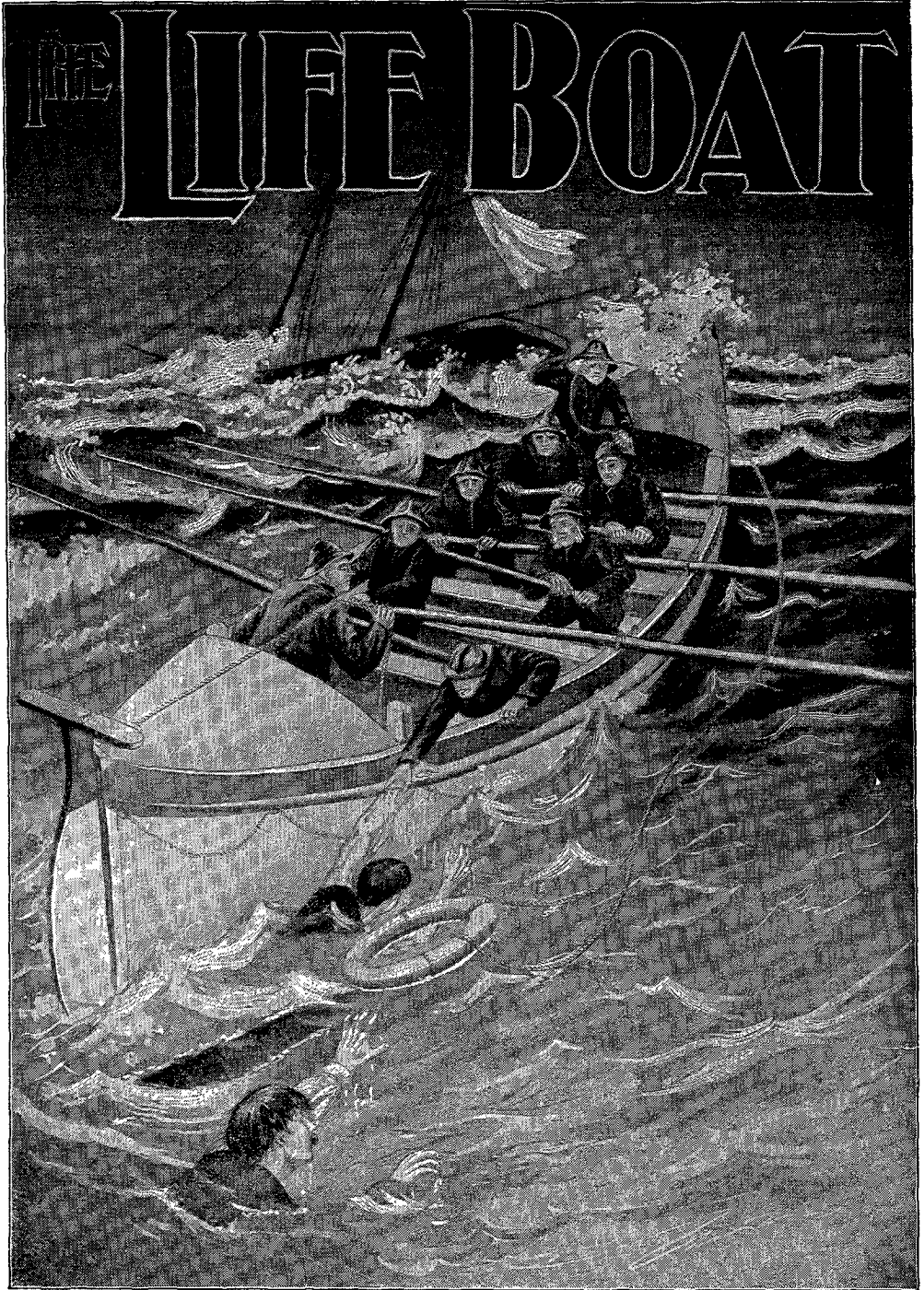


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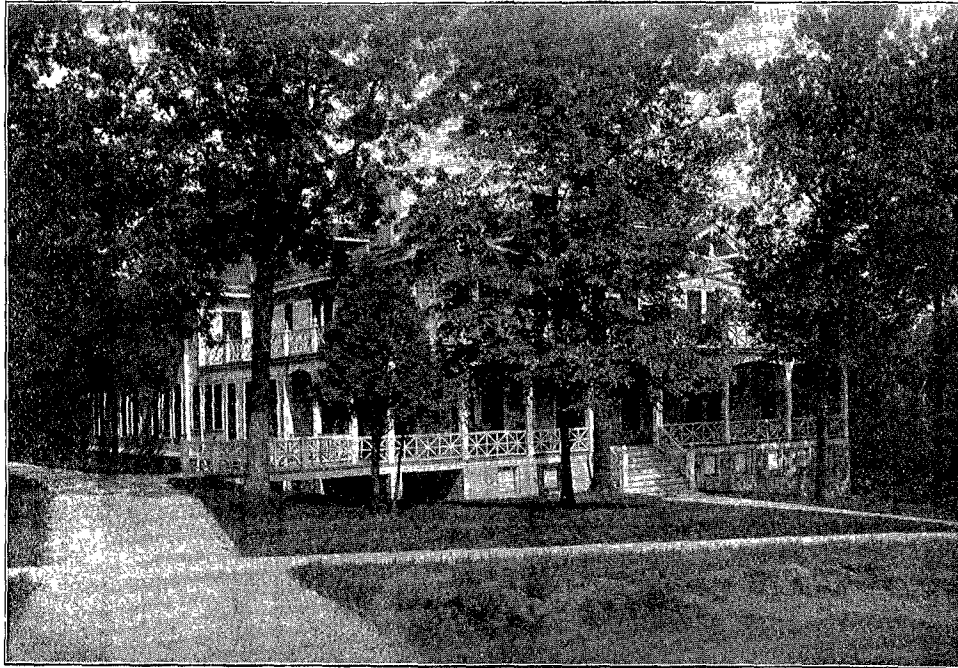
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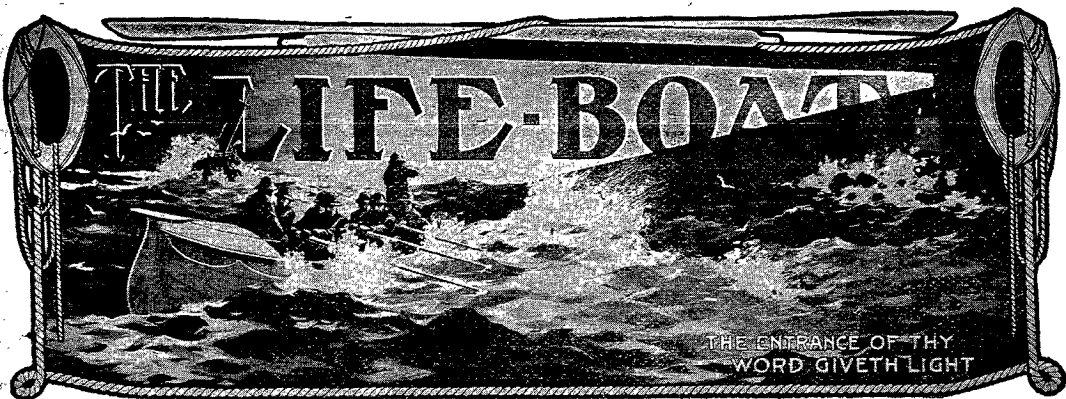
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**Volume IX**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: AUGUST, 1906**

**Number 8**

**RECOMPENSE.**

PEARL WAGGONER.

The path may be lone, but the Saviour is nigh;  
The want may be great—He each need will supply;  
The clouds may be black, but with Him there is light,  
And through the thick darkness He'll lead us aright.

The load may be heavy, its weight He will share,  
While bidding us leave with Him worry and care;  
Though thorny the pathway and weary our feet,  
It maketh the rest that He giveth more sweet.

The flood may be deep and each prospect seem drear,  
Yet ever He whispereth, "Be of good cheer."  
Grim foes may attack us, and sorrows assail,  
But Christ is our portion and He will not fail.

Oh, blessed assurance when He is our peace,  
Who maketh our fear and our bondage to cease!  
His voice bringeth gladness and infinite calm,  
And to the sad spirit 'tis healing and balm.

Oh, wonderful gift of unsearchable love,  
Which draws us and leads to our haven above!  
Oh, wonderful Saviour, so tender, so kind,  
In whom lasting comfort and riches we find!

He lifts us from out of this dark world of night  
And girds us with strength, and encircles with light;  
In love ever near, He remains to the end  
Our Guardian, Lifegiver, Saviour, and Friend.

**IT PAYS TO LISTEN TO THE STILL,  
SMALL VOICE.**

LENA K. SADLER, M. D.

While sitting in a railway coach fast approaching Chicago during the month of July my attention was drawn, soon after entering

it, toward a young woman who was seated just across the aisle from the seat I occupied. She was a quiet, well-behaved woman, and her face was a kindly one.



As I sat in quiet conversation with my sister, who accompanied me, a gentle

voice whispered, "That woman needs your help."

Several times my thoughts were thus directed toward her. I searched her face, and wondered who she might be. Where was she going? Had she friends to meet her in the great wicked city we were nearing? She was in a delicate condition and would soon need medical attention. I decided that if the opportunity did not present itself to converse with her while on the train I should linger at the station and see if she was met by friends, and if not, I would offer assistance with her luggage, and learn something about

her circumstances. But I did not have to wait for our arrival at the station.

Among the remnants of a much enjoyed lunch was a fine large banana which was offered to a small lad who was passing down the aisle. He declined it. Presently the lady in the seat opposite said, "If you don't care for that banana which the boy refused, I'd like it very much; I'm very fond of bananas."

I saw my opportunity had come at last, and stepping across the aisle I gave it to her and sat down beside her in the seat. I remarked, "You are going to Chicago?" "Yes," she replied. "Have you friends to meet you?" "No." "Have you ever been in Chicago before?" "Only once, for an hour," she said.

"It's a very large city, and sometimes one feels very lonely in it if they have no friends there," I remarked.

The short sentences which followed were sandwiched with the flow of many tears, and my heart yearned within me to help her, and it also was full to overflowing with gratitude to God for the privilege of helping her.

In answer to my query, "Will you be in the city long?" she sadly replied in an embarrassed manner, "Only until after the birth of my child, which will take place soon."

I hastily inquired, "Have you friends to go to?"

"No," was the sad answer. "Have you money to meet your expenses?" At this she opened her scant purse, which revealed the small sum of three dollars. "That is all I have," she said.

How gladly I told her I could help her, and that I would take her from the train to a place of shelter in this most trying hour. And then followed a story which was sad indeed; so sad that my own tears mingled with hers as she related the story of her betrayal by a man in whom she had placed all the love and trust she possessed. And here she was fleeing to a great city to hide her shame and bear her grief alone.

On alighting from the train we were met by Dr. Sadler. We told him of the situation, and he very joyfully assisted us in the transfer across the city, and the rechecking of baggage, etc. After seating her in a comfortable rocker, we telephoned to the Home for Girls in the suburbs. A most hearty welcoming message came back to us over the wire in

answer to the query, "Can you take another needy sister?"

Soon we were on board the train for the suburban home in Hinsdale, which kindly opened its doors to befriend another drifting soul.

Now, dear reader, in thanking God for this experience, I am especially grateful for two things: First, that while God guided that dear soul that day, He also led me to get on board the same train. My plan was to take a later train, but almost at the last moment we got an earlier train instead. I might have missed the sweet experience of helping this one soul. Second, I am thankful for the maternity Suburban Home, a place dedicated to God for this very purpose, where scores of young women have been befriended in just such a dark hour.

