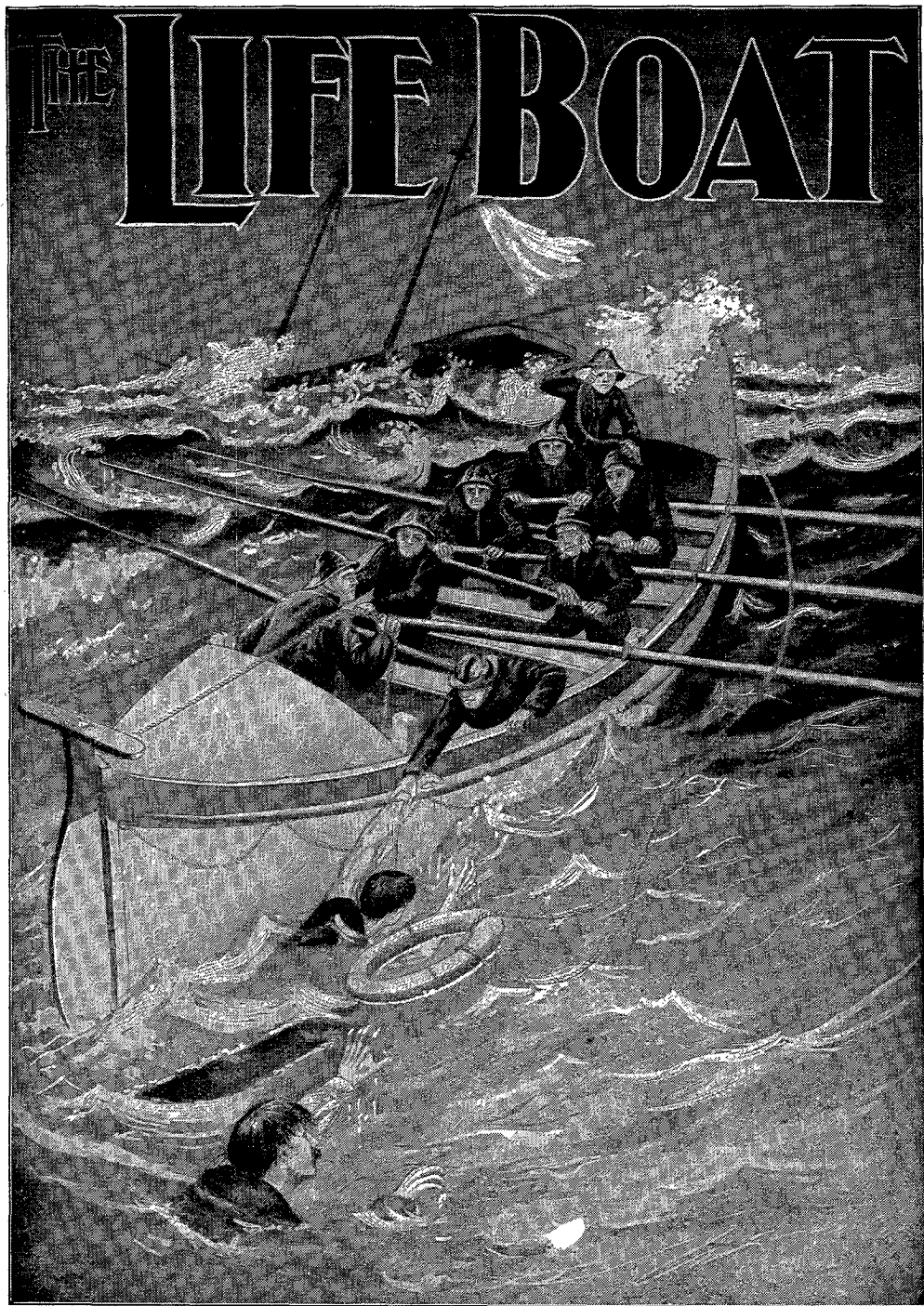


"LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN."

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Windsor, Ill.

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Are You in Touch with Heaven?



"HOME, SWEET HOME."



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

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Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JUNE, 1907

Number 6

FIT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Out of the road he picked it,
Out of the mud and dirt—
A piece of brass all bent and worn
Which long the tread of feet had borne—
All useless and inert.

Valuable, though, he deemed it,
For his was master-skill;
He picked it up and polished it,
Then shaped and fashioned it, till fit
A useful place to fill.

Now, in church tower it swingeth—
A great and mighty bell;
To all it pealeth forth command
To hear God's servants, as they stand
Love's messages to tell.

Faithfully, lo, it calls them
To seek the place of prayer;
And many are the burdened ones
Who, listening to its silvery tones,
Find peace and pardon there.

Listen, art thou discouraged,
And thinking life is vain?
However fallen thou may'st be
The Master can make use of thee
And make thee whole again.

