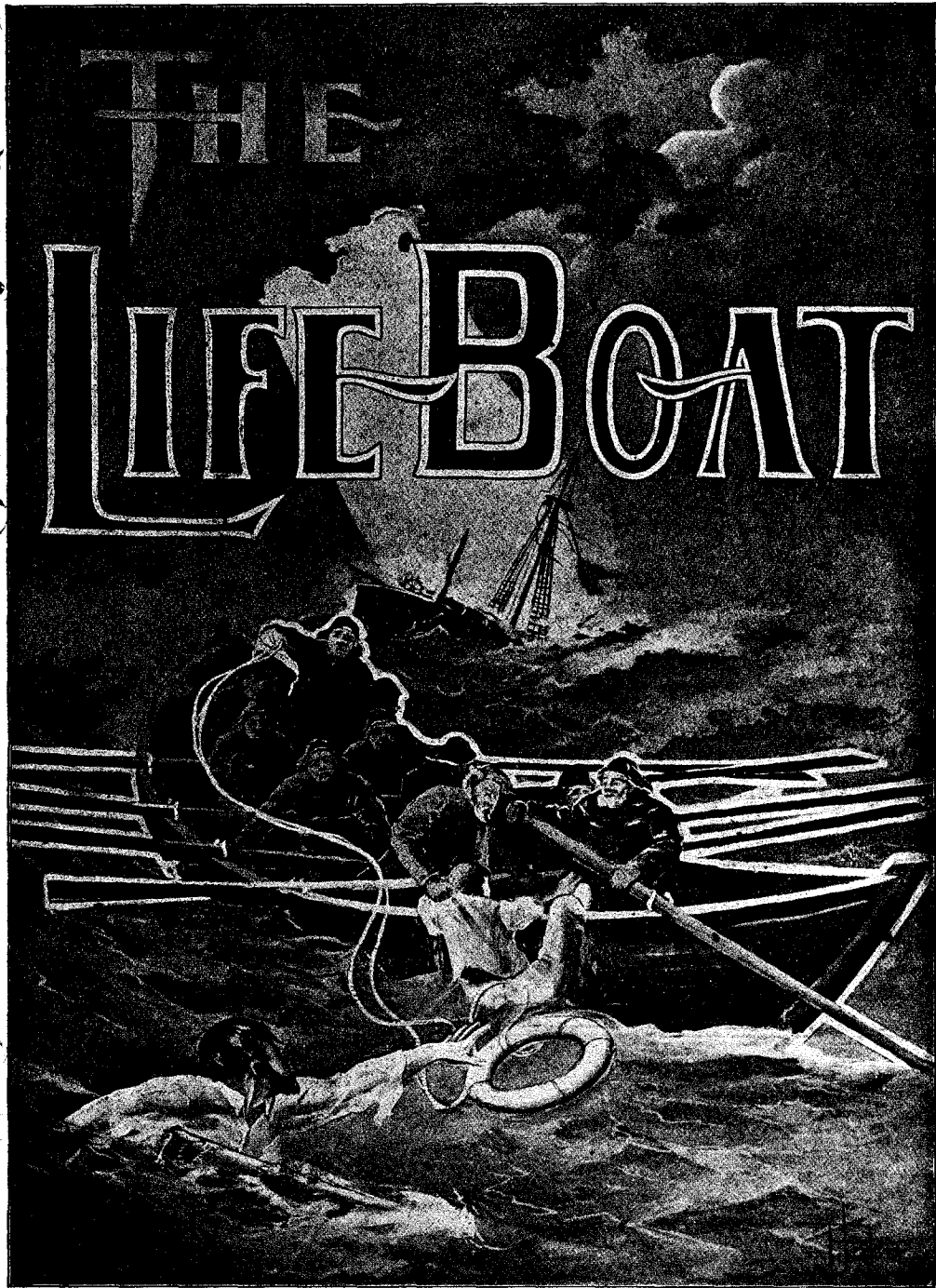


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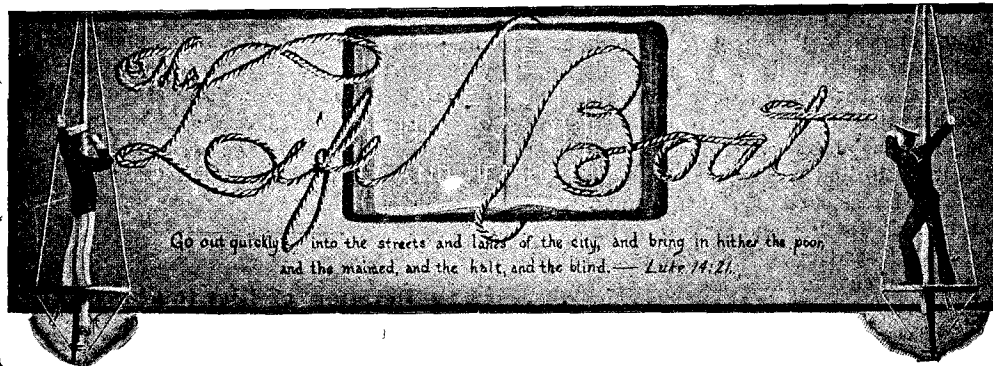
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Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Volume 4

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1901

Number 9

The Anti-Cigarette Movement.

LUCY PAGE GASTON.

(Founder & Supt. of Chicago Anti-Cigarette League.)

"IS this where the lady is who helps boys to stop smoking?" asked a boy caller of nearly two years ago at the Anti-Cigarette League headquarters in the Woman's Temple, Chicago. "Yes," I replied, "I am glad to help boys who smoke." We sat down, and he told me his story. He was an office boy in a building near by, and had heard about the Anti-Cigarette League and me, its Superintendent, through a boy in the employ of Marshall Field & Co., whom I had helped to give up cigarettes. My young caller, a boy of sixteen, who had been smoking for about two years, told me with a look of apprehension that he was about to lose his "job" if he did not give up cigarette smoking, and he said that he had tried and tried, and could not do it. He said, "I can't remember anything any more; I can't even remember where I put my hat if I lay it down, and forget to do things I am told, in the office." This boy proved to be a typical case of cigarettism, and his experience has been that of thousands of others, many of whom I have known personally in the four years in which I have been working among the boys of Chicago. I saw this boy was desperately in earnest and seemed to be sincerely desirous of breaking the chains that bound him. He was a Sunday-school boy, but like thousands of others, was in a Sunday-school where, evidently, but little attention is being given to the cigarette and other evils which are breaking down the moral characters

of the boys much faster than the religious teaching is building them up. I asked him if his Sunday-school teacher knew that he smoked, and he said, "Yes, he asked me once if I didn't smoke cigarettes, and I told him that I did." I asked the boy what his Sunday-school teacher said or did about it, and he told me that he said "It is a bad habit, you should not do it," but never referred to the matter again in the class or elsewhere.

I took the boy into my private office, and talked earnestly with him seeking to arouse the heroic in his nature, and we knelt together and prayed for God's help in the great struggle against appetite. He went out with a new light in his eye and erect head and a very determined look upon his face, which was in a great contrast to his downcast look and shrinking attitude when he came in. I gave him some lemons for lemonade when the appetite should come upon him, and asked him to come in and see me every day, which he did. Victory was in his face for several succeeding days. On Monday morning he came in very jubilant, saying, "Yesterday was my hardest day, but I did not smoke: I kept saying 'I will conquer; I will conquer; I won't smoke!'" On Tuesday and Wednesday victory was his. On Thursday morning when he came in I was busy, but I saw the enemy had triumphed. As soon as I could get to him I took the poor boy's hand in mine, and I said, "Oh, Frank, how did it happen?" and he told me the story of his defeat. He said, "I lost my mind yesterday; I could not think of anything but cigarettes, and I went out and smoked thirty-five before I stopped." The shame and

remorse shown by the boy were pitiful indeed. From that time on his efforts to abstain from cigarettes were a series of defeats, although everything that could be done was done to help him. He was placed under medical treatment without avail, and was treated by a cigarette specialist, but smoked on, and it seemed there was no help for him and for such as he. One day, when I was leaving the office, to be gone a couple of weeks, he asked me if I was to speak to any boys while I was gone, and if so, asked me if I would not warn them never to begin. He said, "Tell them they will have to suffer for every bad thing they ever do." This he knew by awful experience, for he was a victim not only of cigarettes, but of other vile habits, as we found out in studying his case. The cigarette leads in most cases to personal impurity

The cold, clammy condition of Frank's hand when I would shake hands with him always made me think of the death sweat. One day I stepped to the lavatory and washed my hands which the boy noticed, and he asked me why I washed my hands, and I told him that the poison of the nicotine he smoked was unpleasant, and I wanted to get it off of my hands, and he said, "Well, I thought so." He was exceedingly sensitive about his condition. I went to see his employer, who told me that he was the best office boy he had ever had in his office until he became stupid through cigarette smoking. He bore with him long, but finally had to let him go, and the boy became in the chronic "out of work", condition in which so many cigarette smoking boys are finding themselves these days. It has been some time since I have seen Frank, as we had to give him up as a hopeless case.

While there are many cigarette fiends who seem to be past redemption, at least from a human standpoint, I am glad to be able to say that there are thousands of young Americans who once tampered with the cigarette, but who now look upon the "deadly" with fear and disgust. The Anti-Cigarette League is helping rapidly to turn the tide against cigarette smoking. We appeal to the manliness, the good sense, the patriotism of young Americans to take a stand against this filthy and debasing habit, and splendid results are seen. The Anti-Cigarette movement is rapidly spreading over the nation, and should be pushed in every community. While the work of rescuing smokers is a great and needed one, the most import-

ant work is that of prevention, and here our work is telling most effectually. Our little paper, *The Boy*, which we give at the low price of ten cents a year in clubs of thirty and more, is having great influence upon thousands of boys. Sample copies sent on request.

☛The Relation of Diet to Character.*

☛ PROF. W. W. PRESCOTT.

THERE is a very close connection between the kind of food that we put into our stomachs and the kind of religious experience that we have. Weakness of the body caused by improper ways of living generally leads to weakness of the mind and also to weakness in the Christian experience.

