

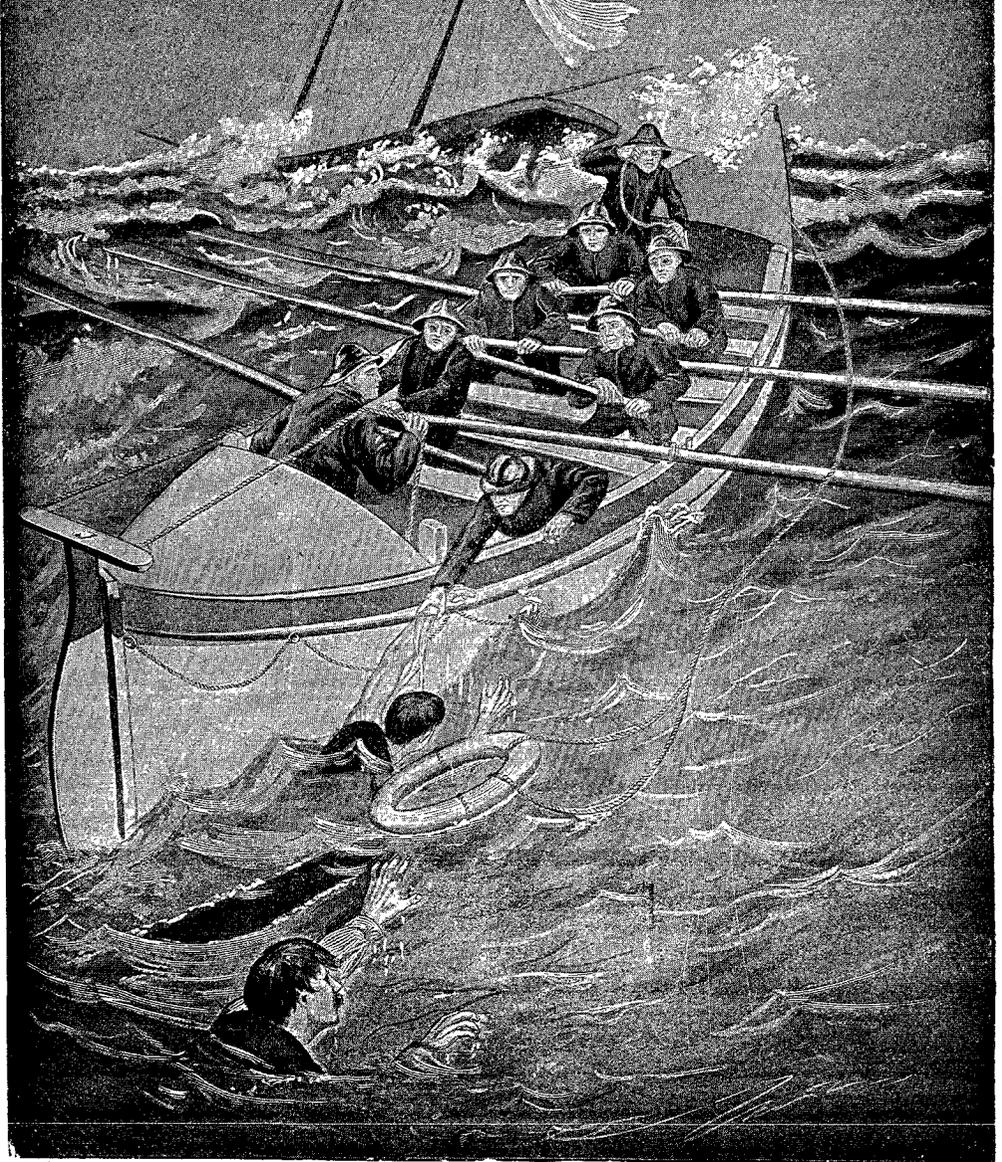
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THE LIFE BOAT



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Volume Eight
Number Two

436 State St., Chicago

February, 1905

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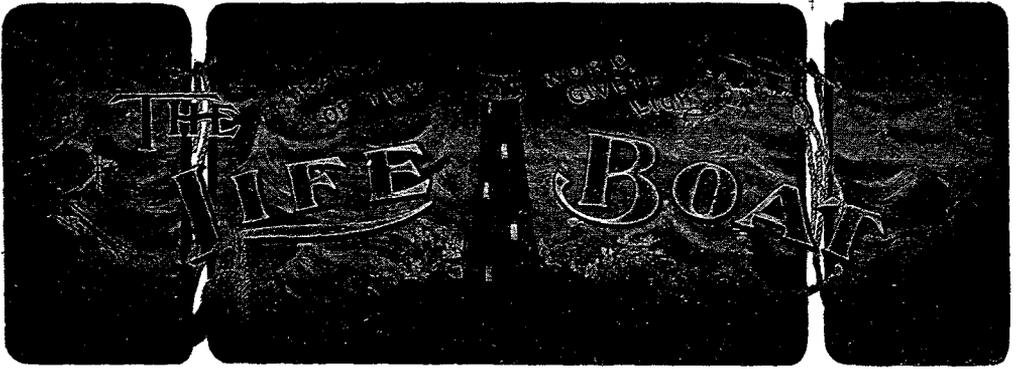
W. S. SADLER

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11. THE END OF THE FIGHT OF FAITH
12. A RENOVATED EARTH



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Number 2

THE LIFE BOAT.

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All business communications should be addressed to **THE LIFE BOAT**, 436 State street, Chicago. All articles, accounts of interesting experiences, and other items of interest as well as letters of inquiry concerning Life Boat work should be addressed to the Editor, Hinsdale, Ill. If both classes of matter are sent in one envelope they should be written on separate sheets of paper. This will save confusion and delay.

**WARNING: FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
KEEP YOUR DAUGHTERS OUT OF
GREAT CITIES.**

MRS. LENA K. SADLER.

A few weeks ago the following note was brought to the Life Boat Mission:

CHICAGO, ILL.,
Dec. 18, 1904.

Supt. Life Boat Mission:

Dear Sir—I have been requested by a young woman by the name ofwho is confined in a house of ill-fame, controlled by a man by the name of at street, to help her escape from confinement. She is unable to leave the house on any pretext whatever. She begged me to in some way help her get away, and threatened to commit suicide if



she could not get away from the place. Hoping that you will give this attention, as the girl is really a prisoner in the house and can not get away.

Seeing this is a Life Boat Mission, here is a chance to save one. Knowing of your good deeds, I appeal to you to save her.

A FRIEND.

Fathers, mothers, this is not the first letter of this kind that has been received at the Life Boat Mission during the last year. To find some one's daughter thus ensnared by the nets of vice in this great city, is an almost daily occurrence; and our main purpose in relating this experience is to warn fathers and mothers who may chance to read this LIFE BOAT to exert themselves in every possible way to prevent their daughters from drifting toward the cities.

As soon as the note was received it was

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

JESSIE F. WAGGONER.

Snowflakes, snowflakes, lovely things!—
Tiny birds with downy wings,
Flying, floating, settling down
Over meadow, wood, and town,
Carrier-pigeons from the King—
What a message do they bring!

Loathsome, hateful, stained with sin,
Vile without and foul within,
You may be as wondrous fair
As the earth before you there.
In one moment you may grow
Whiter than the whitest snow!—
"Come by faith and hide in Me;
Take My life and purity."

immediately placed in the hands of the Rescue Department, and steps were taken at once to effect this young woman's rescue. The first step was to utilize trustworthy and reliable agents to ascertain if such a girl was at this place, and really desired to escape. Investigation proved the facts to be as stated in the letter written by an anonymous friend, and within two hours from the time it was received, the case had been thoroughly examined, the girl located, and a message placed in her hands informing her that the attempt to effect her rescue would be made about the hour of 3 p. m. and advising her to hold herself in readiness to coöperate with whatever plans might be thought best to bring about her deliverance.

No time was lost in placing the matter before the attention of the proper police officials, and in a very short time the inspector detailed reliable detectives to carry out the final details of the girl's rescue.

Shortly after 3 o'clock, in charge of an officer in plain clothes, she was led forth from this prison-house of shame, and accompanied by a representative of the Mission, was taken immediately to the Harrison Street Station Annex and there placed in charge of the kind Christian matrons, pending a consultation of our workers as to what had best be done with her.

In this case, as with nearly all of these girls, it was found that the poor young woman was a victim to morphine. Very few of them would continue a single day in a life of degradation were it not for the benumbing and brighting influence of drink and drugs; and, reader, you may not know it, but this is the one serious obstacle to the rescue of thousands of such unfortunate ones.

After thanking all who had taken part in her rescue she was immediately brought to the Life Boat Mission, where she stated her desire to be forever delivered from the evils into which she had been ensnared, and her willingness to undergo any treatment or suffering to be freed from the terrible curse of the morphine habit which she had contracted.

The poor girl was in a terrible condition from the effects of the drugs, drink and cigarettes that had been forced upon her in an effort to deaden the conscience, drown the

memory, and benumb the finer sensibilities of the soul.

Arrangements were soon made by telephone for her to be taken to the Branch Sanitarium where she could have treatment and medical care until she was delivered from the dreadful clutches of morphine.

Those who know nothing of the frightful effects of morphine on the system, can never realize how these unfortunate ones suffer.

Sister Swanson, of the Life Boat Rescue Department, was a faithful attendant at the bedside of this girl from first to last. She got along exceptionally well, though she suffered much. Varied treatments were given each day, and everything possible was done to occupy the patient's mind.

Before leaving the Life Boat Mission, she handed her little package of morphine to one of our workers, and from that day forth took no stimulant whatever. She was under treatment almost a week, after which she went to the Hinsdale Suburban Home. At present she is with friends on the west side of the city, and has been to call on us the day of this writing and express her gratitude for what has been done for her. She says her only purpose is to become a missionary, and be the means in God's hands of uplifting others who have been similarly entrapped.

Two nights before we received the anonymous letter telling of her confinement, yes, imprisonment, within this evil haunt, she tried to commit suicide, by taking a large dose of morphine, and turning on the gas; but the odor was detected by other inmates, and her plans were thwarted.

Thus, through the coöperation of doctors, nurses, and all the agencies of our Rescue Department, supplemented by the kind assistance of police officials, another poor girl has been saved from a living death, and given a chance to rectify and redeem the mistakes of the past, and rise to Christian victory and success in spite of the wicked traffic which evil men and women carry on in our innocent and unsuspecting sisters.

To fathers and mothers who may read this, let me give a word of warning in no uncertain tone—keep your daughters out of the wicked city. It is no place for them, unless the providence of God specially indicates that they should go there for some special work; and

even then, see well to it that when they reach a city, friends, *reliable* friends, meet them at the station, to care for them, shelter them, and guard them from the hordes of vicious men and women who are engaged in this awful and terrible work of spoiling our sisters.

Now, reader, if the Life Boat Mission and its workers had not been here, had it not been known as a place where appeals for help would be immediately answered, this story could not have been written.

Is it worth while to have such a center planted amidst the darkness of this great city? Would it not be worth while to have *your* daughter rescued from a life that is worse than death itself? Dear reader, if you appreciate this work, if you are interested in it, if you enjoy reading of how lost ones are reclaimed, how sinners are led to the foot of the cross, are you not willing to do something to help pay the rent of the Life Boat Mission, and keep this work alive? Some one must help. Somebody must deny self if this work is to live and go on with its message to the broken-hearted, and its outstretched hand to lift up the fallen. The Mission is greatly in need of help; what can you do to assist this cause?

A CHANGED CURRENT.

G. C. TENNEY,

Editor Medical Missionary.

After several years' absence in Australia, as I passed through Chicago, that which especially attracted my attention was the change that had taken place in the Chicago River. When I went away the stream was sluggish, vile, slimy, heavy with four odors, deadly and death-dealing. Now, instead, there is a vigorous current of comparatively pure water, free from the awful stench which once made it notorious. I also noticed that the direction of its current is *reversed*. It is flowing in the opposite way from that which it sluggishly moved a few years ago.* As I reflected on this most desirable change that had taken place in the river which was once a menace to the health of the city but is now such a factor for good, I thought of the dreadful flood of vice and wickedness still sluggishly moving about in

the streets and lanes of the cities. I thought of the thousands who are composing this human flood of crime and sin, whose lives are corrupt, whose savor is deadly, whose end is ruin, and could but wish that some mighty power would change the current, giving life and strength to souls that are dormant in sin and wickedness. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Ps. 46:4. The river of life flows from the throne of God, pure, sweet and free. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

How much purer and sweeter would be the lives of sinful men and women if, instead of filling their souls with the murky dregs of wickedness from our cities, and living in an element of corruption and death, they would ask for the inflow of the cleansing stream that proceeds from the throne of God. More boundless than the great lakes and more pure than the waters that now course through the Chicago River, more copious and free, is the cleansing grace of God which He is willing to turn into the lives of everyone of us. If Chicago would only look to Him, the great Life-giver, He would at once turn back the tide of sin and crime and replace its vile stench with the sweetness and power of His grace. But if Chicago as a whole will not do this, why should not we as individuals do so, and thus have the current of our lives changed?

Christ is affected as His weakest follower is affected. The sympathy of Christ is such that He *can not* be an indifferent spectator to His children's sufferings.

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE.

No. 3.

W. S. SADLER.

IX. HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS AND TARGUMS.

It is doubtful if there are any Hebrew manuscripts in existence written earlier than the tenth century. The ancient Hebrews were very accurate and careful in making their copies of the sacred writings.

The Targums are a sort of paraphrase of the Bible. There are about ten in existence, that are supposed to have been written in the fourth century, and one written possibly in the first century after Christ.

X. EARLY VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

1. The *Syriac Version*, one of which is supposed to have been made about fifty years after the completion of the New Testament.

*When the drainage canal was completed the river was turned into that, so now it carries fresh, clean water from Lake Michigan instead of carrying Chicago's foul sewage into the lake, as formerly.

