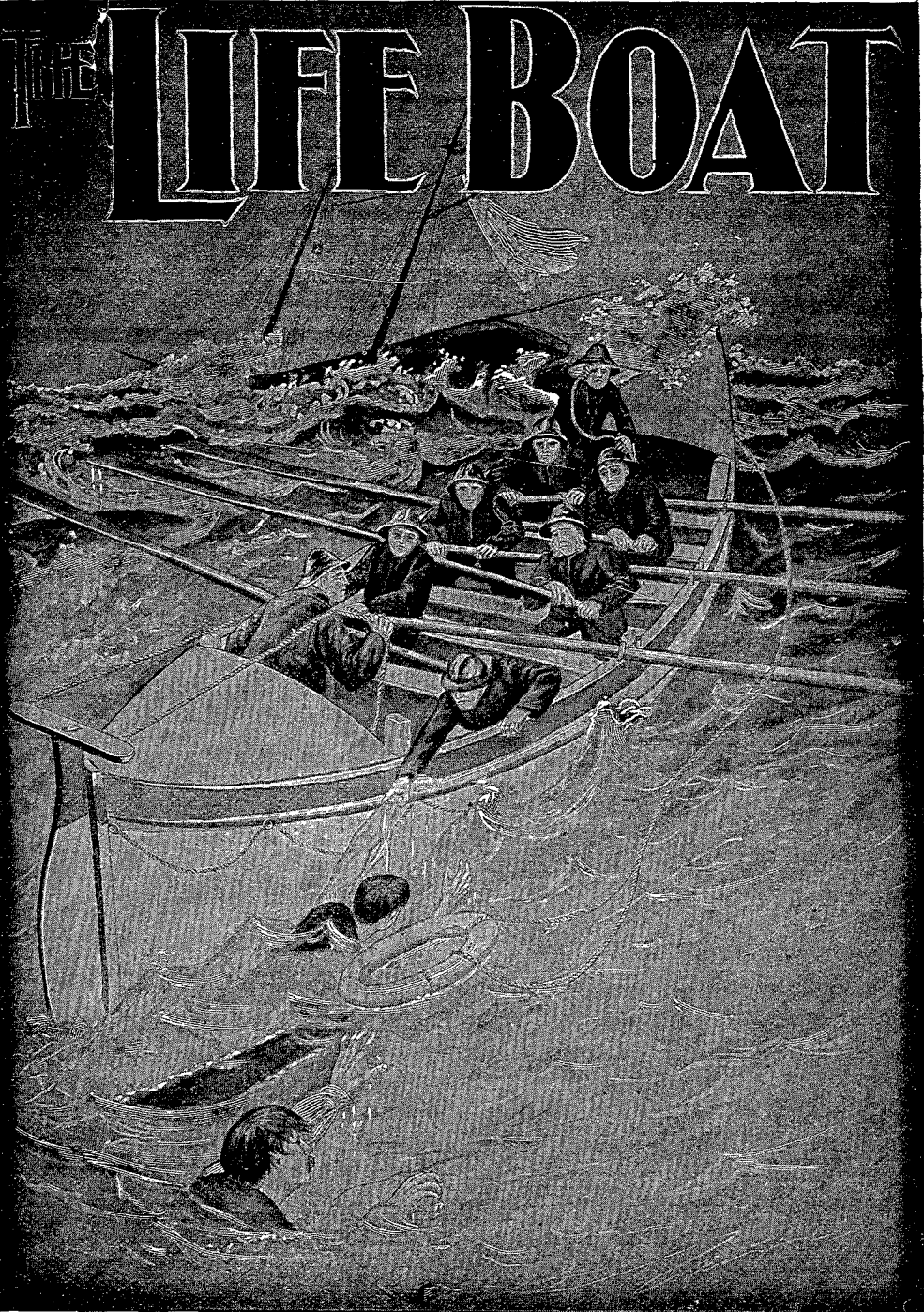


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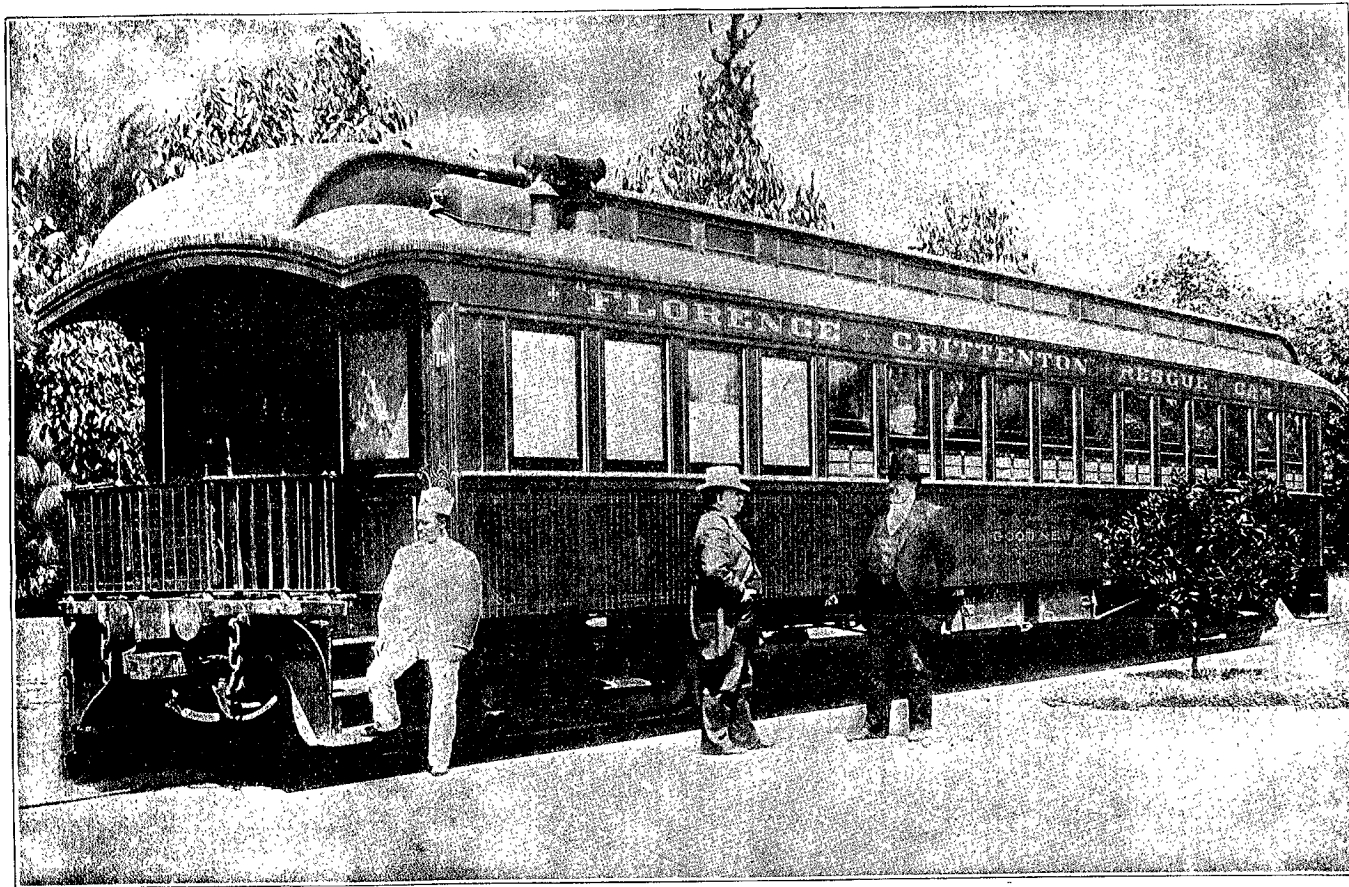
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The Honolulu Prison—E. S. Ufford.



THE GOSPEL ON WHEELS.

The Charles N. Crittenton Gospel Rescue Car. See page 261.



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

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Volume VIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: SEPTEMBER, 1905

Number 9

RETURNING.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

Like simple child, dear Lord, I come
To humbly seek Thy face,
For I have wandered far from home
And surely need Thy grace.
My substance spent in riot, Lord,
Unworthy of Thy face;
Oh, make me as a servant, Lord,
I humbly ask Thy grace.

My garments all are filthy, Lord,
My health is lost and gone,
My soul is famishing for bread—
Men give me but a stone.
The "might have been" is haunting me,
I've lost my heaven-meant place;
But oh, I come, Thou'rt calling me,
To humbly seek Thy grace.

"Return! Return! O, wanderer!"
I hear Thy voice of love;
There's help Divine for those who err,
Christ reaches from above.
Oh, follow on to know the Lord,
And hourly seek His face,
And reap at last the great reward,
O'ercoming by His grace.

THE HONOLULU PRISON.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Author of "Throw Out the Life-line."

[Several years ago E. S. Ufford, the author of the rescue mission worker's favorite hymn, felt impressed to undertake a soul-winning trip around the world. Everywhere God used him to sing or speak new hope into despairing hearts. We hope all of our readers will read the following beautiful and touching description of the gospel service at the Hawaiian prison under the very tree where our LIFE

BOAT workers have conducted so many services.—Ed.]

We were eight days out from San Francisco's Golden Gate when, on a beautiful afternoon, the palm-fringed beaches of Hawaii, the paradise of the Pacific, greeted our eager eyes. Soon after landing, the charm of Honolulu was seen on all sides. It spoke to us in the sheen of the burnished leaves, in the lance-like palms with their fronds on the top of the smooth trunks, and in the luxuriant tropical foliage which embowered the lovely island on which we had set foot.

We spoke on Wednesday night in the Christian church, and on Lord's day morning in the old Hawaiian native church. That night we addressed a large gathering in the Union Congregational church where Rev. Dr. Kincaid is pastor. But one of the experiences in store for the gospel pilgrim who pays a visit to this rare city which will always linger on his memory like a photograph, is the afternoon service for the convicts in the prison yard. Here General Booth recently was heard, and Dr. F. E. Clark, when both were on their tours around the world. It is always a most impressive and effective meeting, conducted by the earnest church workers of the island city.

The walls, or stockade, enclose a good-sized area, from the center of which rises the famous old almond tree, whose far-spreading branches over-arch the rows of convicts, several hundred in number, in a most picturesque manner,

as if suggestive of the arms of God's love and mercy. The usual officials stand, sentry-like, about the group. A table and organ are situated where the warden and Christian friends have taken their seats.

We were invited to address these men with our miniature life-saving outfit, which we arranged upon the table. Then our eyes wandered over that audience of men. What an impressive scene it is to look into their

covered that they were clad in convict's clothes. A friend next to me whispered that they were Hawaiians serving sentences and that two of them were "life men." My eyes moistened as I gazed at those native children of the Pacific islands, and heard the sweet melody of their rich voices, for these people have truly the musical gift and are wonderfully endowed with the talent of song. The selection they rendered was "Rocked in the Cradle of the



*Throw out the life-line
across the dark wave,
There is a brother
Whom some one should save.
Somebody's brother
O who then will dare
To throw out the life-line
His peril to share?*

E. S. Ufford

faces, and mark their striking garb! As you scan that audience, wondering what can be the personal history of each unfortunate fellow about that unique spot, you feel that just now, however, they claim your interest. They glance back into your face, a look which is not unlike the gaze of a brother. A spell of softened pity steals over us, and as the strains of the organ float out upon the balmy air, leading the voices of the singers, we feel already that God is there to remind the fallen to look up, to hope on, and take courage.

After the scripture lesson, a most interesting exercise occurred, in the form of a song rendered by a male quartette who stood at my left. I turned to inspect them, when I dis-

Deep." A pathetic feeling lent itself to the verses as they sang.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
O thou who mark'st the sparrows fall.

Somehow the stern aspect of the scene about us was mitigated by the hallowed presence of a pardoning God. Was He not there to rescue the erring and lost? And these captive singers only made the awfulness of sin and the glory of salvation appear in startling contrast beneath the foliage of the old almond tree, a type of the rugged cross of calvary, the tree whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

God used my message of the Line that saves—the gospel—that day to melt hearts. As I held up before them a piece of the Govern-

ment life-saving apparatus which had been used in saving sailors, and drew a lesson from it to apply to gospel life-saving, a Hawaiian brother at my side would interpret my words. Then would rise a converted Chinese, and he would reiterate what had been said in order that his countrymen might also understand the message of the speaker.