Let us all resolve to henceforth walk so softly and live so quietly that we may hear the gentle voice that speaks to us many, many times each day; and that wherever we are, on the train, the street car, or street, or in any walk in life where we come in contact with human souls to ever be ready when the gentle voice whispers, "Here is one who needs your help."

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### BECAUSE SHE LOVED HER CHILD.

MAUD GREY.

One morning three years ago a husband, strong and healthy, left his wife and babe to go about his daily work. About noon he was brought back a corpse, and the young wife and her infant were left alone in the world without friends. The mother being merely sixteen years of age, it was decided by court that she was too young to take care of her child, so they took it away from her.

Not being able to see the child, she went to another part of the States and began to nurse in order to forget her trouble. After a time it seemed as though she could not stand it any longer, and not knowing that the Bible says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee" (Ps. 55:22), she commenced to use drugs to drown the memory, and these not sufficing, and her love for her child being so great, she finally entered a life of sin, hoping thereby to drown all her sorrow. She felt at times as if she cared not how low she went

if she could only forget, and then again her better nature would come to her and she wondered why it was she had to come to such a life.

One day Miss Emmel met her, and knowing that she used drugs brought her out to the Home, where she accepted Christ; but for a long time she kept her greatest trouble to herself for fear that we would not understand. At times she would go out alone and seemed so lonely, and one day I noticed after one of these walks that her eyes were wet with tears. Not knowing what the trouble was, I talked to her about what the Lord would do for her. We had prayer together, but she lingered on her knees and said, "Why is it I can not have the one I love?" I said, "Who is it?" and finally she told me about her little baby, who is now three years old.

Mothers, let us not condemn and judge those in sin, for we know not their heart struggles, for what one of us, if we knew not Christ, would do any differently if placed in such circumstances?

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### "GETTING A CLEW TO GOD."

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

When the detectives are at work seeking to unravel some baffling mystery, there is nothing that delights them more than to find some new, promising *clue*. A *clue* is something that promises success to their work, which promises a reward for their efforts. It holds out a hope that they shall eventually accomplish their task.

And so the Christian worker, the missionary, can do no more vital or important thing than to give the searching, seeking wanderers in this world of sin some *plain* and *direct* *clue to God*. God is to be found. He has not hidden Himself away from the sinner. The Scriptures declare that if we search for Him with all our hearts we shall find Him. The message is that whosoever will may come, and be introduced to Him. Still more, that He Himself is seeking the lost ones that He may find them and save them.

Many books have been written on Christian Work, Personal Work, etc., but the most important of any that we have seen was one that

contained this single thought, "Give the soul 'a clew to God.'"

There are many ways in which the Christian may give the wanderer a clew to his Maker, not the least of which is by his personal life, his tenderness, his compassion, and perhaps most of all, his patience. Then let us not be weary in well doing, but all the while remember that the great surging sea of humanity which surrounds us contains after all many a drifting soul who is trying to search out the great mystery of godliness, to know the unknowable; and how vital, and how responsible our positions, how faithful we should be in our constant efforts to give these inquiring ones the right clew to God! What a calamity to the soul of our fellow man, should we give him the wrong clew. What a shame, should we mislead him; and how terrible the consequences of sorrow, anguish and bitter disappointment, should we by word or deed misdirect the lost soul of our brother!

Yes, as Christians we have gone over the route. We have had revealed to us the mysteries of the height, and the depth, as well as the breadth of the unsearchable riches of God. It is even so. The Holy Spirit of God has revealed to us the richness of the Christ life within the human form. And so we are made debtors to the world. We owe it to those who are yet in the darkness of ignorance, that we should lead them all into the light; that we should ever invite them to the fountains of life; that we should become wise and persistent fishers of men; and above all, that we should on all occasions, and to all men, lose no opportunity to give our brother or our sister, who is lost in the mazes of sin, the *clue to God*. This is the greatest thing we can ever do for an earnest and inquiring soul.

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### JOIN HANDS WITH US.

After reading the article in this number by Mrs. Lena K. Sadler our readers will appreciate the necessity of keeping open our Suburban Home for unfortunate women. In order to accomplish this we must have means. Please do not forget us but send us something to help keep our work going. Any contributions will be appreciated and we will try to put them to good use. Send your donations to Mrs. David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

## THE SECRET OF TRUE SUCCESS.

[Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the world-renowned surgeon of Johns Hopkins Hospital, gave the address to this year's graduating class of the American Medical Missionary College. It was certainly refreshing to find a physician whose medical work has earned for him international fame, possessing not only an unbounded faith in the simple principles of the Gospel, but with a mind filled with the truths of the Bible. We present for the benefit of our readers a few choice extracts from this instructive address.—Ed.]

I am glad to come here and say a few words to you, because you represent an unusual and exceptional institution. You represent a little oasis, really, in one sense, in the great desert of medical schools where all ought to be Christian. And the beauty of this school is that you carry out the true ideal of medical work—the improvement of opportunity for Christian service. That is *all* we are called to be physicians for—nothing else, that we may win friends, and bring our friends where true friendship *ought* to be brought, to God through Christ. I can not, therefore, be content merely to express pleasure and kindly sympathy in fitting phrases, but

would gladly use such grace as may be given me to bring you a message which shall strengthen you and go out as a blessing with each one of you into your chosen field of work.

You may not have that discernment of times of which the world boasts as its peculiar talent and handmaid to success, but in place of this our Lord confers that which is far, far better, un failing trust in the Father, who holds all earthly activities not laxly, but well established, fulfilling His will, in His own authority.

In place of knowledge of times, we have, therefore, *power*, promised by Christ, associated with the coming upon us of the Holy Spirit, marking us out as He first marked Christ out; the privilege of being His witnesses. O, blessed, real, and wonderful service into which you have entered, bearing fruits even unto the life eternal! What a contrast! We can not pause too long to consider it. On the one hand knowledge of present times, limited its horizon to earth alone, and often mistaken and misleading. On the other hand, *power*, an indwelling Spirit of God, bearing fruit through us both for time and eternity. I charge you, then, as you journey hence, that you ever keep this crowning—what shall I call it, command, warning, gift,

or blessing?—in mind; and that you remember amidst all of life's vicissitudes that He never takes aught away from His child but to give that which is infinitely *more* valuable in its place. Choose you now, which shall it be—worldly prudence or the guidance of the power of the Spirit?

Here let me charge you most earnestly, for according as you go in this spirit or in that will your work succeed or fail. It matters not how famous you become, or what institutions are reared to do a mighty work under your fostering care, or even what great discoveries you may make. You may, as you pursue your calling, with the foundation laid here lay bare and master

the secrets of diseases which have from time immemorial ravaged our race; and yet, if you go not in the *right* spirit, all will be but *dead* works.

I am thus earnest and emphatic, because in these days there are many spirits abroad. We are living in a day when Bibles are printed and circulated and the Bible is talked about as never before perhaps in the world's history, and yet days in which God's Word was also never less known. Bibles are turned out by



the ton—given away for nothing, or for a few pennies, and yet when we come to take statistics in our institutions of learning anywhere in our land we find that the children coming out of our homes know practically nothing about God's Word.

We live in days of new "isms," of teachers professing to honor and to draw their inspiration from God's Word, who yet magnify only themselves. We are living in days when new and subtle philosophies are abroad, offering themselves as acceptable substitutes for the true faith. One of these parallels is as much like our faith as a false coin newly minted is like the true gold—hard to distinguish until you get it into your hand and ring it. I talked with a man representing one of these "isms" on the train about three weeks ago, and the parallels between it and God's Word were truly marvelous. Extraordinary cunning Satan has developed in these days, and yet absolutely without proof—a mere philosophy of living, Christ left out, and not a word about the Holy Spirit and His work.

You will distinguish the false from the true if you hold fast this Word of truth, this sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. You will detect the false ring if you note, as your interlocutor glibly praises the new faith, that Christ (though His name may be mentioned) is so completely *left out* that you are ready to cry, weeping, with Mary, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." You will find this above all things, that all these false systems leave out the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, and if they mention His name and His work, narrow Him down to some little method of theirs, that He must act through such and such channels, in such and such ways.

Here, my dear friends, is the secret of the weakness of our churches to-day—taught false systems, particularly as these false systems have their strength in our churches, and people have been studying them for a lifetime under Christian ministers. Here is the explanation of all the lamentable ignorance of the things of God in pulpit and in pew. Here, in this lack of knowledge in the work of the Spirit is the cause of the prevailing coldness. This explains why missions languish and the heathen in India and in China when they cry for bread receive a stone.

Be very clear about this, and know that even as when our Lord was on earth, it may be said to-day of people at large, sad though the words are—(let me repeat these words of John the Baptist) "In the midst of you standeth One whom ye know not,"—a person definite and real, as real as our Lord Himself, though unseen, a comforter, a guide, a teacher, the power of the church, the great Life Giver. See what our Lord says of Him in John's Gospel. Only run it through yourself. Chapters 1, 3, 7 and 14-16. And then see how like

a flood he comes in, according to our Lord's promise in the Acts—spoken of some fifty odd times, about as many times in this one book alone as in all the Gospels. Recognize Him and His work, and He will be in you the power of Christ, living again on earth, and working His will through you.

I charge you, therefore, that you go forth to your work in Christian patience, and in the power of the Spirit of God.

#### HAPPY THOUGH IN PRISON.

The following are extracts from a letter written by a prisoner in Michigan City, Ind.:

"I received your kind and very welcome letter and you don't know how glad I was to hear from you. I have written many letters since I have been here, but have received few answers. When your letter was handed to me in my cell I was learning a little chapter from the Bible. Your letter put so much joy in my heart that I looked it over three or four times. I am going to keep it as a treasure.

"I am a Christian by the help of God. Although I am in prison I am a happy man, praise God. When I look around and see all the poor souls that will not come to Jesus my heart grieves. I tell them I was worse than any of them. One poor soul has come to Jesus to whom I have been talking for quite a while. I hope he will stay by his Lord.

"I received this little magazine Saturday night. I was awfully glad when it came for I am always waiting for it. By the help of God I will try and do better. I followed race horses all my life, have been stable boy, jockey, trainer and owner. May the blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, be with you all forever. I will be glad if some day I may have the pleasure of seeing you all."

#### NOT WHOLLY FORGOTTEN.

A prisoner writes from Anamosa, Iowa:

"Your kind letter came to hand. In reply to the same, will say it gave me much pleasure to know that we unfortunate ones are not wholly forgotten by those in the outside world, but it does seem sometimes as if we were. I should be pleased to hear from you at any time. I received your magazine; please accept my thanks for it. Some years ago I got the paper right along and have quite a number of them now, which I thought of having bound in one book; I like to read them."

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH  
YOUNG CONVERTS ON HEALTH,  
HAPPINESS AND SALVATION.

No. 3.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last year there were consumed in this country twenty gallons of intoxicating liquors for every man, woman and child within its borders. Many of those who drank this whiskey were compelled to do so for the same reason that a man who took a teaspoonful of salt would soon have an almost irresistible desire to patronize the water bucket. The man who sprinkles enough mustard or other fiery condiment on a piece of juicy beefsteak as would raise blisters if applied externally, should know that it blisters and burns on the inside even more than it would on the outside, and that he is only intensifying his own miseries and making his struggle for temperance and the development of character more difficult.

Would it not be foolish for an athlete who was to make the record race of his life to strap a lot of weights to himself as he was making his final struggle? Mr. Allen, who walked a thousand miles in less time than any other living man has accomplished the feat, stated to us recently that the difference of a pound weight in the pocket would almost invariably mean failure instead of success.

