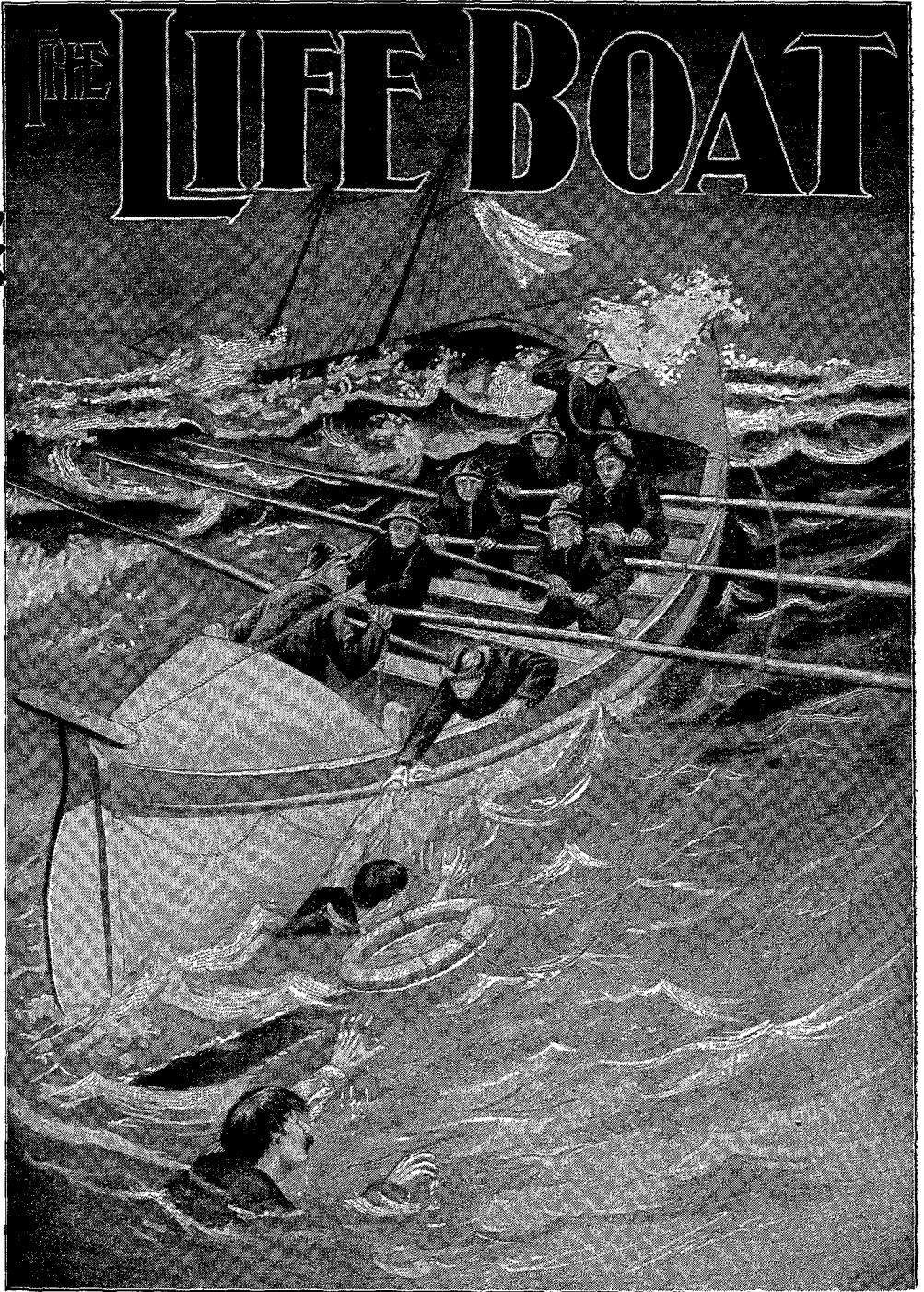


*Be of Good Courage*

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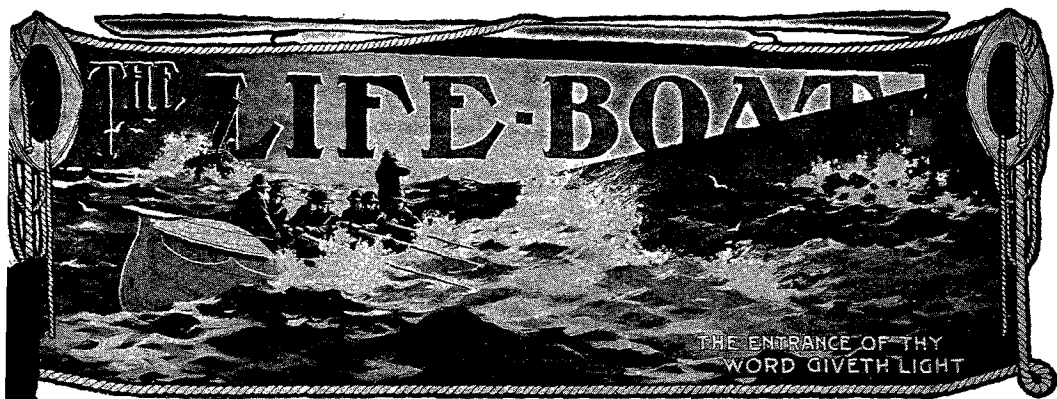
*Special Prisoners' Number in April*



REFUGEE CAMP, GOLDEN GATE PARK

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See page 37.



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

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**Volume X                      HINSDALE, ILL. :: FEBRUARY, 1907                      Number 2**

**WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE?**

M. E. YERGIN.

When earth's last day, with a thunder roll,  
Comes crashing amid thy ways,  
O man! O woman! too busy now,  
Say, What would you give for these days?  
Ah, what would you give for just one chance  
To prepare for that doom-wrought day?  
You may do so now, but not long hence  
All hope will have passed away.

When the trump of God from the arch of the sky  
Sounds forth with a long, loud blast,  
And the trembling earth and its rending rocks  
Proclaim that the die is cast,  
Say, what would you give for just one hour  
Such as now, friend, is yours to say,  
"I will turn from the things of myself and sin  
And prepare to meet God that day?"

**"DOCTOR, LET ME DIE!"**

DR. LENA KELLOGG SADLER.

Come with me, dear reader, for a few moments, and I will take you on a most interesting trip. I will take you into a few



homes, and introduce you to a few women whom I have enjoyed very much meeting, and whom I shall never forget. If you only could go with me personally down in the stockyards district and visit some of those dear women whose troubles are very real and whose trials are anything but imaginary, you would agree with me that you have no troubles of your own whatever, but that God has permitted your lot to fall in very pleasant ways.

homes, and introduce you to a few women whom I have enjoyed very much meeting, and whom I shall never forget. If you only could go with me personally down in the stockyards district and visit some of those dear women

The first home I will take you to is that of a mother with five children, and before you read these lines she will be the mother of six. As we enter the house, we come into a room about twelve by fourteen feet square, containing two windows, through which very little light enters. The children are bright-eyed, and although their cheeks and mouths are very dirty, their eyes shine with much beauty.

While the mother was quietly talking with some one in the other room, I had a conversation with the oldest girl, Margaret. I found her to be a beautiful girl of only fourteen summers. She had been compelled to leave her school two weeks previous on account of having no clothes to wear. Margaret at first said that she left school because her mother needed her at home, but after some close quizzing we found it was because she had no clothes, and as she modestly told us that the clothes she had on were all she had, our hearts were touched. She said, "You know, doctor, father isn't very strong, and what he earns doesn't go all the way round; and you know there's Nancy, and Mary, and Johnny, who only have one dress, and they have that on; so you see he can't give me enough money to keep me in clothes, so that I can go to school, and I shall have to stop."

I found that she was in the sixth grade, and that in two more years she would finish the common branches. After some meditation I said to her, "Margaret, will you go to school

for the next two years, and finish the common branches, if I will promise to keep you in clothes?" She looked up, and very quickly answered, "Indeed I will, doctor."

After some talk with the mother, I asked her if she would be willing to allow Margaret to go to school, and she said she would. So all we need are the clothes to send this dear, bright girl to school. I shall never forget the mother when she said, "Doctor, I will send Margaret over to the dispensary to scrub for you, to pay for the clothes."

#### TIRED OF LIFE.

Another home I would like to have you visit with me is that of a patient whose husband has his occupation in the same home. The home consists of a long, dark, dingy store. The front part has been partitioned off for a shoe shop, and all the old shoes that could be found in the alleys and in the garbage cans, and in the street, and among the wood piles, have been gathered together by the little boys and girls, and brought to this one little room. And there they are in a huge bank about three or four feet deep, with all the stench of the places from which they were gleaned.

Behind the low partition, in the rear of the store, lives the shoemaker's family, consisting of a wife—a poor, sickly little mite of a thing—with eight children. The eldest girl works in one of the large packing houses of this district and the other little girls and boys are at the present time going to school.

This large room back of the partition is parlor, dining room, kitchen and laundry, all in one, and all the stench of the old shoes fills the air with its disgusting odor.

The little mother is a poor, sickly looking little woman, but her eyes tell us that she has seen and known better days. Listen to her story: "Doctor, I am sorry to have you see me in this condition. We haven't always been in such bad circumstances as these. Way back in Philadelphia we had a nice little flat, with a bathroom in it, and I could keep the children clean and nice. But here we are all huddled together in this one room, and those two bedrooms off this room are so dark and dingy, without even a window in them, and my children are growing up in this dreadful neighborhood. Doctor, I am very much discour-

aged. Really, doctor, don't do anything for me, just *let me die*. I am so tired of living. I wouldn't think, doctor, of taking poison to kill myself, but then you know if I just went on and didn't go to bed, as you want me to, I might die, and then I'd be out of all my misery, and oh, I do want to die so badly. I'm discouraged; I'm so sad."

Dear reader, what this woman needs is cheer. What she needs is comfort. The shoemaker



[Some of these poor women in Chicago gather up huge bundles of wood from some torn-down building and carry them long distances home.—Ed.]

makes enough to care for his little flock, but this woman needs cheer. She needs a friend. She needs a woman to come and sit by her side and visit her and try to help her to rise above her present circumstances.

#### THEY NEEDED EVERYTHING.

Go with me down a few streets east of the one this lady lives on, and it will take you to a family numbering twelve—a father and mother and ten children. The father is a great, big, robust fellow, a teamster. He is a good man at heart and tries to do the best he can for his family, but Jim only has work one-half the time, and at best he never makes over \$13 a week. Rents are high. Fuel and food is high, and he finds that twelve hungry

mouths have to be fed, and not very much is left to buy the clothes.

I beheld the mother in bed, and after caring for her body I sat down by the side of her bed and said, "Sister ——, is there anything I can do for you?" As I looked about the house it seemed that they needed everything—just everything. I didn't see how they could possibly keep house with the few utensils they had. She looked at me and said, "Doctor, we just need everything. If Jim could have worked all the time we could get along; I'm sorry, doctor, the children look so badly to-day, but you know they have only the dresses they have on, and it is hard for me to put them to bed on Sunday until their clothes are washed and dried, and expect them to keep clean all through the week. You will pardon their looks, won't you, doctor?" I could see that she was a very intelligent woman, from her manner of speech, and I said, "Well, my dear sister, if there is anything you need, let me know. I have some friends who I am sure will help me to help you." Then the following story was told me:

"Well, to begin with, doctor, I have not a stitch of underwear on my body, or to my name. I only have my dressing sacque on to-day; that is all I possess. The little children have just what you see on them, and anything you can do for us will be greatly appreciated."