**"WON'T YOU PLEASE SAVE THIS
BABY?"**

LENA KELLOGG SADLER, M. D.,
888 W. 35th Place, Chicago.

One morning as we entered the waiting-room of our Dispensary there sat the usual number of patients waiting their turn to receive medical attention.

One of those women will ever stand out in our memory in such a marked way that I want to tell you about her. She was a woman of thirty-five years and her face plainly revealed

much privation, sorrow and pain. In her arms she bore a very sick babe whom we will call Ona. "O doctor," she said, as she approached us, "Won't you please save this baby? I've lost seven of 'em and am afraid I'll lose her. They slip away so fast."

Then she told us where Ona had to live, what she had to eat and what she had to wear. And we wondered not that she was sick. The babe was suffering from a condition that hundreds of babies die of every year, that of the absorption of poisons from the intestinal tract, due to errors in diet principally. She also had slight inflammation of the lungs. She was taken to the bathroom, where she received many cleansing flushings of the colon.

Day after day the anxious mother brought the child to us until a week or more had passed. Each time she entered we noted she was very exhausted and called for a chair at once. This anxious little mother had carried that child, weighing at least seventeen pounds, nearly two miles to the dispensary and back again for five days. She had done it uncomplainingly, too, for she said as we wondered at her courage, "But I don't mind, you know, she's all I've got left, and I felt you people could help her."

That was real genuine mother love, wasn't it? For several days she failed to come with Ona, so accompanied by a visiting nurse, I looked up the place she called home. Number 4802 proved to be a "cottage in the rear."

That doesn't sound so bad, does it? The word "cottage" makes us all think at once of a pretty trim little place with beautiful roses, bending low their boughs and green vines covering the porch columns. But, dear reader, there was no porch, no roses, no vines, only an alley entrance of a dozen steps which creaked and rattled when stepped upon. There were no dainty sash curtains at the windows, only half broken closed blinds, through which peered half-starved eyes.

We knocked gently and then louder. Finally an answer came in the form of an old woman. If I could only picture her to you: gray hair, unkempt and stiff with the dust of many a month, a rag of a dress and a sad, bony, honest face, with eyes that were so dark they fairly looked through you. The woman and two half-grown girls clad much the same as this old grandmother, a chair and a broken stove which was losing much of its ashes were all this room held.

From an adjoining room came our little Ona in the arms of her devoted mother. Ona was the only clean object in the house, except a number of garments we had given her, which were on a line stretched across one end of the room.

We rejoiced to find Ona very much improved. This "cottage in the rear" proved to be the home of the poor old lady we mentioned, and Ona with her mother and father had been compelled to come here to his parents on account of being thrown out of work for months and months. All together they were struggling to keep the wolf from the door.

To be able to invite these dear people to come to the Dispensary for clothes was my greatest joy that day, and I assure many of you who are reading these lines that we could not have done it if you had not sent barrels and boxes full to the overflow, of nicely mended garments.

Hundreds of ragged ones have been clothed, sad faces have brightened up and tired ones rested as we brought down from our attic a bundle of clothes and deposited them in their outstretched arms.

A week later the mother of Ona called at the Dispensary to tell us that her husband had found work and that they would soon be able to make another little home for themselves.

Our visiting nurses find dozens of such homes each week. Our section of Chicago has many, many such "cottages in the rear." The little Lithuanian woman who came to us a short time ago with a badly cut arm, the result of an effort to get into her own home through a broken window, also lives in rear rooms on the second floor. "My man be drunk, he lock me out while I gone to store, my baby cry. I get in by breaking window." This was her reason for the cut arm. It was quickly cared for and our Lithuanian friend looked sad as she said, "My man good when he no drink." I met her husband, Joe, and must say he is a kind man when sober, but when under the influence of that "cursed stuff" he is a veritable demon.

Had we time and space I should like to tell you about some more of our sick babies—of the mothers who come to us with their troubles. Many of these women are bright, intelligent folk and they are anxious to learn how to take care of their families. They listen intently to what we tell them and I believe they carry out instructions as best they can.

Oftentimes we take trips in the police ambulance across the city to the hospital with some dear soul very near the brink of the grave. So many of these people who have not yet heard of the Dispensary, call us very late in the sickness, sometimes too late to save them.

Dear reader, we still need clothing and money. Send us whatever you feel impressed to. One box came to us filled with babies' clothes and I can't tell you how welcome they were. We regret they are gone now. Perhaps someone who reads these lines has laid to rest a dear little child. If you feel so inclined, why not give the little garments to Jesus? for, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

TAKING IN THE OUTCASTS.

D. T. SHIREMAN.

I am a reader of the *LIFE BOAT* and have been interested in the same kind of work all my life. The world is full of suffering. If every one in this world would do just what they could, much of the sorrows and suffering would never have to be experienced. Selfishness causes much crime.

