

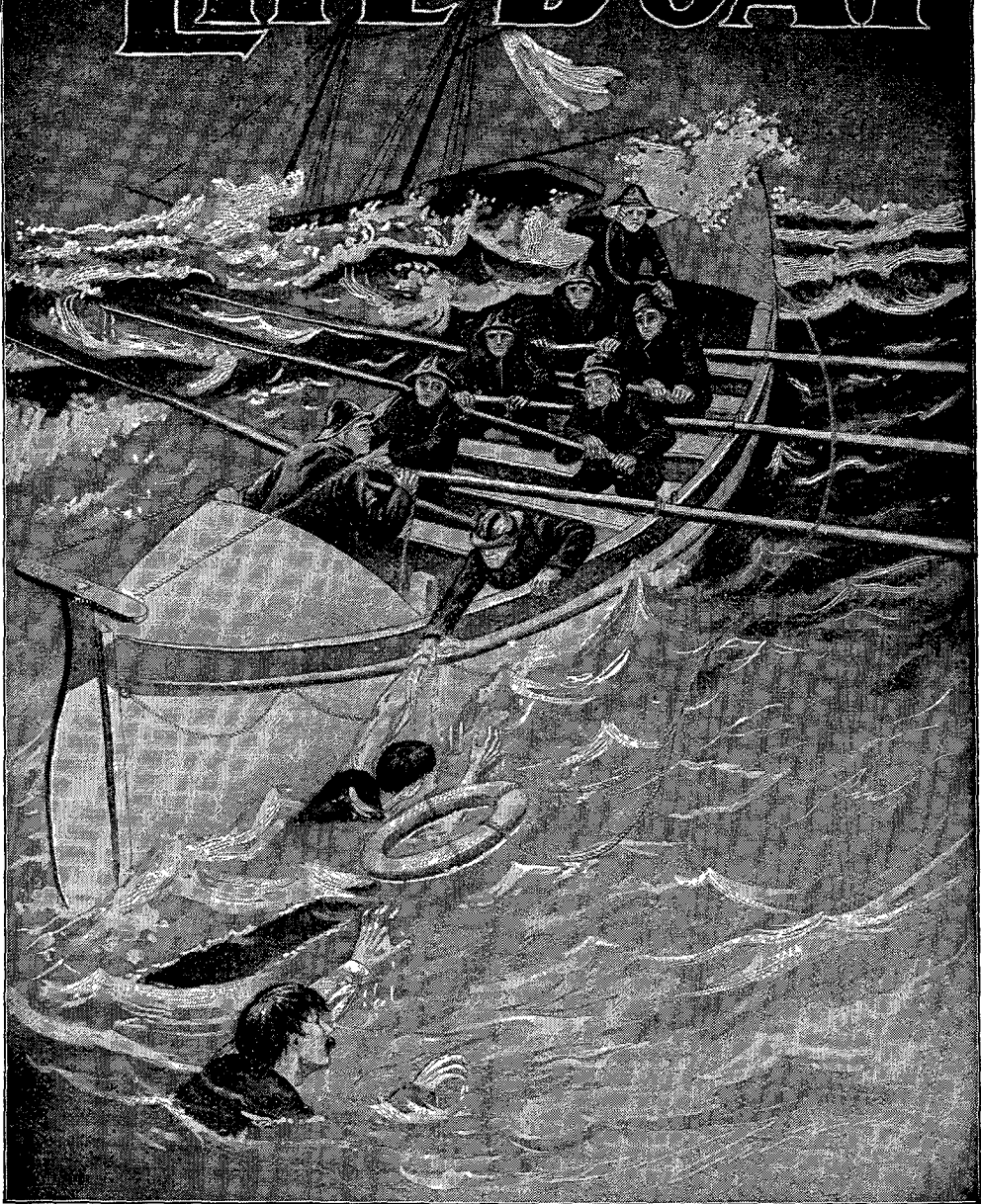
"The Way Out."

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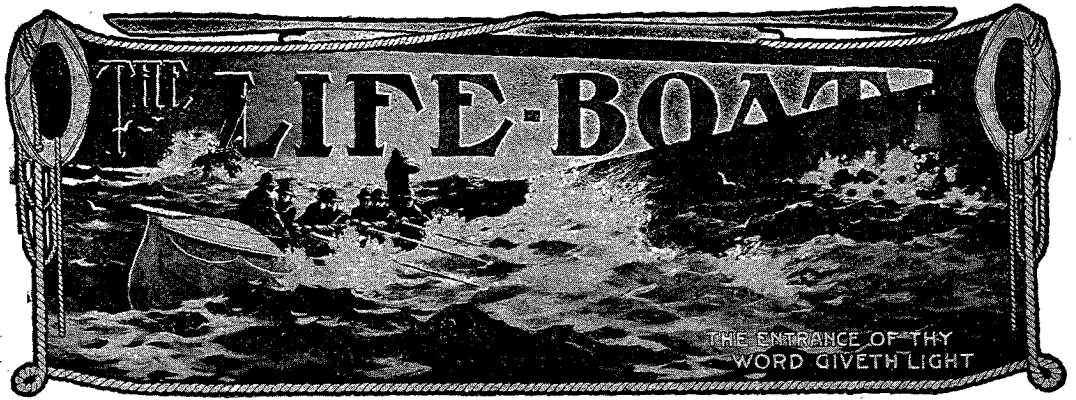
December, 1906

City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago

"It is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive."



THE OTTAWA, ILL., TENT COLONY.
See Article, "Modern Crusade Against Tuberculosis,"



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

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Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: DECEMBER, 1906

Number 12

**THE MODERN CRUSADE AGAINST
TUBERCULOSIS.**

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last year tuberculosis destroyed a larger number of people in the United States than the entire population of a large city like Columbus, Ohio. There are fifty thousand who are ill with this disease in the State of Illinois alone.

It is responsible for more deaths than all the contagious diseases put together. After every remedy that could be put into a bottle had been tried without success, a physician's diagnosis of tuberculosis came to be almost the equivalent of the patient's death warrant.

Is it any wonder a thrill of hope comes to us as we learn that it is possible to cure almost nine-tenths of all cases of tuberculosis in the early stage? Consumption is a low level disease in a body that has been weakened by indigestion, by foul air, worry and over-stimulation, and by going the pace that kills.

Modern researches have demonstrated that consumption is propagated by the germs in the dried sputum. This fact led the Illinois State Board of Health to put into its bulletin, "No spit—no consumption."

Cornet put forty-eight healthy guinea pigs in a carpeted room. He then spilled some consumptive sputum on the carpet and had someone come in and sweep the carpet vig-

orously once a day just as the average house girl would have done, thereby filling the air with dust, and in a few weeks' time forty-six of the forty-eight guinea pigs had contracted consumption. If you have a consumptive in your home and he expectorates on the carpet and then someone sweeps it in the same way, your baby will get tuberculosis just as those guinea pigs did.

That is the only way in which a consumptive is dangerous, for attendants in hospitals for consumptives, where the sputum is properly destroyed, never take the disease. The main reason why children of consumptives contract the disease is because they are constantly exposed to contamination from this source.

Consumption is a house plague. A large proportion of our population are like the animals who this time of the year crawl into their caves and hibernate there until next spring. So many of our people are virtually cave dwellers in winter by living as they do in poorly ventilated houses where the germs flourish while the people decline.

In an investigation made by the University of Wisconsin, pneumonia germs were found in the throats of nearly all those who lived indoors during the winter, while those who lived almost exclusively outdoors had none.

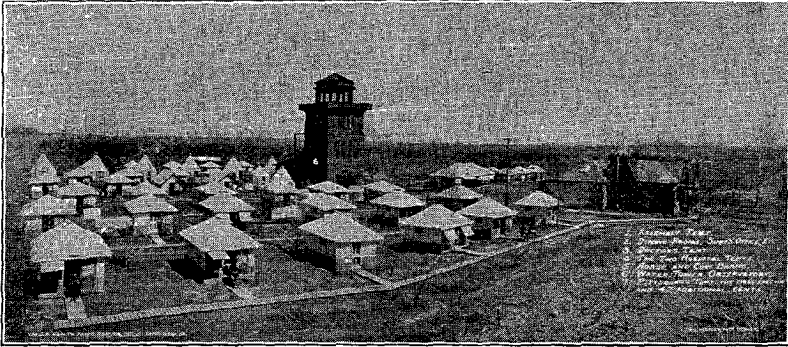
TREATMENT.

Back to nature, not to savagery, is the essential treatment for consumption. The

Lord placed Adam in a garden, but man "has sought out many inventions," one of which is living in poorly ventilated houses. We do not stint ourselves with food and clothing, but although there are no air trusts, yet we starve ourselves from air.

Colds are an accompaniment of civiliza-

In the Ottawa (Illinois) Consumptives' Tent Colony ninety per cent of their early cases have recovered. Here all the patients live in tents, and enjoy it so much that even when the thermometer was twenty-eight degrees below zero they refused to come indoors at night.



THE DENVER TENT COLONY.

tion. People who live close to nature never have colds. The only reason they are so common in winter is because people shut themselves in during this season of the year and breathe foul air.

If the consumptive can not be outdoors twenty-four hours a day he must get more outdoors indoors. This is far more important than going to the mountains, which at best is only within the reach of the wealthy. There is no danger in catching cold in a draught if the head and body are kept warm. The person who practically sleeps outdoors does not wake up in the morning feeling as if he had recited mental arithmetic all night long, but he feels fresh and vigorous for his day's work.

During the last few years one of the New York insane asylums has been placing its insane tubercular patients in tents, winter and summer. During that time there have been one hundred and thirty-one cases of pneumonia in the hospital, but there was not a single case of it among those outside. Every one of them gained in weight and made remarkable gains in their physical conditions, and most gratifying of all, there was a most encouraging and unlooked-for improvement in their mental condition. Do not overlook the fact that what will cure insane patients would have been good treatment before they went insane.

