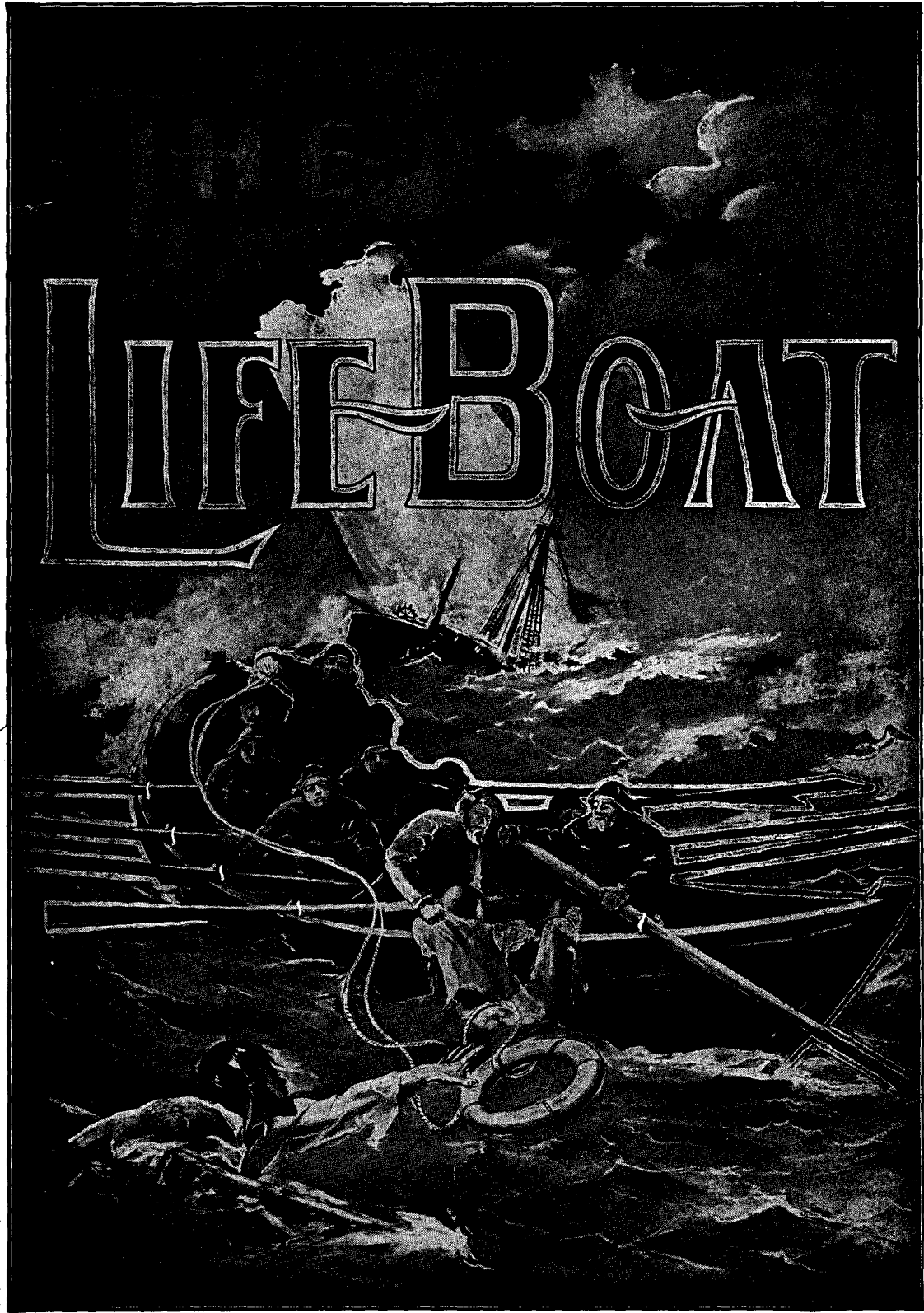


Third Annual Prisoners' Number

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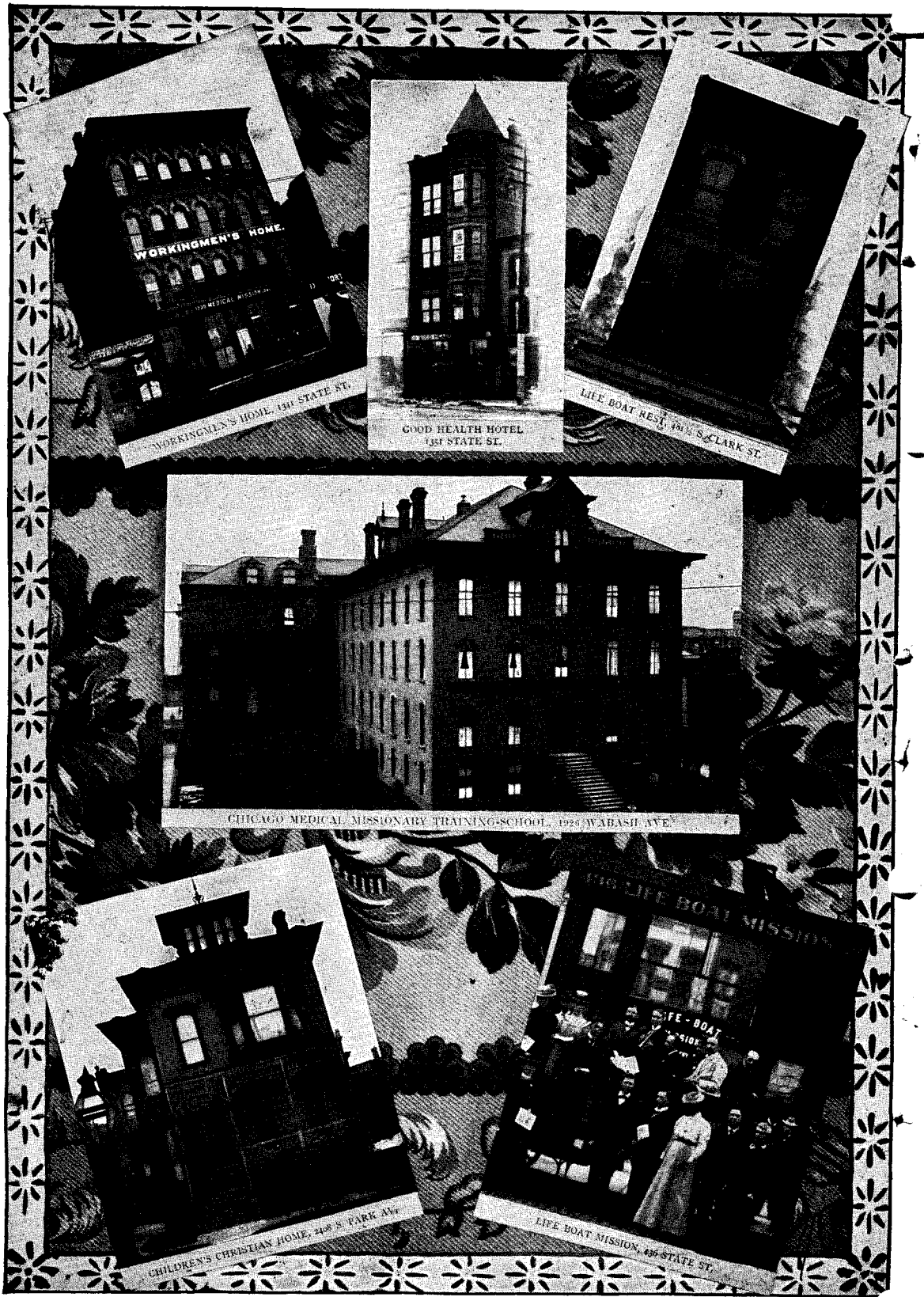
Price 5 Cents



VOL. IV

1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

NO. II



WORKINGMEN'S HOME, 131 STATE ST.

GOOD HEALTH HOTEL
131 STATE ST.

LIFE BOAT REST, 111 S. CLARK ST.

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL, 1926 WABASH AVE.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTIAN HOME, 2408 S. PARK AV.

LIFE BOAT MISSION, 436 STATE ST.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION AND ALLIED CHARITIES

Established 1893

Under the supervision of the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., Superintendent
 N. W. PAULSON, Treasurer W. S. SADLER, Secretary
 Resident Physicians
 W. B. HOLDEN, M. D. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
 MAMIE A. PAULSON, M. D.
 JULIA A. WHITE, M. D. A. W. GEORGE, M. D.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS AND PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION AND ALLIED CHARITIES

Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School

This school is conducted in the large building at 1926 Wabash avenue. The course of instruction includes gospel principles, personal and evangelistic work, physiology, general nursing, and the use of rational remedies in the treatment of the sick.

Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street

E. B. VAN DORN, Evangelist.

This Mission is located at 436 State street, near the corner of Polk street, in the very heart of one of Chicago's storm centers of vice and crime. Gospel meetings are held every evening in the year at 7:45 P. M. The Life Boat Mission carries forward its work in co-operation with the Workingmen's Home and other associated institutions.

Workingmen's Home, 1341 State Street

W. E. WILLIAMSON, Mgr. J. A. SKINNER, Chaplain.

This is the oldest of the group of institutions comprising the Chicago Medical Mission. The Home is supplied with baths, laundry, and facilities for fumigation. Lodging is furnished at ten cents a night. Food is supplied at a penny a dish. A Bible study and gospel service is held each evening at 6:30 P. M. There is connected with the Workingmen's Home an industrial department, known as the Rug and Carpet Department.

Good Health Hotel 1351 State Street

The Good Health Hotel is a sister institution to the Workingmen's Home, and thus affords a good clean Christian home free from tobacco smoke and disorderly conduct, for the Mission converts and others.

Children's Christian Home, 2408 South Park Avenue

THEKLA BLACK, Matron.

This institution is designed to care for children under the age of eight years, who have only one parent,—either father or mother being dead. The majority of cases are children of deserted or widowed mothers. A day school and a kindergarten are maintained in the Home.

Free Dispensary, 136 Twentieth Street

The dispensary and surgical wards are located in the Training-School building, entrance on Twentieth street. Physicians and nurses are in daily attendance at the dispensary where pa-

tients receive not only ordinary prescriptions, but baths, massage, electricity, and various other rational treatments. Treatment at the dispensary is free. For patients received into the institution, a charge is made according to the circumstances of the patient.

Missionary Nurses' Department. Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

MRS. H. N. GARTHOFFNER, Matron.

This department has placed at its disposal a number of Battle Creek Sanitarium Trained Nurses who are in readiness to answer calls at any hour day or night. These nurses are skilled in Massage, Electricity, and the administration of all kinds of baths.

