

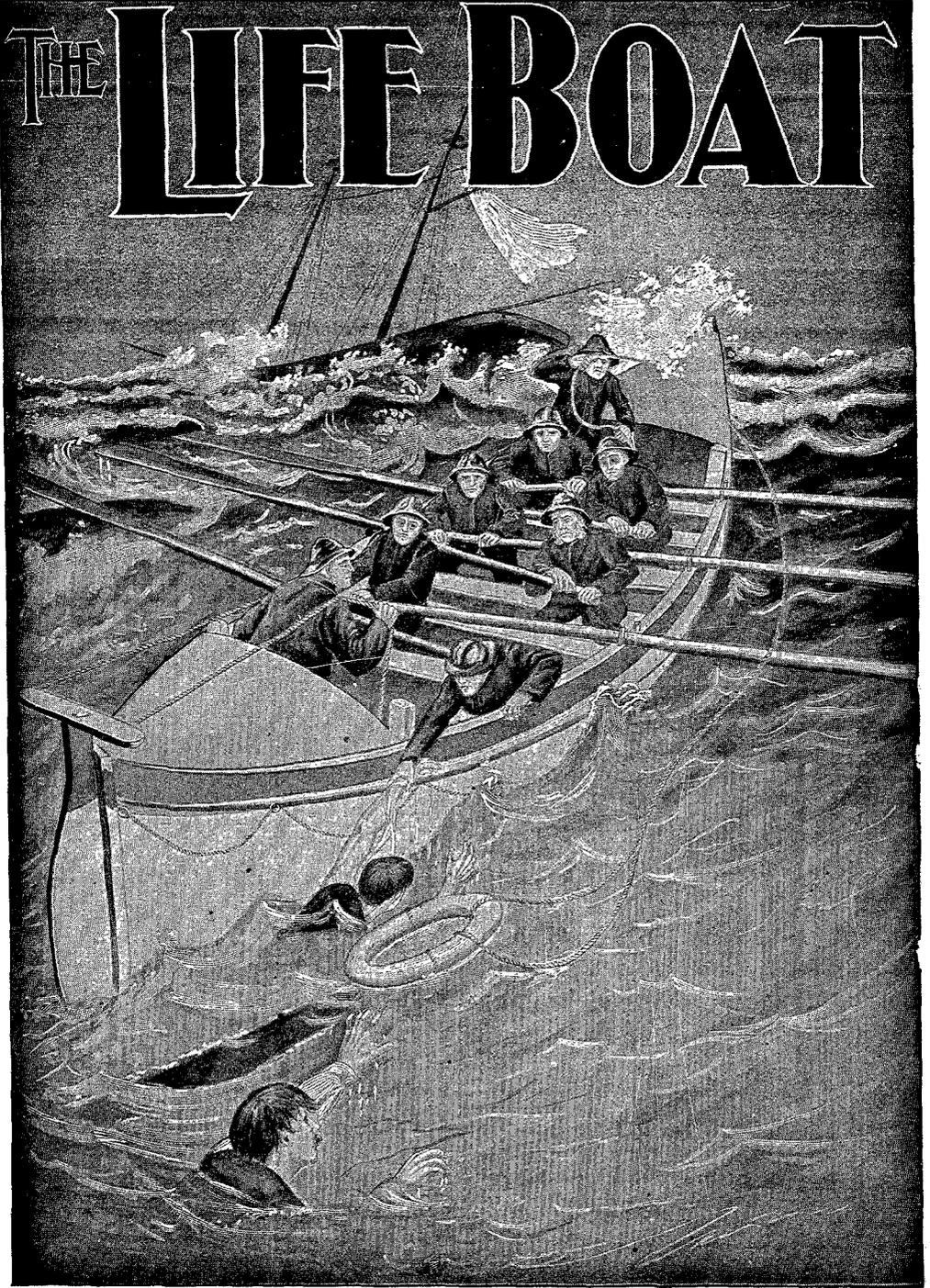
"He that Winneeth Souls is Wise."

35 Cents a Year.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

THE LIFE BOAT



Volume Seven
Number Seven

436 State St., Chicago

July, 1904

Send for Extra Copies

THE LIFE BOAT AS A TRACT

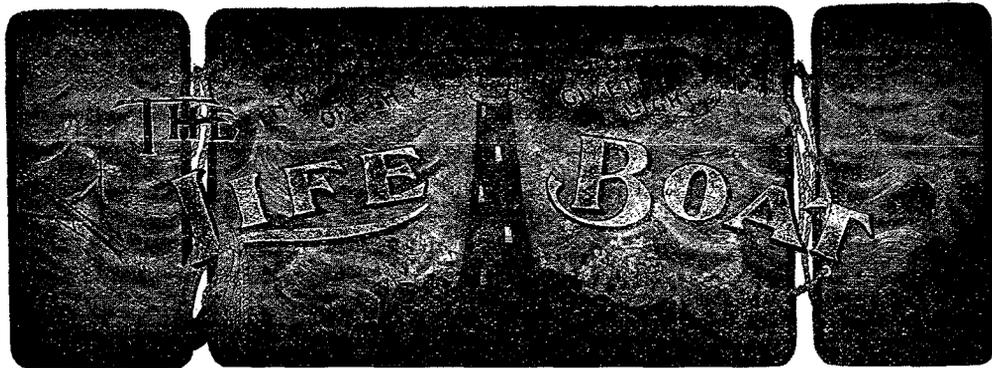
E. B. VAN DORN

I recently visited a business man and his wife who had been converted through the work of the Life Boat Mission, and during the conversation found that he was using THE LIFE BOAT as a tract. When transacting business he would always manage to leave a LIFE BOAT. It occurred to me that many of our readers would be glad to adopt this plan. Many who are prejudiced against tracts would readily read an attractive magazine which reflects a soul-saving movement, and is laden with the good news of salvation. It is a paper of *live* experiences rather than theories. Would it not be a good plan if, in the morning as you go forth to your daily work, you would slip a few in your pocket, and when you have transacted your business, hand your friend a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, and tell him what it has done for you? The next time you see him you may be able to get him to subscribe.

Ten cents will bring you five copies post-paid of the current issue. Many a life has been cheered by the message that this paper has brought. One man, out of a prison in a southern state, was going through the railroad yards and saw a copy in the dirt and waste. He pulled it out, and read in it that the Lord would help him; and then and there he asked God to forgive the past, and went immediately to an eastern city, where he found his wife working over a washtub to earn the necessaries of life and keep the wolf from the door. Wrongs were soon made right, and he found employment, and now they have a happy home.

I met a young man at the Mission the other night who had been away from home for several years. Most of the time he had spent in a western prison, his parents not knowing where he was. He had received a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, and had made up his mind that he was living an unprofitable life, and resolved to go home and start right. Suppose that this had been you? Would you not have been glad that someone had taken some interest in your soul? Let us interest ourselves in our friends and neighbors, the friendless and homeless, by pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. *Order a supply of LIFE BOATS to day*, and begin this good work. You may win a soul for Jesus.

"They that sow in tears shall reap with joyful song. He that goeth forth indeed may weep, that beareth the seed for sowing, but he will *surely* come with joyful song when he beareth home his sheaves."—*Psa. 126: 5, 6, Jew. ver.*



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

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

Volume VII

CHICAGO :: JULY, 1904

Number 7

THE LIFE BOAT.

Yearly subscription35c

In clubs of five or more to one ad-
dress25c

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

Address all orders and business communi-
cations to **THE LIFE BOAT**, Hinsdale, Ill.

NOT TOO HARD FOR GOD.

JESSIE F. WAGGONER.

"Hope!" There is no hope for such as I.
Stop! Behold that little butterfly.
Once, a creeping, crawling, loathsome thing,
Now, it floats aloft on beauteous wing.

Up! Though but a worm 'fore God and man,
Rise! He'll change your nature so you can.
Trust! Creative power can *keep* you up.
Go—to others with salvation's cup.

**"NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN
ANY OTHER."**

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

The tendency of the age is to turn aside from the old paths and walk in new and dangerous ways. Under various guises men are seeking to substitute mystic theories for the well tried and established truths enunciated by Christ and which have been the solace and anchorage for the millions who have accepted His teachings during the last nineteen hundred years. Pantheism is not only fundamentally false, in that it presents as the ob-

jects of worship an indefinite number of created things in place of one Creator, but it is fatally weak in the fact that it presents no hope for humanity either in this world or the next. It has no Christ, no forgiveness of sins, no deliverance from the thralldom of evil habits through the marvelous transformation of the mind and heart which lifts the drunkard from the gutter to a life of sobriety, the criminal from the haunts of sin and vice to the altar of prayer and an earnest Christian life. It knows no Heavenly Father, no Christ, the Elder Brother. No religion except that of Christ has ever offered to man a way of escape from the bondage of sin in this world, and from death, the penalty of sin, in the next.

That one blessed truth so wonderfully taught by Paul and John—that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin—is worth more to struggling humanity than all the mystic philosophies of the heathen world. A meeting at The Life Boat Mission would be impossible without the vital, transforming truths of the Christian religion. The pantheist has no hope to offer the undone sinner—only the blackness of despair in the present life and a still darker outlook for the future. Let us thank God for a religion that saves; for a Christ that redeems; for a Holy Spirit that instructs; for the assurance of a life beyond which offers endless opportunities for the study of truth and the solution of mysteries which in this world baffle and confuse.

If you find a subscription blank enclosed, it means that your subscription has expired. Please renew at once in order that your name may not be taken from the list.

GOD IS WORKING IN THE MISSION AS HE NEVER WORKED BEFORE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Superintendent Life Boat Mission.

The spirit of God was especially felt last night. We had the usual Bible class for workers at seven o'clock. There were about fifteen in attendance. We then went out on the street in front of the Mission and sang a few songs. Quite a crowd gathered and at the close I invited them into the Mission. While Miss Emmel and another worker were conducting a song service, I worked at the door and on the street, doing my best to get others interested and to come in. We soon had a good audience. When I stepped on the platform a worker told me there was a man in the audience who felt he was lost, and that nobody cared for his soul. I suggested that we read the 55th Psalm, and some one led in prayer. Sister Emmel sang "I Have a Saviour Who's Mighty to Keep," and I had the audience repeat the chorus several times, so that they might get the thought thoroughly. Just then the man already referred to got up and began to walk out. I hastily followed him, and at the door earnestly urged him to stay. He said, "You have made me ashamed of myself. I have traveled up and down this land, all over the United States, going into people's houses and stealing everything I could get. I am done with it." He then handed me a skeleton key, asking me to dispose of it—bury it—anything to get rid of it. He said it had gotten him into all sorts of trouble and had made a great deal of trouble for many others. I still urged him to remain, and he went back, took a front seat and buried his face in his hands.

I asked how many there were in the audience who knew from *personal* experience the truth of what they had been singing. There were a number of uplifted hands all over the house. I then asked how many there were who had not experienced a knowledge of this saving and keeping power, but wanted it; and seven hands were raised. An old sister who had been a Christian more than fifty years was asked to pray, and while she did so a Christian worker knelt beside each one of those who had held up a hand. They all pleaded with God for forgiveness of sin and power to lead an upright life.

At the close of the prayer, we sang "Just as I Am Without One Plea," and one of the converts stood up and testified to what God had done for him. He gave a strong testimony, showing the contrast between a life of sin and the life he was now living in Christ Jesus.

After several had spoken, the man who had given me the skeleton key rose and told the audience what he had told me. He also said that he intended from that time on to live a straightforward life and asked us to pray for him.

Immediately afterward a backslider rose and said he used to be a teacher in a Bible School, but that he had drifted into a life of sin, but he now asked us to remember him in prayer, that God would forgive him and give him another opportunity to work for souls and live for God.

Then a man stood up and said that all his life long he had studied the Bible from an infidel's standpoint, for no other purpose than to find out how he could twist the scriptures; and thereby he had made life miserable for himself and others. He said, "I have never accepted any good in it for myself, but from to-night on I intend to make the Word of God my counsel. I intend to live by it, and I know if I live by it, it will be good enough to die by."

I wish that all who read this would remember the workers in The Life Boat Mission, and pray for the heart-broken men and women whose lives have been blasted by sin, that as they come to us they may find a helping hand extended toward them, and that we may have power from on high to point them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29.

ARE YOU READY?

W. S. SADLER.

One day while in Oakland, Cal., I saw a monster locomotive, perfect in every detail. Every bolt and plate was in proper position, but it had never moved a wheel. Fires were built under its boilers, the steam gauge showed increasing pressure, the engine throbbed with life, but still it did not move. A few minutes later the engineer climbed into the cab, looked at the steam gauge, examined the different parts, and when he was satisfied that everything was in perfect working order

he grasped the throttle, opened it and at the touch of his master hand the great mass of iron and steel seemed imbued with life, the wheels began to turn and the engine went forth to do its work.

So it is with men. They are made in the image of God, mighty forces either for good or evil, and the time comes when they may feel the touch of the Master's hand, hear the still small voice bidding them go forth to fight life's battle. Just as the fireman had been shoveling in coal and filling the engine's tank with water, so God has been filling us with His Spirit and stirring up the missionary fire, as it were, expecting us to go where He wants us to go and to do His will. Have you a full head of steam on, ready in season and out of season to go where He wants you to go? When you get orders from high heaven, then let nothing switch you off the track or stand in your way.

A DISPENSARY DAY.

LENA K. SADLER.