It is often said that "Experience is a good school master," and "Fools will not learn any other way;" but Christian workers ought to be able to learn something from the experience of other people. I used to live down in the cellar on the diet question, as it were, and I suffered intensely, as a result. Frequently, I was almost afraid to eat a morsel of food because I had to pay such a price for it; but I thought because I was refraining from eating some objectionable articles of food that I was living out health reform. But now I have learned a better way, and consequently, I can testify to a different kind of experience. I used to eat pasty mush and soft bread and I drank quite freely at meal time. It seemed to me that when I took dry food into my mouth, it would almost choke me unless I could get hold of a glass of water immediately; but nevertheless, when I had learned a better way of eating I began at once on the plan of eating dry foods. For the first two weeks, when I would take a morsel of dry food into my mouth, my hand would go out instinctively for the glass of water I had been accustomed to have by my plate, but I had taken care that it should not be there, and so, by and by, I became used to masticating my food thoroughly and then I did not need the water. God has already made the necessary provision to supply all the moisture that is needed for the food. All we need to do is to work the jaws sufficiently, just as you work a pump handle, and the moisture comes; and there is this advantage, that this moisture will

*Extract from an address delivered at Des Moines, Iowa

digest the food while water will not. When it comes in contact with the well cooked food, the starch therein is changed almost immediately into natural sweet. In other words, it is digested, and this is important as there is no digestive juice in the stomach that will transform starch into sugar.

A dish of ordinary mush with milk, spooned down in the usual manner, finds in the stomach just the temperature to encourage fermentation. This process of fermentation can be helped a little by adding some sugar. If you have feeble digestive powers, you can start a distillery right in your own stomach. You do not need to go to town and buy all the necessary equipments for a distillery for you can drink it down. There are many good people who are doing just this thing who would be shocked at the idea of drinking anything that would be injurious.

"Eat for strength and not for drunkenness." Make a resolve that you will quit this improper way of eating at once. It means much to us. I know this personally because I have been through some of this experience. The cure of a large share of our ills lies right in our own hands.

God has given us food to sustain life, to give us clear minds and strong muscles. Dry food, particularly, stimulates the secretion of the moisture that God has provided which has the power to change the starch into sugar. Food, when eaten in this way, will give up to us all the life that it contains; but pasty, kettle-cooked mush, eaten with sugar and milk, instead of giving life to us is often likely to be a taxation upon our vital powers to properly care for it. How much better it is to take our ordinary quantity of grain preparations in the form of granola, zwieback or toasted bread, baked mush, etc. Since I have learned how to get the life and strength more satisfactorily out of food, I have found that two meals a day readily satisfies me; but we are not likely, when eating the ordinary soft food in the way that I have described, to be satisfied with two meals a day, because it does not yield up enough of its nutriment to the system. Why not take your food in such a way that it will renew your life instead of eating it in such a way that it will be a drag on your life?

At the beginning of every meal, eat some of these dry foods and masticate them thoroughly and do not drink anything with them. Let this

constitute the first part of the meal. Eat the foods that are more moist at the close of the meal because the saliva has then already been swallowed in abundance with the food, but do not put extra liquids into the stomach during meal time.

If there ever was a time when there were needed clear brains to perceive the spiritual truths that God will reveal, it is in this time. There is to be revealing of divine truth in the Scriptures, and we must see a great deal more in the Bible than merely the printed page. God wants to "cleanse the blood" of the people so that they may see these truths, that when they come into a meeting and sit down before God, their minds will not be clouded and their eyes sleepy and drowsy. He wants them to have clear brains that they may grasp his truths, clear perceptions that they may be able to perceive and appreciate divine truth.

—:0:—

Are you Praying the Publican's or the Pharisee's Prayer?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

MANY a poor sin-sick soul begins his Christian experience with the prayer "God be merciful to me a sinner," but almost as soon as it is answered, such a feeling of self-satisfaction takes possession of him that he virtually begins to pray the prayer of the Pharisee, "I thank thee Lord that I am not as other men." Although he may not say it in so many words, yet by his freely expressed criticism of his fellow sinners he is really saying "I am better than they," and if that is true, he certainly ought to thank God for it.

The secret of daily success in the Christian life lies in carrying out Paul's instructions "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him. (Col. 2:6.) We received Christ by praying the publican's prayer; let us continue to pray it, for he "went down to his house justified." (Luke 18:14.)

Paul was praying this prayer just a year before he completed his magnificent missionary career. (1 Tim. 1:15.) Daniel prayed the same prayer near the very close of a life overflowing with remarkable Christian experiences. (Dan. 9:5.)

Are you willing this day, earnestly and in brokenness of spirit to pray "God, be merciful to me a sinner?" (Luke 18:13.)

Hints on Personal Work

No. 4.

W. S. SADLER.

Is it not possible that there is such a thing as false conversion in which people get feeling and sentiment, but not faith and repentance? We should give people great and grand principles, and then put spikes in their shoes, so to speak, so that they will not fall in slippery places. The sinner must come to Christ just as he is. If a man could help himself any before he come, he could continue to help himself, and finally save himself. Then it is well to apply John 6:37 vigorously. Ask him if anything is said in the verse about how to come; if he cannot come just as he is? Tell him it is impossible for him to come in any other way. The only way he will ever get there is by coming just as he is. Explain that the notion that he can or must make himself better before coming is only a trick of the devil. God is no respecter of persons, to say nothing about clothes. (Acts 10-34.)

Now the man will perhaps begin to think: "Can I really come just as I am?" Say, "Yes; for it does not say how you are to come, or when, or how you must be dressed. There is only one condition stated, and that is that you *come*. Then what is the only thing that can happen? You will surely be taken in."

Then there are a few verses which can be grouped around John 6:37. Take that verse as the hub, and consider that these other verses are the spokes. You can now begin to appeal to the man a little more. Christ stood there before the people and said: "If there is any hungry and thirsty man here let him come to me and drink."

You might say to him: "If I lived at a farmhouse and you came along and asked me for a drink of water, and I said 'Yes, there is the well; help yourself;' do you suppose you would have to black your boots and brush your clothes before drinking?" Neither does God expect a man to morally clean himself up, as it were, before coming. God himself has made this poor man hungry and thirsty, and He will satisfy his soul if only he will come. When a man comes to Christ he travels over road which his fare has already been paid. God's goodness and mercy are not made by man's repentance.

Physical Righteousness.

J. M. KEICHLINE, JR.

WHEN I was born again, the desire for alcohol and other evils was taken away; and at the same time, though I did not know why, never having heard about health reform, the desire for flesh foods, pastries, condiments, etc., left me.

Since I have studied anatomy and physiology in my preparation for medical missionary work, and understand that my body is a temple of God, that I am a sacrifice to be presented holy, acceptable unto him, I know the reason. And now, the men who are brought to Jesus through my efforts receive as much attention physically as morally. The gospel of Christ makes provision for physical righteousness as well as for moral salvation.

:o:

The Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School.

LYDIA E. KYNETT, M. D.

THE medical missionary work in Chicago has far outstretched the point in its existence when it can be said to be in its infantile stage. It has long since assumed proportions as to have cast its influence far out, radiating in every direction to distant parts of this immense city. The Medical Missionary Training-School for nurses is one of the chief branches developed in this line of work. Those entering this class no longer wait an indefinite period of time for practical opportunities. So many calls are made for nurses that those just beginning the work often have the privilege of getting their first instructions in practical demonstrations of hygienic principles in a way that is much appreciated in the homes of the poor and destitute. This work brings the true missionary into closer touch with the hearts of the people than almost any other line of work.

For our encouragement, we find in the experience of Hezekiah as recorded in 2 Chron. 32: 7, 8, that when the fenced cities were surrounded by the armies of the Assyrian enemy he called the people together and spoke words of comfort to them saying, "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but

with us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles. And the people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah, king of Judah." Truly, the Lord has given the pioneers of this work this very experience in surmounting difficulties. He has given the people confidence in the principles upheld by this school, for they "rest themselves" upon our words. Within the last week, it has been my privilege in several instances to meet individuals who have come to take treatment or to arrange to bring a friend or relative who was sick. One said, "I was sick and took treatment here some time ago. Your doctors and nurses were so good and kind to me, and I liked your principles of treatment so well that I

wanted my friend to come here too;" another, "I would rather bring my brother here because you are Christian people, and I know what you tell me is true; I can believe you;" and many other similar testimonies. We know that the Lord has set his hand to this work to bless humanity.

Are there not many more who would like to enter this noble work? Now is an excellent opportunity. The Training-School has just changed its headquarters, and any information desired may be obtained by addressing Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School, 2 and 4 Thirty-Third Place. All donations will be thankfully received and should be addressed as above.



Our New Headquarters.

THE accompanying cut gives a good view of our new headquarters on the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Thirty-Third place. This building has just been fitted up to meet our wants. The upper floor contains the operating rooms and the laboratory; the second floor con-

tains the ladies' wards and the maternity, while the first contains the gentlemen's wards and class rooms; and the basement contains a well equipped depository, treatment rooms and dining rooms. We now have a building that is properly equipped and arranged for our work.

Will You Not Secure at Least One New Subscriber for THE LIFE BOAT?

“Evil Communications Corrupt Good Manners.”

W. S. SADLER.

IN these days we hear and read much about the necessity of isolating contagious diseases, and otherwise seeking by precautions and quarantine, to prevent their spread in the community. While doctors and scientists have devoted much study and time to learning about the germs of disease, and telling us about their power for evil, and the necessity of avoiding unnecessary exposure of ourselves to their deadly influence; at the same time, very little thought has been given to the all-important question of surrounding the soul with a healthy atmosphere, and carrying on its activities as far removed as possible from the contaminating influences of temptation, vice, and crime.

How important that the young and growing mind should be surrounded with wholesome influences. How sad to see thousands of boys and girls surrounded by a morally malarious atmosphere, powerful enough for evil to demoralize even adults. How inconsistent to be so concerned about the quarantine of contagious disease and at the same time take no notice whatever of the moral maladies that plague society and threaten the spiritual life of young and old.

