if he does not feel so. He can stand up and look the world in the face. A man who has a heavy load on his soul should throw it off before it shatters the fragile structures of self-reliability; and he is lost if he does not.”

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

It was a warm, sultry June evening. The streets of the city were hot and dusty, and the flowers I carried which had been picked just previous to coming in from the country, though still retaining their perfume, now drooped their heads and were dry and apparently withered. But their beauty, though faded, was not lost to all eyes. Those of a little ragged urchin standing disconsolately in the doorway of a saloon brightened suddenly as her gaze fell upon them. Darting forward with outstretched hands she said eagerly, “Oh, please give me a flower!” And as I divided the bouquet with her and watched her go back to her corner happy and contented, looking lovingly

on her treasure, the thought came to me, how little it takes to constitute happiness!

If those who are surrounded with what are termed "common blessings" could but realize how destitute are some of these lives in the crowded city of not only the necessities of life but of all that goes to make life glad, would they not oftener scatter a few of their blessings among these less favored ones? How often we gather a beautiful bouquet of flowers to adorn our rooms! We admire them, vaguely enjoy their presence, then gather others to take their places, but do we ever stop to think what it would be to never see their brightness, never smell their fragrance or read in them the expression of God's love to us? Do we ever stop to think how much sunshine even one might bring into some life now dark with the absence of love and gladness?

We say, "If we were only rich, how much good we might do—how much happiness we could give to others!" But what is it that constitutes *our* happiness? Is it the dollars or cents we may possess, or is it the knowledge of a Saviour's love, the flowers, the birds and other blessings He has placed about us, the

contact with those we love, the kindly greeting, the look of sympathy? Are not the things on which we place the highest value those which are "without money and without price"? And yet, forgetful of the fact that this is not true in our case alone we go our way, dreaming of great things we would like to do, wishing for an opportunity to help others, yet waiting until we shall be differently placed because we now have *nothing to give*.

We think of the half-starved inhabitants of the dark and crowded districts and wish we could bring them out to a place where they might breathe the fresh air and see the heavens, unobscured by the city's smoke, but unseeing we pass by some soul who is wistfully longing for a glimpse of heaven in human eyes. We talk of the good that would be done these same people could they be brought out to enjoy the sunshine, yet we fail to speak the word which would bring sunshine into a heart struggling alone with the power of darkness and seeking for light. Our own hearts ache by the misery we see on every hand and we wish we were able to turn the grief to joy, but we fail to recognize that after all it is the little things in our power which cause



Chicago Boys' Club.

While your child is going to a well-stocked pantry for food for the table, hundreds of poor waifs in Chicago are out with their baskets hunting for stray bits of food here and there that have been thrown away, or fallen off from some delivery wagon.

the most real happiness, and so many an opportunity passes by.

It is true the large enterprises, the so-called great things, are needed, but, in the words of Christ, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." A cup of cold water is a little thing, yet to those who offer it in the name of a disciple, a reward is promised; and not to those alone who have done great works will the "Well done" of the Master be spoken but to those who have not been neglectful of the small things, "Because," He shall say, "Thou hast been faithful in a very little." (Luke 19:17.)

FOR THE MAN IN A CELL.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

Trouble never overtakes us except with God's knowledge, and it always has in it some good purpose. So, instead of complaining and rebelling, it is the wiser plan to try to learn the lesson it is designed to teach us.

The path of right doing would never have caused us a pang, had we always kept in it. God does not send us trouble, either in the form of sickness, trying circumstances, or anguish of soul, simply to inflict punishment. They are sent to show the folly of wrong doing, and to lead us to forsake iniquity.

Reader, don't hesitate to talk with God about the forgiveness of your sins, even though they be red like crimson, and very numerous; for in Christ the Saviour you can find forgiveness for them all.

So far as doing right or wrong is concerned, God has placed within the reach of every man a power that can lift him above even the weaknesses inherited and enable him in spite of them, to live a better life than even his parents did. And that power is found in the Gospel. Accept the Saviour, and it is yours, my friend, no matter who or where you are.

The great struggle that goes on in the heart is the struggle between right and wrong; that is, between Christ and Satan. The only way to get peace in the midst of this conflict, is to be fully surrendered to God, who has promised to keep "him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." (Isa. 26:3.)

Many a man has written to us that he has

found how true are the promises of God while undergoing imprisonment. Yes, the Creator does not forsake us, whatever befalls us. He is ever crying to us, "My son, give me thine heart." And if we will take Him at His word, and truly and wholly give ourselves into His keeping, we shall find that every thing we need to enable us to get the victory will be ours.