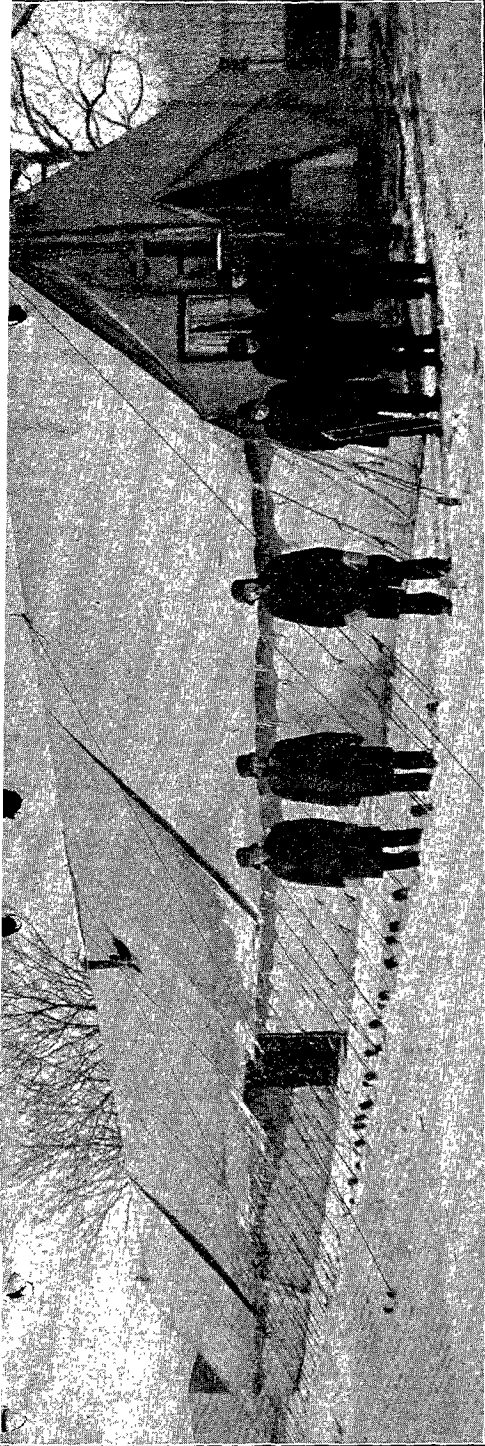
The Denver Y. M. C. A. has established a similar tent colony where patients live the year round. The oldest effort of this kind is in the Adirondack mountains, under the supervision of Dr. Trudeau. This great consumptive colony has grown to become almost a village in itself, and a wonderful work has been accomplished. The important thing is to dress and undress in a warm room or in a tent heated by an oil stove, and to be thoroughly protected by an abundance of bedding and have the head well wrapped.

In the Sea Breeze hospital, on Coney Island, for those children who have surgical tuberculosis, they wear both hoods and mittens all night long. Coughs and colds are unknown. The improvement that these youngsters make is something astonishing.

The important lesson in all this is that open windows can be endured by invalids in our northern climate during the winter, and that fresh air is just as valuable in the *preservation* of health as for its restoration, and that it is just as essential for other disorders as for tuberculosis.

In the Presbyterian hospital in New York City they now place beds for their pneumonia patients on the top of the flat roof, and keep them out there seven hours a day even in the coldest weather, and there is no better record for recoveries in the city.

It is not the fresh air in the lungs that heals,



WINTER QUARTERS OF THE TUBERCULAR PATIENTS IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S INSANE ASYLUMS.

but the fresh air *in the blood*, and this rejuvenated blood can heal *other* diseased organs just as readily as it can the lungs. The fresh cold air stimulates and quickens nutrition. There is no better treatment for insomnia than perfectly fresh air.

Tubercular patients need short, hot applications to the skin, followed by short cold applications. Such treatment is easily accessible, yet it serves as gymnastics to the skin, and in a certain sense it accomplishes the same result as living in a high altitude. At the same time the number of blood cells is increased and there is general improvement of the entire body. Such treatments should always be given in warm rooms.

It is of the highest importance that the patient should have an abundance of good, nourishing food. They should be encouraged to eat all the butter that their appetites will permit, also from one-half to a dozen eggs a day. These may be broken into a little fruit juice and swallowed whole. One-half pound of pine nuts, almonds, pecans or walnuts, thoroughly masticated, may be combined with such foods as well-toasted bread, fruit, rice, with an abundance of cream.

The patient should be told the truth about his condition so as to secure his fullest cooperation. He should be encouraged to rest when he has any considerable rise of temperature, otherwise a moderate amount of exercise will benefit him. He should have cheerful surroundings and be inspired with the hope of recovery.

Every child should be taught that living in pure air, drinking pure water, eating properly prepared, good, wholesome, nourishing food, taking necessary exercise, and having an abundance of sunshine, is a positive preventive of tuberculosis.

The essential facts concerning this disease which carries off one-seventh of our population, in fact, nearly one-third of our entire adult population, should be taught in our public schools.

STOPPED WHERE HE SHOULD HAVE BEGUN.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes as follows:

"About eighteen years ago I joined the church with good intentions and really I felt the Spirit of God working upon me, but made

the great mistake that others make and stopped where I should have begun,—in other words trusted to myself and not to God for light and guidance. But I am trying to get back in the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life everlasting.

"I can sit in my cell and see the beautiful green grass and nice flowers and hear the birds sing their sweet songs; yet I must sit behind these bars and lose all of those pleasures which should be mine. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard."

SEARCHING FOR PEARLS AMIDST MUCH RUBBISH.

FANNIE EMMEL.

I am very thankful for the opportunities we have in working for Christ. During the past few months I have appreciated the privilege more fully than ever before. He has given me some splendid experiences. I find that wherever we are if we are willing to hunt out souls He gives us a chance to do it. The best of man is covered up with rubbish, but the most successful worker is the one who gets the *most* out of the rubbish.

The last two weeks have been the most interesting I have had for some time. Many strange things have happened. Several weeks ago down at the Harrison Street police station I found two women about fifty years of age; they were mothers and wives and came out of good homes. They lived in the country but had come to the city to call on friends, without the least intention or purpose of doing anything wrong at all. They were so little used to city life that one of them had never before ridden on a street car.

The other woman had been a Sunday school teacher for years, also a Bible teacher, a public worker and a fine temperance lecturer, and still with all that influence and character when she and her friend went into a department store she was tempted to pick up something that did not belong to her. The temptation was so great that she could not resist it, and she dragged her friend whom she had especially been seeking to do good to, right along with her.

I said to her when I saw her in the cell, "If that is so, with all the light you have and have made no better use of, what are we coming to?" Here they were in Chicago behind

those police station bars in company with the worst characters, and that night there was one woman there who was constantly saying some of the vilest things that I ever heard,—yet she was compelled to listen to it although her better nature resented it.

They both had a very repentant spirit and said that if God would forgive them they would by His help do more for their own selves by living close to Christ, and would profit by this in helping others. This woman had a good reputation. If there was a family in her town who needed help and clothing she had always been the one who had been sent for. Think of it, friends, she had done all these things in life, yet she was defeated by the enemy.

She took the hand of the one she had led into wrong and said, "Eva, forgive me. I will prove by my life in the future that I will do right." As we three knelt there behind the bars tears ran down her face and she pleaded with God to forgive her, and as she was leaving all her wrong doing with God I felt it was heaven.

She was not willing to allow the weakness that she had discovered in her life to destroy her hope for the future, and she said, "I am going to live just as the Lord wants me to live." I kept in touch with them, and as I pleaded with the judge in their behalf I found the Lord had been there before and opened the way, and although of course they had justice meted out to them yet those women felt that the Lord's hand was in it. I am thankful God helped us to be on hand and be helpful to them as well as so many similar cases.

Monday morning I had another experience which came across my way. There were two young women in the station in whose cases I had not taken any particular interest, but they, seeing me around in the court, came and asked me if I would have anything to do with helping them. I learned in the statement of their case that it was a very pitiful one. One young woman was nineteen years old and the other was about twenty-one. The one of nineteen had very early in life started out to do wrong. She was a motherless child. I could understand how that this poor girl could be taken away in the wrong path because she did not have the protection about

her as we who have had mothers and as the one beside her had. This girl took one step after another until she reached all classes of sin and was finally found in an opium den by the officials with the Chinese, and the conditions were terrible.

Among other of her friends whom she had contaminated with her surroundings was this other girl who had a good, pure, loving mother; and this daughter had been led off in this way for two years and yet the poor mother knew nothing about it. She supposed her daughter was happily married. How cruelly she had been deceived she learned for the first time in court. I could not stand it; it touched my heart and I broke down in court. The police inspector came up and asked me what I was crying about. I said, "Is it not awful? There is that mother who has been so true all these years, and now her heart is broken over the deception of her daughter!"

A FEW GLIMPSSES OF A NEEDY FIELD.

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

888 W. 35th Place, Chicago.

I once heard a statement like this: "The soul may be smothered until it is smaller and less than the instinct of the brute creation." I am constantly reminded of this in my work at the Halsted Street Dispensary. The experiences I have had while there have been many and varied.

One day not long ago a large woman, ill-clad and dirty, came into the dispensary with a fearful looking mouth,—her upper lip was swollen until it was half as large as my fist. She said her husband came home drunk and hit her in the mouth. She was properly taken care of and then left.

One evening she came in again and her husband was with her. After her lip had been dressed I asked how it happened she came to get such an awful wound. The husband spoke up in a cranky way and said he did it, and then he showed me his hand with a great ugly cut across it, which the woman's teeth had made when he struck her, and his wife said, "I hope to God your hand falls off." Yet they were living together and she was at the same time prosecuting him in the police courts for striking her in the mouth. The thing I try to remember is that this man is just as good as I am only that I have *permitted*

God to do something for me and he has not—that is all the difference.

One evening two young men came in one of whom looked as near like a dumb animal as anything I have ever seen. Did you ever look into a cow's eye and notice a kind of dumb stare there? That is the way this young man's eyes looked; yet down in his heart I found that there were chords that would vibrate if properly touched.

It was surprising what a body that fellow had on him. He said he was a "knocker" in the stockyards and had knocked two hundred cattle in their heads that day. I asked him what he was eating and he said he lived on meat, nothing but meat at each meal of the day. I advised him what to eat and told him if he did not get better to come and see me again; he said he would come and see me anyway, and he does come every little while and we sit down and talk. He is alone in the world and does not know what to do but to drink and have a "good time," and sometimes he stays up all night in some carousal.

I thank the Lord for the privilege of working for those fellows and trying to stir up in their minds an ambition for a better life. I never was in a work in my life, either in Chicago, Portland, Maine, or anywhere else where the prospects are better for genuine missionary work. There is a good chance for children's meetings—there are hundreds of children all about us. The other day the board sidewalk was taken up in front of the dispensary, showing underneath a lot of gravel and sand; in just a little while that place was literally covered with children playing in the sand.

There is hardly a night passes but some young man in the neighborhood comes in and talks with me, asking questions about health principles. There are openings for Bible studies. The people around there have a moderate amount of money to pay for what they get. There is a great opportunity to do a grand work. I am praying daily that the Lord will give us all wisdom to know how to meet the situation. It seems to me that there is a growing demand for work of that kind. You can walk for miles and miles in that part of the city and see the streets full of children, all apparently going to destruction. You can walk those streets from 9 to 12 at

night and see little girls up and down the street—not one, but from fifty to a hundred. Where are their mothers? Here is a splendid chance for mothers' meetings. We have a building that is well equipped and I hope the Lord will give us wisdom and a desire to do the work.

