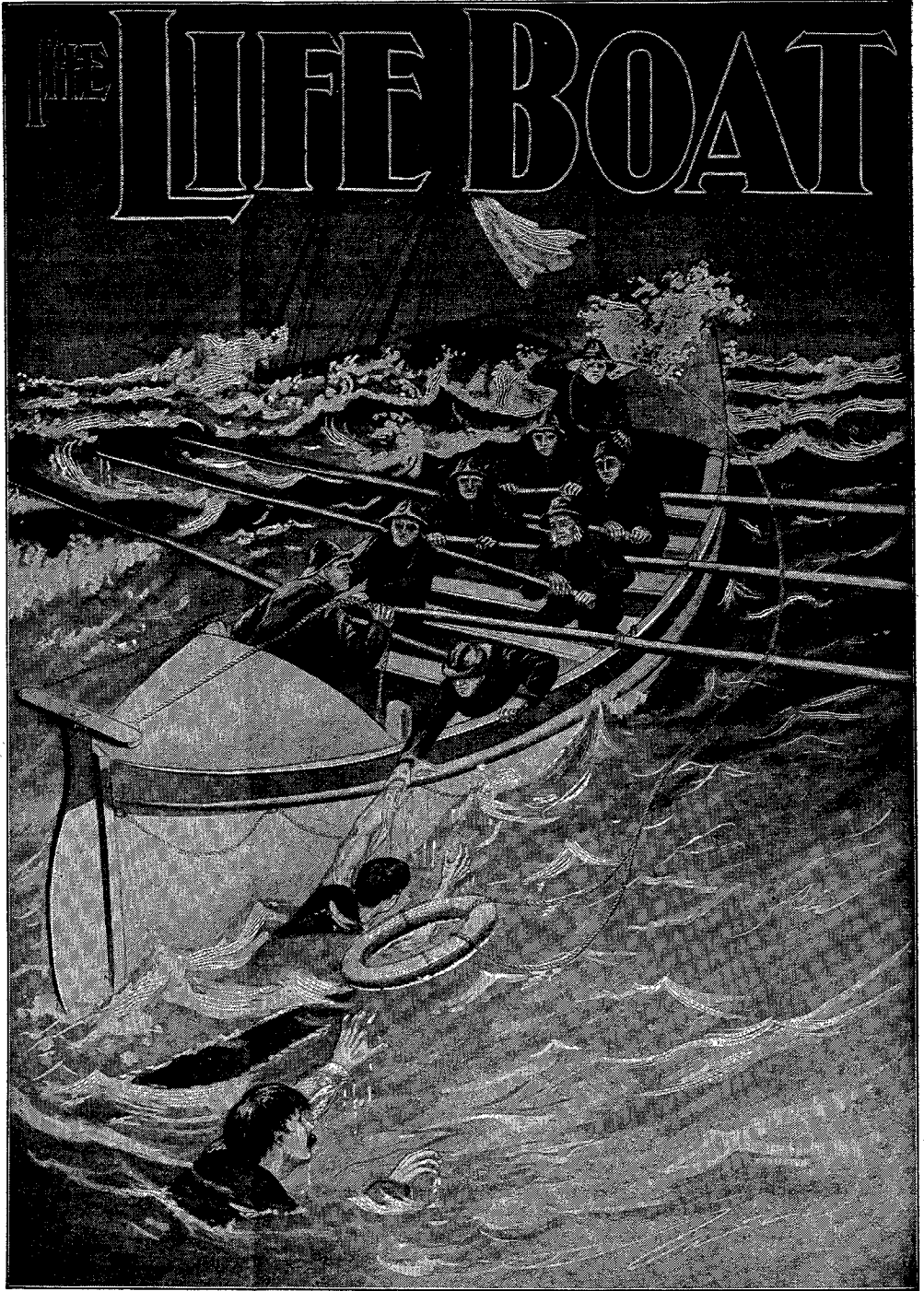


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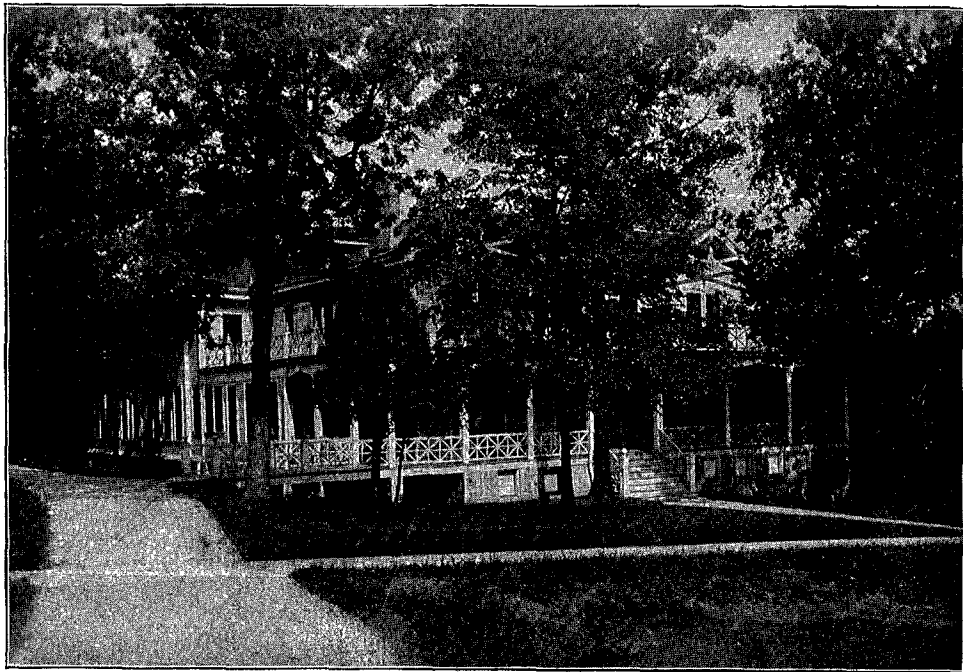
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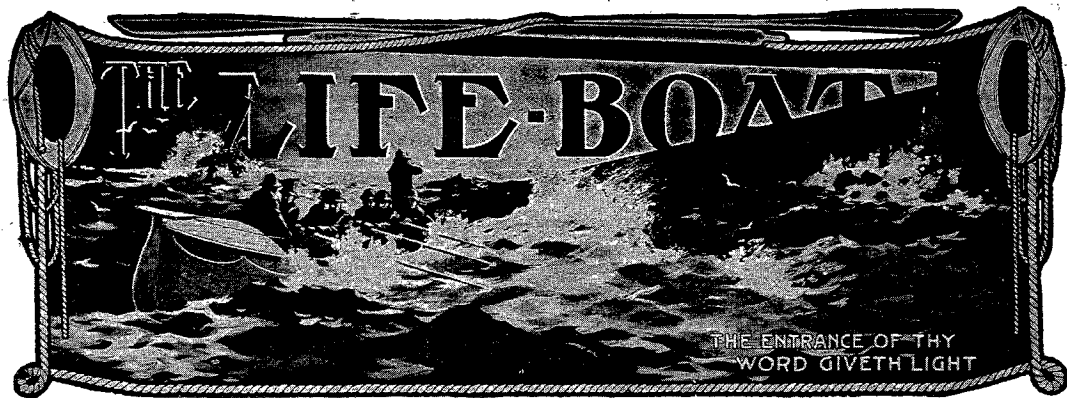
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Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: SEPTEMBER, 1906

Number 9

ALONE WITH JESUS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Just to be alone with Jesus,—

Oh, the blessed peace 'twill bring!
When the heart feels near to breaking
And from failure sad is aching,
Just to be alone with Jesus
Causes it again to sing.

Just to be alone with Jesus!

Words can not express the bliss;
There the weary load is lightened,
And the darkest hour is brightened.
Just to be alone with Jesus,—
What on earth can equal this?

Just to be alone with Jesus,

Just to tell him what is wrong!
Just to catch a glimpse of heaven,
Feel His love and be forgiven!
Just to be alone with Jesus,
Far from all the noisy throng!

Just to be alone with Jesus,

Out beneath the calm, blue sky!
What more blest than this beholding,
And to feel His arms upholding?
Oh, 'tis good to look to Jesus
And to know that He is nigh.

Just to be alone with Jesus

Makes new courage to abound;
Here where trees and grass are growing,
Where God's peace is gently flowing,
Where the soul has met with Jesus—
Such a place is sacred ground.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Life is without meaning if without a mission.

If you can not dispel the mists, climb above them.

If you want the beauty of holiness, first perform the duty of holiness.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

If your religion is of the kind that can be easily hidden, it can as easily be lost.

The opportunity to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

If you put nothing into life, you will always meet with disappointment in trying to get something out of it.

Small abilities diligently applied accomplish great deeds, while great abilities indifferently applied accomplish little or nothing.

The heart that does not possess the love of God is like chaff without the grain; it is tossed about by tempests as the straw is swept away by the wind.

He who goes down into the battle of life, giving a smile for every frown, returning a cheery word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries.

Never feel that Christ is far away. He is always near. His loving presence surrounds

you. Seek Him as one who desires to be found of you. He desires that you not only touch His garment, but walk with Him in constant communion.

In choosing men and women for His service, God does not ask whether they possess worldly wealth, learning or eloquence. He asks, "Do they walk in such humility that I can teach them My way? Can I put My words into their lips? Will they represent Me?"

The life of Christ established a religion in which there is no caste, a religion by which Jew and Gentile, free and bond, are linked in a common brotherhood, equal before God. That which appealed to His heart was a soul thirsting for the waters of life.

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.

MAKING AN END OF SIN.

LUTHER WARREN,
Chicago, Ill.

When Christ died on the cross many of His disciples had not reached the height God had set for them. A man who had been with Him three and one-half years, stood by the cross wringing his hands for sorrow because he had cursed Him; he had not gotten rid of sin. There was another man who hung himself because of unbelief. He had not made an end of sin yet.

After He had risen, I see the Master going to His people and saying, "I send you out to tell the people how the Son of-God came and died to finish the work for man's redemption, but don't you dare to go until *you* make an end of sin. Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Day by day those disciples kept putting sin away and did not stop until they had made an

end of sin. When the last sin was put away and the heart was emptied of sin, then with the sound of a rushing mighty wind the spirit of God came in and filled those hearts and there was a company of baptized people who went out to do service for God. There were 120 preachers that day. The people who listened said that they were all Galileans and "we hear them telling of the wonderful works of God." What were those works? There had been made an end of sin. To every country went those baptized men and women and every creature heard the gospel.

Friends, we have the promise of the latter rain. The same Master who wept over the city of His choice in the olden time, the same Master who cried out saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace," is saying that *to-day*, and may God forbid His having to add as He did then, "But now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke 19:42.)

Jesus is standing before the throne of God making an atonement for sin. I want to ask you, how long are *you* going to keep Him there? When are *you* going to make an end of sin? When are you going to have everlasting righteousness brought into your life? The time has come for it. The trouble is that we are so lazy in getting rid of sin. "Thou art neither cold nor hot." "Be zealous therefore, and repent." (Rev. 3:15, 20.) Some will say, "I have been trying to get rid of sin all this time." Yes, but you have only been playing with it. You can ask God to help you get rid of sin. Do it. Do not wait until a week from to-day; do it *to-day*.