Visiting Nurses, Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

A corps of missionary nurses are engaged in working for the poor. There is no line of missionary work which is more needed in a large city and none more helpful than that of the Visiting Nurse. The missionary nurse not only ministers to the physical wants of the sufferer, but is able also to point the soul to the Source of spiritual rest and peace. These nurses are at work in the most destitute sections of the city.

The Maternity, 1926 Wabash Avenue

DR. JULIA A. WHITE, Matron.

This department of the work is located in a wing of the building at 1926 Wabash avenue, and is provided for unfortunate young women who have been led from the paths of virtue, but have not yet given themselves up to vice, and who eagerly grasp the helping hand reached out to save them from sinking lower into the yawning gulf which is ready to receive them.

Life Boat Rest 481½ South Clark Street

FANNIE EMMEL, Matron.

This institution is the youngest of the Chicago Medical Mission group. It is located in a very submerged portion of Chicago. It is a building two stories high, the lower floor consisting of one large room fitted up as a reading room for girls. The institution is kept open till after midnight, and co-operates with the Life Boat Rescue Service which has its headquarters at 1926 Wabash avenue. Aside from what is earned by these workers in selling the LIFE BOAT during the evening, the Rest is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support.

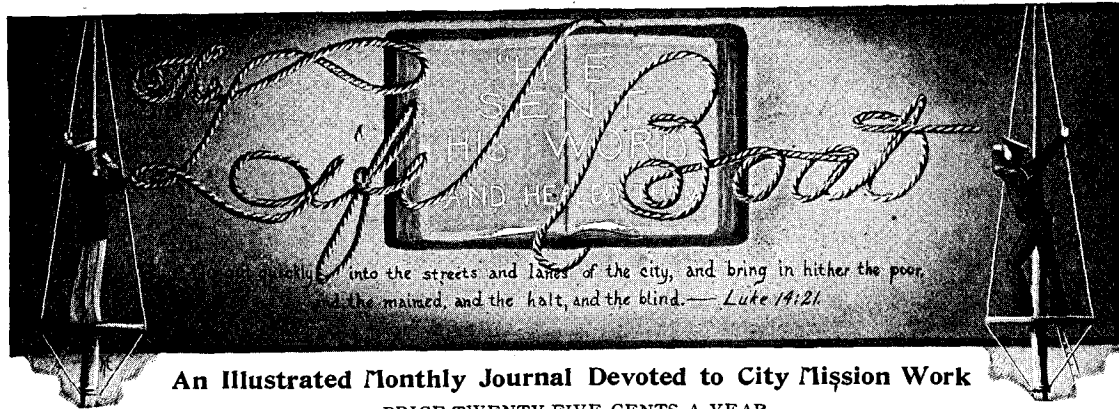
Life Boat Rescue Service. Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

MRS. W. S. SADLER, Matron.

The object of this department is to reclaim fallen women, the work being done by women rescue workers. Married women, of mature age, and trained nurses, go out into the streets of certain districts, and elsewhere to extend an invitation to their lost and fallen sisters who are so entangled in the intricate meshes of vice and sin as to be unapproachable in any other way. As a result of this work, scores of lost souls have been restored to society and their homes, and are to-day rejoicing in their deliverance from the very gates of hell.



BEHIND THE BARS.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work
 PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

Volume 4

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1901

Number 2

Where Is Your Boy To-Night?

L. D. SANTEE.

Life is teeming with evil snares,
 The gates of sin are wide,
 The rosy fingers of pleasures wave,
 And beckon the young inside,
 Needs are many, and duties stern
 Crowd on the weary sight,
 Father, buried in business cares,
 Where is your boy to-night?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery ways,
 Vice hath a golden gate,
 Who shall guide the unwary feet,
 Into the highway straight?
 Patient worker with willing hand,
 Keeping the home hearth bright,
 Tired mother with tender eyes,
 Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from the evil paths,
 Ere they have entered in,
 Keep him unspotted while yet you may,
 Earth is so stained with sin.
 Ere he has learned to follow wrong,
 Teach him to love the right,
 Watch, ere watching is wholly vain;
 Where is your boy to-night?

Send him to school where the truth is taught,
 Moulding the eager soul,
 Leading the Youth, whom the Saviour bought,
 To yield to his mild control,
 Where there is virtue, and words of love,
 Teachers, that lead aright,
 Where they are trained for the life above;
 Where is your boy to-night?

How Are Criminals Made?

W. S. SADLER

HEREDITARY influences and conditions of poverty, may be factors in the production of criminals, nevertheless, the one great influence at work for the making of the criminal is that of environment. The lad with an unquestioned ancestry will soon become dishonest if placed in a criminal atmosphere, and on the other hand, the child of crimi-

nal parents, who is carefully surrounded by wholesome influences, will be able to overcome every hereditary tendency toward dishonesty and crime. We believe that criminal-making is largely confined to childhood and youth. Of course there are exceptions to this, as there must necessarily be to all general classifications.

The brighter the boy, the better criminal he will make. In the school of crime, we observe, many of its pupils enter at a surprisingly early age. They seem to be drawn from all ranks of society, and have parents occupying various stations in life. Criminals are not recruited solely from the lower classes of society, nor from the social borderland. Many of them come from what are known as the "best families." On the other hand, large numbers are from the ranks of the homeless and friendless street-boy. Investigation discloses that many of the young desperadoes arrested in our large cities have been, from the earliest dawn of reason, utter strangers to the care of a kind parent and the sacred influences of a home. While material for criminals is drawn from the country, town, and hamlet, by far the larger percentage is drawn from our great cities, whose slums and other peculiar conditions are in every way particularly adapted to the making and training of criminals, as well as supplying those conditions highly favorable to crime but exceedingly unfavorable to its detection.

The subject of our inquiry is
Here is an Example that of a once bright and innocent boy. At an early age he was deprived of the protecting and elevating influences of home life. He found himself adrift in Chicago; placed upon his own resources, as we say; compelled to sleep in doorways, under side-walks, in coal-holes, or in any place that afforded space and an opportunity for a night's rest; often obliged to eat food in no way suited to upbuild and nourish mind and body; forced to constantly associate with men and women of questionable morals and sinful practices; compelled day after day to behold one unending panorama of vice, crime, and iniquity. Is it any wonder that, knowing no way out, he succumbed to the influences of his environment? We know very little about his heredity. We do not think it would do us much good if we did. We very seriously doubt if his heredity had much to do with making him a criminal. We do not doubt for a moment that if he had had the very best of hereditary influences he would have as readily succumbed to the pernicious

influences to which he was subjected. This young man, with two other juvenile offenders somewhat younger than himself, was taken out of the Harrison Street Police Station. He had been arrested in company with the whole "gang" to which he belonged. He did not take the matter of his arrest and forthcoming trial at all seriously. The crime of tearing lead pipes out of vacant residences and selling them at a few cents per pound, seemed to produce but little remorse. There was one thing, and only one thing, he regretted, and that was, in his own words, "that the cops caught him." Many a boy has developed into a useful man and even made himself famous, having faculties of mind and body much less promising than those possessed by this young man. Yet at the early age of fifteen we find him behind the bars, rightly branded as a criminal. If proper influences had been supplied at the right time in his experience, who knows whether he might not have been a minister, a lawyer, or a doctor, and have distinguished himself in one of those spheres?

What made this lad a criminal? Hereditary influences? No; most certainly not. On the other hand, had you sat down and talked with him, you would have discovered indications just the opposite. This young man said he wanted to do right; and you could not help but recognize a sort of sincerity about him. Was he born a criminal? No; he was not. He was *made* a criminal. And this is the question worthy of our careful consideration—WHAT MADE HIM A CRIMINAL?

**Commercial Greed,
Social Caste,
and Religious Indifference**

It may be suggested that the boy made himself a criminal. We think not. True, he may have yielded to temptations, and may have been forced to submit to conditions, which were factors in making him a criminal, but we would call attention to the fact that these undesirable conditions,—these nefarious influences, were imposed, fostered, and tolerated, by our social and economic conditions. The greed for gain, the rush for wealth, had, as it were, blinded the eyes of a million people to the recognition of this boy's sorry plight. Social caste had relegated this orphan to the slums; and there, so far as society knows, he would have to stay, and live, or rather exist, as best he could. If honest men and women will not manifest an interest in him; if the schools of industry and Christianity are not open to receive him, it will be found that dishonest, evil-designing men and women are eager to take him under their influence, to use him as a tool and a catspaw in their criminal operations; and that the doors of the school of crime are ever wide-open to receive such as he.

While commerce and society must bear some blame for making this boy a criminal, what shall we say of religion? If commercial and social conditions are such as to give this drifting youth no opportunity to make an honest man of himself, will not the religion of to-day step in and supply this deficiency? Yes, to a certain extent, efforts have been and are being put forth along these lines by earnest men and women, who, through the medium of child-saving agencies and various other channels, are seeking to snatch such boys from the jaws of crime. Fortunate indeed is the street-boy who falls into such hands. Outside of this limited work, our great cities are filled with churches hardly one of which is open or prepared to take this boy and give him a chance to make an honest man of himself.

Early in his career he acquires an unfriendly feeling toward churches and church-goers. He classifies them as belonging to the "upper world." He has seen little to lead him to think that they are interested in

helping those who are unable to help themselves. He has an instinctive feeling that it would be useless to apply to these people for help. Who knows but that he has in time past sought aid from such sources, but sought it in vain? So but one course is left, and that he chooses. Without faith in God and without faith in man, he goes forth in an endeavor to get that living which he believes the world justly owes him. Sad spectacle to contemplate—a city full of schools and churches; long streets lined with massive business blocks, and here is a human soul drifting on into the criminal maelstrom, and never a hand outstretched to save.

But, it may be asked, did not this lad go with wicked boys? Yes, he did. He had no others to associate with. Good boys did not live in the part of town where he lived; and if they had, would probably have had nothing to do with him. The world, to him, soon resolved itself into two great spheres,—the one in which he existed, and another,—far above him, where people wore good clothes, had money, and went to church; too high for him ever to reach; one whose people, he was satisfied, were little interested in him and cared but little what became of him. The smoldering desire to do right, which may have been lingering in his heart, has been finally smothered by the intensity of a busy world and the indifference of a professed Christian nation. A wild, reckless spirit of adventure takes up its abode in this lad's breast, and with rapid strides he passes on down the criminal scale. Soul-corrupting and body-destroying habits rapidly begin to fasten themselves upon him; mental, moral and physical deterioration begins, and it is only a matter of time when our once-promising lad will find his way into the workhouse, or State Prison.