Then with bowed heads the prayer for the prisoner, that his soul might be brought out of prison, ascended to a wronged but pardoning Saviour; and in penitence some of those in bondage then truly saw themselves, "in prison and ye came unto me," and hands marked by sin went up for that help which only can come from above.

After the meeting a friend plucked a twig from the tree above us on which grew a beautiful almond bud, and placing it between two pieces of card-board, gave it to me as a memento of the service on that memorable Sabbath afternoon.

We shook hands with some of the inmates, for we saw that more liberty was allowed them than in some other prisons. We dropped a message of hope and trust into their ears and then left them till we meet around that great throne on high. We shall meet some of them there I know, for these blessed gospel efforts are owned of God to win those men to heaven. We left the place with a prayer for the faithful brothers and sisters who so earnestly labor there for souls each Lord's day.

AN APPEAL FROM PANAMA.

HENRY W. HEFELE.

[As already stated in a previous issue of THE LIFE BOAT, Mr. Hefelee was stumbling along in the darkness of sin when he came across a copy of THE LIFE BOAT in a Chicago office building. It was the means in the hands of the Lord of changing then and there the whole tenor of his life. He secured a position in Panama, so that he might use his spare time in soul-winning work. We have been supplying him with papers, tracts and Testaments as we were able, and now we call on our readers to raise the funds to keep him supplied. Donations for this purpose may be sent to THE LIFE BOAT office, Hinsdale, Ill.—Ed.]

Somehow I feel as if God was closer to me

than He has ever been before, and I feel so much peace of mind. There are so many ways God helps me and I am more joyous every day. Although I sometimes stumble, I quickly gain my feet, whereas it used to be so hard to find my way back again. I now know exactly what to do and how to do it, and that is to pray.

The first thing I do in the morning is to have a talk with my Father in heaven, at noon we have another talk, and as I lay my weary head to rest I again have a last talk in silence. Sometimes I am painfully worried, but when I get that way I consider that my Father in heaven is administering a good warning to me, and as soon as I vow to do better He quickly turns my anxiety to joy.

The little Testaments have arrived, also the tracts, and they were distributed to the hospital patients, and, to my joy, when passing through that ward again I found that all were busy reading them. I am only sorry I haven't more, for at present quite a number of vessels are lying in the harbor and I would like to put some aboard. So many are asking for the next number of THE LIFE BOAT, especially the poor class of people. I cater to them more than any others.

At present I am clear out of LIFE BOATS and tracts, and I feel that when visiting the hospitals and jails I ought to have some papers of some kind, tracts, if nothing else.

I like to hear God's word propounded in good, common, wholesome talk, not something in addition to decorate it so as to make it acceptable. If God's word had to be repainted it would not be worth having, for fear the paint might fall off.

Come what will, I sincerely hope everything will turn out favorably, but, no matter what comes, I am God's and His works I will do. I was just thinking how Christ must have felt when being unjustly dealt with and called such names, not to mention the slapping and spitting in His face, and all for doing nothing but good. Some people are certainly small, but the smallest of all is the devil, and to think how people flock to his aid! Sin always was good to some people until it was too late, but I thank God I am on the safe side, and, God granting, I will always be in some part of His vineyard.

Later he wrote:

God has shown in so many ways that He

is with me (if I will let Him) that I can't begin to tell you all about them. But this one instance I must relate, for it was a test of my faith in God. I was called for a railway conductor's examination; everything went along smoothly until I came to the most important point, and, do you know, my memory failed me and I became so nervous I could hardly speak. The examiner saw how I was wrought up and sent me to dinner, thinking I would get settled. Of course, dinner was as nothing to me. I went instead and asked God to help me through, and when I got back I got along finely and passed satisfactorily. I feel closer to God since this experience than ever. I have a certain closeness of feeling that I never had before, and I want to converse more with Him every day and walk more steadily.

All the remainder of my life is God's, to do with as will best edify His name. In connection with my Bible study I am pegging away at Spanish and believe that in six months I will be able to talk it to a reasonable extent.

There can be no divided house; one must either swim or drown. But how easy it is to get along if a person only puts his faith in God's power!

The other evening I paid a visit to one of the Salvation Army's meetings, and the captain, recognizing me, asked me to say a word, which I did, speaking especially on the drink question. After this they sang "Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling," and it sounded as sweet to me as anything I have ever heard, whereas I used to be afraid to mention God's name I now speak it with joy.

I am thankful for God's mercy toward me, and each time I hear of some dreadful thing some man has done I always think had I kept on in my old life it might have been me.

CONVERTED WHILE DRUNK.

M. W. DE LHORBE.

A few weeks ago I was on a farm near Benton Harbor, Mich. Among those working on the place were three young men who were very wicked. Several of us desired very much to help them and often met together to pray for them. One day one of them got into a quarrel with his companions and went to

town and got miserably drunk. When he returned in the evening we invited them into the house while we sang some songs. He, being a good singer, joined in, though his tongue was so thick from the effects of drink that some of his words were unintelligible. While singing "Seeking the Lost," he seemed troubled, his eyes filling with tears. After singing "Wonderful Peace" we went out.

After seeking the Lord for strength, I went to the barn and found him lying on the hay. I asked him if he would not like to have that peace which we had been singing about. He said "Yes." Then he told me he was sick and tired of the life he had been living. I told him the story of Jesus' love and repeated some precious promises, then persuaded him to kneel in prayer with us. Another brother and I prayed earnestly for him, and then asked him to pray. He said, "I can't," and sobbed bitterly for a long time. Then he said, "Oh, what a load of guilt is resting upon me." We told him what the Lord could do for him, if he was willing. He said, "I will pray." These were his words: "Oh, God forgive me; I am a great sinner: I am sorry for the life I have lived, take this load of guilt from me." Then he arose with his face full of light and joy and exclaimed: "Boys, it is all gone. I am so happy," and now he is truly a new man in Christ Jesus, and is telling others about it, trying to help his associates.

CONVERTED IN PRISON.

A prisoner in the Indiana State Prison writes:

"Prison life has made a man of me. The way I was carrying myself before I came to prison I would have been lost forever. I have some one now to lean upon. I am working for One I know will pay me—that is God Himself. The road I traveled I would not try to travel any more for my weight in gold. I have just come to see where I would end by following that road, for I have been a pretty wild boy once in my life, but will never be that way again. I read my Bible, and every time I read it I find something new. The things I once used to love, I hate. When a person finally turns from darkness to light he finds wonders; he finds a Friend indeed."

THE FLORENCE CRITTENTON
MISSIONS.—II.

W. S. SADLER.

Early in his evangelistic work Mr. Crittenton found the twenty-second verse of Isaiah 42, which reads: "This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore." This scripture impressed the evangelist as graphically describing the condition of thousands of unfortunate women in their prison houses of sin and shame.

There were soon associated with Mr. Crittenton reliable workers who assisted in organizing the great chain of Rescue Homes now comprising the National Florence Crittenton Mission, with headquarters at 218 Third street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The National Association has a charter from Congress, while their more than sixty Rescue Homes throughout this and other countries are organized under the laws of their respective States.

Mr. Crittenton does considerable traveling, holding evangelistic meetings at various places throughout the country. Having abandoned his palatial home on Fifth avenue, in New York, he may now be said to almost live in his private car, called Good News, a picture of which we present on the inside of the front cover. This car is carried by the railroads free of charge as a token of their respect for the rescue work.

Crittenton Rescue Homes are scattered throughout the United States, and homes are also in operation in Mexico, France, Japan, China, etc. In connection with the work at Washington is also maintained the Training School for Rescue Workers. Mr. Crittenton is assisted in his large mission work by a staff of faithful co-workers. Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett is general superintendent of the Crittenton Missions; Emma L. Robertson, secretary, and Franklin B. Waterman, treasurer.

During a recent visit to the capital city we had a very pleasant and profitable interview with Mrs. Barrett, the national superintendent. Having been invited to visit Mrs. Barrett in her own home in quaint old Alexandria, we were not a little desirous of finding out how

this well-known rescue worker came to be interested in this particular phase of Christian work, so in the course of our interview we asked Mrs. Barrett this question: "How did you come to be engaged in this rescue work?" This was her answer: "My husband was a minister, and shortly after our marriage was in charge of a little mission church. One cold night in December a young girl, a mother with her babe, came to my door and asked to stay over night. Of course, I was not a little curious to know how this girl came to be alone among strangers, especially with a little one in her arms; but my husband would ask no questions, as the sight of the young mother and helpless infant, without shelter on a cold winter night, was sufficient to appeal to him. So we took the mother and little one into our home. We asked her no questions, but after we had ministered to her she opened her heart and told us her sad story. This experience awakened a desire in my soul to help these unfortunate ones, and subsequently, when there came to me a new religious experience and I really got hold of the fundamentals of Christianity, the wish to labor for these unfortunate and neglected ones was quickened; and so, on coming in contact with Mr. Crittenton and his Mission, it was but to gratify my long cherished hope that I connected with this work and have since devoted my energies to it."

As I sat taking notes and listening to this story of the making of a rescue worker, I thought how simple it really was—nothing remarkable or unusual; after all, no experience but such as any young minister's wife might have: taking in a homeless girl with a babe in her arms on a cold December night; putting motherly arms around her neck, listening to her story, giving her a sister's sympathy; just being a Christian—that was all it appeared to be—and then I thought, and have been thinking ever since, how many grand and noble workers for the Master might be on the stage of action to-day had they only been willing to give themselves just a little training now and then by way of doing some little kind and Christian act to the homeless outcast and unfortunate.

Dear reader, suppose you go into training this very day for future usefulness in the Master's vineyard. Why not open *your* door

and heart to the distressed and despairing? Why not do a little to lighten the burden of some discouraged and unfortunate soul while the days are going by, and thus foster and train the soul-winning faculties of your being for future usefulness in the Master's cause?

Mrs. Barrett seemed especially exercised in behalf of the young woman who finds herself in a large city, a stranger, without friends and nowhere to go. She said: "I have often stood on the street corner in a great city, perhaps in a new place, and tried to imagine that I was friendless. Where could I go? Ninety per cent of the people I might appeal to are sure to say, 'I can't help you.' Perhaps some would say, 'I am sorry for you.' The other ten per cent would advise me to go to the Associated Charities, and this is about the answer I would get in all the respectable sections of the city. But, as the shades of night are drawn, let me wend my way toward the slums, and here the first door will swing wide open. I will be invited in, given something to eat, every effort will be made to make me feel at home. Then is it any wonder that many a girl, discouraged, friendless, without money, drifts away from the closed door of respectability into the open door of sin and shame?"

In the course of our interview Mrs. Barrett related an experience which recently came under her observation, which serves to show how energetic and enterprising the leaders of vice are in contrast to those engaged in Christian work and rescue efforts. A short time ago a young man obtained a position in the Government service, and when the official bulletin of that department was published (at regular intervals the Government issues a bulletin giving the names and addresses of the recent appointments, and it would seem that the proprietors of some of the wicked resorts secure these bulletins) in a few days the young man received the following note, with the name of the madam of one of the well-known haunts attached to it: "Dear Friend: Having, no doubt, recently left a pleasant home, in accepting your position in this city you no doubt find yourself rather lonesome. We take pleasure in inviting you to pay us a visit, and assure you that every effort will be made for your pleasure and entertainment. We hope we may be favored by an early call,

and assure you that our place is open to you and your friends at all times." On the other hand, this young man never received any personal invitation from Christian people to visit their homes, nor did any religious organization manifest any personal interest in him whatever. Surely, we thought, as we listened to this story, the children of the wicked one are more active in their generation than the children of grace; or, as Mrs. Barrett put it, "Why don't Christian people make themselves as get-at-able as these wicked people do?"

It is the plan to keep girls who are received into these Homes six months, and an effort is made to give them some useful training in housekeeping or something of that kind, and then find positions for them, as a rule, where they can keep their little ones. In this way the work is carried on much the same as our rescue work here in Chicago.

The Training School for Rescue Workers in Washington is devoted to training matrons for the Rescue Homes, nurses, and also conducts a commercial course and one in English. The superintendent, Miss F. May Gordon, very cheerfully explained its workings and told us of their efforts to train both the girls who are received into the Homes and the lady students.