My own early experience was a hard one. I became an orphan at the age of four years, and, left without father or mother or a guardian, I wandered from place to place. I know what it is to sleep in the woods, the fields, in shocks of grain in the barn, and to grow up with only a few days in school.

Oh, how I longed for a home before I was twenty years old. I promised myself that if ever I had a home it should be a home for those who are homeless and destitute. One time I was driven from a place. I stopped a few days where I left a steamboat. The first day I was there I was poisoned with ivy. When I broke out with the ivy poison they thought I had the smallpox. It was a hard day for me. I then and there vowed that I would never turn any one from my home if I ever had one.

For fifty years we have tried to do this kind of work, and I could mention the names of some who are now most faithful Christian workers, who were taken into our home in times of distress. I expect to do this work as long as the Lord gives me health and strength to do so.

A TRANSFORMED CRIMINAL.

DICK LANE.

[The following abstract from one of Dick Lane's recent talks at one of our workers' meetings pictures more clearly than is generally known that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard. It shows that the Lord can save a life-long crook and make him an honest and respected man. As you read this experience, ask yourself how much you have given the Lord a chance to do for you in the past eleven years.—Ed.]

If you had seen me eleven years ago, the 16th of last June, sneaking into a rescue mission trying to keep out of the way of the Chicago police officers, you would not think it was me tonight. I was "all in," as we say in the bum districts—no hope for me—and that is the way I felt the night I went into that mission. I did not go there for any religious purpose, but to get a couple of hours' rest, and praise God I have been resting eleven years now, and I am sure there is going to be an eternal rest beyond the grave.

My mind was all stirred up that night. I had just got off the river and had just been driven out of three towns that day. Some

friends had seen me in Davenport who knew me and told the police, and I was ordered out of town. When I got into the middle of the bridge running out of Davenport into Rock Island I just stopped there looking awfully blue. I felt how much better I should be if I were down in that river.

I no sooner struck Rock Island and got near the big hotel there looking for a barber shop than a woman saw me who knew me down in Iowa, and told the police that one of the biggest robbers in the country was there. He came down and said, "You are the one I want," and he took me off to the station and said I could not rob anybody in that town. So I had to get out of there.

So I went into Moline. I walked leisurely down there and looked back and saw a police officer behind me, so I slipped into a byway place and after he had gone by I came out. I



Dick Lane.

saw they were after me and went back to Rock Island. As I sat in the depot waiting-room warming myself a police officer came up to me and said, "What are you doing here? You can't warm yourself here." I said, "Can't I wait till the train goes?" "No, you get out of here." So I got out.

After I had been driven out of every city along the river I came to Chicago. I got into Chicago about one o'clock in the morning. I saw apples and fruit and wanted some, but I did not dare go in for there might be an officer there. I walked on and finally went in

and got fifteen cents* worth of something to eat, and had a quarter left. I asked for a cheap bed. I had not been in the habit of asking for cheap beds for I always had money except when I was in prison.

The next morning I felt blue, and felt in my pocket in hopes that I might have overlooked a nickle somewhere. I could not borrow any money without being caught, but a good thought came to me, to go down to Central Station and ask the chief to let me stay twenty-four hours.

I went over to the City Hall and asked the chief if I could stay there twenty-four hours. I told him I was "broke" and wanted to borrow some money to go to New York. "Well," he said, "Dick, I don't know; you have given us a good deal of trouble. It is up to Fitzpatrick; if he wants to let you stay he can do so." But the inspector said, "Dick, I do not know but what you have a mob here with you and have some work put up and will have the work done and make us a lot of trouble, and I can not afford to let you stay."

Well, there I was without a nickel, without a friend on earth, and said, "What shall I do?" - It was then that I decided to appeal to Mr. Stone, whom I had known years ago. He introduced me to Mr. Kohlsaat, who gave me a handshake I will never forget and who asked me to come and see him next day. He told me he had made up his mind to take me by the hand and help me, and he said, "Will you be honest with me?" I promised him I would.

He asked me how much it would take to keep me: I told him there was a time when it took sixty dollars a day, but now I thought I could live on a dollar a day. So I went to work at seven dollars a week. Nothing but the grace of God ever made me live that way with so little money, for I had plenty of chances to rob someone in the building. But I said, "No, I am transformed; I am going to see what God can do for me."

That night when I was into the Mission a man was talking whom I had been associated with in the penitentiary. I said to myself, "What God has done for that man I believe He will do for me." Then the enemy came and said, "Have you not told all the prison chaplains you wanted nothing of religion?" But that night I gave my heart to

God. I said, "O God, if you will help me to a better life I will try to help myself; O help me for Jesus' sake." And I rose from my knees a changed man. I was thirsting for a better life.

Some people will argue with me and say that religion had nothing to do with it—that I simply made up my mind to quit. But I had tried again and again before. The last time, I had bought a lot and a nice house and furnished it, but I could not keep from stealing. Then I opened up a nice saloon and soon had the trade of the whole town. But someone would come in and tell me about a nice safe over at such and such a place and I could not resist the temptation to go and rob it. I could not help stealing, but when God came into my life I knew I was transformed, and no one but God could put me where I am tonight.