Is he a criminal? Certainly. His hand is raised against every man. In his heart he has sworn revenge. He is a social skeptic, and, most likely, a religious skeptic also. He purposes to "get even" with society. He is desperate. It cannot be denied. Even he does not deny it. Very probably he has come to look upon those who are guardians of the peace,—officers of the law,—as in collusion with crime. He has no doubt heard the stories which may be heard at any time in the inner circles of the city's slums,—stories of how money will hush the cry for justice, protect the criminal who is willing to "split" the spoil, and otherwise block the machinery of the law. His criminal career has begun in earnest, and only the grace of omnipotent God and the self-sacrifice of true Christianity will ever touch his heart, and save him from the sure ruin which awaits him in this world and the next. The church has lost its influence over him. He may be helped by some Rescue Mission or Prisoners' home.

But, we ask again, were these things the deliberate choice of this human soul? Did this boy select a criminal career over and above any other, when he might have chosen a better? Did he know the end from the beginning? Can he be blamed for thinking professed Christians cared not what became of his soul? He drifted on as it were, destined to ruin. No one warned him of the danger and none offered to help.

By way of prevention, we must deal with the great problems of crime, intemperance, and social evil, in the boy and the girl. If the criminal is already made, we will have to deal with him individually, seeking to help him just where he is, assisting him to normally adjust himself to present conditions of society, church, and state. It must be remembered that the early influences of childhood and youth are the most potent for molding character in either a right or wrong direction. The indifferent attitude of the public conscience, the liquor traffic, the unjust demands of society and social caste, the laxity of municipal super-

vision, the detention of juvenile offenders in prisons occupied by older criminals, and the absence of proper facilities for the physical employment and mental training of the deserted and dependent child, are responsible indirectly for the making of a large majority of the almost one hundred thousand criminals who to-day are behind the bars of American penal institutions. Other causes, more direct, which might not have existed but for these indirect causes, are the tenement houses of the slums, with their undesirable influence and tendencies, from a social, sanitary, and moral standpoint; a diet, in every way calculated to over-stimulate and under-nourish the physical economy, as well as to arouse a thirst which water will not quench, and thus at an early date lead our criminal candidate to seek the saloon.

Reader, if you are a criminal, analyse your life; look your present situation squarely in the face; let hope revive in your heart, and courage possess your soul; trample under foot the proverb of "once a criminal, always a criminal;" and, with a will determined, a purpose honest, and a heart sincere, resolve to mount round by round the ladder of honesty, virtue, and manhood,—to regain your lost estate, or possess yourself of that which you may never have known before. If you are not a criminal, ponder and reflect upon what you have read; consider if your wrong ideas of life, or your inactivity as a Christian, may have caused you to unconsciously contribute to this work of criminal-making, and purpose in your heart from this time forth, to reach out one hand to save the boy ere he becomes a criminal, and with the other hand, bid the criminal hope, rise, and realize that it is never too late to mend.

Did It Pay to Give This Prisoner a Life Boat?

E. B. VAN DORN.

ABOUT twelve months ago another brother and I visited Harrison Street Police Station almost every evening to see if we could speak some word of cheer or comfort to those who had been locked up, or give them a tract or a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. We have had evidence that our efforts in that direction, however humble they were, have not always been fruitless. During the testimony meeting at the Mission one night recently, a man said, "I want to thank God for what THE LIFE BOAT has done for me. I received one about a year ago, while confined in the Harrison Street Station. I was there an out-cast, without friends, and a charge against me for which I served a sentence in the Bridewell. I kept the paper, read it, and accepted the Savior about whom it told me. I thank God to-night for what that paper did for me. I am what I am to-night, by the grace of God. I left the prison, got a pick and shovel, and started to work. I have been employed ever since. Satan often tempts me, but by God's help I shall endure to the end. It would not be so bad if one's self was the only sufferer as a result of wrong-doing, but when your wife, children, and friends have to suffer too, it is much worse, and should lead a man to think twice before doing wrong."

We cannot help realizing how true the Scripture is which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." (Ecc. 11:1.) This little incident may prove an inspiration to other workers in the Lord's vineyard, to go and do likewise. May God abundantly bless every effort put forth to save souls.

The Story of an Ex-Convict Converted Three Years Ago in the Life Boat Mission

I submit the following account of my life, prayerfully hoping that some poor brother who is now where I have been may read it, and by my experience be led to accept Jesus Christ as his friend and Savior.

On August 3, 1898, I was released from prison for a felonious crime. I had been a first-class cracksman, and an all-round criminal for over ten years, getting arrested often, only to be released by either wits or accomplices, as I was prominently connected with a notorious gang of crooks. We had great political influence, and I never had to do more than a day or two, before I was released; so it became somewhat of a pleasure to get "showed" up and released. I knew that I would soon be able to give the police the laugh. Religion was a thing unknown to me. I had all kinds of crooked friends, and as for relatives, lots of them, but they hated me,—every one except my poor mother. She could pray for me, but my brothers or sisters would not notice me on the streets, and were glad to see me settled for a term. When I arrived at prison, for six years, I was desperate with worry, not for my relatives' sake, but because I had no chance to get out. I had to do twenty-two months, and then my old political influence, and dear old mother, got me released. While there I often thought seriously of a better life, of salvation, and of my praying mother. But I thought I could not be a Christian. On the fourth day of August, 1898,—a day I shall never forget—I passed by the Life Boat Mission, 436 State street, Chicago. I went to Polk street and back four times,—repeating the trip to and fro. I heard the singing, and there seemed something inside of me drawing me in, so in I went. When the gospel invitation was given, I accepted Christ as my personal Savior. The workers there found out that I was an ex-convict, but they assured me of friendship, and one brother escorted me to the Workingmen's Home. Next morning I went home, and found my dear old mother crying. She said, "My boy, I thought you were arrested again." I said, "Mother, I have been arrested again, but not by the police. It was by Christ Jesus my Savior." Then I told her all. It was the happiest moment of her life, and of my life too. We prayed together and then we talked over the whole affair.

Did I get along without temptations? No, indeed. I had a hard battle for the right and for God. I tried to get employment. At first I worked one day in a department store, but they wanted no criminals or ex-convicts there, so I was discharged. It made me feel discouraged, but that night God gave me strength to bear up and try again. Many a time did I try to keep a job, but got discharged as often. It was a dark and trying experience to me, but faith in God helped me, until at last I obtained a position where I was not molested. And thank God it was honest employment. Yet, I was often tempted. I would find large sums of money right under my nose, but they always went back to my employer. Once I was entrusted with a satchel containing over seventeen thousand dollars to take to the bank.

Now I am acquainted with Him who is holding out His hand to grasp your hand, reader, and bear you safely through all temptations and trials. I mean the meek and lowly Jesus. Where would I be now but for Him? My heart goes out to every brother behind bars, and gladly would I extend to them all the right hand and point them to Jesus, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

R. JORDAN, alias Black Dave.

[On the very day the editors received the foregoing article, the following letter was received from the employer of this brother.]

DEAR SIR:—I was present at your meeting last evening and had the pleasure of hearing the testimony of Brother Jordan, and I assure you I received a great blessing as I went back over his past life.

I knew him when he was in the deepest crime, and the idol of crooks. I bade him good-by when he left for Joliet. I remember how his poor mother tried to get him out on parole, and finally succeeded, and how firmly I believed that within a month he would be returned to prison. How surprised I was to hear that he was working on a steamboat a few days after his release from prison. Was it true? I could not believe it, so in company with Mr. C. M. Morton, pastor of the Old Railway Chapel, we went to investigate. It was a fact. I have seen his many trials and temptations. I have observed his struggles in his efforts to be true to God, when he was terribly oppressed by his old companions and the police, but he has stood as firm as the solid rock in which he had placed his trust. I was instrumental in securing his present position for him. The first morning he came to the office and was shown his desk he knelt down, and earnestly prayed to God, asking Him for help and protection. I have seen him carry a satchel containing over ten thousand dollars to the bank and return with a receipt for it. I have seen him go into his old surroundings to get his companions to church, and tell them of the gospel. He has been associated with my office now over a year as a traveling salesman. Our customers all speak highly of him as a true Christian man. He has their full confidence, friendship, and good will; and there is not a member of our firm who would not trust him, in either money or confidential affairs.

What a grand reformation of a once vile sinner. How I thank God he ever strayed into the Life Boat Mission after his release from prison, and that the Lord took so firm a hold on him.

You can now believe that his employers have the fullest confidence in him as an honest man, and a true Christian.

Yours,
JAMES A. COLEMAN,
General Agent Western Branch American Arms and Powder Co.,
Monadnock Building, City.

My First Drink and My Last

S. H. HADLEY

(Superintendent of the Old Jerry McAuley Mission.)

IT was on a beautiful moonlight night in October. I was walking with a friend and we had been to a neighbor's, where he bought a pint of whisky. I was past eighteen years of age. I had been raised in a log cabin in a sparsely settled neighborhood in a western state. My mother was the dearest Christian woman I ever knew; she was the daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman. My father was an educated Christian gentleman—a New Hampshire man—and our home, log cabin though it was, certainly was the purest spot I had ever seen on the earth. Never did I hear an evil word spoken there, and whisky and tobacco were unknown in our house.

I had promised my dear mother I would never drink; but this friend, who was the miller of our county, told me that he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle, after he had coaxed me a full half hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my dear mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in heaven." When I reached home in the evening, before I could dismount from my horse, my sisters came out and told me mother was dead. I could not believe it, so they took my hands and led me into the "spare room" and there, cold in death, was my darling, precious mother! I could not

believe that the silent form wrapped in white was she, so pale, so still. From my earliest recollection she had been the last one I ever saw at night and the first one in the morning. How my broken vow came back to me, as I stood by that dear lifeless form! I promised God; and her, that I would never break it again. Three days after mother was buried I was more drunk than I had ever been before.

Our home was broken up, for father soon died. I went to live with a prominent physician in the village and began the study of medicine. My preceptor, though one of the most brilliant men in his profession, was a heavy drinker, and in one year I was a confirmed drunkard.

I gave up my studies, took a traveling position, became

A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER,

and for fifteen years rarely went to bed sober. For many years I did not see my danger, or was too much under the influence of rum to think seriously on the subject. Occasionally, however, ominous forebodings would arise in my heart, and I would wonder what the end would be.

