

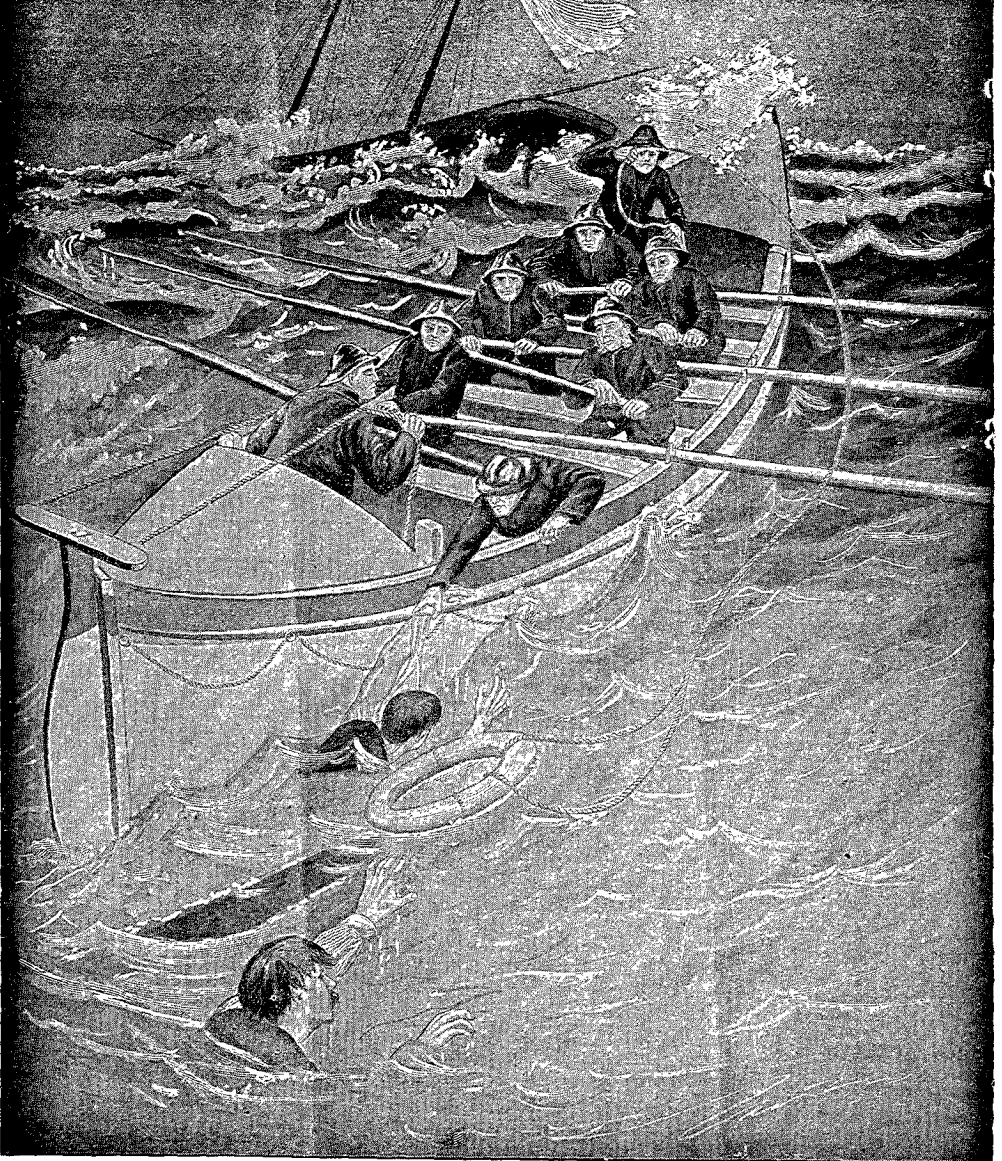
"Peace on Earth, Good will to men."

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THE LIFE BOAT



Volume Seven
Number Twelve

436 State St., Chicago
"Human Traffic" = Edholm

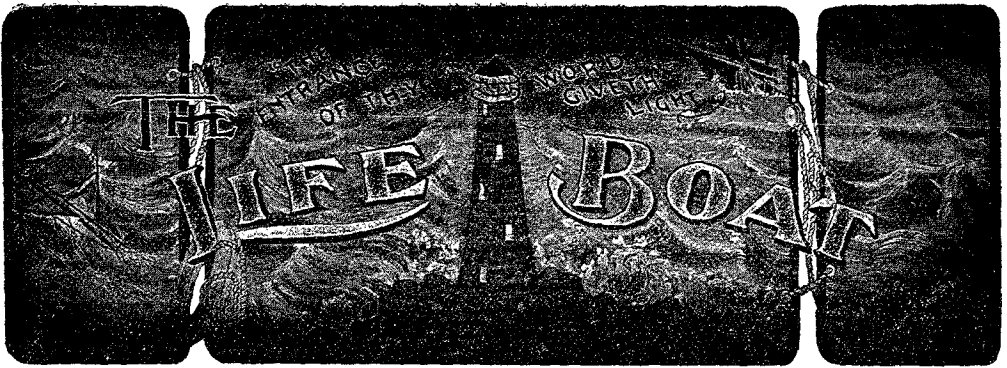
December, 1904



A GROUP OF THOSE WHO ATTENDED THE SECOND ANNUAL LIFE BOAT WORKERS' CONVENTION.

Alta Chapman Mrs. Little Mrs. Nordyke Mr. Nordyke Mrs. Whittemore
 Edward Paulsen F. B. Van Dorn Fannie Emmel Mrs.

--Wischke, Photo.



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

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Seize upon truth, where'er 'tis found,
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'er it grows.

—Watts.

HUMAN TRAFFIC.

MRS CHARLTON EDHOLM.

[The last day of the Life Boat Workers' Convention Mrs. Edholm, the author of the well-known book, "Traffic in Girls," gave a most earnest talk on rescue work, a portion of which we present to our readers this month. The remainder will ap-



pear in the next number.—Ed.]

The destruction not only of our boys, but our girls, in this land is the saddest message that ever fell from human lips. I represent three hundred thousand of these erring girls in this land and every one some father's girl, some mother's girl, some brother's sister; and it is not strange that my eyes are full of tears, and I want to get my message straight

from the Lord Jesus, so I know you will bow with me just a moment in prayer, and pray that the Lord Jesus Christ will put in my lips, the very words He would have me utter; and pray as if *your* little fourteen-year-old girl had last night been snared out of your arms and was to-day spending her first day in a haunt of shame in Chicago or St. Louis; pray as if that awful curse were tearing your hearts as it is tearing the hearts of thousands of God's people, that the Lord Jesus Christ will send us out into this rescue work, and that we may hear Him saying, "Go out into the highways and hedges," the streets and alleys of the city of Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, and bring in the maimed, the halt, the lame, the blind.

I am so glad that the Lord Jesus Christ has called me to this rescue work. About fourteen years ago Mr. Crittenton came out to the Pacific coast, when I was a newspaper woman, and he said, "Child, I believe God wants you for a rescue worker," and I said, "No, I can't do work like that. I am willing to work in the church, among respectable sinners, as long as God wants me; but I can't go down into those haunts of shame and put my arms about my little sisters and tell them that Jesus loves them. They will say something about me and I am willing to give God everything in the world I have except my reputation." And he said to me, "Don't you remember it was written of the Lord Jesus Christ that He 'made Himself of no reputation'? You give your reputation to God and He will take care of it, but if you try to keep it yourself you will be sure to lose it." Then, as he described the awful lives of these little sisters, the cuts and kicks and bruises and cuffs and blows heaped upon their forms, many of them not yet fifteen years old, it seemed

to me as if I could see them, three hundred thousand of my little sisters, and your little sisters, for they are the sisters of our Lord Jesus Christ, down in the haunts of shame, in the streets of sin, and their eyes full of tears, and they stretched out their arms to me and cried out, "Come over and help us." I said to Christ, "Oh Jesus, if you can use me in this rescue work here I am. I give myself to it henceforth and forever."

I am so glad He took me and has let me do a little of this blessed work for Him; and now when He says to me, as He sometimes does, "I want you to go down to the houses of sin tonight and tell the girls down there that I love them, and try to bring them back to me," I can say, as once I could not, "Yes, dear Jesus, if you go too"; and Jesus always does go with us rescue workers, and that is the reason why hundreds, yea thousands, of these precious ones are brought back to Him.

When I came into this hand to hand rescue work, eleven years ago, I made up my mind I would find out how little girls came into these places of sin, for I was absolutely certain they could not be there because they wanted to be. So I have gone down to the houses of shame in nearly every city in this land, and some in England, and upon the Continent, and if you could have seen them throw themselves across my breast and sob forth the treachery by which they were gotten your heart would break as mine has often done.

I found out that these girls are no more in houses of shame because they want to be than your little girl would be; and people say to me, "Aren't the girls there because they want to be?" And I say, "Would your little fifteen-year-old girl be in a haunt of shame because she wants to be?" No; it is because there is an organized, systematized traffic in girls in America.

Years ago Mr. Crittenton called my attention to that verse in the 42nd chapter of Isaiah that reads like this: (And I believe Isaiah was looking down into the houses of sin in Chicago, in San Francisco and St. Louis when he wrote these marvelous words). Verse 7: "To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house;" and verse 22: "This is a people robbed and spoiled, they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey and none delivereth, for a spoil, and none saith Restore."

I said, "Isaiah, are you sure they are all there through snarers?" People tell me that half of them are there because they want to be."

Yet, beloved, I have been in the work now for eleven years and have talked with thousands of those precious ones, have had over two hundred in my personal home in the city of Oakland, California. I have been the guest

of many, many, myself, all over this land, and have talked with hundreds of these girls, aye, thousands, and have never yet found one that did not go down through somebody's treachery; and I have come to believe that God knew about this business when He had Isaiah write these words: "This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in," mark the word, not "prisons," but "prison houses." I have been in houses of shame myself, where the locks were reversed so that the man outside could get in, but the girl inside would be locked in, and could not possibly open that door. You know how doors in the offices of Chicago are: the person inside can get out; but those outside can't get in. There are thousands of girls in Chicago, "hid in prison houses," as securely locked in such prisons as any prisoners down in your city jail.

Thank God, in these last days there are some who are saying "Restore." As it was prophesied, this is the hedge time, and we are going out into the hedges and highways and compelling them by love to come in to the supper of the Lamb.

You say, "Are girls bought and sold in this land of freedom, civilization, and Bibles? What does it mean?" It means that there is traffic in girls, because there is traffic in drink; in tobacco, and in opium. The opium, the cigarette and the liquor traffic are dragging down thousands upon thousands of our precious boys and girls. You people know about the body and its wonderful mechanism; you know the influence of alcohol, of opium, how they always go to the lower part of the brain, to the lower nature, and you know the traffic in alcoholic drink, in opium and cigarettes makes the demand for a traffic in girls.

I know I am right in this thing, for in the city of Pasadena, California, with fourteen thousand people, you can't find a house of shame—and why? Because you can't find a saloon; that's why. I know that when men are not under the influence of liquor, or tobacco, or some of those things, their natural impulses are kindly toward women. I believe in preventive work, and there are no truer words in this Book than these: "My people perish for lack of knowledge." And it is no wonder that I plead with you to do all you can to put away the legalized traffic in drink. I plead with you this morning to help us in this fight against the saloon, the opium, the cigarette, and save these precious girls, save them from these awful drugs that are dragging them down in this land.

People talk about these girls as a class; to hear them talk you would think they don't belong to us. But don't forget they are our own flesh and blood. Every one of those girls represents a family of three, four, five, or six, mourners, who are literally broken-hearted because she is away—has slipped away

as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. And these beloved ones come into our Missions and see if they can find their little one, but they can't find her there. Then they go to the jail—think of going to the jail to find your little girl—and they hear the oath that would curdle your blood, and the obscene song—and would almost be glad to hear words like that from the lips of their pure-mouthed darling. But she is not there. And then they go to the Charity Hospital.

In the city of New York alone there are one thousand nameless graves of girls every thirty days; and these fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters go to the charity hospitals and bend down over each emaciated face and look into the sunken eyes to see if they can see any resemblance to the little girl who a few years ago they cradled against their heart, and to whom they had sung, as you have sung to your little darling, "Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." But she is not there. And then they go to the morgue. Death has no terrors for them, for these fathers and mothers and brothers. How glad they would be, if underneath that grewsome sheet they could find their darling, the little girl who a few years ago kneeled at their knees—as yours have knelt at yours—and clasped her hands, and prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep." But she is not there.

Then they go back to the Missions and they put photographs and pictures into our hands and they say, "Here is a picture of my little girl"—I am holding up the pictures of nine such little girls that have been put into my hands—and they say "You will always look for her, won't you? You will never stop trying to find her, will you?" and we say, "Yes, of course we will look for her, and maybe we can find her." And then they pour forth their sorrows, as a woman did to me once, and she said, "Oh, Mrs. Edholm, I can't stand it, I can't stand it. How glad I would be if I only knew my little girl were dead. I would dig her grave with these hands, that loved her so. But every night since she went away father and I have put the lamp in the window, and put the door on the latch, and we say, 'She will surely come to-night'; and I will go to bed and try to sleep, but I can not; and I say as I sob and pray, Oh, I can't stand it."

Beloved, they can't stand it, and I can't stand it. And that is why I am here; that is the reason why I am willing to leave home, and in other places and in other lands, go to tell the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, that there is an organized and systematized traffic in girls; and that their little girls are not any more safe than any of the three hundred thousand that are this day in houses of shame in this land of our boasted freedom.

(Concluded next month.)