REPAIRING CHARACTER.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.
Matron, Suburban Home for Girls.

No doubt the readers of this magazine and the friends of the Suburban Home will be glad to know something about what we are doing and how we are prospering.

Since I took charge of the Home three months ago, three babies, whose pictures ac-

will love to linger.

The girls are taught never to speak about their past and not to say anything about one another that they would not say openly to their face. One girl who came to us about five months ago was born and raised in the city. She had never seen a calf or a colt, and expressed herself in this way: that she had never seen "a little cow nor a little horse." When she first came she knew nothing whatever about house work, but she has learned to do all kinds of work. She has subdued our cow which we thought we would have to sell as she seemed so unmanageable, and has also learned to milk and make butter. She has deep spiritual convictions.



company this article, have been born. It is an interesting fact that the two smaller ones, although not twins, have scarcely five minutes difference in their ages.

Several girls have recently come and have shown evidence of deep spiritual awakening. We want our Home to be a place where angels

I must tell you about a young girl seventeen years old whose mother sent her out here for us to help. Her father had deserted his family while she was yet quite a child, and her mother had to go out and work to support them. This left the little girl alone in the home to grow up without discipline. I believe

she is developing a character that will take her through to the kingdom.

Sometimes babies are born in the Home whose mothers have no means of getting them clothes. Of course we must clothe the little ones, and if anyone would care to help us do this we would be very grateful. We are quite comfortable in our Home now but we are in need of one large rug and a few small ones, also some lace curtains. We have been praying for a rug for our sitting room; perhaps someone may read this and feel that they would like to give us a rug.

It was through reading THE LIFE BOAT that I personally became inspired to work for the Lord. I sought Him earnestly to show me what He wanted me to do and I was impressed definitely to go and help my poor fallen sisters; and then I left home. I feel that I am in a responsible position, and I want to be so in touch with the Master that I may not make any mistakes. Pray for us.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

Hinsdale, Ill.

Recently it has been my privilege to help several girls who were in deep trouble. One wrote from a neighboring State saying that her parents died when she was young and she had drifted into company that had been the cause of her ruin. This girl is now at our Suburban Home.

Another wrote that she was in deep despair and had no friends. We have been able to help this girl and she will soon be with us. My dear girl and sister, are you in despair, have you no friend to whom you dare tell your trouble, are you tempted to give up everything, or are you even tempted to end your own life? If so, please write to us; we want to help you as a Christian should. Address as above.

WHY WE ARE LED INTO THE VALLEY OF TROUBLE.*

W. C. WHITE.

St. Helena, Cal.

Several months ago H. W. Kellogg was sleeping in a fifth-story room of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco when the great shock came and he found himself on his hands and knees on the floor. He did not know how he

got there. As he jumped up to look out the window he found that the doors to the next room had shaken open, and a man in this room said, "That was a big explosion, wasn't it?" He told him it was an earthquake. Another shock came and shook the doors off the hinges, then everything began to shake and totter; but it was all this that opened these doors and brought these two strangers into conversation with each other.

God wants us to be friendly and to do away with the barriers about us; He wants to bring us out of our narrow selves and in contact with those around us. That is what the breaking up of our plans sometimes does for us. People meet on the street and under ordinary circumstances they simply nod to each other; but when sickness or trouble comes it breaks down the barriers and opens doors that were previously closed.

Just before the earthquake the people at Mountain View, Cal., set apart a day they called "field day," and they went out, some in buggies, some on wheels, some on the cars, to meet their neighbors. There were about sixty of them who thus went out. They enjoyed it so well that two or three days were spent in that way. At the end of that time they gathered together and had an experience meeting. They reported that the people seemed to have their hearts braced against anything religious; their minds were on worldly prosperity and they did not want to hear about religion.

Well, the Lord let the earthquake come and it shook down some buildings, and doors were opened. Many people now are finding out that there is a connection between their Saviour and their hearts, and a good work is going on. Our people are trying to work along lines showing that there may be blessings in calamities. They find a blessing in present-ing matters that way.

This is God's plan of calling the attention of the millions in this world to the fact that He can come in and can destroy or can heal and build up. It is the privilege of every soul in the universe to have that Mind underneath him to build him up.

Study the second chapter of Hosea. God our Father has created us, ministered to us, and done everything that a father and husband can do, and yet we have turned our

backs on His laws both physical and spiritual. Yet He does not turn His back on us. He says, "Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her." He gets her out there to learn the lessons He wants her to learn. He says, "I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor (or trouble) for a door of hope." God often lets us get into trouble for a purpose.

When you minister to the needy do not let the old spirit of the Pharisees come into your heart. You know how they treated people; they said, "You are afflicted because of your sins." The Lord teaches that He leads us into the valley of trouble as a door of hope, and we should make it our business to walk right into that door of hope.

To every soul He has given that beautiful picture in Isa. 6:

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn."

He has given that commission to each one of us, and there is not a soul but who can accept it and accomplish great things for God.

*Talk given to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family, Nov. 8, 1906.

AN INTERESTING MILE STONE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Saturday night, Nov. 3, the converts of the Mission arranged a pleasant surprise for E. B. Van Dorn, its superintendent. On account of illness in the family he had arranged to be absent, but shortly before the service he was telephoned that they would need him there. Supposing his arrangements had miscarried, he went in, to find the Mission packed to the doors by converts who came in from different parts of the city and vicinity to show their appreciation of what God had done for them through Mr. Van Dorn and the other workers in the Mission.

Ten years ago Mr. Van Dorn cooked for the Chicago workers to pay his expenses and

went to the Mission evenings and stood out on the street inviting in the passer-by; and later in the evening he stood at the door and shook the hand of each man as he went out, and invited him to return. By and by, when the leader of the Mission left, Mr. Van Dorn was the only available man to take charge of it. This he did and since that time the Mission has kept open three hundred and sixty-five nights a year; and with scarcely an exception he has been on hand, whether rain or snow, cold or warm, whether he felt well or whether he felt sick, and has cast out the life-line to despairing men.

It is more than likely that no audience room in the city of Chicago, except the Coliseum, could hold all the men and women who have been converted in this Mission and are to-day scattered over the face of this whole earth. Many of them in turn have become successful evangelists and workers in various ways for the Master. Thus this influence goes on and on.

Miss Ford, who was herself connected with the Mission for some months, sang, "Just for To-day."

"Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day;
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day."

Mr. Snow, a splendid-looking man, then arose and told how six years ago he came to the Mission, a poor, drunken outcast, and Mr. Van Dorn had put his arms around him and said, "I love you and God loves you," and how it reached a spot in his heart that had never before been touched; how all this time during six years the superintendent of the Mission had been a help to him and just at the right time had given him a kindly word of welcome and a cheering smile that had helped to make his path smoother.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell came from a beautiful Christian home, instead of what it was once,—a most wretched drunkard's hovel. He was once a most besotted drunkard, sunken so deep in intemperance that the horror of it can never be portrayed by human pen. He said that he had learned that what other people called luck was Providence, and when

he had reached the very depths of despair he drifted into the Mission; here he found in Brother Van Dorn a messenger with a message from the Lord to him and his drunken shackles fell from him. To one seeing for the first time that magnificent looking man and then learning what he was only a few years ago, one was led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

His wife, with her face full of cheer and courage, afterward added her word of testimony to the joy that came to her life as the result of having come in contact with the Lord in this Mission. Mr. Mitchell told of how Mr. Van Dorn had helped him again and again until his feet were placed upon the solid rock. He said he never went to sleep without a word of prayer on his lips for Mr. Van Dorn.

D. K. Abrams, whose name has now become a household word in the homes of Chicago from his prepared nuts, which are for sale in the depots and all public places in Chicago, was there to add his tribute. He said he could not find words to express what had been done for him so he would let others more capable of expressing themselves use the time. Mr. Abrams was once a gambler and his wife united with him in sin. One night as they went by the Mission on their way to the theater, on hearing the singing she said, "That sounds good; let us go in." He said, "Are you crazy? That is a *mission*." But nevertheless she persuaded him to come in.

When the invitation was given for those to come forward who wanted to give their hearts to God, she said, "I am going forward." He said, "Are you foolish?" But she repeated, "I am going," and she was soundly converted. No one who has since met Mrs. Abrams or has known of her great work for her fallen sisters and others in sin will question the thorough work God did that night and has continued since.

For years she prayed for her sin-hardened husband and one night he came to the Life Boat Mission and gave his heart to God. Together they have built up a splendid business and she was there at this meeting to say that the Mission was the dearest spot on earth to her, and well she might say so.

Mr. Rice was once in the Iowa State Prison. Here he received a copy of this magazine and

at the expiration of his sentence came to the Mission in Chicago and gave his heart to God. He told how in the prison some famous preachers used to come and say to them that they were morally depraved because of *heredity* and because of unfavorable environment; but when he came to the Mission his case was hit on the right spot and he was told that *sin* was the trouble with him and the antidote for sin was pointed out from the Bible and he was given a pocket testament to learn more. Although years have passed away he pulled out that worn testament from his pocket and said he still carried it constantly.

He told how after his conversion the Lord did not put him in a glass house but sent him out to do hard work, and he had to work with men who tempted him to drink, to use tobacco, and to sin of every kind; but God had helped him to fight the battle through and he had a good home, good position, and an opportunity to work for souls.

His splendid looking wife rose up and told how, when she was a drunken outcast in Chicago, her children scattered among other people, and she had reached the very depths of despair, that she promised the Lord that if He would give her a home she would take care of her children. She was half drunk when she made this promise but the Lord understood it. He put it in the heart of Mr. Mackey to secure the necessary furniture and room, she got her children, and the Lord saved her. She afterwards married Mr. Rice and they are traveling life's pathway together hand in hand.

Brother Winchell, superintendent of the Workingmen's Home, said that for whatever the Lord helped him to do in the Home Brother Van Dorn was entitled to at least half the credit, for it was through him that he was brought in contact with it.

Then a girl, whose feet had formerly strayed far into forbidden paths and who had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn's home when she was so sadly in need of it and who had more than once sadly backslidden, rose up and said, "Many a time I have come into this Mission in the depths of despair, despised of all who knew me, and Mr. Van Dorn has taken his Bible and read out of it some cheering promise that fitted my case,

without having mingled with it any word of condemnation for my sad condition." As I heard her talk I think I understood as never before the force of the words, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." Isa. 42:3.

Brother Rochambeau, who was present the first night the Mission was opened, spoke of his long and trying experience in many ways in connection with it, and testified what it had meant to him personally.

Miss Emmel told of what a privilege it had been to her to work shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Van Dorn all these years in mission work, he, a man who had a *single* purpose and who had no personal scheme to carry out.

Mrs. Swanson, the present matron of the Rescue Home, told of the year she spent in the Life Boat Rest, over the Mission, taking part in the Mission services every night.