The Christian is to avoid even the “appearance of evil,” to say nothing of the evil itself. Rigorous requirements are enacted in our great cities concerning quarantine law, to prevent the spread of disease, and within his own heart every Christian should declare quarantine against the reception of error, association with sin, and the toleration of sinful practices. The children of the King are exhorted to come out from among these things and be separate from them. We are to be in the world but not of the world; even as the ship may safely be in the water but is doomed to sink if the water gets into the ship.

Ready.

H. W. ROSE.

WE are told that the Lord is “ready to forgive;” and the only question then that remains to be settled is, are we ready to be saved? Hezekiah said, “the Lord was ready to save me;” and so to-day he is just as ready

to save you, dear reader, whoever you may be. You do not have to get ready, but simply to be ready; that is to say, to be willing. You need a Saviour, and the Saviour stands ready to save you. Will you not take advantage of His readiness, and let the voice of God reach your heart? Certainly nobody ever felt the delights of being a Christian until he accepted the Saviour. Would you know for yourself what it is to be delivered from the snare of the evil one, and feel that you are in the hollow of His hand? My brother or sister, all you have to do is to say, “Yes Lord, I am ready; take me as I am.” When you pray this prayer with your whole heart, you can be sure that He will make no exception in your case, for he has said, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Jesus is ready now, this very moment, to take you unto himself, and all will be gladness if you will go. May the Lord count you among the number of the redeemed ones who will by and by inherit a mansion in the realms of the blest.

—————:O:—————

Some of the Causes of a “Breakdown.”

JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

EVERY day we surround ourselves with conditions which are anything but in harmony with the laws of nature, and yet we expect to be well and able to pursue our various vocations. The thinking observer will draw the conclusion that the great majority “live to eat” instead of eating to live. The “fullness of bread” spoken of in Ezekiel is certainly very applicable to the people of to-day. (Ez. 16:49.) We eat too much and too often, and our food, besides being excessive in quantity is often of low food value or so combined as to be almost useless.

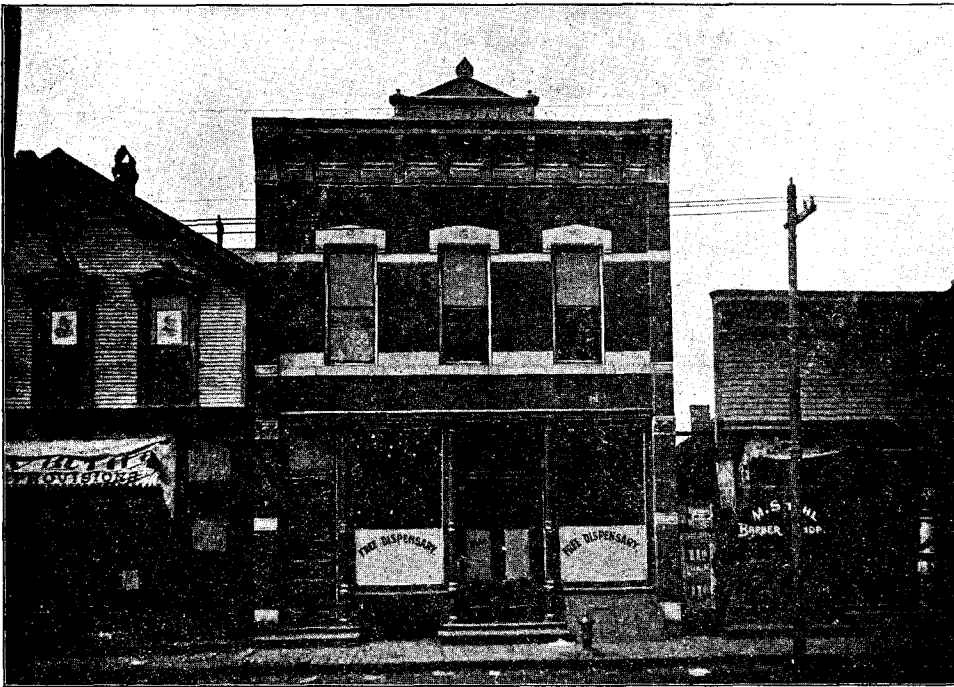
Over eating and high living are two important factors in race deterioration. Our energy is derived from the food we digest and assimilate and from the air we breathe. If we would put less into our stomachs, and more into our lungs by way of pure, highly oxygenated air, we should be better able to defy disease, by purifying the soil in which it germinates.

Our clothing is often so heavy as to interfere with the proper action of the skin, and so tight and ill-fitting as to interfere with free bodily movement. Instead of suspending the clothing from the shoulders, the poor hips are made to

carry heavy weights, and bands are fastened tightly about the waist, thus crowding organs out of their normal position, yet these poor organs are expected to do their work perfectly in this unnatural, hampered condition.

These conditions poorly fit us for work, but nevertheless we rush madly into business because ambition, pride or necessity (?) spurs us on. Soon we are overwhelmed with responsibilities far beyond our powers of endurance.

We get into the whirl of the busy world and are carried along with the current until we are exhausted. Here Nature calls a halt and those who are wise enough to learn the first lesson well, realize that they must live more nearly in accordance with Nature's laws and they set about to live more simply, realizing that they only get a mere living at best, and believing that the "willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land" even in this life.



The New Medical Missionary College Dispensary.

FOR some time we have felt that we ought to open a new center for our medical missionary operations in the densely populated district of South Halsted street. This has been accomplished by securing the building shown in the accompanying cut and thoroughly adapting it to our purpose. The rear of the building is used for well equipped treatment rooms, while the front is divided into physicians offices, nose and throat department, eye and ear and surgical department, waiting room, etc.

Mothers' meetings, physical culture work, and classes for boys will be conducted in the

evening. Two of our visiting nurses, four of our students, and two of our physicians have taken up their headquarters there.

All can readily see that this has required a considerable outlay of means. It cost the Lord something to save us: are we willing to pay out something to save others? Are there not many readers of THE LIFE BOAT who will donate five dollars or more to assist in this needy enterprise? Leading physicians in Chicago have assured us that this is one of the most medically neglected portions of Chicago. Even the smallest donations will be thankfully received.

✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

A Visit to the Life Boat Mission.

COL. H. H. HADLEY.

(Supt. St. Bartholomew's Mission, New York City.)

“AND so you visited the Life Boat Mission? How do you like it?” writes Rev. S. H. Hadley, Sup't. of the old Jerry McCauley Mission of New York; the first rescue mission ever started.

“Be sure and visit the Life Boat Mission while you are in Chicago, and tell us about it,” says Secretary Yates of the National Christian Abstainers Union, writing from the home office in New York.

“Oh”, says Lu, my Wellesly girl, “Yes, papa, tell me what sort of meetings they have in the ‘Chicago Life Boat’, I think they call it, I am quite interested.”

And so to my darling brother and the secretary and “Lovely Lu”, as well as my other friends, I will say just a few things of the two nights I visited this wonderful place.

“I had just come up from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where I had been treated and cared for, to open the headquarters in Chicago for the Inter-State Blue Button Army, and of course I dropped in to see the rescue work at the Mission. Its surroundings are totally in contrast with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, for the latter seems very near to heaven, while that of the Life Boat Mission suggests the ante-room of hell, and sometimes I almost had to pinch myself to know that I had not slipped into the wrong door.

While the telescope brings the heavens to us and the microscope unfolds a new world beneath and about us, it was left for the Battle Creek Sanitarium to introduce us to the mysterious wonders of our stomachs and to chase disease away with pure food and to drown it with water scientifically applied.

On the other hand while rum and tobacco bring disease, distress, dissipation, and mourning to the inhabitants of the saloon, and kindred sins creates in them the mind of the lunatic and heart of the fiend; it is the Life Boat Mission that has discovered in the terrible drunkard the trace of the Messiah; in the thief and out-cast

the likeness of Christ; under the face of the harlot the heart that Christ may turn into a “Mary” to wash his feet with her tears and wipe them with her hair. Yes, there is indeed a great difference between the two places and yet in a way they are similar,—the spirit of kindness pervading both.

The Life Boat Mission is a mixture of the old Jerry McCauley Water Street Mission, and St. Bartholomew's Mission of New York. The room is especially bright and cheery, but in the rear next to the door were some of the toughest characters I ever saw; however, in St. Bartholomew's Mission a thief once stole a lady's diamonds but his heart was so touched by the gospel appeal that he brought them back again.

I was delighted to see the way the converts and the unsaved mixed up. When the testimonies began, men arose all over the house and some of the sinners looked up in surprise when the man who had sat next to him arose and gave a rousing earnest testimony telling how Jesus had “saved him right here in this mission,” just so many weeks, months, and years ago, and how Jesus had kept him faithful and how Jesus had taken away his appetite for rum,—Glory be to Jesus!” Jesus received the credit for *everything*. I was agreeably surprised at this for I had heard that at this mission they did not magnify the name of Jesus very much.

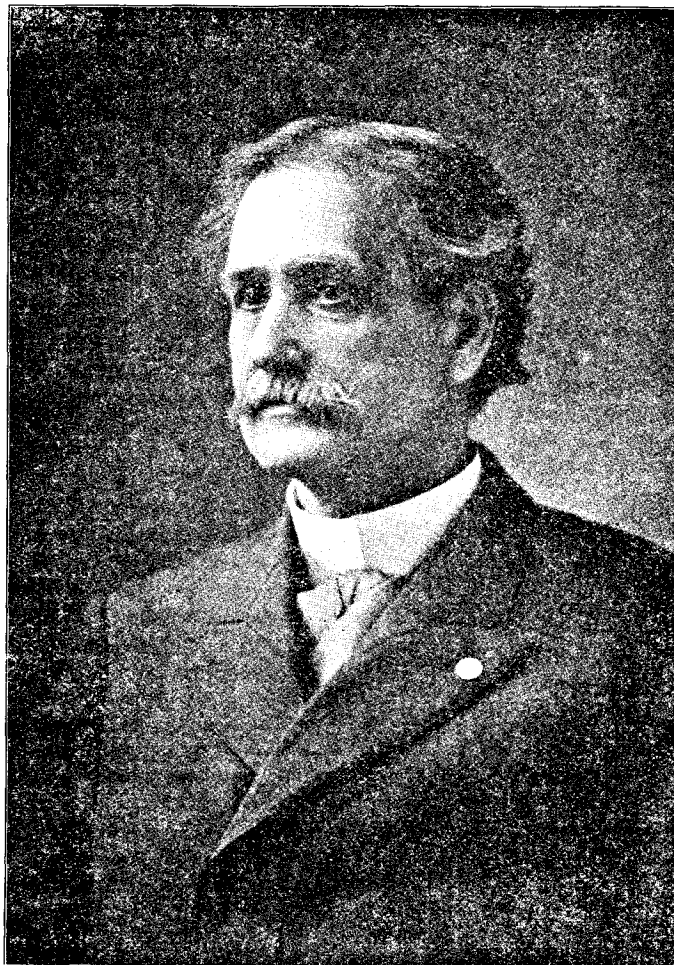
While creed or doctrine was not mentioned in my hearing during my stay of several months at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, yet I kept my ears open while I was in the mission and am glad indeed to believe that the critical brethren were very much mistaken.