"BUT FOR THE LIFE BOAT I WOULD
BE UNDER THE SOD."

G. W. BARTLEY.

[A couple of years ago two Life Boat workers who worked in different parts of the city, but roomed together, used to talk over in the evening the various experiences they had had during the day. A gentleman and his wife occupied the adjoining room, and occasionally they heard snatches of the conversation and became so interested that they finally asked the girls to come in and tell about their work.

The gentleman became so interested that he himself took up the Life Boat work. We quote the following from a letter he recently wrote us concerning a few of the many interesting experiences he has met with.—Ed.]

I have had many experiences of late while selling THE LIFE BOAT and have observed many remarkable instances where a blessing has attended the reading of it, and I have met many different persons who look upon the little paper as their benefactor.

When I asked a lady if she would take a copy, she said, "I would be very small of heart if I didn't buy one; all but for it I would be under the sod." She then told me how she became ill and daily grew worse. Despondent and without hope, her husband applied to the Halsted Street Dispensary for help. A nurse went to their home and gave her treatment each day for three weeks. She believes it saved her life. Being very poor, what seemed to touch a tender chord in her heart was that when they asked the nurse what her bill was she explained to them that she was not seeking remuneration in dollars and cents, and, pointing to Jesus, who went about the world taking no thought of Himself, doing good for others, she left it entirely with themselves whether they paid her anything or not. With tears in her eyes the woman said, "We were not able to pay much, but we didn't see her go away empty handed." While she was relating the incident, at intervals she would say, "All but for THE LIFE BOAT I would be under the sod, for if it had not been for it we would never have seen the nurse."

She then explained that one afternoon as her little girl was on her way from school her attention was attracted by some pictures in a copy of THE LIFE BOAT that was being tossed to and fro by the wind. She picked it up and carried it home with her for the sake of the pictures, never thinking it would be a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path, and would conduct them to such a friend, for it was through THE LIFE BOAT that they learned of the Halsted Street work.

A woman of limited opportunities cut my

canvass short by putting the question directly to me, "Will it teach me something about God?" When assured it would that was enough; she immediately took *THE LIFE BOAT*.

A little girl said to me, "What kind of papers are those?" and I was showing her the pictures, never thinking of saying anything about the nature of the paper to one so young as she, when, much to my surprise and delight, she said, "Does it read about God?" Then she said, "Come when mamma is at home; she will buy one; mamma always buys papers that read about God." What a beautiful contrast between this little girl and thousands of other children in this wicked city.

At a place where I usually sell a *LIFE BOAT* I was refused admittance, but when I had gone three blocks the lady came after me for a *LIFE BOAT*. She said it was her sister who came to the door, and shortly after I left she asked who it was and was told that it was a man selling a paper called *THE LIFE BOAT*, so she started out to find me.

Perhaps some will think me unduly enthusiastic over these little experiences, but if I could only picture them to others as forcibly as they appear to me when I meet them, I feel sure more would engage in this work.

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE.

No. I.

W. S. SADLER.

Where did we get the English Bible? How do we come to have so many versions? What right have men to revise the Bible?

These and other similar questions are often asked. It is the purpose of these articles to briefly trace the history of the sacred writings from the time they were written in the original tongues, down through the ages to the time when our King James version was made, in A. D. 1611.

I. THE SCRIPTURES IN THE ORIGINAL TONGUES.

The Old Testament scriptures were written in Hebrew, while the New Testament was written in Greek. From the sacred writings in these two original tongues numerous translations and many versions have been made from time to time. The art of printing being unknown, all copies of the Bible were produced by hand, thus making the sacred book very expensive. As the result of frequent copying, errors crept into these copied manuscripts, and some of these were even handed down and appeared in the early printed Bibles. For instance, I Corinthians 6:9, in one translation was made to read: "The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." And in the "Printers' Bible," now much sought by book collectors, Psalms 119:161 was made to read, "Printers have persecuted me without cause." It was from this error that this edition of the Bible came to be called the "Printers' Bible."

It must be evident to all that the oldest copies of the Bible must be the most correct and most free from the errors and oversights of copyists.

II. THE ANCIENT CHURCH CHESTS.

In the early days of the Christian era, if one should have visited the Christian churches at Ephesus, Corinth, or Thessalonica, he would have observed in the church a large, strongly built chest, in which the sacred writings belonging to that church were kept under lock and key. Had you examined the contents of those "Bible chests," in most instances you would have found the following manuscripts: (1) The Old Testament manuscripts in the Hebrew tongue; (2) the Old Testament scriptures translated into the Greek language, being a translation made about 280 B. C. at Alexandria, Egypt, and called the Septuagint. It was this translation of the Old Testament scriptures into the Greek that was used by Christ and His apostles, and this accounts for the slight difference in the wording of some Old Testament passages quoted in the New Testament from the same passages as found in our English Old Testament, as well as explains why the prophet is called "Isaiah" in the Old Testament and "Esaia" in the New Testament. Our English Old Testament was translated direct from the Hebrew manuscripts, while the Old Testament passages quoted in the New Testament were translated from a Greek translation of the original Hebrew. (3) These Bible chests also contained the originals or copies of the New Testament books, epistles, etc. For instance, in the early days of the church at Ephesus one would be able to see the original letter written by Paul to the Ephesians, bearing his signature in his own handwriting. (4) These chests also contained copies of other writings not regarded as sacred or inspired, but which possessed some historical or other value and were called "Apocryphal."

III. HOW EARLY COPIES OF THE BIBLE WERE PRODUCED.

The ancient copies of the scripture were produced from the original manuscripts or copies such as were contained in the ancient church chests. They were written out by hand, letter by letter, on expensive parchment, or the perishable papyrus paper, and owing to the expense of producing them and the great labor required, but few persons were fortunate enough to possess a copy of the whole scriptures.

IV. SOURCES FROM WHICH THE EARLY TRANSLATORS PRODUCED THEIR EARLY VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Early English translators of the Bible had three sources from which to produce their versions:

1. Manuscripts in the original tongues.

2. Ancient versions, such as the Septuagint, Latin, Syriac, etc.

3. Quotations from the scriptures in early religious writings.

The question was once asked at a gathering of scholarly linguists, in the old country, if the New Testament should be destroyed, would it be possible to reproduce it from quotations found in other writings? Two months afterward Sir David Dalrymple, pointing to a table covered with books, said: "Look at those books. You remember the question about the New Testament? That question aroused my curiosity. I commenced to search, and up to this time I have found the entire New Testament except eleven verses."

V. THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BIBLE.

Of these manuscripts in the original tongue there are at the present time about three thousand of the Old Testament scriptures in the various great public libraries of earth, and in the same places may be found more than two thousand manuscripts of the New Testament. Now this is an important showing, in view of the fact that of many of the great classics whose authenticity is quite unquestioned, there are in existence only ten or twenty old manuscript copies; while of the Old and New Testament scriptures together there are more than five thousand manuscript copies in existence in the original tongues.

VI. THE ANCIENT VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

1. The Old Testament Versions.

The Septuagint manuscript, mentioned before, which was translated about 280 B. C., is the oldest version of the Old Testament. It was this version that was in common use in the days of Christ and His apostles, the one from which they taught and preached. In the second century after Christ the Old Testament was translated into both the Latin and the Syriac tongues.

2. New Testament.

The New Testament was written in Greek, and in about the second century after Christ was translated also into both Latin and Syriac.

(To be continued.)

DO'S AND DON'T'S IN HOSPITAL WORK.

MRS. H. W. ODELL.



[During our recent Convention Mrs. Odell gave the workers some valuable suggestions concerning Hospital Life Boat work. As this is now being taken up all over the country we thought best to give to all the benefit of these practical sug-

gestions. We shall be glad to correspond with others who wish to take up this work.—Ed.]

The first thing to do is to pray and get your text. Then take some LIFE BOATS and try to find the Superintendent or Matron, or head nurse, tell them what is being done by THE LIFE BOAT, and show them a copy. I let them take one and examine it. I usually have several different numbers, so that they can get a good idea of what THE LIFE BOAT is, and they usually say, "Yes; I see no objection whatever, just go right through."

Become acquainted with the rules and obey them strictly. A patient once asked me to bring her a certain tract. When I went next time the nurse saw me hand it to the patient and said, "No tracts of any kind are allowed." The patient pleaded to keep it, but the nurse said, "It is more than I can do; it would cost me my position." As the patient handed it back very reluctantly she said, "I haven't got to part with THE LIFE BOAT, too?" and the nurse said, "No, the warden has given permission for THE LIFE BOAT to be brought."

After you gain entrance, don't imagine that entitles you to unlimited privileges. Each time I go into a hospital, I go to the nurse on the floor and get her permission, and inquire if there are any patients who are too ill to read the paper. I co-operate with her and ask her advice. Some who have gone with me as soon as we were on the first floor would start at once for the very first room. You can't do that. I never of my own accord enter a door that is closed. I watch for a nurse to come out or go in, and I say to her, "Is your patient too ill for me to visit her to-day?" or I give her the paper and say, "Here is a little paper your patient might like to read to-day;" or, if she says the patient is ill, I suggest that she herself might like it.

It takes "knee-drill" to do hospital work successfully. In a certain hospital I had never been permitted to visit at the bedsides; they would distribute the papers, but that was all. One day I felt impressed to pray that we might visit the bedsides there that day. So

WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE FOR SOMEONE?

A lady in Texas writes:

"Through the kindness of some unknown friend, THE LIFE BOAT has visited our home since last January. We never knew of such a paper until then, but we gladly receive it each month.

I have been a slave to snuff since I was a child until last June, when I said, "God being my helper, I will quit the filthy stuff," and now I have no desire for it. God never turns anyone off who asks Him earnestly for help."

before we started out Sister Logan and I asked the Lord to open the way for us. And on reaching the hospital the nurse said, "Come in, our hospital is full to-day; would you like to distribute THE LIFE BOATS yourselves, or shall we do it?" I told her we would. On the way down she said, "Do you ever bring anyone to sing to the patients?" I said we were glad to do so. Then she said, "Well, I wish you would come here," and before I left that hospital it was arranged that we should go there every Sunday afternoon and hold a full service, and we still hold it there.

Recently a nurse said, "I find I am reading my Bible more than before you came; and the patients are reading theirs, too. She told me of a man who swore almost every word he uttered, but that after a meeting we held there she had been led to pray, and she told me that before he left the hospital he had practically left off swearing. The idea we try to present to the patients is that Jesus is a very present help in the time of trouble.

When visiting a hospital, be very careful not to get in the way of physicians or nurses. One time at a hospital I hardly had an opportunity to do anything for watching to see that those whom I took with me did not get in the way of someone. The physicians would have to dodge around them, or a nurse would come along in a hurry with a tray or some instrument and they would be in the doorway, and she would either have to wait or crowd past them to get through, or motion to them that she wished to get by, and for them to get out of the way.

I made a great mistake once in allowing a friend to sing on a nurse's invitation without securing permission from the proper authorities. The Warden heard it and was greatly displeased. He threatened that if we did it again THE LIFE BOAT would not be admitted. In this work it is so essential to be very careful that I have to be on the alert all the time. One needs to have eyes everywhere, and watch every feature of the nurses' faces, and the physicians, and the patients, in fact, every little thing.

HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION SERVICES.

ROLLO M'BRIDE.

[A corps of our workers spend every Sunday forenoon from nine to twelve in the Harrison Street Police Station conducting services in the various prison corridors. The powerful influence that accompanies this work is almost incomprehensible to one who has not been present. To see some rough, desperate character who has always scoffed at sacred things, defied man, and the laws of men, soften and ask for prayers, or perhaps get on his knees and pray for himself, is a sight never to be forgotten, and is utterly un-

explainable except by the fact that the Lord in a special manner witnesses to the presentation of the gospel when it is proclaimed in dark and undesirable places.—Ed.]

We first went into the women's corridor. One was smoking a cigarette, others had their hats on and were chattering and laughing and joking, and carrying on. One in another cell was asleep. As we started the service they became interested and whispered among themselves, but later they were wonderfully impressed, and when the invitation was given they raised their hands for prayer, and knelt down in their cells and asked God to help them.

The second corridor is a double one. On one side there were thirteen men and on the other fifteen. Of the twenty-eight, twenty-four raised their hands. One side was locked. They use this, I suppose, for incorrigibles. Out of fifteen twelve stuck their hands out through the bars, and one fellow cried out, "Yes, sir, don't forget me; I want to be remembered in prayer."

In the third corridor were nine inmates, and in two cells were six who wanted to be boisterous, but as we talked with them, four were soon in tears, and when the invitation was given, all nine raised their hands and knelt with us.

In the Annex were only four girls; all of them raised a hand for prayer, and each gave a little testimony that they wanted to live better lives.

Moses Farmer, in the South Carolina State prison, writes:

"Dear Mrs. Paulson: I have received the songs you sent me. I am so grateful for them. I can not thank you enough for having helped me to seek my soul's salvation, and find Jesus precious to my soul. Oh, I do thank God there is a Saviour that will save sinners like I was. When I sing the song, "Just Because He Loves Me So," it fills my heart with so much joy I can not help the tears falling. Just to think He loves me so, and yet I had wandered so far from Him.

But I thank God I am nearer to-day than ever I have been before. I will pray God to pour out His blessings more and more upon you every day of your life, as you have gained one more soul for His kingdom."



PHYSICAL REDEMPTION



MORE IN LOVE WITH HIS CIGAR THAN HIS WIFE.