The time has come for the people of God to go up and possess the city. The time has come for our captivity to be turned. Or are we half willing to settle down in the land of our captivity? The time has come when we must know what it is to cross the Red Seas. The same God that furnished manna in the desert is alive. Some of us are so little used to praying that when we get time to pray we do not know how to use it.

Jesus is coming soon, but before He comes He will have the names in a book of all those who have stopped sinning forever. Have you stopped? If you have not stopped, you will have to stop pretty quick, for soon there will be no one to help you stop. If you will just

settle down upon it that live or die there is going to be an end of sin in your life, He will do it.

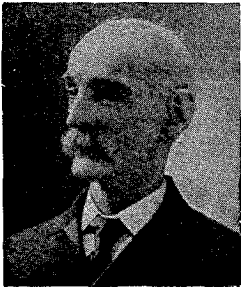
There never was a time when God was more willing to come into hearts than right now. Listen while He speaks to you. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." What will you do in there, Master? "I will make an end of sin. I stand at the door and knock." Who can open the door? ANY. Don't wait a moment; open the door. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time." "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." You can not love Him by just trying to love Him, but if you let Him come into your heart you can not help but love Him for He is lovable. Let Him have room in *your* heart.

VARIOUS EXPERIENCES.

DICK LANE.

Years ago when a boy my sister wanted me to go on a farm with her in Pennsylvania, but I did not go. I went to selling news-

papers and soon learned how to pick the ladies' pocket books, and I had lots of money, dressed handsomely and got on very nicely. I got to be an all-round "professional" man. I was a pickpocket, store thief, bank thief, in fact, I was expert in all that



kind of business.

One day I got tripped up and the case was so bad I had to go to the penitentiary. I shall never forget the first time I went to the penitentiary. When the bus drove up and those monster big gates opened and we drove in and I was taken into the office not a word was said to me. The keeper put a bag over my head and led me down to the bathroom. The reason they do that is so the prisoner will not know the way out to the gate again.

When they took the bag off my head there was the water in the bath and they said, "Take your clothes off." I obeyed, and when I had my bath there were the convict's striped

clothes and they told me to put them on. Then they put the bag on my head again and led me to my cell. I had to step down about two feet to get into the cell, and there was a cot, a stool, a water bucket and a hydrant.

After I got in that cell I sat down and thought of my sister and mother and my brother and then of where I was and what they would think of me if they knew I was there. But finally the devil seemed to say, "Well, Dick, this will soon pass away and you will go out and be wearing diamonds before the year is up." There is not enough money in the world that a man could lay down for me to-day to hire me to go over that road again.

Living in a penitentiary is worse than a thousand deaths. From the time you enter the penitentiary human eyes are riveted on you night and day. You are led to your meals and from your meals to your cell and then the guard goes along every hour of the night and there is a lantern thrust into your cell.

I thought when I would get out of there that I would get enough money so I would not get in again, but no man ever started out in a crooked life that ever made anything on crooked money. Men start out and make thousands and thousands of dollars and all of a sudden down they fall.

The night I struck Chicago with forty cents I felt bad. I knew there was a crime in Iowa and there was a woman who knew where I was the night this robbery was committed, and I expected they would call on me. There was an officer up there who said, "If Dick Lane ever comes back here I will give him the full extent of the law. That meant from one to twenty years.

I tell you, friends, it is hard to live down the old life. When I went to work for Mr. Kohlsaat of the *Record-Herald* I thought I was all right, but there was a man who came up from the central police station and said, "Mr. Kohlsaat, do you know who you've got working for you?" Mr. Kohlsaat told me a long time afterwards that he told that man he would not be afraid to trust me with twenty thousand dollars.

I want to say to you people who are Christians, are clean, living upright lives, your character and virtue are worth more than all the money on earth and when it is gone it is the hardest thing to get back on earth. I

said I was going to work it out if it cost me my life.

The other night a man came and asked me if I would not go to dinner with him, and I went. After dinner we walked into his magnificent parlor and he said: "Now, Dick, I want to talk with you about this new life you have got." He said, "This change in your life, religion never had anything to do with; you simply made up your mind that you were going to lead a better life." I said, "I had tried time and again to live a better life."

If men would only give God Almighty a chance He would come down and meet them half way, but the great trouble is unbelief. Why, the managing editor of one of our large daily papers, a particular friend of mine, said, "Dick, how can I believe in something I can not see?" I said, "You know my life (he knew me in the old days when I stole a lot of money from his father)—how can you disbelieve in God Almighty?" He said, "Dick, Mr. Kohlsaat helped you." "Yes, but who gave me power to help myself?" The great trouble with people in this world is they do not want to give the glory to God Almighty. There are just as many miracles done on earth now as there were when Christ trod this earth. Many men have been raised out of the slums and are shining lights in the world to-day.

One man I know came from Massachusetts with good letters of recommendation, but he drifted into ruts in Chicago and forged a check and went to Joliet penitentiary for one year, and when he came out the disgrace of having been in a prison set him to drinking. Men with sensitive brains can not stand the strain and they want something to deaden it. This man went to drinking and drifted from bad to worse. He began with ten-cent drinks and went down to the whiskey barrel houses and got so low that the barrel houses would not allow him in there.

One day there was a man said to him, "You are down. Nobody cares for you but One, and that is God in heaven." That started the man on the right way, and he went up and pretty soon got on Easy street; his wife became reconciled to him and now they live out at the Chicago Beach Hotel.

The great trouble with people is infidelity. Think of me to-day and eleven years ago I

had not a friend on earth and would not be allowed to stay in the city of Chicago over night. After I was converted, people around the penitentiaries said, "What, Dick Lane a Christian! Why, he will not last a week!" It is a hard thing to live down public opinion, but when God Almighty puts His hand on you He will make a new man of you.

I would not give up my new life to be a Rockefeller or a Marshall Field. When you get the grace of God in your heart and you are right with God and living clean, upright lives, how can money compare to it? If I were to go home to-night and some sickness came upon me and the doctors should say, "If you have any business to do, do it right off for you have but a few hours to live," I would be glad, for I know I have a home, eternal in the heavens for me. Do you think when Jesus Christ hung there with blood flowing from His hands and feet, and then when the Roman soldier thrust his spear into His side and blood and water came out of it, that He did that for nothing?

I did not have a cent to help myself with when I went into the mission that night. I went in there not for any religious purpose, but to hide away from the detectives. They were looking for me and I thought they would not look for me in a church. But there God found me instead of the detectives, and He has kept me ever since.

(Abstracts of talk given to patients on Hinsdale Sanitarium lawn, July 15, 1906.)

CHINATOWN IN NEW YORK CITY.

DAVID J. RANNEY.

[On our recent visit to the New York Midnight Rescue Mission on Doyer street, we asked the leader, David J. Ranney, to write us an account of some of his experiences, which we are glad to present herewith. For years he was a rough, burly Bowery tough. Now in addition to his duties at the Midnight Mission he is Bowery Lodging House Missionary, fishing for souls in one of the most needy missionary fields on the face of God's earth.—Ed.]

How God moves in a mysterious way! The man who gave me the first kind word which led to my conversion was a Bowery Lodging house Missionary. Later he graduated and became a minister and after thirteen years I was myself appointed to take up the very work that he was engaged in when he first met me.

So I am right here on my old stamping ground trying to do God's work among the same class of men amongst whom I was taken, and as long as God wants me here on the Bowery, here I will stay.

The colored "auntie" in the accompanying cut is over a hundred years old and appreciates thoroughly the work of the mission. Togo, the man sitting down, is worth seventy-five thousand dollars, but on account of his drink habits his money is so tied up by law that he can not get hold of a cent of it.

I go from lodging house to lodging house speaking a word here and there. I have seen hundreds saved from the liquor habit and stand firm. This work is hard and trying, it means being up early and late, but God is good and He loves me. I do not suffer from a pain or an ache and am just as good physically as I was fifteen years ago. I thank God for His goodness and care.

I will relate one of the many instances of men being saved down here in Chinatown. There was a man who came into the mission completely down and out; although he had been well brought up he did not have a shoe on his feet. I gave him a suit of clothes and sent him on his way rejoicing. He came back the other night and I did not know him until he told me who he was. He had become reunited with his family, was happy, and best of all was a saved man.

I have tried to be a friend to the boys on the Bowery and they will do almost anything for me and I for them. There is only one way to reach them and that is through kindness. If anyone would like to help this work along they can address David J. Ranney, 17 Doyer street, Chinatown, New York City.

WHEN HE WAS DOWN FOR GOOD.

An inmate of the Wisconsin State Prison writes:

'I am very pleased to get this paper. It came to me at the time when I thought that I was down for good, as my friends have forsaken me; but this gave me hope. I am sure if others can serve God I can do the same,



D. J. Ranney and friends, Chinatown, New York.

because it is easier than going on in sin. I like to hear the Word of God preached; I have given myself to God and am trusting in Him, and I beg of you to give me all the spiritual help you can. I have fifteen months more to serve."

The plant that is worth growing is worth watering.

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

No. 4.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

In a most remarkable manner the Lord led His people anciently out of corrupt Egypt away from its vile practices, but like many young converts to-day whom the Lord has also called away from wrong habits, they began to lust after the things they had left behind in Egypt, among which was the unwholesome and stimulating flesh dietary. Num. 11:4, 5. And the Lord "gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul." Ps. 106: 15.

Had the children of Israel been content to follow God's plan He would have preserved them from falling victims to the various Egyptian physical maladies. (Ex. 15:26.) They would have possessed physical strength and vigor of intellect above all other people on the earth, but the majority of them departed so far away from God's principles that they failed to reap these blessed results, just as many of God's professed followers are to-day failing to receive the blessings God has for them both spiritually and physically. But Joseph, Moses, Caleb, Joshua, Elijah, John the Baptist and others are glorious examples of what they all might have been. Those workers to-day who fully adopt correct spiritual and physical principles may hope to become examples of what God can do for His children to-day. Like faithfulness will always produce like results.

With such possibilities before us how can we afford to allow ourselves to be dragged down to a low level either spiritually or physically? Moving signs are much more effective advertisements than stationary ones. God's truth is not simply to be printed in the Bible; He wants each one of His children to be a living, active translation of it—*living* epistles, "known and read of all men." (2 Cor. 3:2.)

Instead of pleading to have the standard brought down to meet your inclinations, rather bring your inclinations up to the right standard. A great battle was being fought. The standard bearer was climbing up to place the colors on the top of the stone wall, which was the strategic spot. His comrades were falling all about him, still he pressed on in advance

of the men. The captain ordered the standard back to the men. He sent back word, "If you please, sir, bring the men *up* to the standard." Do you represent that standard bearer or the poor faint-hearted captain?