I asked the superintendent of the mission, “Do you get many of the converts into your church?” “No” said he, “we train them until they are well grounded first.” “And then what church do they go to?” said I. “Well, we try to get them into the church where they will be the most likely not to backslide.” “Does the Adventist church get the most of them?” I asked. “No, indeed, we get very few of them. They are more than welcome, yet nearly all go where they will be contented and true.” “You plant them

in the soil where they grow the best then?" I ventured, "Yes, indeed," replied the superintendent, "that is the truth."

During the testimony meeting twenty-four men told touching stories of their lives and conversion. Many beautiful songs were sung

staggered forward from the rear of the room and shook hands with me and said, "Why don't you pray for me?" I stepped down from the platform and knelt with him in prayer. Then a drunkard down toward the door said that he did not believe that there was any "Jesus," for



COLONEL H. H. HADLEY

with rare vigor and good effect. Then I told the story of my own wandering away from Christ, and the circumstances that brought me back to Jesus and the glorious joy of my conversion and life with him since my return to the fold. While I was speaking, a drunkard

he had prayed to have the appetite taken away and wanted to drink "this minute." Several converts told him he must make up his mind to stop and turn to Christ and then he would find him all sufficient.

The meeting was intensely interesting and I was surprised to see so many bright well dressed young men among the converts and workers. Several ladies added much to the interest by their presence and songs. When the service closed and I left the door an old bum friend, who used to come to St. Bartholomew's Mission in New York followed me out. He was dressed in rather shabby clothes and his tongue was thick. He said he had sung so loud his throat was sore, but he had a regular fourth ward breath with him, which accounted for his troubles. He was overjoyed to see me and tried to have a talk, but I excused myself and walked off with a minister who was anxious to speak to me 'seriously.' So he stopped a little way from the door and said, "Colonel, that was a good meeting, but we should have a care to not mix up with these people, because we will become responsible for their doctrines if we do, and I tell you that they are not at all straight on Galatians." "Well, I told him, I did not quite understand him as I was only an Episcopalian anyhow, and it seemed to me that the big thing was to get the people saved, and I had rather a man would keep one day in the week *holy* than to get drunk every day and if the drunkard got to be as good as these workers here, he would be greatly improved. Just then my old bum came up and plucked the preacher by the sleeve and asked him for the price of a lodging. The preacher impatiently turned his back on him and said earnestly to me "yes, Hadley, but I tell you they are all tangled up on Galatians." "What do I keer for G'Lasmuns, what I want's a night's lodging, are you a Christian?" said the old tramp. That ended the talk and for old acquaintance' sake I gave the old man a dime.

The first night I was at the Mission Rev. Wm. Evans, who twelve years ago was converted at St. Bartholomew's Mission, sang a lovely song, and related his touching experience.

That night I went to the Chicago Branch of the Battle Creek Sanitarium to stay for the night. The next morning I awoke early and was thinking of the meeting of the previous night wondering if Christ would really save my old bum friend and what he could do with him if he did save him. Then at seven another bell rung and soon I heard singing. All the nurses and helpers had gathered with their superintendent for family prayers. I could hear the words distinctly:

"Like a mighty army moves the church of God
Brothers, we are treading where the saints
have trod

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

Then I could hear the doctor reading the scripture lesson and then he prayed but I could not catch the words. The closing hymn was sung out clearly:

"There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,

No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our souls' diseases,

No, not one! no, not one!

Jesus knows all about our struggles,

He will guide till the day is done;

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,

No, not one! No, not one!"

The song did me good and made me feel better and I wished I was as good and unselfish as those who sang it.

The next night that I visited the Mission was after a hard day's work at the Sanitarium. I mean hard for the workers, owing to new patients and late work. The morning after I was awakened by the first bell when the singing began I was not surprised when these appropriate words were sung:

"I must tell Jesus of all my trials;

I cannot bear these burdens alone."

Then I heard the following words as if in tears:

"O, how the world to evil allures me

O, how my heart is tempted to sin,

I must tell Jesus and he will help me

Over the world the vict'ry to win."

But after the scripture had been read and Dr. Paulson's voice in prayer had ceased, the following song came up to my room full of cheer and victory:

"Oh this blessed whosoever, calling every one
who will,

To the sparkling, living waters, flowing fully
freely still;

No, I know not why he loves me but his blood
is all my plea,

I can trust his 'whosoever' for it just suits me."

"Praise the Lord!" I said aloud to myself.

"Those people may be tangled up on Galatians,

but they are mighty straight on Jesus," and I

concluded more than ever to live out Phil. 4:8,

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true,

whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things

are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever

things are lovely, whatsoever things are of

good report: if there be any virtue, and if there

be any praise, think on these things."

One of Many.

E. B. VAN DORN.

IN a little village not far from here is a father and a dear old mother into whose lives, until a few months ago, had come nothing to mar their happiness save the ordinary cares and perplexities that come to the average home of the world. On this particular occasion, one of the sons, a young man, procured of the father money with which to purchase a pair of shoes. He went to the merchant and bought the shoes, promising to pay for them next Saturday night; and the money obtained from the father, he spent with some friends. The week rolled around, but as he did not get his wages for the week, he said nothing to the merchant about the debt. His father entered the store one evening to purchase a pair of shoes for some other member of the family and the merchant demanded a settlement, threatening to take the case to court. The result was that the father and son quarreled and the boy left the old home under cover of night. He landed in St. Louis with brilliant plans for the future, but reverses came and he roved from place to place, till at last, he came to Chicago. Here he had a chance to think of the course he was pursuing. The friends of prosperous days had deserted him. His money was gone and his clothes were not much better than the fig leaves our first parents wore. He felt that he was a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth. He was driven from one place to another, sleeping in the different police stations on the cold hard cement floor with nothing but a newspaper to soften his bed. Homeless and friendless, the mission door extended to him its welcome. He heard the gospel, believed it, was convicted of sin, confessed his condition to God, and was forgiven and received the assurance that he was a child of the King.

This experience put a new inspiration into his life. He sought a place to work and God gave it to him; for they that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find. The amount paid him was small at first, but he was contented with what the Lord had given him, and tried to do faithfully what his hands found to do, and his wages have been steadily increased to the present time. Instead of an idle, listless life, this young man is now living a life of activity and usefulness. Where once was a life void of hope and ambition, there is now a desire

to be all that improved opportunities can make of him. The members of the home circle are reconciled and there is joy where once was sorrow, because of the son who "was dead and is alive again."

Life has not been all smooth, yet He that hath begun the good work is able to finish it unto the end. Jesus says, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John 10:28).

Dear reader, you may not have had the experience of this man, but in God's sight you have sinned. Nothing but the blood of Jesus can atone for sin. Christ's mission to the earth was to save sinners. He says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Mark 2:17). If you have been drinking at the broken cisterns of this world's pleasures, and are longing to quench your soul thirst at the Living Fountain, this message is to you, "The spirit and the bride say, come." And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And *whosoever will*, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. 22:17).

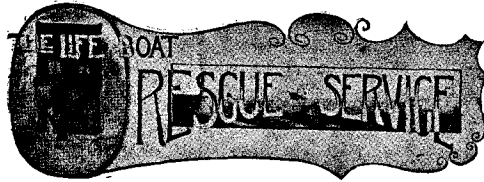
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Heard at the Mission.

LAST winter, as I was coming up State street, thinking of the dens of vice and iniquity, I came to the Mission. Words cannot express how glad I was to find it. I felt at home, and I cannot tell you how much good it has done me to know that there is one place where the gospel is held up so that men may look to Jesus and be saved. It is, indeed, a haven of rest, a beacon of light to this dark world. When I reached home, I told my wife about the meeting being a feast of good things. I live twenty-five miles from here. I became so hungry for another feast that I came here to-night. My soul has been blessed. Praise God for his wonderful love!

"It was seven months ago that I came in here and gave my heart to Jesus. To-night, I may be a stranger to most of you, though I see a few faces that are familiar, but I am not a stranger to Jesus. He has kept me since I left here and I praise him for it. It is good to serve God."

:o:



Encouraging Results from Rescue Work.

FANNIE EMMEL

(Matron of the Life Boat Rest for Girls.)

THE Life Boat Rest has never before given such satisfactory results for the efforts put forth as at present. After having been away for several weeks, I was able to see the encouraging side of the work more clearly. The Lord has, indeed, done great things for us during the twenty-one months we have been living in this locality.

Upon my return, I had the privilege of calling on one of our dear girls who, when we met her a little over a year ago, alone in this wicked city with no acquaintances except her companions in sin, was sick in body, sick of herself, and sick of even life itself. She was willing to leave the path in which she walked but a short time, and of her own free will stepped out and began to labor with her hands for her daily bread in order that she might earn it honorably. Now she is a true and faithful wife in a cozy little home, happy in her new life. Do you not think, dear friends, that our hearts are made glad to see the change God has wrought in this life?

A man and his wife recently came to spend the evening with us. The wife, only fourteen months before, was found dying in Cook County Hospital, suffering from the effects of the drink habit; a poor, worn little body, without very much that was bright before her in this life, but with a desire to live as a woman ought if she did live, and a will behind it to let the Lord help her. She was brought to us by one of our mission workers at the Life Boat Rest, Sister Lillian Snyder (now Mrs. Connerly). Since that time, she has proved what the Lord can do for poor, needy souls who go to him for help. Just eleven months ago, a little company was gathered in our cozy reception room to witness the marriage ceremony of this girl to the man of her choice. After a pleasant little time

among ourselves, they started out to live a new life together. They are still happy in their home, satisfied with the choice they have made.