I told her that I had a little coat at home that I thought one of her boys could wear, and a dress that I thought she could wear. As I passed out of the house I met one little fellow whom I thought the coat would fit, and said, "Sonny, would you like to have a coat better than you have on; a coat that you could wear to church? and would you keep it nice and clean?" He said, "Yes, ma'am, I would."

And what do you think, dear reader? As I went on toward the door a little fellow with nothing on but a dirty old ragged shirt and a suggestion of a pair of trousers, said, "Doctor, I ain't got no coat. Charlie's got one on. I ain't got none." I said, "My dear little chap, I will try to bring you one, too. I don't know just when I can bring it, because I haven't any for you now; but I'll bring you one some time," and I passed out of the

house, wishing them all good-bye and promising to see them again.

#### FILTH AND SORROW.

There is one more home I want to take you to. This is a very sad home. It is noon. As we enter the house, everything is quiet and still. We enter the kitchen, and find the floor clean and the house quite in order. In the next room lies the mother, in bed, and over in another part of the room is a table covered with a white sheet, and on it a lighted candle and a poor little form only three days old, all still and white.

As I neared the bed the dear, heart-broken mother burst out, "O doctor, my baby died!"

I want to tell you about this mother and babe. Three days before, we were summoned to the home by a telephone message: "Doctor Sadler, come quick; mother is very sick." In company with two of the dispensary workers we hurried to the number and found it to be one of the dirtiest homes we had ever entered in our lives. Everything in the house was dirty, and the dirt was so thick on the floor that it could be taken up in shovels. The house was full of women—all the friends of the women in the neighborhood were in. The father of the home, Mike, had left his work and come home to look after his sick wife.

It was necessary that we take down one bed and put up another, and really, in the exchange I never saw so many dirty pillows and quilts and ragged comforts, and old, filthy feather beds at the same time in my life before. It seemed that they had piled every old rag and thing that they had been able to find and scrape together in the fifteen years they had been living together, and evidently none of them had seen water or a renovator during the time.

The change was finally made, and, after some urging, several shovelfuls of dirt were taken up from that floor. One woman went to her home for a sheet, another went for a nightgown, and another for an undershirt, and actually, dear reader, that room was transformed into quite a decent looking affair in a few moments' time. As we left that night all the home was rejoicing over the new ten-pound brother that had just arrived. But it seemed that the little one was only there for a short time. A severe illness quickly followed, and in only three days this little fellow passed

away, and the gladness of the home was turned to sorrow.

But after the baby had died it seems that these same friends came in and swept that house and cleaned it up, until it really did not look like the same place. For, as we saw it on this particular noon, when we visited it and found the baby was cold and quiet, it seemed the house was clean.

#### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

One beautiful feature of our Dispensary work is our noonday prayer meetings. Every day at 12:30 all the workers at the Dispensary, including doctors, nurses and patients, come into the little chapel room for a brief service. The service is opened by song and the reading of a few words of Scripture. Then just before the prayer an opportunity is given those present to make any requests they wish to have remembered in the prayer which follows. One poor woman raised her hand and said, "Doctor, please pray for my neighbor, who has just buried her husband. She washes for a living, and is trying hard to raise her young 'uns right, and I want yez to pray for her so that she will keep up her courage."

There are other requests, such as "Please pray for me, mister," or "Please pray for my brother"; and then perhaps some nurse or student raises their hand and makes a request for a patient of theirs who is suffering or who has not yet given their heart to Christ.

One week, I remember, two little girls came day after day to this noonday prayer meeting. On one occasion they came to have the little sister's hand dressed, and I said, "Girls, are you going to remain for the song service today?" They said, "Doctor, we forgot to lock the door; have we time to run home and lock the door first? It is only three or four blocks away."

I told them they would have just ten minutes, and those little girls hurried home, locked the door, and came back to the service and took part in the singing. We will never know the influence that meeting had on those little girls, and as they grow up to womanhood let us pray that its influence may be far-reaching in their lives.

#### WASHING WITH ONE HAND.

Another interesting story is that of a mother who was washing dishes in the sink one day

and ran a needle into her hand, breaking it off in the thick part of the thumb. She thought it did not amount to much, but came to the Dispensary three days later with a very badly infected hand. This woman came day after day and week after week to have that hand dressed; and one day I asked her to come to me on Sunday, thinking that it could not wait over till the following Monday. She said, "Doctor, I can't come on Sunday. I have no clothes to wear. The only thing I have is this blue calico dress, and I'm afraid my hand isn't well enough to clean it up!" But I insisted on her coming, promising that I might be able to bring her a dress, so that she could wear it back home.

Two days later, on going to the Dispensary, I was surprised to find my lady there with the blue dress nicely washed and ironed. And on complimenting her work, and telling her how nice she looked in her clean dress, she said, "Doctor, I did it all with my one hand. I washed my dress and ironed it, so that I could come to the Dispensary clean. You folks have been so good to me I wanted to come with a clean dress on, especially on Sunday."

I can't tell you, dear reader, how much good it did me to take her to a side room and put a good wool waist on her, and I wish that I might have had a wool skirt to give her, too, but I only had the waist. We need so many things for these poor people in this dispensary district. It has not been a very severe winter, and I am so glad it has not, for them, for many of them would have to go very, very cold, and many of the little feet would look blue had the winter been more severe than it has been.

#### HOW YOU MAY HELP.

Now, perhaps you would like to know how you can help us in this work. Much as I would like to take you with me to visit these homes, I cannot do that. You each one have your duties to do; you each one of you have your own homes, precious as they are to you.

First of all, dear friends, pray for us. Pray that many of these men, women and children may be converted and have their hearts changed and their souls cleansed; that they may be ready to either die in peace or meet their Saviour when He comes.

Secondly, when you are tempted to lose your temper, or to complain about this or that,

please remember that down in the stockyards district of Chicago there are women who have everything in the world to discourage them; and may the fact that the Lord has allowed your environment to be far superior to theirs, lead you to be indeed grateful, and to consider that the trial that you have amounts to nothing at all, but that it is only to draw you closer to Him; and don't complain, don't find fault with your condition.

Thirdly, I wish you might send us a number



[This little girl was brought to our clinic in the dispensary in a most wretched condition. We took her out into the country for two weeks and she blossomed out into the beautiful youngster seen above.—Ed.]

of things for our Dispensary. I wish you might send us pillow slips and towels to take to these poor women who often have to welcome that innocent little babe in a bed made of rags and covered with rags, and dirty rags at that.

We would also appreciate, freight prepaid, clean, mended clothes, with the buttons on, to take to these poor women and these little boys and girls, that they may go to school. I will gladly give more definite information to any who may desire to write to me.

888 West 35th Place, Chicago.

Big responsibilities seek not the man who flees from little ones.

It is not so much how fast we are moving as it is the direction in which we are going.

## PROVIDENTIAL GUIDINGS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

MRS. AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE.

Superintendent San Francisco W. C. T. U.

It is the very cream of living to recognize God's hand in whatever comes our way. We are all living far below our privileges and we do not have to wait for earthquakes to come before we can hear God, whispering to us.

The night of the earthquake I had a peculiar apprehension of the impending danger. I was unable to sleep, and said, "Father, whatever it is, keep me close to Thy side"; and when everything began to shake I could only say, "Closer to Thee, my Father, draw me."

It is impossible to describe the sights that met our eyes when we got out into the streets. Some came out right in their night clothes and could not get back to get others. Many who had clothes took part of them off to clothe those who had none. Some of the people improvised stretchers to carry some of their belongings with them. I saw one man jerk the lid off his trunk and put the baby and some of his things on it and haul it along the street. One man put his helpless wife on the lid of a trunk and thus pulled her along.

God put it in the minds of men to devise plans to help the situation. There was one man in San Francisco who before the earthquake had been rather looked down upon and laughed at, but somewhere in the park he found a large kettle, something like the old-fashioned soap kettles, and he spent his time boiling the drinking water for the refugees, which was highly essential for the time, as the water was in a very uncertain condition. This fire also made a good place for people to come and do their cooking.

After a time, in addition to the five tents we already had in operation, we established a nice lodging tent for men, and everything moved on quietly. I was so glad that God kept peace in our tents; however, sometimes the women became a little noisy.

One day a large German woman with a strong voice came and said, "You are not temperance people at all, you are teetotalers." She made quite a disturbance. I said, "Let us pray for her." When she came again I

had a chance to talk the blessed Word with her and found some things in the Bible we agreed on. I found she had a sister living in Pennsylvania and that she wanted to go there, so I secured her fare to go and then she came to me and said, "After you have done so much for me, I cannot but be decent; I will sign your pledge and give up my beer."

I was wondering how to get the Word of God to these refugees. We could not hold service in the large tent provided by the Government, as it was given us for a reading tent, and not a church. By and by a woman down in Nebraska sent us a lot of popcorn. A few days later a letter came from a woman in Massachusetts sending us a thousand text cards. So I got the corn popped and with every popcorn ball I tied a text card.

Then I went to the superintendent of the improvised schools and arranged to distribute them to the children, which made them very happy. After that they used to call me "the popcorn lady," and they used to come to me and ask for more of those little verses. In one day eight hundred and five verses went out into the camp, and God hath said His Word shall not return unto Him void.

I saw a little girl going through the camp with her dolly in her arms and I knew how happy she felt; then my heart ached for the other children whose dollies had been left behind in the ruins. So I wrote for toys and they began to come in. Then I secured from the teachers a list of all the pupils and we prepared a box or barrel full of toys for each teacher, and on the Fourth of July we had a Fourth of July Christmas tree.

One day the major asked me if I did not need a sewing machine, which I gladly accepted, but it happened to be of peculiar make so that none of us understood how to use it. A woman came in the next day and asked if there was not something she could do for us. I said, "We have a machine here that none of us know how to use." When she saw the machine she said, "That is the very kind I have been using in the factory before the earthquake."

So she went to work on the machine, and after that three hundred and forty-three different women wd sewing in the tent. Before the sewing machine came nobody sent us any cloth, but immediately afterward it began to

come in by the bolt from different parts of the country. The last Monday before I came away I measured off six hundred yards of cloth myself.

God always gives us a preparation for a work before He calls us to do it. Several years ago, when I joined the San Francisco church, they assigned me the work of handing out old clothes and such things for the poor and needy, and also the jail work. The thought came to me, Is that all I am good for? But nevertheless I took up that work.

At Thanksgiving, as a Thanksgiving present to the girls in the San Francisco jail, our Young People's Society provided a piece of nice soap tied up in a wash rag with a nice ribbon and some appropriate text of Scripture, such as, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." When Christmas came the mothers in the church baked cakes and brought them to the church. The girls who worked in the Pure Food Café supplied the napkins, the young men furnished ribbons to tie the packages, with the fathers provided the fruit, and the Young People's Society put up the packages. The result was that we had two suit-cases filled with packages of cake and fruit, with a verse of Scripture tied to each.

After the services were over at the jail the packages were distributed to the prisoners. They were exceedingly grateful, exclaiming one after the other, "God bless you, God bless you!" One woman took hold of me and fell down in front of me, with tears in her eyes, saying, "God bless you, Mrs. Bainbridge, God bless you! All the saints in heaven bless you!"

If I had not taken up this work which the church gave me to do, and learned to deal with all these classes of people, I could not have carried on the work that awaited me after the earthquake. If we will do *cheerfully* the work God has for us to do *to-day*, no matter if it may seem disagreeable to us, God will use it as a stepping-stone for a greater work to-morrow.

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Sometimes the very dust of our hurrying feet rises up and blinds us to the great ends that we must constantly keep in view.



## THE POISON HABIT FAMILY.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Soul and body destroying practices generally flourish in groups. The cocaine habit rarely exists without the morphine habit. Who has met the victim of the liquor curse who is not also a slave of the tobacco habit? These evils and many others spring from the same root—a desire to secure an *unearned* felicity. They are often used to smother the unbearable cravings of a nervous system that has been abused by irritating foods and unwholesome drinks.