"You had better stay here and put your cigar out," was what I heard a tired looking mother say to her husband, in the seat just behind me in the train the other day. The conductor had just admonished him that he must throw away his cigar or go back to the smoker. The wife pleaded with him again to stay with her and throw it away, but the poor fellow was more wedded to the cigar than he was to his wife, so he walked back into the smoker and did not return until the end of the journey. This illustration shows how nicotine can destroy the finer sensibilities of the mind.

POISONOUS WHISKEY.

A great agitation has been created all over the country because it has been discovered that eighty-five per cent of the whiskey sold over the bar contains a large percentage of wood alcohol, the cheap stuff that painters use, and upon which there is no revenue tax. A number of deaths in New York have been caused by drinking it, and many other persons were made frightfully ill. How strange it all seems when it is remembered that even the purest alcohol is nothing but *poison* to the human system, and that the deaths which

were caused almost instantly are but a drop in the bucket when compared with the tens of thousands of deaths that have been caused by the best alcohol. Yes, let us have an earnest crusade against "Poisonous Whiskies," only let us not forget that *there is no other kind*.

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM.

We are glad to say that this enterprise is at last organized, and the work on our building is being rapidly pushed; and we will be ready to receive patients in a few weeks.

Hinsdale, one of Chicago's most charming suburbs, is on the Burlington road, about thirty-five minutes' ride from Chicago. There are about forty suburban trains a day on this road. All who have visited our ten-acre site have pronounced it a most delightful place for a sanitarium. We believe that in the Providence of God thousands of people will yet come to this spot and secure the priceless gift of health for soul and body.

During the summer season we shall pitch tents and erect a number of summer cottages for those who desire to have the full benefit of outdoor life while taking sanitarium treatments.

There will be an excellent opportunity for young men and women to receive medical



Children Playing on the Hillside of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.



A Place where Invalids will love to Linger while Wooing Back their lost Health.

missionary training. The nearness to the various lines of city missionary work carried on in Chicago, will enable them while receiving a regular nurses' course of training, to also come in personal contact with various phases of soul-winning work.

We will gladly give further information to those who wish to arrange to come here either as patients or workers.

A LITTLE HEALTH MISSIONARY.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

There was a little maid who had never attended a medical school; she was not even a high school graduate. She just did ordinary domestic work. Although she had not been granted missionary credentials, she was looking for opportunities to help humanity. Her master was captain of the host of the king of Syria. He "was a great man." He was also "a mighty man," "but he was a leper" (2 Kings, 5:1), and she recommended that he go to the prophet Elisha.

Perhaps you are acquainted with some great worker who has dyspepsia, nervous prostration, Bright's disease, or tuberculosis. Have you a helpful suggestion for them as had the little maid for her master?

The prophet prescribed a very simple treatment, namely, bathing in the cool waters of Jordan. Naaman was bitterly disappointed and declared he would not try anything so simple as that.

The world is full of Naamans to-day. Are you among them? Would to God it were as full of Elishas. It is human nature to be more willing to do great things than to do simple things. In heathen lands people will travel for miles on their knees to be freed from sin, and in civilized lands many will compass land and sea to secure some remedy for their physical ills, when, perhaps, at their own door yards are all the necessary elements to secure perfect recovery, if they do not overlook them, as Naaman did.

One-third of our grown-up people die of consumption. In this country last year 160,000 people perished from this disease. After every remedy had been tried and found wanting, it was discovered that if the consumptives were put out of doors in tents day and night, to breathe heaven's pure air, something that is entirely free from taxes and the trusts have no monopoly on, fully half of them make a good recovery, for bedroom air is one of the chief causes of consumption, as well as of some other diseases. It has been found in measles, scarlet fever, or smallpox that if the patient lives in a tent the disease is only half so severe.

It is not the pure air in the lung that heals it, but it is pure air that gets into the blood, and then it is this blood that heals the lungs, and this same blood goes to the diseased stomach and nerves, the bad liver, the disordered spleen, and heals each as readily as it does the lung. What pure air can cure it would also have prevented.

In some of the large cities nearly four hundred out of a thousand babies die the first year, while over in Japan, where the walls of houses are but little more than lattice work, the babies rarely die. They have the same chance for pure air that we are beginning to give our consumptives. In Chicago the Board of Education in a recent investigation found one-third of the public school children in the city suffering from some form of nervous disorder.

If you know that an abundance of pure air will practically save you from tuberculosis, and then refuse to breathe it, and say the Lord will protect you from disease, that is presumption, for the Bible declares that "he that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination (Prov.

28:9), and that is just as true of physical law as it is of the spiritual law.

If you think it is fanatical to insist on breathing air as pure as God gave it to us, do you also think it is going to extremes to drink pure water? Would you put some dust in a glass of water in order to avoid extremes? It is just as important to have pure air as it is to have pure water.

By *and* by those who observe these principles will have to bury those who do not, but to call death under such circumstances a "mysterious Providence" is a libel on God's character.

At night wrap up well, head and all if necessary, except nose and mouth, and leave the windows wide open. It is cheaper to buy extra bedding than it is to pay funeral expenses. The additional fuel will be less than doctor's bills. Do not make changes too suddenly, but work toward the right thing and never cease until you have reached it.

JUST CAME TO HIS SENSES.

Just after W. S. Sadler had given an account to the Life Boat Workers' Convention of the origin of our Prison Work, a large, broad-shouldered man, who had been converted in the Mission the night before, arose and said:

"I never had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, but when you were talking about prison work, I want to say that I have been a poor unfortunate myself, but thank God I am not an unfortunate to-day. After serving terms in various prisons throughout this country and in Canada, I jumped into town here last week with the intentions of meeting a pal that was coming out of Joliet prison yesterday. And, glory to God, I got converted here. I met this gentleman here to-day—he came out, and is well dressed and has lots of money, and I met him down where we had agreed to meet, and he says to me, "Have you got anything framed up?" And I said, "Yes! I have got a nice job framed up." And he said, "What is it?" And I said, "Christ." He says, "Are you going crazy?" and I said, "I have been crazy all my life, but I have just come to my senses." He says, "What are you talking about?" and I said, "Come along down with me; they have a little meeting at 4 o'clock." He says, "Oh, let's go to the show." He went down in his pocket, and took out a lot of money, and said, "You know that half of what I have is yours, now speak sense." And I said, "Not only half of what I have is yours, but *all* can be yours, too."

He gave me some money, and I went and got some things—I used to give him money when I was in sin—but I have never had a greater temptation than I have had to-day, because he was what we call "a good fellow." I want you to pray for me, every Christian that is in the house, and pray for him likewise. I thank God that He kept me from temptation to-'y."

A LIFE TERM PRISONER'S DESPAIR.

After reading THE LIFE BOAT many a prisoner has been led to take down the harp he had hung upon the willows, and has had a new song put into his mouth. We want to send THE LIFE BOAT to many more prisoners regularly. The following poem written by a life term prisoner in the state prison at Sing Sing and published in the prison paper, "The Star of Hope," gives a glimpse of the feelings of a large class of these men. The hosts of letters that we are continually receiving from them is good evidence to us that THE LIFE BOAT comes to many of them as a bright sunbeam.

The roses bloom in the garden,
The bee comes wooing the flowers,
The song bird pipes to his messmate
Through all the golden hours.
The breeze is freighted with fragrance
From forest and field and lea;
But youth has fled, and hope lies dead;
So what are they all to me?

The bluebird rocks in the tree tops,
Free as the summer air,
Swings and sways and warbles,
With never a flutter of care.
Memories never haunt him,
No thought of the morrow has he,
But the guarded wall, like a summer pall,
O'ershadows it all for me.

I sit in the glowing twilight
And gaze on the evening sky,
On the glorious sunset banners
That athwart the hilltops lie,
Till the diamond eyes of heaven
Look down on the bond and the free;
But I see the stars through the prison bars,
So what are they all to me?

All the flowers have lost their perfume,
The summer breeze is chill.
The bees are naught but gluttons,
And harsh the songbirds' trill;
For the mighty voices of nature,
Of earth, of heaven, of sea,
Have naught of cheer for the prisoner's ear,
What—what are they all to me?

A lady whose subscription had expired writes: "I do not want to miss one of them, so please send the back numbers. We loan all of them as soon as we read them, and can seldom keep them at home.



Life Boat Mission



DO NOT OVERLOOK THIS.

It costs about one hundred and fifty dollars per month to maintain the Life Boat Mission. None of our workers receive more than barely enough to supply the actual necessities of life as they struggle on to hold up the saving gospel in this dark and sin-cursed city. Will not you who read this, and who are not so situated that you can be here to do this work, send us a generous donation to help us pay the rent?

It must be paid promptly every month, or we shall have to forfeit our lease. Do not take it for granted that somebody else will answer this appeal. You can see from the list of donations in the back part of this paper that we have not been getting quite enough the last few months to pay the rent. Interest several of your friends in this matter. Donations may be sent to W. S. Sadler, treasurer of the Life Boat Mission, 436 State street, Chicago, or to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION HE FOUND FORGIVENESS.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Last night was so stormy and disagreeable that only about thirty people came into the Mission. From a human standpoint it did not seem that we would have much of a meeting, but the Spirit of God was there, and His Word did not return unto Him void. When it came to giving the invitation to those who wanted to be prayed for and begin a new life no hand was raised. It just seemed to me that I could not give up, and I said: "There must be at least one man here who wants the prayers of this people," and at last one poor fellow shot up his hand. He seemed to be afraid he would lose his chance. While a brother prayed I went to this man with my Bible and gave him some of God's promises for men who were in a position like his, and finally he broke down completely. He said he was too bad, that God might forgive some people, but not

him. I asked him if he believed God, and he said he did. I read him I John 1:9, and said: "If you believe God you must believe that," and then he said he did.

He told me he had tried to leave town the night before, but had been thrown from the train and was even then so stiff and sore that he could hardly walk. When he got on his knees to pray it was apparent that he was suffering great pain, but as he prayed it seemed as if a change came over the man's entire body. Whereas before he had been in a drunken stupor, now he seemed sober and in his right mind. A new light came into his eyes, and he thanked God for what had been done for him.

When the time came for testimonies, I asked him to say a word and he told again the story he had told me. He came from a good family, had a splendid education, bright prospects and influential friends, but these did not keep him from going astray.

He said that he had wasted a fortune in riotous living and was known in nearly every saloon on the levee; had been in prison twenty-one times, and had reached the bottom in every sense of the word. He was depraved mentally, morally, and physically, and did not know what to do. He said he had no idea how he got into the Mission, but he thanked God that he had got in there. He said he had expected to leave town on a freight train the same night, but now he had decided to stay and look for work and live right.

I asked him where he was going from the Mission and he said he had slept the night before on the lake front, and would go there again that night. He said: "I am just a poor tramp and have nothing, but to-morrow will find work."

Altho we do not do such a thing very often, I gave him a dime and told him to get a bed and to come back next day to the Mission. He was very much affected by this simple act, and asked if I could really trust him with the money. He said I was the first man who had trusted or given him the least bit of encouragement

for many a year, and he appreciated it. When I left the Mission to catch the train he was still talking to the workers and seeking more truth.

A MISSION WORKERS' RALLY.

MRS. CARRIE CLOUGH.

One of the most interesting and unique meetings of the Life Boat Workers' Convention was the Mission Workers' Rally, held on the Thursday evening of Convention week. The foundation principles of the Life Boat movement were explained by various speakers, and the audience, which was largely composed of intelligent, active Christian workers, remained for hours to hear and see for themselves the evidences of the wonderful power to save both soul and body, which is indeed the work of the complete gospel.

Dr. David Paulson and W. S. Sadler explained the importance of the Christian worker adopting a simple dietary, of proper mastication, systematic exercise and deep breathing. They also showed that the man or woman who conscientiously eliminates flesh foods, condiments, spices, etc., from the bill of fare and partakes of wholesome and delicious fruits, nuts, grains and vegetables is to that extent more fully co-operating with God, who must create in us a godly life.

Mrs. David* Paulson spoke of the interest of intelligent people all over the country in these principles, and how the people at the various Chautauquas were eager to learn of the gospel of health.

Mrs. W. S. Sadler voiced the desire of every Medical Missionary present when she told that her reason for taking up the study of medicine was that she might become a "messenger"—"one among a thousand"—at the bedside of sufferers, and when she had relieved them of physical pain, point them to the Great Physician who can also take away the pain of sin. (Job 33: 19-24.)

Lucy Page Gaston spoke beautifully for the cause to which she has given her life—that of saving the boys of our country from the cigarette curse. She is faithfully climbing the rugged pathway of reform.

Many men who have been saved and kept by the gospel told of the wonderful work of grace that has been wrought in their lives, among

them being Dick Lane, "Uncle Joe," and Mr. Mc Bride, whose experiences have already appeared in the columns of this paper. Truly, those who "sat in darkness have seen a great light," and the saving gospel for soul and body is preached to the poor as well as the rich.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN A NEW LEAF.

(Related at the Mission.)

"About four years ago I came into this place and had no one that I could call my friend, and I was miserable and in despair, because I did not have the peace that passeth all understanding. While I was sitting in the fourth or fifth row of chairs here, a Christian worker came to me, and talked about my soul, and showed me Isaiah 1:18. I know what it means to be on the street when the thermometer is below zero and no place to sleep. The devil is a bad paymaster.

I was born and raised in an honest home, but went my own way, and I got it, too. Four years ago, when I gave my heart to God, I did not turn over a new *leaf*, but I got a new *book*, and I don't do the turning any more, for God does it for me every day. I have found that after everything else fails to make a drunkard sober, and a thief an honest man, God Almighty never fails."

THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

W. S. SADLER.

The Workingmen's Home has long since passed the experimental stage. It has become a permanent factor in the Chicago Missionary and Reformatory movement. It is the one place in the slums of Chicago where a constant battle is waged in behalf of cleanliness. It is the one lodging house where the use of tobacco is not permitted. It is probably the only lodging house in the city where the lodger is compelled to take a bath before retiring. It has the only absolutely vegetarian restaurant in this part of the city of Chicago. Gospel meetings are held each evening at half-past six o'clock, and a good interest is manifested in them. Special lectures on temper-

ance and other subjects are given from time to time. Many of the men who stay at the Home attend the services at the Life Boat Mission, which is situated but a few blocks away. These two institutions work hand in hand, co-operating with each other.

The Home at the present time is blessed with a corps of faithful workers. The present Superintendent, Myron A. Winchell, has done a splendid work in behalf of the institution. A free dispensary is maintained at the Home, and Christian ministry is offered for both soul and body. A large number of men avail themselves of this advantage. In ten years the Workingmen's Home has lodged hundreds of thousands of homeless men, and has been the means, in the hands of Providence, of reclaiming many a homeless wanderer, and through the ministry of its physical and spiritual agencies this institution has enabled scores of human failures to achieve success, and to-day we recount numerous splendid specimens of redeemed humanity wrought through the agency and influence of the Workingmen's Home.

The institution is at present in great need of bedding. There are also needed many things to more thoroughly equip the Dispensary. Any who may chance to read this may feel assured that donations to either of these departments will be greatly appreciated, and do much good.

I can not close this report without emphasizing how grateful many a poor man is for an opportunity to secure good, wholesome food at a penny a dish in the slums of Chicago. I speak the truth when I say that outside of the Workingmen's Home, nowhere else in the city can a poor man get a wholesome, hygienic meal.

A STRIKING TRANSFORMATION.

(Told at the Mission.)

"It is four weeks now since I gave my heart to God and I have been a happy man ever since. I had abandoned my home and when I came here I was without a cent in my pocket and without any decent clothing, but Mrs. Swanson talked and prayed with me and I first found God and then I found work and have been sticking to it ever since, and I have done well. I have gotten the liquor out of me. It is all through that little paper,

THE LIFE BOAT, which you sent to a prison where I had been for fifteen years, and I came a thousand miles for this salvation. Now I have my wife and two children back again at my old home, all through this mission. I thank God for it."

ASKING FOR PRAYER WHILE INTOXICATED.

It is difficult to conceive of a more pathetic sight than that of a poor slave to the liquor habit, standing up at some stirring Mission meeting and pleading with us to ask God to deliver him from his accursed bondage. Many of our readers will scarcely believe that men often do this even when partially intoxicated; but it is no more remarkable than to read in the Bible of men who were possessed with demons coming to Christ and seeking deliverance from the spell that bound them.

In most men's hearts there is yet left a glimmer of hope, a longing for freedom, as was illustrated in the case of the prodigal son who, when face to face with the prospect of feeding on husks, "came to himself." Luke 15:17. Many drink liquor, not because they *want* to, but because they are *compelled* to by the power that is master of them. They need to learn that He that can be within them is stronger than he that is in the world (Jno. 4:4).

Dear reader, are you a slave to any sinful habits? If so, you need the same gospel to set you free that these poor fellows do at the Life Boat Mission. Will you lay hold of it? "Let him take hold of my strength that he may make peace with me, and he *shall* make peace with me." Isa. 27:5.

SAVED AND KEPT.

"I am thankful that I can say I *know* there is power in the blood of Jesus Christ to save from sin. Any power that can lift up such a hardened sinner as I was about fifteen months ago, and make a new man of him, is sufficient to do *all* things. It was not so much some pet sin that I was troubled with, but it was sin of every description. I was known throughout this country, and in other countries, too, as one of the most har-

dened criminals and outlaws. But about fifteen months ago I wandered into the Life Boat Mission and here I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and surrendered my heart to Him, and He spoke peace to my soul. My aim has been since then to let my life speak for the wonderful change that has taken place in my heart. Before I gave my heart to God all was trouble and vexation, but now all is peace and happiness."

SUGGESTIONS FOR SOUL-WINNERS.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Supt. Life Boat Mission.

What we require of our fellow men, God will require of us. If we set a mark for some one else to come to, God will require us to come to *that* mark ourselves.

"Ye are the light of the world," not the fault-finders of the world. When we see a man err, instead of criticising him, let us make it our business to give him light.

In times of adversity be sure to pray for guidance, and the Father who heareth in secret will reward you openly. We can have peace with God, though the lightnings flash and the thunder roars. God knows all about our struggles, and through it all we may hear Him say, "It is I, be not afraid."

Immediately after our sweetest blessings, we are likely to encounter some of the greatest storms of our life, for every time we win a soul to God, the devil is almost certain to make a master stroke to persuade us to take our eyes off Jesus. But Christ did not leave His disciples alone in the storm, so He will come to you.

When a soul has been won we should make it our aim and object to train him up in the way he should go by giving him the sincere milk of the Word, but unless we have food ourselves we will be likely to give him chaff.

Be ready to give meat in due season to every soul. You may not be a preacher, but you can be a soul-winner. Then God will work in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

Pray without ceasing; wherever you are, in public or private, your heart and soul can be turned heavenward, and receive rich blessings from the throne of grace.

"He that willeth to do His will, shall *know* the doctrine." If you will *do* something, you will *know* something. It is better to make a mistake doing something than doing nothing at all.

God's word is both fuel and fire. If you will let it into your life it will set your soul aglow with love for your fellow men. "Michael, when contending with the devil, durst not bring a railing accusation against him." It is better for to lose an argument and *win* a soul, than to win an argument and lose a soul.

LOOKING FOR SALVATION.

It is surprising how many men come into the Mission wanting to be saved. Is it not possible that there are some of that class in your community, or perhaps among those whom you are meeting day by day? If you will give yourself fully to the Lord He may use you to point them to the cross.

WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR US.

(No. 4.)

W. S. SADLER.

12. GOD IS RECONCILED TO US. ARE WE RECONCILED TO HIM?

"And all things are of God, who *hath reconciled us to Himself* by Jesus Christ." II. Cor. 5:18.

Did you ever think that God held anything against you? True, the record of sin stands against the unbeliever, but God stands ready to forgive and blot that out the very moment the sinner asks for pardon.

God loves you.

Our Father in heaven is reconciled to you. He bears no ill-will toward you.

The great question is, Are you reconciled to God? Do you love Him who first loved you?

Is your life surrendered to the service of the majesty of heaven? Are you in rebellion against the law of your Maker?

Are you a believer in God's saving grace, or a rejector of the Savior-Son-of-God.

God is ready, able, and willing to save you *right now*: are you willing to be saved? (II. Cor. 8:12.)

If your soul is unsaved, it must be because

you are not reconciled to God; because you refuse His wonderful salvation; for God says He is reconciled to you, God is willing to take you in. Why do you stay away? (John 6: 37.)

I beg of you, unconverted reader, give up your soul to Jesus; cease your rebellion against God, surrender your worthless self just as you are; confess your sin, believe in Christ, and receive the blessing and the fullness of the salvation of God.

It is for you as well as me. I have it. Why should you be without it? BELIEVE GOD AND BE SAVED!

13. GOD HAS MADE EVERY BELIEVER A MINISTER OF THE GOOD NEWS OF THE GOSPEL.

"And hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." II. Cor. 5:18, 19.

This is the most wonderful of all. Marvelous, that we should even be reconciled to God, but truly a *mystery* how we can be trusted to become God's chosen ministers to reconcile others to His grace and mercy.

We are not made "preachers" of reconciliation, but "ministers."

Few can preach, but, thank the Lord, we all can minister.

Anything you can do for a sinner to show him the love of God, and that God is reconciled to him, and ready to save him from sin, is a part of this blessed ministry, which has been given to us, who ourselves have become reconciled to God, by Christ.

How can we minister this gospel to the lost ones of earth? In many ways. Here are just a few:

- Kind words and Pleasant Faces
- Cup of Cold Water to the Thirsty
- Patience and Forbearance
- Loving your Enemies
- Forgiving those who Wrong You
- Visit Those in Prison
- Nurse and Care for the Sick
- Relieve Pain and Alleviate Suffering
- Comfort the Widow and Orphan
- Remember the Poor, Be Kind to the Out-

cast

Cheer the Broken-hearted
Lift up the Discouraged
Show Mercy to the Erring
Tell the Drunkard of Power to Save
from Drink
Minister your Ministry Liberally and Up-
braid None.

Oh, this is wonderful! Sinners such as we, called to the grand work of giving the glorious gospel to our fellow-men.

God *has* given you this ministry of reconciliation; are you ministering it?

A MONUMENT OF GOD'S MERCY.

W. T. WYLLIE,
SPARTA, ILL.

I wish to relate an instance of the marvelous salvation which I have witnessed, as it illustrates God's abounding grace and power. It is about a man of forty-five, who had a wife and several children. He was a kind-hearted man, but a habitual drinker of beer and whiskey. He occasionally attended the church of which I was pastor, and so he felt free to come to me when he was in trouble. One hot afternoon the doorbell of my study rang violently and when I opened the door this man rushed in, crying out, "I am lost, I am lost! What must I do to be saved?" He was evidently delirious and my first thought was that as he was drunk it was of no use to try to talk to him then about his soul's salvation. But the Holy Spirit whispered to me: "All things are possible with God. Trust God and show this man the way to eternal life." Lifting my heart in silent prayer for guidance I opened my Bible to John three and explained to him Christ's words to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born again." Then I read verses fourteen to nineteen, then verse thirty-six. Then I told him that God's salvation was a free gift, and by faith in Jesus we have entrance into His grace wherein we STAND and REJOICE in the hope of the glory of God. Romans 5:1, 2. "Mr. L.," I said, "let me show you on my four fingers how simple is God's plan of salvation. There are four steps from death to life:

1. I believe that I am a lost sinner unable to save myself.

2. I believe that Jesus Christ is ABLE to save me NOW.

3. I believe that Jesus is WILLING to save me NOW.

4. I NOW take Christ as MY Saviour, and by God's help I will strive to please Him in everything I do.

He had watched me with intense interest and as I closed he sprang to his feet with a cry of joy. "My God! Is that all there is to do?"

I replied: "That is all." Quick as a flash he dropped on his knees and began a prayer with the words: "Oh God, I have lied to you. When my little boy died I said I would serve you and I haven't done it." Then he confessed other sins and asked for pardon, and then and there surrendered himself to God. When he closed I led in prayer that God would not only pardon his sins, but help him and keep him. When the man came in, he was drunk, but when he went out he was in his right mind. Jesus had said to him, "Be thou whole."

He immediately set up a family altar and became an active earnest worker for the dear Saviour who had healed him. Two years later the congregation elected him an elder, and he was always a willing assistant to the pastor in his work for the rescue of the lost.

I write this sketch with a prayer that this evidence that Jesus is ABLE and WILLING and READY to save NOW, all who will come to Him may encourage some poor man or woman who is in dire distress because of his or her sin, to take these four steps from death to life, and sing that blessed chorus:

"Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the Son.
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One."

The Christian man or woman who is seeking to bring souls into the kingdom of God, especially should have *strong* faith in His power and willingness to save to the uttermost all who will come to Him. The gospel is for *all* sinners, great or small, respectable or disreputable.

DELIVERED FROM DRUG HABITS.

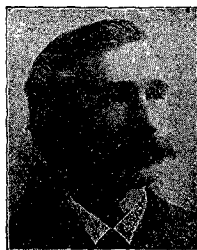
A man in the Mission gave the following striking evidence of God's saving power in releasing victims of drug habits:

"I thank God that He can save not only morphine, but also cocaine fiends. For thir-

teen years I smoked opium and the last few years I used cocaine along with it. But I found the Saviour in Minneapolis. I was a thief. I am thankful to-night that I can say I am on the Lord's side, and I praise God for the blessings that I get in telling sinners that there is a Saviour who can save from sin. My sins have been washed away; I am thankful that all these habits are in the past. And I know that if God can save me, He can save anyone; but the most wonderful thing is that He saved me."

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

ALONZO T. JONES.



"Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." And also seeing that we have such an high priest, "let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Further, in presenting for our consideration our High Priest in His faithfulness, it is written that "every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins: who can have compassion on the ignorant; and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity." And this is why it is that in order that He should be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, and that He should bring many saints unto glory, it became him, as the Captain of our salvation, to be compassed with infirmity, to be tried by temptation, to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and thus in all things to be made acquainted with human experience, so that He truly "can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way."

In a word, in order that He may be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God it became Him to be made perfect through suffering. "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, was heard in that He feared. Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect [being tested to perfection in all points] He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him: called

of God an high priest after the order of Melchisedec."

"And inasmuch as not without an oath he was made priest; for those priests [of the Levitical priesthood] were made without an oath; but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec: by so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament." Thus, above all others, by the oath of God, Jesus was made a priest, and therefore "we have *such* an high priest." And, further, "and they [of the order of Aaron] truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death. But this Man, because He continueth ever"; because by the oath of God He is made a priest forever; because He is made a priest "after the power of an endless life"; and therefore "because He continueth ever," He hath an "unchangeable priesthood; because of all this "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

And "such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up himself. For the law maketh men high priests who have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son [an high priest], who is consecrated forevermore."

He was made flesh as man is flesh; was laden with our sins, and weak as we are, was tempted in all points like as we are; and yet, by putting His trust in God, He lived in this world a life "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," and as a consequence was made higher than the heavens as our great High Priest. And by this He has absolutely demonstrated that in this way, by faith in Him and by virtue of His priesthood every human being can in this world live a life holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners, and can as a consequence also be made higher than the heavens.