The officers got to talking the other day down at the central station about helping criminals to live better lives, and someone said it was no use helping these fellows: it did no good. The question was then asked. "What about Dick Lane?" And they had to acknowledge something had come into my life they could not understand.

In Chicago I do not know of a business man in the city if it is necessary for me to see him but what I can get to him, while in the old life every man's hand was against me.

One morning Mr. Kohlsaat said to me, "Do you know that the detectives said when I put you to work here that you would rob me within twenty-four hours? And I told them I would trust you with fifty thousand dollars." I then said it was the Spirit of God that led him into the office that morning to take me by the hand, and he said, "That is so; I believe in Divine providence."

If God had not converted me eleven years ago I could not have been here tonight. I would have been in my grave. I was a physical wreck. My manner of living had so destroyed my stomach that I could eat nothing. But the friends in the Life Boat Mission persuaded me to go to the Sanitarium, where I got started on the right road.

I do thank God I have been able to stand amid all the trials and temptations I have had. I am seventy-one years old and I am going to continue until the end.



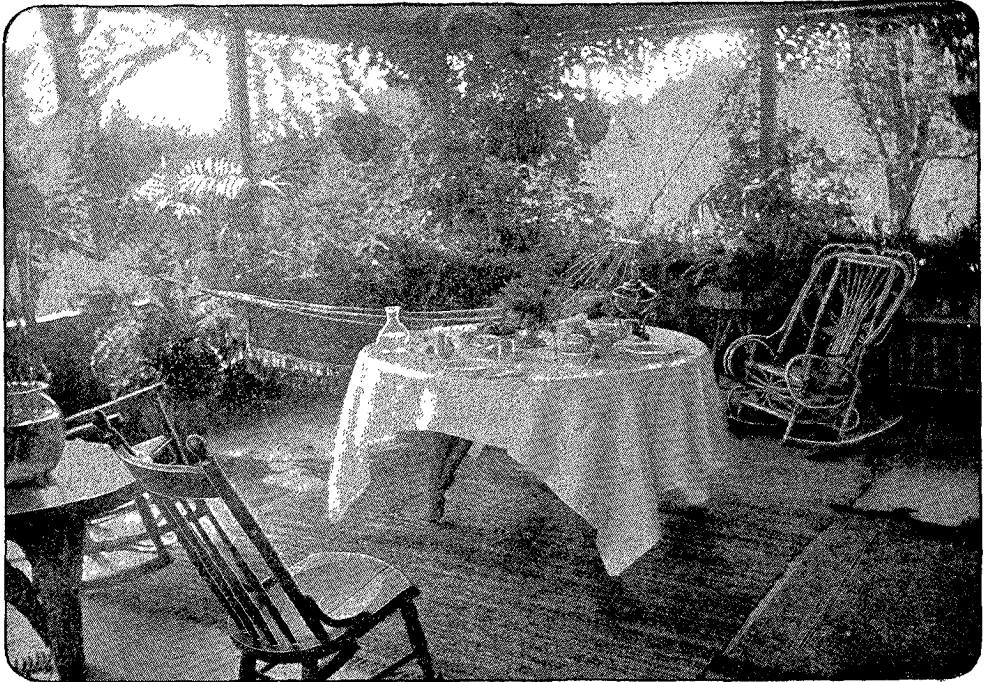
HOT WEATHER HYGIENE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

In the summer time the microbes spread themselves like a green bay tree. The same warmth and moisture that brings out the fragrant roses also hatches out countless germs. For this reason it is important to sterilize many things that may be safely eaten without this precaution during the colder seasons of the year. Unless you are certain regarding the purity of your milk supply, bring the milk to the boiling point to destroy the germs that are apt to be flourishing in it and which cause a large number of intestinal disorders.

The small fruits, greens and other foods that are ordinarily eaten raw, may be rendered entirely safe without destroying their palatability by dipping them for a moment in boiling water and then plunging them immediately afterwards into cold water. There are more intestinal parasites in typhoid fever and other digestive disorders than is ordinarily imagined, contracted from a failure to recognize the possible dangers lurking in some of these things.

If the water supply is from some questionable source be sure to sterilize it. This will require a little trouble, but not nearly so much as caring for a case of typhoid fever

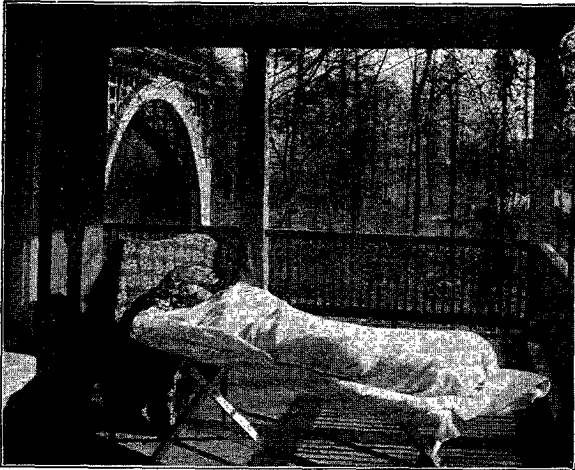


Why not have a picnic every day?

and running the possible chance of having a funeral.