Who has not seen a mother feed her only boy veritable mustard plasters in the form of juicy beefsteaks covered over with more mustard or other fiery spices than would have been required to raise a blister if applied to the outside? Such a dietary almost invari-

restless and harrassed brain cells like the paralyzing and bewitching influence of the deadly cigarette.

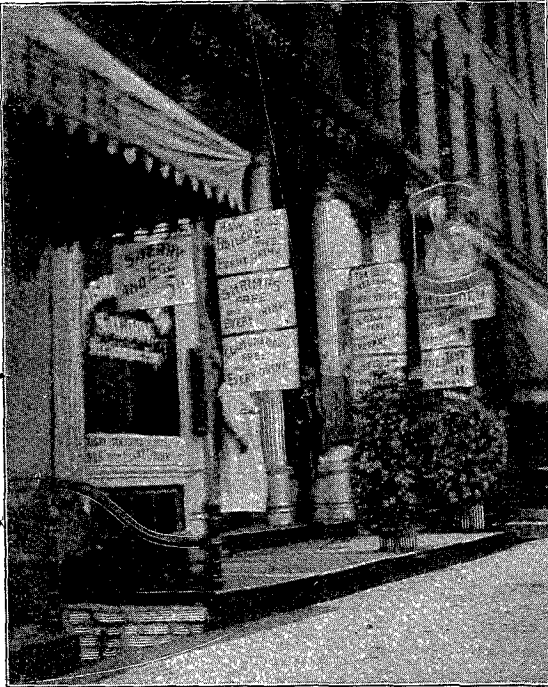
In those whose tendencies and susceptibilities are different, such an unphysiological diet will create a thirst that cannot be quenched at the town pump. Nothing will just satisfy it except the liquor from the village saloon.

Frances Willard recognized the possibility of eating for drunkenness instead of for strength when she said that "the kitchen was often the vestibule to the saloon." Unquestionably the unscientific cook, blinded to the evil possibilities of an unwholesome and irritating dietary, is frequently in partnership with both the saloon keeper and the undertaker, for she makes more business for both than is ordinarily recognized.

One of Chicago's best known physicians recently wrote: "Tea and coffee are just as harmful to the growing boy and girl as tobacco." Yet how often children, before they are scarcely out of the cradle, when they ought only to be fed the simplest and most wholesome foods and drinks, are introduced to the mild stimulating effect of these beverages. Is it any wonder that they should a little later demand the unearned good feeling afforded by the cigarette, and a little later naturally graduate to the intoxicating cup?

Let us by all means rally our forces to crush the terrible cigarette evil ere it shall have poisoned the very best life blood of the rising generation. But while we are doing this let us not forget that any given poison habit like any given crime rarely manifests itself single-handed, but is generally found in pairs, trios, or even in quartettes, and they are frequently the outgrowth or effect of more or less unobserved causes.

Both science and revelation unite in declaring that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we want to avoid a harvest of thorns and thistles let us see to it that we avoid sowing this seed, no matter how harmless it may appear to us.



The saloon-keeper's free lunch creates a demand for his costly liquor.

ably produces an irritation of the nervous system which the mother's well recognized persuasive powers cannot influence. Nothing that the boy is acquainted with will soothe those

The following lines are received from the Indiana State Prison:

"It has been a long time since I have written you, but don't think that I have gone astray, although at times the way seems dark.

I am studying the Bible, trying to learn all I can, and your magazine has been a great help to me. Can you get some Christian to write to me? You don't know how good it is to receive kind and helping letters. I don't know how long I will have to stay here, but this I do know: that Jesus is with me. I am not waiting to get outside to serve Him, but I am serving Him right here with all my heart and soul."

### LEADING ONE HUNDRED BLIND MEN.

DR. C. C. CREEGAN.

Secretary American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

A very dear friend of mine made a tour around the world, and when he came home he said what impressed him most of all was the medical missionary work out there nearly in the interior of China. He was there by the side of a medical missionary, watching him in his work, and by and by a man came who some months before had been blind with double cataract. He came to this medical man who by the skilful use of his instruments had removed the cataract and the man went home after a little while seeing.

While my friend was looking on the scene this very man came back seeing as well as anybody could see, heading a procession in round numbers of one hundred men. And who were these men? *Every* one of them was *blind*, and they came each with his right hand holding onto a rope, and this man who once was blind was their leader.

He brought these one hundred men to have their eyes opened. This medical man had opened *his* eyes and he saw no reason why he could not open the eyes of this hundred. He believed it could be done. Unfortunately my friend noticed some of these men who came did not even have eye balls in their sockets, so the medical missionary could not help them only as he might give them some knowledge of the One who came to be the light of the World.

But just think of it—that man going away and bringing back in round numbers one hundred men afflicted, as he supposed, just as he was, with the confidence that if they came to this medical missionary they would go back seeing. Let us hope that many of them did

go back, not only seeing with the natural eye, but seeing the One that saves us all.

Speaking of medical missionary work, my friend, Dr. Post, of the Syrian missions, says this:

"From the moment the medical missionary sets foot on his chosen field, he is master of this universal language, this unspoken tongue of the heart, and is welcome to the home of strangers. The simple Arab lifts for him the curtain of his goat's hair tent and bids him enter. The Mandarin calls him to his palace, the peasant begs him to come to his lonely cabin, the Brahmin leads him to the recesses of his zenana. He stands before kings, and governors escort him with squadrons of cavalry, or take him to and fro in their gunboats or barges of state. Kings build hospitals for him, and the rulers of the earth aid him with their treasures and their power.

"You take the Bible to the heathen, and he may spit upon it, or burn it, or throw it aside as worthless or harmful. You preach the Gospel to him, and he may regard you as a hireling who makes preaching a trade. He may meet your argument with sophistry, your appeals with a sneer. You educate him, and he may turn from a heathen to an infidel. But *heal* his bodily ailments in the name of Christ, and you are sure at least that he will love you and bless you, and all that you say will have to him a meaning and a power not conveyed by other lips."

### IS PAPA COMING HOME TONIGHT?

E. B. VAN DORN.

Three weeks ago in our jail service one of the boys in the criminal corridor, quite a well-dressed fellow, called Brother McBride over to him and said that he did not know what the outcome of his trouble would be, but he wanted us to send a message to his wife and three children. I went out to their home, rapped on the door and made inquiry if a certain woman lived there. I found out she did and I asked her if her name was Mrs. W—. She said, "Yes." I told her I was a missionary, working in the city, and had become interested in her case.

I asked her if she knew a man by the name of W—. She said she did, and asked me if I knew anything about him or where he was. She said he went away Saturday morn-

ing between eight and nine o'clock and she had not seen him since. I asked if he had ever been in trouble before and she said he had not. She became rather excited by that time.

I asked if he had ever been a drinking man. She said "Yes." I then asked if he treated them right and she said he did. Then I told her that he was in jail and we had met him there that morning and he requested us to bring the word to her.

While I was talking there was a beautiful little girl about eight years old who sat by in a rocking chair listening to every word. I saw tears in her eyes and asked her what the trouble was. She said, "Where's my papa?" I said, "Your papa is down town." "Why didn't he come home last night?" I said, "Some men down there would not let him come home for a while." "Is he coming home tonight?" I said, "No, I do not think he will get home tonight either." I asked her to come over and get on my knee, which she did. I told her I could not do anything for him. She said, "How long before he will be home?" I said, "I cannot tell that. Maybe your mamma can go and see him." She then said, "What is the matter?" I did not want to tell her. She threw her little arms around my neck and cried like her heart would break.

We made arrangements for the mother to go and see him. He was brought before the court on Monday, then was held over for the criminal court and had his trial on Thursday, and was sentenced to six months in the Bridewell.

We told this story in the Mission meeting and took up a little collection there to pay the woman's room rent--three dollars and a half, which was due--and we left a little change with her to get some of the necessities of life. She did not have a crust of bread in the house that morning and had stayed up until midnight waiting for her husband to return. She did not sleep all night and did not know what had happened. The poor woman was nearly crazy.

We knew we could not take care of this family where they were at three dollars and one-half a week for one furnished room, so we interested Mrs. Abrams in them and she interested others, and an unfurnished room

was secured at one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. We made an appeal to the Chicago Aid Society and they gave us some assistance, the Mission provided a bed, some dishes and other things, and we got them very comfortably settled with only one dollar and twenty-five cents rent to pay; and the mother is selling copies of this magazine to make her living.

Sunday night she and her three children were down to the Mission and engaged in the service with us. One of our workers is giving her Bible readings and otherwise taking an interest in her. What would have become of that woman and her three children if it had not been for our workers in the police station that Sunday morning? What is becoming of thousands of similar cases because some Christians are not always "on duty"?

### THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,  
Matron, Suburban Home.

The Lord is constantly sending girls to the Home whom we can help. A number of these girls come through reading this maga-



zine, others are picked up in the police station annex in Chicago. The latter class are usually brought to us by some of the workers from the Mission and necessarily reach the Home at a late hour in the evening. Very few of them have a change of clothing. They are put at once in a bath, their hair combed, then clean night clothes given them and they are put in a clean bed. Most of the girls enter right into the spirit of the Home.

Sister Williams was out to the Home last week and conducted service with the girls. We had a good meeting. One of the girls in her testimony said that when I first asked her to go to the meetings at the Sanitarium she

did not want to go. She had been a great theatergoer and said it was theaters and late suppers caused her to be in the condition she is now, but now she loved to go to meeting and wanted to be where the Word of God was read and studied.

Sometimes things look discouraging, but I have faith enough in God to believe that if we do the sowing and watering He will do the growing. I am afraid to turn anyone away.

Some of the girls the past month have memorized the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, the First and Twenty-third Psalms, the first chapter of I John, the ten commandments, and are now learning Isa. 53.

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### TO MY DISCOURAGED SISTERS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

The other day I received a letter from a woman who told me she was so glad to know about our Suburban Home for Girls.

She wrote that one of her friends had gotten in trouble and because she knew of no one who would befriend her had committed suicide.

How grateful we are that we have a place where girls can be saved, not only from ruin in this life, but also for the life to come.

It is just such girls as these we are most anxious to help. Those of you who have no friend, who dare not tell your trouble to anyone you know, we earnestly request you to write to us and by God's help we will help you.

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### "I EXPECTED THE PENITENTIARY."

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

I met a young girl at the annex during the Sunday service there who saw the wickedness in which she had allowed herself to be ensnared; she gave her heart to the Lord and asked Him for deliverance. Some unscrupulous young man had persuaded her to commit a forgery. So she was held by the authorities for four weeks until the case should be decided.

As I tried to do something for this girl, the bailiff called me to one side and said: "Mrs. Van Dorn, we feel this girl has been greatly abused." While talking with him the

attorney came in and said he wanted to speak to me. He asked several questions about our Rescue Home. As I told him it was supported entirely through donations and that we kept the girls until they proved trustworthy then found positions for them, the attorney turned to the bailiff and said, "You can bring the girl in, we are ready for her."

However, before they brought her in, they asked me further in regard to the Home, who were the members of the Board, where this Home was located, how many girls it could accommodate, how we cared for these girls, if we found them positions in the city, etc. I told them that our object was to keep the girls away from the city and their old environments. I heard the word "Good," "good," coming from many lips all around the room. I told them we had girls working in La Grange and Downer's Grove. "Good," "good," came again from the judge, lawyers and jurors.

The question was then asked: "Are you in favor of putting this girl in Mrs. Van Dorn's care?" As every hand was raised the attorney turned to me and said: "Mrs. Van Dorn, it is unanimous."