How many young converts there are who instead of heeding the scriptural admonition to lay aside every weight are clinging to such ones as tobacco, highly spiced flesh foods, tea and coffee, fiery condiments, sleeping in poorly ventilated bedrooms, clothing themselves in unhygienic garments, failing to take suitable outdoor exercise, and then wondering why they are making so little advancement in the Christian race.

Our bodies are made out of what we put into them. If we furnish them poor material we shall gradually deteriorate and by and by only have a body fit for the grave.

The human body is almost entirely changed, not once in seven years as we were taught when we were children, but every few months. All the blood in the body is changed every few weeks.

A brick building might be changed by taking out one brick at a time and putting in another in the place of it. That in a crude way

illustrates how the body is constantly being renewed, but suppose you pull out a brick and then replace it by an inferior one, in a short time the building will give evidence of it.

Suppose you should see a man whipping his horse while endeavoring to drive a heavily loaded wagon up a steep hill with the brakes firmly set, and you should ask him why he did not take off the brakes—if he should insist that they in no way interfered with his progress you would certainly suspect that the man was insane, but the man who ignores himself physically by any vice or wrong habit is thereby putting upon himself spiritual brakes whether he is aware of it or not.

The Lord told Lot to leave Sodom and get up into a high mountain. After some hesitation he left Sodom, but he pleaded to be allowed to remain in one of its small suburbs. So to-day there are many young converts who reluctantly leave behind them some of their most sinful and most defiling habits while they continue to cling to others, excusing themselves just as Lot did by saying that they are only "little things." They thereby run a desperate chance of meeting with spiritual shipwreck at the very time when they ought to be inspiring others by what God could accomplish in human flesh and blood when He was allowed full and unhindered opportunity.

#### MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE.

The following lines are from an inmate of the South Dakota Penitentiary:

"Since my last letter to you I have committed to memory the second chapter of Proverbs, the fifty-fifth of Isaiah, the thirtieth Psalm and the sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew and several other verses among which are these words which I like to repeat to myself in the morning: 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.' (James 1:12.) I want you to pray for me that I may not wrest the writings of Paul to my own destruction as it seems to me so many are doing.

"This verse in John 2:1 gives me courage, for is there anyone that can understand it any better than one who has had a good lawyer to plead for him? I think it is one of the best



comforts we have to know that there is One to plead with the Father for His erring children.

"I must tell you how I got the money I sent you, for I feel guilty since reading my Bible and studying it more. You see we are allowed ten cents' worth of chewing tobacco a week and I let one of the boys have mine. I was not expecting to take anything for it, but he wanted to order some things for Christmas, then I told him if he would send you two dollars he could have my tobacco as long as he was here. As soon as he leaves I am going to quit having it.

"I have been thinking the last two or three months how I could best work for my Master when I am released from this prison, for I believe that the Lord is letting me learn His precious Word that I may be a help to someone when I am free again."

#### FOUND SWEET REST.

A recent letter received from G. C. Calvert, Berrien Springs, Mich., says:

"My thoughts gladly go back to the day when this magazine first came into my hands, and I thought it my duty to show my gratitude to God and to you by writing you a few lines. I was surely in darkness, and your little paper seemed, as it were, a light set upon a hill to lead me to a place of safety.

"Before knowing God life was a burden to me, but after having accepted Him I found that sweet rest. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' This promise is given to all. It is my desire to help others to know this, for God is continually calling those who need a consolator, and stands ready to give all that new life if He is asked.

"God is helping me to better understand by giving me a longing desire to study His Word more. I see that His work on earth is to be done through his faithful servants and I want to be a worker for Him, for I feel very sorry for those who are in darkness. I expect to devote the rest of my life in helping others to live the new life. At present I have plenty to do and am thankful for it, for the harder we work the more we appreciate rest. I hope that you may always keep your good work going, and that your magazine will be an instrument in leading many, many others to Christ."

## THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT RESCUE MISSION.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

"I would not go back to the booze, men, on the level, if I had to put that hand on the block, and I would tell them to strike it off before I would touch the first booze."



This is the way David J. Ranney has of sending the Gospel home to his hearers at the midnight mission in Chinatown, New York City. After spending half a lifetime in sin and dissipation on the Bowery, he was converted

and now for fourteen years has been toiling and struggling right among his old companions in sin, helping them to find the right way.

Through the untiring, self-sacrificing efforts of a band of rescue workers, the midnight mission in Chinatown was founded. About sixteen years ago personal work was carried on among the unfortunate inmates of Five Points, Mulberry Bend and Chinatown, these workers often spending a whole night in trying to rescue some miserable wreck of a human being. Soon the work took a more permanent form and a small upper room was secured in a tenement building on Pell Street, which was notoriously questionable; here services were conducted. In a short time this room became inadequate to accommodate the sin-stained men and women who sought peace within its doors.

A mission hall was then secured on Doyer Street and with five dollars which had been donated toward the rent the work was started. The Lord blessed these workers, as He always does those who are willing to work unselfishly for Him, and many genuine conversions resulted. All classes of people were dealt with, but they had one sorrow in common--they had been serving the devil and their own natural desires and the devil could not live up to his agreement, so they were "dow-

and out." They were alike in need of the one thing—the Gospel of Christ. This they saw worked out in the lives of these faithful workers in their midst and they became hungry.

Dear Christian reader, are you making the sinners about you hungry for the thing you have? If not, what is the matter?

The gatherings outside of the doors of this mission hall were larger than those inside. Through the failure in business of a Chinaman next door a large hall was secured, where to-day audiences of from four hundred to five hundred can be accommodated. Services are held from ten o'clock each evening until midnight.

It was our privilege recently while in New York City to visit this mission. Turning off the Bowery into Doyer Street at ten-thirty in the evening you find yourself unconsciously

same kind of people we saw in the street, but how different they appeared! We could see an eager desire on many faces to learn the good news of salvation, while all listen with rapt attention. Each evening of the week a different speaker, with his company of helpers, assists in the service. Mr. Ranney is always present. We give in this connection a part of his talk on the evening of our visit. He clothes the Gospel in language which his old associates can understand, and the Lord is blessing his work.

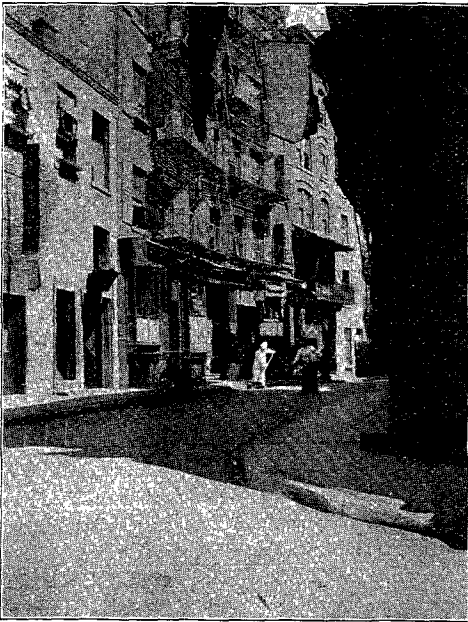
"I am a different man to-day than I was twenty years ago, but I don't forget that I was rank and file with you fellows. I was asked to go to Chicago and study at the Moody Institute, but the Lord said, 'No, Ranney, you stay here on the Bowery where you belong.'

"There is one man here to-night with a smiling face. When I saw him in the Water Street mission his face was like it had been pulled through the North River tunnel; now he has been saved twenty-two days and don't have to ask Ranney for a bed. I want you to come up, manly, with backing enough to back God up, and ask Him to make men of you. I would rather be Ranney here to-night right here on this platform than Carnegie, Rockefeller or anyone else without Christ."

Several redeemed men gave testimony of the power of God to save and keep. We quote the words of one man whose neat appearance and happy countenance showed that the Lord had done a work in his life:

"The Lord took me out of an old box. That was my home. And He has given me a home. When I think of what the Lord has done for me and when I realize what I have been, I say, 'Great God, how is it that men don't have their eyes open so they can see?' We don't want money, we want to know the way out of it. Money is our damnation every time. What we want to know is the *way out of it*. When we do know the way, we are fools if we don't accept it. I am sorry I did not get out of the old life years ago. My only hope now is to help save some other brother."

It is only when we are going forward that we encounter obstacles. It is easier to descend the mountain than to ascend it; it is easier to go backward than to go forward.



View of Doyer Street, Showing Midnight Mission at the Farther End on Left Hand Side.

walking in the middle of the street, in which, because of its being very narrow, the sin and iniquity on all sides seem to nearly engulf you; however, this feeling is soon relieved when once you get inside the mission doors.

The room was filled evidently with the

## MAKES HIM THINK.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes:

"I was alone in prison without friends or a definite purpose as to my future life, when like a ray of sunshine from heaven a copy of this paper was placed in my cell. I read it, re-read it, until the messages of love sank deep in my heart and changed the whole course of my thoughts to a better life. It helped me to resolve to become what God expects of me,—to become a man. Of all books I have ever read, nothing has ever done me so much good as this magazine. It makes me think, feel and love. Tears are in my eyes and THE LIFE BOAT before me as I pen these lines. Oh, that every prisoner could receive this book! May God bless you all for your good work. Pray for me."

## THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

E. E. VAN DORN.

Not long ago, in one of our meetings, a young man got up and left the room. The one at the door let him go, and no effort was made to have him stay or come back. A worker on the platform felt more ought to have been done for the young man, so he left the platform and went after him, in the rain, overtaking him up the street some little distance, and succeeded in bringing him back. Before the meeting closed he rose and said that he had been a bad man and wanted to do better, and asked the Christians to pray for him.

We have not seen him since that evening, but the incident was the means of bringing another man to the knowledge of a better life. There was a man in the meeting that had been there many times, whom we had done the best we knew to get him to be a Christian, but he kept putting us off with one excuse after another, till he saw this incident. That night he made a start, and a few days after, before he went to the country where we had secured him a job, he said: "Would you like to know what it was that led me to make the decision?" I said I would, and then he reiterated the above incident. He said when he saw that worker go out after that drunken young man and bring him back to the Mission, then heard him ask the Christians to pray for him, he

thought it was time that he became somewhat interested in himself. In parting from him at the depot he said that the last few days had been the happiest of his life. And it was all due to that little incident.

You may not think you can do much, but do faithfully what your hands find to do. The seed of kindness may fall in the crevice of some stony heart, and change the whole nature. Begin today to sow the seeds of loving service, in kindly deeds, and not be weary in well doing, "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

## SPIRITUAL SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

There are very few perfectly normal, sound, and healthy eyes, especially among civilized races. Most eyes are either myopic or hypermetropic; that is, in plain English, near-sighted or far-sighted. Besides, many have astigmatism; that is, their eyes are not perfectly symmetrical, so that the rays of light are not properly focussed. Now these eyes that do not see things right at all—not because the things themselves are wrong, but because the vision is imperfect—can be corrected by means of glasses, so as to see just about as well as a perfect eye. It often develops that those who are naturally able to see but little as it really is in this world, by means of properly fitted glasses can have their vision so corrected as to see in a perfectly normal way.

And so it is with the soul. The majority of us are nearsighted, to say the least, if not spiritually astigmatic. That is, there is a constant tendency for us to only see things just about us, and then to be unable to see them in their true light. But thank the Lord, it is possible for the soul to have its vision corrected, even as for the physical eye. The anointing of the Holy Spirit will correct the astigmatism of the soul, and enable us to see things as they are. Every duty, every temptation, every human experience, will be sharply focussed in clear lines upon the retina of the soul. We shall not be deceived. There will be no blurring after the anointing by the Spirit that knoweth all things, and teacheth all things that we are willing to learn.