Our daily dietetic habits have far more influence on our mental and moral attainments than is usually supposed. Lord Byron was a man whom God had intrusted with a wonderful mind. When he lived on the simple products of the earth he wrote poems that are most beautiful and elevating, but when he partook of a gross dietary he wrote things that were scarcely fit to be read, yet at those times he was only writing what he *felt*; and the young convert who does not appreciate the intimate relation that exists between his physical habits and his spiritual experience will be likely to feel when he reaches the end of the journey what Lord Byron expresses in these sentiments:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;

The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Some of those who read these lines may have such control over their bodies that they can apparently eat with impunity large quantities of juicy beefsteaks, use strong tea and coffee, smoke tobacco and do other unphysiological things, but let them remember that in so doing they may be setting a dangerous example to some weak brother or sister. Before you decide to do certain things consider how many weak people will copy your example.

A LIGHT HOUSE ON STATE STREET.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

While passing through the streets of Chicago one is constantly reminded of the skill and power of man: the large wholesale houses reaching from street to street and from ten to fifteen stories high, the great Monadnock building with its several thousand occupants during office hours—all of these seem to defy the very God of heaven. Yet there is an endless army of sinsick, homesick, self-sick, storm-tossed human beings who have lost character, home, God and everything, who are tramping along day after day, night after

night, under the shadow of these magnificent buildings; going, they know not where, and seeking, they know not what. Of what avail is the knowledge and skill of man to help these poor souls? Perhaps there was a time in their lives when the advice of a consecrated Christian parent would have saved them from all this sorrow, but they were denied that privilege through someone's neglect of duty. Must we who are Christians let them wander on until their lives go out in darkness

dark upper room in a miserable tenement building, utterly abandoned to a life of sin. A miracle had certainly been wrought in her life.

While the song service continued and the good old hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," was sung, a man came staggering forward whose appearance resembled Dick Lane's description of the men who kneeled with him the night of his conversion in the Pacific Garden Mission (he said they all looked as though they had been through a thrashing machine). He came up to the platform, where he knelt in prayer. The music ceased and all joined in prayer for this poor sinner who was seeking relief from the burden of sin.

Quite a number of converts were present, so after the scripture lesson was read opportunity was given for testimonies. Dick Lane was present and was the first one to tell of his marvelous salvation. As you have often read of his experience in the columns of this magazine, I will simply give you a brief report of his talk this evening as follows:

"I was over in Lincoln Park to-day where I saw a pond of lilies; some were blossomed out beautifully, while I saw some just struggling to get up, and I said, 'Bless God, there is old Dick just trying to get up.' But, bless God, I *am* climbing up. In me there was no good thing. God Almighty took me and made a man of me. If a boy grows up from fifteen years of age in crime all the time, can there be any good in him? That is the way I was when I went into the Pacific Garden Mission. When the invitation was given I got my hand up, but I pulled it down quick and I wanted to get out of there right away. Then Harry Monroe came down and said, 'Look here, old man, come up here.' I followed him and knelt down and asked God to help me and from that time I have been a different man. God Almighty said, 'Dick, keep on, it is better farther on.' If you go to God and keep your promise with Him he will keep His promise with you."

A clean appearing well-dressed man spoke next in part as follows:

"In the year 1899 I was turned out of a drunkard's home, and I got so low that I took the clothes off my back to get drink and took the clothes off the other fellow too, and I even went into other men's pockets. I got behind prison bars. I was over here on



·Snap shot of children growing up in the vicinity of the Mission.

and they die without finding the Pearl of great price?

A few steps more down to 472 State street and we hear singing, we see a crowd ahead of us and just as we reach the spot someone call out: "Come inside, friends, we are going to have gospel songs and service. Everybody welcome." The singing begins inside and in a few minutes the Life Boat Mission hall is filled and the evening service already begun.

Upon seating myself my attention was at once attracted to a young woman who seemed to be making it her business to see that everyone who came in received a welcome and was comfortably seated. The happy, refined look and manner which she possessed almost led me to wonder, for I recognized her as being a girl whom Miss Emmel and I called on some months ago. She was then living in a

the lake front and the thought came to me, 'What are you getting out of all this?' I went into the Palmer House. I thought I would get a suit of clothes, so I got hold of some money in the Palmer House and went and got drunk. When I woke up I was in the Washingtonian Home. Seven years ago I wandered into a mission and I cried the prodigal's prayer. Does it pay? Well, I guess it does. Eternal life begins here. For the last four or five years I have been trusted with the other fellow's money. I have the keys to the store where I work. If you let Christ come into your heart He will make you new."

Brother Slifer then spoke as follows:

"My dear friends, I want to say that once I was blind but now I can see. It does not matter how I got down here on State street. I had resolved so many times to quit drinking; I had taken the Keeley cure; been to the reformatory time after time, yet all this was of no avail, and I landed down in the slums of State street, an habitu  of the whiskey barrel houses.

"I want to tell you just the kind of a man that came out from the barrel house across the street. He was a man with long whiskers, with a big hat so large that newspapers were wrapped around the crown to keep it on. He had a coat but that was about all; he had the bosom of a shirt but no shirt on. He had on a pair of pants that were so thin you could look through them. On one foot was a lady's French leather shoe and on the other foot a large man's shoe. This man had been intoxicated for about six weeks. That night after he left that barrel house and was going to another, the Lord led his way across the street to the old Life Boat Mission, and the next night He saved that man. That man stands before you here tonight.

"I have made a great deal more money in sin, but I never held a place of greater responsibility than I do now. I have the handling of lots of money every day. What God was willing to do for that wretched, starving man that came out of that barrel house that Christmas night, He is willing to do for you, and He will put your feet on the Rock, Christ Jesus."

The young woman mentioned in the foregoing then gave her testimony as follows:

"I am thankful that Jesus Christ came to save the sinners. God tells us to call upon him in the day of trouble and He will deliver us. For about three years I was trying to lead a Christian life. I was trying but that was all I was doing. I was sick, not because I rejected the Lord Jesus Christ, but I drank and it made me sick, and I got in the police station. But you know, God was with me all these years, and He was convicting my soul of sin. When I cried to Him He delivered me from sin. God can pick up an outcast woman and make her new. I do not want to go into the saloons, I have no desire to go there. I want not only to get up here in the mission and tell you that I am a Christian, but in my home life I want others to know that I am a Christian. I remember coming into this Mission, and Miss Emmel said to me, 'Minnie, I have confidence in you.' I have come down to this mission many times, sometimes so sick I almost felt like going astray, but a kind word here has helped me on."

Brother Vanladingham then told of how the Lord had saved him from a drunkard and a singer and dancer in the cheap theaters and saloons—how his wife could not trust him with five cents to get bread with, but now he has a nice Christian home. Mrs. Vanladingham then told of her faith and trust in God and her appreciation for saving her husband.

Another man testified as follows: "I believe heaven is going to ring with the testimonies of saved men and women. I know what it is to be bound by chains of sin. I was brought up in a beautiful home, but I was born in the liquor business. I know what it is to make it, to sell it, to drink it. I have seen it fasten its fangs into the lives of men. I was the only boy in a good home, with one of the finest sisters God ever gave anyone. The love of that mother and sister, a college education, my own will power could not set me at liberty. I tried time and again, but I could not get away from it. I could not help myself, but when I cried to God He set me free."

Several responded to the invitation to be prayed for and after the meeting closed these same converts who had testified to God's power to save them set to work to help their brothers. In one corner of the room could be

seen a worker with some poor "tough" pointing him to the Way of life. Before we left for the train at a late hour we were introduced to "Brother B——," who had just found the Lord.

Dear friend, will you not remember this work both in your prayers and with your means?

HOW THE LORD HELPED ME TO HELP ANOTHER.

MRS. FRED NELSON,
Galesburg, Ill.

A prisoner wrote me asking me to sign his parole paper. It did not seem just the proper responsibility for me to assume, yet I could not throw it off my mind. I expect this young man was continually praying to the Lord to put it into my heart to help him, as he had no one else.

I prayed over the matter most earnestly; I even fasted. I opened my Bible prayerfully to see if I could not get some indication as to my duty. I read the first time these words: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me His prisoner; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God." 2 Tim. 1: 7, 8.

The second time I opened my Bible my eyes fell on these words in Heb. 13: 1-3: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." In the third place I read these words: "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Heb. 13: 16.

I also read these words in one of our books: "The need of the world is not more theory, but more practical godliness; the world is full of expert duty dodgers: what it needs is more burden bearers. The world is full of self seeking; what it needs is more self-sacrifice and the higher law of service."

My duty seemed clear to me, but how to get at it was the question. The day had come when I must either give this up or take hold

of it. I started out to go to one of my friends, and as I came by a certain store I felt impressed to go in; I hesitated, but the impression was stronger. I went in to the proprietor, having known him for many years and considering him one of the finest men in our city as he is a sincere Christian and respected by all. In fact I cannot think of anyone who could have taken this responsibility off of my hands as well as he, in this city. He listened most anxiously to my errand. I had a chance to explain our work to him, and he said to me, "This is a great and grand work you are doing." I had supplied all the information I could about the prisoner and read it all to him. I had a letter from the warden, his sister, information about his brother-in-law, and Dr. Paulson's letter explaining the requirements to those who signed, as well as the prisoner's own letter and picture.

This man complimented me for going at this in such a thorough manner and for having supplied myself with all the needed information. He said he gladly would sign his parole papers, and said he thought a certain prominent man might find him employment, and advised me to go and see him. I went; the Lord was doing it all,—I was simply His instrument. The gentleman invited me into his private office, and listened very attentively to my plea. I told him if he did this kindness for this man the Lord certainly would bless him for it; he said, "I need it." He seemed so glad that I had come, instead of being angry. I told of my blessings and joys since I have been devoting my spare moments for others.

He then spoke about how many years ago he had worked for the pardon of prisoners and had success, they proving faithful beyond his expectations. He said he would give this man work and that if he proves to be what we think he is he is going to stand by him faithfully, giving him the highest position possible. He thanked me for my words of encouragement to him and said he was so glad to have the opportunity to help me.

It was done. I could have shouted, "Praise the Lord," as I left his office. My burden had left, I rejoiced, and since I have been so happy. I went back and told the man who promised to sign the parole and he was delighted to know I had such a grand

success. I have now written to the warden and also to the prisoner and I hope all will be well. I feel that I cannot preach or do many things but I can do what the Lord gives me to do if I trust Him, and through this experience I have learned to put my confidence in Him more than ever.

THE BIBLE HIS DAILY COMPANION.

The following letter was written by a prisoner in Canon City, Colo., to Mrs. H. C. Lyle, of Ridgefield, Wash.:

"The fact that I am able to sit here in my cell today with a heart full of gratitude and love to God for His unspeakable gift, and write of the efficacy of Christ's shed blood to cleanse, save and keep, is owing to an article I read last September in this dear little magazine, entitled 'Turn the Picture.' A few minutes after reading this article found me crying to God, and I rose from my knees rejoicing in a sense of sins forgiven.

"Though but thirty years of age, my life has been an exceptionally tempestuous one, a series of bitter experiences, having served nearly twelve years in different penal institutions, with more than five years still to serve on my present sentence. This has been the wages of sin—hopeless, desperate and despairing, wishing many times that I was dead or had never been born. Oh, what a contrast has been my experience of the past eight months! Many times have I been tempted, and, though He has enabled me to overcome many times, I have not always come off unscathed. But many times also have I walked up and down my cell with my heart on fire and the tears of joy running down my face. It is such experiences that enable one to say with David, 'A day in Thy house is better than a thousand.' Truly have the words of Jesus been fulfilled in my heart, 'He that is forgiven much loveth much.'