But, after all, we are impressed that the great rescue work of the world must be done not in homes or by institutions, but rather as in the first experience related by Mrs. Barrett. Ministers' wives, Christian mothers, here and there throughout the country, should take a keen and active interest in the welfare not only of their own daughters, but those of their neighbors. Keep them out of the great cities. Warn them of the pitfalls. Do preventive rescue work; train them in usefulness, educate them to do housework, and in other substantial duties teach them to be independent; urge them to be modest and discreet; and, when a poor soul is found to drift, shun her not; obey not the dictates of an unjust society which bids you ostracize an erring soul, but rather obey the Golden Rule and follow the example of our Lord and Master, who said to one such erring but repentant soul: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."



HEALTH



GOSPEL OF HEALTH FIELD WORK.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Of the thousands who are eagerly longing for peace of mind and freedom from physical pain, many endeavor to secure it by spending their money "for that which is not bread," or try to satisfy their thirst from empty cisterns. When the simple principles underlying genuine health culture are explained, they eagerly grasp them.

The writer has had the privilege of spending considerable time this summer in Gospel of health field work.

July 14 we gave a stereopticon lecture to the naval cadets at the military school at Culver, Ind., on "How to Live Twice as Well and Twice as Long." We found the officials of this school as well as the students intensely interested, and we believe the seed sown fell in good soil.

July 25, 26 and 27

we spent at the Pontiac (Ill.) Chautauqua. There were a thousand to fifteen hundred present at each health study. The first subject was "The Miracle of Digestion." As the simple but fascinating truths that have recently been unfolded by Fletcher, Pawlow, Cannon and Crittenton were explained to the people they listened with most marked attention. At the close of the study Dr. Parks, professor of theology at Gammon University, Georgia, who conducted the Bible hour, said: "This is a fresh revelation of truth."

The next lesson was on "Some Common Foes of Modern Life." The cigarette curse, the liquor evil, and the patent medicine delusion were in turn considered. The vapor

from Peruna was burned in full view of the audience, and the liquor in an ounce of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters lit up the Welsbach gas burner to a bright glow for five minutes. The audience saw as never before the great danger in this disguised intemperance.

The last lesson was a study of the modern crusade against tuberculosis. When the people were informed that they possessed in their own hands and their own door yards the means whereby the majority of early cases of tuberculosis could be cured, they received this



Scene on the Pontiac Chautauqua Grounds.

truth with most appreciative enthusiasm. One prominent lady said, "We have buried our dear ones from our sight and felt that there was nothing that we could do as soon as we learned that the case was tubercular." As the almost miraculous results of living out of doors day and night, aided by nutritious foods and simple treatments, were explained, new hope and courage came into their hearts. What a pleasure it was to impart such helpful, life-saving truths to these dear people.

The Madison (Wis.) Summer Assembly is held on the banks of beautiful Monona Lake. Miss Lenna Cooper conducted the hygienic cooking school in the forenoon. The interest in this subject was gratifying. Even the first hour the hall was taxed beyond its seating ca-

pacify. In the afternoon we talked to a large and very appreciative audience on "Common Food Adulterations." Five cents' worth of red candy, bought in the open market, when boiled in a little water, contained enough aniline dye to color a pair of baby's white stockings a brilliant red. A bottle of "pure" tomato catsup contained almost as much aniline dye; it was found that the brilliant hue of a can of highly colored green cherries was not made out in the sunshine, but in the drug store instead. Many other examples of food adulteration were shown, and when it was explained to the people that there are \$1,075,000,000 worth of adulterated foods sold in this country annually, it began to dawn on them that we are living in a commercial age when men do not hesitate to poison each other for dollars.

At the end of each hour's talk a large proportion of the audience insisted on remaining for more truth, and so another hour was spent in answering questions.

In the next number we will give some items of interest culled from the Bay View (Mich.) and Rockford and Lincoln (Ill.) Chautauquas.

A COFFEE DRINKING NATION.

According to the recent editorial in the *Chicago Tribune* the eminent Professor Virchow attributes the leanness, nervousness and sallow skin which he found characteristic of Americans, to the excessive use of coffee.

Americans consumed about one-half of all the coffee sold in the world last year. There was consumed for every man, woman and child in this country nearly fourteen pounds last year, and medical authorities pretty well agree that the constant use of coffee tends to cause indigestion and nervousness.

A NEW USE FOR WOOD ALCOHOL.

Wood alcohol used to be a vile smelling, nauseating, greenish liquid which could only be used for commercial purposes, but now a way has been discovered of deodorizing it so that it is used very extensively in patent medicines and to take the place of alcohol in whiskey.

Dr. Warren, the pure food commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania, gathered a thousand samples of whiskey from different parts of the State and found that 95 per cent con-

tained wood alcohol in poisonous quantities with red or India pepper to give it the desired "snap."

A few months ago in New York City between twenty and thirty persons lost their lives from drinking whiskey which contained wood alcohol. Having no government tax upon it, it cost only fifty cents per gallon, so we may expect a multitude of deaths from its use in the near future; it will, however, only serve to emphasize the fact that even ordinary alcohol is a poison, though it may not destroy life quite so quickly.

COMMON DEFORMITIES AND HOW TO CORRECT THEM.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

We have only to take a casual look at the members of our own families or those of our neighbors to discover that the majority of them, either young or old, have some deformity. In most cases we find a curvature of the spine, either lateral or posterior, or a flat chest, prolapsed abdominal organs, one hip more prominent than the other, or one shoulder higher than the other.

These deformities in nearly all cases are acquired, and can as a rule be corrected. Often there is some cause producing these conditions which if removed is all that is necessary to remedy the deformity.

Among children the most common forms of deformity are lateral or posterior curvature of the spine. The lateral curvature is often the form which alarms the parent most, but it does not interfere with health so seriously as a posterior curvature. The lateral curvature is observed by noting one shoulder higher than the other, or one hip more prominent. This may be caused by general bodily weakness or bad positions in standing or sitting. The child may be observed standing on one foot or sitting more on one hip than on the other. It is especially important that such a child should have a chair to sit in suited to his height so that his feet can be placed firmly on the floor.

The posterior curvature produces a flat chest. This position often passes by unnoticed when it should be corrected early. It encourages the development of tuberculosis and tends to produce a prolapsed condition of

stomach, liver, and other organs, thus laying the foundation for dyspepsia, neurasthenia, etc.

Such cases should sleep regularly without any pillow; their chairs should be such as not to favor the curvature. Most chairs are made so that they do not afford a proper support for the small of the back. This position throws the shoulders forward. Such chairs should be "reformed" by hanging a bolster or pad on the back of the chair so that it will fit in the curve at the small of the back of the one using the chair.

Especially is it important to remedy in this way rocking chairs in order that a person may relax while sitting and at the same time maintain a correct position.

Correct positions should be maintained in daily labor, as washing, ironing, or sweeping. Frequently the ironing board is too low, so that one is compelled to bend over to reach it. The table, washtub, etc., should be at the proper height for the person using them and then all bending should be done at the hips instead of in the middle of the back.

Prolapsed organs are dependent not only upon incorrect positions but also upon wrong apparel. Tight clothing or tight bands of any kind about the waist are sure to crowd the organs out of their normal position. All the clothing should be equally supported from the shoulders.

The Chinese deform their feet, and we call their custom barbarous, yet we ourselves have customs more cruel in their results than are those of the Chinese feet lacing. We sleep on high pillows, wear clothing which squeezes the vital organs out of position, use chairs which compel us to sit crooked, and have many other harmful practices which we can not mention.

Such deformities as posterior curvature of the spine, and prolapsed viscera, have a vital bearing upon our condition of health. Is it not important then that we avoid them or correct them?

MODERATE DRINKING AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The following quotation from the *Chicago Tribune* represents the view of the modern employer concerning moderate drinking:

"Saloons and business are incompatible. The man who goes into a saloon every day

or two or three times a week, takes his drink, and then tries to do business, is a plain fool. The business employer is getting to be as particular in his questions as a doctor; he does not want drinking men.

"Employers do not want men who can take their drink and leave it alone; they know that a man who takes his drink does *not* leave it alone, and they do not want that kind of a man around the place. The time is coming when a man who is known to drink liquor at all can not get a job. These are pretty hard facts, but they are indisputably true."

A CLINIC AT HALSTED STREET DISPENSARY.

DOROTHY A. HARBAUGH,
American Medical Missionary College.

Six weeks of each of the first three years in the A. M. M. C. are allotted to the study of anatomy and to dissection. These six weeks are spent in Chicago. Clinics are arranged for us one day in each week at the Halsted Dispensary, where there are facilities in the rear rooms for giving the various physiological treatments.

On this particular day the first case was a man of perhaps 50 years, who could only walk with great difficulty. The patient was so carefully questioned by the physician in charge, and so many facts were obtained, that a pretty good understanding of the case was gotten by all during this first meeting.

At the close the patient was given a prescription—not one to be filled at the nearest drug store, for this man's trouble was beyond the reach of drugs. He said he used tobacco and liquor, and was told the harmful effects of these poisons, especially for a man in his condition, and was strongly advised to give them up. He was instructed as to the benefit to be derived from plenty of fresh air in the home, particularly in the sleeping room, suitable exercise, cold morning baths, followed by vigorous friction and proper food.

The man was told that although his case was very desperate, yet if he would cooperate with nature much might be done to prevent his condition getting worse, and perhaps result in great improvement.

The physician knew that a man who had used tobacco and liquor all his life could never turn squarely about and live a radical-

ly different life without strength and help from a higher source. So he asked the privilege of praying for him, and while every student's head was bowed an earnest petition was sent up to God to help this poor man, so enslaved by bad habits, to put them aside so that he might have strength and health sufficient to care for those dependent upon him, and that he might at last have eternal life bestowed upon him.

The patient's heart was deeply touched and he said he would do all in his power to change his condition. He was invited to come back and see the physician at any time.

This is but one of many interesting cases, and they all need to have their souls treated as well as their bodies. I am glad to be connected with a medical school whose teachers believe in the efficacy of prayer.

DIET AND DRUNKENNESS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A man had stood up in a prominent Chicago mission thirty-three times and asked prayers for deliverance from the liquor habit, but just as many times he went back to drink. He was finally brought into our dispensary with his limbs dreadfully swollen, and in a pitiful condition otherwise. We took him into our wards and after a few weeks of good, vigorous treatment he became practically a well man. We warned him that if he went out and ate the ordinary restaurant fare he would go back to drink again. He said he had learned his lesson so well that he would never drink again, but he evidently saw no special relation between the food that he ate and his thirst for liquor.

For a few days he ate the simple, nutritious non-stimulating and non-irritating food at our Workingmen's Home; then he was invited out to take a "square meal" with some of his friends on the North Side. He ate pork chops, mustard and pepper and other fiery things, and rose from that table with an impulse for liquor which was absolutely uncontrollable, and went direct to a saloon. Then it was another ten days' drunken spree with part of the time spent in the gutter.

Then someone again brought him into our dispensary. His limbs had swollen until the skin had burst; his abdomen was dropsical to a frightful degree. We did not expect him to

live for forty-eight hours, but God blessed our treatments and in a few weeks he was again practically restored. He then said in substance: "I now know what you told me to be true. While I ate the food at the Workingmen's Home I had not a particle of thirst for liquor, but as soon as I ate that stuff on the North Side the demon was aroused; I now know why I fell so many times before."

Shortly after, the vice-president of a leading insurance company told me that he wanted to employ this man, as he was very competent when sober, and asked for our opinion as to the likelihood of his leaving drink alone. We assured the official that this man's desire for liquor was created at the dinner table, that the cook was more responsible for it than the saloon keeper, and that as long as he subsisted on a simple, natural and non-flesh dietary, free from spices and condiments of all kinds, prepared in a wholesome way, just so long he would have no desire for a saloon.

"Well," he said, good naturedly, "I am going to have it put in the contract that he is to eat as you direct him to." For eighteen months this gentleman did his work successfully and was the happiest man in Chicago.

One day he had a slight attack of indigestion, evidently due to some indiscretion, and came to see us for medical advice, but not finding us he went to a corner drug store and asked for something to settle his stomach. The drug that was given him contained alcohol, and scarcely had it reached the bottom of his stomach when the demon that had slumbered so long was aroused and he made his way to the nearest saloon and was speedily a wreck.

We cite this case in spite of its pathetic ending, as it illustrates very clearly how a man can eat for drunkenness and not for strength. We could mention scores of other cases we have met who are to-day living sober lives, but never knew what it was to be delivered from the terrible thirst for liquor until they learned to eat for strength instead of for drunkenness. (Eccl. 10:17.) When the Bible says: "The curse causeless shall not come" (Prov. 26:2) it means it.