Perhaps you have thought very often that you have had very hard luck. Did it ever occur to you that after all it might possibly be that the situation you find yourself in may be a blessing in disguise? The psalmist wrote, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." My brother, the good Lord is interested in you and wants to see you saved. Probably He knew that there was only one way to reach you, and that was by allowing you to get into a place where you were compelled to do some hard thinking. How true has it been very many times, that man's extremity was God's opportunity. You may have been going on to destruction, heedless of your fate, caring nothing about your eternal destiny, when you had to call a halt. Now, the voice of God's Spirit is perhaps saying to you, "Right about face." Will you not listen to this pleading voice, and ask yourself if it wouldn't pay, in the best sense of the word, to turn square around, set your face in the opposite direction, and from now on get a better goal ahead of you?

THE SORROW OF A WASTED LIFE.

The following letter, from a prisoner in Leavenworth, Kansas, was written to Mrs. Ellen Albert, San Luis Obispo, Cal.:

"You can never know just how much your letter was appreciated nor the joy it brought to my heart. It is sweet to be remembered with kindness, especially when we are in the position I now occupy,—conditions which must be almost intolerable were it not for the blessed hope that Jesus gives,—the hope that scatters darkness, clears away the gathering clouds of sorrow, and lifts our souls toward heaven, making us feel that there is yet something good in life.

"There is nothing more needful to a prisoner than kind, encouraging words; he hungers for them, and if there is in him a spark

of manhood it will be kindled into a flame and he will come to himself and realize where he is and how much of life is wasted. You know it is only the good that we do, only the kindness which we give to the world, only the beauty which we create, however small and humble, that will live after us. This is my chief source of sorrow,—a wasted life. I feel that opportunities have gone that will come no more and some soul may have gone to eternity to whom I could have said a saving word.

"My poor old mother to-day is longing and praying for me and wondering whether or not I am living. Better she should think me dead than know I had so far forgotten myself and my early lessons at her knee as to come to a prison. I have suffered God only knows to what extent,—not mere physical pain, but remorse, humiliation and sorrow. Bitter have been the dregs in the cup of sin I have quaffed. Deep has been my repentance; sadly have I learned that the way of the transgressor is hard, but, thank God, I shall be a new man when I go from here.

"Before coming here I held a responsible position. I made restitution as far as it was in my power and received a sentence of one year and one day. I have now only about two months to stay here, and when I go out, if my experience keeps men from this place, what care I for the sufferings endured while here? I do want to live so that when the end comes I may have the consciousness of having done some good in the world."

FEW WORDS FROM AN OLD WORKER.

MRS. ALICE TRUFANT HOLLY,
Oakland, Cal.

I feel as if I want to be doing something in the great work of salvation which is going on in the world. I have missed very much my Sunday afternoon hospital and jail services which I was privileged to participate in in New Orleans, although I have done what I could whenever any opportunity has arisen—by pen or purse—for the Master's work. Since the disaster here on the Pacific coast there have been so many changes, so many have gone away, that I said to our minister the other day that I would be glad to help in the Sunday-school work, and today I took

charge of the hymns and piano there for the summer.

After service I thought I would keep a promise made to myself, to go to the County prison and investigate as to services there. So I boarded a car and finally found the prison. I introduced myself to the official on duty, and after explaining my interest in prisoners as a prison missionary and telling him of our New Orleans' services and flower-text bouquets, I gained his interest and was accorded the privilege of the other workers.

Having secured permission of the Salvation Army to use their little portable organ, it is my intention to try to secure the sheriff's consent to my having an hour in the afternoon of a week-day, and teaching the prisoners hymns.

As two or three religious services are held on Sundays, I think a week-day song practice more effective, as it not only keeps up their interest from Sunday to Sunday, but proves to the prisoner Christ's personal interest in him by sending some one to teach him new hymns. The majority of people love to sing and will unconsciously memorize the words, and so the good seed sinks into their hearts and takes root, whereas they give scant attention or heed to addresses and talks. I also will try to introduce the flowers if the sheriff does not object.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

A man can not be an epoch maker without being a martyr.

* * *

The sweetness of personal religion is gained in personal service.

* * *

People who spend their time building air castles have no time left for real life.

* * *

An appreciative heart finds something every minute of life for which to be thankful.

* * *

It is just as dangerous to be puffed up by the praise of men as to be depressed by the blame and curses of men.

* * *

The man who hides his own faults by keeping busy with the faults of others will be greatly surprised in the day of judgment.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR



COTTAGE MEETINGS.