"The Bible is my daily companion. Since the 20th of last March I have committed to memory the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, except the latter part of the third chapter, and more than half of John. God is inspiring me with a desire to learn by heart the New Testament while here and much of the Old Testament also, for what purpose He will reveal in His own time. Pray for me. May God bless you, also each one connected with this blessed

little paper so appropriately named. I will be glad, indeed, to hear from you, for I am sure that the days when I receive your letters will be red-letter days to me."

ARE YOU IN DEEP TROUBLE?

P. T. MAGAN.

Dean Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute.

Job was smitten with a burning ulceration, one of the most frightful diseases known; in a few short hours all his earthly possessions had been swept away and now he is made a loathsome leper. Job could not tell why it came. Then came his three friends to comfort him; they had learned that Job was having a terribly hard time and they came and saw him who was once a great prince having everything to

make him happy and comfortable, now sitting out on an ash pile, scraping himself with a potsherd and having a terribly hard time of it.

Their theory was that no one suffers unless he has been wicked. But Job had done nothing to be punished for. He suffered not because he was so bad, but because he was so good. The Lord says, "That man serves Me because he *loves* Me." Satan says, "You destroy all he has and he will curse you as I have."

That is the whole secret of the book of Job—not that he was being punished because he was bad, but because God knew that in spite of all Satan could do there was one man who loved Him enough to love Him still in spite of all these things. We think if we get sick it necessarily follows it has been because we have done something bad. Or if we can not possibly think of anything wicked or bad we have done, we think God is unjust and is unfair to us, and can not understand it.

But the book of Job is written to teach us that things may come to us not from any fault of our own and not because God is displeased



or unjust, but to show that He has a man or woman here on earth who loves Him and will be true to Him and have faith in Him and believe He is a true, kind, loving and merciful God in spite of all. And that was Job.

Then in the third chapter Job begins to talk. Many people think he begins to abuse God, but he does not. He simply wonders why all this has happened to him, and his pain is so great he wishes he had never been born. And then he goes on and wishes he was in his grave and out of all his trouble. In the next chapter the first friend begins to talk.

When we are in trouble our friends are often very positive they know precisely why it all is; so this man begins to tell Job in the kindest way that he has done something wicked. (4:3-6.) Here is the verse that has the sting in it: "Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?"

Is that true? No, thousands of innocent men have perished. Was John the Baptist innocent when he perished in prison? Was Jesus innocent when He died on the cross? Was the Apostle Peter innocent when he was crucified head downwards? Thousands of innocent men have perished, but the theory of these three men was that nothing bad ever happens to any, one that is innocent.

I do not say but trouble does come on people because they do bad things, but it *also* comes on people who have not done bad things; that is just as true as the other.

A SALOONKEEPER'S RECOMMEND.

J. A. H.

In offering this magazine to men in the saloon, we prefer to offer it first to the saloonkeeper or bartender, in this way getting his sanction for selling it among his customers. In the case which I will now relate there was one man standing alone at the bar, and the dispenser, apparently at leisure, behind the bar. When the paper was offered to the saloonkeeper, he took it, looked it over, then suddenly said to his customer, "I'll buy one if you will." Then while the customer was rallying from his bewilderment, he went on, "And if you don't buy one I will anyway, and I'll do something you won't do, I'll promise

to read it tomorrow" (Sunday). He then went on saying, "This will do you more good than the beer you are drinking." Our hearts just praised God that He had used such a man to champion His cause, and we sent up earnest prayers that the Lord would help the man behind the bar not to forget his promise—not only to read the magazine, but that he might get real good therefrom.

Recently with a band of Christian workers we were holding a service in the County jail. There we saw a man behind the bars whom a few evenings before we had seen at the saloon bar. He was not so jovial now as he was then. He had begun to see something of the vileness of the monster—sin, yet at the saloon bar he was just as much bound as he is now, then by the chains of habit, now by the iron bars.

As we carry on this work let us bear in mind that there will be a meeting again at another bar, this time at the judgment bar of God. My dear readers, let us not forget this meeting, the largest meeting which you and I ever attended. What rejoicing there will be among those who have accepted this wonderful salvation which was bought at so great a price!

If you are an unhappy Christian, the spirit of holiness will make you feel better, while the spirit of heartlessness will make you feel bitter.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN PRISON.

H. J. Bixler, president of class in the U. S. Military prison, Point Bonita, Cal., writes:

"I am in the Lord's work and am indeed proud I have taken my stand. I have a small Bible class in this prison; started with three in my class and have at this time about twelve, all serving the Lord. I feel that the Lord is with us. Each night we meet and God has wonderfully blessed us all. We wish the prayers of all the readers of this magazine. We have a hard work to do among these soldier prisoners and we are asking God to help us. Rev. A. C. Stevens, who has worked so faithfully among the soldiers, comes to this prison each Sunday and we have some grand meetings. He also gives us this magazine and it is very helpful to the prisoners."

SOWING THE SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

After an absence of several months, we were very glad to have a visit from Brother McVev, a convert of Pacific Garden Mission, whom we asked to speak for us, telling us what the Lord had wrought for him and others. In the course of his remarks he told us of a call he received to the Pacific Coast to preach the Gospel. He had packed his grip, bade his family good-bye, and started down the street, when he met a beggar who asked him for something to eat. He gruffly said no and went on his way.

But the idea came to him that he was going three thousand miles to preach the Gospel: why not do something for *this* poor man? At this thought he called to him and said, "I am going to the depot; if you will carry this grip for me I will pay you for it, and then you will have earned something with which to get something to eat."

He could have ridden to the depot for five cents, but chose to spend fifteen cents to get a *chance* to do something for that man.

On the way he told him that he had been an unfortunate man himself and had been in the same circumstances, and that he thought all the time that it was *drink*; but one day he found that it was *sin*, and that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from *all* sin, and he had let Jesus free him. He reached the depot, gave the man the money, and told him where to go the next day to hear more about this wonderful Saviour.

Time went on, and one evening out in Oregon where he was preaching that man was in the audience. When the meeting was over, he came and told how the Lord had used the incident just related to bring him to Christ.

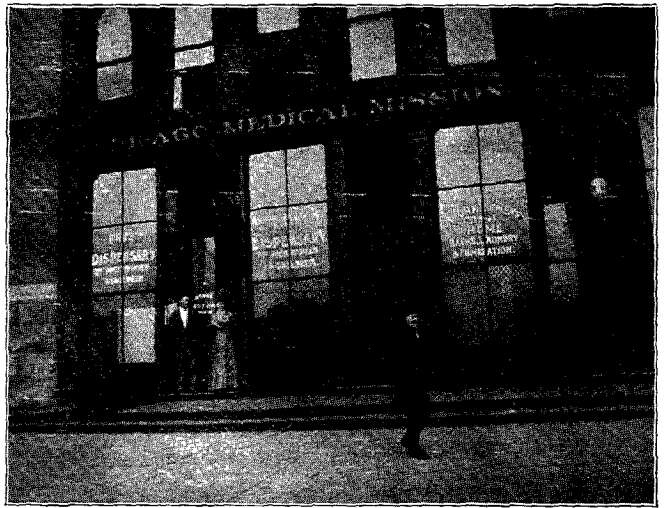
This little deed changed a man's life: he became a Christian, and in turn is doing to others what had been done for him. Don't you think it paid this worker to make this investment? I think it did, and if you wish to

know the joy of such an experience sow some seeds of kindness along *your* way, and be not weary in well doing; "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Jesus said, "Inasmuch as have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A SERMON WITHOUT WORDS.

In the Workingmen's Home, Chicago, from one to two hundred and fifty men are sheltered every night. Many of these men are down at the bottom round of the social ladder. Because of sin and evil habits they have lost all trace of home influences and the world turns them a cold shoulder. They are glad to take advantage of the opportunities offered them at the Workingmen's Home.

They can secure good, wholesome, non-irritating food at one penny a dish; baths and fumigation are furnished free, and lodging



for ten cents. Every evening at six-thirty a gospel service is held for these men. These meetings with the Christian influence of the Home have resulted in many conversions. We give below a report of an experience which Brother Winchell told recently to a company of workers, which shows the power of a Christ-like life.

"One night I went home early, which is something I rarely do, and I sat down in the

front room all alone, realizing that I needed more of the Spirit of God in my life. I plead with God for more power. I did not sleep any that night, but I got a blessing from God. Somehow I have had some difficulty in fully surrendering to God's word, but that night I made a new surrender to God and He has been blessing me since.

"Sometimes I go down to the basement and look after the men while they are getting their baths. It is not an especially inviting place as there is always a rough class of men there and sometimes it gets pretty rough down there. The men took off their clothes and washed them and then took their baths and I was waiting on them, putting their clothes in the dryer. I did not say anything to them, but I had a good time with the Lord before I went down there and that place seemed like the very gate of heaven to me. During the hour and a half that I was down there was hardly a loud word spoken; those men were conversing quietly together."

As these men come to us it seems to me we hold the destinies of our fellow men in our hands. I am so glad God is willing to help. I would not take anything the world can give for the experience of that night.

IS A BETTER BOY.

The following letter was recently received from a prisoner in Joliet, Ill., with whom we corresponded last spring:

"It is a special pleasure to write you a few lines. When I first wrote to you I had not a friend that I knew of and received no good word from any one and felt as if I had as soon be dead as alive. But now I receive from one to three letters each month.

"I can not say that I am a Christian, but I can say this much: I am a hundred times better boy than I was before I knew you. When I shall be able to tell you that I am a Christian you may be sure that I shall not be half shod, but shod so as to stand. I am improving daily in my studies.

"I receive from two to three copies of this paper each month, but I do not receive any too many, for if I had fifty times that amount I could put them to good use. I am working in the yard now with about fifty or a hundred inmates and I pass the papers around to all who want to read them; it is

strange, but some of the boys have never seen one of them.

"I have several of the back numbers and I am going to carry them with me when I leave this prison, and give them to some poor people who need some good news to read."

WHAT CAUSED HIS JAIL SENTENCE.

"I write this in the Wheaton county (Ill.) jail, where I am serving a six-months' sentence and where God has spoken peace to my soul. He brought me out of the miry clay where my sins had brought me, and I am pressing on in the upward way. I have found it pays to serve Jesus. His yoke is easy, His burden is light; I know it for I have found it so, praise God. I was fond of liquor, but God takes the desire from me. I would advise all men, both young and old, to leave liquor alone, as that was the cause of my being in jail. It is nothing but liquid fire and distilled damnation; it is one of the devil's agents. I thank God I have got where I have no desire for it or any other of Satan's works.

"I want to live above the world
Though Satan's darts are at me hurled;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground."

HEALTH SEEDS.

BY W. S. SADLER, M. D.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." (1 Cor. 9:25.)

Temperance is the foundation of all the pillars of health. Temperance is the keynote of all the practices of the successful health-seeker, and true Christian temperance regulates all the habits of mind, soul and body. We have laid much emphasis upon the thought of co-operation with God in physical matters—sowing for health; and it may not be amiss to offer some practical suggestions along this line, to point out the "health seeds" which, when shown, are sure to produce a good harvest of health.