2. The *Ethiopic, Egyptian and Armenian* Versions. These languages, being little understood, they have not been of great value to the translator.

3. The *Version of Ulfilas*, the Gothic bishop, made about A. D. 350, peculiar in that it omitted the books of Chronicles and Kings.

4. *Jerome's Latin Vulgate*, or the Revised Bible. This translation by Jerome was made about the fourth century. Jerome revised the New Testament, and translated anew the Old Testament. It is from this, the first revised version of the Bible, or Jerome's Latin Vulgate, that the Douay, or the Catholic Bible, was translated. Jerome was terribly persecuted, because he had dared to attempt to purge the Latin scriptures of the many errors of the copyists and the mistranslations which had gradually crept in. It was one thousand years subsequent to this that the Council of Trent adopted it as a standard version.

Thus it appears that at a very early date the New Testament had been extensively translated into a number of different languages, and in the course of Jerome's translation, as it will be seen in the case of almost every other new version, at first great prejudice existed against it.

XI. EARLY ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Having now given brief attention to the Bible from the time it was written in the original tongues, down through the early translations into Latin, Syriac, Greek, etc., to the time when the great scholar Jerome undertook to revise the Latin Vulgate, and to translate anew the Old Testament scriptures, let us turn our attention now to a time when the Holy Scriptures first made their appearance in the English tongue, and briefly trace down the early history of our English Bible.

The history of the Bible is indeed more remarkable than that of any nation or people. It has withstood the war of the ages, which has been waged against it. It has survived the determined efforts that have been put forth to exterminate it, and to-day it stands as the Book of Books, more copies of which have been circulated than of any other book in existence, and thus has triumphed gloriously over all its enemies.

1. Although Wycliffe was the first to give us the whole Bible in English, before his day, portions of the scriptures were accessible to the Anglo-Saxon people. These were translations made from the Latin Vulgate. It was about 600 A. D. that a poor Saxon cowboy slept in the stable of the famous Abbey of Whitby. That evening he had attended a commonplace social gathering, at which his friends had indulged in rhyme-making. But Caedmon composed no poetry, but the story has it that in the night time, one of brilliant glory appeared unto him and said, "Sing, Caedmon." He replied: "I can not sing." The reply was, "Yet thou shalt sing to me." "But

what shall I sing?" he asked. The answer was, "The beginning of created things."

It was Hilda, who, hearing the remarkable experience of this youth, translated portions of the Latin scriptures which Caedmon quickly transformed into the most beautiful poems, which he sang with enthusiasm to the people; and while this was not a translation of the Bible, it was the first effort made in English to bring the Bible teaching to the common people.

2. About the eighth century the Psalms, the Gospels (a copy of which is now preserved in the British museum), were translated by Eadhelm and Egbert.

3. The most prominent of the early efforts to translate the Bible into English were those of Bede, who was a writer on astronomy, medicine and rhetoric, and who finished his translations in the year 735. It was he who wrote the still famous ecclesiastical history. He was stricken down as he was finishing the translation of the Gospel of John. As he dictated to the scribe he said, "Go on quickly; I know not how long I shall hold out. Write with all speed." As the sun was setting, he was told by the anxious scribe, "There remains but one chapter, master." He commanded, "Take up thy pen, write quickly." The young scribe wrote with haste; and "Now," said he, "only one sentence remains." The famous translator dictated that sentence. He heard the words of the scribe, "It is finished, master." Raising his hand as the last word was written, "Yes, it is finished," spoke the dying translator, who after offering a prayer passed away. It was indeed remarkable that the measure of his life should have been just sufficient to complete his sacred task. A memorial cross in memory of the venerable Bede has recently been erected in the north of England, near the scene of his labors.

4. King Alfred the Great was the next person to undertake the work of translating the scriptures into English. English, in those days, was quite different from our modern type, as may be seen from the following portion of the Lord's Prayer, as it appeared in King Alfred's time:

Uren Fader dhic art in heofnas, Sic gehalged (Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be) dhin noma. To cymedh dhin, sic, etc. (thy name. Come thy kingdom, etc.)

Alfred the Great decreed that "no freeborn English youth shall employ himself at anything until he can first read well the English scriptures."

5. There are a few other translations of the scriptures of minor importance, at about the close of the tenth century, but from the days of King Alfred's Bible, there came a long pause in the history of English Bible translation, resulting from the Danish invasion and other disturbances within the borders of England. But as a result of all these, the language passing through various changing

conditions, became more settled, and formed the foundation of the English language.

XII. WYCLIFFE'S VERSION.

It was in May, 1378, in the city of London, that John Wycliffe was placed on trial for the heinous crime of having translated the Holy Scriptures into the common language of the people. But, hark! what is that rumbling noise? The earth shakes beneath this royal court. Both judges and accusers grow pale. Twice before they have sought to condemn Wycliffe, and twice they have failed. And now an earthquake shakes the palace from center to circumference, but Wycliffe was excommunicated. He returned home and finished his translation. Forty years afterward his bones were burned and cast into the river Swift, and borne to the world, emblematic of how the Bible which he had translated into the common language of the people would be carried by the river of Time to the shores of every nation, kindred, tongue and people. Wycliffe's version of the Bible had no division into verses. His translation was based on the Latin Vulgate.

No sooner was his task done, than like Bede, he laid down his life, for in 1384, while administering the sacrament, he was stricken down, never speaking again, his death following shortly.

But still the Bible was an expensive book in those days. Large sums were paid for even a few sheets and a load of hay was given for permission to read it one hour a day. While books were thus being read sometimes copies were made of them, and out of this grew numerous litigations. One very amusing decision was once rendered in a case of this kind, which came up in Ireland. It was as follows:

"To every book," said the judge, "belongs his son book (copy), as to every cow belongs her calf." The man who made the copy regarded the decision as unjust, and it is said he left Ireland for that reason.

IN DARKEST EGYPT.

J. M. KEICHLINE, M. D.

[When Dr. Keichline was a student in the American Medical Missionary College, he was a most enthusiastic and faithful worker in the various branches of the Chicago medical missionary work, and undoubtedly the blessed experiences which he had while here had much to do in preparing him for the trying life of a medical missionary in Cairo, Egypt. We trust that some of our readers will embrace the opportunity of supplying him with the LIFE BOATS he desires.]

DEAR LIFE BOAT: I miss you very much—have not seen you for a long time. Please send me four of your likenesses every month,

for I wish you to call on some of my English and English-speaking Egyptian friends here.

How often I think of my dear Chicago friends, the good times I used to have at the Life Boat Mission, at the Harrison Street Police Station Sunday morning services, at the Tyng Mission, the Workingmen's Home, and in the Halsted Street Dispensary and its neighborhood. God bless you all and may you often remember me in your prayers.

God has given me a most difficult field among these dear Moslem brothers whose religion is so much like that which is lived by the great majority of professed Christians. There are many noble sons of Adam (Bani-Adam is the Arabic word for humanity) and I have many friends among them.

In Cairo you meet many educated Egyptians, and in all the grammar and high schools and colleges English is thoroughly taught, but out in the other cities, towns and villages, and, in fact, in the greater part of Cairo, the people can not read and write their own language. Of 76,228 pupils in the elementary schools who were inspected last year, 34,000 did not yet know their letters, 34,000 had not commenced to write. But they could repeat chapters of the Koran, their holy book.

Among the lower and middle classes and the uneducated rich, ignorance, superstition, filth, disease and religious worship and feasts reign supreme.

These people are very fond of using expressions containing the name of Mahomet. Ask a man "How are you?" and he answers, "Praise God!" Tell a carpenter to come to your house tomorrow, he will say "If God wills." On the street it is always "God is generous," "God is merciful," "Mahomet the Prophet," etc., until one grows weary of "religion."

One has many opportunities to speak for Christ to the English soldiers, the majority of whom are a dissipated set, and to the native and European Christians, and to live and work in the name of Christ among the Moslems. I often have experiences similar to those I had in Chicago, and much more difficult ones. May God bless you all in the Christ life is my prayer.

God makes the very best of what appears an injury, and gives Satan no occasion to triumph by making the worst appear.



PHYSICAL REDEMPTION



HOW YOU MAY AID THE ANTI-CIGARETTE CAUSE.

The editor, as chairman of the Committee on Publicity of the Anti-Cigarette Movement, desires the names of all newspapers and other publications that are willing to publish striking and telling truths regarding the cigarette curse.

Write to the editor of your paper, enclosing this request, and when you have secured his permission, we will send him contributions from the pen of Lucy Page Gaston and other well-known workers in the anti-cigarette cause. Our boys smoked enough cigarettes last year to reach, if laid end to end round this world twice, and then from New York to San Francisco and back again. Our insane asylums, reform schools, hospitals, and graveyards contain undeniable evidence that this terrible sowing is bearing a prolific but sorrowful harvest.

HOW A HOPELESS CONSUMPTIVE BECAME A ROBUST ATHLETE.

HERBERT OSSIG.

[One hundred and sixty thousand people died from tuberculosis in this country last year. This disease has defied all past efforts to curb it. We are just beginning to discover that the majority of these deaths could have been prevented by the adoption of measures that are so simple that they have been practically overlooked. Mr. Ossig, several years ago, was at the very brink of a consumptive's grave, yet to-day he is an athlete possessing astonishing physical endurance and strength. We feel certain that his personal experience as given in this and the next LIFE BOAT will be read with interest. He does not wish it understood that the measures which he adopted would be equally applicable to others, but his persevering efforts and his abundant reward should prove an encouragement to every invalid to begin at once to sow for health in a most enthusiastic manner. We shall be glad to offer personal suggestions as far as it is possible, by correspondence, to all such.—ED.]

The most appropriate introduction to my article is the words of Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I wish to impress upon every reader the fact that grave disorders of the body, such as tuberculosis, do not attack a man as a robber attacks an innocent traveler; but are the legitimate outcome of years of disobedience to some, or many, or all of the laws of health which an all-wise Creator has established for man.

God is love. He delights in the health of His children and instead of sending disease to man, He does everything possible to redress the many blunders as fast as they are made. Therefore, when we see a man afflicted with a serious disease we may know that he or his parents, or both, either knowingly or ignorantly violated some of God's laws.

Until my ninth year I lived on my father's farm in Germany. Horseback riding in the fields, meadows and forests, and playing and wrestling with other boys gave me a good physical foundation. This outdoor life with its strenuous exercise was sufficient to overcome the gross errors in my diet. At the age of nine, I was sent to the city to plunge into the depths of Latin, French, English, arithmetic, etc. My longing for greater freedom, for green trees, for birds and all the beauties of country life was so intense that nobody was ever happier than I when on the first day of vacation I could return to my parents' beautiful farm.

The close confinement of city life soon made me sick. There was no longer fresh air and exercise to counteract the evil effects of a meat, tea and coffee diet. As the years went by I lost my former good health more and more, becoming an easy victim to colds, influenza, rheumatism, fearful headaches and maddening toothaches. At thirteen years my doctor discovered that I had albuminuria. I became much emaciated and very weak. Much medicine and an absolutely wrong diet, lack of fresh air and exercise, made a confirmed dyspeptic of me. To make bad matters still worse, my heart showed signs of failure, too, and I experienced a great deal of distress from what the doctor called dilatation. Palpitation, a sinking feeling in the chest, and cold extremities made life miserable for me.

At the age of seventeen I had to leave college on account of continued ill health. Fortunately I then received an eye-opener by accidentally coming across some books treating on vegetarianism and hydrotherapy, whose common sense appealed to me. I had consulted some twenty physicians in Breslau, Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig, the majority of

whom declared they were unable to cure me. I then bought a number of books treating on vegetarian diet, water cure, sunbaths, pure air, chastity and the evil effects of drugs. I determined henceforth to be my own counsellor and physician.

Having a great longing for the South, I left Germany at the age of eighteen and visited the Tyrol, Austria, North Italy, Southern France and Tunis, North Africa. Then I weighed but eighty-five pounds and was as weak as a little girl; besides, I suffered a great deal from heart distress and fainting spells. I immediately made a radical change in my diet, making a free use of fruits and nuts.

Next to a fruit and nut diet, I found a diet consisting of fresh and dried fruits, with the addition of the yolks of twelve to eighteen fresh eggs, of great benefit. People who on account of bad teeth can not properly chew nuts will find in the yolk of eggs a valuable substitute. Of the sun I made good use by basking in it from sunrise to sunset. As it did not rain at all during the four months of my stay I could sleep in the open every night with no roof or cover over me of any kind. Here it was that I first learned to appreciate the grandeur of the universe. Usually people are too busy to look heavenward; they are too absorbed in earthly things and so fail to enjoy one of the most glorious sights, a sky bespangled with countless millions of stars. No man, it seems to me, can feel alone when he beholds the glory of God's handiwork visible at night to all who take the trouble to lift their eyes, for he can not help feeling a close relation between himself and a kind Father who watches over all.

After I had tasted sub-tropical life for seven months, I went to Jamaica, West Indies, Mexico, California, Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, staying in these countries for four years. I stayed in Jamaica one year and eight months and I left it weighing one hundred and fifty pounds without clothing. During these four years of tropical life I became a new man, comparatively well and strong, and nobody would have believed that I ever was sick in my life. These splendid results made me a firm believer in a drugless cure of disease, in a meatless diet, outdoor life, cold baths and exercise.

In September, 1900, I left Samoa and came to America to take a medical course. I longed to become a physician in order to be better able to spread these health principles which had done so much for me.

Everything went smoothly until December, 1900, when my course in qualitative chemistry began. I was especially susceptible to various gases. For example, hydrogen sulphide made me extremely miserable.

Each day I lost a little in weight and strength, and when in May, 1901, my sputum was examined, I was not surprised that tubercular bacilli were found in it.

The doctors of the Battle Creek Sanitarium hurried me to Boulder, Colo. Nobody expected me to pull through except myself. I knew very well that I was in great danger, but determined to do everything necessary to come out victoriously. In a few months I had lost seventy-five cubic inches lung capacity.