Now is the time of the year to begin cottage meetings. What is an ideal cottage meeting? Not a formal affair where the chairs are set out in stiff rows and where everybody looks serious and solemn and half of them glad when it is over, but just a cheerful informal visit with some of your neighbors, where the trend of the conversation is tactfully led into spiritual lines and where the Bible is then taken down from the shelf almost by chance to clinch some particular part of the conversation, and where perhaps a little time can be spent in practicing gospel songs.

Paul caught some of his best disciples by guile (2 Cor. 12:16), which, if translated into the every-day language that we use to-day would mean *sanctified tact*. A host of people are becoming sick and tired of the comic pictures in the newspapers, of the funny stories in the magazines and of the ordinary neighborhood gossip, and are ready for better things.

Such a cottage meeting directed by God's Spirit will be welcomed by thousands as a delightful change and they will want more. Try it and report to us the result of your experience.

D. P.

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."

Have you lost something? Have some of your plans miscarried? Are you in ill health? Or are you poor? Are you misunderstood? Are you discouraged at your lack of spiritual progress? If so, "count your many blessings," "Forget not all His benefits." Remember that "every misery missed is a fresh blessing gained."

Take a pencil and begin to make a list of the many things for which you have every reason to be thankful for. When you have written down all you can think of, then visit a few of the most pitiable cases in your community and you will be able to extend your list very considerably. Then ask the Lord

to show you a few additional reasons for being thankful, and He may point out some that you will wish to put at the very head of your list.

If you do not then feel like saying "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," then get on your knees and ask the Lord to forgive you for the awful sin of ingratitude.

D. P.

HESITANCY.

Why are Christians so slow to recognize opportunities for personal evangelism? Why do the professed followers of Jesus hesitate so long in entering gospel openings? It may be in some cases it is ultra-humility; in others, fear of men; while some no doubt are really ashamed of their Lord and Master. A number of instances of hesitation in obeying the Master's call, or in entering His service, are found in the Bible, and some help may be obtained from a study of some of these.

1. Moses, the meekest man of Bible history, hesitated in entering Go l's public service, because he felt need of further preparation. Forty years in the wilderness had hardly sufficed, in his estimation, to eradicate that impetuous and self-confident element in his character which led him to slay the Egyptian in his younger days.

2. David hesitated to go in Saul's armor. (1 Sam. 17:39). David had been prepared for the battle of life by the hands of man. His only protection was the armor of man, and well might he hesitate to go out with such preparation as that, to fight the forces of evil. But after divesting himself of this man-made protection, he went out in the name of his God, and with his own endowment of skill and strength.

3. Isaiah hesitated until he had a divine vision. (Isa. 6:1-8.) Thousands of Christians to-day need to see just what Isaiah saw—that is, they need to see a heavenly vision of truth, to hear a divine call to duty. And then they might go to their work in assur-

ance and power, having their tongues touched with a "live coal from off the altar."

4. Jonah hesitated without cause. (Jonah 1:3.) He was a moral coward; he shirked the call of duty; he met disaster at every turn. The cause of God to-day is encompassed with confusion, which is produced largely by fleeing Jonahs, tardy Jonahs, and shirking Jonahs.

5. Peter hesitated to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles because of his racial and religious prejudices. These God removed in a vision, and then Peter was obedient to the call. It would be difficult to estimate how much good has been left undone in this world because of deeply-rooted prejudices in the minds of gospel workers. The Christian should learn to look upon the world and its inhabitants as God looks upon them, and be without respect to person or nationality.

6. Paul hesitated immediately after his conversion because of a sense of his unworthiness. He had been a persecutor of God's people, but after God had proved Himself to him, the afore-time destroyer of the saints went forth with great power and was able to say at the close of his life, he had finished his course and had "fought a good fight."
W. S. S.

YOU MAY BE THE ONE.

Do you see work that ought to be done in your community and do you deplore the fact that no one is undertaking it? Do you appreciate the fact that there are among your intimate acquaintances young men and women whose souls are surely being lost, and have you been wondering why the pastor of the church or some other Christian workers were doing nothing for them? Has it ever occurred to you that God is expecting you to undertake this? Does the very suggestion of this almost startle you?

You may not be versed in the Bible and Bible truth. You may not possess the tactful skill that soul-winning demands. You may be as inefficient from a human standpoint as the four leprous men were who sat at the entering in of the gate of famine-stricken Samaria at the time of an awful siege. But it finally occurred to one of them to say to another, "If we sit still here, we die." So they determined to undertake a new pro-

gram, and that was to go out into the camp of the besiegers. "If they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." Take your Bible and read the marvelous story of what they finally discovered in second Kings, the seventh chapter, and you will get a glimpse of the possible experience *you* may have if you will begin to take up the work that lies next to you instead of waiting on someone else to begin.
D. P.