As I look around in our home and see how happy our family is, and how willing to help in any way possible: when I think how earnestly and devotedly the workers have stood by the work, and how gratifying the results are, my heart is filled anew with gratitude to God who is so richly blessing our efforts. He has promised that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and as I resume my work, it is with cheer and courage.

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Dietetic Observations in Rescue Work.

MARY F. SMITH.

SOMETIMES wish I had an opportunity to tell mothers all over the world what an influence impure foods have upon the morals of their children. A diet that fires the blood and irritates the stomach makes the child nervous and uncontrollable, and then Satan seizes the opportunity while the body is weak to start the child on the downward road. Can these mothers meet their children in the Judgment, and say that they did their best when they have placed injurious foods before their children while they were yet too young to properly choose for themselves?

We have observed in our home for rescued women that it is easier for them to do what is right if they do not eat flesh foods or any irritating and stimulating diet. One of the girls recently mentioned that since living with us her mind was more clear and pure and her nerves more calm now that she has discarded meat, coffee and spices.

If a pure diet will assist fallen men and women to live a better life, how important it is that those who are standing firm should adopt such a diet as will help them to avoid the sorrows that so many have had, simply because they heard of the better way *too late*.

It is with sorrow that I relate the failure of one rescued girl because she would not control her appetite. Two years ago when we found her she was a drunkard and a cigarette fiend, and had no joy in this world and no hope for the next. She was told of the One who could save her, and was instructed in the better way and given a chance to do right

She gladly accepted. She yielded readily to treatment and soon became a happy and cheerful woman. But she could not be made to see the importance of adhering to a non-stimulating dietary. She soon began to eat meat and then to drink coffee, and it was not long until she "needed" cigarettes and beer, and in a short time, she naturally lapsed back into the old life again. Last spring her calloused conscience again awakened and she came to us and began all over. The Lord blessed her efforts and she obtained a splendid victory. However Satan came again and this time made her believe that she needed coffee for a headache. She in some way procured some, and it was not long until she went through the same sad experience again. Do you know when this taste was cultivated and when she learned to crave these stimulating foods? It was at her home, at a good Christian mother's table. Mothers, begin to-day to give your children pure food and thereby co-operate with Christ who is anxious to give them a pure body and a pure mind.

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An Appreciative Letter.

(From one of the girls at the Life Boat Rest.)

DEAR FRIENDS:—I feel it is my duty to put a word in THE LIFE BOAT for my Master. The Lord has been so good and kind; he has taken me out of a life of destruction, and has led me to himself, who is the "Light of the world." It was through His power and love that I am at the Life Boat Rest to-day. I am happy to know that there is such a place for friendless women; that they can come here to this happy Christian home and have some one to cheer them up and love them. The workers here are very kind to us. We have our morning worship each day, and it helps us to realize the things we should do to serve our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord answers my prayers that I may keep in the path that I now walk. O, if all would serve the Master how much happier they would be. I think we are somewhat like the flowers. Do you know the reason? The flowers God gives us cannot grow to be beautiful without the sunshine; in fact they would die, and it is just so with us. We must all try to keep the bright sunshine in our hearts.

How We Discovered a Missionary.

FANNIE EMMEL.

WE met at the police station a short time ago a young lady of about eighteen, who had been brought there through the efforts of her sister. In some way, she had gotten away from home and had fallen into a wrong life, and her people had no clew to her whereabouts. They had been searching for her for some time, when one day a friend of the family happened to see her go from one saloon into another and at once reported it to her sister. An officer was sent for her and she was brought to the police station and was there awaiting trial when we met her. We talked with her and she resolved to live a better life. Since then she has been developing a good Christian character and is heroically living up to what she knows to be right. Concluding that to be a Christian meant to be active, and learning that her sister was sick, she resolved to begin missionary work at home and at the same time repay her sister for her kindness by caring for her in this time of need. We received a very cheerful letter from her telling all about herself, and we are sure she is sincerely converted. She insisted upon our calling and visiting her sister and herself. We did so, and now our workers are giving Bible readings to her sister and one of our physicians is employed to care for her. She is getting along very nicely.

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Who Will Do Likewise?

COUNCIL GROVE, Ia., Sept. 7, 1901.

DEAR LIFE BOAT:—I just finished reading some of those stirring reports of the good work in Chicago, and I am reminded of my promise to the Life Boat Rest for the girls, and I send you one dollar (1.00) as I do not think I sent any last month. I could not do without THE LIFE BOAT. It is a very encouraging little paper, and I always give them out to others. I am going to get some orders for it when winter comes. I am so busy now that I cannot get out. I often remember you all before the Throne of Grace that God may bless you and guide you all to his honor and glory.

JULIA A. BOOSE.

"I wish you would come and see me."

MINNIE THORNTON.

ONE evening we went out to spend the early part of the night talking to the girls on the street and distributing Life Boat leaflets.

As my sister worker was speaking to one girl my attention was especially directed to another whose face revealed the fact that her life was a very sad one. Handing her the leaflet "Some one cares for your soul," I said, "This is for you. The Lord sent it to you." She first looked at me wonderingly, then she looked down at the leaflet and read a few lines. I talked a little to her about Jesus' love and care for us, his willingness to forgive and to help in time of need, and invited her to come to us if she ever wanted help. Leaving her I went to others. Three times that evening we met this girl, she each time greeting us. Finally we felt impressed to speak with her further and silently we asked the Lord for guidance. Soon she came again to the corner where we had first seen her and we had a long talk. In telling us her sad story, she remarked that she never expected to see another happy day. We told her that we are all sinners and the Lord loves us all alike for he is no respecter of persons.

"I wish you could come and see me. Can't you?" she said.

We gladly promised to do so, and at the stated time we found ourselves groping our way through an unlighted and cluttered up hallway over a saloon. From one side came the sound of men and women swearing. We clung together making our way to the rear not knowing what we might meet. Finally coming to a side hall where a hard-faced man was lighting a lamp, we asked him if he would kindly direct us to room 26.

He answered in a harsh voice, "What do you want?"

"We just want to see Fannie a few minutes," we replied.

"Go on back further," was the direction.

We did so and finally came to room number 26. We rapped and a voice said, "Who's there?" When we told her who it was she said "O all right. Come in. I've been thinking about you ever since I saw you, and I have read that paper you gave me over and over."

We had a good long talk and after a time a man came in to whom the girl introduced us as missionaries. He was anything but pleasant at first. We tried to be as agreeable and

friendly as possible and he soon appeared less hostile, finally asking us how we happened to come into such a place as that, and inquiring about our work. He said he knew of no society that worked with all classes as we did. "Why," he said, "Do you know where you are? You are among a set of thieves and murderers." We replied that we were working for the Lord and wherever he called us we went, and he had promised to be with us always.

We tried to show them their need of a Saviour, and asked the privilege of reading the Bible and having prayer before we went. Both the man and woman consented to this. We read from Is. 53, making a few comments, and offered prayer in their behalf. They were affected and seemed to realize their lost condition. We left a Testament which they promised to read. The Lord alone knows what may be the result of this night's work.

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The Sad Ending of a Sad Career.

MARY F. SMITH.

YESTERDAY while visiting the consumptive ward at the County Hospital at Dunning and talking with a poor girl whose days on earth are very few, she told me the sad story of her life; how once she was a happy daughter and sister in a pleasant country home; how she resented the just restraint of her parents and ran away from home five years ago and came to Chicago; and oh, the awful life of sin, sorrow and pain! The home folks never heard of her as she had changed even her name. Once she tried to do right in her own strength without the help of God, but soon fell back lower than before. When the poor girl's health was spent then she was locked in a room and fed on bread and water for a month. One day by mistake the door was left unlocked and she succeeded in escaping. As I was passing the house in which she had taken refuge, they called me in, but when I saw how serious was her condition, I could only send her to the hospital for consumptives and promise I would do all I could to make her life pleasant the last few days she had to live. Oh how sad it makes me feel to have to write such news to the poor old father and mother weeping at home over the ruined life of their darling! May God, in his love and mercy, save many who read this from a similar life of sorrow and shame.

Are You a Fruit-bearing Branch?

W. S. SADLER.

CHRIST is an interpreter between God and man, to interpret a sinless God to sinful man, so that the sinner can understand the love and mercy of an infinite God; to interpret sinful man to a sinless God so that God can understand the sinner. He is there to enable us to reach the Father and understand him, and to enable the Father to understand us. So He is our only representative in heaven, and we are his only representatives here on earth. He is there to represent us before the Father, and we are here to represent him before men. And just as our salvation would be imperiled if He failed to represent us before the Father, so his glory and honor, and the progress of the gospel is retarded if we fail to represent him aright before men. What a responsibility rests upon us! We are, as it were, standing in Christ's stead in this world. He has no representatives but us. In the beautiful parable about the vine and the branches, He says that if the branches bring not forth fruit, etc., they are broken off. It is only the branches that can bear fruit. Who are the branches? Christ is the vine. The only way Christ can bear fruit in this world is by way of its branches, and we are the branches. Then how important that we should be fruit-bearing branches. All the plan will be retarded if we get out of tune with God. Just as the Father only sees us as we are in Christ so the world will only learn of Christ through us.

When we are ready to meet our God in peace, we will be at peace with him all day long, and then we will have verified in our experience, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you;" and when it is given to us, there is nothing above or beneath that can take it from us. It is ours *now*; then let us take it. The only thing that can mar it is when we take the step that puts us out of touch and unison with God. Let us lay ourselves on the altar of service, and then let us keep ourselves there, and our daily life experience will be refreshing, strengthening, invigorating, and inspiring to all we come in contact with, and in spite of all our peculiarities, weaknesses, and shortcomings, heaven will bless our efforts and use us as channels of light and truth to enlighten the darkened minds of men and women; that is the greatest and most exalted position any being in this universe can ever occupy. Angels

would be glad to be messengers of light to this world but they have been assigned as ministering spirits unto us who are to carry this blessed gospel, this message of truth and salvation, to a dying world. May the Lord make us all faithful standard-bearers.