Then Mr. Ginn, of Hammond, Ind., told how, when he was drifting into a life of sin, visiting saloons, and drinking, a copy of this magazine came constantly before him. Perhaps he would buy it in a saloon just to get rid of the seller and pass it on to someone else, and then he would go home only to find that his wife had also bought a copy and it was there on the table awaiting him. In this way for five years this magazine kept troubling his conscience.

After a time his home was broken up, he and his wife separated; but finally, like the prodigal, he wanted to return to his father and then thought of this Mission. Here he found Christ, then he hunted up his wife and she also found Christ. Their home was re-established and now they are endeavoring to start a similar mission in their own town. He said there was scarcely a prayer offered in their home but what this Mission was remembered.

Henry W. Rose then told of the way he came into the Mission, a poor outcast wanderer, and how he here received Christ and, as a result, a position of usefulness, and since then he has been a successful worker for the Lord.

Mrs. Odell, although she had been a Christian worker for years, told how in this Mission she had been taught as never before how to study her Bible. Mr. Van Dorn's sturdy

patience and faithfulness had been an inspiration to her, and during the year and a half that she had been connected with the Mission she had never heard a word of discouragement from his lips.

Then a mother in Israel stood up and with tears in her eyes related how her daughter before her death had accepted Christ in this Mission and what a satisfaction it had been to her.

Mr. McBride followed by telling how after he had spent everything in riotous living and found himself in the streets of Chicago in the heart of winter without even underclothing, that he came into the Mission so far under the influence of liquor that he did not hear a word of the service; but he there found the Lord that night, and has been serving him faithfully ever since.

Heaven seemed nearer to the workers and converts assembled in that meeting and all went home praising God for this Mission, where the Gospel of Christ to "whosoever will" come is proclaimed three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year.

FIELD MISSIONARY WORK.

MRS. MARGARET KEDLER.

[A few weeks ago the Lord impressed Mrs. Kedler and Miss Sweet to start out on a field missionary journey, defraying their expenses by the sale of copies of this magazine. Providence has wonderfully gone out before them. They are having blessed experiences.—Ed.]

The Lord is certainly going before us and preparing the way, and we are having a pleasant time and success in our work and enjoy it very much. Everybody is good to us; it is really surprising—we could scarcely be treated better. We find a home wherever we go and the people we come in contact with take such an interest in us and the work that when we leave they always ask us to come again, and pronounce a blessing on the work. They treat us as though we were old friends, and indeed we cannot help but feel that we are leaving many friends behind us as we travel onward.

This is not because we are aiming to find acquaintances, for we have to make good time and short stays in each place so as to get to Florida in time. The papers sell rapidly. We sold nearly three hundred in Bloomington Saturday evening between 5:30 and 9:30, four

hours, and could easily have disposed of a hundred more. Most everyone seemed pleased with them.

to give it back, and it does us good to find they really treasure it.

There is scarcely a day or an hour but something of interest occurs. I have met

So often the very ones who at first say no



MRS. KEDLER.

MISS SWEET.

or ask us to take the nickel and give us back the paper, when urged to keep it look at it immediately and read it; so we always make them keep it, although they often want

many a man who upon seeing the magazine would at once tell me that he knew all about it. One man said he was once a Christian but had backslidden, and he almost broke

down and tears came to his eyes as he told me of father, mother, sisters and brothers who were still in the truth, while he was the black sheep of the family,—the only one who had gone astray. I pray that the Lord will lead such back to the fold.

The Lord is certainly good to us and cares for us and supplies all our needs abundantly through His servants. While at La Salle I asked a saloonkeeper to buy a paper. He seemed interested and immediately bought one, then began questioning me about the work and wanted to know what salary I received. I told him I sold it on commission. He then asked me if I did not think I might do better at something else. I said, "I have to make a living for myself and my little girl and I might as well work for *the Lord* as not."

The words seemed to touch his heart, the tears came to his eyes as he looked at the wine he was selling, and he said, "I don't like to do *this* but I have a family and I consider it my duty to raise my children well and educate them. I don't know about the *hereafter*." I then talked to him about the future and just then Miss Sweet came and helped me. He said, "I guess you are right," and gave me fifty cents. I thanked him and told him his children needed something *more* than education and bringing up; the Lord might take them away any time. He asked us to come again. I told him that we would pray for him and his family that he might find some other way of supporting them.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE IN FIELD MISSIONARY WORK.

EDNA SWEET.

We have no reason to be down-hearted for we are meeting with success far beyond our expectations, and we have every pleasure that friends and kindness could bestow; in fact, we find a friend in everyone.

I might mention one little incident, trivial in itself, which occurred at the outset of our journey, and which afforded me much happiness: I found at the last moment that I could not send my goods without having them boxed. This was a great perplexity to me as I had but a short time to make the train. I turned back toward a wholesale grocery house, and as I came in front of the door a

gentleman stepped forward to open it, asking what he might do for me. I told him my wants, and although the clerks were all very busy he told one of them to pack my box and address it, and at the same time asked me to be seated until it was ready. Then he sent one of the boys with me to carry the box a distance of some five or six blocks. I offered to pay him but he refused, saying it was all right and he was glad he could do it.

While waiting at Henry for papers we tried to lessen our expenses by forfeiting our supper as we were not really in need of it anyway. The landlady missed us and suspected the reason so she prepared us some supper on a tray and brought it to our room. The boarders also missed us and when she told them her suspicions they said, "Make those girls eat and we will pay for it." It does one's heart good to meet people like this. I really did not know there were so *many* good people in the world until I began to find them *everywhere*. The pleasant surprises that meet us at every turn are like the morning dew to the parched ground.

While we rejoice at the blessings we *receive* we can lift up our hearts with gladness to know that we have something to *give in return*, and something which people really appreciate. Last night I met a young man who seemed deeply interested in our work. He had been sick in the army. As he told me of his experience and learned about our nurses and what they are doing, tears filled his eyes and he said, "Here is the *only* five cents that I possess. I give you this with my blessing and may the blessing of God go with you."

Another experience of a different nature but none the less interesting was a visit with a real estate man in Bloomington. I entered his office, canvassed him and asked if he would like the paper. In reply he said, "Indeed I would, that is just what I do want. Sit down, I want to know more of it." I did so and asked what part of the work he was especially interested in and he said, "All of it, but you may tell me about the nurses first for I have a hand in that kind of work myself." I then learned that he was the founder of a large hospital in Bloomington. He seemed delighted, as I told him that in our work we endeavored to heal the soul as well as the body. He inquired about every branch

of our message and seemed equally pleased with all. When I left he thanked me for bringing him the paper and begged me to come and tell him more before I left town.

Another pleasant visit was at the prison in Joliet. The officers received us so kindly and the chaplain invited us to dine with him after the Sunday service so he could learn more of our work. We all enjoyed it as we talked of the opportunities and blessings of helping that class of people. He seemed anxious to have some LIFE BOATS for the hospital, as the library books cannot be taken there until they are worn out. They need reading matter there, especially as they are entirely idle in that part of the prison. We were glad for this opportunity of presenting our work as well as for the kind entertainment. It was surely meat in due season and we both said, "The Lord provides."

We worked last night in what is called the slums of Terre Haute and had been meeting such experiences as we usually do in the poorer sections of a city. Then we entered one place which was crowded to the utmost; I could hardly make my way through. At last I succeeded and sold one paper. The proprietor followed that way and motioned toward the door, saying he did not want me to sell any papers in there. I turned to leave without much regret, as I had hardly expected to get more than a few nickels out of the place at best, for they did not look as though they possessed more than that, and it was disagreeable to make my way through such a crowd.

Just as I turned a young man said, "Here, I want one of those papers," and gave me a quarter. While I was making change they all flocked around me and began to ask for papers and throw their money into my hand and pocketbook until I lost track of the change entirely. Then they all laughed and said, "Keep the change." The man who bought the first paper handed me a quarter for the orphans, and with that they began to ask questions, as only the first man had heard anything about the purpose of the paper. When I finished, the man who bought the first paper and gave me a quarter, said, "That's too little; here is a dollar, too. I was an orphan myself and I hope I shall always be good to the

poor orphans." Altogether I collected over two dollars in less than five minutes.

Just as I was leaving, a young man outside spoke to me and with a sad face told me of his mother he was just about to take from a hospital to their home in St. Louis. It seems she had been a nurse in Columbus, Ohio, and was concerned with some kind of Christian work, but she was taken with paralysis. He told me of her condition, and then as he added, "I am sorry I can't take care of her as I should," tears came to his eyes. But he went on and said, "I'll tell you the truth: I have made big money and had plenty, but I have spent all of it in fast living." Here his eyes filled, his lips quivered, and his voice broke. He stopped to regain his composure, then asked me if I would write to her. He said, "She needs help; can't you do something for us? But if you can't do any more than write to her I shall thank you more than I can ever express." I assured him I would and went on.

A little later in the evening we met the same young man again and he said, "You won't forget that message, will you?" I repeated my promise emphatically and as I did so his countenance brightened with satisfaction. It all seemed so strange and unexpected from such a class that I could hardly realize that it was so.

We disposed of one thousand papers in this city in five days.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

P. T. MAGAN.

Dean, Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute.

Only when the circumstances under which these words were spoken is taken into account can the infinite depth of comfort which they contain be fully appreciated and appropriated.

It was during the last supper that the disciples were avowing their loyalty and devotion to their Master. The story is told in the thirteenth chapter of John, which closes with the following record:

"Simon Peter said unto Him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go thou canst not follow Me now; but thou shalt follow Me afterwards. Peter said unto Him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I

will lay down my life for thy sake. Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied Me thrice."

These words close the chapter, but they did not close the conversation betwixt Christ and Peter,—the word of the Lord to Peter and to all the Peters who should ever after live. For without any break in His talk the Master continued:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Oh, think of the eternal love and kindness expressed in this. In effect the Master said to Peter: "I know that you will deny Me. I know you will curse and swear when charged with being My disciple. I know you will do it ere another day goes by. I know you will do it on the charge of an insignificant girl and a few insignificant retainers. Nevertheless, let not your heart be troubled, Peter; in My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

The great heart of the Redeemer did not stop with telling Peter of his sin, his failure, his disgrace. He went beyond and virtually told him that in spite of all this great sin he should look away from his sin to the source of strength and be of good cheer. "For, Peter, in My Father's house are many mansions; I will yet bring you there. I go to prepare a place for you. And to every poor Peter on earth today the blessed Master, speaks the same, and says: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe also in Me." Though He knows and sees your every failure, sees all the sins you will commit as well as all you have committed, His gentle voice resoundeth still: "Let not your heart be troubled." Your humble prayer He presents as His own in your behalf. It may not be fluently expressed, but if the heart is in it it will ascend to the sanctuary where Jesus ministers and He will present it to the Father without one awkward, stammering word, beautiful and fragrant with the incense of His own perfection.