In 1870 I came to New York city, and soon accepted a position with a salary of \$300 per month, with a liberal allowance for expenses. The failure of the establishment I was working for threw me out of a position, and I never was able to command a good salary afterward. I cannot describe here the remorse and heartaches of the confirmed drunkard, who feels himself slowly though surely slipping down to that awful abyss—a foretaste of which he already feels in his soul! I passed through it all—more than human pen could write. Many times, while my faithful, loving wife would be holding me in her arms, would I see fiends in the most hellish forms walk round behind me, and, holding their mouths so close I could feel their scorching breath, tell me what to do. Their advice, whether true or imaginary, always tended toward my self-destruction. They would go into the next room, and talk so loud about my case I was sure my wife would hear their evil plottings and be frightened out of her senses.

One Tuesday evening, on the 18th of April, 1882, I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring a drink. I could not sleep unless I was dead drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp; I will never be cornered; for when that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river!" But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come, I was not able to walk one-quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know what it was. I did learn afterward that it was Jesus, the sinner's friend. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle. Those who stood by drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said I would never take another drink, if I died in the street; and, reader, I felt as though that would happen before morning. Something said, "If you want to keep this promise, go and have yourself locked up." I went to the nearest station-house, a short distance away, and had myself locked up.

I was placed in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came into that place with me. This was not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord! that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present, and said—"Pray!" I did pray; and though I did not feel any great help, I kept on praying. As soon as I was able to leave my cell I was taken to the police court, and remanded back to the cell. I was finally released, and

found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following morning I felt that day would decide my fate. Many plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected; and toward evening it came into my head to

● GO TO JERRY M'AULEY'S MISSION.

I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and outcast—that man of God, Jerry McAuley. He rose, and amid deep silence told his experience, that simple story that I heard so many hundred times afterward, but which was ever new; how he had been a “tief,” an outcast, a drunkard—“yes, a regular old bum! but I gave myself to God, and He saved me from everything that's wicked and bad.” There was a sincerity about this man and his testimony that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, “I wonder if God can save me?” I listened to the testimony of twenty-five or thirty persons, every one of whom had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. Never will I forget that scene! How I wondered if I would be saved, if God would help me. I was a total stranger, but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said, “Dear Saviour, won't you look down in pity on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord, they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord! do, for Jesus' sake—Amen!” Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us, and Jerry said: “Now all keep on your knees and keep praying, while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves.” He spoke to one after another, as he placed his hand on their heads, saying, “Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you.” How I trembled as he approached me. Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of grand decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear crimes I had forgotten for months: “What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake; had not you better think this matter over awhile and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?” Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said, “Come!” The devil said, “Be careful!” Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, “Brother, pray.” I said, “Can't you pray for me?” Jerry said, “All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself.” I halted but a moment, and then, with a breaking heart, I said,

“DEAR JESUS, CAN YOU HELP ME?”

Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that moment my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noon-day sun shine into my heart; I felt I was a free man. Oh, precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ, with all His brightness and power had come into my life; that indeed old things had passed away and all things had become new.

From that moment till now I have never wanted a drink of whisky, and I have never seen money enough to make me take one. I promised God that night that if he would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine. Nor did I ever, even by accident, swear an oath, though before

I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. I began the next day to work for Christ, by inviting a tramp to come to the meetings. He came, and went up for prayers. A few weeks afterward the Lord showed me I was leaning on tobacco, and I had better lean entirely on Him. I threw my plug of tobacco away one night down the aisle in the mission, and the desire was removed. In fact, my tobacco was the only sacrifice I ever made for Jesus, as I would gladly have paid money to be rid of rum, if I could have been relieved that way.

Four years after my conversion I was called by the trustees of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, at 316 Water Street, to carry on the work Jerry began in 1872. I have now been here ten years and have been permitted to see more ruined drunkards redeemed and made prosperous than probably any other living man. Many successful soul-winners have come from out these wrecks, the most conspicuous being my only dear brother.

Do You Reverence God?

DO you reply “No,” and think you never will? Be not too sure, for time is hastening on, when every such one will pray to the mountains and rocks, “fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.” (Rev. 6:16.) And in bitterness of soul will cry, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” (Jer. 8:20.)

● It is but reasonable you should serve your Maker and your God; since in Him you live and move and have your being (Acts 17:28), and from Him comes “every good and perfect gift” (Jas. 1:17), even to the giving of His only begotten son, “that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (Jno. 3:16.) “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.” (Isa. 55:6, 7.) And again, “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” (Rev. 22:17.)

The time will come when all who, when their Lord called did not answer; when He spake did not hear, but did evil, and chose that wherein He delighted not (Isa. 65:12), will see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and themselves thrust out. (Luke 13:28.) To those inside the kingdom, eternal life and all its joys have been given, through Christ who died for everyone; while those without receive the wages for their sins,—death. (Rom. 6:23.)

May you now give heed to that loving voice which says, “Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (Isa. 1:18.) “As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?” (Ezek. 33:11.)

Do you ask, “What shall I do?” “Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” (Eccl. 12:13.) Do you think this impossible? Hear the words of the Omnipotent One to you—“A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them.” (Eze. 36:26-27.)

Pardoned First by Man and Then by God

FRANK KING.

I HAVE three purposes in telling the story of my past life. First, to glorify God; second, to show the power of prayer; and third, to show that a kind welcome from true-hearted Christians may be the means of saving an ex-convict and bringing his soul to God. I earnestly hope that some of my former companions, who are now behind prison bars, may be benefited by this testimony.

In June, 1891, I was arrested in St. Louis for burglary. Friends interceded on my behalf, and finally I was discharged. Things became so unpleasant for me that I went to St. Paul. There I commenced in

is now an inmate of an insane asylum. For five years I managed to escape serving a long term. But on August 1, 1896, I began to reap what I had sown. The previous night we blew open the safe in Appleby & Drybread's store in a small town in Iowa, escaping with five hundred dollars and some valuable papers. The next day we were surrounded by a posse, who opened fire on us, wounding four and capturing three of us. At the October term of Court, after pleading guilty, we were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. For two years and a half nothing of interest happened to change the daily routine of my prison life. About this time my brother was converted at a Gospel Mission in Chicago, and wrote his first letter to me, informing me of the change in his life.

"TO PREACH DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVES"



earnest my criminal career, which continued until the thirty-first day of July, 1900, when I was brought to see myself a sinner, and Jesus spoke peace to my soul. I was arrested in St. Paul for larceny, but my brother secured my release on conditions of good behavior. I joined a party of pick-pockets and we immediately left for a tour of the South. We were arrested in Galveston, escaping, however, without doing time. Two of our companions we left in San Antonio, for four years. A third we left at Pueblo for six months. I came to the World's Fair, and while my ill-gotten gains lasted, lived riotously. I continued to rove about the country, without one moment of real peace, dodging officers, and being driven from place to place. I arrived at Ft. Smith, Ark., in September, 1894. While at a camp fire one morning a quarrel arose between two men, resulting in the killing of one of the quarrellers. For this crime I was held in jail until the fifteenth of the following April, and then discharged.

While returning to St. Louis I met and joined a gang of burglars and safe blowers, one of whom was convicted and sentenced at the same time I was, and

I had been very bitter towards those who sent me to prison, vowing vengeance against them; but from the day I received that letter from my brother, this bitterness passed out of my life. So much for the prayers of the Mission and a Christian letter.

On July twenty-third I received my pardon. I arrived in Chicago on the twenty-sixth and went to the home of the superintendent of the Mission where my brother was converted. Time can never efface from my memory my reception on that July morning. Their voices were kind and gentle, their words full of love; so different from what I had been hearing, that I almost imagined they were beings from another planet. I appreciated the confidence they seemed to place in me, and desired to prove that it was not misplaced. But very soon temptations began to surround me on every side, and I realized that I had not sufficient power in myself to govern my inclinations to do wrong. But thank God a way was shown me. I accepted it, got down on my knees in the Life Boat Mission, asked God to forgive me, and behold, old things passed away, and all things became new. For Christ said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.)

Now, dear brethren, I can truthfully say I am glad I went to prison, for it was while there that this Christian band heard of and began to pray for me, and I praise God that to-day I stand a living witness of the answer to their prayers. I have to-day what ten years of a criminal career could never give me—real peace, happiness, contentment, respect for myself, and the respect of my fellow-men, and besides, a good position. I am what I am, by the grace of God and the power of Jesus Christ. Now, dear readers, it is possible for every one of you to receive this grand blessing, without money and without price, if you will only receive it. May God bless you, is my wish, and, as He has shown His love for me in many ways, it is my desire to help my brothers who are behind the bars. If you are discouraged, and a Christian letter will cheer you, write to THE LIFE BOAT. The editor, or some other Christian worker, will be pleased to correspond with you. May many of you find what I have found, is my earnest prayer.

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The following extract is from the Delaware County News, July 25, 1900:

FRANK KING PARDONED.

"Frank King, who was implicated in the burglary of Appleby & Drybread's store, August 1, 1896, was granted a pardon Monday by the governor, and is now a free man. His two partners in crime both got out of the penitentiary before he did. One, who was ill, was pardoned in January, 1898, and died in the following March. The other went insane.

"His pardon was secured through the recommendations of the Delaware County officers. He served nearly four years of his term. He is in town to-day, and a *News* reporter enjoyed a talk with him this morning at the court house. He is a pleasant appearing gentleman, and an agreeable conversationalist."

A Prisoner Writes a Sympathetic Letter

Some time ago, while visiting the State Prison at Joliet, Mrs. Sadler slipped and fell, on the prison grounds, fracturing her limb. Shortly after her removal to Chicago, the following letter was received from a prisoner:

DEAR MRS. SADLER:—Your last letter is before me, and you do not know how sorry I was to learn of the misfortune which befel you while on your mission of mercy to us unfortunate men. But I do hope and pray, as I have done regularly since I learned of the accident, that the fracture would mend. I spoke to several of the boys this morning in the prison chapel, informing them of the misfortune, and if you could only have heard some of the expressions, I am sure they would have pleased you, and I can assure you there are many boys behind prison bars praying for your speedy recovery. But I believe it was as great a disappointment to you as it has been to us, and the boys, while somewhat disappointed, appreciated the motive which prompted you to make this journey. And long, long may your hearts with such memories be filled. Just say to Brother Sadler, that our hearts are ever true; our feet are planted in the narrow way, and don't forget to tell him, it will please him well to know, we are going home to meet him there some day. You say you trust the Lord will keep me to the end. You may rest assured, I will never let go my hold on the Man who died on Calvary to ransom me from sin and death. As I oftensay to the boys, if the religion of Jesus Christ is worth anything, it is worth striving for right here, in this very prison. As I sit here and think of you and of my surroundings, it seems as if my heart would burst with emotion, thinking of days gone by. Mine has been a mis-spent and wasted life, God forgive me for it, for the lessons I have learned have cost me dear. Your brother in Christ,
J. KELLY.