The girl was brought in. Her own father could not have talked more kindly to her than those lawyers did. They told her she was starting out on a new life and a new year and they hoped it would be crowned with success. Then she received the verdict, "Not guilty."

As the sergeant bid her good-bye he said: "Be a good girl." She looked right at him and said: "Am I free? Am not I a prisoner any more?" He said: "No. You are not a prisoner. You are free." She said: "I thank God, oh, I thank God for this. I know He has done it for me, because I expected the penitentiary."

The young man who brought so much sorrow into this young woman's life was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. The girl is now in our suburban Home and is developing a sweet, Christian character.

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It takes far less insight to discover defects than it does to discern noble and lovely qualities.

HEALTH SEEDS. IV.

BY W. S. SADLER, M. D.

21. *Proper Sleep.*—"It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows; for so He giveth His beloved sleep." (Ps. 127: 2.) "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." (Eccl. 5: 12.)

Sleep is "nature's sweet restorer." It is during the hours we spend in bed that nature accomplishes her great work of repair for the worn and broken-down tissues of the body. The health-seeker must sleep regularly and soundly. If you do not sleep well, find out why, and do not stop until you have succeeded in removing the cause. The Christian hygienist, with a pure blood stream and a conscience void of offense, ought to be able to sleep as soundly as a babe.

22. *Proper Sitting and Standing.*—Life-long invalids have been made by improper postures in sitting and standing, resulting in weakening of the abdominal muscles, curvature of the spine, round shoulders, hollow chest, etc. Learn how to sit and stand properly. Practice going upstairs correctly.

32. *Why the Flesh of Dead Animals Is not Good for Human Food.*—

1. Meat eating is one of the causes of the following diseases:

- a. Tapeworm.
- b. Trichina.
- c. Tuberculosis (scrofulous); 50 per cent of cows are afflicted with tuberculosis.
- d. Typhoid fever (oysters).
- e. Hog cholera.
- f. Gout and rheumatism.
- g. Actinomycosis (lumpy jaw).

2. Meat eating weakens the bodily resistance.

- a. Stream of waste products from the animal is turned into the blood current of the man.
- b. Beef tea is a stimulating product of animal blood and contains little nourishment.
- c. Increased acidity of the blood, which so renders it less resistant to disease while predisposing to rheumatism, etc.
- d. Intoxication: Urine is 40 per cent more toxic after using meat, as compared with toxicity when on a non-meat diet.
- e. Second-hand Food: In meat you only get the strength and energy of the grains fed to the animal, after they are partly used up.
- f. Excess of Nitrogen: Animal food contains too much nitrogen to be a natural and well-balanced food for general use.

3. *The Physiology and Anatomy of Man is not that of a meat-eating animal.*

- a. Man, like the ape, is a nut and fruit eater.

- b. Flesh-eating is due to a perversion of appetite—a relic of cannibalism.
- c. Man, like the vegetarian type animals, has the diaphragmatic type of breathing.

4. *The Ethics of Flesh Eating.*

- a. Animals are beings; we should not needlessly take the life we can not give.
- b. It is not necessary to slay in order to eat.
- c. Life is a gift from God, and should be protected when not injurious to a higher order of beings.

5. *Moral Influences of Slaying Animals for Food.*

- a. The slaughter-house spectacle is only suggestive of murder.
- b. The slaughter of innocent animals exerts a deteriorating influence on the young child, having led to numerous atrocious murders of little children by their playmates.
- c. The slaughter of animals is very hurtful to the tender faculties of the soul.

6. *The Economics of Flesh Eating.*

- (Plants are builders, animals are consumers.)
- An ox sold at three years, requires one acre of land each summer, one for winter—six acres to raise the ox.
- Alive, it weighs 1,200 lbs., dressed, 600 lbs.
- Meat contains only 25 per cent of nourishment.
- Man requires 3 lbs. of flesh a day for food.
- One ox feeds one man 200 days or six months.
- Plant this six acres in wheat (yield, 10 bushels to an acre), equals 60 bushels or 3,600 lbs. wheat.
- One pound of wheat equals about ¾ lb. of flour; flour is 75 per cent nutriment.
- Six acres equals 600 lbs. flesh, or 2,600 lbs. flour.
- One pound of flour a day is enough; 2,700 lbs. of flour equal 2,700 lbs. of dry food. This is food enough for one man for 2,000 days, or nearly 5½ years.
- Six acres in flesh equals food for six months for one person;
- Six acres in wheat equal food for 5½ years for one person;
- Therefore, meat is eleven times as expensive as wheat.

7. *Flesh Eating in the Light of the Bible.*

- a. The diet of Eden was non-flesh. Gen. 1:29.
- b. After the fall only herbs were added to Adam's bill of fare. Gen. 3:18.
- c. Flesh was first permitted as an emergency diet after the flood. (The use of the blood was forbidden.) Gen. 9:3, 4.
- d. Meat was withheld from the liberated Israelites. Deut. 8:3; Num. 11:7, 8; Ps. 78:24, 25.
- e. Result of lusting for flesh in the wilderness. Ex. 15:26; Num. 11:4-6.
- f. David and Paul say they "lusted for evil things." Ps. 78:27-31; 1 Cor. 10:5, 6.
- g. The New Testament regulations forbid the use of blood. Acts 15:19, 20.
- h. Diet of the renovated earth will be without flesh. Isa. 11:6-9; 65:1, 22.

24. *Mental Hygiene.*—It is not possible to enjoy the fullest degree of physical health unless the faculties of the mind are enjoying normal periods of rest and work; the conscience must be clear and at peace with God and the world.

Worry and cankering care must be banished in the race for perfect health.

Anxiety and restlessness are fatal to good health and sound sleep.

Sorrow and sadness ruin the digestion.

## CIGARETTE SUICIDE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

(In *The Boy*, November, 1906.)

Some years ago, when a medical student in New York City, I saw a cruel experiment performed on a cat which had been making the night air hideous with its midnight concerts, and which was considered by one of the students to have outlived its usefulness. It was decided that its life should be sacrificed on the altar of science. It was properly secured, and practically the quantity of tobacco which is necessary to make a cigarette was allowed to soak for a few minutes in several teaspoonfuls of water, and then a portion of this was injected under the cat's skin. In less than fifteen minutes this cat, endowed as it was with its proverbial nine lives, succumbed after several severe convulsions.

In our large cities, boys who are scarcely old enough to put on their own clothes, can be seen seated on the curbstones repeating

themselves with other narcotic drugs, which are added to the cigarettes for the purpose of creating a still greater necessity for the continuation of their use. By smoking cigarettes, these children are virtually sending in advance applications for entrance into institutions for the feeble-minded, or for a berth in the reform school, or possibly for a resting place in the cemetery.

Educators have particularly noted that few cigarette-smoking boys ever reach the high school. Their brain energy has been so thoroughly wasted by this pernicious habit that they have to drop out by the way, as they do not have sufficient mental capacity to pass the entrance examination in advanced work.

A boy was recently arraigned before the court charged with circulating obscene literature. His attorney pleaded for a dismissal of the case on the ground that he was a cigarette fiend, and consequently did not possess sufficient moral discrimination to recognize the heinousness of the crime of which he was accused. This case only illustrates in an exaggerated form the moral deterioration that is taking place, possibly to a less extent, but none the less surely, in every boy who has acquired this unnatural habit.



"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

this experiment upon themselves by vigorously puffing away at cigarettes which contain this pernicious weed. In many cases, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they are also dosing

## WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We quote the following from a personal letter received from Mrs. Kershaw in reference to the soul-winning work in New York City:

"At present I am practically an invalid, as I have not been able to do any work for three months, but I am not discouraged, for I am happy and trusting moment by moment in my precious Saviour for wisdom to know what to do. God has remembered the work here. I gave for a Christmas present a copy of the book, "Steps to Christ," to each member of the class of prisoners we have been working for over on Blackwell's Island. How glad they were to get them! Miss Rasmusson gave a short talk on faith and we had a very precious time. The chaplain afterward wrote me the following letter:

"I thank you most heartily for the book, 'Steps to Christ,' which you so kindly sent me. Not only has your act in giving a copy to each of the boys in your class in the peni-

tentiary my approval, but also my warmest commendation. The book cannot fail in leading some of these unfortunate boys to Christ. I have missed you at the Tombs for some time. With kind regards and best wishes for a bright and happy new year, believe me, very sincerely yours, John A. Wade.'

"I thank the Lord I was able to secure from the New York Bible Society enough Bibles to supply a list of nearly four hundred prisoners which was furnished me. I am sending you a letter from a prisoner which you may publish if you think best.

"Some months ago I was one of the fortunate ones to have this magazine given me, and since then have received it regularly. I can fully testify to the good results which I myself and others have derived from that true and noble little book with God's messages contained therein. I can safely say that among all the literature that comes to us here it has the greatest demand; not only that, but it is not destroyed as ruthlessly as the majority of papers and books, but is kept or taken up and passed on, as the case may be.

"There is another reason, perhaps, which has brought it into the front rank here and is responsible for its success, and that is the genial, self-sacrificing worker for God, who in all kinds of weather carries God's message to so many sinful souls, cheering the depressed, comforting the weary and heavy laden—truly a noble work. I have only to glance around to see men who have benefited materially by her wise and good counsel, men who have seemingly paid little heed to others yet have listened attentively and welcomed Mrs. Kershaw on her visits, also spoken afterward of her as I have not heard others spoken of. Surely the good seed thus sown cannot fail to yield a bountiful harvest.

"I can also say the many Bibles which she has given away here are read and greatly appreciated.

"I would like to ask in conclusion of those of the readers who can do so and who may notice this to help this magazine. You do not realize the good it is doing and the welcome given to that little book full of God's messages and comfort. I wish that it could be doubled in its circulation and be placed in every institute and house throughout the land; it is deserving of such recognition, and by helping to

do this you are helping on the good work in the Lord's sight, which shall have its just reward.'

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### MY VISIT IN NEW YORK.

NELSON N. HAY.

Last October when I arrived in New York from Europe, where I had spent the summer, it was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Miss Luella Rasmusson and Mrs. A. Kershaw, who are doing a great work among the prisoners in New York city. I had the pleasure of visiting the Tombs with these workers.

At that time the jail was full of prisoners. There were a great many young men among them and it made me feel sad to see so many starting life with a blot on their character. But God is able to remove that blot and wash them white as snow.

I believe much good is being done by these two women, as there seemed to be quite an interest shown by the prisoners. God has certainly blessed this work in giving them much favor with the officers in charge; they are accorded all the privileges possible and it was a pleasure to see how welcome they were made to feel.

We visited all the rooms in the men's departments and one of the women's wards. No one but those who are in trouble can fully appreciate when kind words are spoken and a friendly interest shown. These sisters must seem as angels to the inmates, as they come to the door of the cell with a cheerful face and a "Good morning." It is a mystery to one who has never tasted the joy of sins forgiven, to see men and women come to such places week after week and encourage that class of men. But it is no mystery to one who loves the souls for whom Christ died.

One thing to be admired in these workers was that they took such an interest in the men when out of jail. There is no time one is so willing to listen as when he is in trouble and sees an interest shown in helping him. One kind word spoken will sometimes make a great change in a man's life. God is using many means to save souls, and I pray that He will bless the work in New York city.

## A LIGHT HOUSE.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Superintendent Life Boat Mission.

Every night the door of the Mission is open and the passer-by is invited in. Invitations are sent to the rooming houses and saloons, requesting men to come and hear and see what God has done for others, that they may taste for themselves and see that God is good.

We rarely ever have less than twenty-five, and from that number to over one hundred every night. We conduct the meeting with as much life and freedom as possible so as to interest those whose life is one of extreme tension. A variety of songs are sung by all the audience, with an occasional solo, duet or quartet.