And for Christ's sake the Lord pardons them that fear Him even though like Peter they may have said, "I do not know the

Man." He does not see in them the vileness of the sinner; He recognizes in them the likeness of His own dear Son in whom they believe.

LET OTHERS ORGANIZE FOR SIMILAR WORK.

MRS. M. H. WHITMER.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

One beautiful October afternoon under California's glorious sun and shade trees the evangelistic department of the San Luis Obispo W. C. T. U. gave a social, which had for its object a pleasant afternoon and an opportunity to enlighten our friends as to one line of work that the W. C. T. U. was carrying on, and to raise money for further work.

We first had music, then were read a half dozen letters written by prisoners from various penitentiaries, and then some light refreshments were served. The hundred ladies present felt our social a success and we believe that good work was done and hope that others may take up the work. We quote the introductory remarks made by our county president.

"The W. C. T. U. has a constant fight on hand for God and home in every land. In order that this work may be done more effectively we have divided the work into departments. Any one Union could not take all of these departments of work as you can readily see, but where we see a special need for work in any one direction and can find a competent superintendent we start in.

"San Luis Obispo felt the need of evangelistic work and they found the right woman as a leader for it in our superintendent, Mrs. Ellen Albert. She has especially fitted into our county hospital, in her kindly care for the sick and needy, and also in the county jail work. Every Friday Mrs. Albert, with such helpers as she can secure, visits the jail and goes as the friend of the prisoner. She holds meetings which sometimes every man attends; she talks in her pleasant way with the boys and in her they feel there is one who sympathizes with them and will help them as she can, and through it all she is wise and discreet.

"Think what it means for these men to have a womanly woman for a friend! Think

what it means to the boys when they are discharged and come out disgraced in their own eyes and in the eyes of those about them, to know one person who is willing and anxious to help! Think what it means when a man leaves the jail for the penitentiary to have her take his hand and say, 'Good-bye, and God bless you'! And think what it means to the poor heart-broken mother back home to know that her erring boy has a friend at hand!

"In addition to our local work Mrs. Albert corresponds with prisoners in thirteen State penitentiaries, outside our own State, and during the past year has received one hundred and twenty letters from their inmates.

"This is one way in which we throw out the life line."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It will soon be Christmas, and people are everywhere planning what they shall give and make for Christmas. Most people are expecting to give to their friends and many times the gifts are lavished only upon those who are already bountifully supplied with this world's goods.

Christ came to this world to give to the sinner, to those who were His enemies, and what did He give?—*Himself*. No greater gift was ever given to man. Too many gifts these days partake too little of the real self of the giver. The persons who give of their love, their sympathy, to some soul who needs it, give the greatest gift. The smallest, least valuable gift is more appreciated if it is an expression of love than is the costly elaborate gift without love.

If you want to make someone happy at Christmas time,—it may be someone who is sick and suffering, it may be someone who is discouraged, someone who has abundance but an aching heart, your own husband or wife, father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister—put *yourself* into the gift and you will accomplish it.

Much money and time are wasted at Christmas because we fail to recognize the principle of giving *ourselves*. Christ gave to those who were needy, not simply needy of clothes, of food, etc., but of soul-feeding, of sympathy,

of love, of something that would revive anew the spark of love in their hearts. Why not, as far as you are concerned, make this Christmas a real benediction to humanity that you come in contact with? Give of yourself and give to those who need.

ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

I have been requested to give a brief description of one day's work. I start out for the city usually on the 9:20 train, go to the Mission and look over my mail, then go to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and start out with some workers of that Association for some railway shop. We have now nine shops where we go and hold noon-day services. In some places there are as high as a thousand men working, in some a less number. I go along and play the cornet and sometimes give the men a gospel talk. To do that I have to be ready with something to say right to the point because those men are thinking men, carrying great responsibilities in life and they want to hear something; so it takes a good deal of thought to say that which will help those men.

They have a half hour at noon, and as we cannot get in until the whistle blows and then have to stop five minutes before their time is up to give them a chance to get back to their places we figure on about twenty minutes for the meeting. We get the best of attention.

In that work there is no rent to pay and my car fare is paid by the Y. M. C. A., so I am under no expense at all. I consider it a great opportunity and I want some of those men to be saved in the kingdom of God because I have had something to do with that work.

In the afternoon I visit some of the men who have been to the Mission. Very often I go all the afternoon and never find anyone at home, but I consider all works together for good somehow. When I get back to the Mission it is time to go to the Workingmen's Home. We have there from one hundred to two hundred and fifty men a night. There is a man there now who several years ago had one hundred and ten thousand dollars, but is there now without money, home or friends. His father is a judge in the State of Pennsylvania,—one of the highest offices that can be found in the State, yet this son is in

a fearful condition. There are poor men who cannot read or write, and others from all walks of life. We hold a little service from six to seven and from one to fifteen or twenty ask an interest in our prayers. After service the other day one man came up to me and said, "I have been three years in the dark,—am not a Christian; that is what brought me here." His feet were sticking out of his shoes, and he was in an awful bad condition, but he said, "From henceforth I am going to live a better life," and the tears flowed down his face as he said it. That night eleven men raised their hands for prayer.

After that service I go back to the Mission and have a little Bible study with the converts. At eight o'clock we have a song service, then some of the workers talk, and then we draw in the net, which means that we get those who are interested and want our prayers to make the fact known, after which we pray with them and help them in any way we can. We give them little testaments to study. It is very interesting to get these men to studying the Bible. It is interesting to see how those faces change from furrows of care and sorrow to the sunshine of God's presence beaming in their countenances. That is the work that is going on. No matter whether a man is poor or whether he has good clothing, they all get the same attention.

Everywhere in all parts of the world are men and women living straight and useful lives who have been helped by coming in contact with our work in Chicago. So I am glad for a part in such a work; it is of more value to me than gold and silver. One man said last night in the testimony meeting that "If it had not been for the kind word and hearty handshake I got from the workers in this place I would now have been in some other place from this." I leave you to imagine to what place he referred. I try to be kind and speak a good word to everyone. You remember Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee," and there was something in that hand clasp that gave the poor man power to rise up and walk. (Acts 3:6.) When a man comes out of prison everybody turns against him, but if two or three take an interest in that man he will try to do right.

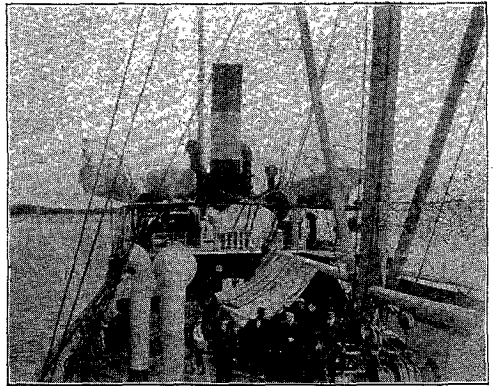
I hope that God will lay the burden on some of your hearts to go out in the harvest field and plant similar lights, that many may be saved in the kingdom of God.

SOUL-WINNING WORK AT THE NATION'S METROPOLIS.

MRS. A. KERSHAW.

1018 E. 156th St., New York.

We are sending a picture of one of the large navy vessels we visited yesterday in our work. The Lord opened the way for me to get into the two private dining rooms where all the officials of the ship were dining. I was very nervous but God did not forsake me for a moment. There were about twenty



of them and they all bought papers but one. I told them of the wonderful love of Jesus, and as I nearly always carry Gospels I handed each one a copy. I wish you could have seen the respect shown me: they arose from the table until I passed out.

Oh, it pays to let God lead. As I was seeking in the morning for wisdom to know what to do that day something said plainly, "Go to the navy yards." Then I knew that was the place.

We met a wealthy gentleman on one of the ships yesterday who became very much interested in our work. He gave us his card, at the same time telling us his home was in London. He is a Christian and seemed anxious for truth. We gave him some good tracts and a copy of the *Signs of the Times*.

I now have two workers, and a young man, an Italian, who is going to take up the work of selling papers in Brooklyn, so it will not be long until we will be quite a little band.

It does my heart good to be able to tell this. I am seeking God moment by moment to know His every wish and keeping low at His feet that He can use me in His own good way. I held my first Bible reading last Thursday evening in a Catholic home and expect to go every Thursday evening. My one prayer is to win souls for Jesus; I want to get as Paul was and know nothing but Jesus.

I recently received the following encouraging lines from an inmate of the Sing Sing prison, New York, whom I met when he was in the Tombs prison:

"I received the little LIFE BOAT and when my work was done I sat down to read it, and nearly everybody in the shop has read it. There are about ten men who asked me to let them have the next one when I get it. I tell the men that if they had read a little book like that they would not be here. I was just as bad; I would read nothing but dime novels. But now I read my Bible and this little book, and I am glad to let you know that I have learned to love God and do what He wants me to do. I know God is helping me along because every word out of my mouth was bad, and now, thank God, I do not say any more bad words.

"You were the first lady that ever spoke a kind word to me since my mother died. You made a man out of me and with the help of God I will leave this prison and show the world that I can be a good man. I am glad I was sent to prison, for if I had not come to prison I would never know who God was. I know God sent you to the Tombs that day you came to my cell there and spoke to me about God. I am happy to know that I have learned to love God while

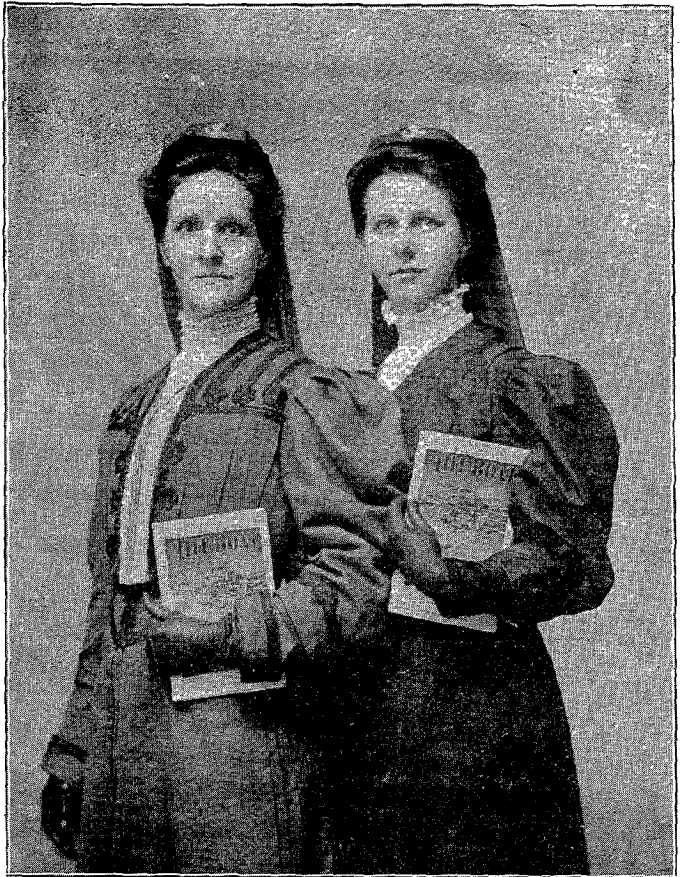
here. I have learned to say my prayers while here, and when I pray I ask God to guide you and keep all harm out of your way. May God bless you now and ever more."