Praise the Lord for the great truth that "we have such an High Priest"; and that "*such* an High Priest is provided for every soul in the world.

A GOOD WORD FROM MANILA.

We quote the following from a letter received from George Dorn, a soldier in the Philippines:

"I will write you a few lines and let you know how much I enjoy THE LIFE BOAT. The

first copy I saw was in the military headquarters in California. A little boy came out to our camp one day with a bundle of LIFE BOATS. I bought one of them and read it, and was so interested I read it over and over. In October, 1903, we left for the Philippines. Just before the transport left, some ladies from your Mission came on board and distributed some of the little papers. I thought I would like to have some of them, so asked for a few, and was given a handful. I read them over, I don't know how many times. I have one of them left now, and every time I read it I see something new in it.

It is very hard for me to tell about the life I lived in my younger days. In 1896 I got acquainted with a man who was a drunkard. We went to town quite often and I soon became a drunkard. I went on in my drunkenness and sinful life until my sister and relatives got so ashamed of me that they would turn their heads the other way when I passed them on the street.

Feeling that I had no friends and everybody was against me, I went to St. Louis. Across the street from my boarding house was the Salvation Army hall. I went in there to have some fun, but I tell you it didn't take very long until I was a changed man. I don't know how it was done, but it was done just the same. I then enlisted in the U. S. army for three years. I have found it very hard sometimes to live a Christian life in the army, but I put my whole trust in the Saviour and am wondrously saved to-day.

When I joined my company in the Presidio I was the only Christian in it. It did not take very long for me to win another man for Jesus and now we are three men in my company. We go to all the companies and try to get them to come to the meetings, and the Lord is with us. THE LIFE BOAT brings me much pleasure in my life."

Have you a friend to whom you would like to give a Christmas present? What could be more appropriate than either of the two beautiful Bibles we offer for ten new subscriptions, or a Hudson Taylor book, describing his thrilling experiences in starting the China Inland Mission, which we offer for four new subscriptions or renewals?

Neighborhood Gospel Work

THE LIFE BOAT IN SA. FRANCISCO.

MRS MYRTLE CUSHMAN,

ALPINE SHIELDS.

God has given to all who know Him a commission work. Souls around us are going down to Christless graves, and what have we done to point them to "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"?

These were the thoughts that aroused us to action. What would the Lord have us to do? When would He have us work? As we earnestly sought His guidance, the words in Eccl. 11:6 came to our minds: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11:6. With this and many other texts of hope and assurance, we went forth to work for Him who gave his life a ransom for all.

We went from door to door, taking with us sometimes *THE LIFE BOAT* and sometimes the "Signs," hoping that the message of light and truth contained in their pages might bring hope to some discouraged one. Oft we faltered at the threshold of some sin-darkened place. Could we enter? Had we listened to the human voice, many would have been the doors from which we would have turned away, but "the still small voice" bade us enter. Christ came not "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Matt. 9:13. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10. It is sad to see young men and women sowing seeds of evil from which they will surely reap a harvest of sorrow. For "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7. Our daily prayer is that God may use us to the salvation of souls.

Occasionally we sell a paper to someone

who is very indifferent, and it seems almost impossible to approach them with the news of salvation. But when we meet them again, we find that in looking over the paper some-



ALPINE SHIELDS.

MRS. CUSHMAN.

thing attracted them, their hearts have been changed, and now they are eager to hear of Jesus. The Lord gives us many precious experiences, and we never weary of telling the old, sweet story.

Sometimes we meet those who are bowed down with sin, and who feel that they have no longer any friends nor any one to care for them. When we tell them that Jesus loves them, and wants to help them, their faces light up with hope. As we work and pray with

them, and day after day see them struggling upward and onward in the path of righteousness, we feel more than repaid for the time we have spent and the efforts we have made and our hearts go out in praise to Him who has called us into this glorious work.

It is blessed to work for Jesus, and we believe that only eternity will reveal the good that can be accomplished by faithful efforts. The Lord says, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. 55:11. And we know that His word is sure.

Why continue to use a worn-out Bible when you can get a splendid Bible absolutely free? Read last page of cover.

YOU MAY BE A SOUL WINNER.

In the last analysis, the only thing worth living for is to help to inspire others to live better lives. We have abundant evidence that one way you can do this is by slipping a LIFE BOAT into the hand of your associates, for it will preach for you. Do not despair of becoming a successful soul winner. Do not let any experience in your past life, no matter how discouraging it may have been, rob you of that privilege. Press on, no matter how hard the devil tries to dishearten you.

WHO SENDS PEOPLE TO YOUR DOOR?

[Every person who comes to your door should get *more* than he thinks that he comes for. One way of doing this is to always have on hand a few extra LIFE BOATS to use for this purpose. Are you willing to invest a postage stamp in the salvation of every soul that Providence sends into your dooryard? We furnish the papers in quantities at two cents each, and rather than have a single copy left on our shelves, if some happen to be left over at the end of the month we furnish them for one cent each.

Mrs. Stowell-Crawford, who has been an earnest worker for the Master for more than forty years, related at the recent Life Boat Convention how she made a practical application of this principle. Will you include this in your New Year resolutions, and then ask the Lord to help you carry it out during the entire year? If you do you will certainly have something to meet on the other shore

that you will be grateful for throughout all eternity.—Ed.]

"Every time I take a ride on a car I leave a few LIFE BOATS on the seat. Not a tramp comes to my door but I give him something to read. If a man comes along with a hand-organ I drop him some reading matter from my window. One day a boy came and said, "I need a shirt; can't you let me have an old one?" I went and got him one and gave him some reading matter; and he went to the depot and gave it to half a dozen tramps there and then came back for some more tracts. I gave him quite a number and he took them down there for them to read.

"I gave my milkman some LIFE BOATS and he liked them so much that I asked him to give me his mother's address, and I sent her some, and told her that was what I had been giving her boy. She wrote me a beautiful letter and seemed so pleased to think that her boy, who was so young to be in this large city, had been getting such a helpful paper.

"I also sent THE LIFE BOAT a year to one of my aunts in Maine, and at the end of the year she sent all of them down to the jail and the prisoners were very much interested in them."

IN THE MOUNTAIN TOWNS.

The Lord has wonderfully helped Amy Rawlinson to place thousands of LIFE BOATS into the mountain towns of Colorado. She also takes large numbers of yearly subscriptions in connection with her work. She writes:

"I sold over one hundred copies in the business part of Cheyenne in about five hours, and one day I sold about fifty in the residence portion. I love to go from house to house, as it gives me such good opportunities to do missionary work. I understand something about giving simple treatments to the sick. I sometimes go into hovels and find someone sick, and when I tell them that perhaps I can help them, they are glad to have me do what I can, and always feel benefited and are so grateful.

I took a saloonkeeper's subscription here this morning; also a man running a poolroom gave me his subscription. One man bought a paper and urged several others to take one,

saying it was the best paper published. Many would take out their money to pay me before I asked them to buy. I think I could get many more subscriptions if I could go over the ground a second time after I had sold the papers.

A young lady went out yesterday in my place while I stayed with her invalid mother. She sold seventy-two in the business part of Greeley, and it was really interesting to hear her tell of her experiences."

HOW A LIFE BOAT STARTED A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

[The following interesting letter was written to us by Miss Hollis Holloway, Blue Springs, Missouri. The party who ordered THE LIFE BOAT for this home may not read this, but let those who do read it bear in mind that there are thousands of other homes



where THE LIFE BOAT would accomplish a similar work. Will you risk a year's subscription for some friend, even if you should not meet the full results of it until you are over on the other shore?—Ed.]

Something like a year ago, like a little stranger, one of your LIFE BOATS came into our home. We knew not how it came; some friend sent it, I suppose, to my mother. We paid no attention to it at first. Several came, and at last mother noticed one of them enough to pick it up and read it, and she became interested and spoke about it. I then read some in them. We then gathered all of them up that were scattered about the house and read them. As I read about what people had done for others, I wished I was in some of those cities and could help the many needy ones, but I knew that was almost impossible, as we live on a farm. So I wondered what I could do here to help some one and be doing the Lord's work, and I asked Him to show me what to do. One day I took several of THE LIFE BOATS to school with me and read a piece or two to the children, and then sent them home to the parents of the children. While at school my seatmate and I talked about what we could do, and decided to have a Sunday school. We mentioned it to other members of the school. Some agreed with

us, others thought it was of no use, but we told people we were going to have Sunday school at our schoolhouse, and asked them to come.

My mother let me have the money to order literature and we selected a superintendent and other officers from the community and asked them to serve, which all did willingly. We began our Sunday school in April, 1904, and there was soon a good crowd coming and they were all very orderly and attentive. We have had good success; many have been strengthened, I am sure, and three of our Sunday school children have been led to Christ in the past week, one being the girl that helped me to organize the school, and two boys are under conviction. I feel that these little LIFE BOATS are the cause of it, for they led me to think more of my duty.

THE ART OF LIVING.

ELLA WHITE.

ST. HELENA, CAL.

Yes, it is the supreme, the universal art. Its school is in every home, yet there are few successful students, and none who have attained perfection. Though the deepest, highest, broadest of all arts, its simplicity is beautiful.

The making of a character—is not this the truest and grandest of all arts? Yet how little care we put into the work!

How heedlessly we go on, not pausing to think that every thought and word and action is a stroke of the brush which will either beautify or mar the picture we are painting for eternity.

We start with a spring scene. The canvas is stretched before us. Eagerly we grasp the brush in our unskilled hand, but the task is not an easy one.

"Ah," says one, "I have spoiled my picture. What shall I do? I am discouraged. It is too late to learn, and of no use to try to change the picture." True, *you* can not change the picture. Do not attempt it. Every touch of your brush will blot and smear it, and make the scene more hideous than before.

But do not be discouraged. You may yet have a perfect picture. The Master Artist bids you trust it all to Him. He will guide your hand. The worse your failure, the more

fully you will realize your lack of skill and the more willing you will be to let the Master Hand guide yours. This is what makes the art seem so difficult, though in reality the simplest of all.

Do not be discouraged. It is not too late. The Master Artist will not leave you until the work is complete. He will cover your poor, miserable spring picture with a glorious autumn scene, if you will but let Him guide your hand.

LIFE BOAT WORK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MRS. C. WILLIFORD.



In Johnstown I first worked the business part of the town and then went from house to house, which gives me better opportunities to get acquainted with the people. I visit church services, prayer meetings and missionary societies whenever I can, and introduce my work. I always sell LIFE BOATS and secure subscriptions, and as a general thing I am received very kindly. In Lathrop I visited the Y. M. C. A. and gave a short talk and sold quite a number of papers. I talked to the boys about the cigarette habit and to the young and old men about cigars and tobacco and whiskey. Afterward many came and shook hands with me and thanked me for what I said. I also gave a Bible reading to some ladies who were interested.

At Greensburg the people received us very kindly. The first morning I called at the Daily Tribune office and sold the city editor a paper and told him about the work and he put a notice in the paper, so when we went to the people they had read of us and were expecting the Life Boat workers. I rang the bell at one door and the lady said, "I was just reading about you." Sunday morning I went to one of the churches and told the minister about my work and he said, "Yes, I saw about it in the paper." He was willing to give me time to talk, which I did, and every one in the house bought a paper, and told me they wished I would come back at night. But as I had promised to visit the jail and meet the Y. M. C. A. I could not do so.

I feel thankful because there is work in my Father's vineyard for me and that THE LIFE BOAT is carrying so much courage and comfort and instruction to the discouraged and

despondent. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully in this work and I am surprised at what I have accomplished, but it is God working through me, for I could not have done this of myself.

I next visited Jeanette, a small town, and some one told me they did not think we could sell twenty-five papers there, but I never had a nicer time. My day there was very profitable, and I won many friends.

We arrived in Pittsburg the 29th, and on Sunday night we went over to one of the churches. There I gave a temperance talk and introduced my work. They received me very kindly and the leader urged them to buy the little paper. Many of them came forward and said they wanted to shake hands with me. They bid me Godspeed and bought my little book.

They urged me to come back again when they would be better prepared. Many others wanted the paper who had money with them. I felt the Lord had directed and told me what to say. The cheering words these people gave us were very encouraging. I praise the Lord that, though I am frail and weak, I can carry the message of truth to the sinner, encourage and comfort the despondent, and be a joy and cheer to the prisoner. I can not do this of myself, but, like Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. (Phil. 4:13.)"

I try to accept all disappointments as a lesson for me to learn. It takes all these things to make us strong Christians. The storm and the wind bend the sturdy oak, but after the storm is over we see the stately tree standing erect and looking brighter than before. So with the true Christian. We have disappointments and trials and sorrows to contend with, but if we let the Lord bear them for us we can also stand erect and look cheerful.

SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH US.

Have you had some particularly precious experience while endeavoring to work for the Master? If so, write us about it. If there is any special reason why it should not be published, we can use it in many other ways. It may do much good, and can not possibly do any harm.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Is it not just as selfish for you to keep to yourself some encouraging incident that would be a help to some one, as it would be to hoard up silver and gold while those near at hand were starving for it? Will not you, who have hesitated to share with others experiences that are more precious than silver and gold, look at it from this standpoint?



Children's Department



HANG SOMETHING ON OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

For several years we have made it a practice to have a Life Boat Mission Christmas tree. It is a bright spot in the memory of some Chicago waifs who know nothing of the joys and pleasures of life at any time of the year, not even during holiday seasons. We shall have a Christmas tree again this year. We put on it some inexpensive, sensible toys and gifts of clothing, such as mittens, wristlets, etc. Little gifts of books, health confectionery, wholesome popcorn and fruit are also used for this purpose.