A portion of scripture is read, and prayer offered, then someone is asked to speak for fifteen or twenty minutes as the Lord may direct, speaking more especially of what they know of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and why they know it.

Then there are the shorter experiences from those in the audience who have been converted from one day to many years. At the close we sum up the whole evening evidence and compare it with the result of sin, and ask the unsaved who may be there to turn from their evil ways to serve our God.

The hour just previous to the regular meeting is devoted to Bible study and quite an interest is shown in this part of the work by the workers and converts.

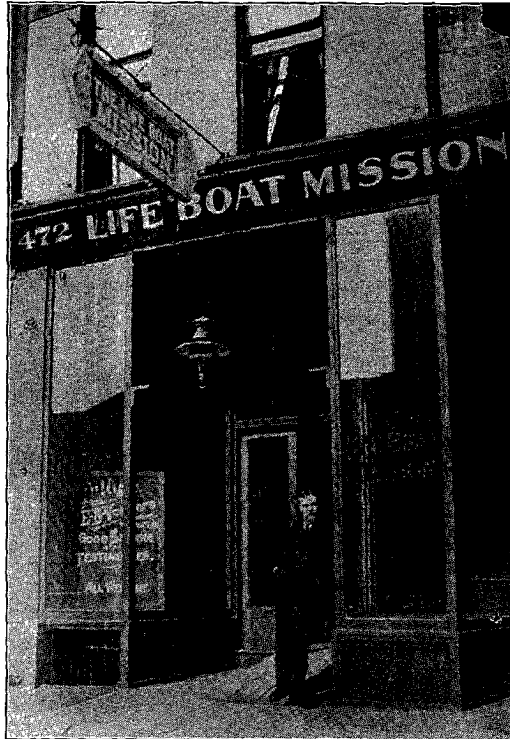
Thanksgiving evening there was a large gathering, and a lunch served to all who came, consisting of sandwiches, apples and bananas, buttermilk, etc. Everybody seemed to enjoy it. During the early part of the meeting there was song and speaking and general mingling together to get acquainted. The meeting closed with testimonies of thanksgiving, and songs of praise.

Christmas night the Mission was crowded, and everyone was provided with a good large piece of home-made apple pie, a glass of milk, an apple, a sandwich, and a piece of cake. We will never forget it, nor will the men who were there, and many hearts were turned to home and loved ones from whom sin had separated them, while many resolved to give

up the broad way and give their hearts to God.

One lady stood up and said: I'm an Episcopalian, never spoke in a meeting before in my life. I don't what to say, but I like this kind of meeting, though I never was in a Mission before. I was on the way to the theater, and while passing by, was invited in, and I'm glad I came.

When the invitation was given at the close of the meeting she came to Jesus, and th



Lord heard her cry. After the meeting was over I spoke to her, and she said, "I was never so happy in all my life."

One of the converts is proclaiming the Gospel to the poor in the mountains of Kentucky, and God is blessing his efforts.

Some of the converts are giving their services to the Mission work one night per week with such other help as they can get. Brother Coombs comes on Friday night, Brother and Sister Mitchell Tuesday night, Brother Snow, who was converted in Grand Rapids, gives good service on Saturday nights.



Dr. W. S. Sadler gives an illustrated lecture the last Sunday night of the month on Old Testament History, which is much appreciated.

Some of the converts have done good work the past year as regular helpers. Brother McBride has stood outside the Mission door almost every night for a year, meeting the passers-by and inviting them in to the service, and meeting personally those who go away. He is now assistant secretary of Dearborn Y. M. C. A., with good prospects for advancement and increased usefulness. He has also borne a large share of the burden of the Sunday morning jail work. Once a week he conducts a service in the Juvenile Department of the Bridewell jail, where there are four hundred boys.

Time and space forbid me telling more this time. Every day has its victories. Do you want a part of this work? You can pray, you can tell others, you can take subscriptions and sell this magazine, you can contribute a little every month. May the dear Lord teach you how much you can do to keep these doors open the coming year.

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### AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

W. T. GINN.  
Hammond, Ind.

[Mr. Ginn was plunging deeper and deeper into sin, but the Lord kept constantly dropping a copy of this magazine in his way. Perhaps he would buy a copy of some worker in a saloon and then cast it aside, only to find when he got home that his wife had also bought a copy and it was there on the table awaiting him. By and by he and his wife separated, until finally he gave his heart to God. He and his wife were reunited and are now planning to start a Gospel mission in Hammond.—Ed.]

About a year ago a copy of this magazine fell into my hands and through it I was led to see my miserable condition. Like the prodigal I came to myself and found I was drifted far out upon sin's treacherous tide, going all the rounds of sinful pleasures and indulging in all manner of sinful amusements. These sins separated me from my wife, and had so fastened their fangs upon me that I realized that I was indeed a captive in the prison house of Satan. I could not extricate myself from the habits and influences that seemed to have complete control over me.

I needed words of encouragement, some good Christian advice. I visited some churches and talked with some Christian workers, but received no help. Then I read another copy of this magazine and decided to come to the Mission. So I came that night, and when the opportunity was given I rose, and standing there without hope and without God in the midst of that band of Christian workers, I told them my condition, and that I desired to get right with God. I received just the encouragement and advice and friendship I was looking for.

The testimonies that night and the earnestness of the laborers led me to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. As a result of this my sins were forgiven, sinful desires were removed, my family reunited, my wife converted, and now we have a good Christian home. We are giving out copies of this magazine and pointing fallen men and women to the Lord; we find so many opportunities to help these poor lost souls and God wonderfully blesses us for so doing.

I was just talking to a very wicked man the other day to whom I had previously given a copy of this magazine. I told him some things I knew about healthful living and the power of God to take away sin, and insisted that he accept Christ. In reply he said that for thirty-six years he had been a hard-drinking man and that was the first time he had ever personally been invited to Christ.

After having had prayer with a lady whom we visited in sickness, she told us that was the first prayer ever offered in her home. I find that if we are willing to go out and work for the Master He will go before and prepare the way.

There are souls all around us who have never personally been invited to Christ and are just waiting for someone to come along and point out the way, just dying for a little love, and one kind word. I am so glad to have a part in such a heavenly work as this, and in all my conquests with sin and Satan I can not but give this magazine and the Mission credit for being the instruments in God's hands of leading me on to victory.

Satan had led me to believe that on account of my previous life I could not have the experience of others nor do the work they were doing, but in the Mission this text of

scripture was read: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Ps. 68:13.

I thought of those Israelites down there toiling in those brick kilns in Egyptian slavery under those cruel taskmasters. When they lay down to rest they lay down amid the instruments of hard work, the pots and kettles with which they prepared their daily food. When they rose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and smoke and dust of the brick kiln. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery and He led these poor slaves out into a land where they had better sanitary conditions and clean and beautiful apparel.

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. It keeps us drudging in a most degrading way; but if we are only willing Christ will come and lead us out from among the brick kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospel where we can put on the clean robes of a Christian profession and go out and do service for our Master.

The signs that show His coming near are fast filling year by year. The last spring will soon send forth its blossoms and the last winter will bank its snow, the clocks will strike their last strokes, and the watches will tick their last tick, and time shall be declared no longer—

"Attended by all the shining angels,  
Down the flaming sky,  
The Judge will come, and will take His people  
Where they will not die."

Whether living to witness this great scene or not I have determined to cling to Christ at all times, for found in Him pardoned and sanctified we can welcome that day more than we ever welcomed a Christmas or New Year's morn, and be enabled to say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him."

The greatest gift we can render to the Lord is a life of usefulness: May we all quickly make an end of sin. It has abused us, cheated us, slandered us and damaged us enough. Temptations may sweep clean over us until we may be compelled to say, "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." But the great Pilot who walked storm-swept Galilee will come into our lives and lead us safely through all these stormy seas.

## THE RESULT OF A STRAY COPY.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

One evening recently a young man about twenty-one years of age and all broken down in health came to the Mission and said that he was just out of the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. While in there a lady had sent him a copy of this magazine. He told how much he enjoyed it. While in prison he lost his mother and he said he lost the dearest friend on earth.

He heard the Gospel and when the invitation was given at the close of our service he raised his hand, came forward and knelt at the altar. He prayed, gave his heart to God, and when an opportunity was given for him to testify he told the boys what a life of sin he had led, how his mother had died without knowing that he had started a different life. He begged of the boys to give their hearts to God and not do as he had done. He had but a few more days to live, and he told them to start now so they could be of service to the Master. He wept bitterly as he gave this testimony and no doubt the Lord used it to impress hearts.

## SOUL WINNER'S BIBLE STUDY. NEVER FAILING POWER.

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

1. God is the source of never-failing, sustaining power.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this: that power belongeth unto God.—Ps. 62:11.  
To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal, saith the Holy One? Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.—Isa. 40:25, 26.

2. God's Power is Creative.

He hath made the earth by his power, and hath established the world by his wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by his discretion. When he uttereth his voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures.—Jer. 10:12, 13.

3. The Word of God possesses Upholding Power.

Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high.—Heb. 1:3.

## 4. Jesus has Infinite Power.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth.—Matt. 28:18.

## 5. Forgiving Power.

But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house. And he arose, and departed to his house.—Matt. 9:6, 7.

## 6. Healing Power.

And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was present to heal them.—Luke 5:17.

## 7. Saving Power.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.—Rom. 1:16.

## 8. Keeping Power.

Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.—1 Pet. 1:5.

## 9. Serving Power.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts 1:8.

## 10. Wonder-working Power.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.—Eph. 3:20.

And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power.—Eph. 1:19.

## 11. Finally, the Master Himself is Coming in Power.

Thy power shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.—Psa. 110:3.

And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.—Mat. 24:30.

## 12. Examples of what the Never-failing Power of God has done for Man:—

- a. Enoch—had power to walk with God.
- b. Noah—had power to live a righteous life in the midst of a wicked generation.
- c. Joseph—had power to live a pure life.
- d. Moses—although a great leader, had the power and grace of meekness.
- e. Joshua—although a young man, was given wisdom and power for his chosen work.
- f. Elijah—even in wicked times, had the power of reform, and was translated alive to heaven.
- g. Elisha—had power that made a mighty miracle-worker out of a consecrated farmer.
- h. Gideon—was given power to do a great work with a small opportunity.
- i. David—triumphed over his enemies in the power of his GOD.
- j. The Three Hebrew students, who had power and strength in the hour of trial, were signally honored by God.

k. Daniel—the power of God never failed this consecrated statesman.

l. Paul and Silas had power to praise God and preach the gospel even in prison.

m. Mary Magdalene—the Master's power cast seven devils out of this unfortunate soul.

n. Blind Bartimaeus—power to open the eyes of the blind, both physically and spiritually.

o. The Lepers—power even to cleanse from leprosy; yea, even the leprosy of sin.

p. Lazarus—raised from the dead by the resurrecting power of the Divine Word.

q. The Thief on the Cross—power even to save "unto the uttermost" all that come unto Him.

## A MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

MARY ELIZABETH MARVIN.

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee." Ps. 79: 11.

"For the Lord heareth the poor, and dispiseth not His prisoners."—Ps. 69:33.

To-night as I gaze at the sky and the stars,  
Then look down on the lights of the city  
Where darkness its mantle spreads over what mars  
All the beauty, my heart fills with pity.

For those who are hidden to-night in a cell  
To God I am earnestly praying—  
Not hidden from Him, for no mortal can dwell  
Where God is not seeking the straying.

But hidden from freedom are they, which they crave,  
Away from the smile that is kindly,  
Away from some brother, whom fain they would save  
From the path that they once trod so blindly.