"I GOT MORE MONEY AND THE DEVIL GOT ME."

At the exposition at St. Louis we met a young man who is a capable stenographer. We were at that time greatly in need of a missionary stenographer, and so endeavored to persuade him to come and help us, but he refused because we could not offer him as large a salary as his talents could command elsewhere.

We never heard from him again until yesterday, when we received the following letter from him, written from a prison in a distant State:

"It is with a sad heart that I write these lines. I have tried to put it off, but something tells me, Write, write.

"You remember at one time you were in need of a stenographer and I was asked to take the position, but I wanted more money than you could give. Well, I got more money and the devil got me as a result, and through drink I finally got into trouble. I was very drunk and got into a buggy and was driving around the city. When I came to myself I did not know what to do. I was arrested on a charge of burglary. I had given up all hope, but finally sent for the pastor and found Christ anew. Since then Christ has been continually leading me.

"If my mother and sisters should learn of this they would die of shame, for I have never had other than love and favor at their hands, so I could not bring this great trouble upon them."

Dear reader, will you ask yourself whether you are already taking the first step that leads to a downward career? You may be having a hard time trying to do right, but don't forget that the way of the transgressor is harder, and remember also that "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 14:12.

D. P.

AN OLD STRAY COPY.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

If THE LIFE BOAT still exists and is as good as the copy I found dated March, 1903, I want to become a subscriber at once, and would like to have as many of my friends take it as possible. So please let me hear from you at once and send me a few sample copies.

MISS DORA CURASMAN.

The following statements are gleaned from a letter received from Mrs. Walter Brette Pratt, Charlotte, N. C.:

"I have received June copy of your magazine and have enjoyed reading every article contained therein. I am going to read before our Auxiliary of Home Missionary Workers next Monday the piece written by Mrs. Belle Kershaw, 'New York Experiences.' People do not read enough of the right kind of literature."

At a Sabbath service in the Mission, a young woman said: "It is four years since I first saw a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. At that time I had no burden for city mission work, but that little paper was a call to me from God. It took four years for the Lord to get me here, but I am glad I am here now, and today I reconsecrate myself to the service of God."

SEED SOWING.

M. E. M.

San Luis Obispo.

My subscribers say that this is such a good paper they can not wait till it reaches them. Yesterday morning I went from house to house with papers where the houses are scattered; took twenty-five with me and returned at a little after eleven, having seventy-five cents cash and only three left. I gave away sufficient, to those who are sure to read, so that people see it is not for the money but for the good the paper leads them to do. Pray for a man who was left an orphan at an early age, who bought one when he found that right in San Luis Obispo the good was to be done.

Encourage someone to take up the sale of The Life Boat.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

W. S. SADLER, M. D., Associate Editor.

N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 472 State street.

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

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Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

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

MISTAKES.