You who read this may say: "Is not this limiting the power of God? Ought not a drunkard to be saved by prayer alone?" The

same Bible that tells us to pray for the drunkard says also, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." Prov. 28:9. It also says: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A man can not sow for drunkenness at meal time and then expect to reap sobriety between meals.

The Lord must have given the prophet Isaiah a glimpse of a modern bill of fare when he declared that "all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean." It is no mere coincidence that the people who partake of these tables are described as erring through wine and strong drink, are out of the way. "They err in vision, they stumble in judgment." Isa. 28:7, 8.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Dr. Krauskoph, of the public schools of Chicago, has prepared statistics which show that one-third of the city's school children are suffering with some form of nervous disorder. He attributes it to the following causes: Strenuous city life, impure city atmosphere, living in flats, and no relief from noise day or night, lack of proper nutrition, and permitting of late hours by the parents.

The New York *Medical Record*, in commenting upon this, calls particular attention to the fact that in many homes the best and most nourishing foods are either not admitted to the bill of fare or are improperly cooked. We have a condition which will produce a nation of nervous dyspeptics.

PERFECT TRUST.

THOMAS D. SANFORD,
Sanitarium, California.

For more than a week the doctor and nurses had struggled to save the patient, but in vain. It was evident to the writer, who was then on night duty, that life would soon be extinct, for at this stage he could not speak, and for hours had breathed laboriously with increased difficulty.

Being a missionary nurse, whose principal business it is to save souls, I dared not allow this brother to be ushered into eternity without knowing that all was well. Bending over the semi-conscious form and taking him by the hand, I spoke softly in his ear:

"Aren't you tired of the struggle?" "Yes,"

was indicated by a nod. "And are you ready to go?" "Yes," by another nod of the head. "You love Jesus?" "Yes, yes," very emphatically. "Your sins are all blotted out?" "Yes," still more emphatically. "Jesus says that those who believe on Him shall be saved." "Yes," and the face brightened. "We shall meet again," I said, pressing his hand more closely. There was a smile in the affirmation. "And there will be no more pain or sorrow there," I encouraged. "Good-bye," I ended. He nodded slightly and that was the last.

As I placed the hands on the breast and straightened the lifeless form it was not with such feelings of deep sorrow or fear as are experienced sometimes by one alone in the night in the presence of the dead, but rather that here a mighty battle had been won, a soul was prepared to meet its God and would come up at the first resurrection to shine in His kingdom for ever and ever. And what a privilege it was to hold the hand of this child of God while he passed into the valley of the shadow of death!

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.

Dr. N. S. Davis, who was known as the "Father of the American Medical Association," and one of the foremost physicians of modern times, did not use alcohol in his medical practice. In the large Mercy Hospital, Chicago, of which he was one of the founders, no alcohol was used in its medical wards. There the death rate for typhoid fever was only 5 per cent, while in other large hospitals which did use it the death rate was from 18 to 25 per cent.

Always keep yourself in a receptive state of mind, for you never know when God's Spirit is trying to impart to you some great truth. Physiologists have found out that just as one is awakening from sleep in the morning is an especially favorable time for the mind to catch a great truth. The prophet speaks of this: "He wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." Isa. 50:4.

Try it yourself and you will find that your first waking moments are a particularly good time to secure some helpful thought that may influence your entire day's work.

Rescue Service

A GROUP OF LITTLE TOTS IN THE SUBURBAN HOME.

FANNIE EMMEL.

These little babies represent the babyhood at present at the Suburban Home. We are glad to be able to say that already some of them have proved to be missionaries; one has brought into one of the most stony hearts a real softening influence and has done more to develop its best self than anything that we could have done.

is now some months since that time and this child is now the healthiest one among them, and her bright, laughing eyes tell of the change which has taken place in her little life, and health for sickness. The father, repentant, has come back to be a father and husband again.

Others have mothers who are working hard to support themselves honorably, but their delight to come home to see them on every opportune occasion proves to us the interest and



Cecil.

Olga.

Arthur.

Helen.

Beatrice.

One was brought to us that its little life might be saved, for without the necessities of life or proper care it was fast going down. Through it reconciliation has been brought about. A mother and babes deserted by a drunken husband and father thus left to get along the best way they could, were brought to our notice. On visiting them we found her discouraged and distressed, seeking to work every day to earn an honest living and struggle through as best she could to put food into two little mouths and clothes on their little bodies. "If you can just take my little babe and help me to get her well and strong I will do all I can," pleaded the mother. It

love these unfortunate mothers possess for their little ones.

Though it has meant anxiety and care on the part of those who have had the care of these little lives, do you think we are sorry for what we have done for them? No, we trust to the great Father of all, who says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," to provide money and means to make it possible for us to do this God-given work. "Pure religion and undefiled before God is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1:27.

THE MICHIGAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

MRS. W. H. M'KEE,
Byron Center, Mich.

It has been some time since I reported the progress of our work, but there are many wonderful things happening all the time. To the praise of Him whose power is great, and who answers the prayer of faith, it must be said that after two and one-half years' work the Home stands before the world an assured success, acknowledged to be such by the daily papers of our city. It has been a history of struggle and perplexity, with many a tearful wrestling with God for triumph over the plans of the enemy to defeat, but our God is mighty and "faith overcometh the world."

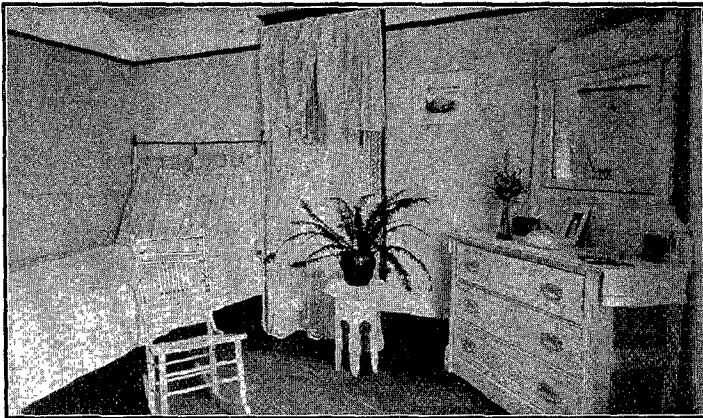
Some months ago eight young ladies desired to help the Home by furnishing a room. So by self-denial and patient work they raised enough money to purchase a second-hand set

ing the hospitals in her city, and found a sweet-faced girl weeping bitterly. On inquiry it came out that she had been in a wretched place for some weeks and felt there was nothing left for her to do when ready to leave the hospital but to go back "to that hell hole." The friend told her of our home, whose doors were open to her if she would come. She replied, "If there is any honest place open to me I will only too gladly go." In a few days the young ladies who had furnished the room were told of this girl who so needed their sympathy and friendship, and it was arranged that she was to have this room for a refuge from the enemy of her soul and body. It is a source of great rejoicing to say that Jesus has gloriously saved this dear girl, and she is happy to-day in knowing that she is a child of God. Her face is bright with hope and peace, and we rejoice with her.

We have long been praying for some one to give us a good cow that would supply us with milk for our large family, and on a recent trip to Grand Rapids, Mich., while telling of our need a dear girl of fifteen rose in the audience and offered her pet cow "for Jesus." It seems that the cow had been hers since it was a calf, so it was something of a



Mrs. W. H. McKee.



This Room Was Furnished by Eight Young Ladies.

of furniture, then had it daintily enameled white and put with it such furnishings as made a sweet and attractive room at small cost.

One day a dear Christian woman was visit-

sacrifice to part with it, but the little missionary was in earnest and the cow will soon be in our barn. It was a noble gift, and God will bless the giver.

In connection with this incident I will tell

about how the Lord showed His favor. The barn caught fire. The little mistress bravely helped her father get the animals out in time to save them, but the wind was blowing the flames directly toward the house, so they fell on their knees and asked God to spare their home. When they got up the wind had changed and was blowing from the opposite direction and the house was saved. They all praise the Lord and say that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28.

Our forty-acre farm never looked, the neighbors say, so well as it does to-day. Faithful labor has made great changes and soon it will "blossom as the rose," and be as a "garden of the Lord." Every one who visits the Home remarks about the good spirit that pervades the place; even children notice it. One little boy said, "I like to stay here; nobody scolds and everybody is happy." Our social meetings on Sabbath afternoons in the school-rooms are a delight.

The dear girls love to tell how they see things in a different light now, and how desirable a pure, true life seems to them and many sincere tears are shed and fervent prayers offered which reach the throne above. The grounds are beautiful with flowers and vines, the work of Miss Henry, our faithful governess and house matron this summer, and the girls have also made a fine garden, which



Maude Henry.

has been greatly admired and has supplied our table. The girls have greatly enjoyed the practical botany and out-of-door work under Miss Henry's direction.

Miss Counselman, as she has labored unselfishly ministering to the suffering body, has

met many beautiful evidences of the melting of hard hearts, for the nurse has grand opportunities to work for God.

A friend, desirous that our work should be more widely known, planned for a booklet with illustrations of our Home. I went with him to see about its publication, calling on

the different firms who would do the engraving, photographing, printing, etc., and found all so interested that the entire cost of \$5,000 was donated to the Home. We praised the Lord for such a gift.

Bessie Canivan, Mrs. Richmond's daughter, has been connected with our Home for some few months, and, while taking one of our babes to its adopted mother, met many interested people, who invited her to return



Jessie Counselman.

north and tell the people about the work. She did so and found them greatly interested and thankful for the plain truths spoken to arouse the people to see that the times we live in are, as the Lord said, as the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The reasons for the necessity for such a work, when we present them to the people, are a powerful witness to the times in which we live. Mrs. Richmond is away soliciting in different parts of the State most of the time and has many wonderful experiences in meeting the people as she tells them of this work and the condition of the world, that show we need to arouse and do all we can to encourage the weak and help the fallen rise.

We have had twelve girls and four babes at one time, the largest family at one time since the work started. Many are tired of sin and glad to find that there is a way of escape. Surely it is a blessed work, to "loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free," to break every yoke of sin and tell souls of Him who is mighty to save and will "save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." Heb. 7:25.

THE CIGARETTE CURSE.

Are you interested in this subject? If you are, send thirty cents to H. F. Phelps, 118 West Minnehaha boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn., and he will send you his wide-awake little journal, "Save the Boys," for a whole year.

IT IS TIME TO AWAKE.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I recently gave a talk to the Kalamazoo W. C. T. U. The ladies were very interested. Sometimes I am amazed at what I see and the experiences I have everywhere. Our work is getting along finely and I am to go to Belding soon and talk to the girls who work in the silk mills.



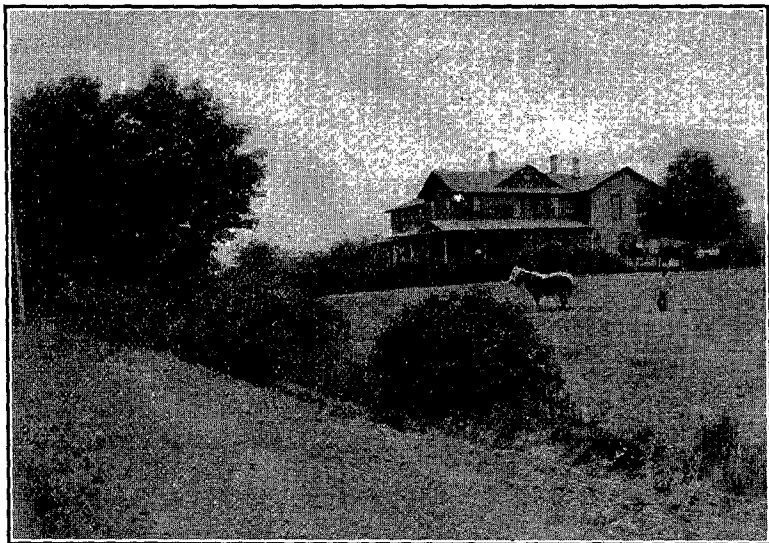
Mrs. N. H. Richmond.

To those who are interested in the saving of souls, let me say, go to work, sell or distribute THE LIFE BOAT everywhere, and you will soon find there is plenty of room for earnest, consecrated workers, for there is no other paper I know of that arouses in the hearts of so many a desire to do right as THE LIFE BOAT does.

ing judgment; may the dear Lord help us all to do with our might what our hands find to do.