A PRISONER'S THORNY ROAD.

ARTHUR M. MORRISON.

Frankfort Penitentiary, Kentucky.

[Many of our readers will be anxious to know the outcome of Mr. Morrison's case re-



MRS. KERSHAW.

MISS RASMUSSON.

ferred to in a previous LIFE BOAT. For the benefit of our new readers we will briefly state that Mr. Morrison was converted when he was a prisoner at one of the services held in the Harrison Street police station, Chicago. He then confessed his guilt of forgery in Kentucky, was taken there, served a sentence of two years and endeavored to accomplish some good for the Master while there. He left the prison with a determination to be a

missionary. He was arrested on the same charge in another county, with the following result.

Oh, the endless trouble that sin entails, even after it has been repented of and apparently atoned for in weary days and nights spent behind prison bars!—Ed.]

I realize friends all over the land are anxious to hear how I came out over the charge that again placed me in jail to answer to the same charge and case I had just served out on at Frankfort penitentiary. When my case came up the court found out the fact that I had paid the penalty and done my time on the charge of forgery that they were again trying to prosecute on. They discovered I had the full records of my former trial and that their indictment would not hold good, so they went and sent their indictment back to the grand jury room, asking them to reindict me not for forgery, but for *passing* a forged note.

Of course I am for the truth and as I plead guilty to the former charge and paid the penalty for my wrong doing I could only plead guilty of passing that check as they had the new indictment. So I plead guilty of passing it and the court gave me the lightest sentence it could.

Everyone who knows the facts knows this second trial on the same case has been done through malice and spite from the party I wronged. He has not gained any friends by this act while I have gained hundreds. Before I left the court house the citizens came to me and said a petition would be drawn up at once and signed by the best citizens of the town and county and sent to the governor, asking for my release, as I had once paid the penalty for this wrong.

I wish to inform my friends of THE LIFE BOAT family that I have not gone into mourning because I am to return to confinement. I know there is a higher power than man, and God is for the right every time. I have the utmost confidence that I will soon receive a pardon from the governor of Kentucky, who I know is a grand, noble man and who is on the side of justice and mercy. He knows a little about my case and it is the prayer of my heart that the LIFE BOAT family will send up a petition of prayer to our heavenly Father asking Him to touch the heart and open the eyes of the governor so he will see clearly that I have been sent back to prison not on a new

crime but on one I had already paid one sentence. I thank all friends for the benevolence and help they have shown me in this trouble.

The sky may be overshadowed with dark clouds now, but I know behind the clouds the shining face of Jesus Christ will break the clouds and sunshine will soon fall to my lot. I may have to remain for a season behind the bars, but Jesus will be with me, and with Him by my side I can endure my trials. I am going back with a firmer grasp on Christ. I never regretted that hour I surrendered in Harrison Street police station in Chicago. Christ has been with me all the way since then, praise His name.

THE WAY OUT.

SAMUEL COOMBS.
555 W. 63d St.

[Mr. Coombs was with Lord Wolseley in his famous expedition into Egypt. Afterward through drink he was reduced to the condition described in this article. He now has a model pure food store, a devoted wife, and occupies a position of responsibility in the South Side Church.

We are sure that every one who reads it will not regret that we published this article, although lengthy, entire in one number. We would suggest that it be placed in the hands of as many victims to drink as possible.—Ed.]

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. 2:9.

I wish to say a few words in regard to the above verse in so far as it pertains to my own personal life. In the first place, I would say that I am not going to try to give a theological interpretation of the verse except in so far as it draws a testimony from the heart of one who was dead in trespasses and sin and who has had his eyes touched with the heavenly salve spoken of in Rev. 3: 18, that he might see conditions which were demoralizing and degrading. I cannot help but think just now of that poor fellow spoken of in John 9:25, to whom the Lord restored sight. When the learned men and Pharisees tried to corner him it brought forth that wonderful, convincing statement, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, *now* I see."

My testimony is just the same today, 1874 years after his testimony. I fancy I hear you say, "Tell us something about yourself."

Well, I will, with these conditions, that you do not think too much about the *self* part of it but give glory and honor to Him who performed the work of grace.

I would first say that there are numbers of men in just such a condition as I was in on the night of May 21, 1901, and if some of our learned men would get hold of them and teach them a few simple physiological facts in regard to taking care of their own bodies, they would be doing a distinct missionary work.

Don't think I am going to make a lot of excuses for giving way to strong drink, to-



MR. AND MRS. COOMBS.

bacco, etc., but I do say that had I known a few simple things in regard to taking care of my body such as I know now, then, after getting over one of those periodical debauches, I might have been able to keep from going back to another one.

I am not leaving out the saving grace of Jesus Christ, because I know that it is only by the power of Jesus Christ that any man can keep from strong drink after once giving way to it. Yet permit me to say that if all Christian workers would instil into the minds of their converts, especially those given to drink, that they must also give up all stimulating foods and drinks, such as tea, coffee, mince pie, rich puddings and condiments of

all kinds, and tobacco, they would find that a far larger number would never go back to their old habits. I want to say right here that I thank God for bringing me in touch with men who have given their lives to the spreading of the gospel of health and the knowledge of right living.

MY SAD CONDITION.

If ever there was a man who needed to know some of those things it was I the night I came into the Life Boat Mission. I had been drinking for eight days, and in that time never went to bed nor had my clothes off, nor sat down to a meal. During those periodical

sprees the saloon was my home. To some of my readers I must explain how this could be, as you may not be acquainted with life in such cities as Chicago. The saloons are open day and night and serve a free lunch with drinks.

Those who have never experienced going through such a period as the above can never understand, neither can pen portray, the awful feeling that comes over a man when he finds himself homeless, without a penny in his pocket, his poor body shaking and trembling and every nerve calling for alcohol,

alcohol, alcohol. Some of you have probably seen some of those poor wrecks dragged from the river or lake with these poor bloated features. But recollect, friends, they were once sweet, innocent boys, the pride of their mother—and it ought to warn you of the awful effects of sin.

Now to the way out: I shall answer this directly. "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1:16. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. Thank God, I confessed my

sins that night and simply accepted the Lord's promise to me by faith. The Lord said to the woman in Luke 7:50; "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

THE TURNING POINT.

Friends, that night was the turning point in my life. How did it come about? Well, I was wandering aimlessly about the streets, as far as I was concerned, but I believe in the depths of my heart that God's Spirit led me to the corner of Polk and State streets. On arriving there the strains of some sweet Gospel songs were wafted into my tired, benumbed brain. I stopped and looked around. A few doors from the corner, out on the sidewalk in front of the Mission were a few of the workers gathered, singing those sweet invitation songs.

I went up and stopped on the edge of the curb in front of them. Something seemed to impel me to look directly into each of their faces, and their faces are imprinted on my memory today, after nearly five years, as though it were yesterday. Every one of them seemed to speak to me, not with their voices, but with something which I cannot explain except it was the still, small Voice talking through them to me.

The singing over, they invited us in to hear the Gospel. Blessed invitation! I was tired, weary, nervous, sinsick, with my mind wandering, so was glad to get a chance to at least sit down in a chair for a little while and rest. So I entered and took the last row of chairs, close to the wall, to get as much out of sight as possible. I then dropped into a condition which I think only those suffering from acute nervousness can experience. You cannot call it sleep, as you can generally hear most of what is going on around you.

While in this condition the superintendent of the Mission, dear Brother Van Dorn, began to speak. Every few minutes he would say something that would flash down that room and penetrate my heart like a dagger, and I would start up and look at him and say to myself, That man is talking to no one in this room but me; so it seemed to me. Finally toward the close he said: "My brothers, this night may be your *last* chance; you may never get another." Friends, there was a voice said distinctly to me, "This is yours; if you don't accept it *you will never get another.*"

Bless God, I yielded; but oh, with what a struggle! Satan did not let me go without a last effort, and so he began to pile up things around me that seemed like mountains, to tempt me to give up, and told me I could not do it. But the same voice spoke to me again and said, "Pray."

MY STRUGGLE OVER TOBACCO.

Then like a flash again came the tempter's voice; he was holding his last trump card, and said, "What are you going to do about tobacco?" I hesitated. I *loved* tobacco; it was one of my idols, and I had gotten to such a point that I would wake up in my bed at night and smoke. The first voice spoke again and said, "You can not receive salvation till you give it up." Then I said, "Yes, Lord, if you will help me I will give it up"; and so, while sitting in my seat, I began to pray. The temptation ceased, and considering my physical condition a wonderful peace and assurance came into my life. Oh, how much I needed assurance then! But He who never faileth was there to give it.

Now, friends, do not think that I am putting forth the statement that a man cannot be saved without giving up tobacco, but I do say that a man who was directly *convicted* of it as I was could not be. I might say that although I believe I was saved before the invitation was given, I raised my hand for prayer.

The meeting closed. Brother Van Dorn stood at the door shaking hands with the men as they went out, and as I went out he grasped me by the hand. As he had evidently noticed my hand being raised for prayer he was not going to let me off so easily, so detained me and handed me over to a young brother who talked and prayed with me again.

I then went out and walked straight over to the curb in front of the Mission, in about the same place where I had stood a little over an hour before, a slave to everything. Taking the pipe and tobacco out of my pocket, I dropped them into the gutter, saying as I did so, "That is where *you* belong." And I could also say with Paul: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

A SAVED SOUL BUT A BODY FULL OF POISONS.

Now, friends, comes the critical part. I was saved, but for years I had been loading

my system with poisons of every sort. Had I known a little about baths and other simple treatments to eliminate the poisons from my system I might have saved myself a good deal of suffering. Some might ask, Why did the Lord not remove those conditions directly when I received salvation? My answer is, He could if He wanted to, but He had some precious lessons for me to *learn* in doing the same gradually.

The next morning I started out with a little prayer, telling the Lord that I was going to trust Him to lead me before dark that night to where I could make a few honest pennies by honest labor to provide the necessities of life. I walked over to the North Side, among the quiet streets, where I would not have a beer sign in front of my eyes every few steps. At noon I sat down in a little park, tired and weary; I had walked all morning. This was my first introduction to physiological treatments—fresh air and exercise to eliminate the poisons. But that was very tame as compared to my second introduction, which followed shortly after.