1. *The Diet Question.*

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. 10:31.)

Perhaps no other one thing has so much to

do with health as the question of what we eat, how we eat, and when we eat. The wise man recognized the diet question as of paramount importance, when he wrote:

"When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is put before thee; and put (Jewish translation, 'puttest') a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meat." (Prov. 23:1-3.)

Wrong habits of eating, with their resulting train of dyspepsia and disease, are responsible for more suffering and misery than any other single class of physical abuses. The Bible clearly recognizes two classes of diet: one strength-producing, the other resulting in disease and drunkenness.

"Blessed art thou, O land, when thy . . . princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness." (Eccl. 10:17.)

It is not within the scope of this article to deal fully with these vital problems of diet, digestion and cookery. However, we will offer brief outlines, merely suggestive, but which it is hoped will arouse in the reader a spirit of further investigation which will not be satisfied until he has possessed himself of full knowledge concerning these important matters.

2. *Overeating.* The vast majority of people eat too much. Many eat till they are halted by a sense of physical discomfort. Overeating is the crowning physical sin of modern times. Especially is there a tendency to eat too much proteid, or nitrogenous food, such as meat, beans, cheese, etc. Recent investigations in dietetics have shown that man needs but about one-half the amount of proteid substance that he was formerly thought to require. There are no hard and fast rules. Some people need more food than others owing to the nature of their work, digestion, etc. Each individual should find out for himself the amount of food required to enable him to do his daily work and not lose in weight.

3. *Eating too often.* For those who work regularly, it is best that they should eat regularly. Eating between meals has ruined the digestion of untold numbers of children, and prevents the recovery of many dyspeptics. Ordinary cases of stomach disorder are greatly aggravated by this incessant nibbling. Under ordinary circumstances it will be found best to adhere to the regular hours of eating,

whether they consist of two or three meals a day.

4. *Eating too Fast.* Hasty eating is the great mistake of the American people. When food is not thoroughly masticated, but a portion of its flavor is extracted, since the nervous system can only take cognizance of the food eaten by means of the flavors tasted, it is evident that it will be necessary to greatly overload the stomach in order to satisfy the appetite. This tendency to overeat and many other injurious influences are all done away with by thorough mastication—complete Fletcherization.

5. *Liquid Food and Mushes.*—The half-cooked breakfast foods and pastry mushes and other forms of semi-liquid food have done much to ruin the digestion of the present generation. Mushes are not fit food for a weak stomach, unless the grains have previously been baked or toasted. Dry foods produce a superior quality and quantity of digestive juices, and are to be preferred as they also favor thorough mastication.

6. *Indigestible Articles.* Such articles as pickles and old cheese are not only extremely difficult of digestion, but usually contain copper sulphate and other injurious coloring matter. Cheese often contains a deadly poison known as tyro-toxicon. Weak stomachs will also find it difficult to digest the coarser vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, parsnips, etc.

SOME OF GOD'S SAD CHILDREN.

FANNIE EMMEL,

Matron of the Rescue Department.

The Harrison Street Police Station work has been to me a very great blessing because of the many good experiences. I have had many opportunities to lend a friendly hand to both young and old. I will mention one young woman I met in the police station annex, whom the matron there first interested me in. I found she belonged to another town. She left her own home and came to Chicago and found herself alone in the world and soon drifted into a wrong life. Two months after her little baby was born it became quite sick. Meanwhile she had set her face in the right direction and she cared for it as well as she possibly could at five dollars a week, which she made honestly while working in a laundry.

She finally took her child to the Cook

County Hospital, and the physicians there told her that it was very sick. Later, fearing it was not getting the best of care, she brought it home again, and finally, one night when she came home from work the lady who had it during the day said, "The baby is not very well to-night." In spite of the best care she could give it that night, when she woke up the next morning she found it a lifeless form.

Of course there was nothing to do but report the case. A physician was called in and he pronounced the case one of smothering, and the judge said she had smothered the child. After all the sad experiences she had had in the world she was called the murderer of her own baby. I thanked the Lord for having brought the knowledge of her case to our attention and for the privilege of taking her by the hand and calling her my sister and taking her home with us. She was really a noble little thing. After a time she secured a position, for she said, "I do not want to stay in your home. I would rather go out and work for myself."

She was a grateful little creature. In every way that lay in that child's power she proved that she appreciated the kindness we had shown to her. She not only did it by little acts of gratitude, but the thing that proved it was the fact that she kept herself so pure and noble that everywhere people knew nothing of her past life, her sin having been forgiven and covered by the blood of Jesus. She lived only for the good she could do, and to-day I am thankful to say that that young woman is back in her own mother's home again, and her mother is just as proud of her as can be and loves her dearly.

If you are ever downhearted and feel that you are having a hard time, I wish you could come with me and I would take you to some of these places, and you would not feel your lot was so bad after all.

Every Sunday morning we hold a general service at the police station. Nine-thirty o'clock finds us kneeling there praying that God may touch some hearts and lead them to Christ. One morning there was in one of the cells a young man nineteen years of age who seemed very much touched during the service. After it was over, one of our workers, Mr. Bly, went and talked to him and

learned that he was a minister's son and that his father was out West. He left home without his parents' consent and went down and down until he found himself just where we found him.

But this morning there came to him a consciousness of what he had done, and he said, "I have enough. I am going to serve the Lord." He knelt down and gave his heart to the Lord. Brother Bly got him some new clothes and before he went away he was baptized. Brother Bly wrote his parents, and they wrote back how their son had wandered away and how happy they were that he had been saved at last.

Day before yesterday it was my duty to go down on Wabash avenue and call on a lady whom I am very, very much interested in. It is a sad case. This woman is forty-five years of age and a beautiful woman. At one time she lived in Irving Park and has a home there yet, but because of her drink habit her husband was compelled to move away from that locality, as he did not want to be disgraced by her drink habit. They have a beautiful daughter eighteen years of age, and the mother with tears in her eyes said: "I have never had my daughter with me since I have been so unfortunate as to be unable to control myself. I have let my mother keep my daughter." But she said, "My daughter has been kept pure, Miss Emmel." And her daughter's beautiful large brown eyes told us of her pure and sweet character.

This woman does not go down in the saloons and wallow in sin, and she feels terribly about her condition, and when she told me how sorry she was for her husband's sake it almost broke my heart. I said: "How did it ever happen? Did your husband know you drank when you married?" She said, "No, I was not a drunkard then." Then she said, "I do not know how it ever came about unless it was a curse on me because I made fun of somebody else who drank."

One day she was going along the street, and a washerwoman who lived near her house was going along the street also, and had gotten some beer. Then she made some slighting remarks that hurt the feelings of the washerwoman, who answered by saying that "Some people do worse than drink." It was just a few weeks afterward that she was very sick.

The old washerwoman called on her and then said, "Now if you just take a little drink it will do you good," which she did; and from that time on that woman's life was cursed with drink. Her appetite for drink became stronger than her desire for food. When I called on her she said that she had not had food in her mouth for days. She sends out for the beer and lies in bed and drinks, and thus her life is wasting away.

I believe that with the deep regret that has come into her life, and with her earnest desire for something better, we are going to find help for her and we are going to see her happy again. When I took that woman's hand she said, "I do feel bad, but God knows I do not want to do it."

I said to her daughter, "What can I do for you to make you happy?" She said, "All you can do is to help mother." The way she said it made me determined that if it took all I had I would help her mother. Will you not pray for this unhappy woman?

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

If this little magazine reaches you please accept it as a message from your heavenly Father, or as a life-line thrown out to bring you to shore. If you have been led on from one sin to another until you begin to see the awful results, remember there is One who is watching your footsteps who loves you even though you may have wandered from the path of right. We are servants of that One, who is your Creator, and because He loves you we love you and want to help you out of your troubles.

We are corresponding with many discouraged girls all over this country and have been able to put hope and sunshine into many a sad heart. If you have a desire for better things and have no one in whom you can confide your troubles, or do not care to do so, address the writer of this article and your letter will be held strictly confidential. Address, Hinsdale, Ill.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Psalms 27:10.

AT THE NATION'S METROPOLIS.

MRS. A. E. KERSHAW,
1018 E. 156th Street, New York City.

Our readers no doubt have learned that I was in Chicago on a vacation trip, and I am now glad to report that I am back in New York City with renewed strength and courage to work as never before in the work the Lord has called me to.

On my return home I ordered one thousand copies of this magazine, and the selling of these has brought many and varied experiences. The Tombs work is going along as usual and also the work at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

Last week while visiting at the Tombs I met a gentleman to whom I had sold a paper the Saturday night before, and he remembered me when I spoke to him in his cell. He expressed himself thus: "Perhaps if I had read this magazine and obeyed its wise instruction, to-day you would not find me here." How true, that if we would only hear the voice of the Lord and give heed, how many severe experiences we would be spared from passing through. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

We have had the unpleasant experience of bidding some farewell from the Tombs whom Mrs. Nord and I have visited with this magazine for many months, and our hearts are touched as we give the last words of encouragement and admonition before they leave for the State prison at Sing Sing with heavy sentences which perhaps they will never be able to serve. We realize that their freedom has been taken away from them, but we rejoice that they can be free indeed in the Lord. Whomsoever the Son maketh free is free indeed.

It is our earnest desire to teach them that the Lord can set the captives free. (Isa. 61: 1-4.) Another young man who has been at Blackwell's Island and who has written articles for this magazine, is now released and called to see me. He was baptized before leaving the prison, and his determination is to live for the Lord, the Master and Saviour of his soul. He called to see me in my home and knelt and prayed with us. He wishes to take up a study of the Bible and we are hoping to arrange for this.

About a year ago I sold a paper to a young

man on the Brooklyn Bridge who became very much interested in our work. The Lord undoubtedly has some purpose in bringing me in contact with him so often since I sold him the first paper. I have met him four times and always try to give him advice and counsel, and it seems to be appreciated by him. I can see how he is developing in character and overcoming habits, and he seems to be getting hold of some things at least that I have told him. May the Lord help these who are chained down by evil habits and deliver their souls.

Dr. Paulson, editor of this magazine, was also here in the city for a few days and visited both the Tombs and Blackwell's Island with us. We appreciated much his stay with us and we trust the words spoken by him to individuals may prove a blessing.

We are grateful to the Lord for His goodness. We have another worker, Miss Rasmusson, a young lady from Chicago who has come to give her time to the work here. The Lord is greatly blessing her work since her arrival with us. The Lord says that in union there is strength and a three-fold cord cannot easily be broken. Our prayer is that that may be true of us. We believe the Lord's word is not going to return unto Him void and so we are scattering His Word, knowing not what the harvest will be. Dear Christian readers, remember that the "fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Will you not remember the work and workers in the largest and most wicked city in America?

ROSES BLOOMING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.

The following letter from a prisoner in the Michigan State Reformatory was written to Miss Julia Hoenes, Battle Creek, Mich.:

"I have for over thirty years lived a wicked life and I have been confined here since 1902. About a year ago I started to lead here in prison a religious life. I did not know how to pray, could not speak anything elevating, my heart was hard, cared nothing for a sermon, the word of God with me stood no show—I had no room for it. The Bible is furnished us here in prison, but I had it hidden under the mattress. I had no use for such a thing.