Our home for girls is prospering and God is giving us souls for our hire. As I go from place to place and meet and talk with all kinds of people, especially those interested in humanity, and come in contact with all grades of society, they all ask the same question: What is the world coming to if things keep on as they are, with girls and boys running the streets every night or frequenting questionable places? They are wondering what will be the end of it all. It means that the words of our dear Saviour are coming true, that as it was in the days of Sodom, so shall it be in the days when the Son of man is revealed. (Luke 17:30.) Licentiousness is on every hand, and no one's children are safe.

Dear readers, do you see in all this a sign of the end, or are you among those whose minds Satan has blinded? "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest



Michigan Home for Girls, showing grounds.

God holds all responsible if they do not do something. And a cry is going up from so many thousands of broken hearted ones. We must all meet the record in the fast com-

ing light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." 2 Cor., 4:3, 4. No wonder the Prophet said, "Cry aloud, spare not." Isa.

58:1. Yet we hear very little crying aloud, over the very sins that are carrying the world down to perdition.

GOSPEL WORK IN BOSTON.

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY.

I visited Sherborne Woman's Prison last week. Almost anybody would be glad that they were not obliged to look at those hardened faces day by day. I hope I shall not often see faces like some of those, yet I thought by the appearance of others that they might be reached by a gospel influence.

The prison is kept in spotless order and the women are kept busy at their different occupations. All arrangements are perfect for health and order; physicians are living there, and there is a fine dispensary. *THE LIFE BOAT* would do good there, and I hope the time will come when it will be placed before the women.

The saddest sight of all was the little children that were allowed to remain with their wicked mothers. One little tot only about two years old, born in the prison and living with her criminal mother, was particularly interesting. She had been taught to throw kisses, and as she toddled toward me and threw her tiny hand in kisses she seemed innocent and happy like any other little tot with its mother, but the prison pallor was on her dear little face, which was really pretty, and it touched my heart deeply. I could not bear to think that this poor child would always have to bear the disgrace of having been born in a prison and reared there.

Of late we have rescued quite a few. Two of our workers, while selling *LIFE BOATS*, found a young man on the public common. He was a drunkard, gambler and thief, one of the worst characters. He was helped spiritually and otherwise by Christian friends. The other day he appeared in a new suit of clothes, which he had earned, and he said he felt better, having earned his living by the sweat of his brow.

Last week Sisters Mooney and Diamond and myself labored with a couple they had met on the common. I found in a few moments that the man had come from a good family in Bermuda and had had a good mother. Intuitively I knew this, and I worked on that basis. In a little while the tears came into

his eyes, and, looking at me sadly enough, while his voice was broken, he said: "Don't look at me like that; you look like my mother! She died when I was young. Don't, please!" Then I knew that I had at last reached his heart and appealed to all that could possibly remain of loyalty in him, in the name of his mother, in the name of Jesus who died for him, to try to be true to himself. He did really talk as if he would be glad if we could get "Big Mary," his companion, into the Home. I got him to the Mission, asking God to take care of the results. I felt I could do no more and trusted Him to do the rest.

The result was that at 6 a. m. this man took "Big Mary" to the Home and from there went to work. I appeared later at the Home, where dear Mother Pringle is matron, and found that she had prayed with the man, giving him breakfast and car fare to where he was going. We prayed with Mary and had an interesting experience; the woman has a generous nature which, if converted, will make her a noble character. Poor woman, she realizes she is a sinner. That is the first step. She desires to be better. She feels sorry she is a sinner. Mother Pringle and I knelt and claimed her soul for God, and Mary wept and prayed after the mother, using her words. Will you pray for this woman? If saved she will be like that woman *THE LIFE BOAT* speaks of, who went back to the old life so often, yet at last was saved gloriously. She will be like that noted Nellie Conroy, saved from New York's depths of sin, and who died in the faith.

Superintendent E. L. Vaughn, of the Atlanta (Ga.) Prison, writes that the prisoners appreciated *THE LIFE BOATS* that they have received.

Why should we doubt God's faithfulness when we are unfaithful and weak? If you were walking over Brooklyn Bridge, and suddenly felt faint and dizzy, you would not for a moment think the bridge was going to give way. Your weakness would not annul the strength of the bridge. So our human weakness does not make void the divine strength.

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

THE FOUR GREAT BEASTS. No. 2.

(Daniel's Vision.)

10. It is during the career of the fourth beast, and following the exceptional activities of its "little horn," that Daniel discovers the judgment in heaven has opened.

I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.—Dan. 7:9, 10.
(See also verses 11, 12, 26.)

11. This little horn, representing this religio-political power, which established its supremacy in A. D. 538, and its headquarters in Italy, was to continue its supremacy for three and a half times, or 1260 years.

And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time.—Dan. 7:25.

COMPUTATION.

If a day is a year in prophecy (Num. 14:34), and there were 360 days in the Jewish year, then one year would equal 360 days, or 360 years; and since it is evident that a "time" is synonymous with "year," three times and a half would represent three and a half years, which would be the equivalent of 1260 days or years. That we are right in concluding that a "time" is a year, is suggested in Dan. 4:15 and 16, and further indicated by a reference to this same prophetic period in three other Scripture passages, as follows:

a. Time, times, and a half.

And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.—Rev. 12:14.

(This gives us authority for concluding that

the "dividing of time" of Dan. 7:25, was a half time.)

b. One thousand, two hundred and sixty days.

And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of GOD, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.—Rev. 12:6.

c. Forty-two months.

And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.—Rev. 13:5.

THE PROPHEPIC PERIOD.

If this religio-political power arose in 538 A. D. and was to continue 1260 years, it would last until 1798 A. D. What happened to this Italian power in this year? The following résumé of a bit of French history will tell the story:

In 1797, just one year before the expiration of this prophetic period, Napoleon Bonaparte was ordered by the French Directory to proceed to Rome and terminate the existing government, but instead of doing this, upon his own responsibility he made peace. The following year, 1798, in February, General Berthier entered the capital of Italy, removed the ruler from the throne, and declared the current government at an end, thus fulfilling the terms of this prophecy exactly.

12. Following the end of this great prophetic period, the prophet Daniel asserts that human knowledge will be greatly increased, and mankind shall run to and fro.

But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—Dan. 12:4.

It is interesting to note that in fulfillment of this prophecy, a great era of invention opened in the years immediately following 1798, as the following inventions with their date, will indicate:

1798 Balloon; gas.

- 1800 Cast-iron plow.
 1803 Steel pen.
 1807 Steamboat.
 1811 Steam printing-press.
 1818 Revolver.
 1825 Railroad cars; kerosene first used for lighting.
 1829 Lucifer match.
 1830 Steam fire engine.
 1833 Reaper and mower.
 1837 Telegraph; electrolyte; phonography.
 1839 Photography.
 1846 Electric light; sewing machine.
 1851 Submarine cable.
 1876 Telephone.
 1877 Phonograph.
 1888 Audiphone.

And subsequently the bicycle, automobile, flying machine, and wireless telegraphy.

13. Following the expiration of this prophetic period of 1260 years, in 1798, we have the following events occurring in the order given:

a. Opening of the last judgment in the courts of heaven.

I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set and the books were opened.—Dan. 7:9, 10.

See also Rev. 11:18, 19.

b. Closing of the investigative Judgment, in heaven, when Christ appears before his Father to receive His eternal kingdom.

I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.—Dan. 7:13, 14.

c. The end of the fourth beast, and consequent destruction of earth kingdoms.

I beheld then, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake: I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame. As concerning the rest of the beasts, they had their dominion taken away: yet their lives were prolonged for a season and a time.—Dan. 7:11, 12.

(See also Rev. 19:19, 20.)

d. Upon the destruction of this fourth beast (the divided remnant of the Roman Em-

pire, or the kingdoms of western Europe), the saints of God are to come into possession of the "everlasting kingdom."

But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever. . . . And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve ad obey him.—Dan. 7:18, 27.

e. Thus is effected the establishment of Christ's everlasting reign of righteousness.

I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.—Dan. 7:13, 14.

This is the same Divine kingdom as symbolized by the rock that smote Nebuchadnezzar's image. (See Dan. 2:44, 45; also Matt. 25:34.)

14. So it appears that the second coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven is the real end and objective of Daniel's vision of the four great beasts. See Rev. 19:11-20.

"COMPRESSED EVIL."

J. W. BLACKSTONE.

Monta Vista, Colo.

I wish to proclaim to the world what the good Lord has done for me. I did not believe in a personal God and never had a Bible in my house till four years ago. The good Lord took me out of the mire and clay and gave me standing room on the Solid Rock Jesus Christ. He has cleansed my vile body, for I was a great tobacco fiend. I could not sleep without a chew in my mouth, but thanks to His holy name, it did not take Him long to take all desire for the weed from me; a few words in faith, believing that He would cleanse, was all. Now tobacco is the most disgusting thing that I know of, and if I had the naming of it I would call it "Compressed Evil."

I do thank God that He has put it into the hearts of some of His children to uplift the fallen, both practically and spiritually; for it was not what our Saviour said while here on this earth that is evidence of His power, but it is what He did. That makes Him the King of kings and Lord of lords."

PRISONERS' DEPARTMENT

MY FIRST VISIT TO HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Sunday, June 30, a little band of workers, six in number, assembled in the Mission previous to the Gospel services at the Harrison Street Police Station. After waiting till 9:15 for all who might come, we knelt in prayer while Miss Emmel asked the heavenly Father to accompany us and bless our efforts with those behind the prison bars.



Upon arriving at the jail we made our way down the well-worn stairway, of which I had so often read and heard. What histories those beaten steps might tell us if they could only speak! I could not help but wonder how many troubled souls had descended them, many of whom perhaps had ascended again to the light of day only to be taken to some State prison, some possibly for a life term. Where were they now? Had any of them found rest by believing in the Friend of publicans and sinners, I wondered, or had they become discouraged and hardened because of their experiences and the coldness of the world?

But we were already at the bottom and my attention was directed to the present inmates. There we met a couple of other workers and visitors, and as soon as the little portable organ had been brought in and we had all knelt together on the cold floor to seek God's blessing we went into the first corridor where were the women and girls.

Hymn books were distributed to them, and some, I noticed, joined in the singing. There were three girls in the cell opposite the organ. One rose and stood by the bars; the tears streamed down her face as she listened to the Bible reading and she seemed to literally drink in the words of the speaker. Her

face wore such a troubled, worried expression that one could not help breathing a prayer that the Lord might indeed give her peace.

Another girl, who had been laughing at first and seemed indifferent, had tears in her eyes as she listened, and when the invitation was given for those who desired prayer to raise their hands, she quickly did so. Every hand was raised but one, that of a middle-aged woman in an adjoining cell, who said she wanted none of it, but we trust that even she may remember later some word spoken and realize her need of help, thus making it possible for God to save her.

As we put our hands through the bars and shook hands with some of the girls before leaving, many were unable to speak, and our own hearts were full, as by this contact with them some of us felt perhaps more than ever before the worth of a human soul.

Next we visited the criminals' corridor. The iron-barred gate was closed, but we could see the faces pressed against the bars and also the hands raised for prayer later. In the first cell one big man broke down during the first hymn and sat the remainder of the time with his head buried in his hands, sobbing like a child. A young fellow in the same cell was very attentive as he pressed as close as possible, but he, too, seemed deeply touched as he stepped back after a while out of sight, and we could only see his hand raised for prayer.

Mr. McBride gave a helpful talk, relating his own experience, from which we quote the following:

"One year ago I lived on State street. I was waiting beside the pool (John 5) for the waters to be troubled, but had no friend to take me in. February 26 I was homeless, penniless, without work, with no place to sleep and nothing to eat, and the snow was nearly two feet deep, when a boy sitting in the barrel house said, 'Come, go to the Mission.' I thought it was another saloon and was willing to go. We walked up and opened the door, and when the door swung open I heard the church music sung; it took me back to the

home of my boyhood days, to my mother, and when I used to go to Sunday-school.

"A good Samaritan was there; he placed his hand behind my back and said, 'It is all right,' and it *was* all right. I listened for the first time in years to the Word of God and the first time in my life to the testimonies of men who had been redeemed from the very jaws of death. They had made resolution after resolution, but were unable to get through, but when they came to Jesus Christ and prayed that prayer, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner,' they were saved.