The devil tried to tempt me again by telling me that the God I believed in was a myth, because he was not providing for me. I instinctively put my hand in my coat pocket and it came in touch with a little testament that was given me the night before. I pulled it out and, opening it at random, the *first* verse my eyes perceived was Luke 11:9: "Ask, and it shall be given you; *seek*, and ye *shall find*; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Friends, I had a God who spoke to me in no uncertain sound, and so I thanked Him for that assurance and told Him I would still trust Him. So I started out again, going still north, as I did not want to come back into the city again.

It got to be about 3 o'clock, when, passing a coal yard, a teamster called to me, "Are you looking for work?" I answered, "Yes." I might say here that I had told the Lord I would do *any* kind of honest labor. He said, "All right, come with me." I got on the wagon and rode with him to a house where he was putting in the winter supply of coal. This happened to be in a cellar under the sidewalk. About nine tons had to be trimmed back to make room for all to go in.

SWEATING OUT THE NICOTIN.

Now, just think of the condition I was in, and ask yourself if I could possibly do it. No, not without His help who was leading me. I accepted. The afternoon was quite warm, so when I crawled in on top of the coal, which had been dumped in previously, I found the place like an oven. Now began my second experience in simple treatments.

I immediately began to perspire freely, so much so that an ordinary handkerchief would not keep the perspiration out of my eyes, which was nearly blinding me. So I went to the lady of the house and she gave me a large cloth, which helped me out considerably. All my clothes were soon wringing wet, and I began to get quite weak, so had to ask the Lord for strength again, as I was fully assured then that He intended I should complete that work.

That was the severest Turkish bath I ever received. Can you see God's purpose in it? I could not then, only that He wanted me to earn a little money, but now that I know better and look back I realize how much nicotine filth and poison God removed from my body in that old improvised bath room or coal cellar.

Can you understand why God convicted me and told me I would have to give up tobacco? God sees the future. Suppose all that corruption which was eliminated from my system had been taken in again—could the Lord do anything for me? In the same manner what would be the use of sweating all this nicotine out of my system if I had gone right on putting it in again? Oh, my Christian friends, God's purpose was to make me every whit whole and *clean*.

Well, I received \$1.65 for my work, took a car, and rode back to the Workingmen's Home, had a good bath, something to eat, and went to bed. I want to say, if any millionaire ever felt better than I did riding back on that car that evening with \$1.65 in my pocket I wish him more of the same pleasure (but I doubt it). Something told me then instinctively to keep out in the fresh air as much as possible, which I did. Severe attacks of nervousness would come upon me when I could neither sit, stand or lie down, so I had to just walk around the streets.

The third day I had a fever and a dreadful

parched thirst. When Satan could not get me to take a drink again he tried to get me to go to a drug store and get a drug, but the still, small Voice warned me again. So I went to a fruit stand and bought a lemon and ate it to try to quench a thirst which water would not quench.

I know now that I should have only partaken of liquid diet and drank copiously of pure water. So this brings me to the place where I must tell how God led me where I could learn in a practical way how to take care of my body. This was to the Chicago Branch Sanitarium, and those in charge were led of God to accept me into the nurses' course, which was something unusual considering my previous life. But I had told the Lord that I wanted to know how to take care of myself from a hygienic standpoint and

some of the things that I have learned in regard to the care of the body. They come to me intoxicated just as much as I was intoxicated the night I came into the Mission, but they have become so through eating improper food and wrong combinations of food, thus making alcohol in their own stomachs, while I was intoxicated through drinking alcohol. I am able to help them.

I pray that the Lord may bless this article to His own use and that it may be the means in His hands of leading some poor lost ones to find the way out.

[Every slave to the liquor habit should read the above account, filled as it is with practical suggestions. For this reason we have decided to issue it in tract form, envelope size, one cent a copy, or twenty-five for twenty cents, or one hundred for fifty cents.]

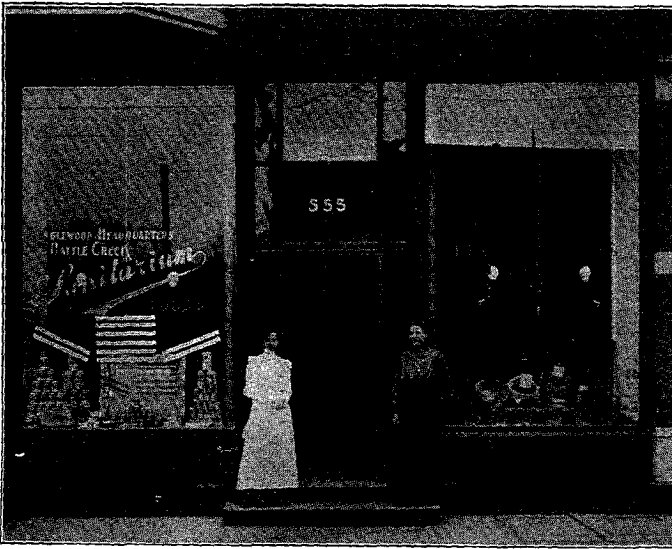
AN APPEAL.

I am with the lighthouse service; a keeper of lights and fog bells at the Alcatraz Light Station, San Francisco Bay, California, and I have an opportunity to take papers to the federal prison every Sunday. There are about two hundred and seventy-eight prisoners here and I could use to good advantage from fifty to one hundred copies of this magazine per month.

Out of two thousand papers and periodicals that I have distributed here the last six months I have received only forty-three LIFE BOATS. The boys all like it and I trust that I may be able to receive a generous supply.

Those who are willing to help me in this manner may send their donations for this purpose direct to THE LIFE BOAT OFFICE, stating its object, and they will supply me with the magazine.

CHAS. H. A. BROOKE,
Second Assistant Keeper.



I knew that it was His will that I should go there.

MY OLD AMBITION.

My ambition before conversion was to have a fine saloon of my own, but you can see by the picture of my place of business in this number what were God's intentions for me in putting me through those few little tests at the start.

As people come to my store for health foods and tell me of their physical conditions, I have grand opportunities of telling them

Write us an account of your interesting experiences.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

"HE DOES NOT STUDY HIS BIBLE ENOUGH."

That was the explanation a successful evangelist offered for the evident lack of success of a certain Christian worker who was formerly a prominent soul-winner.

Dear fellow worker, ask yourself whether that is not the *real* reason why you are not seeing greater results in your efforts to win the perishing for Christ. D. P.

TAKE TIME TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

It takes no more time to live a Christian life than to live a worldly life. While the days are going by you might just as well be drawing nearer to God and becoming more like Christ, as allowing yourself to be drawn nearer the world and become more unlike Christ.

Take time to think. Take time to pray. Take time to feed the soul.

It takes no longer to make up your mind to do right and plan conquests for truth, than it does to co-operate with the enemy in his plans against the truth, and for your soul's destruction.

It takes no more time to say a kind word to some despairing soul than it does to treat them with indifference and harshness.

It takes no more time to do a thing right, faithfully, as unto the Master, than it does to treat life's opportunities with indifference, ingratitude, and neglect.

It takes no more time to praise God for His manifold blessings to mind, soul, and body, than it does to complain of circumstances and criticize Providence.

It takes no more time to exercise faith and express thanksgiving, than it does to harbor doubt and voice complaint.

When looking at life's duties and struggles, it takes no more time to recognize the hand of God in your life work than it does to close your eyes to duty, and see only the "lions in the way."

In brief, it takes no more time to live the

simple Christ life, than it does to live the selfish life. It only takes faith and grace, and these Heaven stands ready to bountifully supply.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Luke 11: 9.) "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." (James 1:5.)

W. S. S.

BEARING THE YOKE IN OUR YOUTH.

The Bible declares that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. A careful study of the lives of great missionary heroes will reveal the fact that in nearly every instance their missionary enthusiasm was generated in early childhood. Are you interesting your children in missionary work? Awaken in their minds a pity for the outcast, for the poor, for the sick and the suffering. Many who are now successful Christian workers began some years ago when they were mere children to sell this magazine.

Order some additional copies and have your children take them out to the people in your community. Pray with them when they start out. They will come back with rich experiences. D. P.

ANOTHER SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER.

Soon after this magazine was first published a few copies of it began to find their way into prison cells and prisoners began to write to us. At first we hardly knew how to correspond with them; we knew absolutely nothing about prison regulations; in fact it was an unknown field. But little by little the way opened. We soon received abundant evidence that men were actually being converted behind prison bars from reading *THE LIFE BOAT* and from the resulting correspondence.

Then the idea occurred to us to get out a special prisoners' number. We were gratified in finding that the majority of the prison offi-

cials had already recognized the real value of this magazine for this purpose, and therefore fully co-operated with us. This opened up an immense correspondence. Since then we have issued seven similar annual special prisoners' numbers and have supplied copies of it to almost the entire prison population of the land.

Through this work friends have been found for prisoners who needed friends. Many have secured good positions at the expiration of their sentences and have been reinstated into society and have been saved by God. Christian workers all over the land have become interested in corresponding with prisoners and thus a genuine prison movement has been established.

We shall again in April issue another similar prisoners' number. For this effort we are dependent entirely upon the free-will offerings of those interested in seeing the Gospel carried to those behind prison bars. D. P.

LIVE UP TO YOUR PRIVILEGES.

After having come to Christ, and surrendered unconditionally to God, let the Christian claim "those things which accompany salvation." Don't be cheated out of the joy, the peace, the comfort, assurance, and happiness that belongs to the Christian life. Having placed yourself in the Master's hands, trust Him implicitly. Never doubt for a moment. Know of a surety that "all things work together for good."

Reader, what would you think of a patient who would go to a hospital or sanitarium, be examined by the physicians, claim to have confidence in the doctors, profess to trust the nurses, assert that he is willing to pay all the charges demanded, and then, after all this, you discover that he is unwilling to take any of the doctor's medicines, positively refuses to receive the nurses' treatments; in fact, all the real benefits that are to be secured in this sanitarium, he turns his back upon, and refuses to receive them?

Now thousands of Christians are behaving just as foolishly toward the great gospel sanitarium for the healing of the souls of men. They come to Christ, profess implicit faith in Him, turn their cases over to him as unto a faithful physician; they profess to believe in the angels as the minister-nurses of the soul. They claim to have perfect confidence

in the Gospel as a remedial system for the sinsick soul; and yet, after they have indulged in all this profession, they persistently refuse to really possess themselves of the spiritual realities that belong to the gospel system.

Reader, if not before, make up your mind today that, having placed your case in the hands of the heavenly Physician, you will take not only the trials and temptations of the Christian life, but as well its blessings and graces, together with its peace and triumph.

W. S. S.

FEET FOR THE LAME.