Do not sleep in stuffy bedrooms if there is a possible way of escape. Screen in a portion of the veranda or pitch a tent in the garden. If you can do no better, have a carpenter

of disease among cattle, and the almost equally widespread diseases among man from eating the cattle, it is time we began to consider how to be nourished on simple, wholesome grains, nutritious nuts, luscious fruits and palatable vegetables.



come and fix your windows so that they can be taken entirely out, so you may get the benefit of the entire opening.

A short cold plunge bath or even a cold sponge or hand bath each morning on rising, followed by vigorous friction until the skin is all aglow, will do more for you than an additional hour's sleep. In fact, it serves to put every organ in the body in a little better working order. Take it moderately at first, then more vigorously as you become used to it, and you will soon get so much benefit from it that you will wish some one had persuaded you to adopt that plan last summer.

If you do not want to suffer from the external heat do not put a lot of fiery, irritating, poisonous things on the inside. Such things as mustard and pepper, which taste hot when they are cold, should not be eaten at any time. Flesh food, with all its waste products, is undesirable food even in cold weather, but it is simply wretched in hot weather. Cut it out this summer and you will feel so much better that perhaps you will never care to use it again. Sensible people are everywhere earnestly studying the food question. It cannot be laughed down or passed by with a joke any longer. With the almost universal prevalence

POINTED PARAGRAPHS ON HEALTH.

Worry and nervousness wreck digestion.

Talk, eat and act as a cheerful man should.

Never exercise except in a good position.

Muscles that are never used become flabby and soft.

Fine head work and coarse stomach work do not go naturally together.

We bless the world by being happy, full of dash and vim, ready for any enterprise.

Good carriage, good poise, is directly connected with a man's feeling of self-respect.

Many people are cured by merely standing straight, walking correctly and breathing deeply.

People who are down with the blues have often gotten over them by taking the right kind of baths.

Temptations are more violent and harder to resist when a man is fatigued. The moral sense becomes dull.

The higher the quality of work the greater the nervous cost of it, and the more highly perfect must be the machine that does it.

There are conditions for each individual under which he can do the most and the best work. It is our business to ascertain those conditions and to comply with them.

Worry over some simple symptoms may interfere with sleep and with digestion until finally the individual has fastened upon himself some real serious and permanent trouble.

We may permit ourselves to be so grounded down by the deadly details of daily work that the real things, the great opportunities, slip by through lack of power to act at the critical moment.

—*Luther Gulick, M. D.*

THE CIGARETTE—THE ARCH FIEND OF CHILDHOOD.

PROF. WILBUR JACKMAN.

[Professor Jackman was dean of one of the departments of the University of Chicago. He was one of America's leading educators and universally beloved by all who knew him. A few months ago he died of pneumonia after an illness of one or two days. Less than a week before this our Anti-Cigarette League had a public discussion of this question, which was participated in by some of Chicago's leading citizens. Professor Jackman kindly consented to come and present his views from an educator's standpoint concerning this great evil. These words have additional force from the fact that as far as known they were his last public utterances on any question.—Ed.]

I am glad to contribute what I can in the way of testimony against this arch fiend of childhood, the cigarette. The teacher today is a blockhead who can not see at a glance over the school room the deadly work of the cigarette. Every teacher knows the characteristics of this habit. It is in the listless and downcast eye. It is revealed in the countenance and in the utter listlessness to those things that children are usually interested in.

The child that is addicted to the cigarette habit is full of backwardness, if I may use the word in this way. I believe I represent the whole of my professions when I urge the passage of this "Anti-Cigarette Law." I have met personally thousands upon thousands of people in almost every State of this Union, and I have yet to hear the first one give one single reason for opposing this ordinance.

There is a physiological fact down below the morals of the situation. You can not educate a boy who is out of tune physiologically. I do not believe you will find a reputable physician who cares for his professional reputation who would support the proposition that boys can safely begin smoking cigarettes.

I often have a talk with parents in regard to this cigarette evil. When I see fate hanging over the head of a boy I feel it my duty to send for his parents and take them into council, and I have yet to find the first parents who do not feel anxious to have their children delivered from this evil. You will find father and mother, older sister or brother all on the same side in reference to this question.

Let us not sell the interest of the children of this city for the money that someone else is going to get out of it. I think the time has come that something should be done. We have tried the cigarette for a good while. We have become acquainted with its moral influences and yet the habit is growing. The time has come when good people should take hold of it.