What shall we do for our nearsightedness? Ah, we shall through the hearing and the be-

lieving of the Word, acquire that living *faith* which shall change the focus of our gaze from earth to heaven, that shall change our vision from the nearsighted things of time to the far visioned future. Faith will correct the eye of the soul to see the hand of God in the affairs of your daily experience. Faith is the greatest spectacle of the soul that enables us to view the glories of the eternal world, and to stand unmoved and unshaken in the midst of the changing vicissitudes of our earthly pilgrimage.

Then let us, one and all, come to the Divine Optician, and have our spiritual vision corrected. Don't, brother or sister, try to wear the moral glasses of another. Your nearsightedness and astigmatism are peculiar to yourself; but God is willing to undertake the special examination of the eyes of *your soul* and to make a special prescription for you, to fill it Himself, from the unsearchable richness of His heavenly workshop, and thus equip you with the personal faith; He is willing to illumine you with the personal gift of His Holy Spirit, so that you may be forever free from the petty annoyances and the bitter disappointments that come to men and women from the blurring of the spiritual vision, and the short-sightedness of the human mind.

#### A WOULD-BE INFIDEL.

A prisoner writes from Joliet, Ill.:

"When I came here twenty-two months ago I was lost altogether and was what you may class as a would-be infidel until someone sent me a copy of this magazine. Ever since I have changed my beliefs. Before I accepted the Saviour I did not believe anything at all; it was not because I was not taught to do so but because I had drifted in such bad company that I had forgotten that there was a Saviour to save the lost and One whom the lost could look to for help. But now I am glad to have found Jesus, or rather, Jesus found me through your kind work.

"To tell the truth I must say had I not come here I would still be lost to the kingdom of God, but as it is I am only lost to the world and its sins. I am glad that I did find Jesus, the Lord, who died for the sins of the world. I can not express all that I would

like to say nor the good it has done me to have a friend. A good friend can help when everything else fails. I am friendless and have no one I could tell my troubles to but the Lord."

#### ARE YOU IN DEEP TROUBLE?

F. T. MAGAN.

Dean—Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute.

There is as much help and comfort in the book of Job as in any book in the Bible. I



suppose all of us at different times in our lives feel that life is a very queer thing after all. Have you ever had such thoughts? Some of us do not understand why we were born as we were. We have, some of us, some peculiar traits of character, or crooked dispositions, and we think if we had only been born different

how very much pleasanter and better it would have been for us. Many of us do not understand why we have had such a bringing up as we have had while some of our friends have had nice homes with Christian influences and surroundings, we can not understand why we could not have it *that way*. And then some of us think that if we did not have such a struggle with poverty we could be much better folks than we are.

It is true we can not understand our own lives. Our greatest peace and happiness will come in taking things as they are and trusting God to make the best out of these things; and in spite of all these unfavorable conditions God can take us and use us and make useful men and women of us.

Sometimes I know the Bible is a very hard book for us to read. We think it is easier to follow the thread in some novel and can sit down and read it by the hour; but if you really get into the story and thread of the Bible it is more fascinating than any novel that ever was written. The best kind of romance and love story is in the Bible. If you want good drama you can find it in the Bible. If you want tragedy it is in the Bible;

if you want stories that are thrilling you will find them in the Bible.

All that most people know about Job is that it is the story of a man who had a lot of boils and that three men came to comfort him who did not comfort him very much. Well, the book of Job is a story of a man with boils who was *not* sore-headed and never did get sore-headed.

You must remember when you read about Job that you are reading about the greatest of all the men in the East. He was just as well known throughout the Eastern country as President Roosevelt is known throughout the United States, for this man is said to have been "the greatest of all the men of the East."

He had a large family, a great amount of cattle, sheep, and immense estates of one kind or another. Then he was a very good man. His sons and daughters liked to have a good time and every once in a while they would make a feast at the home of one of the boys, and the other boys and girls would come and all enjoy their feast together. But Job was always afraid they would forget God and that there would be too much fun going on, so he would go and pray to God and offer up an offering to God for them.

I suppose that we will all agree that this is about as beautiful a picture of a happy home family as there could be. I do not suppose you and I could picture out a much pleasanter or happier life than that.

Then the scene is shifted from earth to heaven. (Job. 1:6-7.)—One angel comes from one world and one from another and each one gives a report of that part of the universe over which God has given him charge, and Satan comes also. The Lord asks, "From whence comest thou?" and Satan says he has been going to and fro, making a circuit; in other words, he says, "I have been doing all the mischief that I can." Then the Lord asks, "Hast thou considered My servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?" "O, yes," says Satan, "I have met him. You need not boast so much about Job: doth Job fear God for nought? It is easy enough for him to serve You; if You gave me as happy a home as him and had given me all these things I would

probably be serving You, too. Job is not serving you for nothing, not a bit of it. And You look after everything he has and make it to prosper and grow, and then come to me and ask if I have considered Thy servant, how good he is! Why, if I were fixed up as he is I would be good, too. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." (Job 1:11.)

Now there is a proposition; there was a challenge. "And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord." Verse 12.

Now I want you to leave that picture in heaven and go back to one on earth. There Job is with his family, the greatest man in the East and everything is going well. He has been going along seeking God, serving Him, and doing right, and everything has been as fair as the noon-day sun with him when all of a sudden everything goes wrong. The very minute that the devil gets the word that Job is in his power he starts out to take control. Verses 13-15. When the devil got after him he got after him all over at once. Verses 16-19. One after another, as fast as they could come, came these men—four of them—and one would hardly get his message out of his mouth before another would come and tell Job that practically everything he had was gone.

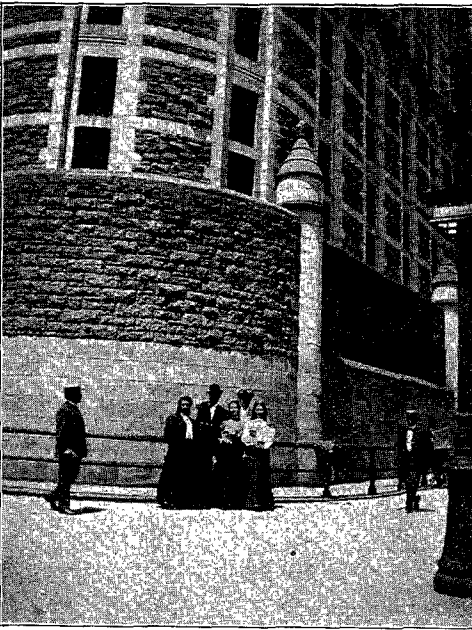
Now if all that happened to you that quickly how do you think you would feel? If someone should come to you this minute and tell you that your father, mother, sons and daughters were dead, and while he was speaking another should come up and tell you there had been a great storm and your property was all ruined, and then another should come and say that every animal you had was stolen—how would you feel? And if you could not know of a single crooked thing you had done, don't you think you would be somewhat at a loss to know why it all happened? That was how it was with Job; practically everything he had was wiped out. Then came that word from Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

(To be continued.)

## SOUL-WINNING WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

FANNIE EMMEL.

I have just returned from my second visit to our workers in New York City. It has been most encouraging and delightful to see the work progress as it has against obstacles and in spite of difficulties. They went there complete strangers to the city and its officials; but with a passion for souls and longing to lend a hand of help to the unfortunate and needy, they prayed God to open the way before them in this needy field and He certainly has. The courtesy that is shown them both by officials and inmates of institutions is convincing evidence that their work is appreciated.



Corner of the Tombs Prison, Showing Mrs. Calvert, Miss Emmel, Mrs. Kishaw, Miss Rasmussen, and Dr. and Mrs. Paulson Standing in a Group.

Day after day finds them with a bundle of LIFE BOATS making their way to the Tombs to distribute them among the prisoners. The papers are purchased with the money obtained by selling them on the Bowery, where the opportunities to tell the Gospel story to the poor souls who sit in the dark places of the earth are indeed so numerous. They also go on the pleasure boats, where are found the lovers of

ease and a good time, to stir them to a consciousness of the needs of others who live in the world. The expressions of sympathy as well as the readiness to help by purse tell that it pays. On the street the papers are sold to the hurrying passers by, who half-way stop, draw from their pockets the change, and with an expression of interest pass on.

When evening comes, our workers, tired with the strain, having gone a good distance over the city to call on the friends of prisoners, perchance a wife or mother, come home happy but weary, only to take up the same strain another day.

At the Blackwell's Island penitentiary I was delighted with the fine class of thirty boys who are instructed in regular Bible knowledge by Sister Calvert, and they give the best of attention.

One day a line came telling us of one of the young men we are interested in, coming to call on us, and it was a precious hour we spent together talking of the mercy and wisdom of God. This young man expressed his sincere desire to study the Scriptures that he might grow himself and be fitted to help others into a better life. He was ambitious to support a lone mother and himself, and gentle and tender as he is in his manner and with the confidence that he now has, he will certainly be successful. Before leaving we all knelt in prayer together and poured out our desires to Him who is able to do abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

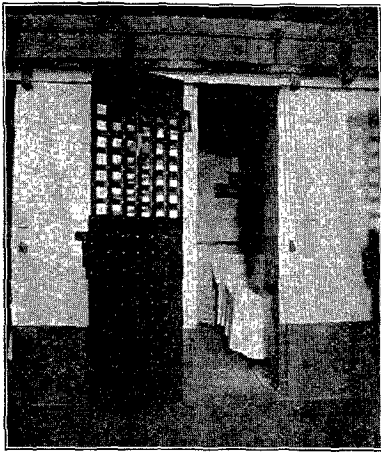
Another day as we were going along the street we were stopped suddenly by a very nice looking young man whose face fairly shone with appreciation. I learned from our dear Sister Kershaw that he was one of her boys in whom she was much interested and whom she had helped at the time he was in trouble in the Tombs. He is working faithfully and earnestly to gain a respectable living and an honorable place in the world, and he was as proud as any son could be to come to her and let her know that her interest in him, had not been in vain.

These are only a few of the experiences I had the pleasure of witnessing with my own eyes, and others which I listened to assured me that the work paid.

It was my privilege to visit with Mrs. Kershaw able-thinking, intelligent men in their

cells. They had a deep sense of appreciation for her coming to them so faithfully and expressed their readiness to read whatever she brought to them, and she has not overlooked her opportunity to supply them with deep spiritual food. To those who have pressed on so courageously in this work, I would say with Paul: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. 15:58. This is just the beginning—what may we not expect the Lord will eventually give? And what will the results be in eternity?

Another feature about the work that delighted my heart was the fact of the different nationalities that are being reached. Brother and Sister Nord are working faithfully with



View of Cell in the Woman's Department of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary.

some Chinese men who have taken hold in a most sincere and intelligent way.

The Lord has been good to bring our workers in touch as well with Brother and Sister Kimble, with whom we spent a delightful day at their home at Tappen, seventeen miles from New York City. They have invited us to bring to their farm any honest souls seeking to rise above their weaknesses. Already many have been helped who were picked up from the slums, and have been sent out to breathe the fresh air of heaven and get a glimpse of nature in its beauty. May these workers realize much of the blessings of God in this noble

undertaking which demands so much self-sacrifice and love for God and souls.

The meeting for the women at Blackwell's Island was small, but the Spirit of the Lord was certainly with us. Tears ran down the cheeks of those women, some of whom were gray-headed and pale faced, while others, though bearing the marks of sin, had not gone so far but that the bloom of youth was still there, and every hand was raised for prayer and every head bowed reverently as we knelt before the Lord and sought His favor and blessing. A number asked for Bibles and asked us to find places for them at the expiration of their term where they could live right and make an honorable living.