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The Word "Mother" Touched His Heart.

R. E. BURKE.

ONE evening, while services were being held in the chapel of the Workingmen's Home, I noticed a man who seemed to be much affected, and soon the tears started from his eyes. I saw that the Spirit of God was at work—that some word had touched the man's heart. I thought of what had been said, and as a flash it came to me that it was the word *mother* which had so affected him. The speaker had referred to the power which a good mother wields in her home and that the home was the first institution that God had set up when he created the world. Adam and Eve were placed in the beautiful garden, but sin entered and broke up this home, and Satan has been at the work of breaking up homes ever since. Perhaps this man whose heart was touched at the name of "mother," had once had a happy home into whose peace and joy Satan had brought disobedience and sorrow. Thank God that he so loved this world that he gave his Son to die for us. Our Saviour left his home in heaven, and bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we might have a home where there is no more sorrow, where every heart will be filled with love to God and man.

The meeting closed by calling for men to volunteer to help in the battle against sin. With several others, this man raised his hand. We had a season of prayer together, and he prayed most earnestly for the Lord to remove his sin, and the Lord answered according to his Word.

Some one may ask, "Did he hold out?" He did, and, to-day this man has on the "whole armor of God," and is fighting for the Right. He got something that night that no man can take away; and as long as he keeps his eyes on Jesus, he will be sure of a home beyond the reach of sin, where all is joy and peace. I expect to see him there.



PRISONERS DEPARTMENT

What Can Be Done With the Fragments of Humanity.*

BY H. L. HENDERSON,
(Chaplain of Indiana State Prison.)

WHEN the Saviour uttered those significant words, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost", the people were astonished and said, "Surely, this is the prophet that was to come." I believe these people were astonished, not only because of the feeding of the multitude, but also because that this man who could draw upon the store house of heaven should be concerned about the fragments that were left, and they said, "Surely this man is a prophet from God."

It is certainly important to save the fragments. This is true in a material sense. In nature we find the law of economy. When you see the fruit of wild natural orchards, covering the ground, you feel that it is a great pity that there should be so much waste; yet this same fruit, when it decomposes, goes down into Mother Earth again, it fertilizes the soil and becomes a crop of fruit again the following year. Out of the death and decay comes an abundance of beautiful fruit. Nature is again performing the marvelous miracle of saving the "fragments." Nature takes care of its details. Man himself has realized this principle, and has applied it in his mechanical and industrial operations. Mr. Armour's marvelous fortune was made, not because he had a special theory in regard to handling meat, but because he knew how to take care of the things other men were throwing away.

If a practical application of this great principle, laid down by our Saviour so many years ago, is of so great importance in the mechanical and industrial world, we are not profitable servants of God if we do not apply it in our larger world, the spiritual world, as it is in the physical

world. There is a face in the world looking after the ethical side of man's nature. It appeals to him through that which is pleasing, that which is beautiful. It appeals in a measure to his scientific sense. But the work that interests you and me is connected with these "fragments" that we meet every day of our lives. Under the present conditions, there is little possibility of bettering the condition of the insane and idiotic, but the morally insane man is a "fragment" of humanity that you and I can cure, and we are not discharging our entire duty to God unless we make some desperate efforts to do so. The morally insane man is walking our streets, a "fragment" of humanity, and the command of the Master is, "Gather him in." The prisons are gathering these "fragments"; the police stations are doing their part; some preachers and others, be it said to their shame, have expressed themselves as believing that the only way to cure such a man is to let him go to prison. Society says, the moment he is behind the bars, "We have nothing more to do with him". His case is entirely outside of the consideration of society and he is not to be thought of. They forget to look forward to the day when this man shall come out of his prison cell, an adept in crime, his diploma the stripes upon him, ready to go out into the world and teach others that which has made him what he is. Society has said, "Our responsibility ceases when that man is behind the prison bars.

I wish there were more people in the world interested in the man behind the prison bars in a practical sense. We have plenty of experiences that are calculated to prejudice prison officials. Recently, a woman came to me and said, "Mr. Henderson, I am coming over here every week and I want to help you in this work. I believe something ought to be done for these men."

I said, "Well, Mrs. A., I am certainly glad you are coming. What is your plan?"

Said she, "I am a faith healer, and you know crime is a disease. I believe it is possible to cure these men, and if I may come and have an opportunity of meeting them and curing them of their criminal tendencies, I am sure they will be good men."

What can you say to a woman like that? You can't turn her away for she is in earnest; she is anxious to do some good. However, she is on the wrong track.

Then another woman comes and says, "I have got a lot of cards on which I have mottoes printed, and I would like to distribute them all over the prison." I take them and I put one in a man's cell. I go on to the next and the next, and so on; and presently, I hear some queer remarks from the cells I have passed: "Yes some more religious cranks." We are behind the bars now and all they have to offer us is Scripture texts."

The story of the "prodigal son" and all that are all right, but what these men want is somebody to reach out and help them. There can be no good done in prison unless the *personality* of the worker enters into it. This is true in all kinds of work for humanity. Do you think that if God could have saved this world in any other way he would ever have allowed his Son to come and suffer the ignominy and the shame of the cross? It was done that the personality of God might enter into redemption. This firing at the prisoner at *long range* will just bound off his back like so many shots against armor proof. For this very reason that the personality of the workers enters into their labors, I like the work of THE LIFE BOAT and of the Life Boat Mission.

(To Be Continued)

*Extracts from an Address delivered to the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School Class.

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Will You Help the Prisoner who has Resolved to Live an Upright Life?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THERE is a large part of that army of men confined within prison walls, who during the next few years will either have served out their sentence or in some states can be released on parole.

The day of God alone will reveal the full record of the rebuffs and indifference with

which society will meet these men as they emerge from the prison doors. Prison officials tell us that many men as a result of prison experience have firmly resolved to live a better life when they are released, but the difficulties which confront the majority of them would crush many ordinary men who are already on their feet. Is it any wonder that many of these men are finally forced back again into their old haunts of sin, for there alone they find those who appear to be friends.

Perhaps society in general does not owe these men anything, but the church of whom Christ says "I was in prison and ye visited me" must feel that it is their duty to reach out a substantial and helping hand to these men. It is appalling to see to what an extent the church has neglected this work, but it *must be done*. During the last few years our efforts in behalf of the prisoners, though they have been carried on in a small way, have been blessed of God. A number of splendid men are, to-day, living honest and upright lives and occupying positions of trust and responsibility whose parole papers have been signed by some of THE LIFE BOAT workers. An extensive correspondence has been maintained with prisoners who are confined in different state institutions, but the efforts thus far are totally inadequate to fill the openings that exist.

It is not wise to encourage very many men to come to such a large and wicked city as Chicago and there begin to build up again from a new foundation. Those who own broad acres, or those who occupy positions of responsibility in the work-shops, men in whose hearts is a genuine sympathy for those who are trying to get their feet placed again on the solid rock, are the ones to take hold of this work. If such will send their names and addresses to us with satisfactory references as to their general standing in the community and also as to their moral qualifications, we will procure from prison officials the names of such prisoners as they consider favorable cases and whose sentence will expire during the next few years, and then give these friends in the country and work-shops an opportunity to correspond with these prisoners. After one has in this way been in touch with the prisoner for some length of time he will naturally have developed sufficient interest in him to be anxious to have him come to him at the expiration of the sentence, so that he might have the opportunity to personally assist

this prisoner to again regain his standing in society.

It will be best, at least to begin with, to have all such correspondence pass through THE LIFE BOAT Prisoners' Department in order to guard against mistakes and also to enable us to keep the careful record of this work which is extremely essential to its success. We believe that there can be found a true friend for every prisoner who sincerely desires to live an upright life, if the proper efforts are made to bring them in touch with each other. There is in almost all the state prisons a certain number to be discharged who have convinced the prison officials of the sincerity of their determination to live an honest upright life at the expiration of their sentence.

—:O:—

Mother—Father.

C. LOWRY.

THE lights in the ward were turned low and all was quiet as I walked silently across the room and bent over the low bed. My patient was asleep. He was a young man who should have been in the prime of life and manhood, but instead he was suffering from an incurable disease, one from which there was no deliverance, and human hands and skill could afford him but little relief. As I slowly walked away I thought of Him who had come to heal the sick and who had died that we might have eternal life, and I felt that he was present to comfort and to heal.

Again I bent over the sufferer and this time a pair of large questioning eyes looked up into mine. "Your mother is here," I whispered. More powerful than all treatments that Christian nurses and physicians could give, was the magic of that word "mother." It soothed and gladdened him as nothing else on earth could have done and the terrible pain was forgotten. He was happy—he smiled, and the radiant expression on his face made me think that angels were rejoicing with him.

Sinner, have you ever been in pain or felt that some awful habit was fastened upon you like an incurable disease? Have you ever felt the need of a friend who would share your pain and trouble, and would give relief to your aching heart and sin-sick body?

There is a Friend who is able and willing to deliver you out of all of your distresses. He will cling to you, even closer than a brother

and he has promised to take you up even after your father and mother have forsaken you. (Ps. 27:10.) This boy's mother *came* to him, but your heavenly Father is with you always, even unto the end of the world. He said: "I will never leave you nor forsake you," and even the fond love of a mother is weak when compared to the tender yearning love of our Father.

Prodigal son, the Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine that he might win you back to his fold? Will you not heed his loving call and return to his protection? Can you not realize that without Him you can do nothing, and all of your struggles and efforts are in vain. The Great physician says, "I am the Lord thy God, which healeth thee," and he alone can save. Call upon Him now, and he will not fail you but will hear and answer.

—:O:—

Something Sweeter than an Innocent Child.