These prisoners, dear Lord, take them back to days  
To sunlight, green fields and the clover; [gone,  
Let them hear the birds sing, rest again on the lawn,  
See the old home with vines creeping over.

The spring or the well that they loved—who has not  
Some memory cherished, dear ever?  
By all that is good that they never forget  
Let them know from Thy love none can sever.

Now while the old year its burden lays down,  
From these heavy hearts fetters breaking,  
Oh, grant that by faith, back of every dark frown  
They may see Thy bright smile, courage taking.

For their sins crave pardon, not my merits plead  
Though a friend, there is still yet another;  
For greater than weakness, than sorrows, than need,  
Is the love of Christ, our elder Brother.

## PRISON MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Nine years ago, when our workers set out to do something for the lowest dregs of humanity, the question of what could be done for the prisoner was one of the first which confronted them. Permission was given to visit the police stations, where Gospel services were held regularly. Through this effort this magazine began to find its way into the dark and lonely cells of our large State prisons. Like the first rays of the midday sun after the raging of the tempest, it came to them as a

message of hope from the better world. Inspired with a desire to obtain help from Him who alone can turn the sinner from the error of his way, some of the prisoners began to write to us.

It was an unknown field. Our workers knew nothing of prison rules and restrictions, but, seeing in this an opportunity to fulfil Christ's command to visit the prisoner, the work was taken up by correspondence, and it was not long before actual conversions were taking place behind prison walls as a result.

Then came the idea of publishing a Special Prisoners' number, which was sent to all our leading State prisons. Its value as a soul-winning sheet was speedily recognized by prison officials all over the country, and from year to year they have co-operated with us in this effort. Several annual Special Prisoners' numbers have been issued, and as many as fifty thousand of one issue have actually been read by more than that number of prisoners, practically the entire prison population of this country. These brought a flood of letters to the editor's office. Additional stenographic help was employed and the work went forward.

Friends were found who would meet the prisoners as they stepped out into the world once more, giving them employment, and taking an interest in their spiritual welfare. The readers of this magazine began to realize the importance of this work from a missionary standpoint, and we were called upon to share this blessing with others.

AS a result there are now one hundred Christian workers scattered from one end of this country to the other who are corresponding with from one to fifty persons each. Through all these various channels we are able to supply the prisoners with an abundance of good literature. *THE LIFE BOAT* and the *SIGNS OF THE TIMES* have been freely distributed. Many helpful books, such as "Steps to Christ," J. Hudson Taylor's "Retrospect," and in some instances larger books, as "The Story of Daniel," "Thoughts on Daniel and Revelation," have been sent to interested prisoners.

Now for the results: The field is so large and the circumstances under which we labor so peculiar that we are not able to give at this time anything like an accurate report; how-

ever, though there be but a single person lifted from the depths of human degradation and made fit for the association of Christ and the angels throughout eternity, that would amply repay us for every letter written, every magazine sent and every dollar expended in this effort. I am glad to say that the professed conversions can be numbered by the hundreds; those who are making encouraging progress by the score, and quite a number have accepted all the truths that have been presented to them.

One man confined in a Kansas prison wrote us of his desire to obtain an artificial limb before his release. He had already found Christ through the influence of *THE LIFE BOAT*, and wanted this assistance in order that he might be able to accomplish more good. Through the generous efforts of our many friends fifty dollars were raised for this purpose and forwarded to the warden of that prison. To-day that prisoner is preaching the Gospel to the poor white people in the mountains of Tennessee. It was money well invested.

Just a word in regard to Bible study: We have been very successful in getting the prisoners to study their Bibles. Many requests have come to us for copies of the Word of God, and in no instance has any such request been ignored. In our letters we encourage prisoners to study the Bible. Some have taken hold of this to such an extent as to memorize large portions of the Scriptures. One man wrote me not long ago that he had committed to memory almost the entire four Gospels. Others have done even more. The way some of these men have set to work to learn the Bible should be a lesson to us. One man learned three thousand verses in a few weeks' time. Others did nearly as well.

This work for prisoners is not the only ground we cover in our missionary correspondence work. We are constantly receiving letters from the sick poor and are able to suggest means by which they can improve their condition. Then there are the wives and families of the prisoners, whom many times we can help by putting them in touch with some Christian worker in their own community. Often letters come in from some person who has all that money and this world can give, yet who are not happy; to such Christ is held

up as the *only* One who can give genuine joy. Others write of their desire to do something for Christ yet do not know how to start in. We are able to suggest to them some special work they can do.

This is a blessed service, and I am glad I can have even a small part in it. I want to be among the number to whom the Master will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

#### FREED FROM HEADACHE.

The prisoner in Wyoming mentioned in the December number whom we promised to supply with a pair of glasses, a Bible, and a subscription to this magazine, has since written us:

"The warden received the five dollars for my glasses and turned the money over to the party who furnished them. I also received the Bible which you so kindly sent to me; I am very much pleased with it and shall always keep it and read it and remember your kindness to me, a stranger in trouble. I also received the extra copies of your magazine and gave them to my friends here.

"I get a chance to talk with a good many of the men. On account of my deafness I cannot hear them, but they write on their slates for me, and some have begged me to get them one of the papers. Those I gave out are read and then passed on. I have shown some of my friends here the Bible you sent me and they were as much pleased as if it was theirs; and they were glad to know that you had helped me get a pair of glasses, for I had been trying so long to get a pair. I used to suffer with the headache so much. I spoke to the doctor about it, and now I find it all came from my eyes. Since I have got my glasses, the pain in my eyes and head is gone, and now I can read by the hour and the lines do not blur or different colors flash before my eyes.

"Some of the poor men here wanted to know if you had known me before. I told them you had not. They had thought no one outside cared for them. When I told them about your Mission in the city and the work you are doing for poor men then they all wanted to see and read the paper. There are a few men here who have money;

if I can only interest them to subscribe for it I will do so, so I can get a few copies to pass to the poor fellows who have no money. Again I thank you kindly for what you have done for me."

#### HELP FROM A PRISON CELL.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Vermont State Prison:

"I enclose six dollars to be used in your work for God and humanity; will send you two dollars in stamps soon which I have saved up the past summer and fall. Three dollars of the enclosed amount is for the Mission and three dollars for the Suburban Home for girls.

May the dear Lord bless it and those who use it in the salvation, body and soul, of some poor wanderer from the Father's house. I have been hoping and praying long that the way might be opened so I could join you in your work for suffering humanity, but perhaps the Lord may permit it to be otherwise and I may never be able to do it. But He knows all about it and so I can say and endeavor to feel, 'His will be done.'"

#### HOPE WITHIN ITS COVERS.

A woman writing from the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn., says:

"I was so glad to hear from you again and to know that I was not forgotten by you at least. Since coming here my friends have *all* turned a cold shoulder against me, and everything at present seems so dark and discouraging; but I trust in God, and that is better than all, for Jesus is my own true friend and He is always the One who will stay by if all else shall fail.

"Three years ago I was greatly struggling under the bondage of Satan and sin, but today I am happy in Jesus and believe God has answered my prayers and that my sins are all forgiven. On the 22d of last month I was baptized, and will always from now on do all I can to help others, but there is not much I can do as I am in prison. If I am released at any time in life my while life shall be spent in the right way by helping those who are in trouble, for I know through experience what it has cost me.

"I received a copy of your magazine, and there is not a magazine that comes inside these prison walls that gives us poor prisoners so

much encouragement as this little book does. Many of the girls here ask me for it as soon as they see me receive it. There is hope for the prisoner within its covers, although deprived from liberty, for God speaks in so many ways through it."

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#### LEARNING THE BIBLE BY HEART.

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

"The fourteenth of this month was my first anniversary as a Christian. The many blessings, the many real spiritual feasts, the grace and strength with which He has sustained me in the battle with sin, the love He has shed abroad in my heart, enable me to say from a full heart that 'godliness with contentment is great gain.' I consider that this has been the best year of my life. Yet it has been altogether too full of failures and shortcomings on my part to suit me, for I find that I still have many faults. God helping me, the coming year will be a cleaner, more perfect one.

"The books are splendid; the subject of the Sanctuary is something new to me. I am getting so that I do not care for any other than religious reading; I seem to be just naturally spoiled for any other kind of literature. Truly I can say that the things I once loved I now hate and those things I once hated I now love.

"Each day I learn some of the Scriptures by heart, and, God willing, by this time next year I expect to have the whole New Testament thoroughly committed to memory. Then I will put in the last four years of my time committing and studying the Old Testament, especially the prophecies and those parts referring to Christ. I know that this is necessary if I could be an effectual servant of God.

"People are running into fanaticism on one line or another every day and the reason for it is because they do not know God's Word and have no one to show them the right way and teach them sound doctrine. My whole prayer to God is that I may qualify, or rather let Him qualify me, to preach His Word in a way that will be wholly acceptable to Him, and I believe and feel that this is His will concerning me."

#### "DOWN AND OUT."

A prisoner writes from Michigan City:

"I thought I would write you a few lines, as I felt very happy over getting one of your magazines which a fellow prisoner received last night and gave me. I have never had the pleasure of writing to any of you; I really did not know about you until I saw this book. I am a man who is down and out in this world and I do not suppose there is any lifting up for me, or it does not seem that way at the present time. I am badly in need of spiritual help. I have no friends, only a grandmother, and I get letters from her full of good words.

"I will be glad to hear from any of your kind friends any time they can write. I have addressed you for the reason, given in this magazine, believing you to be a friend to the prisoner. I find it is a very hard thing for a man to lead a Christian life who has never done anything but live in sin all of his days like I have."

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#### RECEIVED THE SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Indiana State Prison:

"I take the opportunity to drop you these few lines because I think it is my duty for your kindness toward me and many others in this place in sending the prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I got it some time ago, read it and re-read it many times, and must say that it has been a great consolation to me. It has opened my eyes and ears that I might see and hear that there are really people who care for us. It is such people and their kind acts that make an opening to the hardened heart, which has been made harder by thinking that everybody looked down on us with scorn. But I see from reading this paper that there are people who have good, sympathetic hearts, willing to forgive us and help us to lead a righteous life. I never knew the contents of one of these papers until I got the prison number.

"I remember how, some time ago in Denver, Colo., one of the workers came into a saloon where I was drinking that 'devil's broth' (that is what I term it, for it led me in here), and asked me to buy a *LIFE BOAT*. I looked on

her with contempt, and just thought she was a fake, etc. You don't know how sorry I feel about it now. Dear friend, please pray for me that God may forgive and help me.

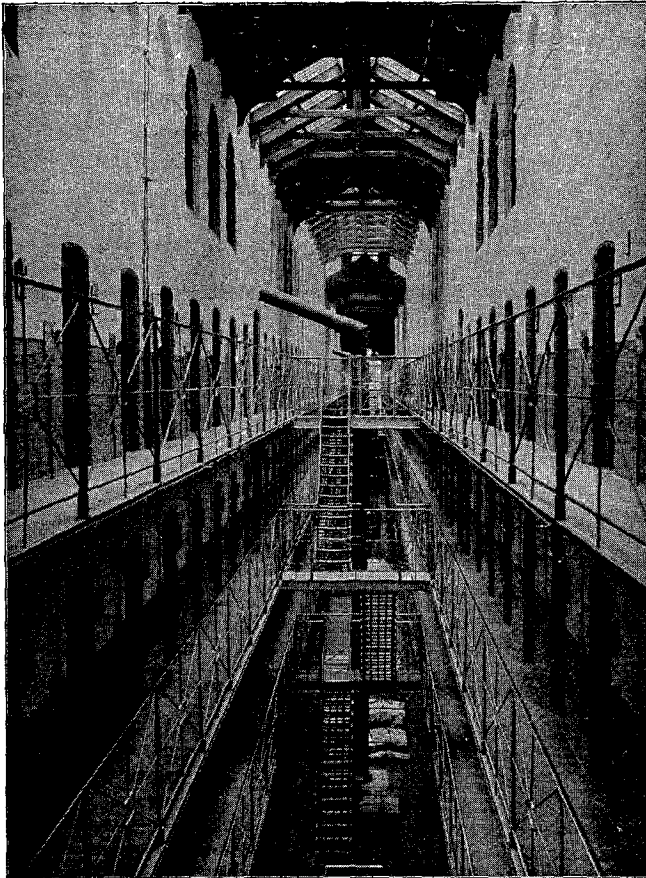
"My employers here have been giving me a dollar or two now and again for good services, so I can spare you fifty cents for the paper. I shall always be willing to help this good cause along. I owe you ten times this amount for the prisoners' number you sent me; all the words in the English language would not express the good it has done for me."