"One night I seemed to be under convic-

tion; it seemed as if salvation was all around me. I got down on my knees, but I could not pray. Why, I knew not, but I felt I was a sinner and wanted to get rid of my evil ways. The Lord gave me strength and I hunted up the hidden Bible and there was light. I now saw things differently and at once began to shape my daily life in accord with the word of God.

"I am so glad that I began and now I feel like working for God. I want to tell others about it and I do so right here in prison and perhaps some day I may get a better chance to tell of His wonderful saving powers.

"I received the other day a letter from a jail worker out West. She said among other things 'I talk for the Lord, walk for Him, and sing for Him, and I also give charity for him, yet I know of no one who has been saved by my efforts.' Her letter put me in mind of a woman who had a rare rose bush. She watched and worked over it for weeks but saw no results of her labor. One day she found a crevice in the wall near the bush, and running through the crevice was a tiny shoot of her rose bush. She went to the other side of the wall and there she found her roses blooming in all their splendid beauty. Some of us have to work on year after year seeing no results of our labor; to such comes this message: Work on, do not be discouraged, your work is blooming on the other side of the wall. There is no such thing as wasted time or labor if we serve Jesus Christ.

"But though my sins like mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is yet above the skies—
I still may be forgiven."

A WORD TO THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

The man in prison may think his case is utterly hopeless, but while there is life there is hope. True, if we had to depend on ourselves to make us better men, we surely would be lost. But thank God, that is not so. Jesus died on the cross that the sinner might be saved from both the guilt and the power of sin.

Is your heart hardened by the many sad and bitter experiences you have passed through? Ask God for a new heart, and He will give it you. He says, "A new heart also

will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." (Ezekiel 36:26.) Do you feel you are lost beyond recall? Then take comfort, and be of good cheer, for "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10.)

Reader, if you think that you have gone too far, and there is no chance now of ever being made a better man, let me tell you that Jesus Himself paid the price for your redemption.

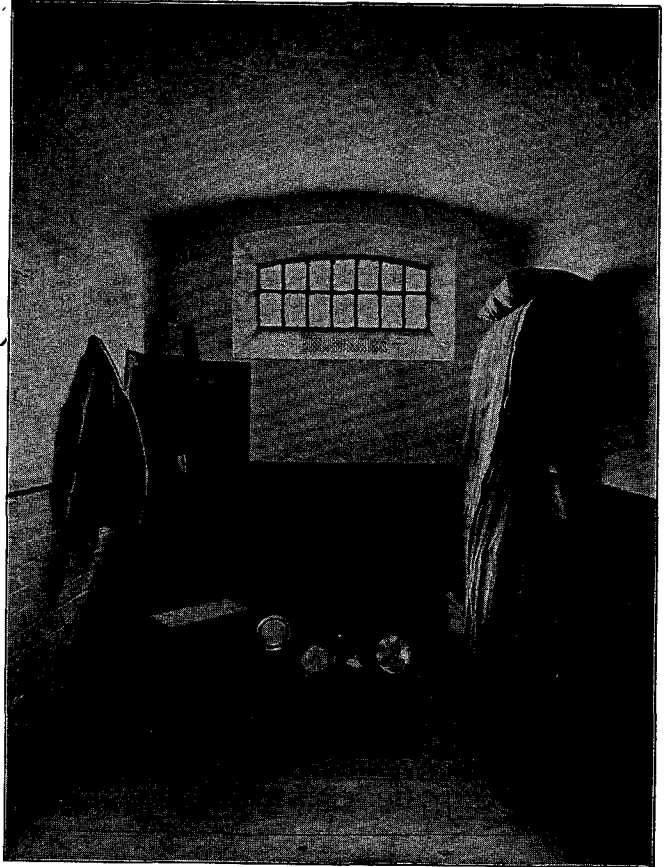
Are you chained down by sin, are you bound by Satan's fetters, and unable to escape the bondage you are in? Listen to what God says: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:36.) Yes, indeed, there is freedom, blessed deliverance, from all sin, no matter how black it may be. Will you accept this proffered gift, and from the moment you read these lines take the *glorious liberty of the gospel*?

Maybe you are sorry you ever committed the crime for which you are being punished; and possibly some are only regretting they were caught. You may be penitent, but unless it is because of the sin that really lay at the root of the acts that have led to these sad results, your repentance is hardly likely to be permanent and genuine. It is the *causes* that should receive attention before we consider the effects of sin. Only by removing the motive for wrong doing can you expect to be able to avoid the evil results that follow in the wake of misconduct of whatever kind.

Have you a real burning desire in your heart to do the right, and live an honest life? Then be sure that God who put that desire there, will give you the needed strength to carry out your good resolves, and enable you to fight the evil that would lead you into wrong. The Saviour of men said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after

righteousness; for they shall be filled." (Matt. 5:6.)

When you pray "Our Father who art in heaven," do you realize that you are one of God's children, although you may have been very wayward? And would you not like to come back to your heavenly Father, and be a loyal and dutiful child? Though you have strayed far away, He is ever willing to take you back again. So long as you can feel your



Prison walls can not keep out Christ.

heart beat, you may know He has not forsaken you. Possibly you have forsaken Him; but He is always the same God of Love, infinite compassion, and tender mercy.

Do you remember that one time the Lord Jesus was out in a little boat on the sea, and a fierce storm arose? Then the disciples appealed to the Master, and He hushed the

angry waves, and there was peace. Have you a storm raging in your bosom? Come to the Saviour, and let Him calm the tempest and give you peace, His peace, which is not such a peace as the world offers. "My peace I give unto you." (John 14:27.)

The evil one may often whisper in your ear that God is not interested in you, and takes no special notice of your welfare. That is false. God is deeply interested in each and every single one of His creatures. He does care for you, my brother, my sister, whoever you are, wherever you are, whatever your condition may be. Jesus is in prison with every true and earnest soul, for He says, in the last great day, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me not," speaking to those who failed to try to do something for His unfortunate creatures who were in that particular condition of need. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you" is the message of God to the anxious soul. The boundless love and mercy of a crucified Saviour is ever open to receive all the sadness and sorrow, trial and trouble, of the humble, trusting Christian.

One of the worst crimes a criminal commits is that against himself. Every prisoner would do well to reflect that in every effort he has made to injure his fellowmen, he has really struck the greatest blow at his own character, his own soul, and himself has received the deepest injury from the wrong he has committed.

WORKING FOR THE OUTCASTS.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Once more I send a message to all the readers of this dear helper. I know God is using this magazine to the good of many and especially to those who are shut out from the world and shut in behind prison bars; it is to some like angel visits. I esteem it a great privilege to be a helper with the Lord, to win precious souls back to the pure and good way that brings peace and joy and happiness.

I have received several dear letters from the boys in prison,—one from Hutchinson, Kansas, from one who was saved in the jail here; he is true to the Lord and has read his Bible through almost twice in the

last six months. He says the more he reads it the more he likes to read it; and he has this magazine, which he likes and hands to others. God has blessed him and kept him trusting in the power of his God, and he is looking ahead to a better day when he will have an opportunity to live before this world a true Christian.

Another young man sends a testimony from the prison in Lansing, Kansas. He was a great sinner, but when he called on God his prayer was heard and answered to the joy and peace of his soul. He is now a bright Christian, and is anxious to have his freedom that he may go after others who are in sin as he once was.

A letter from another man from Kansas City asks me to pray for him; he is getting tired of sin, he says. He had been reading this magazine and was pleased with the letters he read.

So the good is going on. O, let us never tire of the blessed work of seeking out the poor, forsaken, fallen ones who are looking for help and sympathy and especially love. Let us prove to them that there is one who cares for their soul. Oh, I plead with every unsaved, poor lost soul that reads this that they will never feel right with themselves till they get right with their God. He is ready to save all who will let Him; He only waits for a chance to do the work. O, dear ones, do let the Lord into your hearts and you will see life brighter than you ever saw it before.

I was in Garnett, Anderson county, Kansas, last week, where I visited the home of the sheriff and talked up the prison work there. They are interested in that direction, but have no religious services there. I urged them to try and get meetings started and promised to send copies of this paper to them. I told them of the blessed work of the Lord in saving some who are now serving a time in prison, but who are happy and looking ahead to a better time in which they expect to be different men after this, who have found peace and joy in giving up their ways for the Lord's ways and in just letting the dear Lord save them from all their sins.

O, wonderful salvation that can lift up the lowest and vilest man or woman and make

them pure and sweet in life, that can cause them to forsake all their sinful ways and seek the pure and good and delight in the ways of the Lord, having a desire to begin seeking for the lost! God bless all the fallen ones of our prisons and this little message of love to all who will accept it anywhere.

HOW I WAS LED TO NEW YORK CITY.

EUELLA RASMUSSON,
New York City.

"I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me." Ps. 77: 1. This I had been doing and God has verified His promise and has given ear to my prayer, for it was my desire to give time and talents which were being used by the commercial world, to the Lord to be used in His great missionary field, the world.

Although I have been selling this magazine in Chicago for over three years, and assisting what I could in the jail service at the Harrison Street police station, and at the Mission whenever it was possible for me to be there, nevertheless I was not satisfied with that. I wanted to give up all my time to His service. This had been my desire for at least four years, so while Mrs. Kershaw was visiting in Chicago this spring and I was telling her how much I enjoyed doing personal work, she said to me, "Why do you not come and work with me in New York City?" I said that I had not thought of anything like that, but she said, "Well, you pray about it," and I said I would.

It is simply wonderful how the Lord does lead when one surrenders all to Him; "for if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." 2 Cor. 8: 12. So the Lord answered my prayers.

I had intended to go to a missionary college during the summer months and was planning for it, but our ways are not God's ways; He had another and better plan for me, and Oh, I can see His wonderful love as never before in sending me here to work in New York City, for He says that no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. In my short stay here I have had some blessed experiences both in selling this

little paper and in my work with the prisoners at the Tombs prison.

One day last week, while out at one of the bathing beaches selling papers, I heard someone call out to me, "Life Boat Missionary!" and in looking to see who it was I found it was one of the boys from Blackwell's Island Prison. When I went up to him he said, "Do you not know me?" I said "No," so he told me he wanted a paper for he enjoyed reading them so much, and he said he knew Mrs. Kershaw and Mrs. Calvert. They had been visiting the Island and holding services with the boys. It made my heart glad to see that young face, for he was not more than about seventeen years old, wreathed in smiles, and I knew he had grasped something of the goodness and love of Jesus in his heart while serving his sentence at the Island.

One night while out working, I came to a corner where stood five or six boys. I went up to them and asked them if they did not want to buy a paper. Then they asked me what it was and what it was for; they were very much interested and bought the paper, and began questioning me in regard to some of the truths in the blessed Word. How good the Lord was to me! He gave me just the right words for them and the different texts of scripture came to mind just when I needed them.