A Reformatory Superintendent on Cigarettes

THE Hon. George Torrance, Superintendent of the Reformatory at Pontiac, Illinois, gave an address some time ago in Chicago, in the course of which he made the following statements, which, coming from such a source, should have great weight:

"Of 4,117 boys received into the Reformatory since its organization on January 8, 1893, ninety-five per cent. were in the habit of using tobacco, and nearly all were cigarette smokers. About a year and a half ago we received a boy aged fourteen. He was in a terrible condition. His case puzzled the nurse, the physician, and the officers of the institution. Convulsions followed each other very rapidly. I remember going out to see him on one occasion. His head had the appearance of a snake's. It was never still. He was frightened just as a man is in delirium tremens. He seemed afraid something was going to happen. It was a good while before he would pull the cover off his head. We were afraid he could not live. I investigated, and learned that he had been allowed to run the streets until he had become a confirmed thief, even at his tender age. We kept him a little while, then he was released, but shortly after he had to be returned to us. This was all the result, purely and simply, of smoking cigarettes. A large percentage of the boys who come to our Reformatory are wrecked physically by using cigarettes. I do not refer to those made of stubs picked out of the gutters and streets. I would as soon take my chances on a boy who uses cigarettes made from pure tobacco, as those made from tobacco taken from gutters. I am aware that tobacco is used by a great many people, but I do not know of any good that is ever derived from its use. I don't believe there is any other plant of which a very small dose will kill a man in two minutes. One drop of nicotine extracted from the tobacco plant has been known to kill a dog in thirty seconds. The very smell of it, when introduced under the nostrils of birds, will cause them to drop dead. I undertake to say that, taken in sufficient quantities, particularly by a beginner, and more especially in the case of a boy, it would kill him in a very few months. It causes confusion, stupor, faintness, nausea, fatigue, vertigo, a feeble pulse, convulsions, and, in many instances, death. Pure tobacco, wrapped around the human body, will in many cases produce poisoning, and frequently death. There is no living being, nothing in the way of life, that can not be destroyed by the use of pure tobacco. There is one thing in our institution we are unable to overcome, and that is the disposition of a tobacco-using boy who has come there, to lie about it when he succeeds in getting it. The boy who will speak the truth about everything else, the lad who keeps the books in the clerk's office, and is trusted to keep them correctly, if tobacco is found upon him, will deliberately lie as to how he obtained it. The use of tobacco is as fatal and destructive a habit as that which compels a man to pawn his baby's shoes to get whisky. A very large percentage, almost sufficient to make it unanimous, of the little fellows in the Reformatory, aged from eight to fourteen, are cigarette fiends. They have acquired the habit, unknown to father and mother. Had they been looked after properly, and had this deadly stuff not been sold to them, they would not be there, and mothers would not be bewailing the loss of their sons. The mother always suffers more than the boy who goes to a Reformatory. There is no other one thing so deadly as the cigarette habit."

x x

What we call singular coincidences may really be beautiful Providences.

From the Lowest Depths

(A letter received by Brother Mackey.)

DEAR BROTHER MACKEY:—I write to let you know that I am still trusting in God with all my heart. I am nine weeks old in the Lord to-night, and as I look back to what I was nine weeks ago and think of what I am now; realizing the difference in my condition and circumstances, my heart looks up in gratitude to the God who so loved me that He reached to the depths and lifted me out of my sins. No one but myself and God will ever know what a great sinner I was. I will say, however, that I was guilty of sin in its worst forms. I was reared in a Christian home, surrounded by influences supposed to lead one to live a God-fearing life, but the time finally arrived when I became separated from those influences and the restraints of home life and went into the world to do for myself. I went to St. Louis, Mo., and entered upon a life of sin and crime that I blush to think of now. I don't know just how I got started in this life, but I do know that having once entered upon it I went down at a terrible rate. I lost the respect of decent people and even of myself. I became a body-snatcher or grave-robber, a kidnapper, a thief, a liar, a profane and obscene man, a tobacco chewer and smoker, an habitual drunkard and a barrel-house bum, living on beer and free lunches for months at a time. I became a gambler of the worst kind. Finally I became a dope (opium) fiend of the worst type. Fifteen years ago I became addicted to the use of this drug. In a little while opium was not strong enough, and I began to use morphine, and it was not long before morphine failed to produce the desired effect, and I then began the use of cocaine, and last of all, chloral. For some years I almost lived on these drugs, and for years I hardly ever ate a meal without seasoning my food with powdered morphine, and immediately afterwards would take an injection of thirty grains of chloral. I lived that way for years, and the result was I became a wreck, physically, mentally, and morally. My people did all they could for me. They had me confined in four sanitariums, and I received the benefit of the Gold Cure and every other cure, but none of them seemed to do me any good. As soon as I was free I returned to the old life. For years I lived in opium joints in St. Louis and Chicago, dirty, ragged, filthy. This was my condition, when one evening I asked you to direct me to a Sanitarium of some kind where I could go and die. You will remember I was terribly emaciated and weak and could hardly speak above a whisper. I felt I had but a few days to live, and when I asked you that question you pointed to the door of the Mission and said, "Young man, there is the kind of a sanitarium you need. They have there the blood cure, and if you will take that, it will free you from these habits that are dragging you down, and will cure you of your diseases and make a man of you." After you left me, I entered the Mission and sat down in one of the chairs and went to sleep.

At the close of the service I cried unto God for mercy and deliverance, and I got it right there and then; and when I arose from that altar I was perfectly sober and every appetite for whisky and drugs had been taken from me and I felt that somehow I had been made a new creature in Christ Jesus. I went at once to my room and took all my drugs, including a bottle of opium, a bottle of morphine, a bottle of chloral, and a pint bottle of whisky, and threw them into the street and said good-by to the old life. For forty-eight hours I suffered terribly, but God carried me through all right, and I praise Him for what He did for me. He not only saved me, but keeps me saved. I have no more desire for whiskey or any drug now than if I had never tasted them. I have nicely furnished rooms, decent clothes to wear, and

am never without money. I have good health and my mind is brighter and clearer than ever.

"Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless His holy name."
WILLIAM DAY.

Turned Out of Her Home

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

PITIFUL indeed are some of the cases that come before our workers in the Life Boat Rescue Service. Those who live in the country can not form any conception of the terrible things that are daily, nay, hourly, transpiring in such a city as Chicago. There are heart-rending instances of cruel parents, who seem to have lost what little natural feeling of affection they ever had for their offspring; every little while we meet with sad examples of terrible temptation, some of which are yielded to, with awful results; and frequently evil designs and cunningly-laid snares for unwary feet, reveal such ingenuity and foresight as could not proceed from any but a diabolical brain. It is our blessed privilege to be able sometimes to hold out the hand of Christian love and sympathy, and to tell the unfortunate suffering ones that there is One who is deeply interested in their temporal and eternal welfare. A most touching incident was lately brought to our notice, and we here relate the story, as it will indicate the kind of circumstances we are daily meeting with. A girl about sixteen years old, quite small for her age, and good looking, had worked for some time for a firm of box manufacturers in the city. She lost her position, and went home to where an ungodly and drunken father lived. On hearing that she had been discharged he became violent; and insisted upon the child's leaving the house, telling her she might not return until she had found employment. With a sad heart she began her search for work. There was very little to encourage her. All day she visited place after place, only to be told that assistance such as she could render was not needed. Her courage almost failed her, but still she kept up her efforts to get something to do. When night came, and she had nowhere to sleep, she found a dark hallway, and there laid her weary self to rest as best she could. When morning came she rose and went out again. Not meeting with success, she returned home, but was met by her mother at the door, who said that unless employment had been found, she might not enter the house, as her father had threatened to take her life if she did so. The day wore on, and the poor girl wandered about, but could not succeed in finding anyone willing to employ her. Then she remembered a certain woman who might befriend her, but unfortunately she could not recall the address. So she called at door after door inquiring for the woman she hoped to find. Time and time again was she told that no such person was known there, till at last a kind-hearted lady asked her what she wanted of the woman she was seeking so diligently. The poor girl broke down in tears, and on being asked into the house told the whole of her story. The lady's heart was touched, and she took steps to get a temporary home for the girl. She was taken to a place for such unhappy cases, and is there now, living with Christian people, who hope to see her made truly happy in a knowledge of the love of the dear Savior, whose heart is ever open to receive such sorrowing ones.

No doubt a little study on the diet question, and then eating to the glory of God, instead of for drunkenness, would banish four-fifths of the ills that the human flesh is heir to.

LETTERS FROM PRISON READERS

Says It Touches the Heart—

DEAR BROTHER:—We are waiting patiently for the next issue of the prison number of THE LIFE BOAT. I think it is one of the best booklets that could be sent to prisoners. It is full of practical religious advice and encouragement, given in a plain, concise manner that cannot but reach the heart of the reader. I trust the people on the outside will respond readily with the necessary funds so that you may be able to publish the prisoners' number. I believe that if they only could see the good it does, they would come promptly to the rescue. May God put it into their hearts to come forward. ELWOOD H. LEIDY.

"That Set Me Thinking"—

DEAR FRIEND:—Thank God for the mercies He has in store for all who call on Him. When I came with all my sins He did not cast me away, and tell me I was too big a sinner, but He heard me. I wish I could tell my fellow-prisoners what God has done for me in five years. It would surprise them beyond measure; and what God has done for me, He can do for them, if they will give Him a chance.

Five years ago I heard in a Mission a man say that Jesus Christ had made a new man of him, and that set me thinking whether he was telling the truth; and I thought if he was I would like some of it myself. It was a hard struggle for me to believe what I heard that night, but thank God I did believe, and was converted. When I started in my new life I had nothing; no home; but tonight I am writing this letter in a home of my own. It is hard for me to understand why God has so wonderfully blessed me after the life I lived for fifty years, but His ways are not our ways nor His thoughts our thoughts.

Yours in Christ,

Letters From Prisoners Just Suit Him—

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your very kind and welcome letter. I am always glad to receive word from you, for I feel you are one of my dearest friends. I have been greatly helped and benefited by reading the prisoners' letters in THE LIFE BOAT, and am sure others have been, for they thrill our hearts with joy. I am trying to conduct myself while here so as not to bring reproach or shame on those who are taking an interest in me. Hoping I may some day be able to call on you, shake hands with you, and personally thank you for what you have done for me, I will close. Yours in Christ, JOHN LANDERS.