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

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

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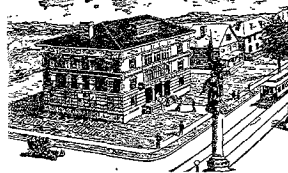
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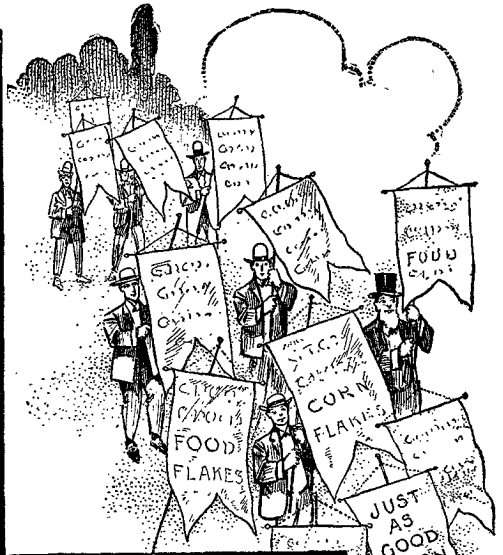
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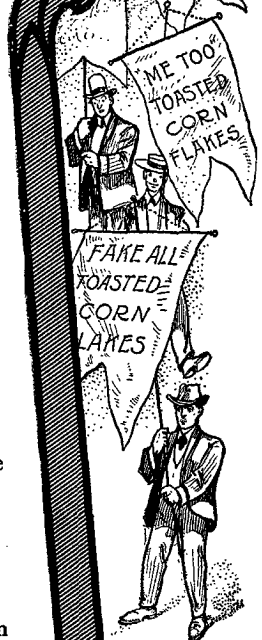
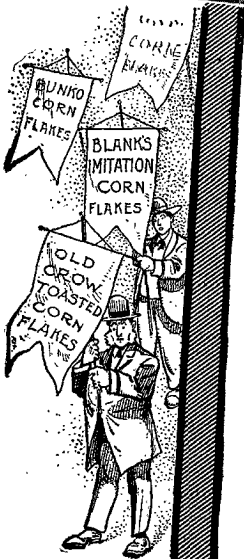
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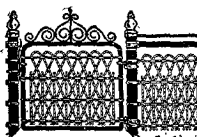
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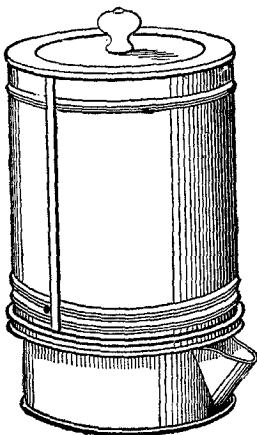
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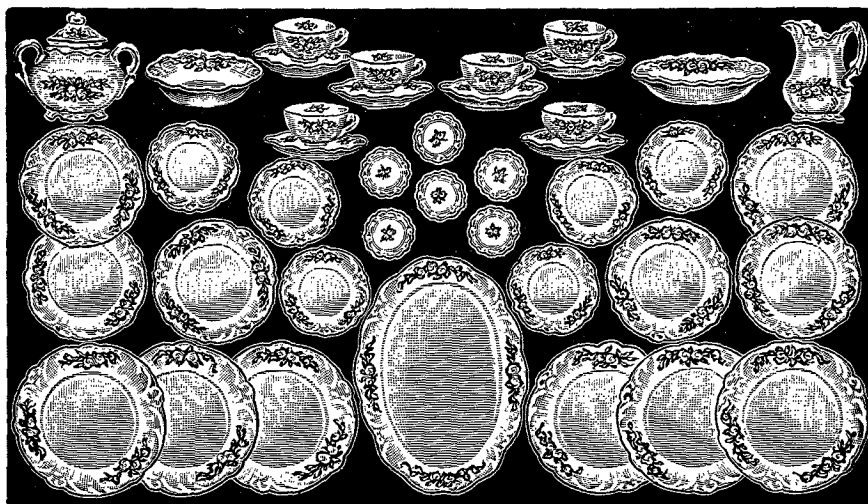
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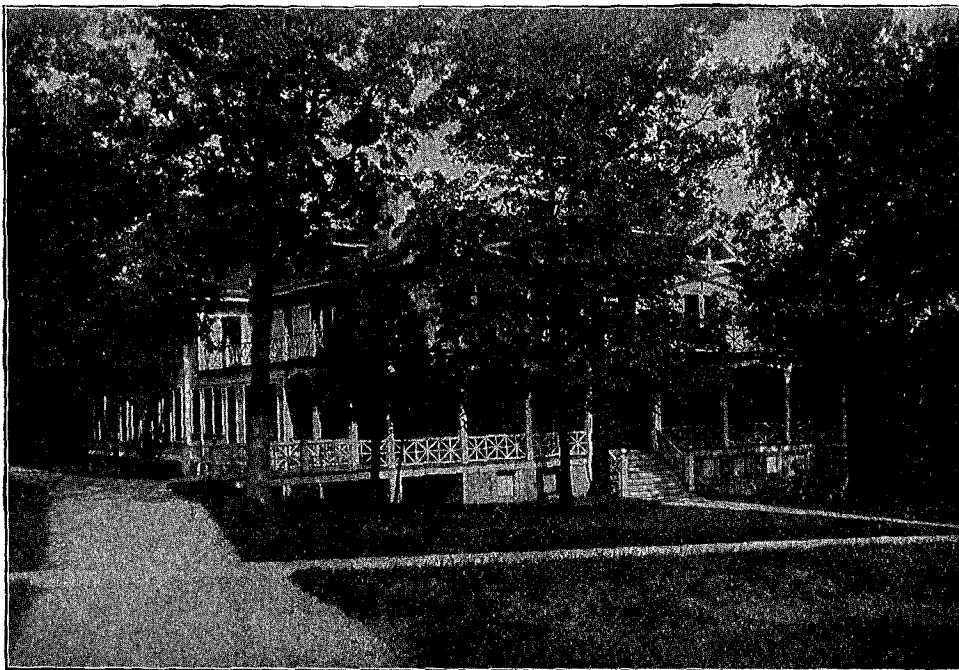
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