Several months ago we published a pathetic appeal from a prisoner in the United States Penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas, asking for assistance to secure an artificial limb at the expiration of his sentence. There was a generous response and we were able to send the warden forty dollars and received the following acknowledgment from him:

"This is to acknowledge receipt of forty dollars, total, which was raised for securing an artificial leg for a prisoner in this penitentiary. I beg to inform you that the leg is now being constructed, and he will in a few days have it tried on. He wishes to express for it great gratitude to you and friends for remembering him."

Later it was found that the limb cost more than was originally anticipated; the Chaplain wrote us that they would need ten dollars additional. By that time nine dollars more had come in and was forwarded and the chaplain responded to this as follows:

"The warden is just in receipt of your favor containing a draft for nine dollars, to be applied on payment for artificial limb. I will add the other dollar so you need not trouble yourself further. You have done nobly for the man."

Just as we are going to press we receive the following letter from this man himself, written from Harriman, Tenn.:

"I would have written you before but could not use my hand on account of a bone ulcer. I left Leavenworth a very sick man but am some better now. I am located and getting on nicely. I shall never forget your kindness. It awakened in me a desire for something better and has been an inspiration. I am preaching almost every night and am doing mission-

ary work in the mountains; God is blessing my efforts. Yours in the hope of eternal life."

We have since received six dollars more, which have been put into the prisoners' fund to be used for any other similar call. We want to thank all our friends who have thus all shared in being feet to the lame. (Job 29:15.)

We are going to use a part of this fund to secure a suitable Bible, a pair of glasses, and a year's subscription to this magazine, for another prisoner who has just written us as follows, from the Wyoming State Prison:

"Pardon me, a stranger, for writing this letter to you; but a friend of mine here in prison, who has received letters from you, wanted me to write to you. I was sent here for four years; I have half of my time to serve. I do my work faithfully and the warden and guards are all good to me; but I am lonesome here and nearly without friends on the outside.

"I have become deaf in both my ears since I came here and my eyes are in bad shape. I am trying hard to earn or get a pair of glasses; then I will be able to read again. As my friends have nearly all forsaken me and I am without money I wish to ask two favors of you, and I know God will bless you for granting them: Can you get someone to send your magazine to me regularly? And if I am not asking too much, can you get someone to send me a new or old reference Bible in good-sized print so I can study it? We have plenty of Bibles here but they do not contain the references and are too fine print for me to read."

WHO WILL FURNISH THIS PRISONER A BIBLE?

We will be glad to furnish the name of this prisoner to anyone who will furnish him a Bible, or who desires to correspond with him. As we can secure Bibles at wholesale rates, we will be glad to correspond with anyone who will prefer to have us purchase the Bible for them and send it to him.

"I am in prison without a friend. I see from your magazine that if I give you my name and address friends are ready to correspond with me. I am serving a seven-year sentence and since I have been in prison

I have found salvation through Jesus Christ. I love to read God's word, but am handicapped owing to the fact that the Bible I have is fine print and it hurts my eyes. Is there not some kind Christian friend of this paper who could send me a good clear type Bible, such as Long Primer Reference? God would bless the sender. You can rest assured if I get such a Bible I will use it profitably.

"I am alone in the world and at times feel lonely and discouraged. I see others are blessed with good friends and I have often wondered why it was I was left out. I have never had the advantages that other young men have had and for this reason no doubt I have failed. I want, while I am here in prison, to improve my opportunities in learning, also in knowing God's Word. I trust some kind friend will write to me."

LITTLE THINGS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

It was only a smile, and nothing more,
But heartfelt it was and sweet,
And another heart that was sad before
With gladness and hope now beat.

It was only a look from eyes that beamed
With mingled good cheer and love,
But it taught two eyes to whom earth dark seemed,
To look to the light above.

It was only the clasping of a hand,—
An arm round another thrown,
But the good that followed,—how great, how grand,—
None knoweth but God alone.

It was only a little thing,—a thought,—
But founded on God's own Word;
And its utterance courage and new joy brought
To many around who heard.

Although only a little, yet how great,
If lovingly, kindly given!
And for one small seed will a sheaf await,
Safe garnered at last in heaven.

It is only a little, but it brings
Much joy to some mourning soul:
It is these unnoted and little things
That make the glorious whole.

Though of men unnoticed, because so small,
No kindness can be wasted be;
'Tis the motive God reads,—He knoweth all,
And says, "Ye've done it to Me."

O let us be true in these acts unseen,
For soon will be said to such:
"In the little things thou has faithful been;
A ruler now be o'er much."

A STRANGE PROVIDENCE.

The following letter from a prisoner in the State prison at Jefferson City, Mo., adds one more to the long list of remarkable incidents and circumstances that God has used to bring men into a closer touch with soul-winning work:

"Some time since I saw a leaf torn out of some book sticking up in a pile of leather where I am at work cutting leather buttons. I put the leaf in my pocket and at noon was most happy to find it was from your magazine and had come all the way from Chicago in that leather. It seemed to me that our Lord had sent it to me, therefore I would like very much to have the paper sent to me regularly till my time is up,—sixteen months hence. I will read it and pass it on to all who will read it.

"Just think, in this prison there is no Bible in the cells, nor even a book of any kind to read. I would like to correspond with some good Christian, and would be pleased to hear from you personally at your leisure."

FOUND IN A GARBAGE BOX.

ROBT. S. DOLLARD.

(Just as soon as Mr. Dollard's sentence expired, he came to Chicago to visit the Mission to tell of that new hope which had come into his life during his prison experience. His case illustrates how God can use a feeble, insignificant thing to establish a point of contact between Himself and the soul that is longing to be saved. Reader, cast your bread upon the waters.—ED.)

Two years ago I was arrested in Chicago and brought back to Iowa to answer a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Being without friends, everything seemed dismal and gloomy, but I thank God that I found a friend in a dear copy of this magazine which I found in a garbage box. This friend was used as an instrument in the hands of God to bring me to that friend of friends,—the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," Jesus Christ, the captain of our salvation. I am so thankful for the blessing received from the loving messages of comfort and cheer sent me from Sisters Paulson, Clough and Waggoner, and I hope and pray that showers of blessings shall be truly theirs for what they have done for the least of the Lord's "little ones." I have found the Pearl of greatest price and listened to His still, small voice pleading with me to quit my meanness and do right.

I gladly took Him at His word, tucked all my wrong-doing in the ventilator of my little

cell, and walked out of Anamosa State Prison on the 17th of November not only free in body but *free in soul*. Praise His holy name, the truth made me free, and I am *free* indeed. I have no more desire for theatre going, for I am trusting not on an arm of flesh alone but on the strong arm of God.

FROM A DRUNKARD'S TO AN EVANGELIST'S CAREER.

Mr. Evans had not been sober for five months when he came into the Mission two years ago last May. He had been disinherited by his mother for his awful ways of life. His mother was quite wealthy, but she had entirely given him up. He had joined a show company and went with them to London, stayed there a year or so and then came back. When Mrs. Swanson met him at the Mission he said, "Nobody can do anything for me; even my mother has given me up." He had been in jail, but Mrs. Swanson told him the Lord could reach him even in jail. Then he said, "I have not drawn a sober breath in five months."

He kept coming to the Mission for about a week and each evening some of the workers would talk to him about his soul. He finally gave his heart to the Lord. He was never used to work, but he then went to work in the Mission as janitor. Later he took a course in Bible study in Battle Creek, then in the Moody Institute, and is now preaching to the poor white people in the mountains of Kentucky, and he writes to E. B. Van Dorn as follows:

"I am again here in the Cumberlands doing at least a little, with God's help, for dear Jesus who has done so much for us all. As you know, I have several preaching points, and while out at one of them conducting a meeting the other night five young men, all mountaineers, said that from that night on they were going to try to live with God's help as He would like to have them live. Pray for them; also pray for me and my work.

An order for two hundred copies of this paper has been received to be distributed among the prisoners at the county jail at Pittsburg, Pa. Is anyone supplying *your* county jail with LIFE BOATS?

The Life Boat

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

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

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

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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WAS PAID THREE TIMES.

Lorenzo D. De Vore, Ravenna, Mich., writes acknowledging the receipt of the premium Bible: "It is a very fine present, for which accept my sincere thanks. I consider it one of the finest of premiums one can work for. One is really paid three times, first in the knowledge of having conferred a lasting benefit on humanity; second, in receiving such a valuable premium, and last but not least, a final reward in the earth made new, for the work of helping the lost ones into the fold of God."

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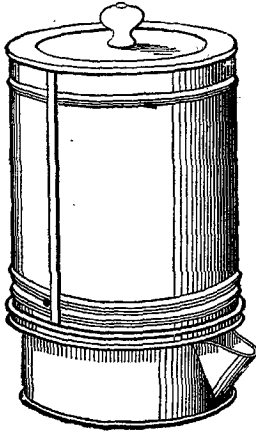
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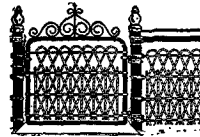
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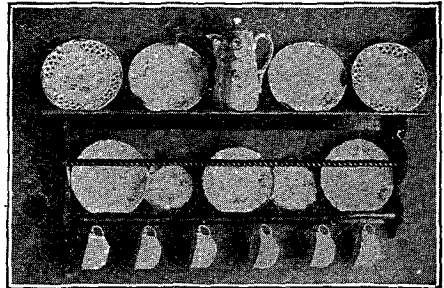
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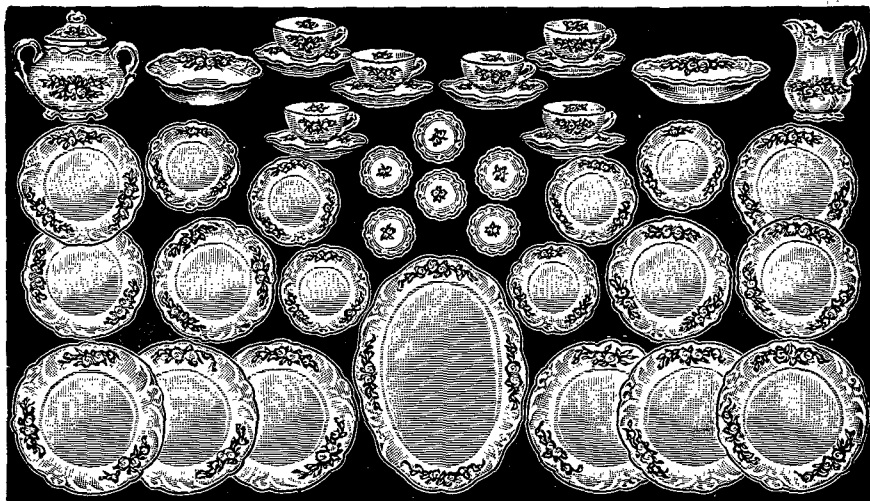
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