"The Best Paper"—

The following is extracted from a prisoner's letter: "THE LIFE BOAT is the best paper I have ever read, and the copy I receive is read by eight other men after I read it, and they wish me to state in this letter that they are glad to be in a position so that they can read THE LIFE BOAT."

He Cannot Express It—

DEAR EDITOR:—I am receiving THE LIFE BOAT regularly; and I cannot tell you how much good it does me. I am unable to fully express my gratitude, but I hope I will be able to show with God's help, after the expiration of my time, how much benefit I received therefrom. I am getting along very nicely."

At One Time Afraid to Pray—

DEAR FRIENDS:—With pleasure I write to thank you for sending that dear little paper, THE LIFE BOAT, to me. I cannot express myself as I should like to if I were better educated. Ever since I was twenty-two years old I have been defrauding everybody I got a chance to. Mother and sisters made no difference to me. I am now in my twenty-seventh

year, and I thank God there has a great change come over me since I have been here. Old thoughts and habits have passed away, and new ones have taken their place. I remember when I first began to pray to God for forgiveness of my sins. It seems to me as if I was afraid to humble myself before God as I ought to. I used to stand up to my door and pray. I was ashamed to let anybody see me pray, but since the night I got down on my knees and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner, I have been praising God for what He has done for me. He has put peace and gladness in my heart in place of sin and sorrow. I have eighteen months yet to remain here, but thanks be to God I hope to go out a saved man, a new man in Jesus Christ. A letter of encouragement or advice would be very much appreciated. Please pray for me that I may hold out to the end. Yours in Christ Jesus. EUGENE A. OLIVER.

Is Unusually Welcome—

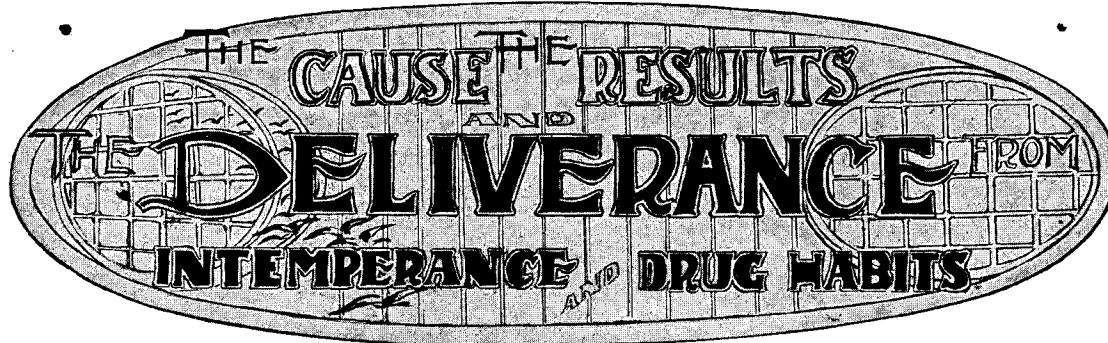
DEAR FRIEND:—I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I have written to friends, and my folks, and you know I can only write once in five weeks. I hope you have not forgotten me, as all my other friends have, for this is the place to find out who your friends are. The boys are asking me for THE LIFE BOAT, but I have not received it for two months, and I miss the paper very much. As I have no money I can't subscribe for it, but if you have any to spare, I wish you would send me some. I do not ask for myself only, but when I get THE LIFE BOAT I pass it along the cells to the other boys. I enjoy reading THE LIFE BOAT more than all the rest of the papers we receive put together. I will close now, but you will hear from me again soon. Your brother in Christ, HENRY SIMONSEN.

He Loans "The Life Boat"—

DEAR SIR,—I beg your pardon for not writing sooner. The fact is, I have been kept busy writing to friends, so I did not have an opportunity to answer your very kind letter. I am living a Christian life right along, and serving God to the best of my knowledge. I am praying God to give you the means to carry on the good work in behalf of fallen humanity. I wish I could do something toward helping you clothe the poor and needy, but as it is, all I can do is to pray to the throne of Heaven, where our Heavenly Father is hearing my humble cry. I wish you and your brothers and sisters God-speed in the good work you are doing for humanity. I have been getting the boys to take an interest in religion, letting them have THE LIFE BOAT to read, and a number of other religious papers, and they are becoming interested. They asked me to get them some more papers. I am depending on your kindness for some more reading matter. There are a large number of men in here who would be Christians if professed Christians would give them a helping hand and give them to understand that they are interested in them for their good. I will remember you all in my prayers. God be with you till we meet beyond the river. Yours in our Father, JOHN JOHNSON.

Bible Lessons by Correspondence

Mr. and Mrs. Sadler are considering the advisability of starting a correspondence Bible course for prisoners. Lessons would probably be furnished once a month. All prisoners who would like to join such a class are requested to write at their earliest convenience to Mrs. W. S. Sadler.



Fourth Article

Mental, Moral, and Physical Effects of Intemperance and Habit-Producing Drugs

(Continued.)

BY THE EDITORS

3.—EFFECTS ON THE MIND.

(a) *Significance of Temporary Exhilaration.*—Upon this point, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "Body and mind often flag,—perhaps they are ill-made to begin with, underfed with bread or ideas, over-worked, or abused in some way. The automatic action by which nature wrought its wonders, fails. There is only one thing which can rouse the machine; not will,—that cannot reach it; nothing but a ruinous agent which hurries the wheels awhile and soon eats out the heart of the mechanism."

Dr. Bunge, the great European physiological chemist, writing upon this point, says: "The stimulating action which alcohol appears to exert on the psychical functions is also only a paralytic action. The cerebral functions which are first interfered with are the powers of clear judgment and reason. As a consequence, emotional life comes into free play unhampered by the guiding strings of reason. The individual becomes confiding and communicative; he forgets his cares and becomes gay; in fact, he no longer sees clearly the dangers and difficulties of life. . . . Hence the lightheartedness which prevails at a carouse. . . . The lively gesticulations and useless exertions of intoxicated people are due to paralysis, the inhibitory influence which prevents the sober man from uselessly expending his strength, being removed."

The good feeling obtained to-day by the use of liquor is at the expense of a bad feeling to-morrow. The normal exhilaration which it is the privilege of every human being to experience comes not by way of the use of stimulants but from a clear conscience, normal bodily activity, and a proper nourishment of the system, which in turn is dependent upon a nutritious and hygienically-prepared dietary.

(b) *Alcohol and Insanity.*—An intoxicated individual is for the time being an insane person. This temporary insanity, due to the use of alcohol and drugs, is all the while laying the surest kind of a foundation for permanent derangement of the mind. One of the saddest forms of insanity, and one which everyone recognizes as due to the use of alcohol, is that of delirium tremens. There are thousands of lunatics to-day confined in various state institutions who might be enjoying life but for the baneful effects of alcohol, morphine and cocaine. Cocaine in particular has such a damaging effect upon the human system and especially the mind, that its habitual use must be considered the shortest road to the insane asylum.

(c) *Defectives and Degenerates.*—One of the most impressive facts in favor of strict temperance is found in the large class of defectives and degenerates whose parents were dissipated and habitual drunkards. Thousands of individuals are swelling the ranks of the unemployed, not because there is no work to do, but because they have little will-power and mental capacity, and not sufficient determination of purpose to qualify them to perform even ordinary manual labor. Consequently, they find themselves tossed about, creatures of circumstance. A still more inferior class are taxing to the utmost the capacity of the State institutions for feeble-minded youth. One of the leading institutions for this class is so overcrowded with these children that candidates have to wait several years after their names have been entered upon the books, before they can be admitted. That intemperance and drug habits are not the only conditions at work to produce deterioration of the race is certainly admitted, but statistics and careful observation have revealed the fact that the ranks of the defectives and degenerates are largely swollen by children from the home of the drunkard.

(d) *Judgment and Reason First to Suffer.*—The habitual user of alcohol must pay the price of his indulgence by suffering the consequences of an impaired judgment. The individual who was once a clear-headed business man, who stood in the front ranks of commerce and industry, after a few years of perhaps even moderate drinking, finds his mental vigor declining, and discovers that his competitors are gaining advantage over him at every point. The brilliancy of mind and clearness of judgment once exhibited by the professional or business man is gradually and insidiously displaced by mental faculties which move sluggishly and with uncertainty. Fathers and husbands become inconsiderate of their wives and children; natural affection sustains one blow after another, till sometimes we find it well-nigh obliterated; the powers of reasoning become blunted and stagnant; and all this, that the victims of alcohol, opium, and morphine, may enjoy the pleasures of stimulation for a season.

4.—EFFECTS ON SPIRITUALITY AND MORALS.

"Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be over-charged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life." (Luke 21:34.) Perhaps in no other realm does alcohol work so insidiously and disastrously as in that of the spiritual life. The affectionate and perhaps religiously-inclined husband, becomes a fiend when under its influence. The father's footsteps, which formerly were listened for with pleasure and delight, now strike terror into the hearts of his children. Little by little, the finer sensibilities of mind and soul are benumbed and blunted. Day after day the causes of this deteriorating influence are continued, and the moral powers of a once

splendid man are withered away. The habitual user of alcohol and enslaving drugs is gradually drifting toward the animal plane.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath quarrels? who hath complaints? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry late over the wine; they that come to seek for mixed drink. Do not look on the wine when it looketh red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it glideth down so readily. At last it will bite like a serpent, and like a basilisk will it sting. Thy eyes will see strange forms, and thy heart will speak perverse things." Prov. 23:29-33, (Jewish translation). What a graphic description of the drunkard from his first glass down through the deceptions of moderate drinking, to the time when he is crazed with delirium tremens and unconsciously imagines he beholds strange forms. Morality and alcohol do not belong to the same family. They are total strangers to one another. We are aware that many who suppose themselves to occupy the topmost rounds of the moral and social ladders not only presume to use alcohol, but stubbornly defend their practice. Corruption and immorality do not always show themselves outwardly. Appearances are not always a safe criterion. Heaven alone can rightly judge in the moral realm, but it seems clear to us that those influences which have made thousands immoral, those practices which invariably consort with vice, crime, and immorality, viz. the use of alcohol and habit-forming drugs, cannot be used either as a promoter or handmaid of temperance, morality, and spirituality.

5.—ALCOHOL AND CRIME.