F. W. HIDDLESON.

I HAVE traveled from shore to shore of this continent and have mingled with the high, the low, the rich, and the poor. I have had a good opportunity to see the happy in this world as well as those who were unhappy. I have likewise seen the beautiful and the ugly in all classes of society. I used to think that the sweetest thing in this world was a little rosy cheeked, curly haired babe. As it would put its chubby arms about its mother's neck and place its velvety cheek to her face while it murmured, "Mamma I love 'oo," I used to consider this the most lovely picture in the world. But when, in after years, I have seen the eyes of that same sweet babe become bleared and its lovely face become bloated, its form bent and weighed down with heartaches and its face warped and marked with sin, its body only a wreck floating with the tide, then I have hid my face, and I have turned to view another picture. This time it is that of an aged mother in Israel. Her hair is white as snow. Her face has a look that reminds one of the features that the painters give the saints of old. For years angels have been painting on her face the results of a life filled with kind deeds, and from her eyes beam forth kind looks of compassion for the poor and suffering. She sees a world of flowers and sunshine that she must catch and scatter for those about her. Her life is a grand and noble suc-

cess. Even though she is practically unknown to the majority of those living in the great world around her, yet in the hearts of some she is enshrined. Now the picture of such a life appeals to me more strongly than even the sight of a beautiful child.

—:o:—

How the Lord Saved a Railroad Man.

(Testimony given at the Life Boat Mission.)

I AM a rail-road man. Have been at that business for years. You all know something about rail-road men, that as a class, they are hard rough fellows. I suppose I was as bad as the worst of them when the Lord found me. My body was a wreck almost. Tobacco and whiskey and dissipations of all kinds had sapped my life nearly out of me.

I had a friend, a Christian, an officer in the rail-road Y. M. C. A. He always had a word of cheer for me when I came in from a run. But I felt bored by his continual urging that I become a Christian. At last I said, "Jim, I don't want to be bothered. Do let me alone. When I get ready to surrender to Christ I'll do it. If I need any help at that time I will let you know."

A week later, when I came home, he met me and shook hands, but said never a word about Christianity. I sort of missed it. It seemed that something was lacking. When I went up to bed that night, I saw a picture of Christ with the little children all around him; some on his lap, others climbing up, and others getting just as near to him as they could. It brought fresh to mind, my childhood days, when I knelt at grandmother's knee and prayed the prayer of innocence. All the old memories rushed over me, and a strange feeling came into my heart. I hurried to my room, fell on my knees, and tried again to pray. It was only the prayer of the publican, but God heard.

In the morning, I said, "Jim, last night I tried to pray. Will you come apart with me now and teach me how? Will you tell me some of God's promises? I want to know what they are." Of course he was glad to go. Well, there I started. Then came my test with the other men on the road. They would "guy" me, and swear at me, and try to get me to drink with them. One day they all caught me and tried to force me to drink. But God kept me from yielding a single time, and also from getting angry at them. Every chance I got, I went alone with God and prayed earnestly that he

would keep me. And he did it. When the men pressed me so hard, I sometimes had to cry. It was impossible to keep the tears back. After one of those spells, one of the boys came and asked my pardon. He said, "It's too bad for us to act so with you."

Now those tests are over, as they have found that I stand firm. Every time I get home, I am right here at the Life-Boat Mission, or at the Y. M. C. A., or some other place where I can hear of, and tell about this Christ. Look at me now: I weigh a hundred and sixty pounds. My flesh is as clean as a little child's. Before I came to Christ, I was a mere skeleton, weighing about 120 pounds. Was yellow and wrinkled and sick all over. Candidly, men, it pays to serve the Lord.

—:o:—

A Convict Missionary.

KIND FRIEND:—I am a convict in the State Penitentiary. I was converted when I was in jail. I sometimes think the good Lord has sent this trouble on me to turn me from my old ways. I mean to stand up for Christ until death, for he is the only friend I have left now. My people have all forsaken me since I got into this trouble, but our blessed Saviour never forsakes does he?

Now, I want to ask you for just a small favor. Although I am in prison I am acting as a Christian ought to act. I am trying to get just as many souls for Christ as possible. There are some hardened criminals here, of course, but they are not all of that type. My favor is this: I have been telling the boys I would get them some Christian literature, and they were surely delighted. The other day, I saw your address, and if you feel so disposed and can send me some good literature, I am sure it will be appreciated. I remain as ever, your sincere Christian friend and brother in Christ,

—:o:—

ARTICHOKE, Minn., Oct. 3, 1901.

DEAR FELLOW WORKERS:—Please find fifty cents which I wish to be used for distributing THE LIFE BOAT among prisoners. I think it is one of the best papers I have ever read. May the Lord continue to bless this little missionary is my prayer. Also find one dollar which I send to the prisoners' fund. Your sister,
(MISS) EMELIA HANSON.

THE LIFE BOAT

W. S. SADLER
DAVID PAULSON, M. D. } EDITORS

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

E. B. VAN DORN MRS. W. S. SADLER
A. J. REED MRS. E. H. WHITNEY
E. J. HIBBARD JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

One Way to observe Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving day is ordinarily observed as a day of feasting, and is too frequently only an occasion for gluttony. Such an observance is a mockery to God, and no true Christian can derive any real pleasure from observing the day in this manner. The extent of our *real* thankfulness is indicated by the amount of good we are willing to do for our fellowmen, and this is the truest expression of our gratitude for the blessing of God.

How many readers of the LIFE BOAT will express a part of their thankfulness by donating one year's subscription to the LIFE BOAT to some family in the community where they may feel impressed that its twelve monthly visits, aided by their own prayers, will serve to supply missionary fuel to keep up the missionary fire?

It is a grand thing for the mind to be in such an attitude that it can accept the missionary idea, but it is a still grander thing to have such a disposition as shall *act* upon it after having received it.

Are You Interested in the Maintenance of Ten Free Beds?

FREQUENTLY mothers come to us utterly penniless as a result of the desperate attempt to support their fatherless children, while they, themselves, are in severe pain every moment. In many of these cases we have found upon examination that an operation and a few weeks' care and treatment could practically restore these poor women from a living death to almost perfect health. Shall we turn these poor women away?

We believe God will bless some of our readers if they will assist in supporting these beds. \$4.00 will keep such a patient in one of these beds for a week and furnish her board and ordinary medical care and attention. Of course in all these cases the surgical operation would be performed without any extra charge.

The nurses at the Battle Creek Sanitarium

have already volunteered to support four of these beds. If God moves on your heart to help to bring happiness to some of these poor sufferers and at the same time give them an opportunity to be brought under Christian influences, so that perhaps their souls may be saved as well as their bodies, would it not be a grand thing for you to meet them on the other shore?

All donations will be acknowledged in THE LIFE BOAT and each month we will report the good that is being done for those who are occupying these beds, so that all may have an opportunity of knowing what a world of good their little sacrifices will accomplish.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of having a youth's paper make its regular visit to every Christian home. We know of no paper that fills this place so admirably as the *Youth's Instructor*. The series of articles upon the subject of the Miracles of Christ, by W. S. Sadler, are full of helpful lessons. Another series of articles on Bible Astronomy discusses questions upon which so many are at sea in these days. Writers of experience contribute to its various departments. Price only seventy-five cents per year. Address, *Youth's Instructor*, Battle Creek, Mich.

Every violation of physical law is a step toward the tomb. Every selfish gratification serves to drive another nail into our own coffins. How to preserve the priceless treasure of health which is so readily squandered and how to recover the same when once lost are the important themes which the *Good Health Magazine* discusses in the most thoroughgoing manner. No one who sets any value upon health can afford to be without this valuable journal. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Address Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Our Directory.

American Medical Missionary College, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 33rd Place.
Chicago Medical Mission, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street,
Life Boat Rest for girls, 442 S. Clark Street.
American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5750 Drexel Ave.
Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

Since Last Month.

LEON SITTSER spent the last month in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Wm. Quinn recently left for his home in Pennsylvania on a vacation.

E. S. Burleigh, of the senior medical class, has gone to Belvidere, Ill., to spend the winter.

F. H. Capman has returned and is at present assisting in the University Hygeia Dining rooms.

The father of Dr. F. M. Rossiter has come to assist in the work at the Workingmen's Home.

George F. Haylock, and family have gone to their home in Bonacca, near British Honduras, to engage in active missionary work.

Our nurses are comfortably situated a few blocks from our Training-School headquarters, in a nice home which is heated throughout by natural gas.

Bro. Mackey has returned to Chicago and will assist in the Life Boat Mission. He will also fill the position of chaplain at the Workingmen's Home.

Dr. Mary W. Hunter, of Battle Creek, recently spent a week in Chicago, and then went on to her home in Nevada, Mo., to spend a month's vacation.

Charles Wical has recently accepted the position of head cook at the Branch Sanitarium and will have supervision of the cooking for the Medical College.

The Drs. Evans of California will assist in the work in Chicago during the winter. They will be house physicians at the new medical mission recently opened on Halsted street.

Clarice Niccum, head cook at the Branch Sanitarium, was recently united in marriage with William H. Nelson of Battle Creek. C. F. Wical has assumed the position which was left vacant by her resignation.

Col. H. H. Hadley, the well-known New York evangelist, recently spent a week in Chicago. During that time he spoke at the Life Boat Mission and also at our Training-School. His presence and words were a source of encouragement to all.

The Hygeia Dining Rooms near the University of Chicago which were mentioned in the last LIFE BOAT have now been opened several weeks. These dining rooms are patronized by members of the University faculty and the best class of students; and the efforts made to supply them with a pure, healthful and nutritious dietary seem to be appreciated. They recognize that they are able to do better work when living upon such food than when attempting to subsist upon ordinary food.

What can be Done for the Prisoners in the City and County Jails.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

OF those who shall eventually stand in the Judgment it will be said: "I was in prison and ye visited me." There are hundreds and possibly thousands of city and county jails which, from a gospel standpoint, are far more neglected than are the state penitentiaries. The state prisons are provided with chaplains who maintain regular gospel services; and literature, more or less suitable, is supplied to the inmates; but ordinarily, in these smaller jails no such provision is made.

There should be some one in every community who will take up a contribution for the purpose of supplying these prisons each month with the necessary number of LIFE BOATS, and the same person should assume the responsibility of distributing them. This will furnish most excellent opportunities for *personal* gospel effort, and in many cases for gospel services to be held in the jail. Why not undertake this *at once*? Have we not neglected this work long enough? Shall we continue to let souls go to destruction and ruin because we deliberately neglect the duty that we owe to them?

—:0:—

Words of Good Cheer from our Friends.

ATWOOD, Col., Oct. 1, 1901.