Last night I went into a saloon where two men were standing at the bar, whom I asked to buy a paper. They bought it immediately; then I talked to them about their souls' salvation and told them a little about how I came here to do this work, and they said they could not see how I could do that. I said that was very little in comparison to what Jesus did for us when He left a heavenly throne, laid aside His glorious crown, and came down to this earth to suffer and die on Calvary's cross for our sins. The tears came to their eyes and one of the young men said, "I cannot stand this; if you keep talking to me this way it will cause me to cry." I said I hoped it might be the means of changing his life so that he would never be seen in a bar room again. How much the Lord could do with a man that was so intellectual! for he was not intoxicated and he did not have the traces of sin on his countenance as yet.

I have so many experiences like these but time or space will not permit me to relate

them all. But how blessed is the assurance when the Lord says that His word shall not return unto Him void! Therefore I am encouraged to work as never before.

KEEP THE CHEST UP.

C. L. C.

Exercise is one of the greatest blessings we have in life. Next to breathing heaven's pure air twenty-four hours a day, drinking pure water and eating good, wholesome food from the lap of nature, there is nothing so conducive to health and happiness as a proper

to perform during the day can find in them the stepping stone to health if she only seeks to perform them in the proper manner. Each set of muscles in the body should be used daily in some form of exercise. The muscles of the back should not be made to do the work of other muscles as is so often the case, thus causing a sense of fatigue and often pain across the shoulders and in the small of the back. The body should be kept erect, the hips and shoulders back and the chest well up.

In maintaining a relaxed position while endeavoring to work improper breathing results



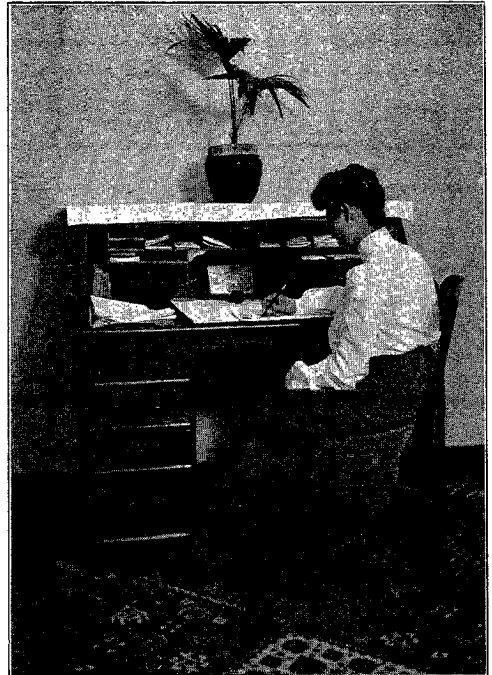
Correct Position.

Good Health.

amount of exercise taken in the right way. The ordinary duties of life very often get to be drudgery because of the improper positions assumed while performing them.

Many a woman goes home at night from her day's toil in an office feeling that it is indeed a curse to be forced to earn one's bread by the sweat of the brow, when, if the proper positions were maintained, the work which seemed to be drudgery would be transformed into a blessing.

The housewife who has a variety of duties



Incorrect Position.

Good Health.

and the lungs are forced to send back into the circulation the poisons which should have been eliminated, the stomach, liver and other organs are not allowed normal action, and blood which should be out in the circulation, collects in the abdomen in large quantities, thus laying the foundation for endless physical evils.

With a clear conscience and knowledge of sins forgiven up-to-date, which is after all the most important thing, one can stand erect and face the perplexities of life with a courage and fortitude that God alone can give.

"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."

E. B. VAN DORN.

I had been invited to go to a Sunday-school in another part of the city, and on my return to our Mission I found our school was just out, while a few of the children were still sitting with their teacher and talking. In the rear of the room sat a young man of about twenty-five summers, whom I found was a stranger in the city and had come in there to rest.

By quite a little questioning I learned that he had left his home in San Francisco at the age of ten and become a wanderer, and when he learned of the great disaster to the city of his boyhood fear came over him that something had happened to his people. He had been planning for some time to go home, but the opportune time did not seem to come and he had put it off until now it had gone, and to his great disappointment and sorrow they had perished with the city. His opportunity of meeting them in this world and making right the wrongs he had done them was forever past.

He said he was not a Christian and had never known the love of God for himself. I told him the door of mercy would sometime close, leaving him out of reach of God for eternity, but that it was open now and he could come to Jesus and find forgiveness of his sins and power to live in this world sober, honest and righteous. So we knelt there, and his heart seemed to break as he poured out his sins at the foot of the cross and asked God to forgive. In the evening meeting he told the audience what the Lord had done for him,—that He had in mercy spared him and given him an opportunity to turn from his sin. He said that I was the first one who had ever spoken to him of his relations to God and tried to tell him the way to God.

Perhaps you are waiting for some more convenient time, when you will change your course in life. Meanwhile the enemy is weaving about you chains that hardly can be broken. You expect to leave the old companions *sometime*, but you put off the day till the bloom of youth has gone and strength failed, your money spent for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not. You see then the dark past, and what it might

have been; you become discouraged and say, "What's the use? No one cares for me," and you try to drown it all with that which at last "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." God has been long-suffering, not willing that you should perish, but that you should see the error of your way and repent, and turn to Him and live. Do not, dear friend, go on till some great calamity befalls you as in this instance, and the time be forever past.

HOW A PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

The following is a letter recently received from Chapin, Iowa:

"Dear Friend—Someone left a couple copies of your magazine at our mail box a few weeks ago. They were both published in August, 1903. I have read that copy with pleasure and it helped me very much.

"I had been ill and discouraged for some time and had been praying for help, and I believe that was one of the answers to my prayers. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was lost and no one cared anything for me and there was no use in trying to be anybody, but reading this paper has made me feel much better and made me feel that I ought to do something for the Lord.

"I joined the church fourteen or fifteen years ago, but *never* did any work in the church, and I know now that is what has made me so unhappy. I am now going to try to do what the Lord wants me to do and I want you to pray for me.

"In the last number of this magazine I read for us not to fail to find the service that God expects us to do. I will now try to find the work God expects me to do, and then do it. Sometimes it has seemed to me that God had some special work for me to do. One thing that has made me think so is the fact that I was very ill when I was an infant and there were months when my parents and others thought I could not live; and I have sometimes wondered why God did not then take me out of the world instead of letting me live to endure so much misery. But I now believe that God had some purpose in sparing my life. I want to sell or distribute copies of this magazine around here."

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSION-
ARY COLLEGE DISPENSARY.

For a number of years the Halsted Street Dispensary has been located at 3558 Halsted street, but the clanging of the street cars and other noises incident to such a busy thoroughfare, as well as an unsuitable building, have made the work there very trying. Yet more than six thousand patients received rational,

physiological treatments administered by Christian hands in this institution last year. A few months ago a splendid building and grounds were purchased at a favorable price about three hundred feet west of Halsted street on Thirty-fifth place, which is a quiet street. The building has been made over to suit the purpose for which it is to be used.

In the basement are splendid gentlemen's



The New A. M. M. C. Dispensary in Chicago. *Medical Missionary*

and ladies' hygienic departments with cement floor and cement partitions. On the first floor are consulting rooms, a laboratory, examination rooms, and a splendid, well-lit, large and airy clinic room. On the second floor are individual rooms, an operating room and a ward. Above this is a large attic which can be transformed if necessary into rooms.

When all the equipments have been installed there will have been expended at least ten thousand dollars for this purpose. It will be by far the best equipped and most complete dispensary of its kind in the city of Chicago. The hearts of those who have tugged and toiled with the poor facilities and with the great difficulties in the old dispensary, rejoice as they now see this manifest evidence of God's goodness in permitting them to have such a creditable place, and they propose to dedicate their lives anew to this work and to make this place a light in the fullest sense of the word to the people who sit in darkness in this great stockyards district. The friends of the American Medical College are earnestly invited to contribute to this enterprise and also to interest some of their friends in this matter. The American Medical College has had but little outside help in comparison to the great good that it has accomplished, and now is the time for its friends to rally to its support.

CHRIST SUPPLIES YOUR NEEDS.

W. S. SADLER, M. D.

1. The Prodigal Son needs a Forgiving Father.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." (Luke 15:18-20.)

2. The Lost Child needs a Divine Guide.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him; that I might come even to his seat." (Job 3.)

"I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and shall not perish." (John 10:9.)

3. The Sick One needs a Skilful Physician.

"When Jesus heard that, he said unto them that he would need not a physician, but they that are sick. (Matt. 9:12.)

4. The Slave-soul needs a Loving Redeemer.

"But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." (Rom. 7:23-25.)

5. The Tempted Soul needs a Powerful Helper.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. 10:13.)

6. The Servant Soul needs a New and Gracious Master.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11:28-30.)

7. The Dead and Dying need a Life-Giver.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." (1 John 5:11.)

"BUSY BEES."

Elsa A. Guilinger, Los Angeles, Cal., writes as follows:

"Yesterday (Sabbath) the children of twelve years and under met at our little Edendale church and formed a missionary society, calling themselves 'Busy Bees.' Each Sabbath I will give them a Bible reading and then we plan our work for the following week. The little folks want twenty-five copies of your magazine to sell. It would do your heart good to see the earnestness and zeal they manifest in the Lord's work. We hope to take at least twenty-five copies each month; but for the present will order for the month. As our work advances, we may later have a report for you for the encouragement of other children."

Will you adopt this as your daily motto: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it NOW, let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again."



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

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



GOD'S LAST MAN.

In the mad rush for riches and honor, the struggle of every man to gain an advantage of his brother,—in this commercial age, all are asking the question of James and John,—“Who shall be first? How can I gain a place at the head of the procession?”

The natural man would like to be first; and unfortunately much of this ambition of the flesh is found creeping out in Christian work. Sad to record, politics sometimes finds its way into the church. But it is not in harmony with the spirit of Christ to want to rule. Humility is the Master's mark of character.

To be *God's last man in service* is an honor much higher than to be the world's first man in power. Said our Lord and Master,—“Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all.” (Mark 10:42-44.) W. S. S.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

A few Sundays ago twenty thousand people went out to West Chicago and paid money to see a ball game, while thousands of people were turned away for lack of room. But if these ball players had been doing some performance for the Lord how many would have been there to see them?

This is a good time for us to ask ourselves to what extent the *same* spirit is taking hold of us. “Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without *wavering*.” (Heb. 10:23.) Many can be enthusiastic for a little while, but the apostle says to hold fast to it without wavering.

A great many say, “But I get provoked so easily.” Let such ask God to help them to provoke others unto love and good works. Are you doing that more now than ten years ago,

as you see the day approaching? The people who now crowd after every foolish thing will soon call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them.

It is time now to get our tapers lit from the divine altar and then go out and enlighten souls. If any of you have been waiting for a time when the Spirit of God was to be specially poured out on the earth then do not be deceived. If the Spirit of God does not get a chance to work on your heart *to-day*, it will not be more likely to do so *to-morrow*. There will never be a time when it will be more easy to serve God than *to-day*. The kingdom of God will always have to be taken by violence. It is easier to grow weeds than it is to grow grain. When we go inside the kingdom of God we will go in there as battle-scarred veterans. To the others Christ will say, “I never knew you.” The Japs who took Port Arthur did not do it in a day but there in the hot sun day after day they kept digging; and the man who keeps his own soul is greater than he who takes a city.