(a) *Direct Influence.*—A short time ago a nice-appearing young man called at our office and stated that he had just been released from a neighboring prison. He had served a sentence for crime which he confessed he committed, but of which, he said, he was entirely ignorant. He had been enticed to drink with some of his friends, and while under the influence of alcohol, was induced to sign his name to a paper. In other words, while under the influence of this intoxicant he became a forger. This enabled his associates to secure some ready cash, and resulted in his finding his way into a prison cell. It cannot be denied that alcohol has been the direct cause of the commission of thousands of crimes. Almost every day ex-convicts are calling upon us, and inquiry invariably elicits the fact that the use of alcohol was in some way responsible for the crime that landed them in State Prison. The influence of alcohol distorts the whole mechanism of mind and body; it places the individual fully within the grasp of the evil power that tempted him to drink; very often leading him to commit crimes and inflict injuries which, had he been in possession of his right mind, he would never have dreamed of. While hereditary influences, and more particularly environment, may be the chief primary causes at work in the making of criminals, it must be conceded that intemperance is the avenue through which these various influences usually find their ultimate expression. Sobriety is the friend of right doing, the enemy of crime; while a state of drunkenness is in every way calculated to serve the cause of lawlessness.

(b) *Indirect Influence.*—The habitual use of alcohol and drugs, by blunting the higher sensibilities, distorting the judgment, and deranging the nervous system, gradually leads their victims to look upon many phases of crime as minor matters. In the report of the Committee of Fifty, alluded to elsewhere, the cases of thirteen thousand convicts were investigated. These prisoners were scattered throughout twelve States, and it was found that intemperance

figured as one of the causes of the crime in nearly fifty per cent. and was the *first* cause in thirty per cent., of the cases investigated.

(c) *Dishonesty and Untruthfulness.*—The habitual user of alcoholic stimulants, and various drugs, frequently becomes so addicted to them that all previous education, training, honesty, and truthfulness are sacrificed in order to secure their coveted indulgence. Many cases of robbery are for no other purpose than to secure at the corner drugstore or rumshop that which can produce temporary relief from the cares and troubles of life. The user of morphine will often tell falsehoods when it would appear that truth would better serve his purpose. Unreliability, dishonesty, and lying are foremost among the symptoms which almost invariably accompany intemperance and drug habits, and are in themselves most valuable accessories to crime.

(d) *How Stimulants Assist the Criminal in the Performance of Desperate Deeds.*—Many converted criminals have told us that in order to nerve themselves to do desperate deeds, and to enter upon daring exploits, it was essential for them to partake of stimulants in the form of alcohol or certain drugs. In spite of their criminal career, there were still remaining some God-given instincts with reference to the sacredness of personal rights and human life, which would not allow them to perform their dark deeds until the voice of conscience and the promptings of their better nature were effectually silenced. Alcohol, by placing its victims beyond the control of reason, and by robbing them of any natural timidity they may possess, eminently qualifies them to undertake their hazardous task of pillage and plunder. No doubt, if we were in possession of the true facts, it would be proven that alcohol is directly responsible for the commission of the larger percentage of all the crimes which result in placing men and women in penal institutions.

6.—THE SALOON VERSUS THE HOME.

It would appear that the pernicious influence of intemperance and enslaving drugs is especially directed toward the home. In some way or other, the home is made to feel the dire results of these things at every step of the way. On the other hand, the home institution, if properly maintained, is the strongest possible influence with which to combat these evils. Many a man has been, to use common language, "driven to drink" by the unpleasant atmosphere of his home life. Many a son, many a daughter, has drifted to ruin, because home offered nothing to attract them to that which is good. Palatial saloons, and the gilded haunts of vice, thronged by many youths, serve to indicate the penalty of failing to make home attractive. There is a spare bedroom, the parlor, the sitting room, and the dining-room. But the children are not allowed to play in any of these. The parlor must be kept in neat appearance and arrangement for some possible visitor. Throughout the whole house, but little provision is made for the happiness or entertainment of the children. In summer-time the children may play in the yard—that is, if they have such a luxury; but in the city's slums the "yard" means the dirty, wicked street. Frequently, the boy, and his companions find it more congenial to play in the barn, the wood-shed—almost anywhere but at home. Home is not made attractive to the young man, and so the young man is not attracted to the home. Thoughts flit through his young mind of the time when he will be free from *home bondage*; from the ever-sounding "Don't do this;" and "Don't do that." Mothers and wives can do more for the cause of temperance, more to save their husbands and sons from the evil of drink, by building up the home and making it attractive, than by smash-

ing saloons or pouring liquor into the streets. Why should any spot on earth be more sacred and more loved than home? But very often almost any place is more enjoyed and appreciated by the average youth than the sacred hearthstone. What does this mean? It means that home is coming to be a place for visitors; for society; for banquets and socials, while the children—they are but little thought of; little provision is made for binding them fast to its safeguards; and all the while the rum-seller is making the saloon more and more attractive; and by means of music, and various other allurements is seeking to win the youth whom the home has lost. If home fails to make itself inviting to father, son, and daughter, they will most likely go elsewhere in quest of that which home has failed to provide. Especially is this question of the saloon versus home to be taken into consideration in the case of the young man. Go upstairs to the average boy's room, and see where he lives. Then you will not wonder why he goes out of an evening to enjoy himself. The mother is visiting with the neighbors, and busy with this and that; the father—well, he has his business to attend to; and the boy or girl—never mind them, they will take care of themselves. Yes, and the devil will help in taking care of them, too. He is interested in the youth. If he can secure them when young, he will probably be able to make them his emissaries for life. Go from this room, with its broken lamp-chimney, dingy walls, ragged carpet, and broken furniture, to yonder palace-saloon—to the mirrored haunt of sin and iniquity; decorated with its tapestry and paintings, and all that is calculated to charm the youthful eye; with notes of music ever sounding forth; and *here* you will find the youths who are, as it were, "driven away from home" because there they found nothing to attract or charm them. Thus we see how parental love and religion lose their hold upon the human soul, because it fails to make home brighter and better than the saloon. The penalty of failing to make home attractive is the penalty of failing to save the boy or girl. The liquor traffic is the wrecker of homes. Intemperance is perhaps the producer of more domestic misery than all other causes combined. The money which the average drunkard spends in the saloon each year would suffice to beautifully decorate his home, and make it a little heaven for the wife and mother, and the most attractive place on earth for his children.

x x

"I am glad to-night that God's grace is sufficient. That means more to the man whose blood is aflame with the terrible craving for drink than it can to those who have never been bound with so terrible a thralldom. The devil does not care how he gets us. For example, the drinking man is almost without exception a generous-hearted fellow. Very seldom do you see a really stingy or selfish man become a drunkard; he is too selfish. The devil has gotten him on another line. But boys I have got good news to tell you. God's grace is sufficient for all cases, no matter how hard. I came into the Life Boat Mission a few weeks ago almost crazy with drink, and I slept almost through the service, but I wakened to hear some of the testimonies, and I raised my hand for prayer, and then I found it true that God was right by my side to help me, 'a very present help' in the time of my trouble. And now He is keeping me day by day."—*Heard at the Mission.*

x x

God never sends us any trouble until He has first tried to show us some way whereby we might have learned our lesson without passing through the trial.

A Drunkard's Mother

Did you say you wished to see me, sir? Step in, 'tis a cheerless place,
But you're heartily welcome all the same—to be poor is no disgrace!
Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir, 'tis eighteen winters gone
Since poor Jim took to crooked ways and left me all alone.
Jim was my son, and a likelier lad you'd never wish to see,
Till evil counsels won his heart, and led him away from me!

"'Tis the old, sad, pitiful story, sir, of the devil's winding stair,
And men going down—and down—and down to blackness and despair,
Tossing about, poor wrecks at sea, with helm and anchor lost,
On and on through the surging waves, nor caring to count the cost,
I doubt sometimes if the Saviour sees—He seems so far away—
How the souls He loved and died for are drifting—drifting astray!

"Indeed, 'tis little wonder, sir, that woman shrinks and cries,
When the life-blood on rum's altar spilt is calling to the skies;
Small wonder if her own heart feels each sacrificial blow;
For isn't each life a part of *hers*? each pain *her* hurt and woe?
Read all the records of crime and shame—'tis bitterly, sadly true,
Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies too.

"I often think, when I hear folks talk so prettily, and so fine
Of 'alcohol as a needful food,' of the 'moderate use of wine,'
How 'the world couldn't do without it; there was clearly no other way
Than for a man to drink or let it alone, as his own strong will
might say.'
That 'to use it, but not abuse it' was the proper thing to do,
How I wish they'd let old, poor-house Nan preach her little sermon, too!

"I would give them scenes in a woman's life that would make
their pulses stir;
For I was a drunkard's child—and wife, aye, a drunkard's
mother, sir!
I would tell of childish terrors, of childish tears and pain,
Of cruel blows from a father's hand when rum had crazed his brain.
He always said 'he could drink his fill or let it alone as well.'
Perhaps he might—he was killed one night in a brawling, grog-shop hell!

"I would tell of years of loveless toil the drunkard's child has
passed,
With just one gleam of sunshine—too beautiful to last!
When I married Tom, I thought for sure I had nothing more to
fear,
That life would come out all right at last, the world seemed full
of cheer;
But he took to moderate drinking—he allowed 'twas a harmless
thing;
So the arrow sped, and my bird of hope came down with a broken
wing!

"Tom was only a moderate drinker—ah, sir, do you bear in mind,
Why the plodding tortoise in the race left the leaping hare behind?
'Twas because he held right on and on, steady and sure, if slow,
And that's the way, I'm thinking, that the moderate drinkers go!
Step over step—day after day—with tireless, sleepless pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind, and taries in the race!

"Ah, heavily in the well-worn path, poor Tom walked day by day,
For my heart strings clung about his feet and tangled up the way,
The days were dark, and friends were gone, and life dragged on
full slow,
And children came like reapers sad, to a harvest of want and woe;
Two of them died, and I was glad when they lay before me dead!
I had grown so weary of their cries—their pitiful cries for bread,

"Then came a time when my heart was stone; I would neither
hope nor pray;
Poor Tom lay out in the Potter's Field, and my boy had gone
astray—
The boy who had been my idol—while like hounds athirst for
blood,
Between my aching heart and him the liquor-seller stood,
And lured him on with his poisoned words, his pleasures and his
wine—
Ah, God have pity on other souls as crushed and bruised as mine!

"There were whispers of evil doings, of dishonor and of shame,
That I can never bear to think of now, and would not dare to
name;
There was hiding away from the light of day, there was creeping
about at night,
A hurried word of parting, then a criminal's stealthy flight;
His lips were white with remorse and fright when he gave me a
good-bye kiss,
And I've never seen the poor lost child from that black day to
this!

"Ah, none but the mother can tell you, sir, how a mother's heart will ache
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with the grief for the lost one's sake,
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have gone so far astray,
And the lips grown bold with curses that she taught to sing and pray;
A child may fear, and a wife may weep, but of all sad things none other
Seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's mother!"