"As I sat in that room that night I reasoned this way: My life was a failure; I was away from loved ones—did not want anyone to know where I was nor anything about me, and if there was anything that could make me a better man I wanted it. I had always wanted to be a better man, but my associates were my downfall. So when the invitation was given that night to raise hands for prayer I did not look to see what my companions were doing, but held up my hand.

"I want to say God has done much for me. He has brought me out of that place I was in. Now I have made friends who are ever ready to take me by the hand and say, 'God bless you.' I want to say this morning, men, that if you are in trouble and your friends all seem to have forsaken you, there is one Friend who will never forsake you, and if you will only come to Him by faith, believing, and pray that humble prayer, God will forgive you your sins."

Mr. Abrams then spoke to the men, and after again singing with them we moved on and held another service in the third corridor.

It was quite late when we went up to the Girls' Annex, but though we had been standing for so long we were by no means too tired to enjoy the last meeting. Ten bright girls welcomed us gladly and gathered around a long table, all finding the hymns and taking part in the singing. Further away to one side, with a blank and weary expression on her face, was a young woman with two little ones. She was a foreigner, evidently stranded in Chicago, and unable to either understand a word of English or even make known her nationality. We tried speak-

ing to her in two or three other languages but in vain; she shook her head at all.

After the reading of Scripture we all had an opportunity of speaking a few words to the girls. With the exception of one or two, who, with their heads on the table, were bitterly crying, all had their eyes fixed on us and seemed very earnest and attentive. Most of them seemed to have come from respectable homes, and we could not help in imagination putting ourselves in their places.

When prayer was offered we were able to do personal work with each of them. One bright young girl, who had been trying to comfort the one next her during the meeting, broke entirely down herself. She believed that God could forgive her sins and she had just learned to trust Him and to pray, but she said she was soon to have her trial and would doubtless be sent to the Geneva Reform School for several months, and as she came from a good family the shame and thought of it seemed more than she could bear.

The hardest work of all the morning came when we tried to leave; there was not a dry eye in the room and all the girls seemed anxious to have another word. As we left the building it was with hearts full of thankfulness to Him who had planted our feet in "pleasant places" and lifted us up upon a Rock, and also with a new longing to win some of these downtrodden souls whom He died to save to a new life and peace in Him.

FROM A LIFE TERM PRISONER.

An inmate of the penitentiary at Columbus, S. C., writes:

"I have read one of your LIFE BOATS and I certainly did enjoy it; will you be so kind as to send me another and your terms for subscription for a year? I want to subscribe for it. I am a prisoner here; I have been here six years and my sentence is for life. I have a wife and three little children.

"I have decided to be a Christian the rest of my life and I feel that THE LIFE BOAT will be a great help to me on that line. I want to do all I can to redeem the past as far as is in my power. I hope I will get a pardon some day; if I do not I hope I can be able to do some good here in the way of leading my fellow prisoners to Christ.

"You can imagine how I feel with a wife

and three sweet little children, and me in prison with the dark sentence of life confronting me; but I am trusting Jesus and I hope He will not forsake me. I desire the prayers of all God's people that may chance to hear of me. If you will comply with the above request you may rest assured that it will be highly appreciated by me."

PERSONAL WORK IN PRISON.

The following is an extract of a letter received from a man in Roann, Ind.:

"I want you to send THE LIFE BOAT to Jeffersonville (Ind.) Reformatory to a friend of mine, and I will send you the money. I was there myself once and I know how it is. While there I ran away and joined the Salvation Army, but God showed me where I was wrong, so I gave myself up and went back, and I had a much happier year than the first. That was because God made me do right. His power was so strong with me that I saw I would have had trouble.

"In the meantime I worked with this boy and did what I could for God. One day I knelt down in a cell on his range with him and asked God to help him to become a better boy. I hope you will send a paper as soon as you can."

PRAYING IN A PRISON CELL.

As you read this letter from a prisoner in the Indiana Reformatory, will you not thank the Lord your mother did not die when you were six years old?

"I try harder every day to do better than I did the day before. I have kneeled down day after day in my cell and asked God to forgive me for what I have done that was wrong and to help me to become a Christian, and I hope that you will pray for me and send me good words of advice as you did in your last letter. When I go to my cell and read your letters over to myself they give me new courage, and it makes me feel glad to know that I have a good friend to help me to do what is right.

"My cellmate got a parole last month and he went home the first of this month. He was a good friend to me and I am sure he will live a Christian life and try to help someone that has made a mistake and done wrong. I am sure if I had known three years ago what

I know to-night I wouldn't be here in prison, but I want to be a Christian and a good citizen of Indiana. I am an orphan; my mother died when I was six years old. My mother was a Christian woman and there was never a truer mother than she, and I hope you will pray for me. Hoping that I will succeed in being a Christian so I can meet my dear mother in heaven, I must close."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PRISON QUESTION.

MRS. FRED NELSON.
Galesburg, Ill.

When you read of a man being sent to prison do you sometimes stop and ask yourself the question, where would you have been to-day with only the same opportunities for spiritual and moral development that perhaps this poor fellow enjoyed? While many are wrong doers in the face of the best opportunities and incentives to do better, let us never forget there is another class that deserves at least our tenderness, sympathy, pity and energetic efforts for their reclamation, as Mrs. Nelson calls attention to in the following article.—Ed.

I hear so many kind remarks about THE LIFE BOAT, about the untiring efforts of its workers for those in trouble, and that they never give a person up. I am of the same mind; I believe as long as there is life there is hope. I think it is a glorious work, this work of rescuing souls; I only wish I had more time for doing good, for of course my home duties must come first. I do find time, however, to write missionary letters to some who are in trouble.

One of the prisoners in the jail here whom I tried to help wrote home to his mother and told about it. She wrote me a beautiful letter of appreciation for the help I had given her son. I have been corresponding with this lady ever since; I have never read such lovely letters as she writes. She has always been a Christian, but of late years has not been able to do any real missionary work on account of losing her husband, and she has had to provide for her children by her own hands.

She told me all about how her son happened to do as he did. She was sick for a long time in a hospital, her children had to be taken care of by friends, and this boy, the oldest, started out for himself and soon fell in with evil companions, and this is the result.

Little we know the future. How charitable we ought to be toward those in trouble! We know not how soon trouble of some kind may strike us even if we do try to do in everything the best we know how. I am sure this woman did everything she could for her son while she had him in her care. His father was also a Christian and expected to go to a foreign country as a missionary, but was called away by the reaper Death.

I am glad I have had the privilege of helping this lady in her sorrow, through her son. He is now back home with her; she writes that her home is like a heaven on earth since he came back. She gives all the praise to God and asked me to praise Him with her. Her boy has changed and is determined to live a good upright life in the future; I know he will. The experience he has had has taught him a lesson.

I think it is a blessed thing that we may capture some that are on the downward road before they have gone too far in sin, and it is just when they are in deep trouble that a kind word from someone may help them to get started on the better way, if people could only see their duty. We are our brother's keepers. I often think if we had the same temptations, the same weaknesses as they, we would very likely have been in the same place. We can thank the Heavenly Father that we have escaped the snares of the devil. Through the grace of God alone we are what we are.

The world is dark, but we are called to brighten it, some little corner, some secluded glen; somewhere a burden rests that we may lighten and thus reflect the Master's love for men. If there is a brother or a sister drifting on life's ocean who might be saved if we but spoke a word, let us speak it *today*. The testing of our devotion is our response when duty's call is heard. Let us be faithful; soon our life is over, our record made; what shall it be? It pays to serve the Lord, to give up the pleasures of the world, which last but for a moment.

One prisoner writes that he is having the happiest days of his life thinking of how he can improve his time when he gets out. Happiness does not come from without, but from within. If Christ is in the heart one can be happy anywhere, even behind prison bars. Pleasures of the world do not bring true

happiness. Wealth does not give happiness; some of the wealthiest are the most miserable. Worldly honors and fame soon pass away. Only living out the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," brings true happiness. It includes the religion of Jesus Christ; we must have Him or we can do nothing good. When will the world learn that heart wealth is the only *real* wealth, that money in itself is contemptible in comparison with noble deeds?

If the roll were called of the truly great, who would dare to answer? Would it not be those who have clean hearts and clean hands, who have taken advantage of no one, but have helped everybody and have retarded no one's progress? Would it not be those whose lives have been a perpetual benediction of cheerfulness, encouragement, helpfulness and inspiration, regardless of whether they have accumulated money or not; or would it be those who have blocked the way for others and used them as stepping stones upon which to climb to their own goal, regardless of their welfare? Would the millionaire, who has ground life and opportunity, hope and ambition out of those who have helped him to make his fortune, dare to answer to this roll call? I believe there would be more responses from the poverty stricken, from those who have borne life's burdens patiently, those who have unselfishly done deeds of kindness, those who have sacrificed all for Christ and humanity. Their deeds will be chanted by the angels.

Never be discouraged though the way may sometimes seem dark. If we could but raise the curtain and see the beauty, the reward, because "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 Cor., 2:9. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth!'"—Isa., 52:7.

THE LIFE BOAT is eagerly sought by the prisoners. A prisoner in the State prison wrote to me the other day that of all the papers he received there was not one of them the prisoners love and wait for as they do the

little LIFE BOAT. He says the one that gets it first, himself or his cellmate, claims the right to read it first. They thank me a thousand times for sending him THE LIFE BOAT. I am glad it ever came to my attention; it has done me so much good. May God bless all who are connected with it. I always feel impressed to send up a petition for all those who make a request for prayers through THE LIFE BOAT.

A NEW LIFE EVEN IN PRISON.

One of our correspondents in the Thomaston, Maine, Prison writes:

"I received your kind and welcome letter and was glad to hear from you. I am happy and I know that a man can be happy if he is behind prison bars if he will trust in God and try to be a man. At first it is hard work to be a Christian, but still one must not get discouraged. I could never tell you in words how much joy it has brought me, and I know if any man, I don't care how bad he is, will ask God to help him, and means it, that God will help him, and from that time he will feel like a new man.

"When I came into this prison I thought I did not have a friend in this world; when my wife had turned from me I did not care what I did or what happened to me. I know that I am not the same man I was, and some day, if I live, I may come to see you, for I have lived in Chicago three years."

BROUGHT JOY TO A SAD HEART.

A prisoner at Atlanta, Ga., writes as follows:

"I take pleasure in answering your kind and welcome letter, which I can assure you I was certainly glad to receive, for it brought joy to this sad heart of mine to find you had not forsaken me. I want you to know I always have had much faith in THE LIFE BOAT people ever since I first read THE LIFE BOAT, while I was in the Texas State Prison. I must add to you it has been a great joy to me to read it and it has done me good; I could not tell you in writing how much good it has done me but I hope I will be able to tell you face to face before very long for I have got but a short time to stay here. I have only eleven months and eight days yet if nothing happens to me.

"Jesus has kept me through all my troubles and trials while I have been in prison; yes, He has kept me while I was bound in the land of darkness.

"I have learned what I think is a good trade—the stone-cutting trade. Now I will ask you to send your good prayers up to the dear Lord for me, for I certainly need them, and please write me a good long letter, for I love to read your good letters; you don't know how much good it does me to read them. I do pray that God will bless you in your good work. I remain your humble prison servant."

HAS MADE A MAN OF HIM.

An inmate of the Indiana Reformatory writes:

"I take the pleasure of dropping you a few lines to let you know I am still holding out faithfully. This is the word I was reading when God spoke peace to my soul: you will find it in Rom. 10:10. I only wish I could hear from you every month. Your papers and your advice are just what have made a man of me. May God bless you and the members of THE LIFE BOAT. If you have anybody that will write to me I will be glad to hear from you all. Please write soon; I thank you ever so much for what you have done for me."

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL WORK.

MR. AND MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

The following extracts are from a letter written to us by a man who served seven years in prison but was paroled a short time ago. He came to Chicago and was led by the Spirit of the Lord to the Life Boat Mission. There he gave his heart to the Lord and we took an interest in him. We invited him to our home to dine with us and pray with us and then the Lord used us as instruments in His hands to get him work; now he has a fine position as a foreman in a machine shop and is trusting in God and is very happy, and we thought a part of this letter if printed in THE LIFE BOAT might do others good.