### SIGNS I HAVE SEEN.

E. B. VAN DORN.

While traveling in and out through the streets of Chicago day after day I have learned many helpful lessons from some of the various signs which greet the eye at every turn.

"The Daily News."

"It is of the Lord's Mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." Lam. 3:22,23.

"This Way Out."

"Jesus said unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the Life." Jno. 14:6.

"The Record."

"... And my record is on high." Job 16:19.

"Men Wanted."

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. Matt. 20:1, 2.

"Information Bureau."

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Josh. 1:8.

"Supper Now Ready."

Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:

and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. Luke 14: 16, 17.

...Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb Rev. 19:9.

"You Don't Know What You've Missed."

One evening while out trying to get men to come to the Mission a bartender offered me a drink of beer, and I told him I had yet to take the *first* drink of that kind of stuff, or use any kind of tobacco. He expressed surprise and said, "You don't know what you've missed." I said, "I suppose that's so, and I'm glad I don't."

"What I Missed."

A bad name.  
A drunkard's home.  
Poverty.  
Sorrow.  
Ruined mind.  
Diseased *body*.  
Death.

"What I Gained."

A good name.  
A Christian home.  
Plenty.  
Joy and gladness.  
Strong mind.  
Healthy body.  
Eternal Life.

#### STILL HAS FEELINGS.

An inmate of a New York prison says in a recent letter:

"I write you to acknowledge the receipt of your special number of this magazine, which I received a few days ago. As I diligently read and re-read its pages, from beginning to end, you can not imagine the benefit I derived from so doing. Words of mine can not express how deeply and sincerely I appreciate and am touched by the kindness and interest you have shown toward me, and I am sure you have the thanks of every man here for the kindness shown by sending these copies of your magazine.

"Perhaps you can realize that although incarcerated, a man still has feelings, and any little interest shown by outside people is quick to touch the heart of the prisoner, espe-

cially when he has been actually deserted and is alone without friends. It gives him more faith in God and human nature and impresses on his mind that God is indeed love. I ask you to pray for a sinner who is trying to lead a Christian life."

#### SCIENTIFIC DIETETICS IN THE TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

(Concluded.)

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

(This paper concluded last month with a report from the Salvation Army Headquarters in England concerning the astonishing results they had achieved in their inebriates' home during the past three years since adopting a wholesome dietary.)

We have had abundant opportunities to verify the soundness of this principle in our Life Boat work in Chicago, which has brought us in contact with thousands of inebriates; and it is also becoming more evident to us why saloons flourish so abundantly as they do in the slums. The following is a copy of a typical bill of fare at one of the ordinary State Street cheap eating houses:

Pork chops.	Red hots.
Pickled pigs' feet.	Hot tamales.
Coffee and doughnuts.	Sour-kroot.
Fried oysters.	Kidney stew.
Liver and bacon.	Liver and onion.
Sardines.	Mexican hash.
Cheese sandwich.	Ham sandwich.
Shrimps.	

Can any one question that the eating three times a day of such unnatural and unphysiological foods does create a thirst for stimulants, particularly in already hereditarily pre-disposed individuals?

In addition to other practical remedial measures which we have instituted to aid in uplifting this class of humanity to a higher plane morally and physically, I present by the way of contrast our Workingmen's Home menu. This institution is located on State Street only a few hundred feet from the place where the previous bill of fare was copied:

Bean soup.	Peas.	Zwieback.
Corn on cob.	Sliced tomatoes.	Apples.
Baked potatoes.	Poached eggs.	Peaches.
Sweet potatoes.	String beans.	Grapes.
Boiled rice.	Granola.	Caramel cereal.
Macaroni.	Granose.	Milk.



It can be readily seen that there is nothing in this bill of fare which either blisters or burns, or which is calculated to fill the system with toxins or abnormal waste products.

We observe that if our restored drunkards or rescued women return to such a dietary as doughy bread, pasty mush, juicy beefsteaks, condiments, spices, tea and coffee, in a short time they invariably return to their old career. I will relate one instance which came under my personal observation, which, although perhaps more striking than many others, nevertheless only illustrates what could be said in principle of hundreds of similar cases.

This poor man had in missions and elsewhere more than a score of times most resolutely determined to be delivered from the liquor habit and just as many times had been doomed to the despair resulting from a sad downfall. After a debauch of unusual length and severity he was brought to our dispensary wards where he received the necessary physiological treatments. When he left we instructed him to take his meals at our Workmen's Home lunch counter, which he did for a short time without having any craving for liquor. He was then invited to dinner with some of his friends where he partook of pork chops, highly spiced foods, etc. He had scarcely finished his meal when the desire for liquor became so overmastering that he yielded, which resulted in a ten days' spree and a final return to our dispensary in a most wretched condition.

After he was again restored he adhered strictly to the dietary suggested for him. He soon had a good position which he held for months to the complete satisfaction of his employers. One day being seized with a slight attack of indigestion he thoughtlessly stepped into a drug store and asked for something to settle his stomach. He was given some drug containing alcohol. This aroused at once the old appetite and it was but a short time before he was almost a total wreck. This unfortunate experience also helps to emphasize the danger of the restored drunkard tampering with patent medicines containing liberal proportions of alcohol.

There is more drunkenness created at the dinner table than is generally recognized by those who have not given this matter careful observation or who have had but little ex-

perience in dealing with inebriates. Frequently the kitchen becomes a veritable vestibule to the saloon. In such cases, if we wish to be successful in dealing with the inebriate we must lay the axe at the root of his difficulties and make it possible for him to eat for strength instead of for drunkenness. On this point Dr. Brunton says:

"Some may think that, in speaking of cookery as a moral agent, I am greatly exaggerating its power; and they may regard it as idle folly if I go still further and say that cookery is not only a powerful moral agent in regard to individuals, but may be of great service in regenerating a nation. Yet, in saying this. I believe I am speaking quite within bounds, and I believe that schools of cookery for the wives of working men in this country will do more to abolish drinking habits than any number of teetotal societies, Good Templars, Blue Button Army, and others which have not been altogether a failure; but I do not think that their plan will ever be crowned with complete success, and I believe there is a better way of attaining their object.

"Supposing you go to visit a friend and find him taking a wet pack. He is in bed, wrapped up in blankets so that he can not move hand or foot; a fly settles on his nose, and he begins making faces to try to remove it. You do not like to see him make faces, and wish him to stop. Which would be the most rational method of doing so? Would it be to exhort him to summon all his fortitude to keep his face still, notwithstanding the annoyance; or would it be better for you to drive away the fly? No doubt it might be an excellent moral training for him to use his self-control and keep his countenance placid notwithstanding the irritation, but the simpler and more effective method would be to drive away the fly. Moreover in nine cases out of ten, his power of self-control would be insufficient; and this is exactly what occurs with persons who have a strong desire for intoxicating liquors.

"Many years ago I read an account of an old drunkard who uttered the bitter complaint: 'The neighbors always speak of my drinking, but they never speak of my drouth.' The old man was right; and, if we are to abolish drunkenness, we must remove the thirst which leads to drink."

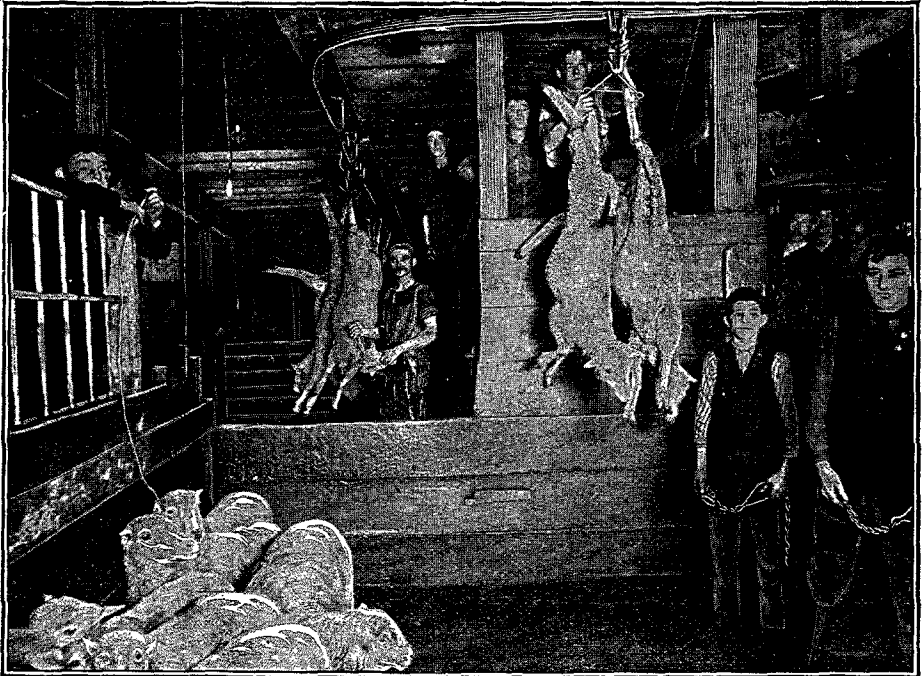
Mr. Horace Fletcher, who has advocated so earnestly and persistently thorough mastication as to have properly earned the title of "The apostle of chewing reform," related to me an incident which occurred in one of his earlier experiments which he conducted to establish his ideas on a sound basis. He engaged a number of tramps to come and eat their meals in his presence, and to masticate the food according to his instructions. After a few days one of these men came and called attention to a dollar which he had in his hand. Mr. Fletcher asked what about it, to which he responded that it was the first time in twenty years that he had a dollar in his pocket that had not at once gone into the saloon-keeper's till. Then he explained that since he began to masticate his food according to Mr. Fletcher's directions he had absolutely lost his desire for liquor.

Without attaching undue importance to this man's fortunate experience it is unquestionably true that it is not only essential to select for the inebriate a non-irritating and

non-stimulating dietary, sufficiently cooked and tastefully prepared, with the food elements in proper proportions, but it is also extremely important to instruct him how to eat it. Dr. Norman Kerr has called attention to this in the following words:

"Deliberate eating would save no inconsiderable number of human beings from falling into inebriate courses. The bottle has a potent ally in the bolting of food. The hasty despatch of a meal leaves masses of food, not properly broken up and dissolved in the mouth, for the stomach to encounter, a task never intended to be thrown on that organ. The result is that digestion is attended with considerable difficulty, followed frequently by flatulence, severe pain, and depression of spirits. This diseased condition craves for relief, and an alcoholic soother is employed, in too many cases the introduction to a course of periodic or constant inebriety."

Paper read June 7, 1906, at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Society for the Study of Alcoholic Inebriety and other Narcotics, held at Boston.



"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by the power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied  
And water from the spring."

## A WELCOME GUEST.

A prisoner writes from Jefferson City, Mo.:

"I really was glad to hear from you and to know that you are so deeply interested in my welfare. I have also received the reading matter. I tell you this magazine is a welcome guest in my cell. I didn't have time to read it before the boys next door wanted it, so I let them have it before I read it. I wish I had someone here whom I could explain some things to—I think I would feel better in spirit; but there is no one here to talk to so I will have to trust the Lord to help me to overcome. I know He will, for He has proved it to me by taking the appetite for tobacco away from me.

"You don't believe how good it makes me feel when I get a letter from you Christian people. All the pleasure I have is to read the Bible, and the papers you send me. Then the Bible I have is half destroyed: the fellow who was in the cell before me destroyed half of it. I ask you all to pray for me that I may ever prove faithful."

WILL YOU NOT ASSIST THIS PRISONER TO SECURE AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB?