From the beginning my aim was to increase oxygenation of the blood and the nutrition of the body. So I slept in the open air and during the day I stayed out of doors all the time. I took sun baths in the outdoor gymnasium by the hour, and practiced deep breathing frequently. Cold shower baths, followed by vigorous rubbing I took three times daily. But in spite of all that I did not improve. I lingered along for several months, getting neither better nor worse. In the afternoon I had high fever and in the morning a sub-normal temperature. Talking and deep breathing brought on paroxysms of coughing. In September and October my larynx and vocal cords became involved to such a degree that I could not talk for six weeks except in a whisper.

In October, 1901, I realized that I should have to make extraordinary efforts or must succumb. My greatest problem was how to overcome the shallow respiration and resulting insufficient oxygenation of the blood. I became convinced that ordinary deep breathing exercises were mere play; that though better than nothing, they were utterly insufficient to overcome this great disinclination, and in fact, inability to breathe properly.

I knew that running and mountain climbing would make me puff all right, but how could I run and climb if I had no muscles to do it with? My constant desire was to lie down and do nothing, sleep an eternal sleep. It was hard to begin, but thanks to previous study of physical culture books and journals I went about this battle in earnest. I knew that a slipshod regime would accomplish but little.

(Concluded in next number.)

THE BENEFITS OF CHEWING.

HORACE FLETCHER.

Venice, Italy.



[Mr. Fletcher has justly been called "The Apostle of Chewing Reform." The remarkable results that he has obtained by chewing his food sufficiently instead of bolting it, as is ordinarily the case, have aroused the

keenest interest of scientists, both in Europe and America.

The first part of his recent talk to some of our Chicago workers appeared in the last LIFE

BOAT, copies of which can be furnished to any one applying for it, enclosing a two-cent stamp. The concluding portion is given in this number.

We feel certain that if our readers will read these suggestions and practice them religiously in a few months they will appreciate what a blessing is wrapped up in such a simple thing as proper mastication.—Ed.]

Our hardy ancestors did not have their food urged upon them by over-zealous hosts who made it as attractive as possible by seasoning, and who otherwise strained every faculty to tempt to gluttony and excess. The effort that had to be put forth to secure it, developed an appetite which enabled them to appreciate simple food and its crude form necessitated thorough mastication, but we have not only learned to take food in excess, but various dietic abuses have become a habit.

During eating, the back of the tongue is up against the roof of the mouth, thereby shutting it off entirely from the back of the throat. The tongue has a most complicated set of muscles so that it can curl up, turn sidewise and backward, and make almost any kind of movement. When you take food into the mouth and begin to chew it, the tongue gradually works the food backwards, during which time it is wonderfully busy, and when the food is sufficiently masticated, the tongue allows it to slip from the mouth into the throat, whence it is swallowed.

When food is eaten rapidly only a small part of it is tasted, so it does not register on the appetite, as it were, thereby causing one unconsciously to eat more than the body requires.

It may be the best food in the world, but the body in getting rid of this excess has a tax placed upon its energy that is enormous. It takes twice as much energy to get rid of a certain amount of useless food as it does to digest and absorb the same quantity when it is really needed, just as if you should dip a piece of blotting paper into water it would quickly and easily absorb all that it is prepared for, but it takes enormous power to force more water into it.

If food is swallowed in lumps so that it is not dissolved by the digestive juices, the germs feed upon it and produce putrid decomposition, and substances which are absolutely poisonous to the body, and that are absorbed into the blood and show themselves in the form of colds, inflammation or some other trouble that weakens the bodily resistance and prepares it for disease.

Sir Michael Foster of England, Dr. Bowditch of Harvard and a number of the greatest physiologists and scientists in the world have been investigating this subject, and the great Pawlow of Russia, one of my colleagues in this work, has particularly shown that when even good food does not produce the enjoyment of taste it scarcely produces any digestive juices, and that is practically what

takes place with the largest quantity of food as it is ordinarily eaten; for when it is eaten hurriedly and imperfectly chewed we only get a chance to taste the outside of the food.

If we are worried about other things, in other words, if we are not in a religious state of mind at the time, much of the food that goes to our stomach will rot, and when you can taste food the morning after it is eaten you may be sure there is something wrong down below.

The human animal in its normal condition is an absolutely clean animal. Take a person properly nourished, whose food is normally digested and assimilated, and when his garments are so wet with perspiration that you can wring them out, there will be absolutely no odor. Nature intends that everybody should be born into the world sweet and remain sweet all their life, and this will be true when they follow nature's plans.

Those upon whom we have made prolonged experiments have found that they required less food, and actually desired the most common foods; those most easily found in nature, and consequently the cheapest, which nature evidently intended us to eat.

The highest scientific authorities have been busy the last three years in giving attention to this subject. Professor Chittenden, who is the watch dog of scientific work in this country, selected twenty-seven men and carried on experiments for six months, and on some of them eighteen months, and the result in every case confirmed these principles.

By taking the amount of proteid for his standard that we had established he found that these soldiers, professors, and athletes not only subsisted on about one-third the amount that physiologists say is necessary for human existence, but increased their muscular strength and endurance from seventy-five to two hundred per cent.

When you are eating in the proper way the right quantity of the right quality of food, you feel no muscular fatigue or muscular soreness and when you become sleepy you go to sleep as a child does. In the old days when I rode on my bicycle from Milwaukee to Chicago at the end of my journey I was all done up, while on my fiftieth birthday, over in France, I rode one hundred and ninety miles in one day with perfect ease, and without any soreness whatever. Any person, without special training, can do remarkable things when the system is not overloaded with a lot of waste matter and poisons by food decomposition. All of us ought to be in training all the time. If we are lazy it is because we have either been eating wrong, thinking wrong, or doing something wrong.

Mind you, it is not sufficient to chew your food as nature intended you to, but you must enjoy it. You must fulfil all of nature's requirements to get the proper results, and you must wait for an appetite until you have

earned it, instead of eating food when you do not want it. Suppose you are going on a railway journey, and have no appetite, but will not have opportunity to eat during the next five hours, so fill up before you go. It will be as much of a hindrance as if you had put dumb bells into your pockets.

When you are eating your food properly you need have no fear whatever of going a short time without anything, but every time you put into your stomach food that you really do not need, do not have an appetite for, and do not enjoy, you are encumbering yourself with something that will cost you a good deal to get rid of, and if you have some little difficulty somewhere it will simply aggravate it. To take breakfast when not hungry is to start wrong for the whole day.

You all know that the amount of food Dr. Kelllogg eats, according to the strictest analysis, is less than half of what is supposed to be necessary for comfortable existence, yet he has the activity of three or four men. If the ordinary standards are correct he ought to become bankrupt in a day and a half, but he is not. When a person is living physiologically he needs only enough to keep the body at a proper temperature and to run the body machinery, but the man who has loaded up his alimentary canal with a whole lot of food-stuff that he can not digest or assimilate, is carrying around a load of putrefaction that requires him to use up much of the energy of the food which he is digesting to get rid of what is not digested.

One-third of the amount of proteid food properly chewed will give three times the amount of energy and endurance that is ordinarily obtained from an excess.

Some years ago in Chicago I picked up a number of blear-eyed tramps and fed them myself and got them to chewing properly, to see what would happen. In a few weeks they looked wonderfully better and said they never knew food to taste so good. One day one of them said to me: "Boss, think of me with a dollar in my pocket and not wanting beer!" He could not understand it. Never in his life before had he had money and did not want beer. That was the first time it occurred to me that there was some relation between the way people ate and the desire for stimulants.

When we recognize that a true expression of nature is a word from the source of all things, then obedience to nature's requirements becomes not only a matter of physiology but also a matter of religion. We have had abundance of evidence to show us that if we fulfil nature's requirements it is much easier to have our minds full of resources, good thoughts and thought of helpfulness for others, and much less likely to have morbid, immoral thoughts. A perfectly nourished body will lend itself much more readily to the carrying out of the golden rule and the sermon on the mount.

PHYSICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

Some people think that if they don't lie and steal, etc., they are good Christians; but can we deliberately neglect our bodies so as to invite tuberculosis, or feed a child such a diet as will lay the foundation for life-long invalidism, and yet be good Christians? If we read the Bible aright it teaches us that the care of the body is a part of Christianity; because it is a part of our daily life; and if we separate Christianity from *every* detail of our life we soon get a long way off from vital Christianity. There is now so much light on this subject that we can tell people how to chew their food properly, how to combine it wisely, how to make use of natural products—nuts, foods and grains, and how to make just as tempting dishes from them as we can out of meat, decayed cheese and similar objectionable things.

May Taylor, Marseilles, Ill., writes; "I like to sell THE LIFE BOAT better than any other paper or book I ever canvassed for."

WORK FOR CONVALESCING PATIENTS.

Mrs. S. C. Sterns writes from Phoenix, Ariz.:

"You ask me to explain how I came to take up the work of selling THE LIFE BOAT. I was sick, and staying at the Sanitarium here, and I met several people who, as soon as I was able to be up and around, advised me to take up this work. I accepted their advice and have been working at it ever since."

An invalid friend writes: "I received a book last winter as a present and have tried to sell it so that I could send a few cents' donation, but I have not sold it yet. When I do I will send the money to you.

I have been a chronic invalid for over nine years. I can not get off the bed without help. Sometimes I am lonely, but I have a dear old friend visit me every month, and that is THE LIFE BOAT. I would be pleased to receive cheering, comforting letters from good Christians."



Life Boat Mission



VISIT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

If you live in Chicago, come to the Life Boat Mission once, and then you will be sure to come again. If you do not live in this city, but have occasion to pass through it, be sure to lay your plans so that you can spend an evening in the Mission, where such wonderful miracles of grace are continually being wrought.

If you have partially come to the conclusion that such experiences do not take place in these days, you will soon change your mind and will have more confidence in what God can do for you.

The Mission is at 436 State street, which is near Polk street. Its telephone number is Harrison 4772.

A TRANSFORMED THIEF.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Superintendent Life Boat Mission.

A man spoke at the Life Boat Mission last night who, five years ago, was a rascal and a criminal and had been pointed out as a man who could never be trusted. He came into the Mission and knelt down and gave his heart to the Lord, and has led a good, faithful life from that day to this. As he stood up and gave his testimony last night, then was followed by his good wife, we could not help saying, "The power of God can reach down and help any one. Here was one of the worst thieves we ever knew, and yet he is converted and has been kept all these years." He said in part:

"I thank God to-night for salvation. Although I can't preach a sermon, nor expound the gospel, I can tell you there is power in the blood of Jesus Christ to save and keep even in the city of Chicago. I thank God He is no respecter of persons. Peter said to Cornelius, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' But he did not stop there—and thy house.' That promise was shown to a brother of mine after he was converted and the first thought that popped into his mind was about me. I was then behind

prison bars. There is not a policeman traveling out of the central station that does not know me. They also know now that there is something that has come into my life. I am not the same fellow that knelt down at that chair a little over four years ago. I said that small prayer, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner,' but the Lord heard that prayer; and from that night on He has kept me. It is true the devil issued a flank movement on me, and the first thing I knew, I was down. But I got up and called on the Lord Jesus Christ, and went on my business in serving the Lord. If you were going down the street and bumped up against something and got knocked down, you would get up again, but you would be careful to look out for those things whenever you walked down the street again. That is the way with me. The devil issued a flank movement on me, and down I went, but now I am watching him along those lines, and am keeping all the closer to the Lord Jesus Christ. For ten years I don't think I earned three hundred dollars honestly; but it is different now. You can walk all round these things when once you commence serving the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' (Heb. 4:16.)

"If you will read the Bible along these lines and claim these promises for yourself, you will be able to live a good Christian life. I have got a nice little home on the West Side to-night, the Lord Jesus Christ dwells there, and prayer meetings are held there, and it is a happy home. Isn't that proof to you that there is power in the blood of Jesus Christ, and that there is a reality in the Christian life? Heaven does not begin above; heaven begins on earth. I am going to dwell forever with the Lord Jesus Christ, but I am having a little foretaste of it here on earth. I am serving the Lord, and walking a free man, in the city of Chicago. I am in a position where hundreds of dollars pass through my hands every day, but I don't have any

desire for it at all. I don't care what your previous condition was, the Lord Jesus Christ is no respecter of persons. It says 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' All the promises in the Bible are for you. Now taste and see that the Lord is good, to-night."

Then his wife said: "I want to praise God to-night that when I was far off, like Peter, the Lord Jesus Christ did not cut me off. When I was in sin, a poor unfortunate drunkard, with no place to go, no friends, no money, and knew not what to do with myself, the Lord Jesus Christ took me in, forgave my sins, and I am praising Him to-night for it."

A STORE INSTEAD OF A SALOON.

SAMUEL COOMBS.

[At the age of sixteen Brother Coombs enlisted in the British service and was in the Nile expedition through Egypt. Here he became addicted to drink and other sinful habits that invariably accompany military life. Although he was promoted three times he fell each time through drink, and was finally discharged. He then became a wanderer and outcast on the face of the earth.

Several years ago he came into the Life Boat Mission a complete wreck, with shattered nerves and on the brink of the grave; so much under the influence of liquor that he scarcely heard, but finally something that Brother Van Dorn said woke him up and struck him to the heart and he raised his hand for prayers. He went out, threw his tobacco into the street, and began a new life.

