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Helen Jackson in American Clothes

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Convent Cruelties or My Life in a Convent
by Helen Jackson.

This book (Copyrighted 1919) is Helen Jackson's autobiography and also an important link of the Protestant reform movement. Glancing over its contents is simply like trying to acquire the highest standard of education by passing the school buildings. The purpose of this book is to bring out the facts so forcibly that further expediency to stir civilized forces for action will not be necessary, if read with impartial scrutiny. Many scenes are illustrated, but these portray very mildly the awful cruelties practised in these convents. It is the most thrilling story ever published from personal experience. **Price 50 Cents.**

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Look! At this picture and read her convincing story---then you will ask: How long shall these outrages continue?

32 Pages

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GOD SAVE MY DAUGHTER

by HELEN JACKSON

Tune - Juanita

Off in a miners' city

Sat a mother as she may,

Bowed down in sadness

Near the close of day.

Years have passed in longing,

That her loved one might come home,

But all hope has vanished,

Daughter's face had not shown.

CHORUS

Father, wilt thou save her

From the convent's awful doom,

Ere my heart is broken,

Save my daughter, my own.

Deep was the mystery,

Why poor Helen went away,

Trusting Rome's agents

One eventful day.

How the black-robed sisters

Spoke of life beneath the veil.

Yes! must be her answer,

Their will must prevail.

Barred doors and windows,

With a high wall all around;

These are the barriers

Veiling gloom all profound.

In a dark cell tortured,

With her hands and feet both bound,

Praying St. Anthony to save her,

That for Mother she may be found.

How well I remember

When mother to me hath said:

Helen! Helen! you'll be sorry

For leaving your mother's bed.

Since then many tears have fallen,

As I wished for her bread,

But now hope has vanished,

For Mother, she is dead.

God save my daughter

From the nuns and priests of Rome,

Before they will lie on others

And ruin many a home.

Let us, by our ballots,

Drive this monster from our shore,

In this land of Freedom,

SAVE US EVER-MORE.

"WHEN THE CONVENT WALLS
COME DOWN."

BY FORD HENDRICKSON

TUNE—*When the Pearly Gates Unfold.*

O how hard it is to suffer;
'Neath the sun and moon and stars
While the world rolls ever onward
And I gaze through convent bars.
How I miss my dear old mother,
When the sisters at me frown;
But this all will soon be over
When the convent walls come down.

CHORUS:

Convent life will soon be over,
And the sisters' piercing frown
Will no longer scare and haunt us,
When the convent walls come down.

O how well the Priest deceived me,
When he led me to this life;
Telling how I would be holy,
In a place that knew no strife.
Brightest scenes of life he painted,
And how well it all did sound;
But we'll have another picture,
When the convent walls come down.

Shoulders sore and both feet bleeding
From the tread on broken glass;
Hark! the convent bells are tolling,
And the black rob'd sisters pass.
Nearly starved now and deserted,
With my hands and feet all bound;
But we soon will leave the dungeons
When the convent walls come down.

Darkest night spreads all around us
In these dismal cells of fear;
But we hear the distant rumble,
Of a conflict drawing near.
Truth peals forth from the lips undaunted;
Congress Halls have caught the sound,
Telling how it will be settl'd
When the convent walls come down.

WHEN WILL THE POPE COME?

BY REV. GRIMES.

TUNE—*America*

They say the Pope will come
To make our land his home
But when that day?
When cats quit catching mice
And a Chinaman won't eat rice
And chickens have no lice,
Then he will come.

When bristles grow on geese
When rocks all turn to grease
Then he will come.
When a Ford will make no noise
And the Irish raise no boys,
Our battleships, all are toys,
Then he will come.

When car wheels are made of glass
And cows quit eating grass,
Then he will come.
When dogs no more will bark
And sing just like the lark
And Baboons play the harp,
The Pope will come.

When mules all cease to kick
And sheep the salt won't lick,
Then he will come.
When bull frogs cease to leap
And owls at night will sleep
And snails no longer creep,
Then he will come.

When donkeys cease to bray
And cat fish live on hay,
Then he will come.
When cash won't tempt a Jew
And cows no cud will chew
And wood-peckers heads turn blue,
The Pope will come.

When snakes upright will walk
And women cease to talk,
Then he will come.
When the Negroes all turn white
And the sun will give no light,
When bull dogs will not fight,
Then he will come.

When all men cease to think
And polecats do not stink,
The Pope will come.
When we no more mine lead
And Protestants all are dead
And the seas with their blood are red,
The Pope will come.



*Helen Jackson, Author,
"Convent Cruelties, or My Life in a Convent"*