DEAR LITTLE LIFE BOAT:—Small but big in goodness and help to those in trouble. It has been a great help to me although surrounded with home comforts I often think as I peruse its pages freighted with so many good things, adapted to *all* conditions in life, how much we should prize it, and as I receive it each month and read carefully its pages I feel as though I would like to point out the many good things I find there to all my friends and acquaintances. Long live our LIFE BOAT and God grant it may rescue many perishing ones from the cold waters of unbelief, doubt, and fear. Inclosed you will find twenty-five cents in postage stamps.

MRS. N. P. HILLS.

JUDD'S CORNERS, Mich., Sept. 30, 1901.

TO THE LIFE BOAT:—Having taken THE LIFE BOAT for some years, I like it very much and do not care to give it up, so send the money for renewal. I think that you are doing a work that God does bless, and may you ever be prepared in it is the wish of one who loves God's truth. Sincerely yours,

MRS. EDWIN JEDD.

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MENU:

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------|-----------------------|--------|
| Bean soup..... | 1 cent | Wheat mush..... | 1 cent |
| Pea soup..... | 1 " | Corn mush..... | 1 " |
| Rice & tomato soup | 1 " | Dish tomatoes..... | 1 " |
| Cup coffee..... | 1 " | Dish protose..... | 2 " |
| Cup milk..... | 1 " | Dish beans..... | 1 " |
| Bowl rice..... | 1 " | Dish cabbage..... | 1 " |
| Bowl stew..... | 1 " | Dish cauliflower..... | 1 " |
| Nut roast..... | 2 " | Dish peas..... | 1 " |
| Dish macaroni..... | 1 " | Dish pudding..... | 1 " |
| Dish potatoes..... | 1 " | Half pie..... | 3 " |
| Dish fruit sauce..... | 1 " | Dish nut butter..... | 1 " |
| Dish sugar..... | 1 " | Dish dairy butter.. | 1 " |
| Plate of crackers..... | 1 " | Plate zwieback..... | 1 " |
| Plate bread..... | 1 " | Plate granose..... | 1 " |
| One bun or roll..... | 1 " | One apple..... | 1 " |
| One banana..... | 2 " | One orange..... | 1 " |

Everything neat and clean.

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Can We Dispense with Revivals?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

SPIRITUAL things are just as *real* as the so-called natural, and a genuine Christian experience is as much a matter of good sense as anything else in this world. Real spiritual life is just as practical as is the physical life.

If the devil was dead, sin-sick souls would make a rush for relief just as speedily as patients now hasten to their physicians to be cured of their physical maladies.

Many a poor wanderer is so blinded, benumbed and stupefied that he does not discern the still small voice (1 Kings 19:12) saying "This is the way; walk ye in it." But the Lord hath *his way* in the whirlwind and in the storm." (Nahum 1:3.) So it frequently happens that an individual who has successfully resisted the calm, deliberate invitation of the gospel, will have his Jericho walls of sin completely leveled to the ground, and his emotions stirred to the very depths by the simple recital of an impressive personal experience in some genuine revival meeting; so that he will then and there make a complete surrender to God.

A Double Blessing.

P. F. HASKELL.

DOUBLY blessed is the wonderful story of Christ our Saviour, "And they shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." It blesses him who hears the story and just as truly brings a blessing to the one telling it.

A few days ago, my own soul was greatly refreshed as I talked with a brother who knew not the Saviour. The next day I asked him if he would not join me in my early morning devotions. He hesitatingly said "Yes," adding, "You know I don't pray." For a morning or two, I alone prayed; then one morning as I finished he turned his tear-filled eyes to heaven and said, "O Father, help me this day to live a better life." Do you wonder if the Lord heard that prayer? While we yet spake, Gabriel was at our side.

A few mornings later, before we prayed, this brother read the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and as he finished with "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity," my heart responded "amen." I had been trying to help this brother, and had myself gained a clearer understanding of the charity which is "the greatest of these" Christian virtues. Friends, a blessing is sure to come to us in seeking to help others.

THE LIFE BOAT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

(Entered at the post-office in Chicago)

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

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If you are receiving THE LIFE BOAT without having ordered it you may know that it is sent to you by some friend. You need have no fears that you will be asked to pay for it.

Address all communications for this paper to THE LIFE BOAT 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

X X X

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X X X

TO THOSE SENDING DONATIONS:

Clothing, food etc., should be forwarded by freight, prepaid, to the Chicago Medical Mission, 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Illinois. Do not fail to mark each box or package with the full name and address of the sender. Compliance with these suggestions will save much delay in acknowledging receipt of your donations.

Cash donations should be sent by P.O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft on Chicago. If money is sent, the letter should be registered. Make all orders or drafts payable to the Chicago Medical Mission, and address to 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

Monthly Summary of the Work of the Various Institutions and Departments of the Chicago Medical Mission

| | |
|--|--------|
| Treatments given..... | 200 |
| Examinations..... | 12 |
| Prescriptions..... | 4 |
| Office treatments..... | 20 |
| Surgical operations..... | 6 |
| Admitted to surgical ward..... | 9 |
| Garments given..... | 50 |
| In Children's Christian Home and Branches..... | 25 |
| Days nursing..... | 100 |
| Meals served (penny lunches)..... | 13,481 |
| Lodgings given..... | 5,706 |
| Used free laundry..... | 3,115 |
| Attendance at gospel meetings..... | 3,750 |
| Gospel meetings held..... | 64 |
| Bible classes conducted..... | 30 |
| Testaments and Bibles given..... | 60 |
| Pages of other literature distributed.... | 50,000 |
| Requests for prayer..... | 115 |
| Testimonies given..... | 550 |
| Tracts distributed..... | 1,000 |

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Donations to the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities.

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION.

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------|------------------|--------|
| S. P. Cornish..... | \$ 75 | John Mackin..... | \$5 00 |
| | | Total..... | \$5 75 |

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

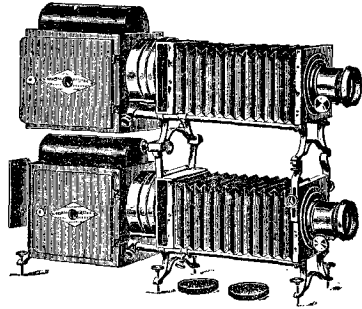
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| A Friend..... | \$1 00 | F. E. Endris..... | \$ 50 |
| L. Jaspersen..... | 4 60 | Mrs. Sarah McVitty.. | 1 50 |
| D. W. Nichols..... | 75 | Clara Sorenson..... | 2 66 |
| Mrs. H. C. Zoerb.... | 50 | Total..... | \$11 51 |

THE PRISONERS' FUND.

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------|----------------------|--------|
| G. A. Brady..... | \$2 00 | W. A. Chatfield..... | \$ 25 |
| Miss Emilia Hanson | 50 | Mrs. Caroline Hanson | 1 00 |
| D. W. Nichols..... | 4 00 | Mrs. H. C. Zoerb.... | 50 |
| | | Total..... | \$8 25 |

THE LIFE BOAT REST

| | | | |
|----------------------|-------|----------------------|---------|
| Mrs. Sarah Blake.... | \$ 75 | F. E. Endriss..... | \$ 50 |
| E. M. Ferron..... | 1 00 | Geraldine Graves.... | 50 |
| Mrs. Carrie Dodge .. | 25 | Mrs. B. M. Heald.... | 25 |
| Mr. Klooster..... | 1 00 | Mrs. E. Henderson.. | 4 00 |
| J. Hurd..... | 2 00 | Mrs. J. Hurd..... | 4 00 |
| Wm. Weinderf..... | 1 00 | Arthur Rice..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Pearson..... | 1 00 | Lewis Weber & Co.. | 2 00 |
| Fannie Miller..... | 1 00 | Miss H. Miller..... | 50 |
| Mrs. Abrams..... | 25 | Mr. Graut..... | 50 |
| A Bible Worker..... | 10 | Miss Weller..... | 65 |
| Mrs. Daniels..... | 5 00 | E. E. Lowe..... | 75 |
| Mrs. W. H. Parshall. | 25 | Mrs. D. N. Potter... | 1 00 |
| Adam Rae..... | 1 50 | Mrs. L. J. Swauk.... | 25 |
| Mrs. Rice..... | 5 00 | Total..... | \$40 00 |
| | | Grand total..... | \$65 51 |



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 987. Men's Silver Filled Watch, 18 size, guaranteed for 25 years.
 7-jewel Century Movement 4 75
 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham Movement..... 6 90
 992. Gold Hunting Case Watch, filled case, 5 years guarantee, new design, elegantly engraved, fancy chased edge.
 7-jewel Century Movement 6 50
 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham Movement..... 9 00

1412. Ladies' 6-size Hunting, 14-k Gold Filled Case, stem wind and set, assorted styles of engravings, guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear 5 years. Price, complete with New York Standard 7-jewel, nickel American made movement. Price complete.....\$6 00
 1106. Ladies' 14-k Gold Filled Watch, 6-size, stem wind and set, Hunting case, fine engine turned and engraved, guaranteed to wear 10 years. Price complete with
 7-jewel New York Standard (nickel)..... 6 00
 7-jewel Waltham or Elgin..... 8 85
 15-jewel Waltham or Elgin..... 10 00
 1105. Ladies' 14-k Gold Filled Watch, 6-size, Hunting case, stem wind and set, assorted designs with bird and flower engravings.

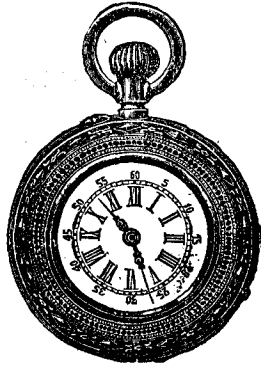
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CHICAGO.

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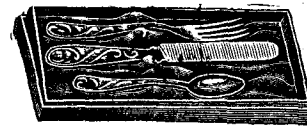
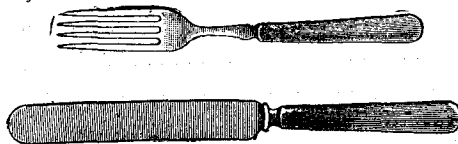


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For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Knives and Forks, retailed at \$5.00.

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