The first to call on this particular morning was an old gray-haired man whose manner and dress showed that he had spent many years in the service of the enemy and was receiving his wages—poverty, suffering and distress. One hand was wrapped in a cloth and tenderly supported in the other. On unwrapping it we found a badly bruised and mangled thumb. As we bathed and dressed it the hardened lines of his face seemed to change, the features were softened and subdued; he left us muttering words of thanks.

A neatly dressed middle-aged woman was the next to receive attention. A chronic illness had caused her years of suffering. She had gone from place to place, and doctor to doctor, until all her money was gone, but had found no relief. Hearing that help could be obtained at the Dispensary free by those who had no money, she came. As she slowly told us her story and gave the necessary history concerning her illness we could not help thinking of the woman in the Bible who had suffered many things of many physicians, yet grew steadily worse.

Her trouble was the result of errors in diet. Long years of wrong eating and living had so crippled the bodily functions, that from a human standpoint she was incurable. We were so thankful for the privilege of turning her attention to Christ, the great Healer and sin-bearer who had kept her heart beating and ministered strength to her in spite of her wrong manner of living. To get in tune with the Infinite and live in obedience to His laws was what she now longed to do.

Then came a young mother with a clinging,

crying infant in her arms, whose face was badly swollen and inflamed. Baby had been very cross, and the mother was very tired from losing much sleep. The little fellow was quickly relieved by lancing the inflamed and swollen cheek. As the mother and babe departed we felt very glad to be able to help the suffering child. The lancing was all we could do, the great Healer and sustainer must do the rest. The diseased tissues were restored in a few days and baby was well again.

About noon a woman ran in quite out of breath, telling us of a very sick neighbor, and begging us to "come quick."

The street was readily found and the number led us to a basement door. A kind neighbor was watching at the only outside window the basement possessed. Dirt and filth and darkness combined were enough of themselves to bring sadness into a home, but the story of Jack, who drank, abused the children, and beat his wife, who wouldn't allow the married daughter and neighbor to enter the house even in sickness, increased the sadness and seemed to make the basement home the darker.

The very sick woman who lay so quiet and still told her sad story with sobs and tears of anguish. Her face would flush with indignation, and pale with anger as she related her experiences. Jack was cruel, and often beat her, yet she said, "He's good at heart. It's drink that makes him so bad to us."

The sufferer was very much relieved by the ministrations of the dispensary nurse who called an hour later, but the memories of the darkened basement home and the story of Jack are still fresh in our minds.

The next to call was a small boy who had collided with a baseball bat. His lip was badly cut. Two stitches had been put in the previous day, and he had come for a fresh dressing. His head was bandaged, and as it was lost to view on his way out, in walked a young woman whose pale face and saddened eyes told the story of sickness and sorrow. Three years before she was working in a large overheated factory. Early and late she toiled, leaving the shop tired, and in a state of perspiration; and became chilled on her way home. By the time she reached home she was shivering. This young woman's strength and health fell far below par through exposure and fatigue. In this particular case restoration to health and strength could only be secured by a complete change. A summer in the country was suggested. She eagerly accepted the advice given her, and no doubt will be restored.

Such cases as we have briefly mentioned are hourly visitors of a city dispensary. We can not give a detailed description of the man whose eye was hurt, of the man whose head was badly cut in a fight, of Maggie's swollen hand, or of the dying woman whose husband did not seem to care, and numerous others who were made to pause in life's hurried journey by a spell of illness or an accident.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY.

During our recent trip abroad we were deeply impressed with the efforts that many are making to get back to country life. For a considerable distance around Bremen, Germany, the whole country is laid out in little garden plats in which are carefully cultivated many different kinds of fruits, vegetables and flowers. Each little garden is owned by some one who lives in the heart of the city, but once



ON OUR MISSION FARM.

a week these city dwellers take their families into the country to till the soil, thus bringing their children for even this brief time in close contact with nature.

In this country where land can be so readily obtained and the population is not overcrowded, it would seem that our young people should have abundant opportunity to live close to nature and learn her secrets. Instead of this we find a growing tendency to crowd into the populous centers, until nearly one-half of our population are living in the cities. The Indiana State Board of Education has issued a bulletin to all the teachers in the State asking them to use their influence to prevent the young people from leaving the farms and going to the cities.

From this bulletin we quote the following:

"You can teach them to stay on the farm and work out its problems. It will be a sad day for our national life when all of our young farmers come to town, when the small, well-cultivated homesteads give way to landed estates. The boys on the farms wield the

nation's destiny. The problem of getting this thought before your boys and girls and before your community is worth the best there is in you. The friction between capital and labor, the almost universal lack of respect for property rights, ought to serve as great stimuli toward the intelligent study of agriculture to which it would seem that constantly increasing numbers must turn."

Our great cities are modern Sodom, and the forces of evil are attaining a supremacy in them that is appalling to thinking men of all classes. We must get men and women back to nature, where their minds and hearts will be more easily directed to nature's God. It was this thought that led our students some years ago to ask God for a missionary farm in the vicinity of Chicago. Within a week the Lord moved on the heart of a wealthy man to give us one of the choicest farms

in Illinois, valued at \$15,000.

A good missionary farmer and his family are now located on the Pedicord farm. The following extract is from a letter recently received from them: "We have our crops all in. The oats are looking well and the corn is doing fine. We are plowing corn now. We have much to be thankful for."



BARN ON THE FARM.

DO IT NOW.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

One night, just as I was going to teach a class, the impression came to me that I ought to go and talk to one of my very sick patients about his soul's salvation, but fearing I should be too late to my class, I concluded to put it off till the morning. But I did not succeed in shaking off the impression that I must go then, so at last I yielded and went to his room. I asked his wife if her husband was a Christian. Her answer was, "No; that is just what is worrying me. I am a Christian, but my husband never seemed able to grasp it for himself." Then I went in and talked with him, a few brief moments, the best I knew how of Christ's willingness to receive and pardon every man who would accept it. The man grasped the simple proposition, and when I concluded a brief prayer for him he said "Amen" as earnestly as his feeble voice would permit, and a new-found light shone out of his weary eyes.

I hurried away to the waiting class. When I returned at the end of an hour the man was unconscious and he remained so until two o'clock, when he died. The heart-broken wife said to me, with tears streaming down her face, "Are you *sure* my husband died a Christian?" How glad I was to be able to tell her I felt *certain* he died a saved man. How thankful I am to this day that the Lord kept impressing me to visit him just then, or that woman's words would have haunted me, all my days, and what a fearful thing it would have been to have had to meet that man at the bar of God.

We naturally look upon this instance as something out of the ordinary, but do we not in a certain sense meet similar responsibilities every day of our lives? If I meet a man just once, and never see him any more in this life, what is the difference, so far as I am concerned, whether it is the last moment of his life or not? My responsibility is not lessened. It is the last opportunity I have to win that man for Christ.

The Bible says there is only a step betwixt us and death. (1 Sam. 20:3.) The influence we exert to-day may close our opportunity forever with some person. Our influence will tell on one side or the other. You have seen a person pass through a room with a bunch

of fragrant roses, and after he had passed out of the room the fragrance still remained. Just such an influence may accompany our lives if we choose to have it so.

STRAY LIFE BOATS.

Have you sometimes been grieved as you have learned that a LIFE BOAT had been carelessly cast away? After reading the following perhaps it will be easier to trust God to take care of even the cast-away papers.

"Please send me a few samples of THE LIFE BOAT. I found your address on a leaf torn from a prison number which I picked from the street one morning when going to work."

A man in Honolulu found a LIFE BOAT behind a water trough, covered with mud. Something that he read on a portion which was still readable so touched his heart that he sent a donation of ten dollars to help the work along.

Some one left a LIFE BOAT in a house when moving out. Long afterward some one else moved in and found this old LIFE BOAT. They were wonderfully impressed with it, and wrote to us to find out if it was still published.

A man picked up a LIFE BOAT in a railroad yard in a southwestern State. It was the means, in God's hands, of transforming his entire life.

A prisoner found two old LIFE BOATS in a dirt barrel. He has read them over and over again, and they are his only comfort as he sits in his cell at night.

A man found a LIFE BOAT on a train and was so favorably impressed with it that he went out immediately and secured twelve new subscribers.

"The reason I subscribed for THE LIFE BOAT was, I found a copy that had been dropped or lost in a school house, and when I had read it I said, 'I just must send for it.'"

Will those of our readers who know of other similar instances kindly send us the facts?

HAS THE READING OF THE LIFE BOAT
DONE YOU GOOD?

If so, will you show your appreciation by calling the attention of someone else to the paper? The blessing you try to keep you lose.



Life Boat Mission



VISIT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Stirring soul-saving work is going on at the Mission every night in the year. If you live in Chicago be sure to come as often as you can; if you intend to travel through Chicago, plan to visit the Mission. It is also open during the day. It is at 436 State street, near Polk street.

THE TRAINING OF AN EVANGELIST.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Supt. Life Boat Mission.

(Extract from a talk given at the Medical Students' Missionary Reception.)

Six years ago, while attending a medical missionary summer school, held at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Dr. Kellogg asked for volunteers to go to Chicago to take up medical missionary work. I had recently decided to give my life to the Master's work, but had no very settled plans for the future. I came down with some others, and took rooms at the old training school, at Twentieth and Wabash.

I helped in the kitchen and did odd jobs around the place, until one day I heard Brother Sadler say that the doorkeeper at the Life Boat Mission was going away for a vacation, and they wanted a man to take his place. He asked some one to take it, but he refused, considering it beneath his missionary capacity. He then asked me, and as I wanted to do something, I gladly consented. I began my work at the Life Boat Mission by scrubbing the floor, cleaning the windows, distributing invitation cards in the evening, and standing in front of the Mission the early part of the service, and inviting men to come in. Some of the most blessed experiences of my life I had while doing this work. The man at the door undoubtedly has the best chance a worker can have, for he is the first to meet people, and can bid them Godspeed the last thing as they go away.

One night a well-dressed and cultivated man came to the Mission. He was evidently in deep trouble. Some worker had labored with him in the Mission, but he would not surrender to the Holy Spirit. As he passed out, I could see he was under deep conviction, so I tried to persuade him to stop, but failing in this, I took hold of him with both hands, and held on to him. I said, 'You are running away from God.' He said, 'I know it; let me go.' Finally I got him into a doorway next to the Mission, and there another worker and I knelt down with him and prayed, and we

settled the matter then and there. We learned that he was a prosperous business man from Ohio. He had a good home and family, but in an unusual way he had gotten into trouble, and was too disheartened to go home. He was taken to the Sanitarium and given treatment and lodging. Money was telegraphed for to pay his fare back. In a short time the money came and he went on his way rejoicing. Where he might have gone to if he had gotten away from the Mission that night the Lord only knows. Such experiences are common to any wide-awake man who is willing to act as doorkeeper.

If I should assign any one reason for whatever success the Lord has given me in my work, I would say it was simply because I have tried to do what the other man refused or neglected to do. The work of an evangelist is always hard; it must necessarily be hard, and he must do many things that other people will not do, but my advice to you who are just beginning to be missionaries is, do the thing that needs to be done; don't look for an easy place, or for some important work to perform. Do the little things for every man as you would like to have him do to you. God never makes a man hungry without also providing food for him. He will not make a man hungry for gospel food unless He sends you or someone else around to feed him. You may not know that particular moment, but God will, and if you are ready at all times to give to men the bread of life, He will see that you are at the right place at the right time.

LET THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD SAY SO.

SAMUEL COOMBS.

[Testimony at Life Boat Mission.]

'If there is a man here to-night who ought to rejoice in the prosperity and development of this Mission it is I. Two years ago next Monday I came up this street a lost, miserable drunkard. I stood a little way off, and some workers came out and sang a few gospel songs and I heard the singing just after coming out of a saloon. I stood and looked at the people standing by the door—most of them are here to-night—and I thought to myself, 'Well, I am standing here in this miserable condition, and those people have some-

thing that I ought to have.' After a while they gave an invitation to come in, and I came in and sat in the back row of seats; and God that night spoke peace to my soul; and only a few nights afterward I stood with those very same people outside the door and helped them sing those gospel hymns. I am truly grateful to-night for what God has done for me. That night I went out from here a free man in Christ Jesus. The only thing I had in my pocket that night was some tobacco and a pipe. God put a power in me to throw away the only things I had. I stand here a living example of His power to save me."

SEED AMONG THORNS.

"I am so thankful to-night for the open door of this Life Boat Mission. It was here that I was led to a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I spent a whole life in sin and crime of every description. But about five years ago a LIFE BOAT was sent to me by these workers, about a thousand miles from here. I read it, and it had some effect on me, although it seemed like seed sown among thorns. The thorns almost choked it out. But still there was a little seed left among the ruins of sin. Four years later I reached this city, and after rambling around the streets under the influence of liquor I was just coming out of a saloon and stood for a moment gazing around, when I happened to catch a glimpse of the sign on the window, 'Life Boat,' which brought to my mind the words I had read in the little paper years before. I struggled between two opinions: whether to come to this place or not. But at last my inclination led me to come to see what it was, and the kind words and the encouragement that was extended to me by the workers of this Mission led me to hope for something better. I gave my heart to God, and am thankful to say that from that time forward I have been saved and kept by the power of God, and my earnest desire is that I may learn more of His love and become more thoroughly grounded and rooted in this faith. It is my determination to press on to the mark of the high calling that is in Christ Jesus."