#### ANY CHANCE OF HEAVEN?

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

"I write you these lines in the hope that you will find leisure to give them your attention. I am sure that God will bless you for helping a person who has not a friend on earth to look to for a kind word.

"Do you think that a man who has not been inside a church since he was fourteen years old and who is now twenty-six has any chance of heaven? I have read your maga-



[Respectable sinners who enjoy freedom and live in comfortable homes will never go into the kingdom of God unless they receive and accept the Gospel of salvation. Ought they not then be anxious to give this same Gospel to the criminals who live in this prison corridor? We shall make another special effort for the prisoners in April.]

zine, also my Bible and a great many other religious books and papers, and I must say that at present I am very much confused over what is to be after death.

"I am not a Christian, but I am trying to be one; I want to say here that it takes more than play to be one. It is my hope that you will remember me in your prayers, and do not think that because I am not a Christian I do not pray, for I do.

"If I should go to bed at night or to my work every morning without praying I could neither sleep or work. I remember coming to my cell one night tired out and sick and went to bed without saying my prayers; but I did not go to sleep until I had gotten up and thanked the Lord for His blessings of that day. Some people think that God will not help a sinner, but I say He will, for He has helped me, and by His help I hope to some day be a Christian."

### HINTS AND HELPS FOR YOU.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

Be your best in spite of your worst.

Self-sacrifice is especially good when one sacrifices the bad part of self.

Life is hard for some because they refuse to make living easier for a brother.

If you have failed in doing a great work for God, begin again and do a small work for man.

The only way to live a really satisfactory, successful life, with no regret or remorse, is to read and HEED the Word of God.

If the world has given you a "poor show," get even by showing the world how much and how well you can show for it.

Children weep o'er the upsetting of a plan, then forget about it and begin again. Grown persons weep, remember, and make no further attempt.

If half the strength that is spent in wrong directions were but used in right ways, what glorious results would be achieved!

There are so many splendid vocations for those who wish to do real work for the Master that no one need spend another lonely, unprofitable day. God is always kind to those who think more of another's welfare than of their own.

A poet has remarked that the way of the transgressor is hard because it is trodden by

so many feet. It is cheering to reflect that, while the strait and narrow way may not be so well beaten as the other, the company is more satisfying, and the end of the road leads to life—not death.

If one is ever to do work for Christ it must be commenced right where one is—not in the future, in some uncertain place, but *here and now*, with the first person one meets. The longer one delays, the harder seems the task and the more difficult it becomes to make a start. An opportunity will come to-day; will you meet it?

### SOUL WINNING SUGGESTIONS.

MRS. CHRISTIANA WILLEFORD.  
Thomasville, Ga.

I have been receiving letters inquiring about Gospel work and how to get into soul-winning work, and how to begin. Some are not so situated that they can leave home, but want to do something. I will make a few suggestions that perhaps may suit different ones.

I do not know of a better way to help the prisoners than to send this little magazine to them. Those who have not the means to send could write letters. No one knows how much this work is needed until they start out in it. No one knows how much good this magazine is doing or how many sad hearts are cheered and comforted by reading it until they have carried it to these poor unfortunates.

Sometimes it is to the homes that it carries cheer and inspiration, sometimes to a poor discouraged mother or a poor girl who is tired of life, or a young man who has been in hard luck. After reading it they take a new lease on life. Reading about others and how they have been saved leads them to think they will try, so they too are encouraged.

The way to keep the good work alive is to help with your prayers, help with your pen, help with your means, and leave the results with God, who will take care of the work.

Ask your friends to subscribe. Look over our valuable premium list.



## A YEAR'S RESUME.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

During the past year a constant effort has been made by our workers to uplift the fallen and to help the helpless. Those who have been put into dark, gloomy cells behind prison bars in the Harrison street police station, with no one to take an interest in them, have had the good news of salvation carried to them every Sunday morning. Two thousand four hundred and ninety-six prisoners in this place have listened to the Gospel. Of these 2,028 have raised their hands for prayers, and 1,456 have knelt in prayer with our workers.

Here we have found educated and talented men and women, some of whom have once held great audiences spell-bound by their oratory; yet at an unguarded moment the fatal step had been taken in a downward career. In many cases we have witnessed remarkable answers to prayer.

Our work is not confined merely to the men and women, but to the younger offenders who are brought to the juvenile court, where we have wonderful opportunities of doing good.

The harvest is great and the laborers are few. Calls are coming in from other police stations for us to carry on similar work there. Let us pray God to send more consecrated workers to help bind the already ripe grain in precious bundles for the heavenly garner.

## AS ONE OF YOUR FAMILY.

HOWARD KELLY, M. D.

Johns Hopkins University.

In the Gospel of Luke we find that which we so much need—Christ manifested as a *man*, a very man as you and I are men, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, our Elder Brother, our kinsman and redeemer. We might say, Why, that King came down from heaven; He is far beyond and above me. He is too great for *me*. I cannot enter into God's great thoughts touching the Infinite Eternal One, who came down from the throne and realms of glory to walk among men—His feelings, His interests *must* be far beyond ours! Has He not said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways

higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." How can I enter into His thoughts and have any communion with God?—Too much!

But Luke brings Him to us down in the sweet natural *family* relation, such as the happy natural relationship of Elizabeth and Zacharias, the sweet conversation of Mary to the angel Gabriel, then the outbursts of song in the mouths of Zacharias and Mary.

Luke is the Gospel of His manhood—that He was a man as we are. And the striking characteristic is His tenderness, His compassion with which He went around among men, continually caring for the sorrowing and suffering, and healing the sick. What a blessed thing it is that we can go to Him as we confide with one another, as when our hearts are filled with trouble we go for sympathy to a friend. Here is the Friend of all others. Here is the Elder Brother whom God has sent us down from heaven, one of us, as we are, a man of like passions and affections, tempted on all points like as we are, yet without sin, and so our strength, our power, our victor over sin. Very blessed and important, is it not?

## DON'T STOP AT FAILURES.

A prisoner in Jackson, Mich., writes the following lines on Success in Life:

"If there is anyone who needs a word of cheer it is the man behind prison walls. His lot is not always bright and happy; dark clouds are in his sky most of the time. Looking backward I can see where I have built with carelessness and indifference, and as I gaze at the pictures of memory that are painted on my mind I see failures and difficulties that I stopped at where I should have gone along.

"The beautiful view on the hilltop we cannot see unless we have patience to climb up to the top. Don't stop at failures, but plod along, and you will see the realized hopes and happiness that await you. It is easy to fail, but hard to conquer, but what is worth while is hard to obtain. Though many shadows are cast across our pathway we should not give up, but ever press onward through the darkness and gloom, and our best efforts will meet with success in the long run."



# Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



## ANOTHER SPECIAL EFFORT FOR PRISONERS.

God has markedly blessed our annual prisoners' numbers of this magazine. Prison officials all over the land have given them their unqualified endorsement. Many men are today living well-ordered Christian lives who date their conversion from the time they received a copy of this magazine. We shall issue another special prisoners' number in April. To what extent are you interested in this Gospel effort for the men behind the bars?

## "MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

There are thousands of professing Christians who know nothing about this blessing from personal experience. If you who read these lines are among that class suppose you test by an actual experiment the correctness of this scripture. Find someone in your community whom you have every reason to suppose will be overlooked by others, and procure for that one something sensible and useful, perhaps some of the necessities of life. If you will do so, no one will ever have to try to convince you again that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and best of all there will be a good installment of the blessing awaiting you on the other shore.

D. P.

## SPEAK WORDS OF APPROVAL.

The following pathetic incident related in the *Epworth Herald* contains a lesson that it would be well for all to heed:

"The auditor of a great railway system lay on his death-bed. The president of the road called upon him and the auditor said: 'I have held an important position under you for many years. It was a work to which my life has been given, into which my whole heart entered. What I want to ask you is

this: In all that work, in those long years of service, has there ever been one thing of which you approve?' 'Leland,' answered Mr. Newell, 'you know that your work was well done, and that it always met my approval.' 'Then why did you not tell me so?' The chief of the road, with tears in his eyes, said: 'I have tried to do these things, but I cannot—they will not out. I ought to have told you so. It is too late that I tell you now.'"

Dear reader, is there any one faithfully working by your side whom you are permitting to labor on year after year without giving their starved hearts one word of appreciation? If so, you may have a similar sad death-bed experience awaiting you as this president of the railroad met.

## TWO LETTERS IN FORTY YEARS.

We are sure that the following from the State prison in Michigan City will be read with deep interest. It gives an unusual glimpse of how criminals are made. Have we who have enjoyed the blessings and advantages of a Christian home any responsibility toward giving the Gospel to such men? We shall endeavor to put the April number of this magazine in practically the hands of the entire population of our State prisons. Are you interested in this effort?

"I was more than glad to hear from you, and I must also admit that I was surprised," for your letter is the *second* letter I ever received from anyone, and I am now climbing close to forty years. Your letter is not only inspiring, but it gives me in my lonely hours food for thought. Your advice, sympathy and encouragement are good, and I thank you for your kindness.

"If humanity had done my thinking when I was too young to think rightly for myself, and shaped my course by putting me in that narrow but straight path of rectitude instead of letting me choose that broad but thorny



Boys' Club.

A group of street boys stealing bananas—taking one of their first kindergarten lessons in the devil's school of crime.

path which leads to destruction, I would not be here this morning in a prison cell.

"I was in my plastic age; I could have been formed into a different being. My experience teaches me that thieves are *made*, and not born. Evil environment or evil association will produce habits that will cause many pangs of sorrow when one has grown to full manhood. Gentlemen and poets may be born, but thieves *never*.

#### HOW CRIMINALS ARE MADE.

"We criminals who are supposed to be incurable are men who were once *neglected* boys, roving about the streets, learning those things that gave trouble to society and brought sorrow to ourselves. We are not so base or so low or so ignorant that we do not know good men and women, and we like them, too; if it were not for them the world would be a very dark place to live in.

"I hope that I may live to see the day when I can say, and say truthfully, that I am a Christian. I do not wish to impress upon your mind that I am in any way against it; no, indeed, I am heart and soul for it. But I would rather be what I am than be a

hypocrite; by being a hypocrite I might make some wordly gains, but such gains are not lasting.

"I am going to tell you, if I can, how some men are made criminals. Almost thirty years ago, when a boy hardly nine years of age, I became motherless and fatherless and was compelled to face a cold, heartless and almost inhuman world. Money was as much a power in human affairs then as it is now. Men and women pitied me but could do nothing for me. I was too young to work. So many said, 'If we take him to raise we must buy him books; he will wear out clothing, and, of course, he will eat!' And so they brushed religion and human duties aside and let me rove, each thinking that someone would take me in.

"All the while I grew stronger, harder, and learned the lesson that some men do not learn until they are old and gray. It was this: that if I existed at all it must be done by my own effort, and that if I depended upon the mercy of humanity I would die. Before I was fourteen I had learned how to find a bone, a crust and a handful of straw.