I often say to a boy in my office that no living soul can afford to load upon his own shoulders a weight that will handicap him in this struggle. I say: "Look down the streets of this city and see the miles and miles of business along each side. These houses represent tens of thousands of magnificent opportunities for boys in a few years." Then I say to him, "If I were to write you the finest note of introduction, and at the end of it would have to say, 'This boy is addicted to the cigarette habit,' no matter what else I could say in that letter that last sentence in it would ruin your opportunity for a situation in any house in this city."

I am not overstating this. I have back of me the testimony of business men themselves. But, after all, I don't reach one in a hundred thousand that ought to be reached. There is indeed a far wider influence, and we are here today pleading for the passage of this anti-cigarette ordinance, and I hope, for the credit of the city of Chicago, for the credit of the city council, and for the credit of the members themselves, that they will rise to the occasion and pass it by unanimous vote.

The door between us and Heaven can not be open while that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

The quicker you lift a fallen brother the less danger there is that he will drag you down to his level.

WHERE AN INDIAN FIRST SAW THE BIBLE.

We received the following letter a few days ago from an Indian confined in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. We trust that God will yet make him a valiant worker among his own people at the expiration of his sentence.

Does it pay to send copies of this magazine to the men behind the bars? Who will be come responsible for sending a small club to their State prisons every month of the year?

"I am a prisoner confined in the prison here. I am a Creek Indian and don't talk much English, but can read tolerably well. I have found Christ since I have been here. I was raised in the Creek nation and never knew there was any such book as the Bible until I came here. I like to read the Bible. It does me so much good to read where Joseph was put in prison and how good came out of his imprisonment. It seems it has been the same in my case. If I had not come to prison I would never have known the love of the One who died on the cross for me.

"Another prisoner here reads to me out of his Bible and tells me how God loves us all and how He cares for us, although we are in prison. I feel like a new man since I have been born again. I pray night and morning for all. May God bless every one here and elsewhere in my prayer.

"May God send more LIFE BOATS to prisoners, for they are the means of bringing many souls to Christ. Please ask some one to send me a reference Bible to read here, so I can carry it home with me, that I may read to the other ones at home and bring them to Christ, as it has been the means of bringing me.

"May God bless the publishers of this magazine in my prayer now."

SOUL-WINNING BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following extracts are from letters received by Mrs. Kershaw in her prison correspondence. The first is from a prisoner in the Sing Sing Prison, New York.

"The Bibles were received by the men to whom they were sent and they beg me to thank you most kindly for the same. I am anxiously waiting for the next Bible questions as I think questions like them make a strong

impression on the mind, and one that is not early forgotten.

"The spring is here, for which I am very glad, as it has been a very severe winter. It drives away remorse to see everything in bloom again. I am pleased to say that my isolation will not be without its benefits, as it has led me to ponder and think where I have been misled in the past; and I shall go out into the world again with firm resolutions to do what my conscience bids me do.

"I can readily see that I shall have a hard fight before me. My present condition will constantly loom up before me and act as a hindrance to my integrity, but I suppose that by faithfully trying to atone for the past I will reap a brighter future. I have one year more before I go to parole.

"It gives me great pleasure to read in this magazine about those who are doing well now but who have once been in the same position as myself at present. I also like to read about those who have fallen and are waiting for the opportunity to redeem themselves and occupy their proper station in life."

FROM A LIFE-TERM PRISONER.

Another inmate of the same prison writes:

"Since I came here to prison I go to school every day, and this is my first letter I have ever written to anyone in English. I went to the best schools in Germany, but only learned Latin. I am sure you think I have forgotten your kindness for me. How can I forget that day when you came to my cell door in the Tombs Prison, as I had been sentenced for life in prison? All my friends had forsaken me and as my dear mother is in Germany, nobody came to cheer me up except you. I had been sitting on my bench broken-hearted when your voice came through the iron door bars; it came to my heart in the saddest hour of my life. I know God sent you to save me. My dear, loving mother is seventy-one years old. She writes me every month, but is broken-hearted because I am in prison, as I always had been a good son to her.

"I want to thank you for the Bible you sent to me the morning I had to leave for Sing Sing prison. No one will ever find any dust on it.

"I had a lot of friends when I had a few thousand dollars in the bank, but as soon as the sunlight of prosperity faded and the clouds

began to hover over me my friends disappeared and now I can not find one with the strongest searchlight. I received the dear magazine you sent. I gave it all around in the shop and all the boys liked it. Please send it to me as often as you can. We all pray for you that God may keep all harm from you so you can do God's work for many, many more years to come. God will keep you to save other unfortunate boys, and give you His reward.