A man who was wonderfully saved last year in the Life Boat Mission, and now holds a

good position in St. Louis, recently wrote E. B. Van Dorn as follows:

"You don't know how I have prayed the Lord to keep me. And He has helped me in my spiritual life; also in my work. How glad I am that I dropped into the Life Boat Mission and was led to the Saviour and freed from my sins. What a blessed thing it is to have God's saving and keeping power. To me, there is no place on earth like the Life Boat Mission, for it was there that I was led to a better life. I meet temptations every day in my travels, but by prayer I gain power to withstand every evil and live a pure, clean life."

A CURE FOR INCURABLES.

Mission Testimony.

"My home had been broken up; I was living a wretched life. One night I went into a Mission, and heard the word of God. All I I could say was 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' I was the first one to raise my hand for prayer. Since then, God has taken away my appetite for tobacco and liquor, and has kept me clean. When I saw men whom I knew had been criminals and drunkards, and heard that God had forgiven their sins, I knew He could do the same for me. I had taken various pledges, and cures, but could not find any permanent good till I received the blood cure. Now we have a peaceful Christian home, for He has not only saved me, but also my household."

We pay one hundred and ten dollars a month rent for the Life Boat Mission. We are behind on the rent now. As you read in this LIFE BOAT about what the Lord is doing in the Life Boat Mission, do you not want to invest something to keep this beacon of light shining in a portion of Chicago that the churches have all moved away from?

"I want to thank God for The Life Boat Mission. About two years ago I came into this Mission without a friend on earth. Just as I was leaving to go home a worker asked me if I was a Christian. I said, 'No.' I was so convicted of sin that it seemed I was just waiting for some one to come and talk to me; and I said, 'No; but I want to be a Christian.'

I had never known the power of God. I had been addicted to drink for fifteen years. I thank God to-night there is power in the blood of Jesus to save any man or woman."

SCATTER THE SEED.

E. B. VAN DORN.

At the Mission one evening a young man, who lives outside the city, said that after an absence of several days from his home he noticed on his return a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* lying on the table. He read it and became very much interested, and on coming into the city hunted up *The Life Boat Mission*. He enjoyed the service very much, and said he would spend each evening there while he was in Chicago.

These meetings may result in the salvation of his soul, and he may lead others to the Master. Yet the person who left *THE LIFE BOAT* at that house may never know until the judgment day the good that has been done.

"Enclosed please find one dollar to apply on the rent for *The Life Boat Mission*. We hope, God helping us, to remember your work each month in this way. We esteem it as grand a work as can be carried on. We were glad to learn that the *Rescue Work and Mission* are now combined. We often have this work upon our hearts and minds."

AT THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

H. W. R.

This branch of the Chicago Medical Mission is located at 1341 State street. It is a place which many a poor man has found to be a blessing. A man who is out of work and has very little money to support him until he finds employment, hails with gratitude the existence of such a place as the *Workingmen's Home*. He finds it very different from the average lodging house. Here a few cents will go a long way. If he wishes to have a satisfying and wholesome meal at the least possible cost, he can get it at the lunch counter. The bill of fare near the entrance gives a good idea of what may be obtained within at very low prices. For instance, a dish of fruit toast costs but three cents; a bowl of soup may be had for one cent; rice, crackers,

beans, fruit, and other good, wholesome foods, are all supplied at prices varying from one to three cents. Surely any hungry man may well be thankful that such generous provision has been made for his needs. The lowness of price does not in the slightest affect the good quality of the fare. Cleanliness and wholesomeness are included with every dish of whatever substance is sold over the counter. This part of the accommodations of the Home is freely patronized and much appreciated.

Quite as essential to one's well-being and comfort is a good night's rest, and this need of the poor man is likewise provided for on an equally generous scale. For ten cents a man has a clean bed and a locker in which to secure his clothing while he sleeps. Hundreds of men are accommodated each night. Before retiring each new arrival is required to take a bath. Provision for this is made in the basement, where also are the laundry accommodations, and thousands of men during the course of a year avail themselves of these means of comfort. The free laundry is used by about sixty-five men per day at present. Included in the extremely low price above mentioned are the use of the bath facilities, and the laundry, and also the clothing fumigator. The last-named is taken advantage of by about fifty men each night.

Besides the provision made to supply a man's needs along physical lines attention is given to his spiritual needs. As the home is designed to be more than merely a lodging house and conducted with a view to helping men to become acquainted with the Saviour of men, as much as to cater to their temporal necessities, services are held in the building every night. About seven o'clock any evening, should the reader step into the Home he would see an unusual sight in a lodging house—a gospel meeting being conducted. Seated and standing around, to the number of between one and two hundred, men of many classes and descriptions listen to the old story of the Saviour's love for them. Respectful attention is paid to the services and seldom is there any interruption. For about ten minutes some worker presents the claims of the gospel, and urges his hearers to think about the things that pertain to the soul. Night after night the little service is held. The meeting is

short, and is quite popular with the men. In the nature of things the audience is seldom, if ever, the same on two consecutive evenings. Doubtless the records of heaven could reveal many a case of souls being helped by these meetings.

Every morning, too, a Bible study is held, for the help of the workers engaged about the institution. For an hour these laborers assemble and ponder the Word of God, seeking divine wisdom to aid them in their duties and opportunities for missionary work.

As might be expected, considerable charitable work is done here. Scores of men, pushed into a tight corner, ask to be allowed to work for a night's rest, or perchance a day's meals; and their requests are usually granted. In many cases the past winter, men in distress have been temporarily tided over hard places and enabled to get food and shelter till better times came to them. These cases are generally honest men who prove themselves deserving of the help extended to them.

The general conduct of the men in the Workingmen's Home is good, and it is rarely that a disturbance of the peace occurs. The manager recently said that during eighteen months it had only once been necessary to call in a policeman. This satisfactory state of affairs is attributed largely to the softening influence of the daily gospel meetings.

SOUL-WINNING WORK AT WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

F. E. CARTER.

In all the months I have been connected with the Workingmen's Home I have never seen so much interest manifested in the evening gospel services as there has been during the last week. There was not a night during the past week but at least half a dozen hands were raised as requests for prayer. Several nights there were more than that number of hands raised. We thank God for a number of professed conversions. At least seven or eight have taken a decided stand for the Master. We thank God for these evidences of His power to save and to keep, and for the knowledge that He is standing by us in the work.

DEFORMED BUT FRAGRANT.

J. F. MORSE, M. D.

One day last spring I had a half holiday which I spent with some friends at a pretty little lake. We gathered some flowers when we were ready to go home and as I was picking some I found one that had been held down by a vine so that its stem was bent and twisted. But on the end of the deformed stem was a beautiful, fragrant flower. I thought of my life, so many times bent aside from the straight and narrow way; and yet the lesson of the little flower told me that if I would let Christ have my heart the days should be fragrant with service for Him.

Coming back to Chicago after five years' absence I find much to show that God is blessing the work, and yet so many whose lives are being deformed by Satan. Some are reaching for the light, and—praise God—all who seek shall find. In one family the father who should be in the prime of manhood was on his deathbed because he had taken the advice of those who ought to have known better, to drink liquor for his health. The mother was longing for comfort and when the promises of God's word were read, accepted them at once and rested in them. At the Life Boat Mission one night a young man who had wandered from a Christian home to the drunkard's pathway, stopped and looked at the dark, crooked life he had led. Although under the influence of liquor he could realize how awful it had been, and kneeling with a worker he said: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I have seen him several times since that night. He is always sober now and his face shines with joy. They say that he never misses a night at the Mission. My brother, my sister, no matter how deformed your past life has been it may be fragrant for Christ. Will you believe?

The Railroad Y. M. C. A. of Ft. Wayne writes us in response to our offer to send THE LIFE BOAT to their reading room: "There certainly can be no objection to having THE LIFE BOAT make regular landings at our wharf. The welcome signal is out."

The circulation of The Life Boat would soon be doubled if each of our readers would show it to his neighbor and solicit his subscription.



PHYSICAL REDEMPTION



HOT WEATHER HYDROTHERAPY WITHOUT APPARATUS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Those who suffer from heat stroke are generally those who have lowered nerve tone, sluggish livers, disordered digestion, and blood laden with impurities. There is nothing that will give such magic relief from the distress-

should be removed and the patient thoroughly dried. Day by day these temperatures can be lowered somewhat, provided the patient reacts freely to the temperature employed. This treatment will increase the patient's ability to make blood, stimulate the liver to increased activity, arouse the digestive powers, and at the same time relieve the congested condi-



WET SHEET RUB.

ingly feverish condition of the body in excessively hot weather, as the application of the cool dripping sheet.

The patient should step into a tub of water about 100 degrees F., and have a sheet wrung out of a bucket of water about 90 degrees, wrapped around him. An attendant should rub him for a few seconds, then pour over the shoulders half a bucket of water at about eighty degrees, and follow with vigorous spating and rubbing until the patient feels warm. Then repeat with half a bucketful of water at 70 or 75 degrees. Rub vigorously until the patient feels perfectly warm. Then the sheet

tion of the brain and nervous system by bringing the blood to the surface, by the vigorous reaction which should always be secured.

Very often if a patient lies down after taking this treatment he will secure sound refreshing sleep. Those who have chilly sensations or an unpleasant feeling of fulness in the head following the cold sheet, will do well to take instead cold mitten friction, with a hot bag placed to the spine while taking the treatment.

If there is a public reading room in your neighborhood will you not supply it regularly with *The Life Boat*?

TWO WEEKS IN THE COUNTRY.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

We have with us for a few weeks a sweet little six-year-old girl. She was brought one day to the nervous clinic at the Halsted Dispensary and the physician advised her going to the country and so we have taken her to our home. The change from the crowded tenements of Chicago to the free country is making another child of her.

To help our readers to understand the ignorance of many of these little ones living in the crowded districts of our large cities we will relate some of the experiences we have had with this little girl. The first night when she was asked to say her prayers she refused to do it because she did not know who God was. In trying to explain to her about God I found that it was an entirely new idea to her that God was in any way responsible for her mother. When we asked her where her food came from she said, "Ma gets it at Welch's," meaning the grocer. Upon being asked where he got it she said he "bued it"; and that was as far as she knew about the origin of her food. When we explained to her that potatoes grow in the field and asked who made them grow she said, "My ma." The same ignorance was displayed about Jesus. It was easy to teach her, however, about both God and Christ, and when we finally succeeded in getting her to repeat the simple evening prayer we taught her, it was very touching.

How pitiful it is that there are thousands of such sweet little children growing up in entire ignorance of God and Christ, except as they hear His name used in vain. Would it not be a good idea for those living in country homes near large cities to hunt up some little boy or girl who needs country air and take them to their homes for a few weeks this summer?

We would like to pitch a tent on our Hinsdale grounds and get eight or ten children out at a time and teach them God's truth. What an opportunity! But we haven't the money even to get a tent with. Can not many of our friends send us a donation at once for this purpose so that we may give a large number of children this benefit before the summer passes? Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

HOW I SUFFERED AND HOW I WAS FREED FROM TOBACCO.

W. H. WILD.

When a lad I lived with my parents in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was left to run the streets day and night. It was while playing marbles, spinning my top, flying my kite, rolling my hoop, and playing tag that I was led into the habit of chewing and smoking tobacco.

Little did I dream of what I was to suffer from the poisonous weed. True, it was a sin of ignorance, but like all other sins against the laws of health, I could not escape the penalty. I listened to the tempter's voice that it was manly to use tobacco, as millions of youth are doing now. But I learned from experience the sad consequences of using tobacco. Through fear of being seen by my parents smoking the vile weed, I wandered far from home to a place where I thought no eye saw me, and for the first time I smoked an old pipe, contrary to my parents' wishes, and soon I lay a pale-faced unconscious boy prostrate upon the ground after only a few whiffs from the old pipe, but there was an Eye that saw and pitied me, and had mercy upon me, and saved me from an untimely death.

Young man, that Eye is upon you and wishes to save you from perhaps a drunkard's grave, the fate of thousands of men who might have been living now if they had shunned the tobacco evil. You don't believe it, you say? Then ask the best physicians in the world and they will readily show you the effects of tobacco on the system. Ask any man who has used it for years and he will tell you its sure effects upon his nerves.

Years after, my brother and I were in the field hoeing corn, and I proposed that we bury our tobacco boxes, which we did. One of those boxes smouldered to dust; the other was dug up and that young man from that day became a slave to the tobacco habit, until I finally laid him in the grave, but I have never used it since, and although sixty-eight years old, I enjoy good health and can do more with my hands than many who are much younger.

If you receive a copy of this paper for which you have not subscribed, you may be assured some friend is sending it to you free. We will not ask for any remittance.

Neighborhood Gospel Work

ALL THAT I NEED TO KNOW.

[The following poem was sent to us by one of our LIFE BOAT workers from Honolulu with the following explanation about it:

"This poem was handed to me while in Honolulu in the home of one of the old missionaries. The white-haired woman prayed that all who came within its borders might feel the atmosphere which prevailed. This was a home of wealth, yet a place where earth's wayworn sons and daughters might find a place of refuge. The author of the poem is unknown. It was brought to Honolulu by a ship's carpenter."—Ed.]

"Down deep in the hold of the vessel,
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way he should go;
He minds his simple duty
And keeps his fires aglow.

He knows not whether the billows
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the Pilot at the helm.

And so in the wearisome journey
Over Life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going
But Jesus shall pilot me.

And so when wearied and baffled
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know."

HINTS FOR LIFE BOAT WORKERS.