We recently received the following letter from a prisoner in the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kans.:

Dear Friends: I feel that I am at liberty in using the above term, judging from a copy of your magazine which was placed in my hands through the kindness of our chaplain. I am one of the unfortunates shut in behind massive walls and iron bars, but ever clinging to hope though the clouds around me are dark and lowering.

I was sentenced to this prison January last for a term of twelve months. "A short time," perhaps you will say, but it has caused a vacuum in my life that ages of atonement will never fill; it has thrown a shadow over my soul that will be lifted nevermore. My mother is a widow. My father was for years, and in fact, until his death, a prominent jurist. I am the "black sheep" of the family, and yet this is my first sad experience of this kind and God being my helper it will be my last.

I dare not let my people know I am here; I prefer bearing my own punishment, my own disgrace, my own shame. All I ask is a helping hand upon my release and I will try by honest, earnest endeavor, to rise above my misfortune and be from henceforth a man. I am aware of the fact that the prison stigma can never be removed and I know it will re-

quire endless striving, earnest prayer and consecrated and concerted action to win back partially that which I have lost.

I am more unfortunate, perhaps, than many others in prison: I have a wife and two babies, one of whom has gone to the silent land of death. Added to all this I am a cripple, having lost my limb some years ago. When I came here I had an artificial limb which since has been broken, and I am compelled to go on crutches. Now you see what almost insurmountable obstacles I must overcome to go from here with only three dollars and in this condition. I am an expert accountant and could easily find a position if I could get around. I need temporary assistance.

Will you help me secure an artificial limb so I can aid myself upon my release? Forty dollars is all that is necessary, this to be placed in the hands of our prison physician to be used for no other purpose but the above named.

My time expires October next. I am not a professional beggar and this is my first experience in writing letters of this nature.

I have addressed you for the reason given in the journal, believing you to be a friend of the prisoner. I shall appreciate any kindness shown me, any reading matter you may send, and if you will lend me a helping hand I will lift my soul from the slough of despond, place myself in a position to support my family, and see life in its highest and greatest sense. Yours in sadness, yet in hope.

To this letter we replied in part as follows:

"It certainly seems unfortunate that you should be passing through your present experience and I do hope that God in some way will work some good out of it. You know He has said He will make 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' If you will get from either the prison chaplain or warden or the prison physician a statement certifying to the facts we will publish the same in the next number of THE LIFE BOAT and God may move on the hearts of some of the readers to assist you. I trust the Lord will help you to start life again on a new basis."

In answer to this we received the following letter and also a note from the prison physician certifying to the facts.

Your letter was indeed a message of kindness and came to me like water to a thirsty soul. My condition and surroundings are such that possibly I appreciate kind words more than I would under ordinary circumstances.

I was much impressed with the expression, "God will make all things work together for

good to those who love Him." In the mysterious future my eyes may be opened and I can see that these weary days and sleepless nights and heartaches and agonies of separation were all that I might more fully learn the great lesson of suffering and thus be the means of saving men from my own sad experience, for when released from prison I shall make it my life's work to warn men of the hidden reefs and rocks along the highway of sin. I am cognizant of the sad truth that my punishment will only just begin when I go from here, but the star that will shine above me and lead me on will be the word of Him who declares, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Although I am now down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair His words come to me and cheer me even as a mother's lullaby. At times memory grows retrospective, and as I think of the disgrace and sorrow I have brought upon myself and those dear to me my heart almost breaks and the future looks so dark my hope almost dies, and earthly anticipations are hidden behind the clouds that gather o'er me. It is then I hear the whisper, "Peace, be still," and begin to build for the future.

Aside from this I ask no financial aid. Give me the means of locomotion and I can earn my own living. This is my great crying need, for if compelled to go from here on crutches it will be impossible for me to secure employment. I do pray God that some one's heart may be moved with pity toward my sad unfortunate condition to aid me along the lines mentioned above.

Job said, "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame." Job 29:15. Here is an excellent opportunity for some of our readers to be the same to this poor prisoner. Any who may feel moved upon to assist this poor man may send donations to the editor of THE LIFE BOAT, who will receipt for the same and forward it to the prison official for the above named purpose.

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#### A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

EVA L. BORDEN,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

For five years I was under the strongest conviction that my life was not my own, that it belonged to God, but I was too headstrong and willful to yield, though each copy of this magazine which I read sent the arrow of conviction deeper into my soul. In other words the magazine had to do what my Christian friends ought to have done. As my memory goes back over the past few years my heart aches at the awful record, and I can but say,

why, oh, why did not someone, for the love of the One who died for us all, extend a helping hand at the right time and save me from myself?

Many a longing soul is left to perish, or struggle on alone, because we do not get divine power to see beneath the smiling surface, and when it has entered the depths of wickedness and we behold it all sin-scarred we thank the Lord for an opportunity for working for it. That is all well and good, but did we not have the privilege of helping it to keep its pure innocence? Is it not better to take an interest in the little urchin whose mind is plastic and easily impressed aright, than to wait until he lands up in the penitentiary and then try to undo that for which we are to blame because we failed in our duty?

Why not bring the young schoolgirl to Christ before her feet become familiar with the midnight streets of South Clark, Van Buren and State, and her soul steeped in sin, before we try to save her? When I think of these things I begin to realize the responsibility of life and I feel impressed to exert a right influence over my associates, for I know that in the circle of each day our influence is as far-reaching as eternity.

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#### A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

A. E. R.

If any discouraged girl needs a home or friends I would recommend to her the Suburban Home at Hinsdale. Only God knows what it has done for me while here and the influence it has over me while away from here. Myself and my child have been loved and cared for as we never could have been in any other place except under our loving mother's roof. Whenever I am away I do long so to come back to this Home. It not only influences for good those who are under its roof, but it affects others who visit or hear about it, because of the influence of love, born of God. May God bless it to many souls.

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It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have.

## ONE SULTRY EVENING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Hinsdale, Ill.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"



Such is the question that arises in one's mind—who has occasion to pass along State Street any summer evening and can observe the anxious, longing and weary expression on the faces of those one meets. On they drift—a never-ending procession; some to enter the inviting

doors of a saloon, others to stop at one of the numerous theaters or cheap shows, while still others are attracted by the music or low and suggestive pictures at the entrance of some booth or hall, where none but those above a certain age are admitted. Eagerly grasping for something just beyond their reach, seeking they know not what, yet ever hoping to find that which will dull into forgetfulness for a moment or quench their soul's thirst, they wake to find the gilded phantom but emptiness, and themselves still unsatisfied.

But here we come to a sign, "The Life Boat Mission," which overhangs the sidewalk and contrasts strangely with those about it, seeming to indicate life and safety from the on-rushing tide of false pleasure seeking and vice. As we come nearer we read in the window the words, "All are welcome," and learn that it is free. We enter noting the peacefulness of the changed atmosphere and feeling that here indeed is a haven where the weary might find rest, and as the strains of the music and the sound of mingled voices in well-known hymns are borne out on the street, many an aimless wanderer is drawn inside.

The chief speaker of the evening, Brother Mitchell, read a chapter from the Bible, a book with which he had been acquainted for only six months and six days. He then went on to tell how for twenty long years he had tried to leave drink and tobacco but

had never succeeded because he did not know a power beyond himself, without which one is absolutely helpless. To quote his own words, he said further:

"It is something over thirty years that I was in sin way up to my neck, and the most of the time clear over my head. For a long time everybody was patting me on the back and I was a 'good fellow,' spending money freely. I kept a good character all the time and paid my debts, so people would say, 'Why, M—— is a good fellow; probably drinks a little too hard, but he is young and will get over that.' But I didn't. God alone knows the struggle I had from that time on. I do not believe there are many men living who enjoy a life of sin.

"I went away from home when quite a boy. My mother would have taught me right, but sin put that wandering thought in my mind, and after I got clear in sin and wanted to quit, I never went into a church or knew what a mission was. I was getting worse and worse, farther from God all the time, and I did not know how to get right. Even in my sin I would cry out for God to help me, yet I would not admit that Christ came to save sinners."

He then went on to say how one Thanksgiving night he went to get a pint of beer, resolving to quit when he had drunk once more. But as he had drunk half a glass a voice said to him, "Here, you have been quitting for the last twenty years; why not quit it *now*?" He set the glass down unfinished, went into a little back room adjoining the bar room, there dropped on his knees and asked help from God. "And just think of it," he said, "a man who had not been able to give up drink or quit chewing tobacco for twenty years, quit it right then. And just think of being able to walk up these streets and talk to these men and smell the stuff, and never want it!"

After an invitation to others to accept the same new life, the beautiful song was sung, "There is power in the blood—wonder-working power," the statement being made by Brother Van Dorn that "Men try the Keeley cure and all other kinds of cure, but there is no other cure that has power like the blood cure." The following are a few lines from the testimonies which then followed:

"When I came into this mission a sinful woman, the Lord heard my cry and saved me from sin and death. He keeps me every day, and I am sure I would not be here were it not for the grace of God. If anybody ever tried to live a good life it was I, and I might as well have quit trying because I could not do it. It is without money and without price, and I am glad for that for if it were not I could not have had it, for I hadn't a cent—only clothes enough to cover my back. But the Son of God came into this sinful life of mine and made it clean when I was not fit to look upon; it is just wonderful. All power is given unto Him in heaven and earth, and when He comes into our lives He gives us this power. He keeps me, in this wicked city, from the wicked, old companions. I came here to tell this that some other sinsick soul may have this power come into their life and make them better men and women."

The walls then rang with the old song, "Take the Name of Jesus with you," after which came the following testimony:

"I did not know a single verse of Scripture and did not know four consecutive words in the Bible when the Lord Jesus Christ accepted me, but when you get down to where you realize your life is a failure all you have to do is to ask the Lord to take you and He does it. A man just come out of the penitentiary recently made a speech, in which he told the different things they tried to use on him for reformation. They tried confinement but that could not do it; brutal punishment could not do it, and he went on to tell ten or twelve different things that could not do it and said that it could not be done. But I say it can. I tried it all and it had the same effect on me. Once I wished I could reform: they were about to sentence me and I thought if I could reform I would be better off; but when I tried the Lord Jesus Christ He did not *reform* me but He *transformed* me. Formerly I would not be here a week sometimes before I would be arrested, and I was afraid to go out in the city, but I praise God to-night I can walk up and down a free man. He has given me a good position, a wife and a nice home. If you knew the peace and good times in a Christian home! There is nothing in this religion to make you sad. If I was doing twenty years in the pen-

itentiary and the governor handed me a pardon I would not be sad, would I? No, I would be glad. The Lord is good. He means to me to-night peace, happiness and contentment; His religion means to me the food of honest toil."

And his face, radiant and glowing with a joy unspeakable, certainly bore witness with greater force than his words, that this was true. O, that others who may read this, who are hewing out for themselves "broken cisterns that can hold no water," would also come to the Lord and find in His presence "fulness of joy"; for "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

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#### THE FIRST INSPIRATION TO PRISON WORK.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

Galesburg, Ill.

Mrs. Osborn and myself were at the jail yesterday afternoon. We are always treated most cordially by the turnkey and his wife. We are glad there are such kind and obliging people in charge in this place; may God bless them.

There were thirty-two prisoners yesterday. As I expressed my sympathy to the mother of one of the prisoners, who happened to be there calling on her son who had been sentenced to the penitentiary for many years, she was unable to speak, her grief being so great. I told her I would write to him and she seemed so pleased and thanked me.

I will relate how I became interested in prison work. About four years ago or more a young man came to our door selling this magazine. I at once saw the meaning of the picture on the outside and gladly bought a copy; I had a love for anything of an uplifting nature.