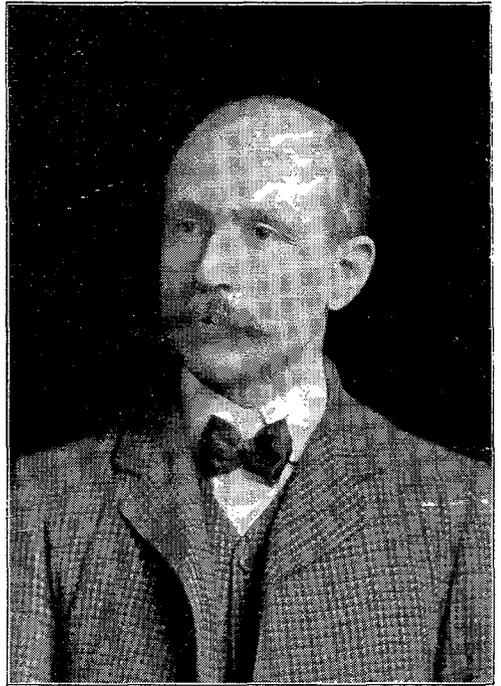
Within a year the Lord opened the way for him to enter our nurses' training school. He became a most faithful and efficient worker and the Master signally blessed his efforts, not only in the physical restoration of his patients, but in their spiritual healing. He married a godly, conscientious woman and they now have a business of their own on the south side of the city. He has been baptised and is a member of the church, comes to the Mission as often as circumstances will permit, to help win others from the same desperate condition that he himself was in less than four years ago.

The following is an abstract of one of his recent talks.—Ed.]

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." As I look back over my life that sentiment certainly fits into it, because the Lord has wonderfully changed me and my work. If anyone had asked me the

night I came in here to this Mission three years ago what was the height of my ambition, I should have told them it was to keep sober long enough to get money enough together to buy a nice saloon, so that I could stand behind my own bar; but that night the Lord touched my heart and changed my life and my ambitions.

I did not have a place to go to that night, so I wandered around on the streets, but I did not think anything about it, for I was so happy. I had something before me, something



Mr. Coombs.

to hope for, and the Lord has given me just the opposite of what the devil wanted me to have—instead of having a saloon, I now have a health food store. What a wonderful change! I can not begin to enumerate all the good things God has given me. From a miserable life of debauchery my life has been made a useful one to both myself and others. "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice on Thee, my Savior and my God." I can truly say from the bottom of my heart it is good to serve the Lord.

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION DISPENSARY.

W. S. SADLER.

The work of the Life Boat Mission Dispensary is greatly increasing. With our limited facilities, and lack of funds to help the sick, we really can not do for them as much as we would like to. Nine out of every ten of the sick who appeal to us are penniless and friendless.

Reader, if you could have gone with us about a hundred and fifty yards up a certain alley which for years has been known as Dead Man's Alley, to wait on a poor sick woman, lying in a dark, dismal basement, which is nothing short of a hole in the ground, the sight would have touched your heart. Not a ray of the sun's light ever penetrates that room. The first day we entered the place we fell down while groping around in the darkness, trying to find a candle. After getting a light, we found our patient lying on a pile of dirty rags. I thought to myself, and said to my wife who accompanied me the following day to care for the patient, "If ever we are tempted to believe we are having a hard time, or that our lot is less fortunate than that of our fellows, let us just remember this poor, honest, hardworking woman, as we first saw her lying in this dark and dismal hovel."

Space will not permit us to tell of the many cases that come to the Dispensary; the young man who has led a sober life and lived above the temptations and sin of a great city, but whom consumption is slowly but surely claiming—he had to go to the hospital; numerous other young men who have been led astray, but who, by the disasters that have overtaken them, have been brought to their senses, and led to think of the end of their career. These are all hopeful cases for missionary work, and we have been able to point many souls to the Lamb of God, at the dispensary, who could not have been reached in any other way.

Homeless and friendless girls who have taken sick, drift into our hands, and we are able to direct them to the Rescue Home, or to the homes of friends in the city where they will be safe from the designs of evil men and women.

But the little things that must be done for

these people cost, and while the expense of maintaining the Dispensary is not large, it must be met. Whenever the patients have money they pay a small sum for their treatments, but a large percentage of those who come to the Life Boat Dispensary and are helped, pay nothing at all.

Until the last month the Dispensary has been able to keep up; but the past few weeks the demands upon it have been large, and it has run behind.

Who will help with a few mites, to supply the necessities for the sick?

HOW TO GET PAST A SALOON DOOR.

[Mission Testimony.]

"I have had sixteen years of it. There was a time when I did not have a friend in the world—tied and fettered by sin, in all its various forms, yet the resurrecting power of Jesus Christ snapped the chains asunder, and set me free. I tell you, it is worth having, a victory in the soul over the world, the flesh and the devil, and to be able to go past the dens of iniquity and vice on the street.

A man asked me the other day, 'How do you get past a saloon door?' and I told him I just put my hand in the hand of the Lord, and He leads me past it. I am glad there is a Mission on this street. Go on, brethren; for the Lord is your leader, and He has never lost a battle yet."

On South Clark street one day a convert of the Life Boat Mission of a number of months was seen to approach a saloon. His pace slackened; he drew near the door; he paused. For a moment he stood in silence. Only his lips were seen to move. Then he turned away from the scene of temptation and marched down the street, a victor by the grace of God, a conqueror by the power of prayer. Little did he know that the eyes of a friend on earth, or the still better Friend in heaven, had observed the scene of struggle, and that both rejoiced with him in the triumph of his soul over the tempter.

Clothing intended for the Life Boat Mission should be sent prepaid to E. B. Van Dorn, 436 State street, Chicago.

Neighborhood Gospel Work

A SUGGESTION FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Mrs. A. B. Sperry, librarian of District Missionary Society No. 8, Battle Creek, Mich., writes that their society has decided to pay for thirty LIFE BOATS to be used where we think best, in addition to taking their regular club of LIFE BOATS. We have decided to place these in the hands of Mrs. Odell to be used to supply some of the Chicago hospitals regularly and she will send reports to this society from time to time of the good work they are doing.

Are there not other missionary societies in different parts of the country that will do the same? We will gladly send them personal reports every month of the good that is being accomplished by their generosity. The Chicago work belongs to the nation rather than to Illinois, so let everyone take an interest in it, both far and near.

FROM OUR DAILY MAIL.

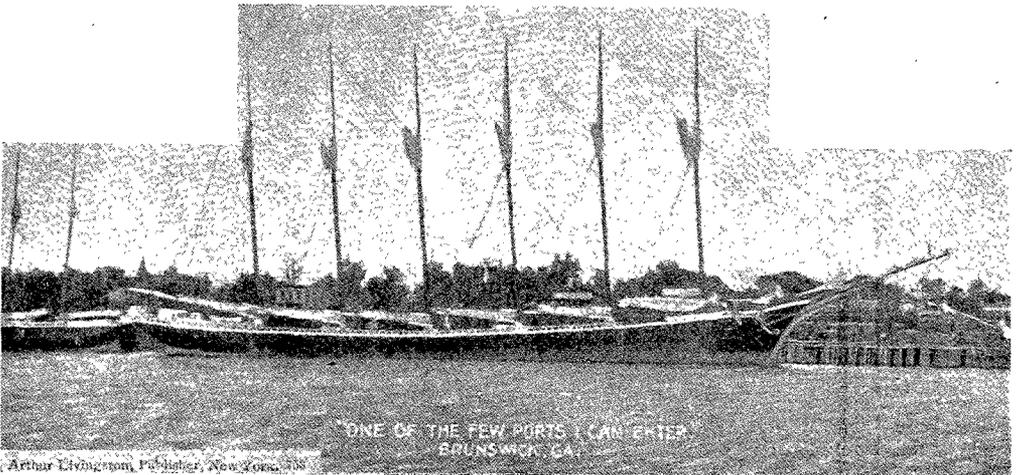
Miss Kappeler writes from Basil, Switzerland: "I regret that I do not have more time to read my dear LIFE BOAT. I have just spent a few minutes reading a short article and by it I was again reminded that God is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever."

Mrs. Mattie E. Sherrick writes: "I think it a grand little missionary, and cannot afford to be without it. I have made a practice of loaning my LIFE BOAT and think it a better plan than giving them away. I have a lot of them loaned now to a poor sick lady."

Mrs. R. W. McMahan of Indiana, writes: "For general missionary work, I have found nothing better than THE LIFE BOAT, and hope soon to be able to take at least a small club for jail work, and other purposes. I believe THE LIFE BOAT has a mission that no other paper is filling. May the Lord continue to bless and prosper it."

Mattie Culley writes: "My little boy five years old found out he could get some nice premiums for getting orders, and asked me to let him go and try, so I sat on the sidewalk and watched him. I did not think he could do anything, because he was so small, but in three hours he had six orders. He is very proud of his work and wants you to send him the child's set you offer for premium."

Virgil Borden writes: "I am nine years old. I saw in THE LIFE BOAT that you would send ten copies to any boy or girl who resolved to spend some time each month selling LIFE BOATS. If you will trust me with ten



ONE OF THE FEW PORTS I CAN ENTER
BRUNSWICK, GA.

Arthur Livingston, Publisher, New York, 1908

H. O. TOLNES, Brunswick, Ga., supplies these boats with The Life Boat as far as his means will permit.

copies I would like to try and sell some of them. I used to sell the 'Saturday Evening Post.'"

Gladys Rosser writes: "I read your offer in *THE LIFE BOAT* that ten copies would be given to any one. I will try to sell them; as I live out in the country I do not know how many I can sell. I can spend four afternoons in a month. I am thirteen years old."

Ladella Grady writes: "I am the little girl who sent you eighteen pennies last Christmas to help the slum children for the Christmas tree. I am but four years old, but have given my heart to God. This time I have two dollars to send to help with the Christmas tree; I earned twenty-five cents by learning Bible verses,—papa gave me a penny for each verse. I earned twenty-five cents by selling *LIFE BOATS*. I had nine missionary chickens which I sold for a dollar and thirty-five cents. When little brother and I get large enough we want to come to Chicago to work for the little children. Mamma has written this letter for me."

Carrie Daniels writes: "Miss Hunt and myself have been working what little time we had in Lincoln. Of course, the student's life is, and should be, a busy one. Last Saturday evening we sold fifty between us in about an hour and fifteen minutes. We hope God will continue to bless *THE LIFE BOAT* and the work which it represents, in advancing the glorious Gospel."

Mary E. Atherton writes: "Send us some *LIFE BOATS* for our street work and we will also leave some at the county jail. There are four or five persons here who, during the summer and early fall, took *LIFE BOATS* to the hospitals, workhouse, infirmary, insane asylum and jail. We also had street meetings Saturday nights, which were attended by an interested crowd of men. We hope to have a well-organized missionary work in hand this year."

Mrs. A. E. Lounsbury writes:

"The moments are precious and souls are perishing around us for the want of spiritual life when it might be that a *LIFE BOAT* would bring relief. A few days ago I found a boy who was twelve years of age, but knew nothing about our Saviour—did not even know that Jesus had ever been here on earth. When I asked him if he knew that our Lord was

soon coming back to earth the second time, he was astonished, for he had never heard about Him. He spent his spare time reading novels and detective stories. I gave him a *LIFE BOAT* and interested him in the first psalm, and invited him to our Sabbath-school and services. What a pity to bring up a child in such a manner. May God make the way clear for this boy's salvation."

Miss Edith Shields writes: "I saw in *THE LIFE BOAT* that you ask for experiences while selling *LIFE BOAT*. I am not able to go around much to sell them, so I have to take them when I go to do my trading, and sell what I can in that way, for I am not able to walk very much at a time. So one day I took ten copies, and, with my sister, went to town. We sold all and could have sold more. I went into the doctor's office and showed the paper to him, and he said: 'Why, that is a paper I took, but it does not come any more.' He said he wanted it again, and gave me a subscription."

I sold one to the minister, and when he saw Dick Lane's picture, he said: 'Yes, I want this; it has something about Dick Lane in it, and I want to read it': so he bought one."

Ben Morse, who has delivered his lecture "From Prison to Pulpit," in so many churches, wrote us: "I am pleased to hear from you, and it seems like old times to see *THE LIFE BOAT*, as you sent many copies to the Missouri penitentiary, and as I was secretary to the chaplain and librarian at that prison, and looked after the distribution of mail to the prisoners also, *THE LIFE BOAT* was always a current of fresh air to me inside of those walls."

Tressa Belvail, San Jose, Cal., in ordering fifty *LIFE BOATS* writes: "It has been about a year since I began selling *LIFE BOATS*. I am fifteen years old and my sister, who sells with me, is thirteen. We sold *LIFE BOATS* in Santa Cruz last winter and did very well. We meet with success every time we go out to sell the paper; some of the people are very glad to see us. One night a man wanted to know if the boat would get to the other shore and who was the pilot. I told him Christ was the pilot and He would land us safely on the heavenly shore."

SUNSHINE IN NEW ORLEANS SHAD-
OWS.

MRS. ALICE TRUFANT HOLLY.



The first time that I took flower-text bouquets to our Charity Hospital (one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world); as I stopped by a bedside, the occupant exclaimed: "I am so blind that I can not

see them, and I am paralyzed so that I can not hold them, but you have flowers there. lady, for I can smell them, and they are grand! Won't you give me one?" And when I told him about the little text, he added: "Won't you read me my text and pin it to my pillow? Then I can enjoy both the spiritual and earthly fragrance and I promise you I will keep it." Suffering had brought him near to Jesus, and he was lying there singing, "Nearer my God to Thee," softly to himself when I entered. He told me that he had had no time to think of God, when out in the business world; that he had been a wicked man and had not listened when Christian people tried to talk to him; he had had no time then for anything but the making of money, but when sickness came on him he asked God to give him time to know Him before he died, and, said he, "God has granted my prayer. I have been four years in this hospital, two of which have been spent in bed, and I have had plenty of time to reflect, to know God and to grow closer to Him. I am patiently awaiting His summons, for the doctors can do nothing for me."

Is not this a lesson to some of us who are "too busy" to spare a little of our earthly time for the doing of God's work and to become better acquainted with Him? And how many of us, even if we do begin, continue faithful, letting neither storm, nor cold, nor private matters nor pleasure keep us away from our post of duty? Ah, dear friends, if it is bleak and dismal to us on the outside of prison or hospital, when storms come and the sun shines not, how great the lack of cheer and brightness in the lives of those inside, shut in by the hand of God, or by law.