"The only kind acts that were done to me were done by those who were considered by society to be worthless. These 'worthless' mortals would very often wash my clothes and patch them and divide their bread with me.

"When I had learned many things that were bad and had reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, many of the same people who had refused to take me in because I would be an expense, now came forward and offered me a home if I would work for my board and clothing. No schooling was offered.

"By that time I *hated* humanity. These are some of the things that *push* men behind the bars—not that they were born bad, but because humanity fails to do its part by those who are too young to think and act for themselves."

#### THINKING IS GOOD FOR THE BRAIN.

In a more recent letter this same prisoner writes:

"It is with pleasure and a heart full of many thanks that I pen to you these few lines. Your letters contain enough of Christian love and human encouragement to make any sad heart glad. The feeble lamp of hope that burned within my soul and which had almost become extinguished, has received fresh fuel—a fuel that has done man's soul good for more than nineteen hundred years, a fuel of Christian love and brotherly kindness.

"Each day as I read my Bible I see clearer and understand better the things that once confused my mind. The thing that strikes my mind and strikes it hard, too, is the fact that Jesus Christ, the Man of sorrows, did not die for one man nor one nation, but for all men, irrespective of race, creed or color. I can plainly see that Christ has done more for humanity than all the wise men, statesmen and philosophers combined. *Why is it that I did not see this before?* It is because I thought I was reading the Bible when I was simply *pronouncing* the words.

"One of my new-found friends is a Christian lady of California, Mrs. Ellen Albert, San Luis Obispo, and the other is Mrs. Fannie Woolf, of Wichita, Kansas. Mrs. Woolf desires that I answer her letter through THE LIFE BOAT. Now, please tell those two good souls that they have done me a favor that I shall never forget so long as I live. Tell

them to write again and keep on writing, for when they write it makes me think, and thinking of the things that are good for the soul is also good for the brain."

#### KEPT THEM FROM STEALING NUTS.

For the benefit of those who are getting discouraged in doing missionary work because they are being imposed upon, we relate the following incident in a medical missionary's experience in Korea, which also shows clearly the importance of *living* the Gospel and the result of such a life upon heathen hearts. Mrs. Dr. L. H. Underwood in her book, "Fifteen Years Among the Top-knots," writes.

"Work had started in Haing Ju, a dirty little fishing village on the river about ten miles from the capital, just after the cholera in the fall of 1895, through the teaching of a native named Shin Wha Suni. This man was a poor fellow who had, according to his own confession, been hanging around for some time, pretending to be interested in Christianity, in the hope of getting some lucrative employment in connection with church work.

"After the cholera hospital was opened by our workers, he was there on several occasions and was much surprised to find that foreign women would spend whole nights nursing sick Korean coolies. When he chanced to see one weeping over a poor man, whom all her efforts had failed to save, he went away astonished and impressed with the idea that 'there is something in that religion that makes them love us like that, something that forgets self, something that I have never dreamed of before, something mysterious, glorious,—oh, that it were mine!'

"He hungered and God fed him. He sought and found the Saviour, and when he had found Him he set forth at once to tell the good news to others. He went to the country to earn his living while 'passing on the Word.' He went as far as Haing Ju, and there on the sand of the river bank he talked to scoffing people all day.

"At night one of the men who had seemed to treat his message lightly, came and asked him to come to his house and talk the matter over at more length. He went and soon another believer was gained. The man who had been converted offered the use of his house as a preaching place. The men gathered

in one room, the women in another, and Shin read the Gospels and tracts. The number of Christians grew from week to week, and the little meeting place became too small and had to be enlarged.

"The whole tone of the village gradually changed, and from being known as one of the hardest and most disreputable places on the river, it now became a model of decency and respectability.

"Testimony to this effect was offered by some farmers, who appeared one day in my husband's study and asked him if he had anything to do with the Christians in Haing Ju. He replied in the affirmative, half afraid the people had come with some charge against them. 'Well,' the strangers said, 'we should like to buy the books which teach the doctrine they are practicing there; we want to learn that doctrine in our village too.'

"Their village, Sam Oui, was not quite three miles away and in former times they had been much troubled by the brawls and bad character of Haing Ju. Their vegetables had been stolen from the fields, their fruit and chestnuts from the trees. 'But now,' said they, 'the people not only do not climb the trees for the nuts, but the boys leave those on the ground untouched.'

"This was something the like of which they had never seen or heard; they had been taught not to steal, especially if likely to be discovered, but a power that could prevent men and boys from wishing to steal was miraculous."

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#### FROM BOOTBLACK TO EVANGELIST.

N. H. CLARKSON.

I was born in Chicago. I carried a boot-black box when a boy. There were no Christians in our home. I finally became a wanderer, and used whisky and tobacco in every form and began the use of opium and morphine while in jail in Pueblo, Colo. I have served time in several jails and prisons in different States, and have crossed the country six times, living in all kinds of sin.

I was finally converted in the Old Men's Resort Gospel Mission in Portland, Ore., Nov. 11, 1897, by the testimony and preaching of a redeemed drunkard, Joseph McVeigh, from Chicago. My mother was a good woman, but was sick ever since I can remember. Father

always drank, and at one time ran a saloon. My oldest brother, who traveled with me, became a drunkard and gambler. He watched me for five years after my conversion and then gave his heart to Jesus in the Pacific Garden Mission.

Mother never praised God for two boys drunk and bad, but has many times praised Him in public and in secret for them both since they were saved. Extracts from her letter to us read: "Glad to hear you have become Christians. Come home whenever you want to—you are always welcome. I miss you both. Let me know if you need anything. Take good care of yourselves. God bless you." Mother died in July, 1906. Her last words were, "You boys know that no matter what you ever did I always loved you."

I have been to Moody's school since my conversion, have preached in the slums seven years, have run several missions, am in charge of one now, also of a rescue home on the South Side, and have just returned from a trip of evangelistic work with Brother Tom Mackey. I might add I was first deeply impressed by a service held in a jail out in Oakland, Cal. The song that they sang into my dark and gloomy soul in that dreary place was the chorus of "There is sunshine in my soul." I never got away from that service.

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#### THE SECRET OF ITS SUCCESS.

The following lines are from a letter written by an inmate of the Indiana State Prison: "Accept my deepest, fervent gratitude for your letter, booklet and six magazines. Five of the latter were forwarded by the mail clerk to men's cells whom I knew would appreciate and read them with profit. You can only faintly measure the height and depth, the length and breadth of the spiritual good effected by the apostle of prison literature, THE LIFE BOAT.

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"As I was looking over some papers to-day I came across a couple of LIFE BOATS, and was very much taken with them. They are dated February and October, 1903. Can I get them yet, and will you please send me a few copies?"

"I have received several copies of the magazine which you so kindly sent to us. We all read them and think it is a very good magazine. I think it is a credit to the service for which it is named. My wife and children delight in reading it."—Keeper Creeds' Hill Life Saving Station, Frisco, N. C.

"While en route from Wallowa County to this place, Elgin, Ore., I stopped at a wayside inn where a lady from the same County said, 'Aren't you the gentleman that took orders for THE LIFE BOAT?' Upon replying that I was, and asking if her subscription had not expired, she said it had, and I got her renewal, so I enclose same.

"One man who was in Wallowa County jail awaiting sentence in State penitentiary, expressed a special liking for THE LIFE BOAT and sent his brother to the wife of the sheriff for a copy."

"It is truly refreshing to know of the good work you are doing for those who know not our best Friend."

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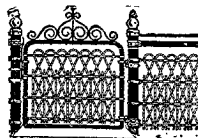
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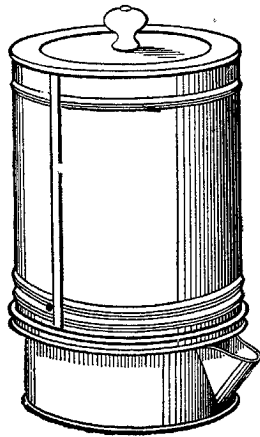
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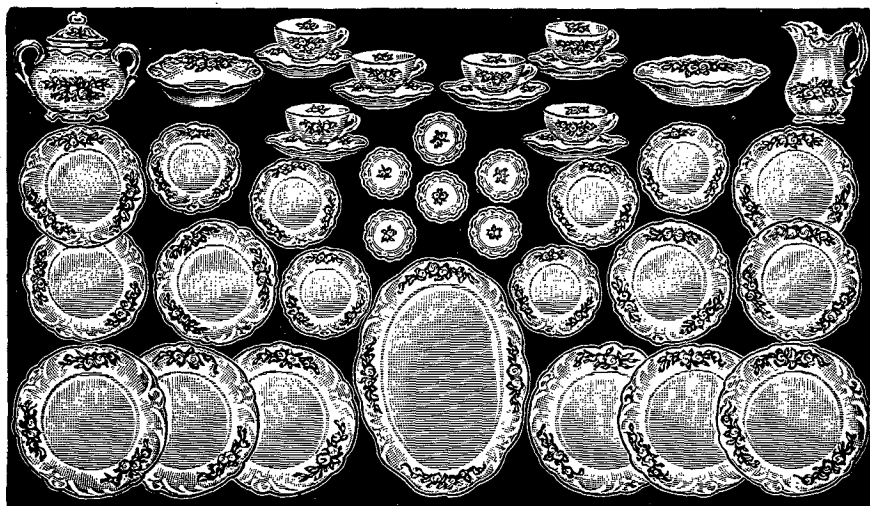
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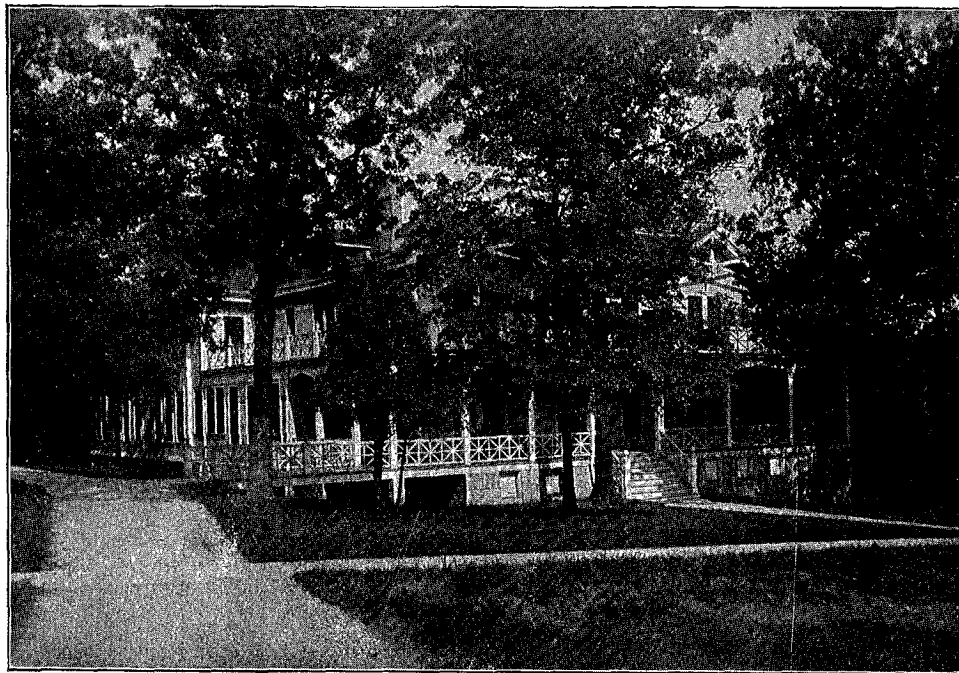
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