"My Dear Friends: This is a beautiful evening in South Chicago and as I write you these few lines the beautiful sun is slowly sinking down over the western prairies. Earth and sky are tinted with its beautiful rays, and in its sinking glory it looks as though it were

painted by some invisible hand and hung in the heavens as a guiding light overlooking the millions upon millions of people struggling on through the brief space of time they have here on earth, some going the road to destruction, others struggling night and day to prevent their fellow men from throwing themselves into the stream of dissipation to be carried away by it into eternity. Praise be to God that I was so fortunate as to meet you when I did. It is difficult for me to write the words of gratitude that I would.

"What a wonderful center of life and generous thoughts the Mission is! What a magnificent example it is giving to the world! What a vast amount of good might be done if we only had many more faithful workers like the two friends I met at the Mission."

SOUL WINNERS' BIBLE STUDY

HOW TO KEEP FROM BACKSLIDING.

W. S. SADLER.

1. Live a Life of Prayer.

A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always.—Acts 10:2.

2. Study the Bible Daily.

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether these things were so.—Acts 17:11.

3. Follow the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—Eph. 4:30.

4. Be an Active Missionary.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.—Ecc. 9:10.

5. Keep your Eye on Jesus.

Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.—Heb. 12:2.

6. Obey the Voice of Conscience.

And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.—1 Sam. 15:22.

7. Associate with Christians.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil; They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.—John 17:15, 16.

HOW TWO SOULS WERE SAVED.

BY EVANGELIST N. KINGSBURY,
Lancing, Tenn.

Brother Kingsbury wrote us that incidentally an old copy of THE LIFE BOAT fell into his hands and he became deeply interested in it. His heart and soul are in missionary evangelistic work, and he believes he can use THE LIFE BOAT to great advantage in his work, and asks for further information. We gave him the desired information and in his reply he sent us the following account of a most encouraging experience.

Are there not some people in your neighborhood, if you should get in touch with God, that He could use you to shed a few sunbeams across their darkened pathway?

"About four years ago, while engaged in a series of special meetings in Tennessee, I felt strongly impressed one morning to call at a certain house in which there dwelt an old couple who had not been in the habit of attending church or any kind of religious services. I confess that I felt a deep interest in these old people and had a great longing to see them saved.

"I knocked at the door, but getting no response went around to the back of the house and found the dear old man and his wife in their kitchen alone.

"They gave me a cordial invitation to come in, gave me a chair and bade me to be seated. On seating myself I inquired after their health, etc., and then said: 'Dear friends, I am greatly interested in the salvation of your precious souls, and God has sent me here this morning with a message to you. He loves you and wants you saved, that you may know the power and joy of His salvation, and that you may, by and by, have a home with us in those beautiful mansions He has gone to prepare for those who love Him. You know God tells us in His Book that 'There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' The old brother responded: 'Yes, I realize that I am a great sinner and that I need salvation more

than I need anything else.' I said: 'God knows your condition, my brother. He is not only able but willing and anxious to save you. You only need to come to Him and tell Him that you are just a poor lost sinner and need mercy and salvation at His hands. Will you do it right now?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I will take God at His word, and right now by His grace and help I will begin a new life.'

"Then I turned to his old wife, whose face was a study. I began to address her. When she held up her hands and said: 'Oh, sir, it is no use to talk to me, my case is a hopeless one, I've thrown away my opportunities, I've lived all my days in sin and I am lost,' I said: 'Sister, I am glad to hear you say you are lost.' 'What!' she exclaimed, with a look of horror on her countenance, 'glad to hear me say I am lost?' I said: 'Yes, glad you are lost and that you realize it all, for I have a message from God here, especially for you; let me read it slowly, so you may take it in: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost.' 'What?' said the dear old woman, as the tears flowed down her cheeks in streams; 'does it read that way?' 'Yes, it does, indeed; it is true; Jesus' own words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is *lost*." That means *you*; that means any poor lost soul.' 'Is that it? Does it mean that Jesus came to seek and save such as I?' 'Yes, dear soul, it means just that.' 'Well, then, let us go into the other room and get down on our knees and pray.' We went through the door, and down there upon our knees I began to plead for mercy, and the light and power of Jesus Christ, the mighty, the gracious, the loving seeker after the lost, filled the place. Then there were shouts of joy. Ah! can I ever forget the sight? Two old white-haired people, two old faces full of the light never seen on land or sea, save under such conditions as these, two pairs of hands were stretched out and two old forms were clasped in each other's arms, and the eyes of the wife looked up into those of the husband and a voice said: 'Now, father, after all these years in sin we will walk together with Jesus in the narrow way, won't we?' And a man's voice, shaken with sobs, said: 'Yes, mother, God helping, we will.' Ah, it was a sight to make angels sing for joy!

"The other night I sat on the porch at the home of this old couple and we talked of 'things new and old.' Those bodies have grown old and feeble and tired and weary, and soon there will be a falling asleep, but it will be a 'falling asleep in Jesus.' There has been a wonderful transformation in their lives. Soon there will be another transformation, for they are going to be like Jesus, for they 'shall see Him as He is.'

"As I rose to go the old wife said, 'Brother, come in and let us have prayers together once more.' We read from our Father's blessed Word and met at the throne of grace, and now let us draw the curtain over the scene that is only a foretaste of the glory and blessedness that is to follow the finding of the lost by the Son of man and the finding of the Son of man by the lost."

FROM ST. LOUIS SLUM TO PHILADELPHIA PULPIT.

"Just seven nights ago I was redeemed, and to-day has been the first time in ten years that I have been able to smell whiskey on the breath of someone else. I said 'I wonder if my breath smelled as bad as that when I was a drinking man.'

"I want to tell you something about an old school-mate who was reared in a Christian home. He was considered a prodigy in his college work, but there he began to look upon the wine when it was red and to sip it. It was not long until the accursed stuff had him in its grip. He finally received his degree and returned home. The mother's prayer, the sister's tear, the father's sigh, were all alike unavailing. He continued until he became so disreputable that his father said to him one day, 'Joe, it is hard for a parent to drive his only son from under his own roof, but you are day by day bringing disgrace on the family. Take this hundred dollars and go; and I never want to see you again, unless you reform.' He left the home of his childhood with the \$100 in his pocket. He traveled till he reached St. Louis. He squandered the money. He pawned everything he had, until one night, without a cent in his pocket, in a strange city, friendless and penniless he committed a theft. He was convicted and served six months. On his release, walking the streets in St. Louis on a cold

winter night, he caught the sweet strains of music, which carried him back to his boyhood days when he sat by his mother's side in the old church, and an indescribable something said to him, 'Go back, and go in.' He finally yielded and retraced his steps, and just as he entered the door of the Mission, the man of God announced his text, and it was this—'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Gal. 6:7. My friend said to himself, 'That text was surely intended for me.' He listened attentively and when the invitation was extended to those who desired an interest in the prayers of God's people, he raised his hand. That night, for the first time, he enjoyed the sweets of liberty in Christ Jesus. From that night to the present he has lived the life of a consecrated man, and to-day he is the honored and beloved pastor of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia. What did it? The religion of Jesus Christ. I rejoice to-night that I have within my bosom that religion, and God helping me, I am determined to keep it."

(Related at Life Boat Mission.)

A NEW RESOLVE.

A lady who is in poor health but wishes very much to go among her friends and interest them in THE LIFE BOAT, writes:

"THE LIFE BOAT is doing so much good in my home. The other night I was reading it to my husband. When I got through, he said: 'Well, I begin to think we ought to lead a different life.' I think THE LIFE BOAT will be the means of his salvation; pray that I may be successful in bringing him to see a different light. I can hardly wait for THE LIFE BOAT; I am so interested in it."

HOSPITAL NOTES.

HELEN W. ODELL.

The degree of interest manifested in the Life Boat hospital work by all classes of people is truly gratifying and encouraging.

Recently the writer had the privilege of meeting the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the students of the A. M. M. C. What we could say in the short time at our disposal was supplemented by a few words from one of their number who had visited a hospital with us last year and who had already expressed a desire to assist again. At the close,

and frequently since that time ones and twos and groups have voluntarily offered their services, among them a male quartette, for singing, the giving of flowers, Scripture texts, Gospel talks, are ever welcome, as well as the receiving of THE LIFE BOATS. The Junior class have also manifested a desire to have a part in the certain blessing through service among these "shut-ins."

From the beginning of our hospital work we have found many who, having no homes in Chicago, and who, when asked if they would be there to receive the next number of THE LIFE BOAT, would reply, "O, no; I have to go out to-morrow," or "in a few days." Often these are only able to sit up a little leaning on their elbows, or at most able to just move about the room when supported by something within reach.

These must leave the hospitals, not because of indifference or heartlessness in the management, but because of the crowded condition, others waiting and needing care more than they because of the necessity of immediate relief from suffering or an early operation. Some of these have been sent to the poor house hospital at Dunning. A few have found homes temporarily with new-made friends, but what has become of some of the others only the loving Father knows.

The frequency of such experiences, and the numbers who plead with us in vain to find some place where proper care could be given them, caused the matter to become such a burden that it burned into my very soul and relief came only through taking it to the Lord in prayer, and finally by setting to work to help to answer my own prayers.

At the second Life Boat workers' convention for the first time did I dare to voice this burden to any but the Father. The idea met with approval from the first and we were asked to try to set such an enterprise in operation. How little did we know the Lord and how mightily He would work if given the chance!

In February last, in conversation with a sister whom we had been meeting incidentally for some months past, I found that for two years she had had a similar burden to provide a home for some needy class, her thought going out also for the aged and children.

A flat in a good locality was vacated at just

this time and secured; furniture came to us unexpectedly; pledges for rent also. Very soon it was seen that the flat was not nearly large enough. A fourteen-room house in a still better locality was vacated suddenly; we secured that without delay and repairs from basement to roof have been going on for three weeks, and all will soon be in first-class condition for the Lord's work. Inmates to fill these rooms are waiting the word to come. While many of those coming to us are able to pay for value received, it is planned just as far as possible to have the latch-string on the outside for such as can pay little or nothing.

Won't the readers of THE LIFE BOAT give us their prayers and add a trifle to their hospital donations so that they may have a part in this hospital extension work?

28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.

QUESTION CORNER

A discouraged reader writes:

"Pardon the fearful statement, but it is true—I do not care to read the Bible, nor do I love God, yet I long so for a change, and I suffer so because I can not love the ONE who died for me. It is such fearful ingratitude. I read the Bible and pray many times daily and beg God to help me to love and serve Him, and I have some sort of an inward comfort that the Lord will make me a real Christian."

The Lord has not forsaken you. You remember David thought that sometimes. At one time he mourned because he did not have such a good experience as when he used to sing songs in the night, but now it seemed to him that the Lord had ceased to be merciful, and he was so troubled at that he could not speak. That is Psalm 77. Read that and then you will not be surprised that some of us poor mortals have occasionally some very dark experiences. The fact is, David had committed sins, but the Lord forgave him and saved him just the same, and He will save the rest of us who have sincere desires to be right and to do right.

You say that you do not love God, but you would love Him if you *knew* Him. You have met so many poor representatives of Him

that you have come to imagine, in spite of yourself—for, of course, you must know better—that God is altogether like them. Ps. 50:21. And, of course, getting that notion firmly rooted in your soul troubles you in reading the Bible.

But don't forget, whatever else happens, that if you can't love God and can't believe Him, yet *He* abideth faithful. (2 Tim. 2:13.) He is not going to lay it up against you that you can not love Him. He knoweth your frame. He has your case diagnosed, and He remembereth that you are: but dust, and, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," even if they do not love him. Ps. 103:13, 14.

Many other Christian workers have never had the flight of feeling that others speak of, yet they will undoubtedly camp over on the other shore by and by. Much of our work here on earth must be done from principle. Some of us, on account of our physical make-up, will never enjoy just the experience that others speak of. But we can know in whom we have believed and know that He will keep that which we have committed to Himself. Suppose you were physically a poor, miserable cripple, cross-eyed, and stammered and stuttered; do you think the Lord would keep you out of heaven for that? The leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations. It will be easy to love God when you see Him as He is; then it will be easy for you to understand why you did not love Him more before.

The Lord has room over in the next world for people who are endeavoring with His help to be good and do good in this world. The facts of the case are, the thoughts He thinks toward us are thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give us a happy future. (Jer. 29:11, Jewish translation.) And even if the vessel is occasionally marred in the hands of the potter He will take that same identical clay again and again and make of it another vessel as it seems good to Him. (Jer. 18:4.) So you may be sure He is not going to throw us away as useless material not fit for Him to continue to work on by His Spirit until we are absolutely and deliberately wicked, even though viewed through the critical eyes of others it appears to them that we are sown in corruption or even

in dishonor, or in weakness as viewed from our standpoint. Paul speaks of such coming up in incorruption, in glory and in power. (I Cor. 15:42, 43.) Read that carefully and then thank God for the privilege of believing the simple, beautiful, soul-inspiring gospel itself, and love will spring up in your heart for such a loving Father who at all times sticketh closer to you than a brother.

The following letter was received from Vancouver, B. C.:

"I love the little LIFE BOAT. I read it and pass it on to a neighbor. I would be so glad if you would give some LIFE BOATS in prison to those poor precious souls who can not afford to buy one. You will hear from me again. I ask God to bless the readers and pray the scales may drop from their eyes as they open its pages. God bless you all in your good work is my prayer."

Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., superintendent Walnut Lodge Hospital, has accepted an invitation to deliver the first oration in the Norman Kerr memorial lectureship at London, England, October 10, 1905. Dr. Kerr will be remembered as an eminent London physician who made a special study of inebriety, alcoholism and other drug disorders. He wrote several excellent books on this subject and was instrumental in securing the enactment of laws for the control of inebriates, and the promotion of hospitals for their care, throughout Great Britain. He founded the British Society for the Study of Inebriety, in 1884, and this society and his friends have organized a memorial lectureship for yearly orations on his life and work. It is a very pleasant recognition of the progress of medical science in this country that an American physician should be invited to deliver the first lecture.

Mrs. Mary Sanborn writes from Wenona, Ill.:

"I thank God for every paper I can sell. One lady bought two of me several months ago, and last week she took two more. I asked her how she liked them and she said, 'I read them through ever so many times; they are grand.' I gave a crippled boy a copy and the next time I saw his mother I asked her how her boy liked the paper. 'Oh,' she

said, 'every time I ask John what he is reading he answers, THE LIFE BOAT. He must have learned it all by heart.'"

Mrs. Joseph Hare writes from Auckland, New Zealand:

"I have received the twelve copies of THE LIFE BOAT and also the book entitled 'The Retrospect,' by Dr. J. H. Taylor, for which I wish to express my sincere thanks. The book is indeed very interesting and edifying. As for THE LIFE BOAT, I feel quite unable to express my appreciation for it. I first became acquainted with it by reading a copy loaned me by a friend, and since that time I have realized a growing desire to see it widely circulated, and I earnestly pray that God may bless the glorious work which, under the divine blessing, it is so admirably adapted to accomplish, and want to use it in my missionary work. Will you please send me one dozen copies monthly?"

"TROUBLE HAS NO END."

A CONVICT,
State Prison, S. C.

I saw some time ago in printed letters on a yarn box the following words, "Trouble has no end." I thought over those words some time, then I said, "Yes, there is an end to trouble for those who trust in Jesus and have faith in Him, although there is no end of trouble for those who are out of the ark of safety. The troubles of those who do wickedly never end. Isaiah said, "There is no peace . . . to the wicked." But Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . And ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I find that when anyone is at rest in peace with Jesus then there is an end to trouble. Dear reader, when you get the love of Christ in your heart and you take everything to Jesus in prayer by faith, He will give you rest and your trouble will soon vanish to nothingness.

Two years ago I was very wicked and had lots of trouble; I violated the laws of my country and was convicted and given three years in the State penitentiary and am here yet. Only praise God, I am now living for Jesus, for He has set me free from sin and helps me to overcome all my troubles, and I pray God to carry me through. Pray for me.



Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HOLD A "HAYSTACK MEETING."

Is there a scarcity of real, genuine, devoted soul-winners in your community? Does your heart ache as you see how the people are striving for genuine spiritual food while trying to live on moral wood, hay and stubble? If so, remember that when the Master saw the same thing He was moved with compassion, and, turning to His handful of untutored, unlearned and undeveloped fishermen followers, said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that *He* will send forth laborers into His harvest." Matt. 9:36-38.

Perhaps you are not a great missionary; you may not be on a missionary board, where you could send some one; but you certainly can carry out the Master's instruction and pray for *Him* to send laborers. Begin now, to-day; do it again to-morrow, the next day and every day you live; and some day you will be delighted to find how wonderfully God has answered your prayers.

A number of years ago a handful of young men, feeling that the time had come for the foreign missionary spirit to descend on the Christian students of this nation, gathered for a prayer meeting behind a haystack. That is now the famous "haystack meeting" that gave birth to the Students' Volunteer Movement that has fired thousands of young men and women with the spirit of foreign missionary work. Hold another haystack meeting. It may not go down in human history, but it will go down in the books of heaven as answered prayer, whether you discover the answer in this world or not.

START SOMETHING.

We have letters from two men in the diamond field region of South Africa, saying that they feel impressed that they ought to start a mission, and asking for suggestions. In the same mail came letters from two different parts of New Zealand, ordering a supply of LIFE BOATS to use in scattering seed in that

part of the globe. "There's a fervor of revival burning bright in many hearts." Have you felt it in your heart? There is a going in the top of the mulberry trees; the waters are troubled. Thousands of people are longing for something they have not, and if you re-dedicate yourself to the Lord He will use you to water some human soul. Multitudes are going to sleep, forgetting what they are here for. Others are selling their souls for worldly positions and honor. "Where stand ye?"

THE JAPANESE MANNER OF LIVING.

In these days, when the whole world marvels at the astonishing success of the Japanese soldiers, it is helpful to learn from some authoritative source something regarding the habits of these remarkable warriors. We quote the following extracts from a recent editorial in the *New York Medical Record*, the leading journal in America:

"Even in the matter of diet our long-cherished theories that the energy and vitality of the white man is largely due to the amount of animal food consumed must undergo revision. The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet practically they eat no meat at all.

"The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, while the better-to-do add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit; for beverages they use weak tea without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being but rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities; to an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses. . . .

"Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—

is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalations of fresh air is essential for the acquisition of strength, and this method is sedulously practiced until it has become a part of their nature.

"The Japanese race is a striking example of the effect on the body and mind of temperate living. . . . They have proved that a frugal manner of living is consistent with great bodily strength; indeed, is perhaps more so than the meat diet of the white man. Hydrotherapy and exercise seem to be the sheet anchors of the Japanese training and regimen, and, judging from results, have been eminently satisfactory."

THE SEA BREEZE HOSPITAL.

During the past year some charitably disposed people have been establishing a hospital down in Coney Island on the seashore for children who have tubercular joints, tubercular abscesses, etc. The main elements of the treatments have been sea air night and day, cheerful surroundings and sufficient nourishing food. Rain or shine, they are outdoors the entire day, and at night they sleep in open wards, even during the coldest weather in winter time; they have on warm hoods and jackets over flannel night gowns, mittens and bed slippers.

Dr. Wallace, the attending surgeon, said that in a few days they become accustomed to the outdoor life and do not mind the cold. They only had one case of bronchitis, and coughs and colds are unknown. More than one-third of the tubercular abscesses have already closed. The acute pains have rapidly disappeared, and all of the forty-one cases, except one, have gained in weight, varying from thirteen ounces to nearly twenty-five pounds.

This proves that fresh air is just as useful in surgical tuberculosis as in ordinary tuberculosis of the lungs. We would naturally expect this, for it is not the fresh air in the cavities of the lungs that cures them, but the fresh air in the blood, and the same improved blood that can heal diseased lungs can heal diseased bones or even a bad stomach, disordered nerves, or a sluggish liver.

Have you any invalids in your home? Move them outdoors in the shade, put some

screens around the veranda, and at night let them sleep there; if not, procure a tent and let them sleep in that. Be sure at least one end is as wide open as possible. Some of the patients at the Hinsdale Sanitarium have become so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of the outdoor life that they prefer to leave well furnished rooms and live in tents so that they may have the curative influence of out-of-door life.

WORKING FOR SOULS INSTEAD OF WORKING FOR MONEY.

Occasionally some one who hears of others selling thousands of LIFE BOATS figures out that it must be a good way of making a livelihood, but after trying the work fails to meet with similar success. The only way to be a successful LIFE BOAT worker is to use THE LIFE BOAT to fish for souls, and then the Lord will give you all the success you need.

ARE YOU AS SENSIBLE AS THESE MINERS?

I was in Portland, Ore., at the time when gold had just been discovered in the Klondike region and I witnessed the efforts of thousands of miners to secure passage on the few available boats. To economize space, baggage was limited to an extremely small quantity. I saw those prospective miners down on their knees packing and repacking their small boxes. They were earnestly endeavoring to put in only the things that they would need at the end of their journey. How foolish it would have been for them to have packed in a lot of rubbish to be thrown overboard when a few days out on the water. I said to myself as I watched these men, "My life like those boxes, is limited. I can only store up a little. I will see to it that I am only putting into my mind the good, the sweet, the pure, and the wholesome, in fact, just such things as I shall want to have there when I reach the end of my journey." Dear reader, if you have been doing otherwise, will you not resolve from henceforth to adopt a new program?

WANTED.—\$10,000 in sums of \$200 and upward on high grade first mortgage security; 6 per cent interest. Address H. E. Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

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

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

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

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

Rates for Advertising.

Full page, single issue, \$40; three months, \$100.

Half page, \$25; three months, \$60.

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We want someone in each community to canvass for The Life Boat. If you can not do this yourself, send us the name and address of someone whom you think would do it if their attention were called to it.

Do not let your subscription expire. Renew NOW.

FORTY SUBSCRIPTIONS WHILE WAITING FOR COURT.

J. W. BOYNTON.

Ponoka, Alberta, Can.

I was called to a town near by to help a man who was on trial. I used my spare time in securing subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT. Some who did not care for the paper themselves became so interested in the work that it is doing for prisoners and those confined in hospitals that they subscribed for it to be sent to their prison and hospital. I secured about forty subscriptions in all. I have since received very good letters from some of the officers, saying they appreciated THE LIFE BOAT and knew they would be read with interest by the men.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO SUBSCRIBE.

MELISSA WRIGHT.

Last Thanksgiving I said to a neighbor, "You had better subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT," and he said, "We have so many papers now we can not read them all." I asked if any of them were religious papers and he said, "Well, no," and gave me his subscription. I saw him again the other day, and he said he had already got the worth of his money, and now he looks more anxiously for THE LIFE BOAT than any other paper he gets. He has also stopped the use of tobacco, and says THE LIFE BOAT helped him to do it. He says he used to think that nothing was too severe for a prison convict, but THE LIFE BOAT has entirely changed his mind on that point.

I think he will work for new subscribers, for as soon as they have read the papers they pass them on to their neighbors. May the good work go on. I am thankful I can have a part in it, though it be but a small part.

Every family should have *Good Health* in their home. It is the most admirable health publication issued today. Furnished with THE LIFE BOAT one year for only one dollar.

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Those who are interested in medical missionary work should subscribe for *The Medical Missionary*. If you are not, subscribe any way, and you will become interested. Price, 50 cents a year. Address Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.



There are hundreds of others who might have a blessed experience in circulating *The Life Boat*. Write for special terms and full information.

A LITTLE SOWER.

NORA BOYLE.

I am only a small *LIFE BOAT* worker, but I want to give the readers, as well as other young *LIFE BOAT* workers, some idea of how the Lord has blessed me in selling the dear little paper. I began working in Buffalo, New York, where we then lived, about a year ago. At first I sold about fifty a day, but soon I was able to sell seventy-five a day. I enjoy selling them very much.

We left Buffalo about the 18th of April. On our journey westward we stopped at Cleveland, Ohio, where we (that is, papa and I) sold about eleven hundred and fifty. Then we crossed the lake to Toledo, Ohio, where I sold as many as one hundred a day. We also stopped at Detroit, Michigan, where we sold over a thousand. We have now arrived at Chicago.

I am now selling *THE LIFE BOAT* in this great big city of Chicago. While stopping here I have sold as many as twenty-five in about half an hour, but I do not always do as well as that. I pray that the dear Lord will always make *THE LIFE BOAT* a blessing to those who read it.

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E. L. EGGLESTON, M. D.

Secretary

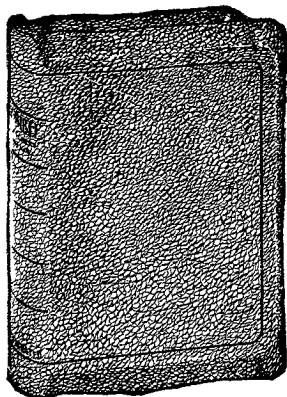
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