Many people seem afraid to go to the prisons, as if God would not protect them there as well as elsewhere! Truthfully can I say that in all the visits I made to the prison, I have yet to receive the first word of disrespect or insult of any kind from a prisoner. Ingratitude, non-appreciation, yes, I have experienced these; but I have never allowed myself to be discouraged by them, knowing that my work was being done "as unto the Lord," not unto man, and was acceptable in His sight, and remembering that even Christ Himself was misunderstood and falsely accused when He was in the world and doing good.

In our missionary efforts we also gave testaments, Bibles and prayer and hymn books to prisoners and patients, giving them to them individually so that they could carry them away—into their lives and homes. They often asked for gospel hymn books. As an ex-prisoner said to me one day: "I am always singing hymns on shipboard while at work, and am teaching the rest, and am bound to convert the whole ship before I get through, as I took two hymn books with me when I went out, first asking permission to have them." This lad is trying hard, under many difficulties, to become a true Christian, and to live a better, purer life, and I ask that you all pray God's blessing upon him, and that strength be given him according to his need.

DO LIKEWISE.

A gentleman in Green Bay, Wis., writes: "One day on the street a lady sold me a LIFE BOAT. AS SOON as I got home I began to read it and before I read one page I said to myself 'I must subscribe.' For with all the good stories and sermons that I have read and heard, I never was brought so close to Christ as when I had finished reading that copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I think I can make good use of these papers by giving them to other people who have no good periodical in the house. I would like some instruction that will help me in this work."

Some of our readers order a few extra Life Boats each month and pass them from neighbor to neighbor. Is not this the least you can do for the spiritual uplifting of your community? Additional copies are furnished at 2 cents each.



Rescue Service



A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH MOTHERS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Recently we received a letter from a young lady in a neighboring city, from which we quote the following:

"I am in great trouble and do not know what to do. I have no mother and no one I can tell my trouble to, so ask you kindly to please help me out. I am almost broken-hearted; I do not know what to do nor where to go."

We immediately proceeded to do something for this girl, and then learned the following story:

Last winter some workers were selling LIFE BOATS in her town. She bought one and liked it so well that she saved it. When she found herself in deep despair she remembered having seen a notice in THE LIFE BOAT about a Home for girls, so she wrote to us. Her present trouble was largely the result of permitting herself to be in the company of those with whom she was entirely unacquainted; and she scarcely escaped with her life. How important it is that a girl should *know* who her associates are.

The great work of prevention is one that is largely neglected; it will always be necessary to do rescue work so long as parents fail to teach their children the importance of carefully selecting their associates. Many a girl has told me a sad story, similar to the one told by this girl. There is a time in almost every girl's life when she trusts everybody, unless she has been previously instructed. Is it not much better to save an individual from falling than to pick him up after he has fallen and become bruised and maimed for life?

A good many mothers, because of false modesty, fail to tell their daughters about experiences they are liable to encounter. They seem to take it for granted that the girl has an instinct which will tell her what is right and what is wrong, and as a result, there are today thousands of poor girls groping around

in the mire of sin simply because their mothers failed to point out the dangerous road.

We trust that this article will cause some mother to stop and think; and if it is read by some motherless girl may she also stop and think before her life is utterly blasted. If the reader has no daughters, kindly pass this on to your neighbors. People are going down all about us; what are you doing to save them? If you have not begun to do anything definite you can at least order a few copies of THE LIFE BOAT and distribute them in your neighborhood where you think they will do the most good.

ANSWERING A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Matron Rescue Department.

I really feel encouraged and thankful to the Lord for the way He is helping us in the work that He has given us to do. When I think of the way He has allowed this work to grow, and of the earnest workers that He has raised up to have a part in it at any sacrifice, I feel thankful for the loyalty that is still existing in human hearts.

This week I had the privilege, by the request of the matron at the annex, of taking a sweet young girl out to our suburban Home. She was not disgraced or had any bad reputation, but her mother and father were taken away from her when she was a very small child, and since then she had been left to make her way as best she could in the world. Finally she drifted to Chicago. Not finding the parties she was looking for, and being anxious to save her from the pitfall of so many young women without a friend or a place in this wicked city, she was taken by the officers to the Annex, as a place of safety. Three weeks passed away and nothing was heard from her friends; the poor little face began to look pinched; the roses went out of her cheeks, and I could not stand it any longer. They talked of sending her to the Cook County Hospital. I spoke to the matron who

was taking an interest in her and she said to me: "Take her and do anything you can for her, Miss Emmel." So I took her out to the Home and I know the Lord will help us to get her a position and to stand by her. I wish you could have heard the expressions of gratefulness from this child's lips as she realized how narrowly she escaped what might have been everlasting ruin. We feel that the prayer of that true mother, long since dead, that God would keep her motherless child that she would have to leave, had really been answered.

She said she had been a Christian in the early part of her life but recently she backslid "because," she said, "you know a girl can not live a Christian life in a hotel," but three days before she left the annex child came to a place where she surrendered all to the Lord.

I am thankful that the Lord allows us to have enough of the encouraging experiences to enable us to go on and trust in Him. We want your prayers to second our efforts.

I seemed almost heart-broken last Sunday as we started for the Harrison street police station service, I realized so keenly that no word under Heaven that we could say would be of any use unless the Lord's spirit was added to it. But then we had such blessed experiences to encourage us.

MIRACLES ARE STILL WROUGHT.

ROSA MC'MANUS.

I was born in England of a good family and brought up in a religious school until I was about the age of twelve or thirteen. Then I came to Canada where my father was, my mother having died when I was very young. While in Canada I continued my education, but a few years afterward my father came to Chicago and located here and I went to the High School and while there I got into company with a certain class of young people who were "free and easy," but supposedly respectable young people. No one warned me of the dangers that lay in my pathway and soon my feet were led into many of the devil's snares. My father sent me from his home and the only friends I had were those who had led me astray, so I went from bad to worse. I soon contracted the opium, whiskey and cigarette habits, and was frequently arrested.

A year ago if anybody had said anything to me about Jesus I should have made light of it. A year ago to-day I was in the North Side jail and the next day was given thirty days in the Bridewell. Two days before I left there the matron handed me an envelope with a LIFE BOAT picture on the outside. I wondered what on earth it meant, and said, "There is some mistake; it can not be for me; I do not know those people;" but she said, "Well, it is addressed to you so you had better open it." When I read that letter I said, "I can not understand how anyone can be so much interested in my soul when I care nothing for it myself." Still, out of curiosity I came to the Life Boat Mission. The Sabbath morning service was in progress. Brother Van Dorn and Brother Sadler were on the platform and I sat down in one of the back chairs, and Sister Emmel came down to me and said, "Won't you come up nearer the front?" It seemed as if I was afraid to have her near me. I had been living in sin for ten long years and it seemed very queer to have a good woman sit down by me, so I said, "I will stay here," and Sister Swanson came and offered me a hymn book, but I did not have any use for it, while now I love my hymn book.

Sister Emmel persuaded me to stay, and worked with me and brought me to the feet of the Master and the Lord Jesus cured me of all my wicked habits and appetites. Now I have a place to work where I have the keys to the jewelry box and the money passes through my hands every Tuesday morning. Just think how God will help a person who wants to do right! A year ago the police would have run me in if they thought I had any keys to any jewelry, and a year ago if I had ten cents the first thing I should have done would have been to get to the side door of a saloon. But I praise God that I could get on the train at Sheridan and never stop until I got here to the Mission and Mrs. Swanson, and my wages with me.

All the questionable houses of amusement have no attraction for me. Is not that proof that I am saved? I care nothing for the saloons or the theater, or anything of that kind. I am a living example of what Jesus can do for one who has been way down and stained with sin of all kinds. With His help

I am going to continue to do what is right, because without Jesus I know I can not. If I depend on myself I know I would not be worth a cent. When I first said, "God be merciful to me," He heard me and saved me when I asked Him and I know He hears me now. I do so pity the soul who does not know Jesus Christ.

IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, READ THIS.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

A few days ago the matron of our Home for Girls at Hinsdale, Ill., received a letter from a girl in a distant State, from which we quote the following:

"A hope and a blessing has been revealed to me at last in finding that you are a friend of the outcasts and those in trouble; and I am indeed in trouble.

I happened to pick up a book called *THE LIFE BOAT* and it seemed as if when we are sinking we catch at a straw. Your Home seems to be a harbor of refuge to the weak and I shall trust you will not find me utterly unworthy of any thing you shall do for me. I found this book when I had given up in despair and was on the verge of ending my life in some awful way."

We immediately sent for this girl and she is now with us, getting along nicely, and is grateful that she has found a Christian Home where she can be cared for. We trust that while this young lady is with us she will get a different view of life than she has ever had before, and that when she leaves us she will be better prepared to resist temptation.

Recently I received a letter from a young lady to whom I had been writing for several weeks. In this letter she says: "You can never know how very discouraged and heart sick I was when I first wrote you, and what comfort your letters have been to me; for it means so much to feel that some one really does care for your spiritual welfare."

We are having similar opportunities to put fresh courage into many hearts. Are you discouraged? Are you in such deep trouble that you dare not confide it to your immediate friends and can not see your way out? If you feel impressed to do so, we shall be glad to have you write to us, and we will do all that the Lord gives us the power to do

for you. We are saying this simply because we want to help still other discouraged girls. The Bible tells us to comfort one another. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

REPORT FROM OUR SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. NINA CRANE, MATRON.

We should appreciate a personal visit from each of our contributors and would like to introduce each one to the dear girls who are in the Home to-day. But, as this is impossible, we will visit with you through the pages of *THE LIFE BOAT*. Every bed in the Home is occupied. The youngest members of our family are two little babies who were born in the home and whose mothers have been with us for some months. Little Beatrice is now four months old and Irene two and one-half months.

Our next youngest member is a girl whom our rescue workers found in Chicago. She had come to the city to find employment and expected to live with her sister there. Upon reaching the city she learned that her sister had moved, so she was not able to find her. She then asked the police to help her out, and as a result was placed in the keeping of our workers. A beautiful young Scandinavian woman is sharing our home with us. She has been in this country but a short time.

One of the recent members of our family came from quite a distance. She chanced to see a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* at a time when she needed help and as a result is with us. She seems so grateful that she could find a place of refuge. Our last member came only a few days ago with a sad story, like many others, of misplaced confidence.

Space will not permit us to write about each member of our family, but the Lord has sent them all to us and we trust that while they are with us they may see a little sample of Heaven on earth, because God dwells with us.

Do not forget that we need money to keep the Suburban Home for Girls open. It takes from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. Send large or small donations to the treasurer, Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.



Children's Department



GET CHILDREN INTO GOOD BUSINESS.

It is amazing how many really useful people have absolutely useless children, because they never took the trouble to encourage them to undertake even the simplest missionary work.

We want to see a number of energetic, enthusiastic self-supporting missionaries developed, and that is why we are so anxious to encourage boys and girls all through the land to spend a little time each month in selling LIFE BOATS; and we want *you* who are reading these lines to co-operate with us. Will you try to make some children believe that they can take a handful of LIFE BOATS and go out and sell them just as easily as some other children of their age can go out and sell worldly magazines and newspapers?

Send us the names and addresses of the children whom you have succeeded in partially interesting, and we will write to them. We furnish LIFE BOATS in quantities at two cents per copy.

EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG LIFE BOAT WORKER.

Harold Andrews, our twelve-year-old LIFE BOAT worker in Denver, Colo., who sells about a thousand papers each month after school hours, in sending in an order for seven hundred, writes:

"I will tell you a few of my many experiences. I met a lady about two weeks ago who was waiting for the car. I asked her to buy a LIFE BOAT. She said that was just what she was talking about to her daughter, for it had something good and interesting to read. She said she was so interested in the articles about the priesthood of Christ, and wanted the back numbers. Another lady said to me that I had once asked her to buy a LIFE BOAT and she refused, but when she got home she thought about it and it worried her, even during the night it bothered her. She after-

ward looked for me when she was down town and finally met me near one of our large dry goods stores. She was very glad to meet me and to buy a paper.

The other day I asked a man to buy a LIFE BOAT, but he did not seem to pay much attention to me. Presently I heard some one whistle, and supposed some one was whistling for the newsboys; but soon I heard a voice call out: "Oh, boy, what did you say the work was?" I told him. He said he wanted to do some good, and bought one. So many refuse me when I first ask them, then come back, and often buy two. A boy told me the other day THE LIFE BOAT was the best book he ever read. I am sure the Lord must be in this work.

I was near a large clothing store and looking through some large windows in the basement when I saw a number of ladies sewing. I asked an expressman how to get down there, and he directed me. The first lady I asked took one, and eleven out of the thirteen bought one each.

Selling LIFE BOATS may seem a little strange to some at first, but it soon becomes a pleasure.

I sold a paper to the editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* the week before last; he became very much interested and wrote up my work in his paper. Consequently, I sold fifteen LIFE BOATS to-day to people who told me they read about it in the Sunday paper.

About a month ago I met a gentleman and asked him to buy a paper. He said he would if it stopped him from chewing tobacco. "I often tried to stop using tobacco, but each time failed," he said. I told him to ask the Lord to help him, and He surely would.

I wish you a happy New Year. I hope to sell many LIFE BOATS during 1905."

The cigarette curse is causing Rachel to weep for her children, refusing to be comforted.

THE MISSION CHRISTMAS TREE.

H. W. R.

On the Tuesday in Christmas week the poor children living in the locality of the Life Boat Mission were given their annual Christmas tree. This year a group of young girls, known as the Busy Bee Society, and about which readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* have heard before, were largely responsible for the treat given to these children, and right well they carried out the affair. Nearly two hundred children, practically all of them from the slum section of the city, filled the mission that afternoon and enjoyed a program of songs, recitations, etc., while gazing with childish wonder and admiration on the tree so prettily ornamented with trinkets and decked with inviting gifts. Many of the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* had contributed gifts of clothing, mittens, socks and the like, and after the distribution of presents on the tree itself, the various garments were handed to the needy, and care was taken that the things were wisely distributed. Many a child's heart was made to rejoice at receiving some warm article, and some very acceptable piece of raiment which otherwise it might have had to do without.

A considerable sum of money had been sent in by friends of the Life Boat Mission, so that the children were enabled to have quite a generous quantity of health candies and toys and little things such as make glad the hearts of children. It was a pleasing sight to see the hundred and seventy youngsters with radiant faces beaming with anticipation as they eagerly awaited the time for the distribution of the gifts. Possibly to many of them Christmas was the only time that brought them such substantial joy, and as they marched out of the room, each child laden with a gift from the tree, their happy looks showed that it was a redletter day for them, an event to be long remembered.

A SUIT OF OLD CLOTHES.

MRS. HANNA SWANSON.

The following letter was sent recently to the Life Boat Mission together with a package of clothing:

"DEAR LIFE BOAT: I will send you this package of my outgrown clothes; they are Christmas presents for the poor little children.

Give them where they are needed most. The suit of clothes done up together please give to some poor boy; I have put something in the pockets for him, and should love to see his picture in *THE LIFE BOAT* and have you write something about him. They are not very nice clothes, but will be warm; I will send my picture taken when I wore them. I



Photo of the Boy When He Wore the Clothes.

was six years old then, but am nine now. I love to read *THE LIFE BOAT*; I want to be ready to meet the Lord when He comes."

In the package was the suit of clothes, underwear, stockings, shoes and also some picture books and toys. We found a bright little boy living not far from the mission, who was very needy. He had not sufficient clothing to keep him warm; his feet were almost through his shoes. His father was out of work and his mother very sick. When I took the clothing to him his eyes sparkled, and he quickly tried it on to see if it would fit. When he put his hands in the pocket of the trousers he found there some peanuts:

he looked quite astonished and quickly put one in his mouth to see if it were really a genuine peanut. He was soon amusing himself with the toys and picture books; then



The Boy Who Received the Clothes—(Wilske, Photo.)

he said: "Tell the little boy 'Thank you, and happy New Year.'" The father and mother also sent their hearty thanks and best wishes.

THE MICHIGAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

MRS. W. H. M'KEE.

Perhaps the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* may be interested in knowing of the school in our Rescue Home. Realizing how necessary is the mental training, in connection with moral,

spiritual and domestic, we made it an earnest subject of prayer that God would send us a teacher. The Lord soon led a dear young woman to consecrate herself to this work and she is now in the Home assisting these girls, who have had few opportunities in life, to prepare for usefulness. Our new building dragged along slowly and we feared the school would be delayed until late in the winter, and we desired to take advantage of the long evenings for study. So we asked the Lord to help us finish the dormitory so that we could live in it, and a carpenter and a painter came to help without remuneration.

They worked early and late, and as I went out to ask the people for money to carry on our work, I was grateful for what came in. In addition, the railroad delivered the material free to a station three miles from the Home.

A firm very generously donated several beautiful tints of alabastine for the walls, and the school-room and the room occupied by the governess and nurse were done in two shades of green, and the sewing-room and dining-room in tan and light blue. The black-board was put on the school-room walls, the shades at the windows, the maps hung, and the new school furniture put in place, and on Monday, December 12, the opening exercises were held.

The object of this school work in the Home is to give the girls an opportunity to know God and His ways, which will surely lead to life eternal. These dear girls find joy in learning of the Mighty One, and as they are trained in all lines of house work, sewing, laundry work, etc., etc., there is in the combination that element which will surely awaken to activity the best in each one.

The prospect is encouraging, and we are thankful we have the blessed privilege of offering to those who have been denied such an opportunity, the benefit of our training school, without charge. Any girl who is desirous of receiving such assistance may communicate with the matron of the Michigan Home for Girls, R. F. D. 64, Byron Center, Mich.

Only a limited number can be taken this winter, but, later on, we expect to erect a school building on the lawn, where we can accommodate a larger number.

Hospital Life Boat Work

LIFE BOAT HOSPITAL NOTES.

HELEN W. ODELL.



"Let a little sunshine in,
Let a little sunshine in;
Clear the darkened
windows.

Open wide the door;
Let a little sunshine in."

One dark, raw, almost rainy day in December we had the privilege of entering a room where perhaps twenty or twenty-five women, old and poor, were seated around a long table covered with pieces of garments, thread and scissors and all bending over some piece of sewing. We said "Good morning," nodding to each as they looked up surprised to hear the voice of a stranger, and telling them that although it was dark and gloomy outside, we had come to bring a bit of sunshine inside anyhow. We were led to sing the refrain at the head of this article. A happy smile broke over the face of each listener and they asked for more of the song, so we sang it for them. As we passed out of the room, two or three of the most dejected ones were actually trying to sing it too. It takes so little after all to change the entire spiritual atmosphere either way.

A week or more later the kindergarten class of one of the public schools went to this same Home for these and many more old people. They sang their songs, played their games and gave to each inmate a gift made by their own hands. It took nearly all of our time to convince them that the gift was their very own to keep. In the men's division there was a strange inclination to pass the coat sleeve over the eyes frequently. One very old, weak brother voted that all the children, teachers and the "old lady" be invited to stay to dinner.

Another Kindergarten donated their Christmas tree after they had used it and it afforded great pleasure at one of the Homes for the sick, where attendants and patients each received a package from its branches. There are far too few occasions during the year

which call out the spirit of giving. But we need not wait for Christmas to give that which will make others happy. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is one of the sayings of Him who gave more than all of us.

A missionary meeting we attended recently took a very practical turn. At its close a sister asked me if we could go with her to see a poor old sick woman. So taking a doctor along, we soon had the satisfaction of hearing him say he thought she could be helped. He had been to the meeting, too, and put in practice what he talked. The proper remedies were secured at no expense to the patient. This is just one phase of the Chicago Hospital Life Boat work.

"Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on, pass it on;

'Twas not given to you alone."

This is what a mission on the north side did. They passed their Christmas on by sending toys, books, clothing, including an excellent magic lantern with a number of slides, to the Crippled Children's Home. Really, I do not know which was the happier, those sharing their gifts, or the ones receiving them the following day. As these little homeless ones, ranging from the age of twelve years down to babies creeping over the floor, one after another showed me their gifts, I praised God anew for His love planted in the heart, which can make us love our neighbor's child as our own.

At one hospital where we arranged with the superintendent for a song service for the patients, a man in one of the wards, between each stanza was heard to exclaim: "Oh, that's just fine! It makes a fellow think of home and mother, don't it?"

Plans are still being made to continue to make happy these "shut-ins." We do not say we wish them "A Happy New Year" and then fold our hands and do nothing to make it a happy one for them all the way through.

Through the liberality of friends, and careful, judicious use of the funds placed at our disposal, we have not frequently, during the past year, been compelled to ask largely for

the support of this work. But now there are several hospitals already entered whose funds which had been secured are exhausted. The Cook County Hospital requires about eight hundred each month, and we have no money for them. There are fourteen large wards in this hospital to be supplied, besides many smaller rooms, accommodating from two to eight patients each. For this year we have thought of inviting different ones to become responsible for one ward each. The large wards have sixty to seventy-five patients. There are several other hospitals accommodating from fifty to two or three hundred patients. If any reader of THE LIFE BOAT has a preference, such wishes will be carefully regarded. The hospital work means so much in any large city, and we so fully believe that it is a work which the Father approves, and one in which greater efforts would bring multiplied results, that we wish to keep our needs before you all.

We thank you, in His name, for your co-operation in the past, and ask for its continuance during the coming year.

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

Some time ago I went with Mrs. Odell to the Railway Men's Hospital to distribute LIFE BOATS to the patients. I learned afterward that Mrs. Odell had prayed the Lord to that day give me some special experience so that I should become so interested that I would take up this work in the hospitals, and He did. As we were distributing the papers I gave one to a lady whose face just lit up as she said, "Oh, how glad I am you have come. I knew the moment you stepped in, that you were Christian people." "Yes," I said, "we have brought you something good to read—THE LIFE BOAT." She took the paper and thanked me, saying, "I expect to be out of here soon, and I wish you would come and see me." She gave me her name and address, and I have since visited her and found her just hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I suggested that some one come and teach her more about Jesus. She said, "Yes, and how much would it cost?" I said, "Nothing at all. I have a friend who is a Bible worker and will be very glad to come and teach you more about Jesus."

I asked her if she was a Christian. She said, "When we lived in the country we used to go to church, and I thought we were Christians, but I don't think we were. Since we have come to the city we don't go to church any more; the churches don't seem what they used to be." And I told her it was Christ alone who could save us, and she said, "Now I want to be a Christian; I am willing to be." I said, "Let us have a word of prayer, and tell the Lord all about it." So we did, and lifted our hearts and voices to God. And I said, "You have a little girl here, and are bringing her up; she will look to you for an example." She said, "I never thought of that before." Then I said, "You ought to have prayer with her." She said, "I believe it, but I never thought of it before." I said: "Will your husband be willing for you to have family worship?" She said, "Yes, but something has kept us from it."

That was one of my blessed experiences. Now there is a Bible worker giving regular readings in that home.

SAVED IN PRISON.

"When I was sixteen years of age I was working with my father as a bricklayer and I remember that many a time he had to carry me home drunk. I did like to drink whiskey. I left home when about twenty years of age and came over to this part of the country, and I was drunk a good many times over here, too. But I thank God that eighteen years ago I became acquainted with Him. I came from Honolulu to San Francisco and one Sunday night I was arrested. I was in the cell and some workers came into the prison and had a song service there, and prayer, and I said to myself, 'They have something that is better than what I have. Their faces look so bright. If there is any God I intend to serve Him,' and, thank the Lord, I gave my heart to God. That is eighteen years ago, and He has blessed me ever since. I have had a lot of trouble since, but the Lord has never forsaken me and I have found Him a friend in every need."

Christ is the source of every right impulse. He is the only one who can arouse in the natural heart enmity against sin. He is the source of our power if we would be saved.

PRISONERS' DEPARTMENT

YOUR STATE PRISONS SHOULD HAVE THE LIFE BOAT.

We have found by experience that great prisons are splendid missionary fields. The men have time to think, and have found that the way of the transgressor is hard, so they are more ready for the gospel than many who are on the outside.

We are anxious that the great prisons shall be supplied each month. Many are becoming interested in helping to do this. Some weeks ago Mrs. E. Grosjean, Albany, N. Y., wrote as follows:

"I have talked up LIFE BOAT work to some of my friends, and through this effort, the Chaplain of the penitentiary here has been visited and he told us he can use 400 LIFE BOATS. He will see that they are distributed and that they will be well used. He is quite pleased to get them and said, 'This is a blessed work.' We intend to see if we can put some LIFE BOATS in the hospitals also.

"Now there are only four of us ladies who are especially interested in this. At present we are not prepared to pay the full price for these LIFE BOATS, so would like you to advise us what to do. We would like to put in as many as they can use, if it were in our power to do so. We have told our Invisible Shepherd, 'Here am I, send me,' so we are trusting in Him to lead in this matter. We feel that the time to work is now."

We furnished the LIFE BOAT to these friends for this purpose at less than cost price. In a later letter Mrs. Grosjean wrote:

"I have heard indirectly from the Chaplain; he says the boys were pleased to get them, and everyone wanted a LIFE BOAT. He distributed three hundred and ninety-eight of the four hundred LIFE BOATS. In behalf of the three sisters who are with me in this work, I want to thank you for your kindness to us in making the price of LIFE BOATS so that they are within our reach and we can supply them to those who are in need of them, and we trust the Lord will impress upon some of their minds the need of their souls' salvation."

LIFE BOAT PRISON WORK.

W. S. SADLER.

Eight years ago we corresponded with a man in prison and sent him a LIFE BOAT. The other day he came around and reported to me, as he does at intervals, that he was all right. He said, "If the police department rings you up and asks where I am, tell them that I am a Christian and they do not need to worry about me." He further said: "Do you know what it means to a man locked up to get a fresh LIFE BOAT every month? It helps him to make up his mind to live right. And when a man has made up his mind to be straight and stick to it day after day, week after week, and month after month, it has the strongest influence over him to help him to stick to it when he gets out."

Do you complain of your unfavorable surroundings? Do you sometimes excuse yourself for your present condition because you have not had a good chance? Then consider the lily how it grows amidst the filth and slime of the pools; yet God enables it even under these unfavorable circumstances to absorb something that enables it to be a thing of beauty. You may grow as the lily. Hos. 14:5.

SOWING IN ROUGH SOIL.

WILBUR SMITH.

American Medical Missionary College.

I am glad that the Lord has called me to have a part in the work at the Harrison Street Police Station. Last week as we began to hold our services in the criminal corridor it was very hard at first to get the attention of that peculiar audience, but Sister Emmel and I prayed as we never did before. The men would talk back and interrupt us so that it was almost impossible for us to do anything, but finally when I spoke to them of the love of Christ they became attentive and before we left eight men in that very row asked for prayer.

Then we went to the prison annex. There were eight girls from eighteen to twenty years of age, and Sister Emmel read to them, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." As she talked there was not a dry eye among them. I thought of my own little sister at home; and yet, they were my sisters too, and had souls to be saved.

FROM PRISON TO SOULWINNING.

Captain Veil, of the Christian Volunteer Warriors, who was formerly a prisoner, said recently in the Life Boat Mission: "I read THE LIFE BOAT month after month in the Minnesota State Prison, and it was good news to me. It was in a prison cell that Jesus Christ spoke peace to my soul and I stand here to tell you that God can save a man behind prison bars.

For fifty years I was a traitor to God, a hater of Christianity and its principles; but the night before my conversion I pleaded with

God one whole night alone in my prison cell. There was no one to give me instruction or to encourage me. When the gong sounded we were supposed to go to bed, but I pleaded with God, and just before daylight I looked up and said, 'Jesus save me; I trust in Thee,' and that word came to me, 'Go in peace and sin no more,' and I shouted for joy. Just then the guard turned his light into my cell and said, 'What is the matter, are you insane?' I said, 'I have Christ in my soul,' and he threatened to put me in solitary confinement.

You may look with scorn upon a prisoner, but there are men wearing convicts' jackets to-night with as clean and pure hearts as men who walk upon the street. In the name of Christ, do not look down upon men behind prison bars.

I was a counterfeiter, but His power has kept me during the last three years, although some who knew me said that in three weeks I should be back in prison again for counterfeiting."

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WILLING TO INVEST TO HAVE THE LIFE BOAT SENT TO THESE MEN?



A PHOTO SENT BY A PRISONER SHOWING HIMSELF AND A GROUP OF PRISONERS.

QUESTION CORNER.

Please give me a plan for working among my school mates and give me an idea for making up a pledge for being good Christians. Give me a plan for doing them good, please.—W. J. E.

I think a good way for you to work among your schoolmates is to interest them in THE LIFE BOAT. Do what you can to get them to treat poor and despised children properly. Do this yourself and set them an example. Pray every night and morning for your schoolmates and the Lord will show you some way of helping them that I can not tell you. I think a good pledge would be that "I resolve that I will try the coming year to respond to the good impressions God sends me; that I will pray every day to be made useful; that I will make my friends more thankful that they ever knew me."

"I have never experienced religion," etc.—J. E. W.

I hope you are mistaken about that, and what you really mean is that you have never made any open profession. A genuine Christian experience is more essential to you than physical health. It is certainly worse to be a spiritual invalid than a physical one. You see this world is not all there is; we are only down here a little while to get ready for the next life. That will be the *real* life. You must not lose sight of that. The whole thing is simple enough; the same God that helps you digest your food and keeps your blood circulating is just as ready to put something into your character that will be worth saving throughout all eternity.

A man who has himself been gloriously saved from a criminal career writes us that he had become discouraged about Mission work because there were some who prayed there whom he knew to be hypocrites, and so he had made up his mind not to come to the Mission any more.

"Do you not suppose Judas prayed a good many times in public during the years he was with Christ? Some modern hypocrites are likely to do the same. Do you not suppose there were some hypocrites in the room the night when you first raised your hand for prayer? Perhaps the very man who prayed for you himself needed to be helped on some points.

You must not forget that there is a human side to all of us, and you must try to look on the other side as God does. Many have been wonderfully helped by what you have

said in the Mission and we want you to keep on coming there. If all the good people stay away, the hypocrites will have it all to themselves. We must do the best we can for those whom God sends us.

There were some who followed Christ merely for the loaves and fishes, and I suppose they had a bad influence on His work. People have imposed on us for ten years, and no doubt they will keep on, but we shall keep on doing soul-winning work, in fact, doing the best we can for everybody who comes to us. If you persist in looking at the human side of God's work the devil will continue showing you more and more of it until you will not be able to see the Divine side at all. I trust you will decide to keep on coming to the Mission, praying *with* the hypocrites and for them."

FROM AN EX-PRISONER.

We carry on an extensive correspondence with prisoners all over the land, and endeavor as far as possible before their sentence expires to get them in touch with some one who will extend them a friendly, helping hand at the expiration of their sentence. Often they write us very appreciative letters from their newly found homes, and the following is a sample:

"I have preserved a number of your letters. I appreciate what you have done for me and hope you will not think that because I am out of prison I do not need bracing letters. I am working on a farm two and one-half miles from town, but there is a church one mile from the house, and there is preaching every week. I have a nice man to work for. He and his wife are good Christian people. They have four children.

When I arrived here I was surprised to meet so many friends, each with a helping hand and a bracing word. I do not see that there is any difference in the way I am treated than one that never was in prison. Please send me THE LIFE BOAT."

If you are not a regular subscriber, send 35 cents to The Life Boat for a year's subscription, and if you do not feel at the end of the year that you have received more than your money's worth it will be returned to you.

THE IMPRESSION CLUNG TO HIM.

A young man who has been for a couple of years one of our most earnest and faithful helpers in the Workingmen's Home, and whose life is a constant evidence of what transforming grace can accomplish, related the following at the Life Boat Mission, which should encourage others to circulate THE LIFE BOAT:

"After hearing Dick Lane give his testimony I can never forget the first time I read of him in one of THE LIFE BOATS. I got hold of that little paper and read it when I was lying behind the bars in one of the southern prisons. It made quite an impression on me, but still I did not think that such things could be possible.

"Still that impression always clung to me, after leaving the place. But while wrestling with these convictions, I would not surrender. I went on in a life of sin and crime of every description, as I had been before, for several years, and after roaming over this country, from ocean to ocean, finally one night I came to Chicago and dropped into this Life Boat Mission. Here the efforts which were put forth by the workers caused me to stop and think of my past life, and on the future. Then, after hearing the personal testimonies of such redeemed men as Brother Lane and others, of what the Lord had done for them, I was fully impressed that it *was* possible, and I would try. I surrendered my heart to God, and from that time my life has been a life of peace. More than that, from a physical standpoint, when I gave my heart to God I was a physical wreck. I had been rapidly declining in health for several years till almost at death's door. But by the grace of God I am thankful to say that I stand clothed in my right mind, restored to perfect health; and if there are any here who have not tried the Christian life, I want to tell you that it is the only life worth living, and my advice to you is, try it for yourself."

A FEW CONVERSIONS AT THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

MRS. M. A. WINCHELL.

God has wonderfully blessed our work here in the Home, and while we have labored to help others our own souls have been watered. We have watched with special interest a man

who came to us a year ago, a physical wreck. During the many months he has been with us he has gained somewhat in health. Last September he sought the Lord and found Him. He began at once to gain markedly in health and was soon able to work. Since then he has been studying his Bible and the Lord has come very near to him. His life now shows that he is a redeemed man and he goes on his way rejoicing.

About three weeks ago at the close of one of our evening meetings a man stepped up and told me that he had become concerned for his soul's salvation by what he had heard that evening and the evening before. He had listened evening after evening to the appeals that were made there, but had never before been aroused. He was under the influence of drink at this time, but seemed to realize that he was a lost man. He said that he had squandered seven thousand dollars on drink. That evening he realized his condition so keenly that he wanted to make a start to serve the Lord. We asked him if he were willing to give up all for Jesus. He said he was, but that he wanted to take one more drink in the morning and then stop. We told him that "now is the day of salvation," and that if he put it off until morning possibly he would never make a start at all. He thought for a moment and then said: "That is so," and that he was ready to surrender to Jesus then. He was taken to a quiet room and there gave himself to God. When he returned from the room his face fairly beamed as he told that God had forgiven his sins. He has since lived a sober, happy life. This instance is but one of dozens which have happened during the past year.

WICKED APPETITES.

Some people have not as wicked souls as they have wicked appetites, and when they eat wicked foods then that makes them feel wicked all over. The secret of their wicked appetites is discovered when you learn that they were fed when they were babies on food that ruined their digestion, and their nervous system, and produced this clamorous craving. Let mothers be aroused to learn to feed the boy that which will not create the cigarette habit, or a thirst for whiskey. W. S. S.

Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



A SPECIAL TEMPERANCE NUMBER.

We hope, by God's help, to make the April number of *The Life Boat* a trumpet call on the subject of temperance that shall stir the hearts of all those who shall read it.

If some other evil should suddenly appear and cause the suffering and death that the liquor traffic does, there would arise such a storm of indignation as would wipe it from the face of the earth in twenty-four hours. But people have become so accustomed to it that they practically fold their hands and even occasionally apologize for its existence.

We announce this number two months in advance, so as to open the way for those who may be impressed of God to send us telling experiences, striking facts, or any suggestions that may come to their minds in reference to the cause of temperance.

"WILL THERE BE ANY STARS IN MY CROWN?"

Those who have read a few copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* have had some evidence that God is using it in a wonderful way to reach human hearts and win them for the Master. Will you not try to think of the most discouraging case that you know of in your community and then invest thirty-five cents in that soul's salvation by donating a year's subscription to *THE LIFE BOAT*? Ask God to bless your efforts, then even if that *LIFE BOAT* is thrown away, God will let somebody else find it, for that kind of bread cast upon the waters is sure to come back again.

If you feel impressed, as you are reading this, that you should act on this suggestion, do not smother the thought, but do it before you forget all about it and thus miss the chance of having another star added to your crown.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Are you so sick and tired of the unsatisfactory life you are now living that you are willing to launch into something better without any special financial inducements? In other words, are you willing to risk all for

the "Pearl of great price?" You know how men will slave and toil and deny themselves even necessary clothing and the pleasures of life for the sake of promoting some enterprise with the hope that it will finally bring them some financial returns.

Are you on the road which leads to eternal riches? If not, are you willing to go into something better with heart and soul, come what may? You may have a hard struggle to get through, and may have to take part of your pay in the satisfaction of doing somebody some good, and having a good work done for your own character.

Do not forget that several years ago thousands of our young men went to war and pined away in the jungles of Cuba, or slept in wet ditches at night in the far-away Philippines, ate miserable food, received but a few dollars a week salary, and ran the chance of having a bullet shot into them; yet they did it willingly for their country.

Are you willing to face as unpromising an outlook for God and humanity? This may seem a hard proposition, but remember Christ held out no flowery inducements to His followers and as a consequence many left Him; but those who did stand by Him through daylight and darkness, finally shook the earth, even though to begin with they were only poor fellows like ourselves. You will find that good earnest praying will help you mightily to make this important decision, and after you have made it, you would not wish yourself back where you were before for any price.

We shall be glad to correspond with you personally in regard to this important question. You certainly can not afford to put it off.

PRAY FOR GUIDANCE.

You have your own mission in life, a place to fill and a work to do in the world that no one else can do quite so well as yourself, for God has given "to every man HIS work," and He will help you to find yours. Just to

the extent that you do find it you will be happy and contented, and just to the degree that you get away from it, will you be miserable and will have to contend with insurmountable obstacles.

If you fully realize this truth you will see the great necessity for prayer. When you talk to God, you open the way for God to talk to you, and then "thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying: 'This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.'" Isa. 30:21.

ARE YOU IN DESPAIR?

Are you in the state of mind bordering on despair respecting your Christian experience? Does it seem like total failure? If so, it will bring new courage and hope into your soul to read Jer. 18:1-4. The prophet saw a vessel wrought on the potter's wheel, and the vessel, that was made of clay, was marred in the hands of the potter, so he made it *again*, another vessel as seemed good to the potter to make it. Just as this potter took the *same* clay and made it again into a beautiful vessel so the Lord is ready to take *your* broken, shattered and marred character and experience and make out of it something that is beautiful, attractive and lovely. Will you be so pliable as to give the master workman an opportunity to mold you?

CHRIST DOES NOT CONDEMN THE UNBELIEVER.

The unbeliever must ultimately condemn himself, for Christ does not do it, for He said Himself, "If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not, for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." John 12:47. If anyone has represented Christ to you in any other light, will you not take His own words as stating His real attitude toward the unbeliever?

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?

Often people die unexpectedly before they have made their anticipated disposition of their property. As a consequence it is often dissipated in lawyer's fees and in various other ways that would have wrung the owner's heart if it had happened while he was living.

We would suggest to some of our aged readers that they make arrangements with our Chicago medical missionary work, which is now incorporated, to pay them a satisfactory annuity while they live, and then let their property be used to assist this work at their death. We would ask our readers to bring this matter to the notice of their aged friends and invite them to correspond with us.

We would also ask our readers as they make their wills to remember liberally this soul-winning work, which has been most signally used of God to help cheer and uplift earth's most needy ones. Why should it not have your earnest consideration?

The full story of the willing services rendered by efficient workers without remuneration, and the mere pittance of those who do receive salary, would not be believed by many; but we have held up the glorious results of this work and have kept the other in the background, satisfied that God knew it. We believe He will put it into the hearts of some of our readers to act on this suggestion. All bequests, etc., should be made to our legal association, "The Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission." This work is under the supervision of the following board of trustees: David Paulson, Mary W. Paulson, W. S. Sadler, N. W. Paulson, E. B. Van Dorn, Eric Covert, W. H. Edwards, L. H. Christian, J. F. Morse, J. H. Kellogg, M. A. Winchell, A. T. Jones, H. E. Hoyt, Jay W. Cummings, Fannie Emmel, F. J. Otis.

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM.

A large corps of men are pushing the work on the sanitarium building as rapidly as the weather will permit. A gentleman in Florida has recently invested \$5,000, and others smaller amounts. If any of our readers wish to make a good, safe investment at reasonable rates of interest in this worthy enterprise, we shall be glad to correspond with them and give them further information.

The hand of Providence has been clearly seen in the arrangements that have been made to promote this enterprise, and we have every reason to believe that this beautiful hillside will be a place where a multitude of invalids will come and secure the priceless treasure of health. The work will be so organized that the poor will be able to secure simple but

efficient treatments, while the facilities will be so complete as to leave nothing to be desired by those who are able to expend abundance of means in their restoration.

All inquiries concerning investments, or with reference to coming to the institution when it is opened, may be addressed to Dr. David Paulson, Medical Supt., Hinsdale, Ill.

RESCUE WORK BY LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

The following extract from a letter just received may be a suggestion to some other ladies' or young people's societies. If there are any such societies that would like to know more about our work we will gladly answer any inquiries.

"Enclosed find order for five dollars to be used for the Girls' Rescue Home, donated by the Ladies' Aid Society of this place. In acknowledging the receipt of this donation write me a letter that it may be read at the next meeting of our Society, as this is the first donation that has been sent out since our Society was started. And it is in a measure due to the good little pieces found in *THE LIFE BOAT*, from which we can always choose something appropriate to read at our meetings. A few of us are readers of your precious little paper. I hope and trust the Lord will prosper you in your good work."

BROOKLINE MISSION.

W. S. SADLER.

The attendance has been good at the Brookline Mission the past few months, and an unusual interest has been manifested in the themes of truth which have been presented. The writer has conducted services at this little mission on Sunday evenings quite regularly for a number of months. Many earnest seekers for truth have gathered there and seemed deeply impressed with the message presented.

In addition to various lines of prophecy, the subjects of Christian Science, Spiritualism and the second coming of Christ have been discussed in the Bible lectures.

Just before the service each evening a school of health is conducted. This begins at half past six. Although the hour is early, there is usually a goodly number on hand at the beginning of the lesson, and an increased interest is manifested in the health studies.

The Brookline Mission is an illustration of what an active, Christian, business man can do when his energies are consecrated to the Lord's service. Jay W. Cummings assumed the responsibility of opening this hall for the proclamation of truth, and has faithfully labored to make the work a success, and we have been glad to co-operate in a small way with this enterprise.

We pray the Lord to move on the hearts of scores of others to do likewise.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Pearl Waggoner has recently joined *THE LIFE BOAT* office staff.

Miss Anna Keiler has connected with the Halsted Street Dispensary as visiting nurse.

W. S. Sadler and wife have moved to 38 Calendar avenue, La Grange, one of Chicago's suburbs, a few miles from Hinsdale.

Mr. Shaffer, from Washington, D. C., has come to Hinsdale to assist in the carpenter work on the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulson and Mrs. Clough spent the holiday week at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, helping to organize the school of health work for the various Chautauquas during the coming season.

We were recently favored with a visit from M. E. Olsen, editor of the journal, *Good Health*, published in London, England. He is taking a few months' work at the University of Michigan.

C. B. Kimbell, who has done so much to assist our Hinsdale Sanitarium Benevolent Association, is now spending the winter in Southern California. Clyde Lowry accompanied him as his stenographer.

A lady in Arkansas, asking us to send some *LIFE BOATS*, writes: "This is a town of lawlessness, small, but great in sin. We need your aid in a spiritual way. Pray mightily for us at once."

Dr. S. P. S. Edwards, superintendent of the Moline Sanitarium, writes: "We have recently organized a missionary society among our helpers and have a good lively missionary campaign going on. We are carrying on a study of the foreign missionary field, followed by studies of great missionaries, such as Judson, Carey, etc. We are giving *THE LIFE BOAT* a good share of our attention."

C. P. Haskell, business manager of the Keene, Tex., Sanitarium, writes from Ft. Worth, Tex., where he is with a company of nurses conducting a missionary campaign: "The LIFE BOATS we ordered have all been disposed of; please send some more at once. We have rented rooms here and have a nice little company of earnest workers getting a very valuable experience. One of our nurses sold fifty LIFE BOATS in a little over two hours. We are all of good courage."

A friend in the lumbering districts of Wisconsin writes: "THE LIFE BOAT is highly appreciated in our home, and I am sending for a few copies to gladden some hearts. This is a rough lumbering place, with no church, but plenty of saloons. How I long for means to help in the good work! We are poor and have no place to call our own, but want a part in God's work."

We have on hand some December Life Boats which will be disposed of for less than cost as long as they last.

At the Life Boat Workers' Council, a worker said:

"As I walked down the street I saw the sun shining, and the Sun of righteousness seemed to shine down into my heart. As I walked on I read: 'Shine for five cents,' and it commenced to make me shine. A little farther along, a sign said, 'Shine,' and I thought I will shine for the Lord."

A PRAYER BOOK.

Are you sometimes tempted to believe that after all there are no direct answers to prayer? If so, go out and get four new subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT and thereby secure Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, which relates some of his personal experi-

ences in remarkable answers to prayer while opening up the heart of China and the gospel. Then, when you read in your Bible that God is no respecter of persons, you will feel more encouraged to pray yourself.

You can get a beautiful Bible without paying any money. Read the last cover page.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

We are indebted to William Jennings Bryan, Lincoln, Neb., for a copy of his recent book, "Under Other Flags," which contains interesting accounts of his travels in Europe and other countries, also a number of his most interesting speeches. There is abundant evidence on almost every page of the author's thorough knowledge of Scriptural truth. We quote the following abstract from his lecture on the "Value of an Ideal":

"In college I became acquainted with a student fourteen years my senior and learned the story of his life. For some years he was a tramp, going from place to place without fixed purpose or habitation. One night he went by accident into a place where a revival was in progress, and he was not only converted, but he decided to be a minister. I watched him as he worked his way through college, doing chores to earn his board and lodging, working on Saturdays in a store, and during the summer months at anything he could find to do. I watched him as he worked his way through a theological seminary and then I watched him as he preached the Gospel until he died, and I never knew a man more consecrated to a high purpose. The change came in his life as in the twinkling of an eye. Could anything be more marvelous?"

If you wish to become a member of the great soul-saving movement at The Life Boat Mission, fill out the following blank and mail to us:

The Life Boat Mission		
Rent Fund		190
<i>To the Supt. of The Life Boat Mission, 436 State St., Chicago, Ill.:</i>		
I hereby promise to give the sum of 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 each month for one year, to be used in paying the rent of THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.		
SIGNED		
ADDRESS		
Underline the amount you promise to give each month		

Do you want to secure "Good Health," the most admirable health publication issued to-day? It is furnished in connection with THE LIFE BOAT, either new subscriptions or renewals, for only one dollar a year. Do not overlook this opportunity to get two papers for the price of one.

If you are a genuine Bible student you will know how to appreciate a paper that is especially devoted to religious subjects. We can specially recommend the "Bible Training School"; it is only 25 cents a year. Address *Bible Training School*, South Lancaster, Mass.

VISIT THE MOUNTAINS.

If you can not do this the next best thing is to get the "Youth's Instructor," which contains a series of splendid articles on our western mountains, particularly the Yosemite Valley. Price, 75 cents a year. Address, 222 North Capitol street, Washington, D. C.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

We wish every reader of THE LIFE BOAT would send for a sample copy of *The Medical Missionary*. You will be surprised how full it is of helpful and interesting things along medical missionary lines. Address, Battle Creek, Mich.

ANTI-TOBACCO LITERATURE.

H. F. Phelps, 118 West Minnehaha boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn., is devoting his life to arousing the public to the tobacco evil and especially cigarettes. Send thirty cents and receive his journal "Save the Boys," for one year, and you will never regret the investment.

Reports and donation lists of other departments were made up too late for this number. They will appear next month.

MONTHLY REPORT OF LIFE BOAT REST.

Garments given away 450
 Visits made 300
 Girls taken to Suburban Home..... 4
 MISS EMMEL and MRS. SWANSON.

RESCUE SERVICE.

John J. Bauer, \$2; Mrs. P. J. Peterson, \$6.25; Mrs. Garey, \$2; Melissa Cookendorfer, \$2; Mrs. W. R. Harris, \$1; Nellie G. Edward, \$1; Phebe Stedman, \$3; Otway Dear, \$2.50; Mrs. A. E. Slater, 25c; a friend, \$1; Mrs. J. P. Jaspersen, \$1; Mrs. Josie Pritchard, \$3; Pacific Press Pub. Co., \$5; Flora Morganson, 65c; Mrs. C. B. Parker, \$5; Mrs. F. J. Gue, 50c; Carrie M. Hunt, 20c; Anna Waldie, \$1; Mrs. E. C. Corbin, \$7.63; Mrs. Sarah McVitty, \$1.50; C. H. and S. A. Hufnagle, \$2; Mrs. H. L. Horn, \$2; James Martin, \$1; Mrs. John Biron, \$5; Mrs. J. Bostette, 90c; Mrs. Empey, \$20; Mrs. Voygt, \$1; Mrs. Hull, 50c; Miss Rasmussen, 50c; G. W. Keller, \$42.

OUR DIRECTORY.

American Medical Missionary College, 23 Thirty-third Place.
 Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 23 Thirty-third Place.
 Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
 Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.
 Life Boat Rest for Girls, 436 State Street.
 Life Boat Rest Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.
 American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
 Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel Avenue.
 Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Avenue, and 309 Dearborn Street.
 North Side Treatment Rooms, 76 Hill Street.
 Suburban Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.
 The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

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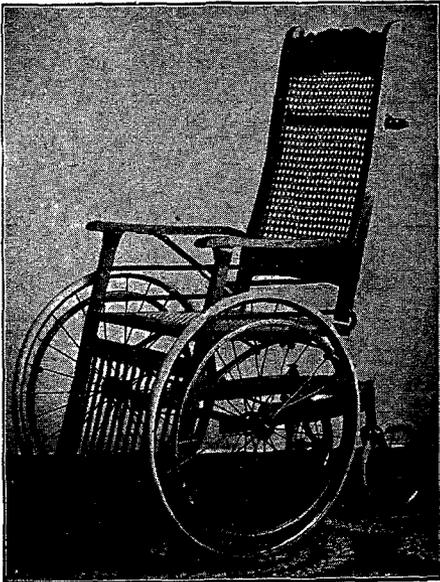
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Dimensions in Inches	No. 10 Wide	No. 10 Narrow
Height of back from seat...	28 or 32	28 or 32
Height of Seat from floor...	21	21
Height of Seat from foot rest	17	17
Height of Arms from seat...	9½	9½
Depth of Seat.....	19	19
Width of Seat.....	19	17
Diameter of large Wheels...	27	27
Diameter of small Wheels..	10	10
Width over all.....	28½	26½

Wood work hand made from second growth ash and oak. Golden oak finish, hand made steel work throughout, enameled black, back and seat canvas.



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

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



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

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

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

FOR THREE SUBSCRIBERS we offer Mrs. Edholm's well-known book "Traffic in Girls."

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT

All our young people should read Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, describing some of the most interesting incidents and most remarkable answers to prayer, in the founding and development of the China Inland Mission. We furnish this book for only FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS to "The Life Boat." We have sent out over a thousand of these books.

A Splendid Pocket Bible for Six New Subscriptions

We have selected a Bible one size larger than the ordinary pocket Bible. It is a regular Oxford, pearl 24 mo., contains six maps, size 5 1/4 by 3 1/2, only three-fourths of an inch thick. It is beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges. We send this splendid Bible postpaid for only **six new subscriptions or renewals**. If desired we will furnish instead the regular vest pocket size.

YOU CAN DO WHAT THIS BOY DID

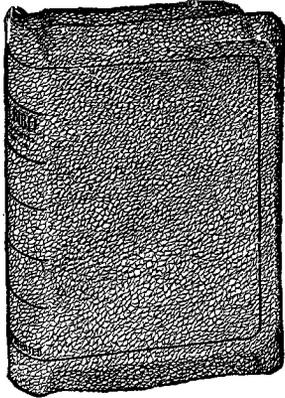
Tracey E. Randall, Baraboo, Wis., writes: "I am ten years old and my mother takes The Life Boat. In the October number I saw your offer to give a good teachers' Bible for ten new subscriptions. Yesterday morning at ten o'clock I started out to get subscriptions and by noon I had secured five, and when I came home last night I had the ten new names, all in a country district and from our near neighbors."

We offer for TEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or renewals an **Oxford Bible**, bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges, minion 16 mo., reference Bible, with twelve maps, size 7 1/8 by 5 inches; or a **teachers' Bible** 5 by 7 3/4 by 1 1/2 inches, American Seal, divinity circuit, lined with silk cloth, red under gold edges, containing **helps, references, concordance**, and also seventeen plates, twelve colored maps and thirty-two pages of illustrations.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SIGHTS AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE!

For those of our readers who can not have the privilege of traveling in different parts of the world, we have selected a series of fifty photo-colorotype stereoscopic views of the most famous sights on earth, with the colors true to nature. We have provided a stereoscope that brings all the details of the pictures out as real as life, with an adjustable slide to accommodate all degrees of sight. We offer both for only TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS. These photographs include scenes in Russia, Japan, tropical scenery, noted sights in Europe, pictures of national buildings, street scenes in Chicago, New York, western mountain scenery, the Niagara Falls, views of the Holy Land, Mexican scenes, etc. After receiving them Mrs. Morris, Rex, Oregon, writes: "To say I am more than delighted does not express it. They are much better than I had ever imagined. As I was viewing the beautiful scenery, I could not but think of how beautiful our kind and loving heavenly Father had made this earth, even though it be tainted with sin."

We will give you this elegant
B I B L E
 for only 10 new subscriptions
 or renewals



THIS BIBLE is bound in American seal; divinity circuit, red under gold edges; head band and marker. It is a genuine teachers' Bible with helps and concordance. It has marginal references. Contains 17 Plates, 12 colored Maps, and 32 pages of Illustrations.

A \$3.50 Bible for Ten New Subscriptions or Renewals.

This is the Best Premium we ever offered

Something Entirely New in Steam Cookery

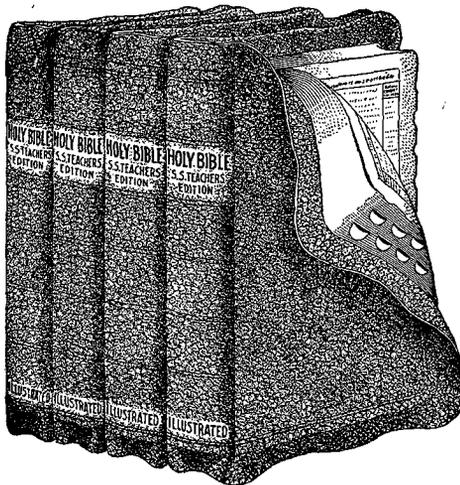


STEAM-COOKED food is more palatable and wholesome than food cooked in the ordinary way. All the nutrition is saved; there is no shrinkage nor waste, and the original flavor of the food is preserved. If you try the new way,

you will never want to go back to the old way. We have made arrangements with the *Rotary Steam Cooker Company* so that we can send you one of their new five-gallon steam boilers, copper bottom, for only fifteen new subscribers to THE LIFE BOAT, expressage additional.

Price \$3.50

Address, THE LIFE BOAT
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