The happiness of the children who have been permitted to attend these gatherings knows no bounds. It is a much greater event to them than a trip abroad would be to the average reader of *THE LIFE BOAT*. We want the children to send us their pennies to help make this a success; and this does not deprive the elder folks from having a share in it.

When Christ was upon this earth He blessed the very children that the others were overlooking. We have every reason to think from our past experiences that Heaven has smiled upon our efforts to let a little sunshine into the dark and cheerless lives of these neglected children of the slums.

The holiday season is getting to occupy a larger and larger place in the minds of the people. If we determine during this time in a special manner to put happiness into the lives of others, it will be such a blessing to us that we shall be willing for the experience to continue after the holidays are over. The presents should be something that will be valued by the recipients, something they will derive some good from, rather than merely ornamental or showy.

We will send ten LIFE BOATS free to any boy or girl who will resolve to spend some time each month in LIFE BOAT work.

Do not let your subscription expire.

HOW A BOY CAN SELL LIFE BOATS IN A LARGE CITY.

HAROLD ANDREWS.

[We invited Harold to write a paper to be read at the Life Boat Workers' Convention on the above subject, from which we quote the following.—Ed.]

"I know no other way than to have perfect trust in the Lord and be of good courage. Now I will tell you just how I do. At the present time we are short of room in our



school, and so my school hours are from 8 a. m. to 12:50 p. m., which gives me a half day for work. I put fifty papers in my bag and then get on my knees and ask the Lord to help me get them out. I sell from thirty to fifty each afternoon. When it storms, of course, I do not do so well. Yet I have sold from seventy-five to one hundred LIFE BOATS in one day during vacation.

Then a boy must be neat and polite, and try not to get too much discouraged when he hears all kinds of remarks. I don't like to

write of this, but as it is for the workers I will mention it.

Yesterday at school some of my school-mates cried out, "Oh! there he goes selling LIFE BOATS. Would you please buy a LIFE BOAT? It's a splendid number." They said it with great scorn. About two weeks ago I met in the street a very old lady. It was about dusk. I offered her a LIFE BOAT and she said, "No, I will not buy one. A boy of your age ought to be at home. If I had a boy he should not be out so late." I tried to explain, but she would not listen.

This afternoon I met another elderly lady, and when I offered her the paper she said, "Oh, no, a boy like you ought to be in school and be a good boy. I would not lower myself selling such a paper. It is nothing more nor less than begging."

It makes me feel bad sometimes, yet I hear so many encouraging things that it makes up for the discouraging ones. When I go into a millinery store and ask the lady to let me go back in the workroom, she permits it with a smile. I go to the workroom of the large department stores, and everywhere that I can think of.

Please send me six hundred LIFE BOATS of the November number. I will try to get out a thousand if my school hours don't change."

Mrs. Andrews wrote later:

"Harold's school hours have now changed to the whole day, but he says send 500 more at once. He wants to get out 1,100 this month. I trust the Lord will help him, for it surely means work. So many praise the paper."

OPENINGS FOR CHILDREN'S WORK IN THE CITIES.

EFFIE NORTHRUP.

I was asked to go with a small band of young people who wished to learn how to organize children's meetings. My thoughts went back to the many precious experiences with the Life Boat Mission Sunday School children, but as I had never taken the responsibility alone of anything like this I felt rather timid. But a little talk with Jesus made it all right, and we wended our way down into the poorest district of the city to see what openings we could find. The Lord certainly verified His promise, and sent His angel before us, for in every place we called we found open hearts and open homes. Oh, how many opportunities are waiting, just waiting for us to step in and improve them.

I am going to tell you exactly what we did, as it may be helpful to others who are

thinking of taking up the same work. As we were walking along the street, wondering where we should go first, we met a small, dirty-faced boy about six years of age, whose untidy appearance made me think I was once more in the slums of Chicago. Stooping down beside him, I said, "Won't you tell me if there are any little boys living near here?" He was shy, but nodded his trowsled head, so I proceeded to try to get acquainted with him if possible. I asked his name, but received no answer, as he looked down and dug his toe into the soft earth. Then I said, "Is it Johnnie? Is it Tom?" He told me it was Ray, so I said, "All right, Ray, I'm not afraid of you; are you afraid of me?" He said, "No; I've got a dog." I had won his confidence, and a moment later he slipped his hand trustingly into mine and was telling me all about his dog as we walked along. He took me to his home, where we were met by a pleasant German woman, whose language we could not speak. However, we were directed to a neighborhood containing people of our own nationality.

Finally we found a hard-working washer-woman, who made us welcome when we told her we wanted to come down for an hour each week and hold a little meeting with the children. She assured us we would be welcome and might invite as many children as we wished.

As we left we noticed a group of boys in the back yard and went to them. We told them what we desired to do, and then I said, "Now, boys, don't you want to join our little army and be a part of our company?" The largest boy, evidently the leader of the group, looked up brightly and said, "Yes, ma'am; my name is John Foreman, and I will bring my little brother, and I know where I can get all kinds of children." I wrote down each name in my book, and after promising to come next Sabbath at two o'clock, we left them.

Two or three blocks farther on we found a family in better circumstances. They also welcomed us and said they would be glad to have us come each week for a meeting. Two more homes we found open for this kind of work. I know God will help us to be more faithful in improving these opportunities to tell the story of His love to the lambs of His fold.

The responsibility of these meetings is to be divided among the workers; thus all can get some experience. We expect to have a union meeting at Christmas time. For our studies we shall use the Bible, and give health and temperance lessons, illustrating them by chalk talks and chemical experiments, and will also teach them some of the helpful songs that children like so much.

Can not you try this kind of work in your city? The harvest is ripe. Every child in this world must hear of Jesus' love and His soon coming, and must be taught how to be ready to meet Him. If God has given you love for the little ones, and tact in dealing with them, He will some day come to "reckon" with you as to whether you have improved your talent or buried it in the earth. Will you have any sheaves for Him when the Lord of the harvest shall come?

SURMOUNTING OBSTACLES.

Miss Hazel M. Burgess, Onaway, Mich., in ordering some papers, writes:

"I am fourteen years old, and deaf and dumb. I am very fond of selling THE LIFE BOATS. Last year I sold seven copies of the "Story of Joseph," two of "Christ's Object Lessons," one of "Christ Our Saviour," and some LIFE BOATS. I am thankful to God because He has a place for me to work. I love to read THE LIFE BOAT. I will send for more papers when I get more money."

Later she wrote:

"I received the LIFE BOATS all right, and sold them last Monday afternoon. Now I want to buy some more. I am glad that the people like to read it. I am thankful to God because He has a work for me to do. I was surprised that I could sell them so easily."

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WORKER.

Lucy Marr, Zula, Okla., writes:

"I love to sell THE LIFE BOAT, and think that it is good for both Christians and infidels. Most of the people are glad to see me coming with it, but some just laugh and make fun of my dear little paper. The groceryman paid me for a paper, but told me to sell it to some one else, as he had no time to read it. Later I met an old man and asked him

to buy a paper, but he said he had no money to pay for one, but would like to have one very much, so I gave him the paper that the groceryman paid for.

Perhaps some new beginners, because they do not sell as readily as they thought that they ought to, have become discouraged at the prospect, and so I will tell my secret of how I sell them so quickly. It is this: I pray before I go out that God will put it into the hearts of the people to want them, and then I pray for God to tell me how to explain about it to them so that they will want to buy them.

I am but twelve years old, but I live in hope of being a missionary. I am trying to be a missionary right here at home. Don't you think that is right? I have often wished that I could live in Chicago so that I could take part in the work there."

A UNIQUE EDUCATIONAL EFFORT.

Professors Sutherland and Magan and several other friends interested in educational reform have recently purchased a large tract of land near Nashville, Tenn., where they will develop a model educational enterprise embodying all the best ideas in modern education.

A few years ago they began their school work in Berrien Springs in temporary buildings and tents, and at the same time raised the money to purchase building material; then they and their students erected the permanent buildings. All this was done without the loss of a single day's school.

The reader can gain some idea of their Herculean task when it is said that they erected five large school buildings, thirty acres of fruit was set out and all the work on the two hundred and seventy-acre farm was performed by the faculty and students. The total investment was about seventy-five thousand dollars. During the last five years six hundred men and women have gone out from this school into Christian work.

As Nashville is more centrally located they will be able to draw students more easily from all parts of the country. We have every reason to believe that Providence will in a special manner favor this enterprise and that in a few years there will be built up one of the most admirable missionary educational efforts in this country.

Reach for the Life Line, in love it is thrown,
Firmly then grasp it, e'er numb you have grown.
Now, as the billows of sin toss you high,
Reach for the Life Line, nor let it pass by.
—T. Vassar Caulkins.



Rescue Service



SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

We are thankful to be able from month to month to say that we have a home where girls who are in trouble can find refuge. We most earnestly invite all such to write to us, and possibly we can give them just the help they need.

We are also thankful we can report that with only one or two exceptions, every girl who has been in our home any length of time has accepted Christ and is now living an upright Christian life.

We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to our friends whom the Lord has raised up to help us carry this work forward. We believe you will be rewarded in seeing some of these souls saved on the other shore. We are planning to enlarge our work so that we can take in more girls and we will tell you more about this in the future.

Dear Reader, we are sure after you have read Mrs. Edholm's address in this number you will be impressed that there is plenty to do. None of us want to have on our garments the blood of any poor lost girl—lost because no one extended a helping hand at the right time.

Donations can be sent to the writer at Hinsdale, Illinois, specifying in the letter that the money is to be used for the Rescue service.

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

If so, we earnestly ask you to write to us after reading this. It has been our privilege to help many who were in despair and we would like to help *you*. The following was written by one who first wrote us last spring, when she was in deep despair, and strongly tempted to end her own life. She has now been with us at our Suburban Home for several months, and we are glad to have had the privilege of not only helping her, but also her sweet infant girl.

"I write this with the hope that some one may be helped by reading these few lines from one who has passed through the dark valley as

a result of allowing the devil to lead me in the wrong path. I was several months ago cast out upon the cold world that has no pity for one who has fallen. The home that I loved so much was closed to me forever, and mother who was so dear to me turned from me, and those I thought to be my friends ignored me entirely.

Thinking I hadn't a friend on earth I was at the point of taking my own life, when the little paper called *THE LIFE BOAT* fell into my hands. On reading the kind invitation given by Mrs. Paulson to anyone who was in need of love and friends to write to her, I wrote and in a few days a letter was received in return in which she pointed me to the Friend that never faileth. But I was then too down-hearted to look up and grasp the hand that was outstretched to help me.

A few weeks later, by Mrs. Paulson's kind invitation I came to Chicago and found a home and friends at the Suburban Home. It was here by patience and love I was slowly pointed to Him who would pardon my transgressions, and make me white in His precious blood, and I can truly say I am happy. I can never go back to my own home, nor ever expect to see any of my loved ones, but I am happy because I know my sins are all forgiven, and I am daily striving to live nearer my Saviour.

Dear Reader, no matter how low in sin you have gone, don't think of taking your life, but turn to Jesus, the true friend, for forgiveness, for He is indeed a friend that will never fail you."

There are services at the Life Boat Mission every night during the year.

You should recognize that longing in your soul for something better than you have as a craving after God.

The telephone number of the Life Boat Mission is Harrison 4772.

STRAY LIFE BOATS.

MRS. A. E. LOUNSBURY.

While out selling LIFE BOATS I knocked at the door of a residence, and finding no answer I turned to leave, when a small boy asked me if I wanted to see his mamma. I told him I had called to sell them a LIFE BOAT. He said, "We have that number. I found one near a store building and took it home, and both mamma and I read it and found it just splendid."

One day I was in the station waiting for a train. I placed a LIFE BOAT on a seat, at the same time breathing a prayer that the dear Lord would direct the *right* one to pick it up. A month later I was in the same place with the LIFE BOAT, when the voice of a little girl attracted my attention, and on looking about me I discovered a child pulling at its mother's dress, exclaiming, "O, mamma, see that lady with another of them good Christian books." The lady then came up to me and said, "Do you sell THE LIFE BOAT?" On telling her that I did, she said, "Oh, then you are doubtless the very one who left that LIFE BOAT in the depot. I saw it lying on the seat and picked it up and carried it home, and have found it a great help to me and just what I needed. When I am tired I can sit down and read the good things in it and it gives me such a rest, something I have never experienced in reading any Christian paper before." She bought a paper and asked me to remember her when far away. I afterward learned that my prayer that this LIFE BOAT would reach the right hands had been answered, as her husband was quite an ungodly man, and he, too, was pleased with it.

A September (1903) LIFE BOAT was discovered in a shed by a little orphan girl, eleven years old. Thinking that it belonged to me, she brought it to me. She found it among a pile of papers and rubbish, but it was bright and clean. I advised her to examine it. She did so and read many of the accounts and was deeply affected over the first poem, entitled "Follow Me." She read it with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, this reminds me of the time when mamma used to teach me and sing to me." She then said, "I want to follow in the footsteps of the Lord and to do good for Him." I asked her to pray and she said, "Teach me how." So I did, and she

prayed a short, child-like prayer and then said, "I am glad that I found this book, for I know a woman who drinks and swears, and I want to tell her about THE LIFE BOAT and about how she should live." I repeated verses of scripture to her which she learned almost instantly. She asked where the good people were that made the book and, on being informed, said, "Please let me write to them and tell them about THE LIFE BOAT."

GOD REMEMBERS THE ORPHANS.