"Pray for me, Mrs. Kershaw, for your prayers have more power through God than many of the judges in this world. May it be the will of God for me to get my liberty again and see my dear broken-hearted father, mother, brothers and sisters again. We will trust to God every minute. He is my Rock on whom I will build my house. I know God is good. The sky may be overshadowed with dark clouds, but I am sure behind them the shining face of Jesus Christ will break through and sunshine will soon fall to my lot. If I must suffer my whole lifetime behind the bars, Jesus will be with me until He takes me home to Him, for I am ready to go home with Him at any hour He may call me."

HOW TO BE BLESSED.

A prisoner in Columbia, S. C., wrote the following lines:

"I was truly glad to hear from you and read your interesting letter with great pleasure; it gave me so much comfort. I am truly thankful that you have sent me the nice little book, 'Steps to Christ,' also the *Signs of the Times*. I do enjoy reading them and most sincerely thank you for both of them.

"I am so glad to know that there are some good people who are interested in the welfare of poor heart-broken creatures as I am. It helps me so much to read of the good you are doing for poor, fallen humanity here and elsewhere and to know you are interested in prisoners. I am still studying the Bible. I have been wonderfully blessed through your Bible lessons and I thank you so much for the encouragement. I am always glad to hear from you.

"I am trying to live a good life in here. We need not trouble to keep diaries of our good deeds or to write autobiographies with pages of records of the things we have done. We may safely let our life write its own record

and let Christ be our Biographer. He will never forget anything we do for Him and the Judgment day will reveal everything. The lowest services and the most obscure deeds will then be manifested. I find it is in prayer that God shows His face to His children and that they have visions of His beauty and glory. If one would be blessed let him get many seasons of prayer into his busy, tempted, struggling life. It will bring heaven down into one's heart and make one strong for service. I do appreciate your kindness to me and am so thankful for the opportunity to write you these few lines."

WAYSIDE EXPERIENCES.

MRS. MARGARET KEDLER.

This magazine sells as fast as ever. If I had the strength I would not stop short of one hundred any day. I sold one hundred and twenty-five one day, and sold seventy-five this afternoon between two and six o'clock, and in a very poor district of Columbus, too. I was



All the people in church seem so nice; many have asked us to come to see them,

and last Sabbath, when Miss Sweet was not able to come to church, one lady, a Bible teacher, sent her a beautiful bouquet of Easter tulips. The flowers gladdened our hearts and cheered our room.

Our landlady is also very good to us and every day she gives us dainty fruit and preserves that she has canned. She seems to enjoy telling us her own experiences and of the good things that come her way, and it makes us all happy. It seems so nice to have a kind Christian landlady.

She loves the LIFE BOAT and puts one in every room that her roomers may be benefited by them.

I often wish that I might see some result of my labor, but I am in one place so short a time, scarcely seeing the same person twice, that I can only scatter the seed hoping that it may take root and blossom later on.

I often talk with people about Jesus and

the Bible. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I tell them how Jesus is coming in the clouds of angels to gather His elect home.

Friday afternoon I took my leisure with my papers, as I did not feel strong, and consequently spent more time than usual. I wish I knew the Bible better and that I could spend all my time talking with the people—they seem eager to hear and I find so many know so little. We certainly need more laborers in the field.

I was working in "The Bad Lands"—the place is rightly named. I entered a store where three men, one of them evidently a lounge, approached me with a pipe in his mouth and these words, "Why don't you go to work?" That is what they generally ask a tramp when he comes to someone's kitchen and asks for something to eat. This man looked as though he might have had such an experience. I answered him and said "I am working." He then sneered at me and asked, "Do you call that working? Is that manufacturing anything, or making anything to eat or wear?" I asked him if all he lived for was something to eat and swear and he said it was. I said, "Then you are no better than an animal." He said, "We are all no better than animals." I said, "God made man perfect. If a man is no better than an animal it is his own fault and not God's." He could argue no further so only said in mockery, "That's what the raven said." The other men had been listening and said I was right and I know the man I was speaking to thought so too.

I went a little farther. In a little shoe shop I met a man whom I immediately marked as a Christian, but was disappointed to see him chew tobacco. I found he knew the Bible well. He told me a few things that I did not know before. His views were correct and he had been a Christian man but was now a backslider. I could scarcely get away, he talked so much Bible to me. I tried to tell him that the Lord would hold him responsible for what he was, because he knew what was right.

A saloonkeeper said, "Yes, I will always buy one of your magazines, but I can't understand for the life of me why you people dislike the ways of us down here in the "Bad Lands."

Here I wish to say a few things in regard

to the way we approach and treat the saloonkeeper. Almost every saloonkeeper feels, and justly so, that every religious organization is against him. I do not uphold liquor, but I always try to be honest with the saloonkeeper and I do not condemn him. He is a sinner, but not the only one, and I think we have no more right to condemn him than any other sinner. I tell them it is not the man behind the saloon bar that we are against, but his *trade*.