It is not safe to keep on camping on an old experience; if you do not make any more progress in spiritual things than your parents did they may go into the kingdom of God and you may be left out, for you have had far greater opportunities. D. P.

ARE YOU AWAKE OR ASLEEP?

When God's judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness. (Isa. 26:9.) Are you among those who are day after day enjoying the comforts of life without any feeling of gratitude towards God, or giving any serious thought as to whether you are building up a character after the divine model? If so we would commend to your careful attention the following words from Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

Automobile and equestrian accidents are recorded continually all over the world; heart failure is an almost every-day occurrence, and no man or woman takes a train or a boat for any length of journey without the

sub-conscious mind records the possibility of sudden death.

Yet when a great world-shaking catastrophe, like the Galveston flood, the Mount Pelee or Mount Vesuvius eruption, or the San Francisco earthquake and conflagration occurs, humanity seems to awaken for the first time to the fact that death may come at any moment.

In the face of the knowledge they have always possessed, men and women of brain and good sense, and seeming faith, have gone on year after year in the pursuit of purely selfish and worldly pleasures and ambitions; they have sought the accumulation of money and property; they have pushed and scrambled and fought for place and power; they have allowed envy and jealousy to disturb the beautiful hours of life given us for self-development and the cultivation of the best within us; they have been made miserable by the loss of some material thing, a jewel or a garment; tears have been shed because of banquets and feasts to which we were not bidden; and the higher principles of life have been sacrificed to purchase temporary power and paltry honors or to obtain the luxuries of civilization.

All the sermons preached from fashionable churches to which these people have been liberal supporters have failed to bring them to a realization of the utter emptiness of such standards of life, but when *nature* thundered forth her sermon on the instability of earthly blessings and the weakness of mortal powers, and the fragility of material possessions, then, and then only, they awoke to see and feel and know the *facts* which have been told them a thousand times before only to be considered superficially and regarded as tiresome platitudes.

They made polite excuses and pleaded immediate engagements when any friend attempted to turn the conversation to the more serious side of life, its responsibilities and the obligations to self-development; and they dozed comfortably in upholstered pews while the pastor talked of these things; giving liberally to the church fund, to keep him pacified, while they went forth to striving and envying and worldliness, as before.

But when from the vast cathedral of space Nature speaks and says, "*Listen!* let me tell you what earthly honors and wealth and power and achievements mean in the great scale of existence," *then* men and women pause in their buyings and sellings, in their strivings and envyings, in their bickerings and contentions over the comparatively worthless things of existence, and cry aloud, "How uncertain is life; how certain death!"

Those great truths, which are the foundation of all lasting happiness, and lie at the base of the structure of the only thing which *endures* through the ages—*character*.

Earth life is in the eyes of the *Creator*. no

more than one step on a ladder reaching from earth to invisible heights; it is given man that he may *climb to higher realms*.

Not on great buildings, built of stone or steel, not on the construction of wonderful aqueducts and discoveries of electrical wonders, does man climb; unless with all these steps in material progress his soul, too, keeps climbing by the development of self-control, unselfishness, brotherly love and humanitarianism and spiritual consciousness.

What sort of a house have you begun on the other side?

HOW A STOLEN BIBLE CONVERTED A ROBBER.

The following narrative recently published by the "Missionary Review of the World" from an Indian newspaper shows how the Lord carefully guards His word and uses it in unexpected ways to convert the sinner. Should not Christians be more diligent in scattering the words of truth?

"About six months ago in a mission station, a Christian died, named Jiwan Das. This man was a highway robber, a thug, by profession. On one occasion a native preacher was on the way to preach in a certain village, when he was attacked by Jiwan Das, and his clothes were taken, as well as some Bible portions which he had with him. The robber took the books to his house, where he had a son who was attending school. The boy asked his father to give him the books, which he did. One day the father, remembering the books he had brought, asked the boy to read to him. The lad began to read in the book of Numbers, and it chanced that he opened the book at the chapter where it is written, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' On hearing this the father began to tremble, and seemed so affected that the boy asked him what the matter was, but he gave no reply. Some days after, the father took the book and began himself to read. The same verse came to him again. He was at once convinced of the solemn truth, and from that time began to read, first the Old Testament, then the New, in which he learned that the Saviour from sin is Jesus Christ. Hoping to realize in his own heart this great salvation, he went to the mission station where he was baptized and from that time lived an exemplary Christian life, and so died."

WAY OF TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

The following letter from a prisoner in Michigan City, Ind., was written to Nellie Butler, Millersburg, Iowa:

"I received the pamphlet in due time which you sent me and was glad to get the same, for in it one can find out a great many facts concerning the future existence of ourselves. I am trying to make use of the little book in a way to be profitable to me. I am trying to live the best life I can under my present condition and hope to do better when I get out of here.

"I can sit in my cell and look out of the window and see before me the beautiful lawn with many nice flowers, and hear the birds sing their sweet songs; but I must sit here and be cut off from all the pleasures of my life while here—truly the way of the transgressor is hard."

PASSES THEM ON.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes:

"I received your kind and most welcome letter and was glad to hear from you and also to receive the copy of this paper, which brings me glad tidings to soul and body and brightens the mind. I read the magazine and when I have pen and ink I write on the back: 'When you are done with this pass it to your friend,' and every time I hear from it I can hear of good news, and it is still moving around from place to place and from cell to cell. I could handle a good many tracts if I had them. I would to God that I could put one of these magazines in every cell in this place, but I am not able; but I do what I can with the one that I get."

An inmate of the Indiana state prison sends us the following account of a recent experience:

"A friend of mine that was sick sent to know if I had a LIFE BOAT. I had sent my copy out to do good and to be a light to others and I did not know how I could get it back to send to him; so I came to my cell and while I was sitting and looking the direction where my sick friend was and studying what I would do the mail man came by and dropped one in my cell that was sent to me

by you. I praised God for it and sent it to my friend. May God bless this paper and the workers; I do enjoy reading it."

A prisoner writes from Michigan City, Ind.: "I am well and still trusting in the Lord and the Lord's work, and I shall serve Him the balance of my days. I am tempted on all sides, but my faith in Him is strong; I have found out how to fight the devil. I feel so proud and so happy that I can say from the bottom of my heart I have got the love of God shed abroad in my heart."

HAPPIER HOURS.

An inmate of the Southern Illinois penitentiary with whom we have just begun to correspond writes:

"I was more than pleased to receive your kind and Christian letter and to know that there is someone who will hear our cry in time of need. I received spiritual sight by reading your dear little paper, and as the Lord has taken away all of my sins I intend to live a Christian; two hours spent in the Lord's work are happier than all the twenty-seven years I was in sin. I have no occasion to regret that I came to Jesus for I am happier than I can write, as words will not explain it. I will be pleased to receive a letter from you at any and all times if you will only write to me, and I will answer just as soon as it is possible."

A GOOD PARTING.

The following letter was recently received from the Indiana State prison:

"I have not written to you for some time, but don't think I have gone wrong; I have not. I had a little experience the other day with a man who is out on parole now. I gave him a copy of this paper and told him to take it home. I asked him about his soul, gave him what advice I could, and asked him to brace up and be a better man, and I am praying for him. When he left, he said, 'God bless you; I shall remember your words.'

"God is blessing me; it pays to serve God even if in prison. He has helped me through your kindness and this paper. I am asking God to help you to tell the lost ones that He will save them."

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

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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.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

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

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Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.

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AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

A letter received from the manager of a large printing establishment in Chicago reads as follows:

"This morning as I was busily engaged at my desk one of your agents, a hale and hearty old man, offered me your August number of your magazine. Of course, I wanted one and I had to confess to him that outside of the dear Bible this little pamphlet has brought more tears to my eyes than any works I have read. Thank God for these tears, for they are tears of joy and sympathy and some of thankfulness for the good souls that are in the soul-winning business. God bless them and keep them strong to do His work.

"Oh, if I were only strong and a better man! but I fall; I try, and again I forget. I want you and your readers to pray for the betterment of all of us. It seems sad that this beautiful world should be blighted by so much wrong and sin. When will we see hope? I often almost despair—the daily papers show one endless list of crimes; our public men, yea, even to the judges and juries, are steeped in crime. If your little booklet might reach and be read by more men and women what a great good it would do. We have so much chance to do a little good each day if we will; a smile, to make the pathway brighter, etc."

R. W. McClaughry, warden of the U. S. penitentiary, at Leavenworth, Kas., has subscribed for one hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT each month to be distributed among the prisoners.

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Special Notice

If you live in Chicago or pass through the city you are earnestly invited to spend an evening at the Life Boat Mission, 472 State street, Chicago, E. B. Van Dorn, superintendent, where stirring gospel services are held every night at 8 o'clock. If you have an unconverted friend for whose spiritual condition you are especially concerned, persuade him or her to come with you.

Thousands of despairing men and women have here received a spiritual uplift and are to-day living larger and better lives as a result of what God did for them at this place.

If you chance to know of some erring or discouraged girl who desires to have a friendly hand held out to her, address a line to Fannie Emmel, Matron Rescue Department of the Life Boat Mission, 472 State street, and she or some other experienced lady worker will either open up a correspondence with her or visit her personally, and if necessary will give her an opportunity to come for a time to the Hinsdale Suburban Home for Girls, or will help her to again get in touch with her old friends or give her such friendly counsel as the situation may demand.

Do you know of someone who is ill and too poor to secure proper medical attention? If so, send a card to Dr. Colloran, physician to the Workingmen's Home Dispensary, 1339 State street, and he will see that they are given proper attention.

These lines of work are entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions.

Will you assist in meeting the rent of The Life Boat Mission, or in the maintenance of the Suburban Rescue Home, or the medical missionary dispensaries? Send donations to H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill., and he will acknowledge the same.



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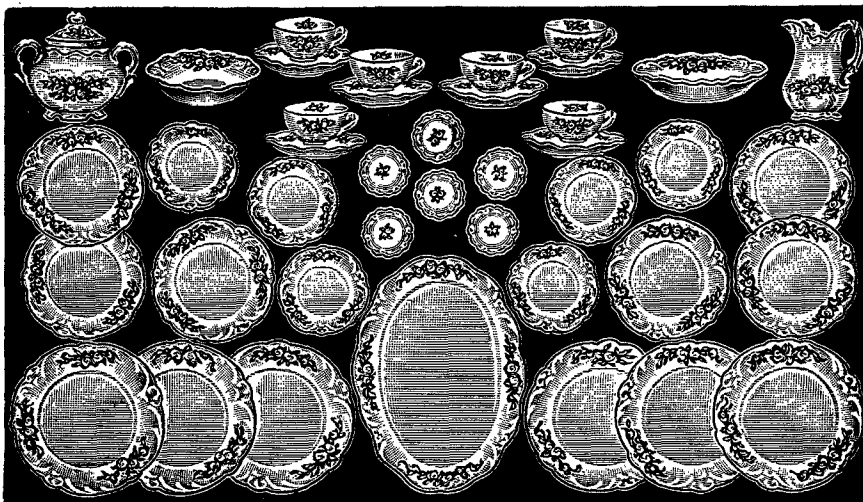
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