(We are constantly receiving letters from different parts of the earth showing how the Lord is using in remarkable ways stray copies of THE LIFE BOAT. We quote the following extract, recently received from the little girl in Norfolk, Neb., who is referred to in the previous article.—ED.)

I want to write you about a stray LIFE BOAT which I found in a shed among some other papers. Thinking it belonged to Mrs. Lounsbury, I took it to her, and she at once insisted upon my reading it. The first poem deeply affected me and I read it o'er and o'er, and it brought tears to my eyes; also many other good pieces which I read in the book. Although only eleven years of age, I felt like I wanted to do something for Jesus and to follow Him wherever He might lead me.

I am an orphan, but I remember my mother when she used to tell me how Jesus loved and blessed little children. Mrs. Lounsbury has now taught me how to pray, and I have been learning verses from the Bible under her instruction, and I find them so easy to learn and so sweet to remember. I sold a LIFE BOAT and am going to send a stamp for you to send a November LIFE BOAT to a woman who swears and drinks. Maybe that will be the means of changing her ways.

Mrs. Lounsbury has taught me a number of useful lessons that I should have known if someone had taken an interest in me. Since my mother's death I have oftentimes been very lonely, especially when I see other children about their mothers. It makes a sad feeling that I can not describe. Perhaps some other motherless child could explain this better than I. My greatest desire is to become a true Christian and to meet her in the land where all is bright.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A LOOK BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

During each passing year Providence has given *THE LIFE BOAT* a wider and wider field of usefulness. The Lord has made it a messenger of light to thousands who sat in darkness; whether it be the backslidden Christian, the ordinary sin-hardened individual, the man behind the prison bars, the soldier at the military camp fire, the patient in the hospital ward, the fallen woman, the equally fallen man, or the sin-sick soul residing in the gilded palace on the boulevard or in the wretched hovel in the sickening slums. The Lord has also used it as fuel to feed the missionary fire in a multitude of human hearts; and children, as well as the aged, have become impressed to go forth and carry it from door to door until it has attained such a circulation that we can only account for it by saying, "It is the Lord's doing."

We submit no prospectus for the coming year, but instead ask the *LIFE BOAT* family to unite with us in asking God to help us to discern still more clearly in the future that "pillar of cloud" which we firmly believe has as surely gone before *THE LIFE BOAT* and the work which it represents, as it went before the children of Israel in their desert pilgrimage.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND YOUR WINTER EVENINGS?

The winter evenings bring wonderful opportunities to some, but are the cause of dreadful failures to others. Have you decided which they shall mean for you?

Some will spend them reading novels, others in questionable amusement, still others in the whirl and excitement of society, while another class will make them such a heavenly benediction to the entire family that they will be recalled in after years with hallowed memories. The evening hours will become occasions when precious truths will be treasured up, sweet inspirations for a life of usefulness will be generated and noble purposes

and plans for community soul-winning work will be developed.

Do you say there would have to be some radical changes made before this could be true in your family? Very good. Will you see to it, by God's help, that those changes shall be made, and not be discouraged even if the devil shows in a variety of ways that he is determined it shall not be done, for "He that is in you is stronger than he that is in the world." Do not forget that it is God who can make the mountain a plain and the crooked things straight. You will be amazed how mightily He will co-operate with your feeble efforts in striving for better things.

SOUL WINNING QUESTION CORNER.

In this new department, beginning next month, the editors and other workers connected with our *Life Boat* work will be pleased to answer questions in reference to soul winning, and to give suggestions in regard to various missionary methods. In writing please enclose stamp, for as far as possible these letters will be answered personally as well as in this department.

THE SECOND ANNUAL LIFE BOAT WORKERS' CONVENTION.

This Convention opened the 28th of October, and closed November 5th. It was a blessed occasion and put new courage, and inspiration into the hearts of all. The workers who attended were all without exception engaged in self-supporting, soul-winning work. In every instance they had unmistakable evidence that God had called them into this work, and all were of good courage to press on and to enlist others.

In the daily sessions various phases of *Life Boat* work were considered and plans developed for its furtherance. The closing meeting was one that will never be forgotten by those present. All felt the presence of the Lord in a special manner and felt more in-

inspired than ever before to go forth and give the gospel to every living creature.

DO YOU WANT A BIBLE FOR CHRISTMAS?

We are sending out premium Bibles almost every day. Nothing that we have offered as a premium has met with such a response. Think of a beautiful pocket Oxford Bible bound in French Morocco for six new subscriptions or renewals!

Also a Teacher's Bible, regular size, containing helps, concordance, etc., splendidly bound, for only ten new subscribers or renewals. If you do not need a Bible, give it to one of your friends as a Christmas present. What could be a more appropriate gift?

NEVER SO GOOD.

We have read GOOD HEALTH constantly for over twenty years, but after reading the last number we could not help saying, "Never so good." It is full of the choicest health truths, and all for one dollar a year. Send ten cents for a sample copy and then you will want it every month. Address GOOD HEALTH, Battle Creek, Mich.

REORGANIZATION OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK.

For some time plans have been under consideration looking toward the reorganization and incorporation of the Chicago Medical Missionary work, including the Working Men's Home, the Life Boat Mission, THE LIFE BOAT magazine, and the Life Boat Rescue Work. After numerous informal councils the work was incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois as "The Working Men's Home and Life Boat Mission." The work of incorporation was completed about November 1st, and the first legal meeting of the Board of Trustees held on November 9th, at which officers of the Corporation were elected, as follows:

David Paulson, M. D., President.
W. S. Sadler, Secretary.
H. E. Hoyt, Treasurer.

In the reorganization of the work a permanent constituency was provided, to annually elect the trustees who are to hold the property, and control and manage the affairs of the Corporation. There are sixteen trustees, eight of whom are elected each year to serve for a

term of two years. The first trustees are as follows:

David Paulson,	J. F. Morse,
Mary W. Paulson,	J. H. Kellogg,
W. S. Sadler,	M. A. Winchell,
N. W. Paulson,	A. T. Jones,
E. B. Van Dorn,	H. E. Hoyt,
Allen Moon,	Jay W. Cummings,
W. H. Edwards,	Fannie Emmel,
L. H. Christian,	F. J. Otis.

In the reorganization of the work four general departments were created and each placed in charge of a Managing Board. These departments are as follows:

1. The Working Men's Home.
2. The Life Boat Mission.
3. THE LIFE BOAT Magazine.
4. The Life Boat Rescue Service.

The Managing Boards and officers in charge of each of these four departments are as follows:

WORKING MEN'S HOME.

Board.	Officers.
M. A. Winchell,	M. A. Winchell,
W. S. Sadler,	Supt. and Mgr.
E. B. Van Dorn,	E. B. Van Dorn,
H. E. Hoyt,	Secretary.
	H. E. Hoyt,
	Treasurer.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Board.	Officers.
E. B. Van Dorn,	E. B. Van Dorn,
W. S. Sadler,	Supt. and Chm.
H. E. Hoyt,	H. E. Hoyt,
David Paulson,	Secretary.
Fannie Emmel,	W. S. Sadler,
	Treasurer.

RESCUE SERVICE.

Board.	Officers.
Mary W. Paulson,	Fannie Emmel,
Fannie Emmel,	Supt. and Chm.
Mrs. Nina Crane,	Mary W. Paulson,
Mrs. Lena Sadler,	Secy. and Treas.
Mrs. Hannah Swanson,	
Mrs. E. B. Van Dorn,	

THE LIFE BOAT.

Board.	Officers.
David Paulson,	David Paulson,
W. S. Sadler,	Editor and Chm.
H. E. Hoyt,	W. S. Sadler,
N. W. Paulson,	Associate Editor.
E. B. Van Dorn,	H. E. Hoyt,
F. J. Otis,	Secretary.
Eric Covert,	N. W. Paulson,
	Treasurer.
	Eric Covert,
	Circulation Mgr.

By this organization many phases of the work are being strengthened and careful plans are being laid for the upbuilding of the various institutions.

It is now about ten years since the first seeds of this work were planted, and this plant

has had to grow under conditions altogether adverse and sometimes threatening even its very existence, but it has survived and today promises as never before to develop into a permanent and successful soul-winning movement.

The reorganization of this work places it absolutely upon its own resources. The funds to carry forward the work of the Life Boat Mission, the Rescue work and other lines of work must be raised from month to month.

With reference to the evangelistic and medical missionary work being conducted, this reorganization makes no practical change. The work is so incorporated that no individual or individuals can secure anything from it in any way for their own personal gain. It is incorporated under the laws of Illinois providing for institutions and associations organized for charitable and philanthropic work.

We trust every reader of *THE LIFE BOAT* will earnestly pray that God's blessing may rest upon this new movement, and that they will ever remember our need of financial help and give as God may prosper and impress them.

One part of the membership of this new Corporation is those who have donated money to this work. All who donate five dollars or more from the first of November, 1904, will be entitled to representation for one year; and those who have donated fifty dollars or more will receive certificates entitling them to life representation in this Corporation in the manner provided by the constitution and by-laws.

Space will not permit us to quote here in full the Constitution, By-Laws, and Articles of Incorporation of "The Working Men's Home and Life Boat Mission," but we felt the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* would be interested in this new move, and would be glad to know something concerning the matter, hence this word of explanation.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Carl Ferguson, College View, Neb., is now a stenographer in the editorial office.

When you make up your Christmas donations, do not forget the Chicago work.

The World's Fair management has awarded *THE LIFE BOAT* exhibit a Silver Medal.

Rena Smith, of Battle Creek, Mich., is employed in the business department of *THE LIFE BOAT* as stenographer.

Send us the names and addresses of your invalid friends, and we will send them some literature on health getting.

Watch for something next month from Mr. Horace Fletcher, the leader of the chewing reform. It is crowded out this month.

Hannah Peterson, who was trained in the Chicago Nurses' Training School, has charge of a successful Health Home in Webster, S. D.

Mrs. A. L. Whittemore, from Wisconsin, who attended the Life Boat Workers' Convention, sold 1,350 papers in the fifteen days preceding her coming.

The "Story of Our Bible" will be told in three articles, the first of which appears in this number. If you wish to be intelligent upon this subject, do not fail to secure the next two numbers, and read all the articles.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulson went to Philadelphia to supervise the temperance banquet which the Battle Creek Sanitarium served to the delegates attending the National W. C. T. U. Convention at the end of November.

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, the well known speaker and author, spoke recently in the Life Boat Mission at the regular Sabbath service on Rescue Work. See a report of her address in another part of the paper.

A young man picked up a *LIFE BOAT* and read of the work for girls in St. Louis and the sacrifice that had been made to carry on the work. He felt that he, too, must make a sacrifice, so he set apart a certain amount of his earnings and called on Mrs. Holladay and gave her seven dollars at a time when it was very much needed.

Mrs. Martin writes: "My husband and myself are now located in Kansas City, Mo. We praise the Lord that He found a party to relieve us of our business cares, so we have launched out into the work of the Lord.

We had some blessed experiences during the Street Fair of Marysville; sold 300 papers. We left Marysville for St. Joe, Mo., Thursday. Although suffering from a cold, I sold fifty-six *LIFE BOATS* in the Union depot. During Saturday evening an inexperienced worker and myself went together and in a little over two hours sold seventy.

On my first day in Kansas City I sold seventy-six papers. I am greatly encouraged."

Mrs. Estella Archer Maloney is maintaining a very interesting self-supporting missionary work in Meldon, Mass. She writes:

"About two years ago I felt that I would like to do Life Boat work. The work has had

no support except from my own efforts, which are devoted largely to the sale of the little LIFE BOAT.

Monday evening of each week we devote to physical culture and other classes; Tuesday evening to gospel meetings, and the following afternoon to hygienic cookery. The next evening is given to Bible readings. We also have Sabbath School and religious kindergarten. The rest of our time we spend in missionary visits, distributing and collecting clothing and taking advantage of the various opportunities the Lord brings before us. I have had some blessed experiences; people who have lived lives of sin have turned to God; sinners on their death bed have turned to Jesus and died in peace. I feel that the Lord has used my hands, voice, and pen to accomplish His work. We wish to have our work here recognized as a Life Boat Mission."

We have a few October and November LIFE BOATS which we will sell at one cent a copy.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT A YEAR LONG.

The average Christmas gift soon loses more or less of its charm, and is then almost entirely forgotten. Why not give to each of your friends a Christmas gift on the monthly installment plan in the form of a yearly subscription to THE LIFE BOAT? Who can measure the influence for good that might come from doing this? If you think this is a good suggestion, why not adopt it?

CONVENTION NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Nordyke came from Waltham, Mass., to attend the Convention. They will now take a trip to the Pacific Coast, defraying their expenses by LIFE BOAT sales.

Atta Chapman has been engaged for some time in Life Boat work in Grand Rapids and other cities in Michigan. She recently secured nearly three hundred LIFE BOAT subscriptions in the Jackson prison. She will connect for a time with the Chicago Life Boat work.

Mrs. Whittemore has recently been engaged in Life Boat work in Wisconsin, and was extremely successful, her sales averaging over

one hundred a day. In order to become better acquainted with the work in Chicago, she will remain here for a time.

Mrs. N. H. Richmond was formerly connected with the Chicago work, then went to Grand Rapids and assisted Mrs. McKee in establishing the Michigan Home for girls. She has been wonderfully successful in enlisting the interest of men of means in this worthy enterprise. She and Miss Kuhn who has been assisting her, returned to Grand Rapids immediately after the Convention.

Mrs. Little and her daughter Grace became interested in Life Boat work a couple of years ago through purchasing a copy from Nina Case. They have since been South and done what they could to interest others in this work.