"They tell me that down in the vilest dens of the city's crime and murk,
There are men with the hearts of angels doing the angel's work;
That they win back the lost and the straying, that they help the weak to stand,
By the wonderful power of loving words, by the help of the Savior's hand;
And often and over the dear Lord knows, I've knelt and prayed to Him
That somewhere, somehow, 't would happen they'd find and save my Jim!

"You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim, but when I prayed last night,
Right over yon eastern window there shone a wonderful light.
(Leastways it looked that way to me); and out of the light there fell
The softest voice I had ever heard—ft rang like a silver bell:
And these were the words: 'The prodigal turns, so tired of shame and sin;
He seeks his Father's open door, he weeps, and enters in.'

"Why, sir, you are crying as hard as I; what is that, sir, you say?
My boy, you my boy, returned a new man, thank God for this thrice happy day."
"Yes, mother, weep not, 'tis your penitent boy, come back to the right way at last,
I'm once more a man, my follies are done, and all your sorrows are past.
Those angels on earth—they told you about—have brought me again to you;
A drunkard no more, with you, mother dear, I'll begin my life o'er anew.

"I scarce know how to tell you all, 'tis a bitter, bitter tale,
How I tried to rise again and again, and every time would fail.
I was tired and weary of the fight, and I often prayed to die.
But at last I found a firm, true friend (I am sure he was sent from on high),
Who told me that Christ is the Friend of the man a victim of sorrow and woe,
And I gave Him my heart and will follow the Lord wherever in life I may go."

"Called to Freedom"

ARTHUR W. GEORGE, M. D.

"YE, brethren, were called for freedom." (Gal. 5:13 R. V.) The Lord has thrown the prison doors of sin wide open by the gift of His Son for the sins of the world. It may seem to you that you are bound down with unbreakable fetters of bad habits, but this is not so, and if you remain in bondage to sin it is because you choose to do so. For Christ has come "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." (Isa. 61-1.)

If the governor of Illinois should go to Joliet prison, order all the gates to be opened, and go through the corridors announcing to all the inmates that they were pardoned out, how many prisoners would be there next day? That is what Christ has done for this sin-imprisoned world. He has unbolted the gates and pardoned us all out. It is our privilege to accept or reject the pardon as we choose. The gates may still seem closed to you, but if you will only exercise faith enough in God to make a little effort—put your hand upon the door that He has unbarred and push it aside, it will open wide. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Christ died to purchase your pardon. Now He calls you to come forth and enjoy it.

THE LIFE BOAT

W. S. SADLER } EDITORS
DAVID PAULSON, M. D. }

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

E. B. VAN DORN MRS. W. S. SADLER
FANNIE EMMEL THEKLA BLACK
JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

Our Third Special Prisoners' Number

This issue of THE LIFE BOAT is the third Annual Prisoners' Number we have gotten out. The favor with which the two former editions were received led us to attempt again the task of placing a special number of THE LIFE BOAT in the hands of all the prisoners in the United States. It is the earnest hope of the editors that this issue may accomplish as much or more good than the preceding special numbers. We ask our regular subscribers as they read this issue of THE LIFE BOAT, to earnestly pray that light and truth from its pages may shine into the darkened hearts of many who are confined within prison walls.

Periodical Inebriety

This will be the title of the fifth article in the Intemperance series, which will appear in the next issue of THE LIFE BOAT. You cannot afford to miss this article. It will be of great help to those who are endeavoring to assist the victims of alcohol to regain their lost estate. Do not let your subscription expire. Send your renewal in at once. Still other good things are waiting.

Words of Commendation for the Parole System

While the editors of THE LIFE BOAT are not in a position to give employment to many men, and therefore are unable to parole many whom they would be pleased to, yet it has been our privilege during the past few years, to take a number of men from various prisons surrounding Chicago, on parole. These men have all, with possibly one exception, proven themselves worthy of every confidence reposed in them.

Carefully and judiciously applied, we have great confidence in the parole system. Of course there will be occasional violations of the parole agreement, but we hope the time will never come when our lawmakers and prison officials will see fit to deprive the really deserving and sincere of the opportunity of gaining their freedom on this ground. The following letter addressed to THE LIFE BOAT, and received recently, gives the favorable opinion of one who, though skeptical, was led to take a man out of a Southern Indiana prison on parole:

DEAR EDITOR:—I will tell you what little experience I have had with a prisoner. I live on a farm about a mile from town. I heard of a young man in prison at Jeffersonville, Indiana, who had no friends or folks to help him. He could get a parole and no one to sign it. He was a perfect stranger to me, and me to him. I thought I would sign his parole for six months and try him. So I signed it and sent it alright. I met him at the depot, about two days after that, a real stranger. He came home with me. He stayed his six months out. He has proved to be a good hand, I trust him every way that I would any man; use him the

same as one of the family. We go away and leave him to attend to our work all alone. He has been a great help to us. He has been here with us nearly eight months, and don't want to leave me, as he is perfectly satisfied. . . . If there is anyone that feels like giving a paroled prisoner a home, I think he will be doing a good thing that he will not regret. Yours truly.

ISAAC PARKS.

A Card of Thanks

We desire to especially thank the prison officials for their co-operation in placing this, our Third Annual Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT, in the hands of the prisoners. We are particularly grateful to the chaplains and prison librarians for the painstaking manner in which this paper will be distributed. We thank our friends and readers who have sent in donations, small or great, to the Prisoners' Fund and have thus made it possible for us to issue this special number. While we extend thanks to those who have helped us in our undertaking, we would not forget to ask Heaven's special blessing to rest upon these pages as they go forth on their mission.

Saloon Smashing

In all true temperance reform, prevention must go hand in hand with suppression. The saloon must be regarded as an effect, as well as a cause. To suppress the effects of intemperance will bring about at best, only temporary reform, if the causes are permitted to continue. A confirmed drunkard once said to certain would-be reformers who had been telling him he ought to quit drinking, "You are always telling a poor drunkard to quit drinking, quit drinking; why don't you tell him how to get rid of that thirst which leads him to drink?"

The question of how to eradicate the appetite for drink, in the drunkard, and how to prevent its formation in young men, are problems worthy of sober reflection on the part of temperance reformers, and of careful consideration by parents. Laying the axe at the root of the tree of intemperance will accomplish much more permanent good than will be done by destroying plate-glass windows or smashing French mirrors. We may undertake to suppress the liquor traffic by legislation or crusades, but the greater work of the temperance reformer is yet undone if he has left the victim of alcohol to fight an unquenchable thirst which causes him to drink,—a thirst that drives him on as a helpless slave, compelling him to trample on good resolutions, and to violate the confidence of loved ones.

Facts and figures, giving the amount of money spent for liquor, or the quantity of it sold during a given period, the legal or illegal abolition of grog-shops, do not in any way whatever give any assistance to the young man whose father was a drunkard, and who caused his offspring to inherit a shattered nervous system and an impaired digestive apparatus. To ensure success, the efforts of the temperance reformer must be characterized by educational methods looking toward the removal of the causes productive of the craving for drink.

No better watch-word can be found than the Biblical injunction to "Be temperate in all things." Temperance reform should begin in the cradle. The daily food, the daily life, the home influence, and the environment, must be permeated by the practical principles of temperance; then it will be found that this work of education and prevention constitutes the greatest safeguard against intemperance. W. S. S.

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THE LIFE BOAT SUPPLY DEPT.,
1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Monthly Summary of the Work of the Various Institutions and Departments of the Chicago Medical Mission

Treatments given.....	884
Examinations.....	154
Prescriptions.....	30
Office treatments.....	144
Surgical operations.....	26
Admitted to surgical ward.....	11
Garments given.....	200
In Children's Christian Home and Branches	51
Days nursing	378
Meals served (penny lunches).....	37'699
Lodgings given	6,250
Used free laundry	4,539
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	4,220
Gospel meetings held.....	56
Bible classes conducted	28
Testaments and Bibles given.....	125
Pages of other literature distributed.....	10,372
Requests for prayer.....	168

Volume III

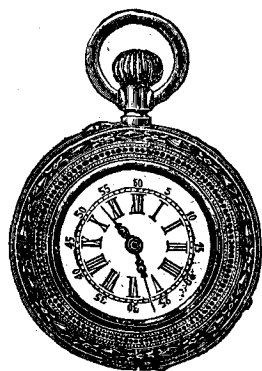
—OF—

The Life Boat

BOUND IN CLOTH

Our last issue completed the third volume of THE LIFE BOAT, and a small number of copies have been neatly bound in cloth and stamped in gold. We have only a limited number for sale, and they can be had post-paid for one dollar. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Premiums for Life Boat Subscriptions,

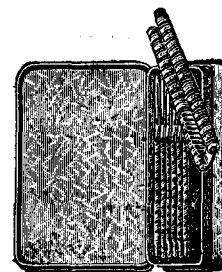


Anyone sending us 50 yearly subscriptions, at 25 cents each, will receive a Ladies' Silver Case, richly engraved, open face, good jeweled movement Watch; or Boys' plain polished, open face, good movement Watch, either of which is worth, retail price, \$5.00.

For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Knives and Forks, retailed at \$2.50.

For 10 subscriptions, one set of Sterling Silver-Plated Nut-Picks and Nut-Cracker; retailed at \$1.00.

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The Life Boat Advertising Department

1926 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Our Genuine Composition Rubber Collars,



Send 25c for sample. State your size and style. If you have not received our special collar catalogue send two cents in stamps for it.

Send 2c stamp for our General Merchandise Catalogue and Buyers' Guide, WITH NEW DISCOUNT SHEET.

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing.

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cut.

Men's made to order Clay Worsted, wool, at \$7.50, \$8.75, \$10.00 and \$12.00, net. Add 50 cents for Frock Suits.

Prince Albert, something very fine in unfinished Clay Worsted, \$13.00 net.

Dark Gray Oxfords at \$5.00, net. Olivion Black Cassimeres at \$5.75 net. Hairline staple all-wool Cassimeres at \$7.50. Dark Salt and Pepper all-wool Cassimeres at \$7.50, net. Diagonal Wide Wale Worsted at \$7.75 net. Fine Blue or Tan Worsted at \$10.00.

Youths, ages 12 to 19, Cassimeres, at \$4.75, in large variety. Worsteds at 5.75. All-wool at \$5.60 and \$6.25.

Boys, ages 8 to 12, Union Suits, two pieces, at \$1.25 and \$1.60. Cassimeres at \$2.00, \$3.75, and \$3.75.

Samples and Measurement Blanks on application.

THE LIFE BOAT SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

1926 WABASH AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILL.