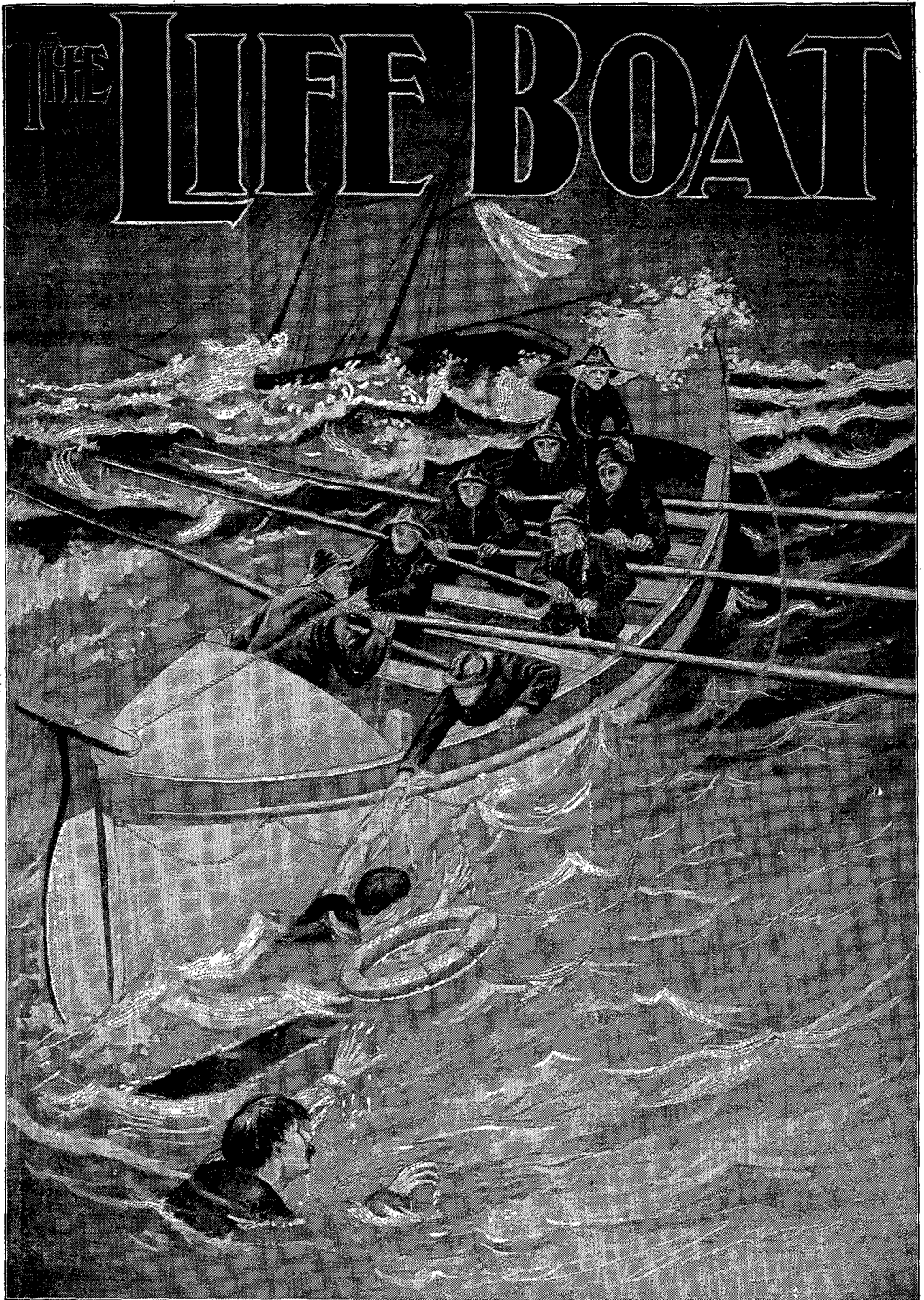


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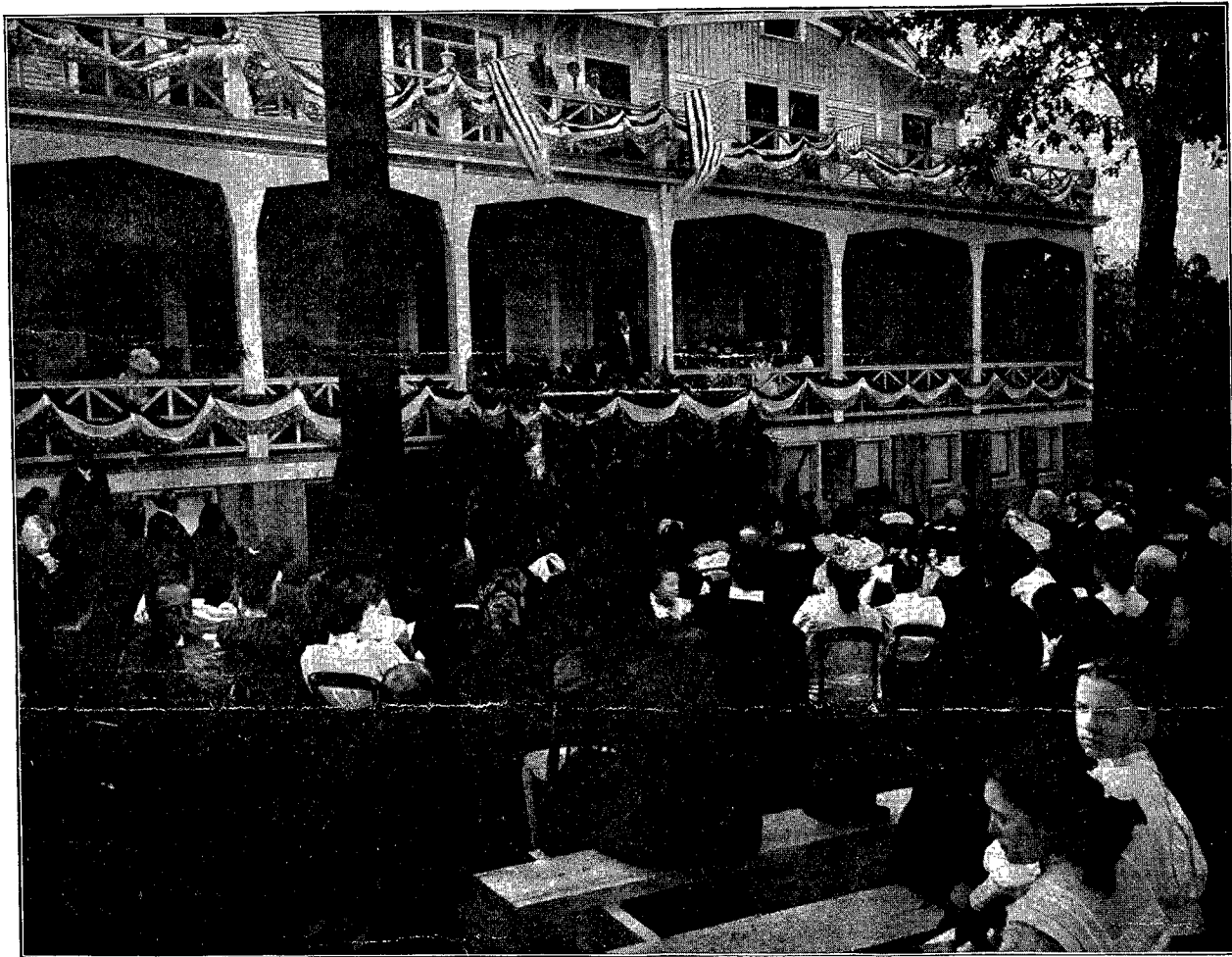
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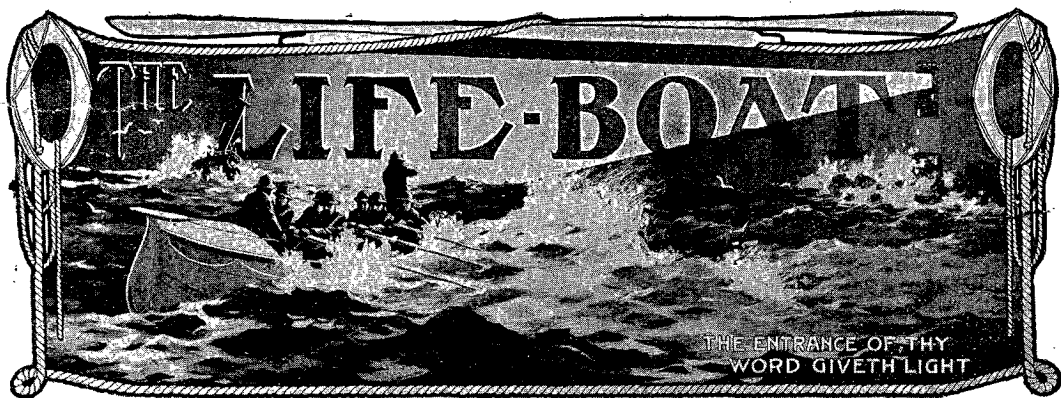
January, 1906.

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Renew Your Subscription.



Orrin N. Carter, Judge of Cook County Court, giving an address at the dedication of the Hinsdale Sanitarium — See page 10.



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

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**Volume IX**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: JANUARY, 1906**

**Number 1**

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

PEARL WAGGONER.

Only "A happy New Year!"  
How lightly it is said,  
While on their work of gladness  
The little words are sped;  
But when they once are uttered,  
O, is thy duty done?  
Hast thou no further mission  
To *make* a happy one?

This world is full of sorrow,  
And many who may hear  
Thy gladsome words of greeting  
See not a "happy year,"  
But stretching out before them  
They see the gloom instead,  
The heavy clouds of darkness,  
And mountains on ahead.

So when the morn is dawning  
Of January two,  
Forget not then thy wishes,  
But strive to make them true;  
Shed joy and rays of sunshine  
Upon the darkened way  
And through the year now op'ning  
Make *each* a happy day.

Thou knowest not the burden  
That weighs the spirit down—  
Then make it not more heavy

By silence or by frown;  
Ah, no, but smile a little,  
And in the heart 'twill live,  
While strength to face the conflict,  
And courage, it will give.

Unknown to thee, though near thee,  
Some heart may silent bleed,  
Some soul be lone and hungry,  
Whom but a smile could feed;  
Then save not all thy greetings  
Until the next New Year—  
But smile, just smile a little,  
And fill the whole with cheer.

**SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.**

All God's laws are but ladders to Himself.

◆ ◆ ◆

A hard feeling is not a rock foundation.

◆ ◆ ◆

Frigid souls can not be warmed by icebergs:

◆ ◆ ◆

The soul need fight no combats single-handed.

◆ ◆ ◆

There is no way to Paradise except by Calvary.

◆ ◆ ◆

The devil never bothers to shake barren trees.

◆ ◆ ◆

A noble cause can not of itself make a man noble.

Prayer gives us a new perspective of all things.



The wrong road will not lead one to the right place.



Whatsoever comes out of life is easily put into life.



Some reformers now-a-days think that they must reform the Gospel.



It takes the bread of heaven to give strength for the business on earth.



In this fight the man who is not dead in earnest will soon be dead—in earnest.



Some men can express more in a handshake than some others can say in an hour's speech.



If you want to be happy even when you are not happy just get possession of Christianity.



Pray when you feel like it, and when you do not feel like it, men ought always to pray.



The most useful eloquence is the homely eloquence that strikes fire on the anvil of the human heart.



If Gideon had stopped to paint his empty pitchers the Lord would have sought another general.



As fine flour sifts into many crevices, so will spiritual influence find lodgment in unexpected places.



If you should see a man standing by the shore and flinging gold coins and diamonds into the sea, you would say he was insane. Yet many are doing something like this continually. Not gold and precious stones do they throw away, but hours and days and weeks and years of time, which are of greater worth than the coins and gems of earth.

## THE BIBLE FROM MANY ANGLES.

E. S. UFFORD.

Springfield, Mass.,

Author, "Throw Out the Life Line."

In the 119th Psalm, that wonderful acrostic psalm, these two words, "Thy Word," are used thirty-five times. It was as if he stood upon the threshold of a subject that was too deep for his pen. But out from the many angles by which to view this remarkable book, we may first see it as a guide-board pointing man up to heaven along the highway of righteousness.

Second, the Bible is a mirror. It is a looking-glass to show us our condition by nature, and our relation to earthly things. Then it is a glass to show us the heavenly world and what we must be by grace. In the **Sistine Chapel**, I could not understand the wonders of the ceiling portrayed so sublimely by the brush of Michael Angelo till I looked into a hand mirror. In it I then saw the scenes as they fell from above. It is likewise our rare privilege thus to see heavenly things in this Word.

Thirdly, a lamp. A traveler in the Holy Land told me that he looked out of his window one night and saw little lights moving along the ground. He was told they were lamps fastened to the feet of the pilgrims. That custom back in David's day led him to use the metaphor, "Thy word is a lamp." Thus it lights our way through life's wilderness and down into the valley at last.

Fourthly, the Bible is a treasure. "I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil." When I was sailing through Port Said I saw many Arabs. As we entered the Suez Canal, one or two followed us for a mile, to whom an orange was thrown, a coin, or other object. They would pick up the gift and bury it in the sand, having no pocket in their loose flowing tunic. Often these men die, or forget where they have concealed their treasures. Thus others find them, and so the Psalmist felt that the Book of God was a treasure or a great spoil to be desired and dug for. The more we dig into it the more we discover rich wealth for the soul.

The Tower of London does not contain in its fifteen million dollars of crown jewels as much treasure as is laid here in the keeping of this Book. When Jesus healed the blind

man, He placed diamonds in his eyes through which flashed the light of the world. And when He brought back the prodigal boy into his father's home, He placed upon his hand the signet ring which restored his sonship. And when He spoke the ten lepers back to perfect health, He put crowns upon their brows more regal than ever shone on the heads of earthly sovereigns. And when Mary Magdalene wept her tears at His feet, soon to be bruised for her, the King of Glory laid

the end of the race. They ask us to read to them the twenty-third Psalm, for it is their staff and guide now. And as they fall asleep they want you to place it as a pillow beneath their weary heads. "And so, He giveth His beloved sleep."

### THE STORY OF THE JERRY MCAULEY MISSION. No. 1.

W. S. SADLER.

Jerry McAuley, the founder of the mission which bears his name, was born in Ireland in 1837. He came to the United States when about thirteen years of age, and was raised by his grandmother, in the fourth ward of New York City. When but nineteen years old he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison to serve a sentence of fifteen years and six months.

While serving this sentence, a prize-fighter named "Awful Gardner," was converted and went to Sing Sing one Sunday to preach to the prisoners. There must have been more than ordinary power in this man's preaching, for as Jerry sat and listened, his heart was deeply moved. When the service was dismissed and Jerry returned to his lonely cell, he extracted a neglected Bible out of the ventilator and began to read. He prayed, and soon the guards and his fellow prisoners heard him shouting, "I've found Jesus! I've found Jesus!" One of the guards threatened to put him in the "cooler" next morning if he didn't keep still; but, as Jerry often said in his after life, "The Lord made him forget it, for he never locked me up for it."

From that very day Jerry became a great prison missionary, speaking the Gospel message to his fellow prisoners when in the lock-step, while at work, in the Sunday school class, wherever he found an opportunity. So well known did his labors in this direction become that the Governor of New York pardoned him in 1864, and Jerry immediately returned to New York and there began his further checkered career and at last was soundly converted, and consecrated himself to rescue mission work.

When Jerry reached New York after his pardon, he found few friends to welcome him, other than his old associates in crime and vice. Unfortunately he rented a room over a saloon and as beer was to him a new beverage



E. S. Ufford and the Life-Saving Apparatus that He Uses to Illustrate His Soul-winning Songs and Talks.

a necklace of pearls around her shapely neck, more lustrous than the gems of Elizabeth or Victoria.

Oh, we could not do without a written revelation of God's love to men. The child loves it; for it tells of how Jesus took little ones up into His arms and blessed them. The man in mid-life desires it, and says, "Read me of that remarkable man, Job, how in the midst of human suffering he cried out, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" And last of all, the aged prize it, for they are nearing

(having been invented while he was in prison) he was one day induced to drink a glass, and that was the first step in the swift downward course that made of this wonderful prison missionary the notorious river-thief and terror of all New York. During this time Jerry lived with a dissolute and drunken woman called "Maria" at 17 Cherry street.

While Jerry was going downward in his career, the great John Allen excitement broke out in New York City, which came about in this way: Some missionaries were passing John Allen's dance and drink hall one day, when he invited them in to hold a prayer meeting. They took him at his word, a prayer meeting was held, and then John Allen went to the daily papers and announced that his saloon and dance hall had been turned into a church. Scores of people, out of curiosity, flocked to his place to see what it could all mean. (Kit Burns' old rat pit was near this place, where his son-in-law, "Jack, the Rat," would bite off the heads of living rats and then pass his hat for a collection.)

It was during the John Allen excitement that a missionary named Little, who was out distributing tracts, chanced to enter the house, 17 Cherry street, and there came in contact with Jerry, and a train of circumstances was inaugurated which led Mr. Little to take Jerry to his own home, where he was reconverted.

But Jerry was destined to stumble and fall a number of times before he succeeded in getting his feet firmly and finally established on the everlasting rock. Jerry charged his repeated downfalls to the use of tobacco, when speaking of them in after years, and when once he gave up tobacco he never again fell from grace, and it is interesting in this connection to know that he would not allow a tobacco-user either to read, preach, sing, or pray in his mission.

About this time Maria, his consort in sin, was also converted and became a Bowery Bible worker, going about seeking to break the bread of life to her former companions in sin. Soon after this, following Jerry's long struggle to get work, he and Maria were married, and thus was laid the foundation for the Jerry McAuley Mission.

Jerry had many interesting experiences just preceding the opening of his mission. He lost many positions because of his honesty and his

refusal to do crooked things. He often told how he toiled to save one hundred dollars and then took it to a certain captain from whose ship he had stolen sugar worth that amount during his career as a river thief. The captain was astounded and thought Jerry was joking, but at last, when he was convinced that he was really in earnest and wished to pay for the sugar he had stolen, the captain said, "Why, Jerry, I could not take that money from you; I stole the whole ship load of sugar myself."

*(Next month we will write upon the establishment and opening of the Jerry McAuley Mission.)*

## NOT AFRAID HE WAS WASTING HIS TALENTS.

REV. F. C. PRIEST, D. D.,

President Chicago Anti-Cigarette League.

The other evening I attended the meeting of the Anti-Cigarette League in my church, and as I entered the door Mr. F. A. Winkelman, a gentleman of large wealth and very high social position, was standing there in the middle of the floor talking most earnestly to a number of boys, some of them rough street boys. I was so greatly impressed by what I saw there that on the following Sunday I said that our church might have wealth, its members might have social standing, its people be very cordial, well meaning people whom it might be delightful to meet in church or in their home, but until the members became imbued with the same spirit as that man displayed that evening whose time might have been very profitably used in promoting some business scheme or pleasantly spent in a social way, the real usefulness of the church in the community was a serious question.

## ARE YOU WORKING WITH MEAN MEN?

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

"Hello, Bill!" "Hello, Jim! I thought you was working down at D——." "I was; we were digging a ditch down there and they put on a lot of mean men to work with us, so I quit. I am not going to work with mean men. If I don't get a nice, easy job pretty soon I am going to pack my little grip and go

some place where I can get one; I am not going to stay around here and dig ditches with mean men."

The above conversation was carried on just outside our door one day recently. Bill was at work fitting pipe in the building and Jim just stepped in to tell him of his ill luck. As we listened, this verse came forcibly to our mind: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." (Prov. 22:29.)

Many a young man to-day is working with mean men who might be standing before those who are high in authority and power but for the fact that they are not willing to pay the price of rising above the level of the mean man: they are not diligent in business. Are you digging ditches to-day because you were not diligent in business when you were set at that same work one year ago. If so, begin digging ditches with all your might right now. Don't think for a moment that the world has a secret prejudice against you.

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#### THE INFLUENCE OF HEALTH MISSIONARY WORK.\*

W. C. WHITE.

As I have watched the progress of health missionary work many years in many lands I have become more and more impressed with the importance that we know the science of how to take care of ourselves—the science of right living. It is one of the most interesting subjects we can study.

In 1902 after spending three years in Melbourne, Adelaide and the principal cities in New Zealand, we decided to establish a training school for workers out in the country in the very heart of a great forest. The people among whom we settled were poor people, uneducated, and almost utterly helpless in caring for themselves when they were ill. When they were sick they sent for the society's doctor and seemed to have absolutely no intuition about caring for themselves. By the second term we had secured teachers so we could have a class in nursing, and we impressed the students with their duty to be willing if necessary to leave their studies and go out and minister to the sick.

A short time after this there came a severe

epidemic of influenza. The different families scattered out around came to our trained workers, who took these students to the homes, and if they found the case needed a few hours' or a few days' treatment they left the students to do it; and so very soon a good many of them were caring for the sick.

There were some hard elements among the people; years ago England had sent over some of its convicts to this country and a large number of their descendants had settled in this neighborhood. Often when the ladies were preparing dinner a knock would come at the front door; when they would go to open it they would find no one there, but when they came back to the kitchen the dinner would be gone—there was no trace of it to be found, and later we would find the dishes down in the forest. When these fellows wanted some grain for their horses they would come and rob us a little at a time till we would wake up to the fact it was gone in about half the time it should have lasted.

We did not know what to do. We treated them kindly, but it seemed to have no influence on them until this epidemic came and our students went out to nurse them. That broke their hearts. After that we could leave our house open and leave the house, and nothing was touched. We found that our efforts to be co-workers with God to save those people from the suffering of sickness, with Him who lets the rain fall and the sun shine on the just and on the unjust, brought us a bulwark around our property and lives as we never could have protected them. The only real protection there is for human beings is the care of God through holy angels.

When it was found that mother's secretary had been a trained nurse people began to come to her; mothers would come to see if she could suggest anything to help them in their care for the babies, and following her suggestions after a while they would get strong. Once she was called away over the mountain and in a log cabin found an intelligent family whose boy had pulled over a kettle of boiling water on his foot. They had dressed it with tallow—reeking with germs, and it was in a dreadful condition. She gave the foot treatment and told them how to dress it and in a little time the foot was all right.

Shortly after, another boy stepped into a hole full of broken bottles and cut his foot badly. They could not afford a doctor and it got to be a dreadful foot, so they finally brought the boy to us and in two or three weeks he was all right. Then one of our neighbors had fallen and was having a stiff knee and after working on it they had given it up as hopeless. But they arranged to let us have the boy, and that knee was worked on day by day, and in nearly a year it came out all right and he has as good a knee as any boy. People would come to us by day or night and say we must care for the dying and sick.

This work went on and grew until we saw we could not always carry it on in this way, and the people said, "Why don't you build a little hospital?" Then mother suggested to build a health retreat, so after the service one Sabbath I told them for all who had faith in God to come and help us on Monday morning. Since we had been unable so far to get the money to pay some of the debts for building the training school you will imagine my surprise to find twenty strong men on the ground ready to work, and the Lord in His mercy sent the money along. I only mention these samples to show what a little nursing can do in the frontier work, and I pray God He will call some here to help the many who need help.

I recall an incident in Samoa. During the long warfare the warring forces would occupy first one territory and then another; back and forth the battle waged. We had previously established there a sanitarium and it had done good work for the natives; they had been ministered to tenderly, and so when the war came both sides agreed that the mission house and that property was not to be touched. Our missionaries had been hurried away and put in the ships in the harbor, but the mission was there, and all through that war that house was spared and even the furniture was not destroyed, and when the war was over our people found their things in almost as good condition as when they left. Not only with property, but with individual lives, we can not keep ourselves from the evils about us, but God can keep us.

\*Abstract from talk given to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family Sunday evening, Dec. 8, 1906.

## SHUDDERS AS HE LOOKS BACK.

A prison correspondent writes from State prison at Fort Madison, Iowa: "Your ever welcome letter came in due time and somehow gave me the needed help and consolation I then so much needed. Not until recently have I come to a rational sense and knowledge of what my past life as I lived it has done for me, of the utter wreck of my boyhood's most cherished hopes and ideals, of the sorrow and agony I brought into the lives of my loved ones, and now at middle age find that all I once hoped for is gone beyond recall, and to fully realize as I now do that it might have been so different. No one had brighter, fairer prospects and more God-given opportunities than I, but sin got a grip on my soul and held me bound all these years though sometimes I struggled. While to-day I feel my boat has at last outsailed the storms and strife, yet I shudder as I look back on the ruin I have left all along the way.

"It does seem to me to-day that if I could only go back to my childhood, to my mother's knee, and hear again from her lips the dear and blessed things she then taught me, that I could ask no greater boon, and yet I realize that I must use what I have now left of my days in showing the world that even an oldtimer is not beyond hope of reformation and of eternal life beyond. I only ask to be given each day a renewal of my firm purpose to be true. I trust you will continue me on your list of those who welcome most thankfully your kind letters."

## JUST OUT OF PRISON.

The following is a letter received from an ex-prisoner in St. Louis, Mo.:

"May God ever bless you for your precious letter of encouragement. I do truly thank you for **THE LIFE BOAT**; it does my soul good to read those testimonials from the boys who are confined behind the prison bars as I was. Glory to God, I am by His help enjoying liberty and freedom to-day, so you see I have much to be thankful to Jesus for, both temporal and spiritual that I can't begin to name.

"This is my first letter to you since I have gained my liberty, as I was just discharged last Monday. I am staying with some good and true Christians and am in with God's



children. I have been attending a mission at night and do greatly enjoy the meetings, and my heart is filled with the love of Jesus who loved me so much that He gave His life upon the cruel cross; He shed His blood that I might be cleansed from all sin. To-day finds me more determined to press on and upward than ever before. Oh, praise and glory ever be to Jesus for His wonderful salvation!

"Yes, it pays to serve Jesus. Although our earthly friends may despise and forsake us He will never. What a joy it is to shout His praises and to mingle in praise and worship with His children and offer our very heart's praises and thanksgiving at all times! Oh, I am so glad that I have found Jesus and that I know Him as my personal Saviour and King.

"I do sincerely thank you for your kindness and those precious letters which you wrote me while I was in prison, and those blessed little LIFE BOATS; I enjoyed reading them very much. I want to keep in touch with it and your glorious work, and may God ever bless you for the kindness and sympathy you showed me while I was in trouble. May God ever bless the work which you are connected with and may He supply your every want and enable you to be a blessing to many others as you have to me."

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#### WAYSIDE NOTES.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

Since sending in copy for the November LIFE BOAT I have been to Jonesboro, Gas City, Marion, Indianapolis, Eaton, Montpelier, and Boggstown, Ind. In most of these places were organized a more or less complete force of workers.

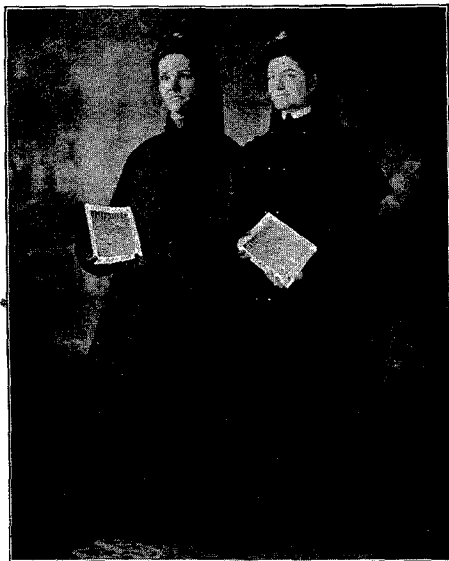
While speaking in a church in Marion one evening, a physician in an adjoining room, hearing part of the talk, insisted upon my remaining all night with his family, so he could hear more, and no one retired till after midnight.

In the jail services a splendid work has been done, both with the prisoners and some of their families. I called upon some of the Christian workers and secured their co-operation in the jail services here.

#### ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM THE TOMBS.

Mrs. Kershaw and Mrs. Nord have been endeavoring to place THE LIFE BOAT in the hands of as many of the prisoners in the Tombs as possible, and otherwise give them help. We publish the following letters showing that this seed sowing is already beginning to bear blessed fruit.

The following is from one who has just received a life term sentence:



Mrs. Kershaw and Mrs. Nord.

"Our God, through you and also the Bible, which you gave me this afternoon, has relieved my heart of a heavy burden. Yes, I feel ever so much easier of mind, as though I was not a sinner any longer. Our God has now sent me the hope of a new life, and so I turn to my lifelong imprisonment with a tenderer feeling. I prayed on my bended knees and thanked God that He had sent me this new light.

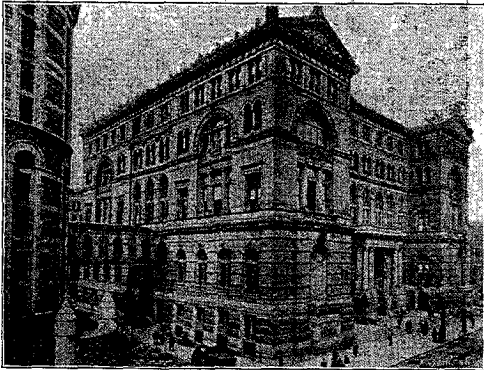
"I know I am a great sinner, but Christ has covered over the hills of my sins, and I will also tell my fellow prisoners the good and grateful deed you have bestowed upon me.

God in heaven will repay you for the good you have done me."

These words are from one who appreciates the glimpse which he has received of the Gospel:

"Something within me forces me to write these few lines to thank you for the strength that you have given me, a stranger, with your kind and encouraging words this morning; surely the Holy Spirit must have spoken to me through you.

"In this Tombs prison, in this cell of mine, I have found God. The seed of our precious Saviour has found root in my soul, and I know that from this seed a healthy tree will grow to bring forth good and ripe fruit. To God I have confessed my faults and my sins. He knows my penitence. I know He will restore me, I know He will spare me, help me, deliver



The Criminal Court and Bridge of Sighs Leading to the Tombs, New York City.

me, and guide me to live hereafter a godly and righteous life. My beloved wife and dear child I know are in His keeping and have His blessing. May the richest blessings of heaven rest with you in your good work."

This letter is from another prisoner who is in deep trouble:

"I must ask you to forgive me for turning to you in this my hour of trouble, and were I alone in this world, were there none to suffer for my foolishness, my instability, but myself, I would shrink from doing it, but God has not so ordained it. No; unfortunately it is not so; and it is because of this fact that I have in a moment of helplessness and dejection ventured to write to you.

"You came to my cell in the Tombs one

day not long ago during one of your visits to this prison, and, as you have beseeched many others, asked me to read a little pamphlet you handed me and to yield myself to its teaching. Whether I have succeeded or not I dare not yet say, but I read it and still have it; I intend to read it again. Some day I may write a little story for THE LIFE BOAT, and oh, what a story I could write! I trust that THE LIFE BOAT may help to lead me to my Creator. I am like unto a drowning man grasping at every little straw, hoping, as he in his frenzy does, to gain something that will save him."

### "WOULD YOU LOVE A FELLOW?\*"

DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

Down in one of the Chicago orphan homes a little fellow was brought in one day who had been born right there in the slums and did not know anything about kindness or civilized life. When he was brought up to be put in bed, had his bath, and the lady opened up the sweet little cot to put him in a clean white sheet, he looked on in amazement. He said, "Do you want me to get in there?" "Yes." "What for?" "Why, you are going to sleep there." He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that—he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in sheets in his life before, never.

He was put to bed, and the lady kissed him good night—a little bit of a chap, only four years old, and he put up his hand and rubbed off the kiss. He said, "What did you do that for?" But the next morning he said, "Would you mind doing that again?—what you did to me last night?" He never had been kissed before and did not know anything about it.

It was only about a week later, the lady said, that the little fellow would come around three or four times a day and look up with a soft look in his face and say, "Would you love a fellow a little?"

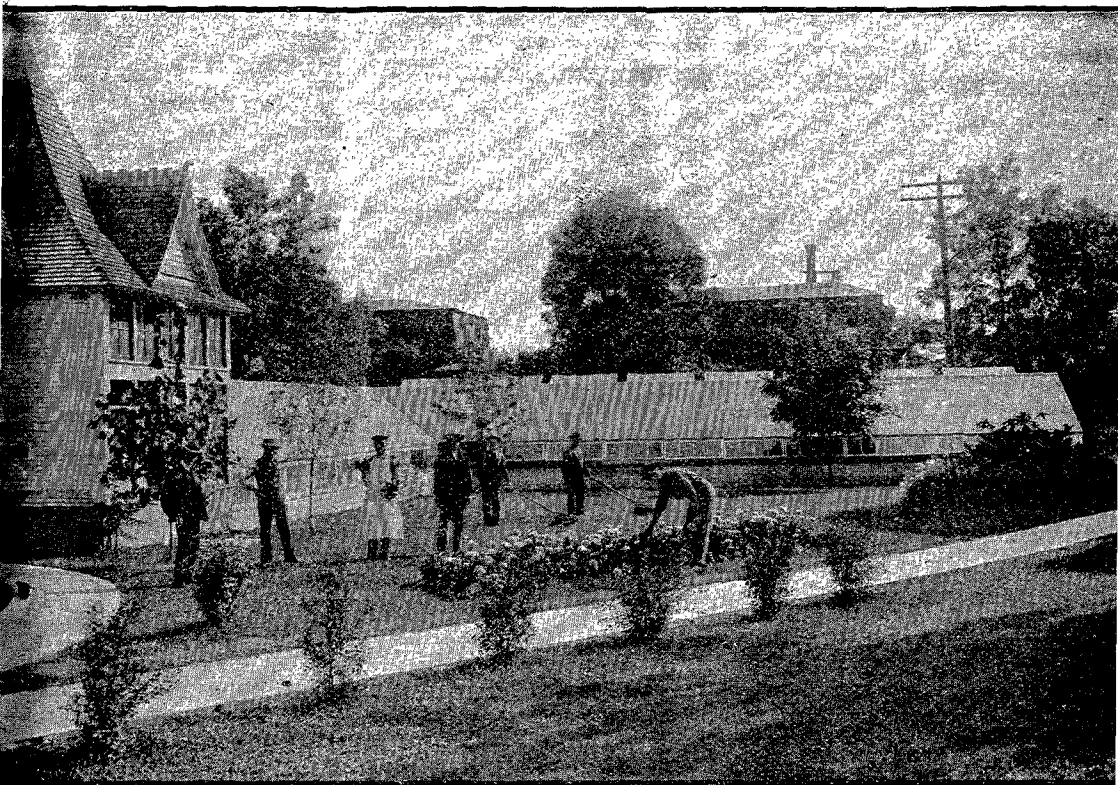
After a few weeks a lady came to get a child and was looking for a boy, so the matron brought along this little chap, and the lady looked at him. He hung his head. She said, "Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?" He looked right down at the floor. She said, "I will give you a hobby horse and

\*Abstract from talk given to the Battle Creek Sanitarium patients.

lots of playthings and you will have a real nice time, and I will raise you up and give you lots of nice things to do." He looked right straight at the floor,—did not pay any attention to it at all. She kept talking, persuading him, and by and by the little fellow looked up into her face and said, "Would you love a fellow?" I want to tell you, my friends, there is a tremendous pathos in that. That little fellow didn't care a thing about a hobby horse and all the other things; he did not care

and mother both kept, and when he was nine years old ran away to Dan Rice's circus and got an education in the circus as a bare-back rider and pugilist. Then he wandered on into crime, as I have heard him tell in public many times.

Now the thing I want to tell you is this: One day in talking with Brother Mackey he said, "O, Doctor, when I look at the medical students, yes, and these nurses, and these young men and women who have never been



"Every Child is a Little Blossom to Be Watched Over as the Gardener Does His Choice Plants."

a thing for them; he had discovered something he never knew before; he found there was somebody who loved him; he did not care a fig about all the rest. Looking into our own personal experience, we know that is just the same. Grown people are only children grown larger and children are only grown people in miniature.

Tom Mackey told me once something about his life—how he was born over a saloon, grew up as a baby in the saloon which his father

down that old road that I have been, I can not tell you how it makes me feel. Oh, to think of those forty years that I spent!—but, Doctor, why didn't *somebody* tell me before?"

I tell you, my friends, that smote me so that I have never gotten over it—to think that I had myself neglected for so many years so many opportunities to give the Gospel to those who had never had a chance, who grew up just as he grew up, without any opportunity at all.

They are the men who people the slums. Many of them are willing to be helped when they have a chance and find that there is somebody who is interested in them; they will embrace the opportunity and improve it as well as any of us have done.

A poor outcast in Chicago said to me one day, "There is nobody who cares for me. The whole world is agin me, and there is no use of my trying." That is the way he felt,—there was no use trying. If we can just get some of these fellows to believe some one is interested in them, ready to take hold and help



Little Blossoms.

them, you have no idea how some of them will struggle to come up when they only have a chance. They need somebody to show a brotherly side to them, to be kind to them; I tell you, my friends, this submerged tenth, as we call it, and in some of our great cities it is a submerged *third*, is a bomb that one of these days is going to burst.

If you want to find savages, real savages, horrible savages, the most terrible, ferocious savages on the face of the earth, you will find them in the slums of Chicago, New York, and

our other great cities. There are murders every day in these great cities. Many of these men care no more for life than a snap of your finger, and they do not even care for their own lives. They would just as soon shoot somebody as not, and would just as soon shoot themselves. The record of suicides, murders, and hold-ups is getting to be something terrific. Those men are degenerates; but in most cases the degeneracy began away back in childhood.

The secret of a great number of the poor fellows that we find in the slums is that they have been crushed until their manhood is crushed out of them. Every child is a bud, a little blossom, to be watched over as the gardener does his choice plants, his orchids, if you please, in the greenhouse. How careful he is to make the atmosphere exactly right! He must have just the right temperature, just the right amount of moisture; his highest skill is exercised. But suppose it is a poor unfortunate boy—no such care is taken of him. You say he is unworthy, but how many of us are worthy or deserve all the good things we have in the world?

#### UNSELFISH MINISTRY.\*

ORRIN N. CARTER.

Judge Cook County Court.

I come to-day from a busy city, with many duties crowding for immediate attention, having no set speech and little time for preparation. My work for the past eleven years has been of such a nature that I know something about the sins, the evils and the troubles of mankind. I am compelled week by week to meet the difficulties that arise in a large city, in advising and deciding what ought to be done with poor, broken-down humanity. From a public standpoint, through experience at least, few ought to be better fitted to speak of the needs of an institution such as this.

I have also had another experience which enables me to talk to you more understandingly than I otherwise might. Partly because of long continued neglect of some of the plain laws of nature, and partly because of the hurry and pressure of public duties, I felt it necessary a few years since to go for rest and treatment to Battle Creek, the great

\*Address at the dedication of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, September 20, 1905.

mother of all institutions of this kind. There I met and had the advice of Dr. Kellogg. It may be because of this experience rather than on account of my public position that I am asked to talk to you.

If you come to this institution for treatment and they look after you with the same care that I received at Battle Creek you will be glad you came. Their treatment may make you feel like saying to them what I have heard that a man said to his physician when his bill was presented: "Well, doctor, I am going to pay for the medicine charged in your bill, but I have enjoyed your visits so much that I am going to pay them by returning them."

I may not agree with Dr. Kellogg and his associates as to all their methods. I may think them too extreme in some of them, possibly in their opposition to all meat as food. I believe, though, that people of to-day eat entirely too much, especially too much meat; that we would be far better off if we ate less. I have never talked with any one who has tried fairly the Battle Creek methods who will not admit that he has been benefited thereby.

The people of this beautiful suburb will be proud of this institution. You have in your midst a man who has done more to make your town known than anything else that pertains to Hinsdale. I speak of that great philanthropist, Dr. Pearsons, whom we hope to have with us this afternoon. I believe this institution in the years to come will have as much to do in making Hinsdale famous as has this man.

Fellow citizens, the time has long since passed when any profession, any set of people or any class can rightly lay claim to all knowledge or the best way of doing all things. No longer should men be afraid to try anything which experience has shown to be useful. The poet tells us that

"All experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades  
Forever and forever when we move."

A half century ago some things to the most intelligent seemed strange and marvelous, which now, through the widening experience of mankind, are known and accepted as the most common things of life. A great surgeon said about twenty years since that surgery had reached the acme of its skill; that in the years to come it would make no great ad-

vances; yet since that time the most wonderful advances that the science of surgery has ever known have been made. Every school of medicine must be willing to learn from every other. The best physicians admit this.

Dr. Kellogg will perhaps tell you something of the methods of treatment used here and at Battle Creek, how they gather their medical knowledge from all sources to help those under their care. A great many who read about the Battle Creek institution suppose that only people go there who believe in "isms"; that there they treat only by "crank" methods. Those who have such a belief are rapidly lessening in number, for well informed people now know that the institution at Battle Creek, and all institutions growing from the same inspiration, use all methods that human ingenuity, human understanding, human knowledge and human experience have made available for the hand and brain of man. I know this from my own observation; I also know it from talking with noted physicians who have visited Battle Creek and studied its methods. I have found that if they do not help by their treatment they do not injure. Drugs are not their sole reliance; they use chiefly in their treatment those means which the great Giver of good has placed within the reach of all—wholesome diet, exercise, water, air, sunshine.

I went to Battle Creek on the verge of nervous breakdown from overwork and loss of sleep. I tried many different places at that time; I spent several months in seeking the best way of getting back to a normal condition. When a person is sick and away from home for treatment, human love and human faithfulness often count far more than skill and knowledge; indeed, skill and knowledge have very little chance for assisting the sick unless aided by this love and faithfulness, and I know from personal experience that in this one thing Battle Creek, with its kindred institutions, is ahead of every other private institution that I have ever visited, and that is no small thing. I found at Battle Creek skilled and trained attendants who looked after those under their care with rare devotion. The attendants under the rules of the institution were not permitted to accept any pay from their patient for their services, "tips" were not permitted. But what was of far

greater importance, these attendants were themselves conscientiously opposed to accepting anything of this nature. In most private institutions with which I have been acquainted one can get little treatment worthy of the name unless the attendants are "tipped," and then you must keep "tipping" them. The more the system prevails the less the service.

I believe I received as many beneficial and valuable suggestions from the nurses and attendants as I did from the physicians themselves. They are with you more than the physicians and because of their skill and zeal they can and do aid you greatly. The physicians, attendants and nurses in these institutions give you their best effort, serve you faithfully and unselfishly, not for money, but because their hearts are in their work. They give to their work its ideal worth.

I am told that the methods used here are the same as those used at Battle Creek. I congratulate the people of Hinsdale that you have in your midst such men and women.

I went to Battle Creek myself and have advised many of my friends to go there since. I am not sure that I ought not to have a commission on account of the number of people that have gone there on my advice. I am willing, though, to waive the commission; I have found that they were not laying up money for themselves; they were putting it into the work of helping humanity. That is what they have done in the past, and I believe they will do it in the future.

When I first read years ago from Tennyson about the slums of London I thought he was exaggerating, that if his picture were true of London it certainly was not true of any other great city. I have found it too true. He wrote:

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,  
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?  
There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,  
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.  
There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread,  
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead."

This institution and these people are not only working with you here, but they are also helping the poor unfortunates of the city of Chicago that are drawn down in the maelstrom of wrong and evil. Dr. Kellogg and his

associates extend a helping hand wherever they go. With the means they have they accomplish as much good as any organization with which I am acquainted.

While we need organization in charity work, especially in a great city, one great weakness with organized charity, as so frequently occurs, is that those in control use too much "red tape," run in grooves, treat every case exactly alike. We must get away from such ideas if we want results. We must have in charge those who are giving their time unselfishly, because they believe in the work; those who are willing to go out and study each individual case as you and I can not do. Every one of these cases ought to be investigated and differentiated from every other. Organization alone is the mere skeleton. If you would have real charity you must have a living, breathing organism; you must have those in control who are working not for hire, but with a consecrated devotion that comes only from a sense of duty.

Mr. Chairman and friends, I congratulate you upon this institution which is here dedicated to-day. I believe the impelling motive back of it to be a consecrated devotion to duty. The future will show that it is worthy of your confidence and support.

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#### THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION.

[The following letter from a prisoner in the Michigan Reformatory was written to Mrs. Fred Nelson, of Galesburg, Ill., who has been endeavoring herself to get *THE LIFE BOAT* in the hands of prisoners and others who especially needed it. It is the longest letter of this kind we have ever published, but we believe that all who read it will be glad that it was published entire.—Ed.]

I am so glad that it was the will of our Lord that I should in His way be rescued. I want to express to you the great joy that is in my heart when I think of the noble work that you are performing and that you are not ashamed to go anywhere, even if it is a gloomy place, to tell of Jesus and urge the fallen to higher possibilities. I want to give encouragement; keep right on, get others to help, that in some way some precious soul shall be transformed. Moreover, that is the true Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I firmly believe in it, because

it contains no creeds to get tangled in, it is as free as water, with no red tape required to get to it. Oh, let us be alive; the only thing that tells in Christian work is *life*. Profession may be doubted, creed quibbled over, but a life that can be seen and read by all men is testimony beyond all criticisms.

My parents, like many other families, wanted their children to obtain a Christian education. I was *required* to attend Sunday school, but during the other six days I was considered just the right boy to lug intoxicating liquors to our home.

In my tender years I was thrown in dissipated society, finally drifted here and there among Chicago's toughest inhabitants, my associates gamblers and grafters, and after several years of such practice so completely learned the art of getting easy money that it became no trick at all to separate anyone from their valuables. My heart grew full of hate, malice, and everything unlawful; I had no Christian belief and the conversation of everything pertaining to religion was for me poison; I most freely boasted no one could ever talk any of that nonsense religion down me.

I believed in the almighty dollar, and in constant company with such schooling my heart became harder and harder; I did not fear anything, cared little for consequences, and as for conscience, why, I had none. Satan had it all his way, I was his best customer, and after years of evil service to this disguised friend he steered me directly into a tangled upsnag, and here I am, in prison, and even after a confinement over two and one-half years I sidetracked everything that leaned toward religion. My aim was to get away from these bars and square accounts with every one that in any way caused my detention.

Once in a great while, out of loneliness I suppose, I hauled the Bible from under the mattress—the thing was hid—but soon after a little reading it flew back to its resting place. The religious papers, including THE LIFE BOAT, were unceremoniously kicked out or otherwise destroyed. The rules of the Reformatory require all inmates to attend Sunday services, so for over thirty-two months I was required to attend.

Although we are blessed with an excellent and most capable chaplain, so many years of

unlawful training were not so easily conquered. Sunday after Sunday I was forced to hear, and wished many times that those officers would let me remain in my cell, locked up away from such stuff. My thoughts were, "What do I care for any man's belief? Ask me how to live in luxury without any labor, how to covet other men's honest-gotten goods—of such things I can give you a pointer, but I can't use religion." But for all my waywardness and unbelief, one night in some way God's enduring Spirit tore away that armor of steel from around my soul and poured in blessings and sunshine of righteous living.

There came to us one Friday night in the month of April, 1905, a man from the Rescue Mission, 70-72 North Market street, Grand Rapids, Mich. He is a man who will travel many miles in search of the fallen and to rescue the wrong-doer and give encouragement and hope to the weak, and to all he extends the hand of a friend. Well, he related of his own wicked life, how he had lived and rolled in sin, and how the Lord cured him from the liquor habit. He lived for days on free lunch; the sawdust and secluded corners were his sleeping quarters. Many times the liquor dealers, when they discerned his shadow, would roughly order him away, and if he failed to move he was freely kicked away. He had no friends, was in rags, and an outcast—no one cared for him.

One cold, wintry night, with only delapidated clothes on his back, he drifted into the Pacific Mission in Chicago. He heard them tell how Jesus loved him and was surprised to think that there was a Jesus to love even him. He held up his torn sleeves to show that he wished to be prayed for. The Christian members shook hands with him. He was a stranger to such cordial and humane treatment. The brothers provided a bed, they supplied food, they prayed with him. He gave Jesus his heart. He was received by his neglected wife.

The very presence of that man pictured to us how completely the Lord can change one's life, and he spoke as only a man can speak who has been there. The burning testimony, the stirring talk with songs, caused a lot of trouble in my soul.

When I returned to my cell I hunted up that hidden Bible, and no matter *where* I began to

read there seemed to be salvation ringing all about me. The Word of God seemed to tingle in my ears, "Don't delay with only a step between you and Jesus; why not now, to-night? Jesus is waiting." Before I realized it my heart was singing forth the very songs I was forced to hear for over two and one-half years.

I went down on my knees; it was a struggle for me to get down, but thank God I was determined to do so. I did not pray—I knew no prayers, but I became aware that I gained one point, for I was now on my knees. Really, I felt ashamed of myself; I asked myself, "What good will that do? In all your life you never stooped down to anybody nor asked pardon or even favors from anyone; you are a fool." But I hung on. I silently remained in that position, I don't remember for how long, I did not think of time, but these words came to me, "Why, oh, why are you kneeling?" The voice of our Lord came to my rescue and my lips could only whisper, "I am kneeling to honor my God." Thank God for it; that was my start. It was not a long prayer, but it was honest. I retired, but could not sleep. Once more I went down on my knees, this time, however, without any struggle; my heart was now filled with prayer: "O God, I come just as I am, a sinner; merciful God, what must I do to get right?" My prayer was answered, my heart was overflowed with hope and cheer. The blessed Spirit was now within me and I clung to it and wholly submitted to its soothing powers, and from it I at once began to receive knowledge and strength. This experience I could not write without its influence.

I spoke of this to my comrades. When you get that love of Jesus in your heart you can't keep it hidden; there will be glory in your soul. It makes my heart sing all the day long. I feel as I never felt before—have new thoughts, new desires, new intentions; it is truly the maker of a new man.

Everything seems different. There is now light and brightness everywhere; there is now beauty even in the air I breathe; there is now a song of gladness in my every step. I now thank God even during the lunch hour for the things as they are and rejoice in prayer every night and morning and offer praises during the day, so sweet, so full and so fast-

ing as to extinguish utterly all base delights. My desire is now to make right the wrong I have done. The Bible is no longer hidden, the Christian papers have found a friend, the sermon now sticks; that quick temper, the desire for revenge, the habitual use of profanity, have all like magic vanished. Indeed, I am happy, and have something in my heart to be happy about, and I can cheerfully sing, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." My heart is full of joy and peace and brotherly greeting toward all. I can't keep it hidden any more.

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#### WANT IT REGULARLY.

From Auburn, N. Y., a prisoner writes to Mrs. Paulson:

"I have just had the pleasure of reading **THE LIFE BOAT** of April, 1904, also your letter, which brought much cheer and sunshine to my heart. Truly a few words to a man in prison are like a gleam of sunshine. Since I have been here I have been trying to lead a Christian life. It would give me much pleasure to have the opportunity of reading that dear little paper, **THE LIFE BOAT**, monthly. Since I have got into this trouble my people and all my friends have given me the cold shoulder, and I have not anyone to look to for help. My dear madam, if I am not imposing upon you too much, I would like to have you ask some of your friends who are in this grand work and who would wish to give me a few instructions in regard to leading a Christian life, to write to me; I am sure that their letters will be very much appreciated. I hope that God will spare the **Life Boat** workers for many years to keep up the good work they are doing for fallen humanity."

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#### A PRISON THANKSGIVING LETTER.

The following is an abstract of a letter written on Thanksgiving day by a prisoner in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary:

"I take the greatest of pleasure in answering and writing you a thanksgiving letter. In the first place I am so thankful to the dear Lord for this beautiful morning He has let me live to see. I am thankful, too, that I have such a good Christian friend who has brought so much happiness in my life by sending me such encouraging letters and the dear **LIFE BOAT**. I am thankful that He lets



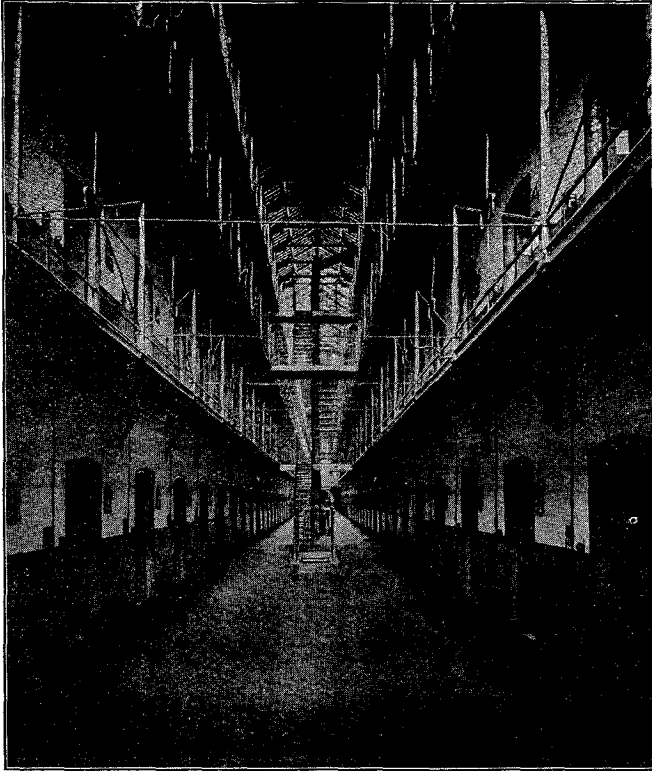
me believe that there is but one way for me to be saved—by the blood of Jesus. I am thankful that the same Jesus helps me to overcome temptations and to keep straight, and if I hold out will by and by say, 'Well done.'

"I ask the prayer of all God's children that I may live closer to Jesus in the new year. May God bless you and let you live many years to come to make others happy as you

October LIFE BOAT under the title, "Is It True?"

"I trust that you will not think me presumptuous in writing to you so frequently, but I have something to say and really I can not wait any longer. I must tell some one.

"Glory be unto the lowly Nazarene! I know not why His wondrous love to me He has made known, but this I know, that here in this prison He has given me a peace that I



Miracles of Grace are Being Wrought in Prison Cells.

have me. I read in my little Bible you sent me every day at noon. I would not give up my religion for the whole world. Please answer soon with some encouraging words for I am always glad to read your letters and the dear LIFE BOAT."

#### FOUND PEACE IN PRISON.

The following letter from the Massachusetts State Prison was recently received from the prisoner whose letter was published in the

never believed it was possible for mortal to possess, a peace that friends, companions and pleasures have never given, a peace that money, crimes and pernicious habits could not give me, a peace that I can not describe—a peace that passeth all understanding. I do not know whether there is another person who has a measure of happiness equal to mine, but this I know, that He was worthy to be the Christ of God. He who died on that ignominious gibbet that mankind might, through that death, be reconciled to its Creator,

has given me through faith the peace, happiness and contentment that I have wandered all these years among a world of pleasures seeking after.

"I am still a young man. The future is still for me. The wicked past *is past*, but oh, why did I not know this years ago? Perhaps if I had known it I would not be in prison to-day; but I am determined by the grace of Him who has given me a new heart and created a right spirit within me that, though the past be what it has been, though the future may at present appear somewhat doubtful and gloomy, I will trust Him, for, according to His Word, 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' And Jesus, who loved me and gave His life for me, will not permit any temptations, sorrow or trouble to come to me except that which is for my good and which will enable me to realize more fully that He is a Saviour at all times, under all circumstances.

"I love Jesus to-day. He died for me, and by the power of the cross I shall live henceforth for Him. I am trying to live for Him here, not with a lot of talk or pious looks, but at my work and by my conduct. I have not much longer to stay here, but this time, when I leave prison, Jesus will come right along with me and He will keep me in the hour of temptation and trial, won't He?

"I thank you for your great kindness to me. I am praying daily for the success of your cause. I also thank you for *THE LIFE BOAT*. It is a precious little book to me. Respectfully yours in Christ."

The following lines we receive from the Indiana State prison: "I was so glad to hear from you. At the present I am getting along nicely; I have had some awful temptations of late but I know it will come right; Jesus knows all about our troubles and I take them to Him in prayer.

"I am doing all I can to live a straightforward, Christian life. The man I told you of in my last letter is a Christian to-day; he is a changed man. He said that he was happy, and thanks me for my kindness to him, but I told him to thank God, and he said, 'I have, a thousand times.' I will close, asking you to pray for me and to answer soon."

## THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF THE SOCIAL PURITY QUESTION.\*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Immorality is assuming such startling proportions that no intelligent physician who loves his fellow men can remain indifferent to its fearful ravages. Dr. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., in a paper read before the American Medical Association, suggests the probability that the race suicide arising directly or indirectly from one venereal disease alone would annually equal the combined death rate from tuberculosis, pneumonia, and typhoid fever.

According to Gihon, there are two million active syphilitics in this country, and Dr. Cooper, of Washington, D. C., estimates that there are 225,000 syphilitics in New York City or one in fifteen of the entire population. Dr. Prince Morrow, of New York City, the leading authority on this subject in this country, considers another venereal disease quite as formidable a social plague as syphilis, and the committee appointed by the State and provincial boards of North America estimated that eighty per cent of all deaths from pelvic diseases in women are due to this one infection. Dr. Philbrick, in a paper read before the Nebraska Medical Society, stated that competent authority estimates that eighty per cent of the adult male population in this country have had the latter disease. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the noted Baltimore physician, quotes Morrow as authority for the statement that there are 450,000 young men in our country alone who annually take the first fatal plunge into the moral sewer, losing what they can never again regain.

Tainted men and women are a far greater menace to our welfare than tainted money, of which we have heard so much of late. While we have been sleeping it is evident that the enemy has been sowing tares.

Yet we must take into consideration the soil as well as the seed; for the germs of impurity, like the germs of disease, only grow in soil that is prepared for them. On every hand both physical and moral degeneracy is multiplying at an enormous rate. The insane

\*Abstracts from an address given at the National Social Purity Congress, held at La Crosse, Wis., October 18, 1906.

among us are increasing three times as fast as our population. In England, one out of every 285 is insane. In the State of New York there are 26,000 in the insane asylums. The state of Wisconsin contains three thousand epileptics. It is estimated that there are a million of various classes of defectives in this country.

The Scriptures declare that "the curse causeless shall not come." (Prov. 26:2.) The condition of ancient Sodom was caused by pride, fulness of bread, abundance of idleness, and failure to strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. (Eze. 16:49.) If we study carefully the relation of cause and effect we shall find that a large share of modern Sodom is produced by similar causes as easily preventable.

Any practice that lowers the physical tone also lowers mental and moral tone. The neurasthenic has a weakened will; he can not make a final decision. He can not reason clearly. He becomes a prey to his impulses. All his passions are equally abnormal and excitable. Although his ideals may not have changed, his power of self control, his ability to live up to them, has largely been lost. The chronic inebriate and the opium slave are in the same condition. The individual whose nerve force has been ruined by disease may even become a sexual pervert, and commit heinous crimes sexually, while at the same time hating them and struggling all the time to escape.

All this is merely an indication of the moral influence of wrong physical habits. The best-natured child in the world is likely to become cross, irritable, and unmanageable when its stomach is out of order.

Any individual with a sensitive nervous organism, who uses tobacco, alcohol, tea and coffee, various condiments and fiery spices, and juicy flesh meats, is constantly loading his body with toxins, which irritate his lower centers and lessen his will power. Such an individual, instead of, like Paul, keeping his body under, and bringing it into subjection (1 Cor. 9:27), is eating and drinking damnation to himself, for one is not likely to have the peace that passeth all understanding in the head while there is war in the stomach. The physical climate within has as much to do with purity as the moral climate without.

The feverish activity accompanying modern civilization raises the blood pressure and thereby causes a craving for liquor and immorality, which temporarily lower it. If we are to permanently and effectually turn the terrible tide of immorality which at present seems to be sweeping everything before it we must not merely pick off the leaves but we must lay the ax at the root of the tree. We must not only emphasize the importance of spiritual deliverance for the poor victim but we must also institute preventive work by calling attention to the physical causes which in so many cases lie at the real foundation. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is as true of immorality as of other things and is as unerring in its application as the law of gravitation. Simple habits of life are as conducive to moral health as they are to physical well-being.

Bouchard, the eminent French investigator, has demonstrated that active outdoor exercise tends to destroy toxins in the body; and experiments in the Craig Epileptic Colony in New York showed that active physical work outdoors lessened the number of epileptic attacks one-half.

Abundance of idleness will produce Sodom as well today as in days of old. In our Chicago work one of our workers asked a girl who was in despair the beginning of her trouble. With tears in her eyes she replied: "Mother scrubbed while I studied Shakespeare." The practice of so many parents to save their children from the stern realities of life, instead of being a kindness is a curse to them.

We have observed over and over again in our rescue work that the eating of things that taste hot while in reality they are cold, irritates the nerves and lays the foundation of both immorality and inebriety. The simple dietary which made Daniel the peer of the Babylonians will assist young men and women today not only in securing physical but also moral strength.

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Whoever lets loose a sunbeam in this world starts a benediction among men. Whoever sets a little lamp where its beam may shine on even a few feet of some one's path, has done that which is worth while.

## CHICAGO SLUM CHILDREN AS THEY ARE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

About two months ago our workers, while holding service at the Harrison street police station, first met "Little John." He came from a dingy den in a dark basement, which could scarcely be called a home. The father had deserted the family and the mother was a drunken wretch. She had been taken to the Bride-

Our workers found clothing for him and would have placed him in a good home but for the fact that the judge decided to give the mother another chance. So upon her release from the jail she took her little boy and went home. She soon found employment and has since attended the Mission service, where she expressed a desire to be prayed for. We trust that as a result of being brought in contact with Little John from week to week at the



Back Yard Scenery, Chicago Slums.

well. On the night of her arrest, which happened about one o'clock, she had been drinking and carousing for eighteen hours and was on the way to the saloon for more liquor when the officers took her.

Little John was taken to the Annex, where, from utter exhaustion, he slept for two nights and one day without waking. He had no clothing excepting a thin dress that was once white, and a white skirt. His mother had been known to beat him until his flesh was black and blue.

police station annex our workers, with the help of God, will be able to transform that drunkard's hovel into a respectable, happy home.

We trust THE LIFE BOAT readers will pray for more workers in this needy branch of the work. While the poor innocents are born and reared in these haunts of sin is there not some heart that responds to their cry and says, "Lord, I will help"?

As the wail of woe from the great army of defenseless, neglected infants and children

ascends to the very heart of God and He looks down with pity and compassion, at the same time God's children on this earth should be seeking out the needy ones and bringing the outcast into their homes.

It makes one's heart ache to see the utter neglect and abuse that the children of the slums are subjected to. Often it is the case that those who are entirely abandoned by their parents have a much better outlook in life than those who have to grow up in miserable, wretched homes.

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### TRANSFORMED.

EVA M. DAVIS.

He walked in the shadow of trial,  
Of waiting and watching forlorn;  
He tasted the dregs of life's wine-cup  
While yet in his young manhood's morn.

But while in the throe of his sorrow  
There came balm of peace to his soul;  
He fled to the Saviour for refuge,  
And now, tho' the wild billows roll,

He *stands* in the hour of temptation,  
He battles with doubts and with fears,  
He follows the steps of the Master;  
Sometimes his eyes blinded with tears;

But ever he follows and onward,  
Upheld by God's power divine,  
And the stars of hope in the darkness  
With beauty and luster shine.

May his spirit at last, made perfect  
By trial and suffering here,  
Be among the host of redeemed ones,  
Where perfect "love casteth out fear."

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### A MODERN MIRACLE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Last night was one of those remarkable nights at the Life Boat Mission when everything seemed guided by an unseen hand. The Bible class was interesting, instructive, and profitable. It was Jer. 2:5: "What iniquity have your fathers found in Me, that they are gone far from Me?" After this study all joined in singing some of the good old Gospel songs.

Then the leader read the scripture in Luke 4:33-37:

"And in the synagogue there was a man, which had a spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out with a loud voice, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? art Thou come to destroy

us? I know Thee who Thou art; the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him. And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him, and hurt him not. And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a word is this! for with authority and power He commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out. And the fame of Him went out into every place of the country round about."

Afterward God's presence was invited to be present to convict and save from sin. After we had given a short talk Sister Emmel took charge of the testimony meeting, where several took part, telling how the Lord God had wonderfully worked in their behalf. Among them was one man who told us that until he first came in here he had not been in a religious meeting for over seventeen years, that he had a wife and ten children and had lived with his wife twenty-three years. He said he was a skilled workman and made good wages but had spent it all for drink; scarcely once in all these years had he drawn a sober breath. Often, in his crazed condition, he had driven his family from the house. He had served time in prison twenty-seven times, had taken liquor cures of many physicians but was no better but rather worse. Finally his loved ones could stand it no longer and they left him. He tried to find them but could not, then in remorse he turned again to the cup, trying to drown his trouble. Finally, in despair of breaking the fetters that bound him he went to the mission and called upon the mighty One, who heard his cry and saved him.

It was nine months since he called on God, and from that time he says he has never touched liquor or tobacco which had bound him so many years. Yesterday he again found the wife who had borne with him all these years. When he greeted her with a kiss she said, "It's many a year since your lips pressed mine untainted by liquor or tobacco," and then he told her he had been going to the Mission and showed her one of the Mission cards. She said, "Is it true that you go to church once in a while?" "Yes, it is, and you can see me there any night you come."

As he was telling this experience he could hardly speak for weeping. As he closed his

remarks he earnestly desired that we pray for him, that he be faithful and prove himself worthy to have his loved ones with him again, and above all that he have the favor of God.

Dear reader, this is only one of the many miracles of grace that have been wrought through the instrumentality of this Mission. We wish all could have an opportunity to come in and see and hear for yourselves the need of your help financially, great or small though the offering be. And above all we need your united prayer that we be ever ready to point sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

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#### WORK FOR ALBANY PRISON.

MRS. E. GROSJEAN,  
Albany, N. Y.

During the past year we have sent to Albany Penitentiary 5,830 LIFE BOATS, and while we as individuals have not seen much fruit accomplished from this work, we have received from time to time words of encouragement from the chaplain, for which we are thankful. We have tried to feel as Paul says, "So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." (1 Cor. 3:7.) So we have left results with Him who will accomplish that which He pleases. (Isa. 55:11.)

[About a year ago a few friends in Albany, N. Y., felt the need of supplying the penitentiary with THE LIFE BOATS each month. They have faithfully sown the seed and the day of God alone will show the full results.—ED.]

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#### NOT ENOUGH SENT.

From fifty to two hundred and fifty papers should be expressed to each of the State prisons every month. They would be used by God to turn enough men away from a criminal career so it would be a cheap investment even if viewed from a worldly standpoint. We trust that the donations for the April special prisoners' LIFE BOAT will be so liberal that there will be a sufficient surplus to make it possible to send a limited number to each prison during the entire year.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes: "I still get THE LIFE BOAT and it is a good little paper; I read it through and give it to a life time man to read. There are

no Christian papers that come here as good as THE LIFE BOAT, but there are not enough LIFE BOATS sent here. If you will add fifty more I will pay for them when I get out."

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Would you like to have a first-class, reliable time piece? Do you desire a beautiful Bible? Do you want an inspiring missionary book? You can easily persuade your friends that The Life Boat will be worth three cents a month to them for a year. Read our premium offers of unusual value.

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A former Cook County Hospital patient wrote to one of our workers as follows: "I was the first patient in the Cook County Hospital to receive a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. Nearly four years ago it was given to me by one of the ladies visiting there. When I came out of the hospital six months later I did not have the address of any LIFE BOAT people and lost all hopes of seeing or hearing any more of them, so to-day I was delighted when a LIFE BOAT worker came to my house in Evanston and placed one of the papers in my hands. I said to myself, 'Thank God, one of my friends is standing before me once more.' You do not know how glad I was. When THE LIFE BOAT was placed in my hands in the Cook County Hospital I was very low in spirit. Now I know that God is for me and I trust by and by to be saved in the kingdom of God."

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Rev. W. H. Stanley, Watertown, N. Y., who received some LIFE BOATS, writes:

"I will be pleased to use THE LIFE BOAT in my work, and if possible will try and get some of the people to subscribe for it. For twelve years I have been enabled to keep our little mission door open, on the Bowery of Watertown; it has been all of grace indeed. I am interested in rescue work. I have done jail work for years; I like to speak to men behind the bars."

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"Twenty-four hours of living a Christian life; it has been a wonderful twenty-four to me; and I want you to all pray for me that I may keep on the way."—*Said at the Mission.*

# Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

## NATIONAL HISTORY IN DANIEL ELEVEN. NO. 3.

28. In A. D. 534 Justinian granted a "triumph" to his general, Belisarius, who came from Egypt with his great spoils.

Then shall he return into his land with great riches, and his heart shall be against the holy covenant; and he shall do exploits and return to his own land.—Dan. 11:28.

29. Thus begins the long and terrible struggle to establish the supremacy of the papal crown. (It is estimated that five million of the Vandals were slain in this struggle.)

At the time appointed he shall return, and come toward the south; but it shall not be as the former, or as the latter. For the ships of Chittim shall come against him; therefore shall he be grieved, and return, and have indignation against the holy covenant; so shall he do; he shall even return and have intelligence with them that forsake the holy covenant.—Dan. 11:29, 30.

30. By A. D. 538, the Heruli and Ostrogoths, as well as the Vandals were destroyed, and Rome became head of the new religious order as formerly it had been the center of Paganism.

And arms shall stand on his part, and they shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and shall take away the daily sacrifice, and they shall place the abomination that maketh desolate.—Dan. 11:31.

(What is the abomination of desolation? See Matt. 24:15 and Luke 21:20.)

31. Notwithstanding the long period of 1,260 years of religious persecution and intolerance, true religion was to live and spread.

And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries; but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits. And they that understand among the people shall instruct many; yet they shall fall by the sword, and by flame, by captivity, and by spoil, many days.—Dan. 11:32, 33.

32. The Reformation was to save true religion from utter extinction.

Now when they shall fall, they shall be holpen with a little help; but many shall cleave to them with flatteries. And some of them of under-

standing shall fall, to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even to the time of the end; because it is yet for a time appointed.—Dan. 11:34, 35.

(See further concerning the great persecution and reformation in Rev. 12.)

33. Of all the civilized nations France alone rejected the light of the Reformation, and this rejection was immediately followed by the terrors of the French Revolution.

And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished: for that that is determined shall be done. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, nor regard any god; for he shall magnify himself above all. But in his estate he shall honor the God of forces: and a god whom his fathers knew not shall he honor with gold, and silver, and with precious stones, and pleasant things. Thus shall he do in the most strong holds with a strange god, whom he shall acknowledge, and increase with glory; and he shall cause them to rule over many, and shall divide the land for gain.—Dan. 11:36-39.

(In corroboration of this prophecy, it may be specifically noted that France as a nation practically annulled the marriage institution, denied God, and established temporarily a ten-day week, instead of a seven-day.)

34. In the time "of the end" (1798) the king of the South begins new operations, and even gains possession of the Holy Land.

And at the time of the end shall the king of the south push at him; and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and many ships; and he shall enter into the countries and shall overflow and pass over. He shall enter also into the glorious land, and many countries shall be overthrown; but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edom, and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon.—Dan. 11:40, 41.

The king of the North, with headquarters now at Constantinople, is Turkey. The king of the South, the Mohammedan powers, once captured Constantinople, and since then it has remained thoroughly Mohammedan. The Red Sea passage was closed to India, and it was this obstruction of the highways of commerce

that indirectly resulted in the discovery of America.

As stated in verse 41, Edom and Moab were not conquered, but received tribute of the caravans of pilgrims who passed through them en route to Mecca, even to this day.

### A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

C. L. TAYLOR.

[Brother Taylor of California in passing through Chicago recently spent a portion of the evening at the Life Boat Mission, and here describes the impressions that were made upon him. We would invite pastors and other gospel workers when passing through Chicago to plan so as to spend an evening at the Life Boat Mission.—Ed.]

It was my privilege recently to visit for the first time the Life Boat Mission of Chicago, and I now wish to bear a word of testimony.

First of all I may say that I was most happily disappointed. Though I had heard much regarding the grand and good work being accomplished there, yet personal contact with the Mission and its workers convinced me that the half had not been told. How true it is that for one to *know* he must "come and see."

I reached the Mission just as the evening talk was being concluded. Brother Van Dorn was making an appeal for surrender to God. Immediately following the singing of the old-time Gospel hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the meeting was opened to those present to yield their hearts. There was not a large attendance but there *was* a large measure of God's help manifested as men and women arose to relate what God had done for them personally.

I shall long remember the words of two men especially for whom the Lord had certainly done wonderful things. The first was a man who had spent at least three different times in the State prison for burglary and other notoriously wicked things, and who, while in prison, made one of the worst known records. He told in few but positive statements of how God had taken him to the Mission and how, while there, he had been torn from his life of sin. But what impressed me most was the atmosphere of consecration that surrounded his life, and the absence of hardness expressed in the face. The "boldness

of his face" had been "changed." (Eccl. 8:1.) In my mind there was no doubt that the spirit of God had been at work on the man's soul and that a revelation had been wrought which the human can not understand.

The other case was that of one who for thirty years had been a confirmed drunkard. Originally he had been a minister of the Gospel and bore the titles of D. D., LL. D., but he had fallen a victim to his own inherent tendencies to evil, and now disheartened and without friends anywhere in the world he had again turned to God. With trembling voice he described his fall and how recently he had lost a position as expert accountant in one of the best business offices of Chicago. But, thank the Lord, he could tell also of his visit to the Life Boat Mission, of how God had there wakened him to new life, and how he then went back to the firm and confessed his wrongs with the result that he had been reinstated.

As I listened I said to my own heart, how good it would be could many of us who claim to be ministers of Christ have more of an actual experience with the Lord Jesus in reclaiming men from the thralldom of sin. We would then cease our idle discussion of theological questions and become real agents and under shepherds in redeeming those who should be saved in the last great day.

The simplicity of the services, the utter lack of ostentatious display, and the earnestness and devotion of the workers, caused me to believe as never before that the Mission should have the support of God's people everywhere. Personally it will be a pleasure to me to aid by both voice and pen and influence in the building up of such enterprises. Would to God we could have a hundred Life Boat Missions where now there is but one! May God bless THE LIFE BOAT and the Life Boat Mission.

### PROFITABLE MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

Lottie C. Isbell writes in sending money order to pay for LIFE BOATS: "I received the LIFE BOATS and have disposed of them. Two of the members of the church, both women, and a little girl from the neighborhood, canvassed them and they sold like hot cakes.



Please send us two hundred of the December number.

"I am finding plenty of opportunities for doing missionary work; have opened up a little Sunday school of children in the neighborhood and found an encouraging response. I am also conducting several classes in different lines of health reform, especially for women and mothers. Pray for me and for the work in this field; I am of good courage and intensely interested in the work."

### CONTINUE PRAYING FOR YOUR HUSBANDS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

It was announced that a minister would assist in the mission service last evening, and being a very ministerial looking man we expected to hear him preach a sermon. But after being introduced he opened his Bible, read this text: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14), and then said that after seeking the Lord earnestly for a message he was impressed that he should tell something of his own personal experience.

#### A YOUTHFUL BARTENDER.

When a boy twelve years of age he was placed behind the bar of his father's saloon. At the age of fifteen he was held up as an example for the men who were patrons, as being able to drink more than any man there without showing its effects. Later he asked his father to help him to learn a trade, as he wanted to do something else and not always live behind the bar. His father returned: "Why, son, what more do you want? We are making loads of money. Aren't we successful in business and accumulating wealth? You stay here with me and we will make a change, and you shall be my partner in business."

Instead of becoming his father's partner he went into the saloon business for himself. Then he won the affections of a young woman whom he married.

The place where he had his business grew too small for him, so he said to his wife, "We will go to Chicago, where I can make more money to get diamonds for you to wear." For a time he was successful, but finally he

found he was the best whiskey customer that he had, and the business failed.

#### IS THE CHURCH DOOR OPEN FOR SINNERS?

Often the spirit of the Lord speaking to his heart made him hungry for the Gospel, though he was intoxicated, and in that condition he would feel his way up to the door of the church; he heard them singing about Jesus and His love but he was refused admittance. They would say, "You are mistaken—you are in the wrong place; you must not come in here." At different times he met the same experience, each time going deeper into sin. "Do you blame me for loving the Mission when I know no one is ever refused admittance to the doors there?" he asked.

"I say very much to my shame that I could take you within fifteen minutes' walk of this Mission where there are poor souls that are steeped in sin to-night smoking their lives away with opium, from which place the officers took me in a terrible condition to the home of my wife.

"I had not seen her for eight weeks. When I was taken I stepped back with horror. What was the matter? A crowd, a bed with some one in it, and who was it or what could it all mean? I stepped up, and there was my wife; had I killed her? was the first question. Then I saw the two little bright eyes of my son looking for the first time in his life on his father, a drunkard, and that told the story. I, a miserable wretch, with such a wife and children! I said, 'I will do better, I will be a man. I will not leave home until I become a good man and an honor to my family.'

#### THE WIFE THAT NEVER GAVE UP.

"Without Christ I found very soon it was a hopeless task. One night, being tempted to stop in a saloon on my way from work, to escape the temptation I started to run and never ran so hard in all my life as I did that night. My wife seeing me coming was afraid I wanted a weapon to destroy my life and had the door locked. I begged her to let me in—I did not want to hurt myself or her. When she finally opened the door I rushed to where the Bible was, picked it up, and read, 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' (1 John 3:1.) I said, 'Wife, let us pray.' She was a woman of faith and believed God would honor her faith.

Many times when I would come home drunk she would say, 'Never mind, Will, some day you will be preaching the Gospel.' We both sank on our knees together and sought the Lord earnestly, and when through that awful struggle the Lord at the midnight hour spoke peace to my soul. The light streamed into my soul and I was a free man in Christ Jesus.

"Since that time I have endeavored to study my Bible and immediately prepared myself by God's help to preach the Gospel. Our family is happy; I am a city missionary doing mission work for Jesus, and when I know the doors of the Mission are open to the man who is hungry to hear about Jesus and listen to the songs of His love, whether he is drunk or sober, do you blame me for loving the Mission? For when I was refused I know what it meant to me. I have consecrated my life to God for the foreign field and am putting all-I can into it for that purpose and am willing to do all I can for others while I am waiting the Lord's time to put me there."

How different is his feeling now toward his family! He was where he loved to be—in a mission, but as soon as his work was done he hastened to get back to his family instead of spending his evening in some of the devil's snares.

What does this mean to us, dear friends? Are we like this faithful wife, determined to see our loved ones through the eyes of faith whether they are at present faithful or not?

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#### A WORD FROM CANADA.

MRS. BIRDIE CONWAY,  
McLean, Canada.

As I travel from place to place and visit the sick, the orphans, and try to help my unfortunate sisters, many are the rays of sunshine cast across my pathway. Not a few say, "Can God help and save *me*?"

Oh, to know that this Friend of friends can save from sin and keep that which we commit to His loving care is worth more than the foolish pleasures of this world.

Awake, my friends, from the carelessness and indifference that seem to hold you, and grasp the wonderful fact that this same Jesus who loved us and gave His life for us is soon coming again, and we must all stand at the judgment bar of God. May we send our sins beforehand to judgment and be

ready! He is now opening the prison doors of sin to every soul who is willing to flee for refuge. May the dear Lord touch the hearts of many with a desire to help us in this soul-winning cause.

I ask the prayers of Christian people as I visit the cities of this great Canadian field, that I may do much good and help many to be rescued from the walks of sin.

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#### PRISONERS TAKE PART.

MRS. WM. ALLEN.  
Kansas City, Kans.

I attended services at the county jail here and had a very interesting meeting, many of the prisoners taking part; they seemed glad to have us come. Pray that the work here may continue and that precious souls that have been ensnared by Satan may be delivered and give God the praise for their salvation.

There is much work everywhere to do for the Lord, but while men sleep and regard iniquity in their hearts the enemy sows the tares. May the dear Lord help us to awake and put on the beautiful garments of Christ's righteousness, for the time is short. I praise God for the wonderful work done through THE LIFE BOAT in winning souls for Jesus.

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#### HOW TO GET MONEY FOR MISSIONARY PROJECTS.

J. S. NELSON.

[A splendid way to earn money for a variety of missionary projects and at the same time get an increased missionary experience, is to sell THE LIFE BOATS and then donate the profits to some definite missionary object. The following interesting report of the Los Angeles, Cal., Young People's Society should be an inspiration to many others to do likewise. Write us for special terms.—Ed.]

Our society made up their minds to pay the way for a missionary student in the Avondale School, Australia, and began selling LIFE BOATS, and the profit went to pay this. In this way we have earned one hundred and twenty dollars for that fund. The full amount which we are to pay is one hundred and fifty dollars, which we hope to have ere long. While this is not much, considering a membership of from thirty to thirty-five people, yet we feel that the Lord is richly blessing us when we do even little duties.



No One Has Such Opportunities for Genuine Usefulness, as the Medical Missionary Nurse.

Then, again, our society has other lines of missionary work before them, such as looking after the poor and needy, the sick and sorrowing, sometimes going out with flowers and singing to the sick. We are thankful to the heavenly Father for giving us the grand privilege of being co-workers with Him. Soon the toil here will be over and then we will enjoy a place where all is happiness.

Our crew is large. We all join in sending good cheer to the success of the work of THE LIFE BOAT.

### THE OLD DESIRE CAME BACK.

C. S. SMITH.

A friend gave me one of last year's LIFE BOATS to read and I must say it is the best little journal I have ever had the pleasure of reading. My life has been so bad that it seems I can not get myself to do anything good. I was once a Christian but have grown cold. It was drink that brought me where I am. I had one of the nicest homes a young man could wish for, but I went to sea when I was fifteen, and there took my first drink, which was the beginning of my downfall. So many times I thought if I could have my past life to live over again, what a different life I would lead. I once knew what it was to be one of God's children, but I fell away little by little till I lost all desire to serve Him, until I read one of your magazines; then the old desire came back to me with a double meaning, and I am determined to try once more by God's help to be what I once was, a child of God.

Write us an account of your interesting experiences. It will encourage others.

### CHOOSING A LIFE WORK.

RILEY RUSSELL.

To every young man and woman there comes a time when they must choose a life work, and in this perverse age when the spirit of recklessness fills the land it is very important that we should choose aright. Instead of considering what will help *me* most and give *me* greatest success rather let us look to our great Teacher, who thought *only* of the good of others and left us an *example* of a life spent in preaching the Gospel, *healing* the sick, and true medical missionary work.



## Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Shall 1906 be a banner soul-winning year? All about us are men and women who are sacrificing their health and even their character to secure worldly gain or positions of influence and places of honor. Will you at the very beginning of this year see so much in a redeemed human soul that you will put some of the same enthusiasm into the work of winning others to the Master, so that they may taste in their lives some of the sweetness that has come into yours? As you help them you will increase your own capacity to receive further blessings.

### A MESSAGE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Nearly a hundred thousand people will read this message from a man inside prison walls. How pathetically it echoes the words of the scripture that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Would to God that more sinners might discover that fact before they begin to eat the bitter fruit of their reckless doing!

Will our friends everywhere rally to assist us next April to put a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* into every prison cell in America? There are men in every prison in the land who will thus have the Gospel presented to them for the first time in their lives. Send us a little donation for this purpose while your attention is called to it.

"Dear Friends of the outside world: I herewith write a statement in regard to prison life. In the first place, does it pay to be a hold-up man, or a bank robber, or any other kind of a criminal? It does not. Take warning from a man who has seen four sides of life, from a rich man's son from a city in the West to a drunkard, from a drunkard to a thief, from a thief to a prison, behind the stone walls of Michigan State prison. My advice to anyone who is going to do something that will lead to prison life is to stop and think of the nice home and friends they are leaving. Dear friends, I have been a bad man a long

time, but the Lord has come to me with a message of love.

From a prisoner, Michigan State Prison."

### THE FINDING OF A PRISON MIS- SIONARY.

The invitation to the Gospel feast is represented in the parable in Luke 14 as first being given to those in the rural communities who had lands and cattle. Then it was carried to those who had allowed social obligations and society to swallow up their spiritual conceptions. When the Master found that these classes so largely excused themselves He said, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." Go right out to those who have been overlooked; seek the people who are on the streets, in the highways and hedges.

Some years ago a spontaneous movement began in different places of carrying this Gospel to the slums, to the drunkards, to the brothel, to the prison, to the outcast, and to the wayward. Men have risen up in far-away New Zealand, in India, in Europe, in Africa, as well as in this country, to do this work, and the mighty Spirit of God has prepared hearts among these classes to accept the invitation that thousands more favorably situated have rejected.

We will cite one striking example among many, showing how wonderfully this invitation is being heeded. About a year ago, at one of the Sunday morning services at the Harrison street police station, one of our workers prayed with a man who had just been arrested for some minor offense on the streets of Chicago. He was converted then and there and confessed that he was guilty of a crime in Kentucky. He gave himself up to the officers, who then took him to that State for trial.

That worker wrote up an account of this meeting in the May *LIFE BOAT* and the other

day she received the following letter from this prisoner:

"Dear Friend: I have often had your face in mind from the time you had that conversation with me last December in the Harrison Street police station one Sunday morning. I would have written you before this if I had known your name, but as I did not, of course I could not get word to you. I happened to go into our chapel library a few days ago and discovered a LIFE BOAT dated May, 1905, and looking through it read the sketch about our meeting, as you wrote a small item about it.

"I am the man that surrendered to the authorities, being charged with forgery in Kentucky. I received two years' sentence in the penitentiary; have served just half of my time by deducting good time off.

"God has been good to me here and since I have been here I have held fast in the faith, letting my light shine for the Master. There has never been a day here but what I have spoken to someone in regard to their salvation. Sundays we have services in our chapel all day, and the men are in the yard, which gives me a good field in which to sow the good seed. I had a Sunday School class, but about two months ago my health began to fail and at present I am confined in the hospital with hemorrhages of the right lung. This has shattered my health greatly, but I have faith to believe God will spare me my left lung and give me a few months' freedom so I can tell to others the great love of Christ.

"I can give you good reports of the work here. There is seldom a Sunday passes but what someone makes a public confession in our meetings. Besides, there is not a prison in America where the Bible is studied as here. We have contests twice a year on memorizing scriptural verses. Last Fourth of July our class had learned by heart more than ten thousand verses. One inmate since August has learned nearly six thousand verses, taking them all from the New Testament. He knows Matthew, John, Luke, first, second and third John's epistles, and Revelation, all by heart and is still learning more.

"Friends all over the land send Teachers' Reference Bibles to us as prizes. Sometimes we do not have enough to go around to those who have won them. If THE LIFE BOAT de-

sires to do a good act they could do so by sending me a Teachers' Bible that I could give a life term man here who I know is worthy and would highly appreciate it. I have a good Bible myself, but I do want to help others and supply them with God's word.

"Trusting God will guide you in all matters, I remain yours truly."

This man has not had such opportunities as most of us have had. Although in a prison he is not writing anything about what a hard time he is having, yet he must have very trying experiences. A year ago he heard this Gospel that had been rejected by many of the better classes, but he grasped it and it has been sweet to his soul. When we get over on the other shore we shall there meet a host who have been saved in some such way as this. So let us have courage to scatter the seed.

That man is a missionary although he is in prison. We feel impressed that in April we should send THE LIFE BOAT again to the prison cells all over this land. The majority of people seem so well satisfied with their houses, lands and families that they will not accept this message, but here are people who are down,—the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and they must be given the same invitation. It takes consecration to do this, but it is work that has to be done and it is the highest kind of missionary work to do. To become a true band of missionary workers—is not this the highest ideal we can possibly have before us?

Before we can have this experience there is something we must do alone with God. He must put something into our lives, and that is a genuine soul-winning instinct, and we will not be worse physicians, nurses, domestics, farmers, mechanics, or workers of any kind if we are better missionaries.

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#### A GOOD WORD FROM AN EX-PRISONER.

We are constantly receiving letters from men who received THE LIFE BOAT while they were in prison, which led them to the feet of the Master, so they went out of prison transformed men. Some of them, like the one who has written us this letter, are in good positions; others, for reasons best known to God, are struggling manfully under difficult circumstances to live up to high ideals. Will

you help us to furnish the April LIFE BOAT to the entire prison population of this country so that such men may have an opportunity that perhaps they never enjoyed before they went to prison?

"Dear Brother, and all who are connected with THE LIFE BOAT: I am the man who was in the Wyoming penitentiary for eight years and who often wrote to you and others. I am well, trusting the Master. I am earning one hundred and five dollars a month. It pays to serve the Master in and out of prison. Have been tempted greatly but have come out all right. God bless the little paper and the workers."

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#### A STRAY COPY.

The following lines were received from Watertown, N. Y.: "A copy of THE LIFE BOAT of October, 1904, fell into my hands a few days ago and I fell in love with it, hence this to you. If it is still alive I would like a few sample copies to distribute. I think if you have no subscribers here you ought to have; I will do what I can to get some. God bless you and THE LIFE BOAT always."

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#### ANOTHER STRAY COPY.

The following card addressed to the editors of THE LIFE BOAT was recently received from Weston, Ohio:

"A short time ago a copy of THE LIFE BOAT with date of October, 1902, came into my hands, and I would like to know if it is still published. It is a feast of good things. Would you please send me sample copy and oblige one greatly interested in temperance work?"

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#### BETTER THAN PLAYING MARBLES.

A letter received from a lady in Lansing, Mich., states:

"I have a little boy seven years old who wants to sell LIFE BOATS. He has been trying to persuade me for the last three months to let him try. I was telling it to a sister in Christ and she took a quarter out of her pocket and told me to send at once while he was so anxious, so I send the twenty-five cents for LIFE BOATS. Please send them as soon as you can and we will let the little fellow do all he can with them."

Lulu Irene Matney, Norfolk, Nebraska, writes: "When I first went out to sell LIFE BOATS, some did not pay any attention to me, but they soon began to treat me differently, and would stop and ask about the paper. On being told they would readily buy one.

"Sometimes I ask men to buy who answer me 'no.' I do not say anything, and after walking a few steps they frequently come back and buy a LIFE BOAT. It is surely the Lord who sends them back to me.

"When the way seems dark and discouraging, I just breathe a silent prayer, saying, 'O, God, guide me where I shall go.' Then He always leads me into true paths where I meet with success. I have many blessings in the work, and do not tire of it, for I know it is not in vain."

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Begin this month to order a regular number of Life Boats each month to sell, lend, or give away to your neighbors and friends.

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#### DO YOU WANT A BEAUTIFUL BIBLE?

Mrs. Annie M. Gearhart, Geigers Mills, Pa., writes: "The Bible you sent me was received for the ten subscriptions I sent and I am very much pleased with it; it is well worth the time devoted to getting the subscriptions, and I should say that many more should endeavor to put this paper among the public. On November 16 I started out with one hundred LIFE BOATS and in nine hours I sold them all, and did not work hard at that; I have ordered one hundred more. Although I have a family of six children, yet I find time to do this valuable work of saving souls."

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#### "SAVE THE BOYS."

As surely as the Lord called for the publication of this journal, so surely is He calling others to engage in its circulation. He is calling you; your help is needed. You must not fail to respond, that the boys and girls on every side may be saved.

Every number of this journal is replete with interesting matter; just the journal for your boys and girls. Wide-awake people sell it at five cents a copy. The December issue presents the true principle of prohibition. The January issue is the "Pledge against Wine" number. Have you ever asked your Sabbath school class to sign the pledge? Better do it

now. Send 40 cents for a year, or 5 cents for sample copy; or \$1.68 for 100 copies. Any less number 2 cents each. Address, "Save the Boys," Washburn Park, Minneapolis, Minn.

Many of the readers of THE LIFE BOAT will be glad to learn that the Sabbath-school lessons are now printed in the German, Danish-Norwegian and Swedish papers, published at College View, Nebraska. These papers also contain the intermediate lessons for children, translated from the "Youth's Instructor." Write the publishers for sample copies. Special rates on clubs for Sabbath-school and missionary work. Address the International Publishing Association, College View, Nebraska.

We have received the *Signs of the Times* prospectus for 1906 and it promises a feast of good things for the Bible student. Send stamp for sample copy to Mountain View, Cal.

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# The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

W. S. SADLER, Associate Editor.

N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

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

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

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