As soon as Mrs. Whittemore arrived she went out and sold some LIFE BOATS on State street. In the evening she gave a general report of her work, from which we quote the following:

"I started into this work about five weeks ago, and I have been in all kinds of places and among all classes of people; and I always am treated with great courtesy. I hardly ever find anyone down so low but that their hearts can be touched in some way. My desire is to keep right on with this work. There is nothing in this world I love nearly so well as working for my Master." At this point Bro. Sadler asked her if she had been selling papers on State street, and she said, "Yes." Then he said:

This afternoon I was at the corner of State street and Quincy and observed a young man reading a LIFE BOAT. I stepped up to him, because it is rather unusual to see one reading a LIFE BOAT on the street, and asked him if he had ever read that paper before. He said, "No, sir." I said, "Where did you get it?" And he described this sister to me—a kind of motherly woman, who sold him the paper on State street; and he said: "Those people up there are either clean gone crazy, or else they have got the greatest thing in the world." I said, "I would advise you to go around there." He says, "What does this picture mean on the cover? that is what I bought the paper for." I said, "It is a life boat, going after your soul." He said, "I

was never certain I had one." I said, "You have one." He said, "I think you and I had better go up there together." I had not told him I had anything to do with it, and it was finally agreed that he should meet me here some evening very soon.

In the Signs of the Times you will find an earnest discussion of many interesting phases of Bible truth. Send a stamp for a sample copy. Address Pacific Press, Mountain View, Cal.

Among many other useful health topics, the various phases of the fasting cure are discussed in a very comprehensive and satisfactory manner in the November "Life and Health." Sample copy of this paper, five cents, or fifty cents per year. Address 223 North Capitol street, Washington, D. C.

INFORM US OF MISTAKES.

If you know of anyone who has failed to receive their Life Boat or is not receiving it regularly, you will do us a great favor by calling our attention to the fact.

"THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY."

The Medical Missionary will soon start on its fourteenth year. Plans are laid for giving it a broader field, and increased usefulness. The care of the sick will be taught in each number. The missionary field will be held up to view with its great needs. The gospel of health will be preached with the power that God gives.

The Medical Missionary occupies a unique field; it is adapted to the wants of the home, and indispensable to the missionary worker. Sample copies sent free. The price is 50 cents a year, or with Good Health, one dollar a year; with THE LIFE BOAT, 60 cents; with the book, "By Land and Sea," \$1.50. Address, The Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE BLIND.

Are there any blind persons in your community who can read by touch? If so you can scarcely do better missionary work than to send them the Christian Record for one year. It may be the means of leading them to Christ and finally to that kingdom where the blind shall see. The subscription price is two dollars a year. Address, Christian Record, College View, Neb.

Mr. James C. Tetter, chaplain of the Florida State Prison, a most appreciative friend of THE LIFE BOAT, has charge of a Christian Home at Minneola, Fla., called the "Saints' Rest." The building has twenty-seven rooms, and is a place where God's little ones can come aside and rest awhile. It is located in the highest elevation in the State, and is of easy access. Any one who would like to know more about this, please address James C. Tetter, Saints' Rest, Minneola, Fla.

THE BOOK WITHOUT THE NAME OF GOD IN IT.

The book of Esther, although it does not contain the name of God, is one of the most wonderful books in the Bible. A most interesting series of lessons are being published in the "Bible Training School" on the book of Esther. Four lessons are given each month so that societies meeting weekly may have one each week in the month. They began in the November number. The lessons, alone are worth many times the price of the paper. Send twenty-five cents to "Bible Training School," South Lancaster, Mass., requesting that your subscription begin with the November number.

THE LIFE LINE.

Throw it out to our boys and girls that they may be saved from the evils of rum and tobacco. A booklet and journal entitled "Save the Boys," is designed as an aid in the home to save our youth.

You need these in your home. So does your neighbor in his. Every boy and girl should have this literature. The publisher is receiving many words of commendation, coupled with "Never be discouraged," or "God bless you in the noble work." And he is praying for a larger list of subscribers.

The journal is 30c per year. In clubs of ten to one address, \$2. The tract is \$1.00 for 100, or 60c for 50, postpaid. Order now, before you forget. Address, Save the Boys, 118 West Minnehaha boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.

MUSIC.

Vocal and instrumental. Four pieces. "The Christian Banner," "The Fading Flower," "The Song of the Angels," "Thoughts of Eden." All for fifty cents. Standard size; printed on finest music paper; no extra charge for mailing. Send order at once to Otto Lundell, room 670, 324 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

SUMMARIES FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS. LIFE BOAT SUBURBAN HOME.

Public meetings held	117
Medical services rendered	17
Treatments	34
Lodgings	154
Free meals	451
Number in maternity ward	1
Number professing conversion	3
Requests for prayer	3
Number admitted	2
Free baths	16

WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

Laundry	8,654
Lunch	32,845
Lodgings	11,343

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Regular meetings	61
Bible classes	61
Average attendance	150
Hands raised	180
Number helped	214
Other meetings	13

LIFE BOAT REST.

Public meetings	40
Medical services	8
Treatments	15
Lodgings	75
Free meals	50
Requests for prayer	15
Conversions	5

Number admitted	2
Homes found	1
Free baths	50

DONATIONS TO LIFE BOAT MISSION.

H. Frid, \$1; Charles Kempe, 25c; Sara Curie, \$1; Iona Harrington, 25c; Lizzie Kienhoff, \$1; Mrs. L. Smith, 10c; Mrs. Nellie Hill, 50c; Mrs. H. C. Zoerb, 25c; Mrs. A. B. Campbell, 95c; Myrtle King, 25c; Mrs. J. E. Jewell, \$1; Mrs. C. E. Parsons, \$5; Minnie Blankenship, 10c; Harvey Anderson, \$2; Neenah (Wis.) Church, \$2.04; E. Warner, \$2; Louie Van Dorn, \$2; Sr. Doerr, \$2; R. H. McBride, \$3.75; John Bauer, \$1; F. E. Carter, 50c; C. P. Kellogg, 50c; Mrs. A. C. Bainbridge, \$2; Greely Comer, 25c; W. D. Eastman, 50c; Battle Creek Sanitarium Helpers, \$10; Christian Sorensen, 10c; Valencia St. (San Francisco) Church, \$11; Mrs. DyMaurier, \$1.20; Frank Edwards, \$1; Florence Van Dorn, 10c; John Lausk, \$1; a friend, \$6; Mrs. Sarah Ballard, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Potter, \$1; Mrs. J. H. Powell, \$1; Oren Griswold, 25c; L. Bischof, 1; Mrs. E. Bailey, \$1; Charles Kempe, 25c; Mr. and Mrs. Otis Eaton, \$5; Samuel Coombs, \$2; Mrs. G. Fritz, \$2; Neva Fuqua, 25c; Mrs. A. Hammond, 65c; John Bauer, \$1; Mrs. E. Umlandt, \$1; Mae Foote, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Hunziker, \$1; Battle Creek Sanitarium Helpers, \$10; T. Larson, \$3; Mrs. Vanlandingham, \$1; J. E. Smith, 50c; Sara Curie, \$1; Mrs. S. McNally, 30c; Amanda Rhodes, \$5; G. Nimon, \$1.50; Charles Kempe, 25c; Mrs. Lula Butler, \$1; Mrs. Mary E. Brown, \$1.50; Mrs. Minnie Kintz, \$1; Mrs. Jennie McIntyre, \$1; Christine Hildebrand, 50c; Mrs. D. May, 25c; Mary Brown, 10c.

LIFE BOAT SUBURBAN HOME.

Mrs. I. H. Archer, \$1; Harvey Anderson, \$2; John J. Bauer, \$2; Minnie Blakenship, 20c; S. Benjamin, \$2.50; Clyde L. Balkwiff, \$2; Anna Brown, \$1; Mrs. John Chamberlin, 25c; Miss Eunice Corklam, \$1.50; Melissa Cookendorfer, \$1; Irene Dickinson, 75c; Mrs. M. H. Estep, \$2; Mrs. Toby Edwardson, \$1; Miss C. Fox, 76c; a friend, \$3.38; Mrs. Cora Geason, 25c; Mrs. F. J. Gue, \$1.50; a friend, \$2; Mrs. Carrie Garbutt, \$3; E. J. Harvey, 50c; S. A. and H. C. Hufnagel, \$1; Mrs. Bert Johnson, 50c; Mrs. J. P. Jasper, \$1; Mrs. Anna B. Kuehl, 50c; C. T. Kromer, \$5; Mrs. J. L. Klein, \$3.50; a friend, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Long, \$5; Stella Ludlum, \$1; Mrs. L. M. Lasater, \$5; Mrs. Susana Myers, 65c; Mrs. W. H. Morris, \$1; Mrs. D. Miramontez, \$2.50; Paul Prouldley, M. D., and mother, \$1.25; Mrs. Elen Parvelson, \$1; W. B. Payne, 50c; Bertha Rugg, \$1.50; Mrs. A. E. Randall, \$5; Amy Rawlinson, \$2.20; John Steinel, \$1; Tioga Junction Env. Soc., \$1; Miss Anna Vanderbilt, \$1; F. B. Underhill, 25c; Cinda Vance, 35c; Mrs. Umlandt, \$2; Florence Van Dorn, 25c; Gertrude Williamson, \$1; Alma Wolforth, \$1; Mrs. J. A. Wilson, \$1; Katie Weibrecht, \$1; Mrs. Annie Young, 50c; Mrs. H. C. Zoerb, 10c; Mrs. L. T. Leslie, 25c; Mr. Sampson, \$5; a friend, \$1.50; Miss Anderson, \$1.50.

PRISONERS' FUND.

Mrs. I. M. Archer, 35c; Harvey Anderson, \$2; C. L. Beaumont, 65c; Minnie Blakenship, 70c; John

Biron, \$10; Mrs. Emma Bailey, \$2; Mrs. F. N. Bartholomew, 25c; Mrs. S. C. Clarke, 65c; Mrs. S. D. Colby, 30c; Mrs. Ellis Clarke, 10c; Mrs. H. C. Cody, 15c; L. T. Dean, 65c; Mrs. Donwick, 30c; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Davis, \$1.50; Walter N. Davis, \$5; a friend, \$1; a friend, \$1; E. G. Farnsworth, \$10; a friend, \$1; Flora D. Garey, 65c; John Hubbard, 35c; Sarah Harie, \$1; Miss Emily Herald, 88c; Martha and Dennis Hurley, 70c; S. A. and H. C. Hufnagel, \$1; J. J. Ireland, \$2; Mrs. A. A. Jones, 50c; Elsie J. Klostermyer, \$5; C. T. Kromer, \$10; Mrs. J. L. Klein, 80c; Mrs. and O. E. Long, \$20; Mrs. D. Miramontez, 35c; Mrs. M. L. Mitchell, 38c; Mrs. E. A. Mitchell, 10c; Mrs. H. A. McReynolds, 35c; H. B. McConnell, 65c; Mrs. W. H. Morris, 35c; Mrs. A. A. Nelson, 70c; Mrs. S. C. Peterson, 65c; M. Paul Prouldley, M. D., \$1.25; Mrs. C. B. Barker, 35c; Mrs. M. Peterson, 65c; Mrs. Della Ross, 40c; Amy Rawlinson, 75c; J. E. Smith, 40c; Mrs. Jessie Saunders, 25c; Mrs. W. L. Shank, \$1; Mary G. Sheldon, 65c; Mrs. Sanborn, 35c; Mrs. F. D. Stone, 30c; Ada M. Stocum, \$2; Mrs. T. W. Tenbrook, 65c; Rebecca Thompson, 65c; Lavinia Thompson, 95c; Mrs. E. Umlandt, \$1; Martin Wilson, 35c; Gertrude Webb, \$5; J. B. Williams, \$3.25; Bertha Wilson, \$1.

LIFE BOAT REST.

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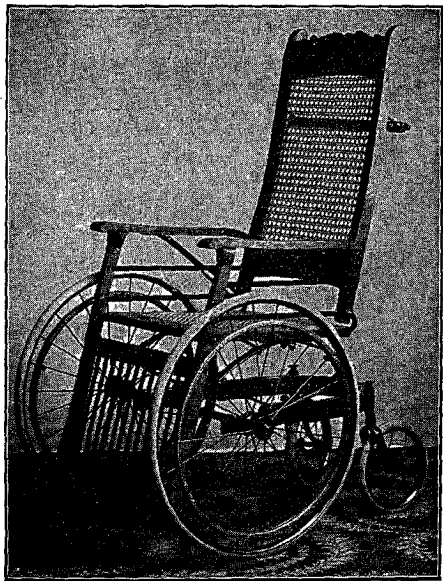
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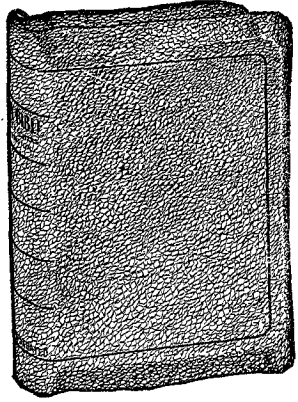
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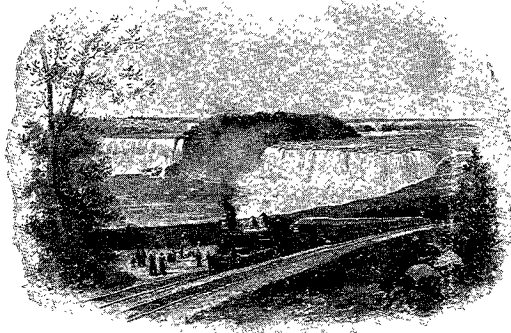


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