When I was about fifteen years old I picked up a sample copy of a story paper which I found on the porch and started to read it. I was getting real interested when a good Christian lady inquired of me what I was reading. When I told her she advised me to throw it in the stove, saying it would spoil my taste for good reading. I took her advice and I am glad I did, as so much depends on what we fill our minds with. This I have

learned since then: "A word spoken in due season, how good it is." Prov. 15:23.

When I read the first copy of this paper I had ever seen I was greatly impressed by it; it seemed to fill a long-felt need, so I sent for copies to give to my friends and also sent it to the hospital. About this time Miss Nordlind, of the Galesburg Sanitarium, requested me to accompany her on a following Sunday morning to the jail to give papers to the prisoners. We went and were admitted most kindly and shown through the building, although it was not customary to do this on a Sunday. We sang some songs and were invited to come again. Since then we have never tired of this work. We thank God for the part He has given us in His great vineyard, knowing our labor is not in vain in the Lord;

He has promised that His word shall not return unto Him void. It is our duty to sow by all waters. If we can not do great things let us do what our hands do find to do.

To the dear readers of THE LIFE BOAT whether bond or free who may be very much discouraged, in deep sorrow, I would love to give some comforting word if I might. We know "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." (Acts 14:22.) Every affliction or trial borne makes us more like Him and better able to help others to bear the trials that come to them. "Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer." (Rom. 12:12.)

Travelers tell us that there is a place in the Alps in Switzerland where a bugler is stationed at the foot of the mountain with a



While traveling through Canada recently we spent a few hours in the beautiful city of Toronto, and in searching for some friends whose street address we did not know, we were directed for information to the home shown above. Through a long, narrow alley entrance from the street we found this happy old couple, who greeted us with the cordiality and welcome of old-time friends. Their house, like many typical Canadian buildings, was plastered on the outside, and the old gentleman told us with a good deal of pride that he had built it himself in seventeen days. Neatness and care were in evidence and the little patch of ground around the front door furnished their garden produce. May we not learn a lesson from these simple-lived Canadian people?

huge horn which flares out at the larger end like a great hopper. When he blows this horn it makes a loud, rasping sound very unpleasant, but as the mountain which rises a mile or more high takes up the sound and echoes and re-echoes it from rock to rock, it is transformed into music which sounds like the echo of seraphic harps. The mountain pulses and throbs with its burden of song. As the listener stands high upon the mountain his heart is greeted with volumes of harmony too vast for his ears to measure; it is clearer and finer and richer than any organ swell and sweeter than any human voice. From deepest bass to highest tenor, from one octave to another, volume after volume will sweep up the mountainside ringing out clearer and finer from the highest peaks, lingering in silvery strains among the nebulous bars and then dying away in enchanting whispers as the light of the setting sun fades into lavender tints on the summits of eternal snow.

So it is in life. Its turmoils, bereavements, pain and labors, that harass and vex us, are as a discordant sound and a jargon to the soul. But when we rise higher in Christian attainment and get near to the Divine ideal the rude blasts that pierce the heart so unpleasantly are taken up by the Divine influence and transformed into songs of the night into whose cadences enter joys that thrill the heart with ecstasies as sweet as heaven. This is why the imprisoned apostles, with lacerated backs and shackled feet, could sing praises to God in the midnight dungeon of the prison of Philippi.

Flowers emit their sweetest fragrance when bruised; so our Christian graces are brought to a higher degree of perfection under the rod of affliction. If the heart does sometimes ache it is made better by pain. Solomon says, "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." Eccl. 7:3. Bereavement impresses the heart with lessons of tenderness and sympathy. That which we make a sacrifice to obtain becomes the more precious because of the sacrifice. It is the sun shining on and behind the clouds that hangs God's great pictures on the walls of the sky and gives us the glory of the sunset. "Thank God for grief! No sunshine falls so clear as that which follows rain; no peace is half so sweet as peace which cometh after pain." Cheer up, sorrowing one! "Be of good cour-

age, and He shall strengthen your heart." All our despondency and heartaches will pass away as the morning mist in the dissolving rays of heavenly peace that always follows the night of sorrow and trouble. The darker the night, the brighter the stars shine—the darkness makes them sparkle.

A prisoner in the Joliet (Ill.) Prison writes that though the prison walls are all about him still he has hope and can look up, that although his body is in prison his soul is free. This is more than many on the outside of the prison can say, but the one whom Christ makes free is free indeed.

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### LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

To one who is interested in the advancement of God's truth in the earth and especially among those who are utterly abandoned by professedly Christian people, it is a great privilege to visit institutions of this nature where the gospel light shines out amidst the ever gathering shadows of despair and sin. The lighthouses along the shore are placed there to save the voyagers from shipwreck and death on some hidden rock, but the gospel lighthouses shining out over the dark, murky waters of the submerged districts of our large cities are bringing light and hope to many a sin-tossed soul, and this, after-all, is the greater work.

It was my privilege recently, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Paulson, to visit various institutions of mission and rescue work in Boston and New York City: the old Water Street Mission; the new work which was founded by S. H. Hadley before his death, called the "Hadley Rescue Hall," on the Bowery; the midnight mission in Chinatown; the Florence Crittenton mission; all these places were extremely interesting because of the many souls who have been delivered from the bondage of sin. In future numbers of *THE LIFE BOAT* will be presented accounts of the work carried on in these various missions. We also visited the Tombs Prison and the Blackwells Island Penitentiary, where Mrs. Kershaw and her co-workers are doing faithful work.

Dear Christian reader, amidst all this united effort to rescue the perishing, do not forget that the Lord has given you a work. You have



a light that *must* shine out bright and clear in the spiritual darkness about you or it will begin to flicker and soon die out and your own soul will be left in darkness. If you have not the opportunity to join your light with others, thus making a stronger one, let it shine out alone and you will be astonished how far its rays will penetrate the darkness.

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### WHY SOME PRAYERS ARE NOT ANSWERED.

DR. KATE BUSHNELL.

I often marvel at those who think we ought to look after the people at home and let the heathen alone. "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." Eze. 33:8. So a solemn charge is laid upon us. Furthermore Christianity in its very nature is a world conquest, and when it ceases to be a world conquest it ceases to be Christianity.

The first charge laid upon the Christian disciples was to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, then He said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel," and "Lo, I am with you alway." Unless you have within you the spirit of world conquering you have not within you the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Do you know what it amounts to? Let me illustrate it. A mother promises her boy a large orange if he brings in a bucket of coal. Pretty soon he comes around and asks for the orange; the mother says, "Oh, but I said you could have that when you brought in the bucket of coal." The boy in a little while comes again for the orange and is met with the words, "You can not have the orange until you have brought in the bucket of coal."

Do you know that nearly all the prayers of professed Christians are simply *teasing* God for things the conditions of which they have not met at all? The Lord says, "Go, . . . and lo, I am with you alway," and you do not propose to go, for you have not the spirit of *go* in you.

That is what is the matter with the church. It is a question of whether the church will get ahead of Satan or Satan ahead of the

church. It is like the man who bought a dog which he was told would chase a rabbit all day long, but it was found that the rabbit ran in a circle and the dog would chase on the opposite side of the circle and soon you could not tell whether it was the dog chasing the rabbit or the rabbit that was chasing the dog. That is the way with the church: it is often hard to tell whether the devil is chasing the church or the church is chasing the devil. What is the matter? We want the power to enjoy, but we will never get that power until we decide to work. If, when the Lord says "Go," we put our hands to the plow and never look back again, then there will be power for us.

Are we not passing by suffering humanity all the time with no power to help them? We believe the promises of God and we wish to have them fulfilled in us while we are not fulfilling the conditions.

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### IT WAS AN OLD FRIEND.

Mrs. C. H. Warren, in sending in an order, writes as follows from North Warren, Pa.:

"I put some copies of the April number of this paper in the jail. When I went in a man who was in there stepped up to the bars, saw the paper I had, and said, 'Oh, I want one of them! I have seen them before; you put them in all the prisons in the United States, don't you?' It surely would have done you good to have seen him take it and go to reading it: he acted like a hungry man anxious to get food to eat. Oh, the sorrow and crime all around us; I often think what can I do to save some poor soul."

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He who spends his youth before the saloon bar is in a fair way to pass his manhood behind the prison bars.

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There is no sense in telegraphing to heaven for God to send a cargo of blessing unless you are at the wharf to unload the vessel when it comes.

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The gold of life does not lie hidden in any mines—it sparkles in tiny sands all along the common path of every day. He only who gathers it bit by bit from daily duties and pleasures will find himself the possessor of the real treasure at last.

# Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

## A LIVE TOPIC FOR CONVERSATION.

Paul in one of his travels met some Christian friends. He did not merely spend the little time he had with them in discussing the weather or current gossip, but he propounded this vital question to them: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Acts 19:2. They had to admit, as many good people would have to do to-day, that they were total strangers to it.

Paul then and there clearly but briefly showed them how to secure this deeper and fuller experience in divine things, and they eagerly laid hold of it, just as many of your friends will do when you tactfully and prayerfully direct their minds away from trivial, trashy things to subjects of eternal importance.

## BE WILLING TO STAND ALONE.

While we should ever receive gratefully from others all their suggestions, we can not let them become gods to us nor take the place of conscience. It caused Paul many bitter battles to firmly maintain this attitude. The same was true of Luther and many others. If need be it will be better for us to stand alone with God than to go with the multitude if that means the sacrifice of individual conscience and God-given principles.

## WORK FOR YOUR WASHERWOMAN'S SOUL.

Remember that the woman who does your washing, the milkman, the grocery man, the messenger boy, your dressmaker, even the poor tramp each have souls to be either lost or saved. If you have met them and have taken absolutely no interest in putting spiritual food into their hands, how can you be certain that you will not have their blood upon your garments?

The following letter which we recently received from a washerwoman may prove suggestive, and we trust that many will be prompted to do likewise.

"I was out washing yesterday when the son of the lady I washed for asked me if I would not like some reading matter. I thanked him and he gave me some, among which was a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*. Although I was very tired, I read it before I went to bed. I saw your request for stamps for prison work and am so glad that I can do some work for the Master; I will send fifty cents for postage. May the messages sent by them bring many to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus who died for all."

## A GREAT MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

Nearly two thousand of our readers have secured as a premium J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling book entitled "A Retrospect," which gives an account of the wonderful experiences in Dr. Taylor's life that led up to the opening of the China Inland Mission, the most remarkable missionary movement of modern times. Dr. Taylor began this work absolutely by faith, and it has been maintained on this basis ever since.

They have at present eight hundred and fifty missionaries at work in the heart of China. During the first twelve years of this movement seven hundred and seventy-seven adults were baptized and received into the church, while during the last three years six thousand seven hundred converts from among the Chinese have been actually received into the church by baptism.

Those of our readers who never had the privilege of hearing J. Hudson Taylor speak some of those words that fairly burned their way into human hearts, will be glad to read a few of his characteristic sayings. On one occasion someone asked him:

"Are you always conscious of abiding in Christ?" To this he replied: "Whilst sleeping last night did I cease to abide in your house because I was unconscious of the fact? We should never be conscious of *not* abiding in Christ."

When the question was asked, "Do you not feel the burden of responsibility for the missionaries in China?" Mr. Taylor said, with his characteristic smile, "If I tried to carry one hundred of our missionaries one whole day the load would crush me; so I let the Lord carry the entire seven hundred."

When asked, "How is it that you can address so many meetings?" he said to us, "Every morning I feed upon the Word of God, and then I pass on to others during the day the messages that have first helped me in my own soul. You can work without praying, but it is a bad plan," said Mr. Taylor, "but you can not pray in earnest without working. Do not be so busy with work for Christ that you have no strength left to pray. True prayer requires strength."

#### INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The Bible promises that "the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," and that "in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." Isa. 35:1, 7. This is apparently being fulfilled in some of the prisoners of this land. It is evident that the Spirit of God is now working upon hearts where it has been least looked for. The following extracts are from a letter written to Mrs. Albert, of San Luis Obispo, Cal., by a prisoner in one of the State reformatories. It is interesting to note how she was led to write an encouraging letter which, after traveling several thousand miles, reached its destination just in time to put new courage into the heart of a discouraged man.

The Endeavor Society here in prison is today, through the grace of God, alive. There is something doing. Sleeping souls are now praising their Redeemer, hardened men obtain in Christ soft hearts, the vilest criminal is spoken to about his soul, men who have never before prayed are now praying men. Several times we have heard men say, "The first time I ever got on my knees in my life was the other month when I became a member, and I am not sorry, either." We have forty members here and six months ago there were only from four to seven testimonies. Now there are from thirty to forty; in fact, we can't get the time to hear them all and are asking for more time to continue the services. These are some of the testimonies:

"I have followed the devil around for thirty years; I am now going to try something else."

"Well, friends, Satan always liked me and I liked him, and this is where my friend dropped me off."

"Since coming to these meetings I have quit chewing and smoking."

One says, "When I feel sad and lonely I kneel down beside my iron bunk and glorify my God." Others testify: "I have always been a swearing man; yes, every time I spoke I would let out a string of ugly words, but now, praise God, I am telling to my fellow prisoners around this place what the Saviour has done for a poor sinner like me."

Three months ago one of the swearing and vile-acting men made an application to become a member of the Christian Endeavor Society. The chairman looked him over and obtained from this man the promise, "Yes, I am going to cut out all my bad ways; I want to become a Christian; I have done wrong but from now on I am going to do right." His talk fairly astonished me. I said, "All right, brother, shake hands." I am happy to write that last week we placed this man on a committee and he is the best man on that committee.

A man who has a bad record, who has been in prison in another State, several months ago was urged to lead a Christian life, and he joined the Endeavors in here. A couple of weeks ago he became suddenly discouraged, and said to me, "Here, man, take me off as a member; also tell the chaplain to have me marked off from Sunday school list. I give it all up; the devil can't let me alone. I try to do right but every little while I am falling. I do things that no Christian should do and other fellows see it and call me an Endeavor hypocrite. I am done. Good-bye." I had a brotherly talk with him and told him if he was taken off that was just what the devil wanted. I said, "No, friend, I shan't take you off; think the matter over." He said, "It is no use, I am quit." He went to his cell that afternoon about 4:30 o'clock. There was a letter lying on the stone floor. He picked it up and read words of encouragement; something to cheer him, from a total stranger, from Mrs. Albert. The next day he came to me and said, "Don't take me off. I got a letter from a lady, Mrs. Albert, and I feel encouraged. I will now try harder than ever." And he is.

Down in a shady glen, hidden by the bright and more gorgeous flowers, a modest violet grew and sent its sweet perfume into the air. So our lives, our deeds and aims may be hidden by the superficial light of others less sincere, but they bloom and lend their sweet perfume to cheer some lonely life, and He sees it, for not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge.

### THE NORTHFIELD STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

In company with Mrs. Sadler, it was my privilege to spend a week at Northfield, Mass., last month, at the Students' Conference. It was truly an inspiring occasion, to see gathered together at this place students from almost a hundred educational institutions throughout the East and middle West. Hundreds of the professed Christian students of these institutions came together at this time to study the Bible, to consider the needs of the home and foreign mission field. Space would forbid an attempt to give even an outline of the various classes in mission study, home and foreign, and Bible study, which were conducted by various ministers, doctors and Christian workers. Twice a day, forenoon and evening, platform meetings were held in which all the students composing the different sections of the Bible study were present in the large auditorium to listen to inspiring and helpful addresses.

The classes on mission study in China, by Prof. H. B. Beach, were well attended, as were those on the problems of the American city by Rev. H. Roswell Bates.

Dr. Howard Kelly, of Baltimore, conducted a class with the medical students, which was much appreciated and all the more impressive to those who attended them when it was considered that a busy surgeon of such prominence had the time and the inclination to teach the Gospel to Christian students in such a day as this. Mr. William D. Murray, the Christian lawyer, conducted studies in the Life and Works of Christ. There were other courses on Personal Evangelism, etc.

At seven o'clock each evening there was held an open-air meeting on Round Top. (Round Top is the site of Mr. Moody's grave.) These meetings were devoted to life vocations. The Christian ministry, the Foreign Mission work, etc., were all presented and all held up for the students to consider in choosing their life work.

At Northfield are situated, in the midst of a large and well-kept campus, the buildings of the Northfield Seminary, Mr. Moody's school for girls. And it is on these very grounds that Mr. Moody's old homestead and last residence are located. A few miles distant across

the river is Mt. Hermon, Mr. Moody's school for boys; and it was in Mt. Hermon that an impressive event took place during our visit. I refer to the unveiling of the tablet marking the twentieth anniversary of the meeting of students which Mr. Moody called together, and at which time the real foundation was laid and the movement was launched which resulted in the great Students' Volunteer Movement.

It was at this meeting twenty years ago, that about a hundred students volunteered for the foreign field. A number of speakers took part in the ceremonies. Rev. Stephenson Ross, President of the Conference, presided. It had been the writer's privilege to personally enjoy the benefits of Mr. Moody's work in Chicago; and the opportunity was much appreciated to become more familiar with the work at Northfield.

We truly regard this student work which had its origin in Northfield, and which has received an annual impetus from the Northfield Conference, and which is to-day crystallized in the Student Volunteer Movement, as one of the most powerful and potent factors in the great work of giving the "Gospel to the world in this generation."

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### THE AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

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The twelfth annual session of the American Medical Missionary College opens September 18, 1906. For catalogue and other information, address the secretary, E. L. Eggleston, M. D., Battle Creek, Mich.

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It takes live fish to swim up stream.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS BEHIND BARS.

The following letter was received from one of the large State penitentiaries:

"We have been permitted to read THE LIFE BOAT which you have been so kind as to send to this penitentiary, and a great many of us prize it and wish to help the cause by subscribing for it. I see you offer some very nice premiums for new subscriptions. I this day mail you fourteen new ones at fifty cents each; please find check for same, and I will ask for these fourteen subscriptions a nice Bible.

I feel very sure of the fact that after these papers are properly circulated in here among the boys it will be no trouble to get a hundred subscribers, and I will be glad to assist you in the good work while I am a prisoner. Pray for me that I may go out a better man. I am a fallen preacher after thirty years in the good work."

## AN OLD COPY.

Miss Dora Creasman, Asheville, N. C., writes:

"This magazine has helped me so much that I want all my friends to have one. I thank God that He let a copy fall into my hands though it *was* three years old. It and the other copies you sent me have been a great blessing to me and my friends to whom I gave them."

Mrs. Fred Nelson, Galesburg, Ill., upon receiving the premium book, "Studies in Home and Child Life," writes: "I think it is a book every parent should read. It certainly is fine."

## WHAT THE KEEPERS AT THE GOVERNMENT LIFE SAVING STATIONS WRITE US.

Oak Hill, Fla.

As Capt. Elwin S. Coutant is away on a little vacation, I will acknowledge the receipt of a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, also your kind letter which Mr. Coutant will answer on his return. I like the paper so much and am delighted if we are going to have it to read. I enclose a list of names for sample copies.

MRS. E. S. COUTANT.

East Orleans, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is a magazine that is sail-

ing in the proper channel and it is my desire that the little book will flourish and bear good fruit, which it can't help but do. I thank you for your kind offer and think that I can conveniently hand out to people who would find it interesting a dozen copies or more.

JAMES H. CHARLES.

Hancock, Mich.

I could make use of twenty-five copies of THE LIFE BOAT. Thanking you for ever thinking of the Life Saving Service, I remain,

T. H. McCORMICK.

Kenosha, Wis.

I received the magazine, THE LIFE BOAT and think it is very nice. I could give four or five copies to my friends. Hoping you will have success with THE LIFE BOAT, I remain,

BENJAMIN G. CAMERON.

Lemon City, Fla.

I received your copy of THE LIFE BOAT and was very much interested in it and certainly enjoyed reading it. I have no crew but would be thankful to receive a copy each month for myself.

V. O. COSTE.

Brigantine, N. J.

I received the magazine to-day. You said you thought it would be interesting to me and it certainly is in three ways; first, because you were kind enough to send it to me; second, because of the name, THE LIFE BOAT, and third, because of its Christian qualities. It just suits me. I am trying to be one of those to be counted worthy of entering in through the pearly gates when I am done with life and soul saving here on the shores of time. I have a dear wife to meet there. Jesus called her from me a little over two months ago. It is awfully hard for me, but I could not wish her back.

I would not want to impose on your kindness and good nature but I could hand out, I can safely say, twenty-five of the LIFE BOATS to different people. We have quite a number of visitors here and would be only too glad to give the papers in places where they would do the most good. I think it is a splendid little book. I have been in the life-saving service now for twenty-three years and that and trying to win souls for Christ is about all of my profession. I with my crew here last winter assisted a great many vessels in distress.

THOMAS ENDICOTT.

# The Life Boat

**DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.**  
**W. S. SADLER, M. D., Associate Editor.**  
**N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager**

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

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

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

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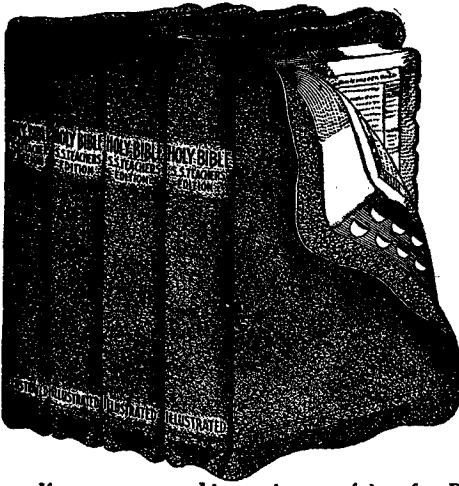
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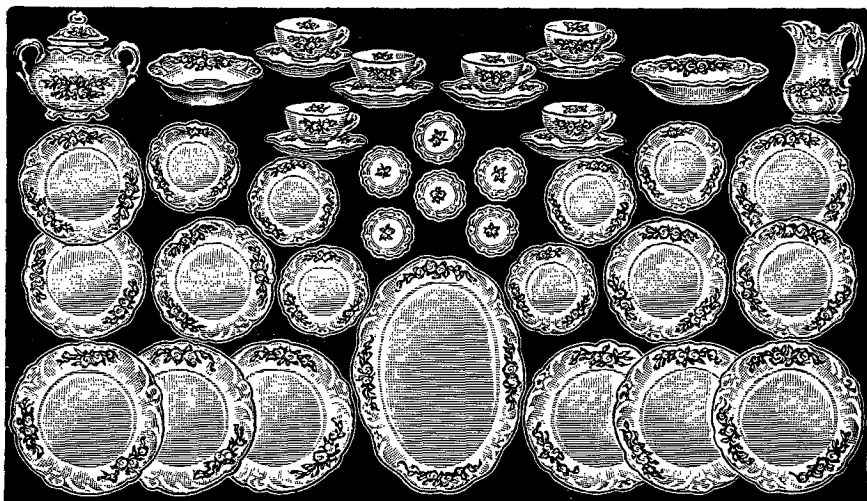
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