[For the benefit of beginners, we have requested some of our LIFE BOAT workers of experience to furnish a few suggestions regarding selling THE LIFE BOAT.—EDITOR.]

Alberta Wiest writes: In selling THE LIFE BOAT, the secret of success lies first in the deportment of the one handling the paper. We should be gentle, respectful and invariably polite, always speaking kindly, whether a copy is purchased or not. When presenting THE LIFE BOAT to business men, I try to be as brief and

concise as possible, and often say to them, "I am selling a little paper called THE LIFE BOAT at five cents a copy. It is the organ of our work among the dark places of great cities, and among prisoners all over the land, also in hospitals." Usually they take a copy, promising to look it over at their leisure. Others ask questions about the work it represents. I have found it a good plan to form the acquaintance of members of missionary societies and Christian workers. They generally gladly welcome THE LIFE BOAT. The sale of this paper should be the foundation for further gospel work. One can hardly sell the paper long without having many opportunities to do soul-saving work. When first I took up the work my only purpose was to sell the paper; now I use THE LIFE BOAT as an introduction to reach the people that I may carry the gospel to them. While explaining the object of the paper excellent opportunities are created to get close to the people and gain their confidence. Quite frequently, in offices, while talking to lady stenographers, many of them have become intensely interested, and I have had the privilege of encouraging many discouraged souls. I might add that my uniform has proved a valuable means of introduction to the people.

Mae Coker: I always present THE LIFE BOAT as a gospel medium, instead of giving the idea that it is an excuse for begging. When I go into a business man's office, I try to convey the impression that I go there expressly to take the gospel to him. I endeavor to make it understood that they are the people I am after; not that I am seeking help for some far-away persons. In the first place, I would advise a beginner to study THE LIFE BOAT, and thoroughly know what is in it; why it is there; and all about the work that it represents. Then the study of the people is very important. A business man must be approached differently than the one who wears gaudy clothes and flashy diamonds. If a man has a kindly countenance, I feel safe in presenting the philanthropic side of our

work; but I never try to give the idea that I am begging for some one else. I make it a rule to ask purchasers to read and study the paper, to put it in their pockets and carry it home, instead of laying it on the counter or desk, where it is almost sure to be dropped into the waste basket. I often tell merchants that even if THE LIFE BOAT is only a five-cent paper, the gospel that it represents is worth more than all their business. When talking to people, concentrate your mind on the paper, and on the person you are speaking to, instead of looking around the room at various objects.

M. Alice Wilson: To be a successful LIFE BOAT worker one must have something deeper and holier than mere physical ability. It is necessary to have the love of God in the heart so pure and strong that we regard all mankind as our brethren. We must have a sincere desire that all shall be saved by a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. This should be so embedded in our hearts and lives that nothing can root it out and so strong that every one who comes in contact with us will feel it. What we carry to the people, we receive from them. If we carry in our hearts a determination that THE LIFE BOAT shall be the foundation for gospel work we shall lay that foundation with every paper we sell; and a word in season as we go along is seed sown and more often than we know, God has prepared the soil, and the seed falls on good ground and springs up and bears fruit. Recently a lady said to me: "You are spreading the true gospel by distributing this little book, and I know you will receive your reward." Such remarks greatly encourage us.

Mrs. Perley E. Wilson: The selling of THE LIFE BOAT should be the very best introduction for gospel work, as it brings us directly in touch with a great many people who need it, and are ready and willing to take hold. I find that nearly every one is interested in home mission work, if presented to them rightly.

E. J. Harvey, Santa Cruz, Cal., is planning to go through the lonely country places in the valleys and mountains, through villages and towns, selling or giving literature containing the saving truths of the everlasting gospel.

A BOY LIFE BOAT WORKER.

HAROLD ANDREWS.

I am fourteen years of age. One year ago last month I saw the first LIFE BOAT and enjoyed it. I was asked to go out and sell it. From the beginning I had good success.

Some people, when I offer them a LIFE BOAT, will say, "What, a LIFE BOAT, what is it?" I explain, and they reply at once, "Why, certainly." Those that have had them say, "I love that paper, be sure to come again." I find the people of Denver love THE LIFE BOAT. I used to sell two hundred LIFE BOATS a month, then three hundred. Of March's



HAROLD ANDREWS.

issue I sold my own order of five hundred, and one hundred and twenty-five for the church society; total 625, the most I ever sold in one month.

In March I had one week vacation from school, and it gave me more time. I sold 500 LIFE BOATS of the prisoners' number. I believe the Lord helps me because I ask Him.

[After Harold had sold his fourth hundred LIFE BOATS, his mother, in ordering an extra hundred, writes: "There will be no school on Decoration Day, so he counts on being able to sell some extra ones."—Ed.]

HOW I CAME TO ENTER THE LIFE BOAT WORK.

MRS. M. M. SHULL.

Over a year and a half ago I read in a Christian paper a notice about the December number of *THE LIFE BOAT*, and requesting readers to send stamps and get a few copies and give to their friends. Almost before I had finished reading the first line the still small voice said, "Send for some." I was so deeply impressed that I could not rid myself of the thought, so I sent for several copies. I was more than delighted with them and read and re-read them, loaned them to relatives and friends, and procured several subscriptions. I could scarcely wait until the next issue, which proved to be as interesting as the first, and as I read of the wonderful leadings of the Lord in the sale of this little journal I longed to engage in the work; but circumstances seemed to hinder my engaging in it at that time, so I decided to order enough each month to loan and give to neighbors and relatives; I also sent several copies to friends in different States.

I resolved to take it to the Lord in prayer and knew if it was His will that I should engage in *The Life Boat* work, the way would be opened for me to do so; and in a few months the way did open for me to come to Salina, Kan., and give the greater part of my time to the work, for which I praise God.

I have had splendid success. In a few hours I sold 250 *LIFE BOATS*. I have met with many kindnesses from the people of this place. I received money enough the first two days to pay for *LIFE BOATS* to supply the jail and the two sanitariums for several months. When I called at the jail I was met very cordially by the jailor's wife, who personally accompanied me to the corridor, where I had the privilege of handing a *LIFE BOAT* to each of the prisoners, and each one thanked me. One of them remarked that it was the first good reading matter he had received since coming here. From there we went to the second floor, where a young girl of about sixteen was all alone, and my heart went out to her when I saw her youthful face. I thought, "some mother's girl," and had the privilege of giving her a smile, a warm handshake, and a *LIFE BOAT*. I came down the steps feeling I had had the blessed privilege of taking a

little sunshine to a few of earth's unfortunates.

I then called at one of the sanitariums and was met at the door by a nurse. When I stated the object of my visit she readily consented to my visiting the rooms of the patients and giving them a *LIFE BOAT*. They thanked me over and over again for the papers and invited me to come again.

In calling from house to house I have met with varied experiences, some of which I can never forget. One lady said that her eyesight was too poor to read much. I felt sure if she knew how good the little journal was she would take one, so I felt impressed to give her a copy. As I walked away I resolved I would call again soon, and become better acquainted with her. The next time I found her in deep trouble, but her trust was in God who alone knows about all our struggles and heartaches. That *LIFE BOAT*, followed since by several others, was sent to a dear boy who is on a naval vessel far away, but is trusting in his mother's God. Let us pray that this *LIFE BOAT* may be the means in God's hands of leading others to trust in Him.

Another lady whom I met was also bowed down with grief. After telling me of the terrible struggle she had undergone and not knowing just what her duty was, she asked my advice. I told her to leave it with the Lord who would work it out for her; He knew all about it and I did not. She decided to do so, and I left her comforted. The next time I called she met me with a smile, and said she was trusting it all to God.

One of the professors in the business college, after reading a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*, introduced it to the students with marked success, selling about seventy-five or eighty papers. I found him and his wife very willing to assist me.

I have met a number of the W. C. T. U. ladies, and being invited to attend one of their meetings, I did so. There are noble, loyal women at the head of the temperance work here.

A wealthy lady of this place, after reading a couple of numbers of *THE LIFE BOAT* said, "You are in a good work," and she has assisted me in my work in many ways. She has sent four copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* to relatives in different States.

I sold a paper to a gentleman in a place of business, who after glancing at the picture on the cover, handed me the money, saying as he did so, "God bless you." I said, "Have you seen THE LIFE BOAT before?" He replied that he had not, but he knew God.

The ladies of this place have given me about thirty dollars to be used in The Life Boat rescue work in St. Louis. There are still others who have promised to give later on. I have also been soliciting second-hand clothing for some needy ones I have found, who are very grateful for it, and the kind friends who gave clothes are glad to assist them. One prominent lady of this place has opened her beautiful home to one of these needy ones and a friend has offered to take in another one. It will relieve the mother, who is a widow and has several more to care for, and is not strong herself. By the mother making over some clothing that has been donated two of the children had the privilege of attending Sabbath school with me. One little one stood up in the testimony meeting and said she was thankful she could come to the Sabbath school. What a very little exertion on our part may bring much pleasure to these little ones!

"Oh, the homes we all could brighten
Oh, the hearts we all might lighten."

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD.

Abbie Gowdy, Tucson, Ariz., aged thirteen, is having splendid success in disposing of LIFE BOATS.

F. A. Stahl, Cleveland, Ohio, ordered one thousand June LIFE BOATS for the Life Boat Crew in that city.

Mrs. Amanda Malony, Muncie, Ind., in sending for a large supply of LIFE BOATS, writes: "We have had some good experiences, and are having good success."

Bertha Rugg, Santa Cruz, Cal., ordering a large supply of LIFE BOATS, writes: "God has indeed blessed me in this work."

A worker in Pennsylvania says: "My friend and I expect to take up the work, and will canvass our city and the surrounding towns." She ordered 500 LIFE BOATS.

A twelve-year-old girl in North Dakota writes: "Mother and I want to do some work for THE LIFE BOAT as soon as the horses are not in use. We are planning to sell the paper and take subscribers."

A young lady in Kentucky, ordering a quantity of LIFE BOATS, writes: "I am going to sell them and use the money I earn to get a little girl a pair of shoes. Her mother is very sick and they are very poor."

A worker in Indian Territory writes: "I would like to join you in your good work. Enclosed find an order for fifty LIFE BOATS. If I have good success in selling them, I hope to be able to order a larger number."

Mrs. C. Goodwin, San Jose, Cal., writes, ordering 500 LIFE BOATS, and says, "I am doing fairly well. God bless you all in your efforts to uplift humanity."

J. A. Skinner, Buffalo, N. Y., who rarely orders less than a thousand at a time, wrote in reference to one of the last numbers, "It is the best selling number we have had for a long time. I shall sell three or four thousand of them."

Two young ladies in Texas have been sending in regular orders for five hundred or a thousand LIFE BOATS at a time, and are having most interesting experiences. They write, "We have sold THE LIFE BOAT in Fort Worth and Dallas now three times, and the last time we went over the territory we did better than before. The people seemed anxious for a new copy. We sold a hundred and twenty in two and a half hours in one evening in Dallas."

Anna Pokorny, who used to be a Pennsylvania LIFE BOAT worker, is now engaged in the same work in St. Joseph, Mo. In ordering five hundred copies of the June number she says, "St. Joseph is a hard city to work, but I always renew my courage, and could not think of giving up the work."

Jessie M. Mooney, Walden, Mass., writes: "I like the LIFE BOAT better than ever. It sells well when one gets to work in earnest. I have just commenced to canvass on the street. I never thought I could do it; but I went out last week and sold thirty in an hour and a half. I am getting others interested."

An aged pilgrim in the South, in sending in an order for LIFE BOATS, writes: "I am getting old; am past seventy-six; and I have got the will power, but not the strength that I once had, but I thank God that He keeps me up to work in His vineyard a little while longer to win souls to Him, which is the desire of my heart."

Carrie Daniels and Martha Pedersen have completed their LIFE BOAT trip from St. Louis to St. Paul and return. They met with encouraging experiences at every place. They wrote: "We are glad to be home once more, although we enjoyed our trip more than words can express."

A letter from Mrs. H. T. Moor, Sheffield, Ala., says: "We are meeting with good success. Edna sold one hundred and fifty and I fifty-one yesterday. We are on our way to Nashville to the Veterans' Reunion. We would like you to forward us there at once one thousand LIFE BOATS. We are enjoying the work and sowing good seed as we go, and we meet with many interesting experiences of which I will write later."

Alberta Wiest, who went on a southern LIFE BOAT trip last November, visiting the principal cities, is now in St. Louis, where she will remain, working with our St. Louis LIFE BOAT workers for a time. It is her intention to take further training in medical missionary work before she starts out on another trip. She has found that it is important for the soul-winner to know something of what to do for the sickness of the body as well as the ills of the soul.

Mrs. Perley E. Wilson sells the LIFE BOAT in Mobile, Ala. In a recent letter she writes: "We visit the jail and the Mission. We find the prisoners eager to receive each new LIFE BOAT. We also visit the city and marine hospitals and find the patients very glad to receive THE LIFE BOAT. We have also visited the infirmary and left papers. We hope to be able to supply these institutions regularly each month."

Laura Young, writing from Moline, Ill., says: "Illness at home compelled me to leave the LIFE BOAT work in Moline for a time, but on my return I stopped at Galesburg, Ill., and there disposed of ninety-eight copies in less than six hours, and received several donations for the Life Boat Mission. Next day I saw three little boys reading THE LIFE BOAT in a store, apparently deeply interested. I hope some of the truths in the little paper will be seed sown in good ground."

Anna Brandt and Lizzie Stockwell, who have been visiting several Ohio towns, write: "In Cincinnati we had glorious times. One pitiful case we met was that of an intoxicated

woman who was smoking. We succeeded in getting her to the Mt. Auburn Bible School Rescue Home, where she has already made a hard battle to be delivered from these stimulants; and when last heard from was seeking pardon for sin.

"Another sad case was that of an old woman who could not be taken to the Rescue Home because of her advanced age. She said she had just gotten out of the workhouse, and had no home, no friends, and no one to extend to her a helping hand; so she got discouraged and tried to drown her feelings in drink.

"In Dayton, one beautiful young woman, when she glanced over THE LIFE BOAT, burst into tears, saying she would rather work for a dollar a week than live the life she was living.

"The president of the National Cash Register Company took fifteen dollars' worth of LIFE BOATS and asked us to speak to the girls that are employed in the factory, concerning our work. He extended to us many courtesies. We are doing what we can day by day, and are happy in serving Jesus. Everywhere we receive calls for help."

Lulu May Henry writes from Claremore, I. T.: "I am now working my way to St. Louis. Although since leaving home I have worked only about four hours, on account of the weather, the Lord has wonderfully blessed me, and I have sold one hundred and twenty-five LIFE BOATS. I intend to go to Joplin, Mo., this week. Please send five hundred LIFE BOATS there as soon as possible. Since reading the May number I have decided to give one day's work each month to help the work in Chicago."

BUFFALO AND RETURN.

Mae Coker and Mercia Morse, our LIFE BOAT office bookkeeper, have recently returned from a gospel trip to Buffalo. We quote the following from their report to the family on their return:

"After visiting several small places in Indiana, we reached South Bend, and had an interesting time there. In Detroit we met with a very cordial reception, and found that the young people were very much interested in THE LIFE BOAT. They are planning during the summer to visit every home in the city

with *THE LIFE BOAT* and *Good Health*. We went out to Fort Wayne and introduced the work to the soldiers. They liked the paper very much and invited us to bring it each month.

"We next visited Mt. Clemens, a popular watering place, and found it a good field for work. Then we worked in Pontiac, and several other towns, doing well in each place. During much of our trip it rained heavily and we were prevented from working, but

tation. However, the Superintendent of the Seamen's Union thought *THE LIFE BOAT* was 'just the paper for seamen,' and was quite anxious for us to present it to them. Those to whom we sold it on the docks all liked it very much. We visited the Old Soldiers' Home and the veterans were delighted with it. Some sixteen hundred soldiers are at present in the Home at Erie, and we were invited to hold meetings there.

"In every city we visited we found a large foreign element, particularly French people. Many of them bought a *LIFE BOAT*, although unable to read it, but their children will read it to them. It is plain that a French edition of the paper would be gladly welcomed; and the same might be said of the Italians. Foreigners appreciate *THE LIFE BOAT*.

"In Toledo we did very well and visited several Government establishments. We were received very kindly at all of them.

"On our return journey we visited Erie, where we worked practically the whole city and met with encouraging success. In the docks we visited the war vessel 'Michigan,' and met Captain Ladd, who showed us many courtesies. He gave us permission to go over the whole vessel—a privilege rarely accorded to visitors. *THE LIFE BOAT* was new to him and he expressed much satisfaction with it. We went to every part of the vessel, including the cooks' and engineers' quarters, and every man on board who had a nickel with him bought a *LIFE BOAT*. It seemed as though every person in any way connected with the vessel thought *THE LIFE BOAT* the very thing they wanted.

"Sandusky we also visited on the way back. If possible, the people of this town were more interested in the paper than those of any other place we worked in. It was new to them, and made a very favorable impression on them.

"This trip convinced us more firmly than ever that *THE LIFE BOAT* is an excellent medium for spreading the glorious gospel. It is scarcely possible to form a just estimate of the spiritual good the paper does, unless one goes over the same ground after the people have had time to read it; yet we feel certain that many a soul is helped into a closer knowledge of God through reading the pages of *THE LIFE BOAT*."



during the intervals when it did not rain we had splendid experiences.

"After leaving Detroit we were in a territory where *THE LIFE BOAT* had previously been sold, and those who had read it were deeply interested.

"In Buffalo we discovered that all the vessels in port were tied up by a strike. We learned that in the city there were about two thousand members of the seamen's organization. We were invited to meet them with *THE LIFE BOAT*, but as they were to have their meeting later than we had arranged to be in Buffalo we could not accept the invi-



Rescue Service



AS SCARLET, AS SNOW.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

She had known the sinful woman,
Who had bartered all for gold,
By the gaudy, tinsel'd garments,
And the look so set and bold.
She had marked her cry at midnight,
As she lured her victims in
From the path of searing pleasure
To the death-dark pit of sin.

She had questioned what was duty
To the weary, fallen one,
Knowing God had saved her surely
From the deeds this soul had done.
Then she saw the fair carnations,
Blooming in her window bow,
White and scarlet with their message
Of the scarlet sin made snow.

Swiftly then with eager fingers,
She had plucked and twined them so,
Writing down the tender message
Of the scarlet sin made snow.
And she saw the sinful woman
At her very gateway stand,
As if God had sent her surely
For the message in her hand.

Gladly to the gate she hasted,
And with gentle Christlike art,
Drew the woman to her bosom
Till she felt her beating heart.
Said, "My God and yours has given
Such a message as you see
In these flowers. You're forgiven,
Cleansed and clothed with purity."

Then the sinful woman faltered,
Melted by the Saviour's power,
Pressed her lips upon the message,
Dewed with tears the snowy flower,
And like one of old, repentant,
She knelt low upon the floor,
Heard the Master say, "Forgiven,
Go in peace and sin no more."

DO YOU GET DISTURBED BECAUSE YOUR PLANS ARE UPSET?

FANNIE EMMEL.

It was my purpose to go out and sell LIFE BOATS for I was so anxious to meet the people and hoped to find some one who would be interested and hungry for salvation and truth, and we also needed money. My heart

was in a glow that there was nothing to hinder me that day and I could go. While making preparations I was asked to see a young man who was a prisoner. I said to myself, "I have no time to stop and talk with him, I have to go, I have so much to do," but when I looked into that young but sad face its crying need appealed to me and my plans for the day grew so small that they seemed as nothing compared with what I could do for that soul. I spent some time with him, but when I left him no impression seemed to have been made on him and, as far as I could see, my time was wasted.

I was asked next to see a poor young woman, a widow of six weeks, with two little ones, and no one to hold up her weak hands. She wanted us to take the little ones into our day nursery so she could go out and seek a position where she could earn food for them. After doing all we could for this poor soul I just had time to keep an appointment to visit the Suburban Home. We found the inmates happy and of good courage, but needing clothes for infants. One of them said, "Oh, Sister Emmel, if we only had a cow that was good and healthy what a grand thing it would be for the babies." Perhaps some reader knows how we can get a cow.

The sweet, clean, peaceful atmosphere in that home, the consideration manifested for each other, inspires one to do greater work for Him. Upon returning to the Mission in the afternoon almost the first one I saw was the young man I first met in the morning. He remained to the Mission service. When I bade him good-by after the service his face was changed and I said, "How do you feel now?" He said, "Well, I have made up my mind to be a Christian and I have found out there is something to live for." The prison warden had helped this young man to get to Chicago. His home was in the East and his mother had proven her mother love by writing him every month while he had been in prison. He was doing everything in his power to get to her as soon as he could.

There was not a moment of that day that sad face was not before me. We all made it a matter of prayer during the day for the salvation of that young man. I was not sorry that evening when my eyes were able to behold him on his knees confessing his needs to Jesus.

We have to put ourselves out to be able to spend time to direct straying footsteps in the right way, but if we do and the Lord makes it successful, as I have known Him to do in our work here, who would not be willing to make the sacrifice? If we see duty and obey the call to help, and do not see the good results desired, we have at least been faithful, and shall eventually hear the words, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things."

There were others that gave their hearts to the Lord at the Mission service that night, so we find the Spirit at work, and we are glad for the privilege of bringing the living water to thirsty souls.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF THE LIFE BOAT REST.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

On the 4th of April I was appointed assistant matron of The Life Boat Rest and can truthfully say that ever since I have been so happy, because I have had so many opportunities to work for my Master. I found our supply of food was very meager. We had so many things to get and but very little money on hand, so we continued eating the simple dietary. One morning on coming down to breakfast we found several boxes of strawberries, two dozen eggs, butter, bread, rolls, and two packages of oatmeal that one of the converts of the Mission had sent up to us.

A few days later Dr. Kellogg called on us and wanted to know what we had to eat. I told him what we had in stock and soon afterward we received a large box of health foods from him. Every day we praise the Lord for friends. We can not but exclaim with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." I try not to be as Martha of old who was "cumbered about much serving." I have been out with THE LIFE BOAT and have had some blessed experiences along that line; have also helped in the Mission nearly every night. God has wonderfully blessed me there. He has also

helped me to win victories in the Home and in talking with some of our dear girls I find that they too fully realize that God is a very present help in time of trouble.

Dear readers of THE LIFE BOAT, anything that you may feel impressed to send us will be gratefully received. At present we are very much in need of some tablecloths and napkins; perhaps some one would like to help us in that direction. The Life Boat Rest invites all its friends who are passing through the city to come and see us, and we will make it as pleasant as we possibly can for them all.

AT THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. NINA CRANE.

The progress of the work at the Suburban Rescue Home is most encouraging. We have been having blessed experiences in our hours of worship. Every one in the Home attends and all seem to take a deep interest in the services.

We have been specially interested in one girl who seemed to be suffering intensely from homesickness. She spent a great deal of her time in crying because she was separated from her loved ones and wanted to go to them, but circumstances are such that she can not go now.

We told her that the Lord would open the way for her to go home when the right time came, but in the meantime she must learn the lesson He wished to teach her, and which He had sent her to us to learn, and she seemed wonderfully eager to learn more about Him so that she could soon go home and be a missionary to her own people.

The workers and inmates at the Suburban Home are kept busy day and night caring for the several babies under their care. They have no opportunity or time at present to in any way earn their living. Their running expenses are about thirty dollars per month. The Lord is in a remarkable way helping the work along. Who will send us means to keep the work going?

THE NELLIE MAY FUND.

Florence Van Dorn writes from Rodney, Iowa: "Enclosed find one dollar and fifty

cents. I sold my gold ring which was given to me years ago, and send this to be used in the rescue work. It makes my heart sad to think of so many poor girls being led away in this sinful world. I also rejoice in the work you are doing for those dear girls. May God bless you, is my prayer. As I read the article about the seventeen pennies I decided to add to the fund also. I am anxious to see it grow, and will send more as soon as possible."

MICHIGAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

It is always my principle to share with others the good things that God sends me, and as our



little Clifford is such a ray of sunshine in the Home, it appears to me that his bright face will be welcome to the readers of THE LIFE BOAT.

He is now about a year old, and is so good-natured that he makes friends with every one. He has been with us since he was three weeks

old, and it has been a pleasure to watch his growth and development. No one can look into his sweet, innocent little face and not feel the heart throb with longing to make his life happy and useful, and to teach him the love of the dear Saviour who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How many unfortunate babies there are in the world, bright, promising children with great possibilities, who would be glad of friends who will love and care for them, teaching them to live pure and upright lives.

Our hearts are open to help all such, and any who may have fallen by the way, yet realize they are wrong and wish to reclaim the past, and pursue a future with honor as its goal. If the kind readers of THE LIFE BOAT could see our unfinished buildings standing as a mute witness of our need, they would appeal to the hearts of even indifferent ones. We

have had to turn away eighteen dear girls who asked our shelter simply because we had no room for them, and no money to pay for the finishing of the buildings partially erected. The material is all here—donated by friends in our city, but we are at a standstill for lack of money to pay for labor. We will not go into debt. We had a fine Jersey cow donated to the Home, but have no way of getting her here—and no way to feed her if she came. Our needs are very great and our opportunities for doing much more than we are doing are so many, that it is hard to shut our eyes to them, and be reconciled to bearing our trials.

Is there some mother or father, who, perhaps, has laid a dear baby like little Clifford away to rest, with more money than they need, who would like to assist us to take care of the Lord's helpless? If so, we would like to send our circular, and write more fully personally.

Any interested ones will be given further details of our work on application to Mrs. W. H. McKee, matron Michigan Home for Girls, Byron Center, Mich.

TRANSFORMING JEWELRY INTO USEFULNESS.

A lady in California writes:

"I send you some jewelry, ear-rings and a diamond ring which cost me one hundred and ten dollars. I wish to have the proceeds from the sale of these articles used in the Lord's cause. Please do all you can to help the poor and suffering with what I send."

ELEVEN OTHERS WANTED.

Dr. M. Alice Wilson, who is engaged in Life Boat work in Nebraska, has volunteered to maintain a telephone for one month in the Suburban Home. She suggests that it will only take eleven others to maintain the phone for a whole year at an expense to each of only \$1.50.

We recently received a letter with one dollar enclosed which said: "To be used in the care of some one to whom Christ would say, 'Go, sin no more.'"

Hospital Life Boat Work

HOW A HOSPITAL PATIENT WAS LED TO THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. J. DELAMATER,
St. Paul, Minn.

While passing through a ward in the city hospital on my weekly visit my attention was attracted to a young consumptive, lying with closed eyes. I stepped to her bedside, and whispered of Jesus, but she, too weak to talk, raised her hand and motioned me away with a look of scorn. The next week I simply clasped her hand as it lay on the counterpane. She made an impatient gesture, so I smiled, and passed on. At my next visit she did not resent my hand-clasp. A nurse had told me what little she knew of her history: that people professing to be Christians, by whom she was employed as a domestic, insisted on her overworking even after a severe cold had settled on her lungs; then when her strength gave way, had discharged her, leaving her to care for herself as best she could. Consequently she had lost faith in God, and felt contempt for the followers of Jesus. I requested a few of my Christian sisters to pray with me that she might realize God's love for her. Our Father answered these prayers; and when next I saw her a smile of welcome and an outstretched hand greeted me as she sat up in bed and talked aloud. Her strength returned, so she was able to get out of doors after a few weeks, and learned to look forward to my visits. Cautiously I turned her mind to God and His dear Son, until she would listen to the reading of His Word, and finally consented to my praying with her. Her fast-falling tears showed that her heart was touched and she consented to read and study for herself, if I would procure a Bible for her. A kind friend whom I had interested in her, and who had been sending her fruit occasionally, also purchased her a Bible. She began studying, and one day announced to me her acceptance of Jesus, and perfect happiness resulting from faith and trust in Him. The nurses said she did not seem like the same person.

Her strength began to fail again, but her faith increased and she said, "Whether I live

or die, it is all right. I am trusting." The last time I visited her, as I passed in an attendant said, "She is unconscious and has not known her nurse for two or three days, so it is unnecessary for you to see her." But I entered the room and spoke to the nurse, when the dear girl opened her eyes with a look of recognition and a faint smile. As I lingered over the bed, how my heart went out in thankfulness to God for this jewel, snatched as a brand from the burning. I asked Him to give her consciousness for a last good-bye and as I bent over her and whispered it, she shook her head. "Do you want me to stay?" I asked, and she nodded. I was not permitted to do so, and I said, "Do you know what good-bye means, dear? It means 'God be with you.' Now will you say it?" Her lips moved as she bowed her head in an affirmative, and smiled. I left the room, joyful in the hope of meeting her again where pain will be unknown.

Reader, do you not think I felt repaid for my summer's hospital work? And she was but one of the many patients who have been cheered by our visits. Eternity alone will reveal the results. "I was sick and ye visited me." Matt. 25:36.

ONLY A VERSE.

ESTHER LATHAM.

"Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine,
Living with Jesus a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine."

These were the words sung softly and tenderly by a consecrated nurse to a dying patient. At the sound of those beautiful words life seemed to return to the lusterless eyes, and the patient seemed to be listening. Then the sufferer took up the strain with the nurse. For two months these words were in constant demand in that sick room. Then God heard our earnest petitions for her recovery, and health returned once more. Now she is enjoying the comforts of her own home. Dear reader, have you ever counted the possibilities of a moment for Jesus? Perhaps to-day He whispers to you "Give me thine heart." What shall be your response?

PRISONERS' DEPARTMENT

SUGGESTIONS TO JAIL WORKERS.

Don't carry messages out of the prison without permission from the officials.

Don't pry into the history of a prisoner's crime. It does not concern a soul-winner.

Don't remind prisoners about their surroundings. Call their attention to more hopeful and inspiring things.

Don't sympathize with the prisoners about mismanagement of the prison. In fact, do not permit yourself to be drawn into conversation on the subject.

Don't regard them as worse sinners than a large number of persons on the outside of the prison upon whom the strong arm of the law has not yet been laid for their crimes. Perhaps if you had had no better chance in life than some of them, you would have been in their place. So don't preach at them. Regard them simply as brothers in need. Try to forget you are in prison, and speak to a prisoner as you would to a man should you have occasion to meet him on the street.

PRAYING FOR HELP.

MARY I. GOODISON, M. D.

A police sergeant reported to one of our workers the case of a young woman who lost her mind as the result of reading about the great theater fire in Chicago. He suggested that perhaps we might be able to do something for her. So one of our medical students and I called at the house. We found that the family had been passing through great affliction and was in deep poverty. The mother was a splendid woman and appreciated deeply the offer to help her daughter. We took her to our Halsted Street Dispensary for examination, and when the doctor gave encouragement that she could be helped the mother was overjoyed and could not thank us enough. She said she had just been praying for the Lord to send some help to her daughter, and she felt that our coming had been an answer to her prayer. One of our nurses will give the girl treatment in her home, and we trust that she will be entirely cured and spiritual help be afforded to the whole family.

A GOOD MISSION FIELD.

The following extracts from a letter received from a prisoner in the Wisconsin State Prison emphasize what we have called attention to in another column, namely: that the prison work is an exceptionally good missionary field.

"I wish to thank you ever so much for sending me **THE LIFE BOAT**. I will pass them to others as you requested. It may surprise you to know that they will be more thoroughly read and better appreciated in a place of this kind than would be the case with the same person on the outside. Here one has time for reflecting, and the well meaning aid and the helping hand that is extended is more visible than would otherwise be. I know it is kind of selfish, but it is true nevertheless. It does seem strange that one in going to prison learns some of the goodness that is in the world, as well as a large amount of its bitterness. In reference to the Bible, I will say that I often read it, and to some purpose. I hope to lead a better and more useful life and fight Satan at every ditch. Be assured of one thing, that the help extended by your association does not go unrewarded, and your effort to make the lives of unfortunate people more cheerful is not in vain.

"I thank you for **THE LIFE BOAT** and also for the interest you have taken in a lonely stranger, and hope to hear from you again in the near future."

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

My Dear Christian Friends:

I am feeling rather sad to-day over my condition in life. I would very much like to hear from some good Christian people. I have had rather a hard time all my life. I am trusting in the Lord for help and strength, for power to make my life better day by day. I am very glad to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and that I can read enough to believe in Him. When I was a boy I had no parents or anyone to teach me the Word of God, but I thank Him that I am able to read His holy word.

Here is a verse I read and think of: Gal. 6:3. "For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

I trust I may receive your prayers. I have neither mother nor father and am alone in the world. Bad company has led me here, but I am on my way to better company when I get out of here.

STILLWATER, MINN.

"I shall ever remember the kind and sympathetic words of hope and cheer that came from you by letters and through the medium of THE LIFE BOAT, that valuable little pamphlet I so much cherish, as it was instrumental in changing my life for the better."

A prisoner in Colorado State Prison writes: "I know God will answer our prayers if we have faith and believe. I have chewed and smoked tobacco for twenty-five years. I prayed to God to make me perfect and to take away all evil, and He did it. I have not taken a chew or a smoke for a month and do not want it. I just said I would give myself to God and let Him lead and keep me, and I know He will. If you were here and asked those who knew me, they would tell you that a great change has come over me. I would be glad to get THE LIFE BOAT regularly, or anything you think will help me on."

A PRISON SERVICE IN THE FAR-AWAY PACIFIC.

Our LIFE BOAT workers and other friends have been holding regular Sabbath services in the Oahu Penitentiary, Honolulu, H. I. These services are varied from time to time; sometimes it is a sermon, sometimes a social meeting or song service; at other times, a Bible reading is given, or a program rendered. The prison officials have shown the utmost courtesy and co-operation in this effort. A goodly number of LIFE BOATS are distributed.

A MISSIONARY WHILE IN PRISON.

A prisoner in the Colorado State prison writes: "I wish you to know how much good it does me to get a good letter from people from the outside. It makes me feel as though someone cares for me, if I am a prisoner. I received THE LIFE BOATS you sent me in back numbers and sent them around among the boys and they are well pleased with them. I do sincerely wish that every family in the world could get one of these papers each month to read. I am going to try to do what I can to circulate them when I get out. The paper is getting better all the time."

READ AND PASSED ON.

INDIANA STATE REFORMATORY.

"Dear Friend: I was looking at THE LIFE BOAT when your last letter came. I got a letter today from mother, so you can know how happy I am. You and my mother are the only ones who write to me. I can not tell you how much good your little paper did me. I read it through without stopping, and then passed it on and let a lot of others read it. When I read Christian papers I am encouraged. Every night I read my Bible and pray to the Lord for power and grace to do what is right, and I know that He will help me. I am looking ahead to something better, and I wish you would pray for me."

"BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER."

NINA FORD.

At a recent jail service we were much impressed with the earnestness and faith of a young man who said he had been imprisoned by mistake. He said he was sure he would be released if we would pray for him. This we were glad to do, he kneeling on one side of the prison bars and we on the other, and all praying the prayer of faith. God heard our prayer, and before the services at the jail were finished, the young man's employer had explained matters to the authorities so that he was released and went on his way rejoicing.

A STORY OF A LIFE BOAT IN PRISON.

"I thank God that He even saves men behind prison bars. It is only two months since I left the prison, but I thank God for THE LIFE BOAT that I found there about three years ago. It brought me more joy and happiness than anything else ever did."

J. E. Wood, Santa Fe, N. M., writes: "Yours of April 3rd to hand. I took pleasure in personally handing a copy of the April LIFE BOAT to each one of 'our boys' on May 1st. They enjoy the paper very much."

We are constantly receiving letters from prisoners who say The Life Boat is a great help to them, and ask if we can not send it to them regularly. If you were in prison would you not appreciate the regular visits of The Life Boat? Will you donate a year's subscription to someone?



Children's Department



OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

MRS. FRED COLE.

It is some time since you heard anything from our Dispensary Sunday School, but it has been kept up all the while and is a great benefit to the children of the neighborhood.

As summer was drawing on we promised the children that we would all go to Washington

time to come for us to start. At last the lunch was ready and we set out for the street car, a very happy company. It was about five miles to the park, so we had a pleasant ride. The children were very quiet during the journey, but as soon as we reached the park their spirits knew no bounds, and away they went in every direction. They



OUT IN WASHINGTON PARK.

Park some Sunday and have a picnic. The children were perfectly delighted; many had never been there and it would be such a treat to them; and every day about a dozen little folks came in with the questions: "When are we going to have the picnic?" "How long will it be?" "How much will it cost?" "Who will take the dinner?" It was very amusing to see how enthusiastic they were.

We decided to go May 29. The children came early and impatiently waited for the

seemed uncontrollable. One little fellow ran to a lilac bush and began to break off its beautiful bunches of flowers. We set our lunch baskets under the tree and played games and ran races until all were tired out.

Then calling the children together, we had them sit down on the grass, and gave them luncheon. As we partook we were reminded of the time when Christ fed the multitude. After dinner we had our picture taken, played a few more games, then went through the

flower house. The children were delighted with the beautiful blossoms and said they would never forget their day at the park.

When it was time to return home each teacher with her group of children started for the car. The children were singing, laughing, chatting, and having such a merry time, that it aroused the curiosity of the crowds of people whom we passed.

We were all very tired, but knew that the day had been well spent, for we had succeeded in making the children happy; and Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

A MISSIONARY SAVINGS BANK.

A mother writes us: "It was with interest that little Lenore listened to your letter telling of the plans for the outings for the slum children. We always enjoy hearing of the progress of the work among the needy ones for whom Christ died.

Lenore had hoped to raise a missionary garden and use the proceeds to help lighten the life of some not so fortunate as herself, but the soil was unpromising and she thinks selling LIFE BOATS a more sure way of raising the money. She has a little bank and into it all her pennies go for Jesus, because, as she often says: "He gives me all I need, so I can help some one else who is in need." I am glad for the good spirit she manifests.

I enclose sixty cents to settle my account and to pay for twelve copies of the June number, which Lenore will endeavor to sell."

WAIFS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

RHODA A. WOOD.

Having never attended a Sunday School composed of street waifs I had often wondered what it would be like. The first Sunday after my arrival in Chicago I was working about the Mission, when suddenly I was surprised by a deluge of children rushing in. Some were hatless and coatless, some with clean faces, more with dirty, some in rags, and some in tatters, and—I was about to say, some in velvet gowns—but hardly that, although I noticed a plentiful sprinkling of cheap jewelry and finery. This suggested that some of them were ashamed of the dirt, and

thought they could impress people that they were really fine by a display of ornaments; some of them carried themselves too, in the same peculiar way that some older and better educated people do when decked with jewelry.

The superintendent rang a little bell to call the children to order, and I wondered if anybody could ever get order out of such a wriggling, squirming, giggling mass. But in a short time the children quieted down and entered into the spirit of the service with much enthusiasm, singing song after song. Then after prayer the classes were formed, and after a short acquaintance with the children assigned to me I found much good material to work upon. Most of them have bright, active minds, a good memory, an inborn love of music, and best of all every child has a tender little heart that can be won for Christ. I thought it was a blessed thing to save these little lambs before their lives were destroyed by the wolves of sin and self. Where there is one Mission School of this kind there should be a dozen. Let us pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth reapers for the fields are white and the coming of the Lord hasteneth greatly. Let those who can not take up this work personally assist those who can, both by their prayers and with their money.

"Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind,
Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?"

ENCOURAGE YOUR CHILDREN TO SELL LIFE BOATS.

The Lord is using THE LIFE BOAT not only to reach the unsaved, but also as a means of bringing a blessed experience to those who are already in the Christian pathway. Hundreds of children and young people are developing a wealth of Christian experience as a result of a little time spent each week in selling LIFE BOATS. People everywhere welcome THE LIFE BOAT and it paves the way for many gospel talks and missionary visits, which would, perhaps, never be developed in any other way.

Why don't you spend a part of your summer vacation selling Life Boats? You will have a grand experience, accomplish much good and earn some money.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

A. T. Jones W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

A SOUL-WINNERS' CONFERENCE.

Next October there will be held in Chicago the second annual Life Boat Workers Conference. We give this early notice so that all our Life Boat workers can begin to lay their plans accordingly. This will be a most interesting and profitable occasion. It will be an inspiration to listen to the experiences of these various workers, and it will be very helpful to sit down and study together the best methods of advancing this work. More information will be given later.

THE ST. LOUIS SITUATION.

We are glad to announce that the Lord has opened the way for Mrs. Lizzie Aldrich, who had charge of our first rescue home in Chicago, and who devoted years to faithful service here, to go to St. Louis and assist in the rescue work there.

The storm of indignation that has swept over the country as the dastardly attempts to lure innocent girls to St. Louis have become known, has checked this work to a certain extent, but we must not suppose for a moment that the devil has given up. He is only waiting for the agitation to die down, and then he will work harder than ever before.

Near the end of the Exposition, and immediately after its close, will be the time when our best work must be done. We are planning for this, and hope our friends will not forget to pray for this work and assist it with their means.

ARE YOU CONSCIOUS OF DIVINE HELP?

Paul once met certain disciples who were already engaged in laboring for humanity, to whom he said: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" They answered him, just as many would have to do today, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." Acts 19:2.

Perhaps you have had some experience in the gospel, without possessing the necessary

power and influence to win others to the Master. If so, you need, just as these disciples did, to be made acquainted with a deeper experience of the things of God, so that you may be able to proclaim the gospel with convincing power and clearness. Take your Bible, and study what God is willing to do for you, if you are ready to submit to His conditions. You can not afford to do otherwise. The gospel worker has to contend with a power more than human, and must have more than human power to successfully overcome it.

DO YOU KNOW THIS SECRET?

The secret of a soul-winner's success is to leave out all references to the shortcomings of others. Remember that Christ condemned no one, not even the poor woman found in sin. When we begin to condemn others, that is an invitation for others to condemn us. There is something good in everybody, as well as something intensely human. We must encourage the good and refuse to condemn the evil, only as we can assist the person to get rid of it. You may be terribly tried sometimes by inconsistencies in the lives of those who have had far greater spiritual opportunities than you, but the Lord permits you to meet it, to develop in you the patience necessary for a soul-winner.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

It was said of the days of Noah, "the earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence," Gen. 6:11, and Christ said, "As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." Matt. 24:37.

When you read of the state of things in some of the Colorado mining regions, during the last few months, and think of the possibility of such conditions becoming universal, are you not painfully reminded of the days of Noah?

But there is a brighter side to the picture.

Noah was spoken of as "a just man, perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God." Do you appreciate that when Christ said, "As the days of Noah were, so also shall the days of the Son of Man be," He spoke of a time when there would not only be a repetition of the violence and crime in the land, but also when there would be grace and divine power imparted to the children of God, so that they would be able to repeat the experience of Noah. Are *you* a just man, perfect in your generation, walking with God? If so, you are helping to fulfill Christ's prophecy.

HOW DO YOU REGARD YOUR ERRING BROTHER?

When a gardener finds a branch nearly severed from the tree he cuts it off; but when God finds a man so backslidden that he is almost severed from Him, He deals differently with him, for it is written: "A *bruised* reed shall He not break." Isa. 42:3.

When the candle flame has been extinguished, the most natural thing in the world is to snuff out the smoking wick; but if you find that the spiritual life of a brother has been practically extinguished do you feel disposed to snuff out the last tiny spark by criticism and fault-finding? God does not, for of Him it is said: "The smoking flax shall He not quench." Isa. 42:3.

Carry out these principles in your soul-winning work, and you will meet with success in many cases where you are now only meeting with failure.

WRITE TO US.

We are very anxious to get a letter, no matter how brief, every week from all who are engaged in THE LIFE BOAT work. We want to hear from all those who are doing hospital and jail work. We wish to know something of the experiences of those who are engaged in soul-winning work of any kind. If you have helpful thoughts or new suggestions on how to reach humanity will you share them with us? We can send some of these items to someone else to whom they will be a source of encouragement.

Letters of this nature should be directed to Dr. or Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

WORK FOR SEAMEN.

There should be one or two experienced LIFE BOAT workers especially adapted to meeting seamen at each of the leading shipping ports of this country. From the results of the little effort that has already been made we are satisfied that this will yet prove to be a great factor in sending the gospel to all parts of the world.

THE "NO HURRY" DEVIL.

Recently while conducting service in the Rock Island prison, a worker rose and testified that the greatest thing he had to contend with was the "no hurry devil." When the Lord prompted him to do something, the devil sought to persuade him that there was no need to be in a hurry to do it.

Have you a "no hurry devil" in you that needs to be cast out? If so, do not delay in letting the Lord do it for you, for He is able to cast out evil spirits today as He was two thousand years ago.

WAS SODOM WORSE?

Mr. Jerome, city attorney, asserts that two thousand of the two thousand five hundred and nine hotels in New York City are in reality open houses of prostitution. You who have doubted that the coming of the Lord is at hand, will you not read these words in Luke 17:28-30: "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot . . . even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." How much worse than this do you suppose Sodom could have been?

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED ABOUT YOUR WORK?

Are some of your friends forsaking you? That is no certain sign that you are all wrong. Paul, just before his death, wrote to Timothy, in reference to the great work that he had done in Asia: "All they which are in Asia be turned away from me." 2 Tim. 1:15. If such a large amount of Paul's work could ravel out, do not be discouraged if there are some things the Lord has helped you to do, which from a human standpoint do not abide. Say, with Paul, "I know whom I have believed," (2 Tim. 1:12) and forgetting the past, press forward to the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus. (Phil. 3:13, 14.)

ARE YOU A TOBACCO-USER?

Have you dreaded to go through the ordeal of getting rid of this habit? Has it ever occurred to you that the discipline which you would secure in rising above this would give you strength to rise above a dozen other sins that are clinging to you? The Lord will help you, and not permit you to suffer above what you can bear.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WEALTHY.

A wealthy Chicago man is reported to have recently donated thirty thousand dollars to a religious cult that taught him something of how to secure happiness, even in this life. He was described as "sick and burdened with business care, in spite of all the luxury and diversion that wealth could buy. A spiritual wreck, a poverty-stricken soul." There are thousands of wealthy men who are not regarded as favorable subjects for the gospel. But many of them are soul-burdened, starving for spiritual food. Should not some one carry a burden for their souls? Seek the Lord for wisdom how to reach those who are out of Christ. A LIFE BOAT placed in their hands may be the first step toward their conversion.

HOW SHE SHOWED HER APPRECIATION OF THE LIFE BOAT.

We were surprised to receive recently a very valuable concordance, printed more than a hundred years ago, from a lady whom we had never heard of, with the statement that she wished to give it to us as a token of her appreciation of what THE LIFE BOAT had been to her. A few days later she sent us a very costly parrot. We then met her, and our hearts were touched when she said with tears in her eyes: "It has been my only pet for six years, while I have been living alone in the northern part of Michigan. As THE LIFE BOAT has come to me it has been such a comfort that I wanted to show my appreciation by giving you my parrot." The bird is greatly appreciated by each member of the family. We trust the Lord will help us to gather up and put into THE LIFE BOAT just the truths that will comfort and cheer thousands of lonely hearts, even though we should never again have such substantial evidence of the same.

SOUL-WINNING WORK FOR MINERS.

We have recently received the following letter from one of our readers who is deeply interested in gospel work for the thousands of miners in our country. Are there not others who are also interested in this work? Are there not some taking THE LIFE BOAT who live in mining towns who feel called upon to devote a little of their time to carrying the gospel to these miners? If so, please write us about it and we would be glad to give you suggestions as to how to carry on this work. These men need the gospel; are you going to have a part in giving it to them?

"I have just read an article in the June LIFE BOAT on soul-saving work for miners. This has given me an idea and a desire in my heart to start a miners' fund, so my husband told me that for every dollar's worth of LIFE BOATS that I sold among the miners he would make it two dollars to buy more LIFE BOATS.

"We live in a mining community and as soon as I get the LIFE BOATS I am going to work among the miners and see what I can do. This is the Lord's work and I know He will help me."

DO IT TODAY.

Do you know some one whom you believe could be induced to become an active soul-winner? If so, will you send us his name and address, with particulars that would enable us to open up correspondence with him intelligently?

Our opportunities to reach the unsaved are fast slipping away. Shall we not work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work.

ARE YOU SPIRITUALLY ILL?

A poor sufferer with a dislocated shoulder was brought to my clinic. It was quite evident that he had met his accident in a drunken brawl. After his shoulder had been set, I endeavored to explain to him that it was still more important that his soul should be set in the right relation with God. He appreciated the fact, and we asked God to do for this man what we ourselves could not do; and the man also prayed.

It is important for each one of us to get

into harmony with God. He has not forsaken us. He keeps our hearts going; He heals the bruises of our bodies, and is as willing to heal the bruises of the soul, and we should appreciate this fact.

I recently examined a young man's lungs and had to tell him that he had tuberculosis. He was anxious to start on the next train for a more favorable climate. I told another young man he was suffering with a spiritual disease, and suggested that he put himself under more favorable spiritual influences, to which he simply replied that he would think about it. Suppose after I had suggested the proper treatment for a man who had pneumonia, he should say that he did not want to have anything done for him. You would certainly say he was out of his head. Is not the man who refuses to have something done for his spiritual pneumonia just as much out of his head? It never would be so, if it were not for the devil's deceptive influence.

When I have administered chloroform to a man for a few minutes he is likely to either talk in a foolish manner or act stupidly. It is exactly so with a great many people from a spiritual standpoint.

A POVERTY-STRICKEN DIET.

What you were reading yesterday is today feeding your mind in much the same way that yesterday's food is today furnishing strength to your body. Are your spirituality and missionary zeal burning but dimly? If so, it means deficient missionary and spiritual fuel. "Where no wood is there the fire goeth out." Prov. 26:20. We have never found a great thirst for light and chaffy reading and a great desire to save perishing humanity existing in the same individual at the same time. "Ye can not serve God and mammon." Matt. 6:24. Persons who read such literature may do much good, but when it comes to some supreme test either in their own lives or in those of others, they nearly always fail—their anchor does not hold.

The mania for fiction has come to be a species of intoxication which is crippling the mind just as the morphine habit is ruining the body, and it is as difficult to escape from the one as from the other.

Instead of having the mind filled with pictures of artificial life it is better to have the

heart inspired with a determination to create better things. Are you passionately fond of story books? Do you appreciate the harm of filtering all this sewerage through your brain? Why will you drink of the murky streams of the valley when you might drink of the clear mountain stream? We should be glad to correspond with such individuals and suggest plans for interesting reading that can *nourish* the mind without poisoning it.

SHALL THIS BE YOUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT?

The following is a will by a drunkard of Oswego, N. Y.; "I leave to society a ruined character and a wretched example. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart—a life of shame. I leave to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave."

"I HAVE SMOKED ALL MY LIFE."

In a recent issue of the *Chicago American* Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes:

"Not long ago I was warning a boy that cigarettes would stunt his growth or undermine his constitution. A man of thirty years and six feet in height who overheard me whispered to me, 'I have smoked since I was eight years old.' This man is unable to take a sea bath without turning the color of blue clay and shivering with cold for two hours afterward. Every winter he is afflicted with some phase of neuralgia, and for the last five years, to my certain knowledge, has not escaped some siege of illness. Yet no amount of argument could make him believe what is without question the fact, that he undermined his vitality while growing by the cigarette habit. He reached the physical height nature intended for him, and his mental faculties were too strong to be warped, but the cigarettes made their inroads on his vital forces."

Every one who has used tobacco has injured himself just to the extent that he has done so, for the same reason that a machine is worn just to the extent that it has been used; and the fact that the tobacco user frequently does not know it is injuring him does not change this other fact. Many a man has had cancer for months without knowing it, but that would be no argument in favor of its harmlessness.

RESCUE WORK IN THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

LURLINE LAWRENCE.

One afternoon one of our workers went to the postoffice and there noticed a girl about sixteen years of age standing at one side of the room looking very discouraged. A conversation was begun with her and the story soon learned. Young and ambitious, she had come to St. Louis expecting to find work at good wages, but upon arriving in the city, found her purse and money were gone. There she was in a large city without money, friends or work. We took her to the Life Boat Headquarters, where she found friends and a place of shelter until the next day, when a good position was secured for her.

One of the cunning devices resorted to by those who send out alluring advertisements for girls is to state that if notified in time, applicants will be met at a certain place in the Union depot. This, of course, leads those answering to think the advertiser is honorable, yet these agents of the evil one are so strong in number and means that they have no fear of the authorities.

There is a great work to be done here, but it requires money. These girls that our workers help must have something to eat and somewhere to sleep until honorable work can be secured for them.

A THOUSAND HUDSON TAYLOR BOOKS.

We are glad to announce that we have sent out as premiums for LIFE BOAT subscriptions one thousand copies of the book by Hudson Taylor on his early experiences in the founding of the China Inland Mission. We have not received one letter expressing disappointment with the book, but on the contrary all who have written have been highly pleased, and feel they have received a spiritual aspiration from its pages. We will supply another thousand books on the same terms: a book for four new subscribers. Why don't you get one?

We will furnish for ten cents, a subscription receipt book, so arranged that a receipt can be given to subscribers and a record of same be left in the book. All who solicit subscriptions should give receipts for money received.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Services are held in the Life Boat Mission each Sabbath at 11 a. m.

The Branch Sanitarium in Chicago has recently been thoroughly renovated.

Mrs. Lura Collins-Moore, Havana, Cuba, sends a good list of new subscribers.

It would be difficult to find a more lovely spot than our new Sanitarium grounds in Hinsdale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sadler will spend their vacation in Chicago taking some special medical studies.

E. B. Van Dorn conducts gospel services about once a month at the Chicago Railway Y. M. C. A.

A health food store has been opened up in the heart of Chicago at 309 Dearborn street with H. E. Hoyt in charge.

One of the Boys' Clubs in Iowa is arranging to have five hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT each month with a special cover for their purpose.

There are a number of young people in South Lancaster, Mass., who have been ordering good quantities of THE LIFE BOAT regularly.

Among the recent visitors to our new Sanitarium grounds at Hinsdale have been Mrs. E. G. White, and Prof. J. T. Miller, of Utah University.

Gottlob C. Widmann, Clearfield, Pa., writes that he will send some copies of a German soul-winning sheet to anyone who will apply, enclosing a stamp.

Mrs. E. B. Van Dorn is enjoying a much-needed rest with friends in Iowa, and is also doing what she can to awaken an interest in THE LIFE BOAT work.

The graduating exercises of the American Medical Missionary College were held June 21. The address was delivered by Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York City.

F. E. Babcock takes fifty LIFE BOATS every month and uses them in the police station, county jail, and penitentiary, and writes that they are much appreciated.

One of the officers at Fort Sheridan who had purchased a LIFE BOAT from one of our workers, wrote a very appreciative letter promising to send a donation for the work in the near future.

Dr. David Paulson recently spoke to the prisoners in Davenport, Iowa, and Rock Island, Ill., jails and addressed a union meeting of the Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches in Moline, Ill.

Mrs. Helen Odell is spending a few weeks visiting important gatherings and conferences in Michigan, Minnesota, and Iowa in the interests of hospital Life Boat work. She finds a deep interest in this work everywhere.

We are always thankful to receive from our readers and Life Boat workers all the suggestions and friendly criticisms that may occur to them. We appreciate the spirit which prompts them, even if we can not adopt them. Often we are able to use some of them to great advantage in the work.

Did you secure a list of subscribers a year or two ago? Will you not go and secure their renewals? We will allow you a cash commission.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED A CHAIN LETTER?

It may be that some of our readers have received a request to fill out a chain letter petitioning Congress to enact a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors. This request purports to originate from some society in an eastern city, but proper authorities have thoroughly investigated the matter and find that there is no such society, and that the whole scheme is gotten up for the purpose of diverting attention from the real battle against the cigarette evil.

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM.

We have secured the architect's plans for our new suburban sanitarium at Hinsdale, and shall begin to break ground directly. We shall be glad to correspond with others who will invest a little in helping to complete this work. We can furnish good security for all money entrusted to us. Write for full information to Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

DO YOU KNOW SOME VICTIMS OF THE DRINK HABIT?

If so, send us their names and addresses and a few stamps, and we will mail them each a copy of THE LIFE BOAT.

A SUGGESTION FOR OTHER SALESMEN.

H. W. Smith, of Timpson, Tex., writes: "I am enclosing herewith an order for LIFE BOATS. I am a traveling salesman and want to distribute them where I think they will do the most good. Pray that in so doing souls may be won to the Master's service."

If you are a Bible student you will enjoy reading the *Bible Training School*, published at South Lancaster, Mass. Send stamp for sample copy.

Thousands of people are asking what is the significance of some of the things that are taking place in the world. That question is answered in the *Signs of the Times*. Send stamp for sample copy to Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, California.

If GOOD HEALTH does not visit your home every month you do not know what you are missing. Do not fail to send ten cents for a sample copy; we believe that you will then be led to send a dollar for a year's subscription. Address GOOD HEALTH, Battle Creek, Mich.

DO YOU WANT TO HAVE THE BENEFIT OF CHICAGO PRICES?

We have made such arrangements with the leading wholesale concerns of the city that we can save you money in buying musical instruments, bicycles, watches and similar things. Write and tell us what you desire, and our buyer will be at your service. Address The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

INTEMPERANCE IN DISGUISE.

The public is at last becoming aroused in reference to the patent medicine evil. It is being recognized that the liquor traffic is coming to the front in this disguised form. Many will be glad to know that the W. C. T. U. department of publication have issued a leaflet entitled "Intemperance in Disguise," by Dr. David Paulson, which may be secured at twenty-five cents per hundred. Address Miss Ruby Gilbert, 915 Silversmiths' Building, Wabash avenue, Chicago.

In remitting to THE LIFE BOAT, when convenient, send money order, currency or coin, instead of postage stamps.

OUR DIRECTORY.

- American Medical Missionary College, 28 Thirty-third Place.
- Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 Thirty-third Place.
- Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
- Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.
- Life Boat Rest for Girls, 436 State Street.
- Life Boat Rest Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.
- American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
- Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel Avenue.
- Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Avenue, and 309 Dearborn Street.
- North Side Treatment Rooms, 76 Hill Street.
- Suburban Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.
- The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

MUSIC FOR THE HOME.

Three new vocal and instrumental pieces, "The Christian Banner," "The Song of the Angels" and "Thoughts of Eden" for 30c. Standard size; printed on fine paper; no extra charge for mailing. Send orders to Otto Lundell, room 670, 324 Dearborn street, Chicago.

In moving our LIFE BOAT business office from Chicago to Hinsdale, there has been some delay in mailing orders, and it is probable that some errors have been made. If any complaints reach you, we shall be glad to have you send them in to us, so that they can be attended to.

SUMMARIES FOR MAY.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Regular meetings	31
Converts' meetings	4
Bible classes	20
Average attendance per night	100
Hands raised	155
Number helped	93
Bible readings	63
Visits to homes	15

WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

Number using laundry	4,318
Penny lunches	21,689
Lodgings	6,350

SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

Meetings held	10
Aggregate attendance	8
Pages of literature distributed	1,804
Articles of clothing distributed	20
Calls made	15
Medical services rendered	6
Treatments	15
Number admitted to Home	1
Number in maternity ward	1
Requests for prayer	7
Girls returned home	1

LIFE BOAT REST FOR GIRLS.

Public meetings held	16
Aggregate attendance at meetings	25
Articles clothing distributed	90
Calls made	1,000
Medical services rendered	2

Treatments	9
Free Baths	25
Free Lodgings	25
Free Meals	50
Number received from police	1
Number admitted to Rest	2
Number in hospital	1
Number Professing Conversion	12
Requests for prayer	93
Girls returned home	2

"SAVE THE BOYS."

This journal has doubtless received more commendations than any other journal of the same age. It is one year old. The name indicates that its mission is in a needy field. If you are not already a subscriber, you should become one at once. One editor, in giving notice of the journal, said: "If you are a boy, or if you have a boy, or even if you wish to help the boys, you should become a subscriber." Not many months hence there will be issued a special number directed against the evils of beer drinking. It will contain statements of physicians of large experience concerning its deadly effects. It should be circulated by the tens of thousands. Order now.

Single copies sent to any address, five cents; ten or more to one address, three cents each; fifty or more to one address, two and a half cents each. Address "Save the Boys," 118 West Minnehaha Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.

DONATIONS—MAY.
PRISONERS' FUND.

N. E. Barrett, \$1.75; Mrs. F. L. Bissel, 25c; Melissa Cookendoffer, \$1.00; Mrs. M. A. Douglass, \$1.00; a friend, \$4.00; a friend, \$5.00; Mrs. Andrew Helmer, \$1.00; Clara Miller, \$1.00; Amy Rawlinson, \$2.05; Emma Schram, \$1.00; Mr. Wild, 5c; Fred A. Gilbert, 70c; Mrs. Andrew Helmer, \$1.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irene Crumrine, 70c; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, \$5.00; a friend, 15c; Mr. and Mrs. Ora E. Long, \$2.50; M. E. Otis, \$1.00; Tillie Rockey, 50c; Amy Rawlinson, 40c; Sanitarium helpers, \$10.00; Mrs. Jane Somnie, \$1.00; Mrs. M. E. Young, \$10.00.

SUBURBAN HOME.

J. E. Dennis, 55c; Mrs. W. H. Morris, \$1.00; Mr. Wild, 50c; Mrs. Annie Whiton, 50c; Minnie Burrell, 50c; Mabel Gowell, 50c; Mrs. N. M. Jorgenson, \$1.00; Mrs. Young, \$2.00; Mrs. Sallie Gamble, \$2.00.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Sarah Ballavid, \$1.00; a friend, \$4.00; a friend, \$1.00; Percy Hallack, 15c; Mrs. S. C. Peterson, 65c; Mr. Wild, 50c; Mrs. Andrew Helmer, \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS WORK.

Jake Arnold, \$5.00; Joe Dinnis, \$5.00; E. W. Faith, \$5.00; Mrs. Joel Springer, \$2.00; Mrs. F. Ziegler, \$1.00; Mrs. Andrew Helmer, \$2.00.

LIFE BOAT REST.

Jane R. Bailly, \$1.00; Mrs. W. R. Harry, \$1.00; Mr. Wild, 50c; Mrs. Abrams, \$3.25; Mrs. Hurd, \$6.00; Mathesis Club, \$10.00; Mrs. Rhodes, \$2.00; a friend, \$1.00.

HOSPITAL WORK.

Mr. Wild, 50c; Mrs. Andrew Helmer, \$1.00.

VISITING NURSES' FUND.

Mr. Wild, 50c.

CHILDREN'S WORK.

Mr. Wild, 50c.

Special Premium Offers



FOR FORTY-FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a seven-jeweled, gold-filled watch, ten-year guarantee case, beautiful design, with famous Seth Thomas movement. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for about two years, and they give the best of satisfaction.

FOR THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer "The Jupiter" Guitar, standard size. Dark Mahogany finish back and sides, hand polished, spruce top; fancy colored wood inlaying around sound-hole, edge inlaid with fancy colored woods and bound with celluloid neck. Mahogany finish, finger-board with pearl position dots, nickel-plated patent head, metal tail-piece, nickel-plated, strung with steel strings. Price, \$7.00. Express charges extra.



FOR TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a beautiful set of sterling silver-plated knives and forks.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a first-class gold-pointed fountain pen.

FOR THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, a complete stamping outfit, consisting of complete alphabets, numerals, etc., of rubber type. It will be found useful for marking linen, printing cards, etc. Something all children will appreciate.

FOR THREE SUBSCRIBERS we offer a child's set, consisting of a knife, fork and spoon, and a small pair of scissors.

FOR THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS we will give a year's subscription to "The Life Boat."

BEAUTIFUL OFFERS

To make it possible for every reader of "The Life Boat" to secure Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, describing some of the most interesting incidents and most remarkable answers to prayer, in the founding and development of the China Inland Mission, we have decided to furnish this book for only FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS to "The Life Boat." We have sent out over a thousand of these books.

THE BEST POCKET-BOOK

There is nothing you can put into your pocket that will be worth so much to you as a beautiful pocket Bible. We have made arrangements so that we can furnish a beautiful, silk-sewed, red under gold, vest pocket edition of the entire Bible for only TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SIGHTS AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE!

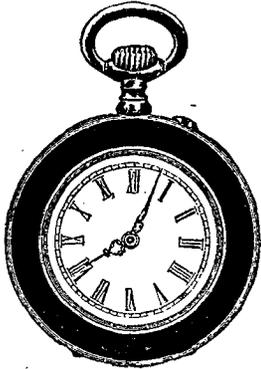
For those of our readers who can not have the privilege of traveling in different parts of the world, we have selected a series of fifty photo-colortype stereoscopic views of the most famous sights on earth, with the colors true to nature. We have provided a stereoscope that brings all the details of the pictures out as real as life, with an adjustable slide to accommodate all degrees of sight. We offer both for only TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS. These photographs include striking scenes in Russia, some fascinating views of Japan, glimpses of magnificent tropical scenery, some of the most noted sights in Europe, pictures of the most celebrated national buildings, street scenes in Chicago, New York, some of our glorious western mountain scenery, scenes on the Rhine, the Niagara Falls, views of the Holy Land, characteristic Mexican scenes, etc., etc.

SOMETHING UNUSUALLY FINE

As you read in the Bible of the birthplace of Christ, the different cities that He visited in His wanderings and labors, you have doubtless often wished that you might have before you accurate photographs of them as they appear to-day. How much more vivid would seem the description of Mt. Tabor if you read it with a splendid picture of it before your eyes. The same is true of the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Mount of Olives, and Emmaus, and a score of other places. We have procured for the benefit of our readers a large atlas containing one hundred and sixty photographic views, with descriptions, presenting to the public such grand revelations of this country of sacred memories as was never before offered to the world, and which was produced by the publishers only after long, arduous and expensive labor. The volume is substantially bound in red cloth, with silver lettering, size eleven by fourteen inches. We offer this splendid book for only SEVEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, with twenty-five cents additional for postage and packing.

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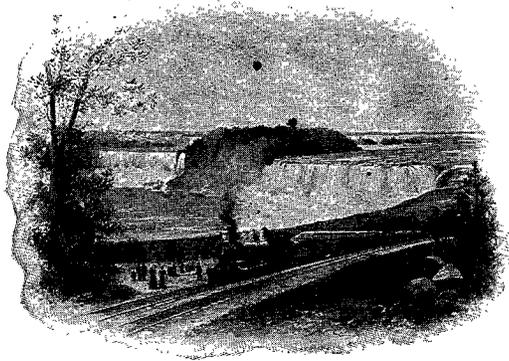
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