We wish to see him reform and come to Jesus as well as the people who patronize him. We wish him no harm personally, but we cannot approve of his ways. We must also remember that we have to reach a great mass of people through the saloonkeeper and it would not be wise even if we had a right, to approach him unkindly. The saloonkeepers are always good to us and treat us with respect. Let us try to win them through kindness and we shall not work in vain.

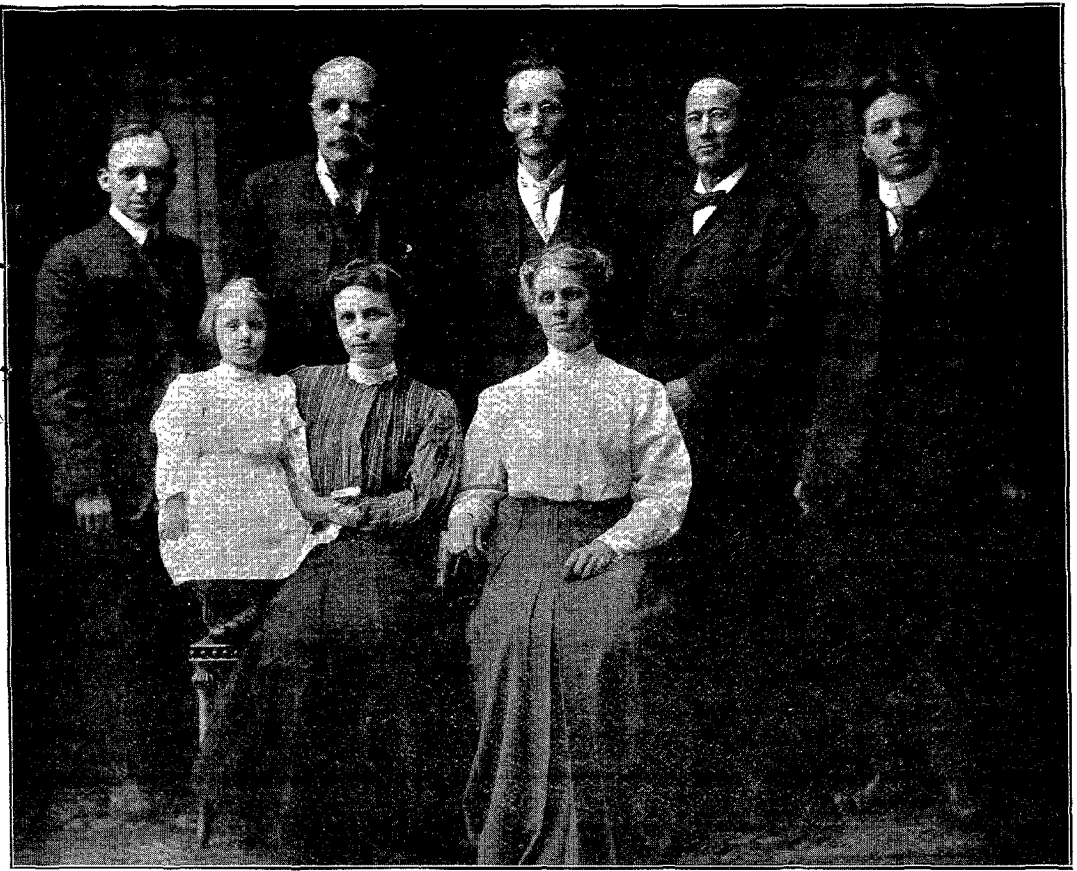
A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

E. B. VAN DORN,
Supt., Life Boat Mission.

I am glad to write once more concerning the work of the Mission. We changed our location the first of the month. We have as good a room as before, just across the street from the old place, with an expense of twenty dollars per month less, which is a great help to us. The number is 471 State street. If you are passing through the city do not fail to come and see us, and enjoy for yourself the refreshing of the soul-stirring experiences to be heard here.

There has not been a night but that some, so far as we have been able to see, have given their hearts to the Lord. The night of the dedication the room was full, and at the close of the meeting there were fifteen requests for prayer; nine came to the altar, while personal work was done with others in their places about the room. Several of these men we know are living up to their profession made that night.

One of the boys will start for his home across the ocean this week to make wrongs right with the wife and children he had to leave on account of the life he was living, and to tell them of the love of Christ which has transformed his life. He was converted the



Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn and a Group of Mission Converts.

28th of March, 1907. He had not the place to lay his head, and could not speak enough English to make me understand his need, so I had to get some one to talk with him for me.

I found he needed a place to get in out of the storm; we gave it to him, and as a result of that kindness he gave his heart to the Lord and has been a faithful witness to the power of God unto salvation. There will be joy in that old-country home on his arrival, for it will be a new man in Christ Jesus.

Another of the boys who came to the Mission was taken to the Workingmen's Home, where he was encouraged and helped to find employment. He has now found an opening in a good school, where he can prepare himself for some place of usefulness in the world, and in the work of the gospel. We wish him success and prosperity in this new place.

Brother Evans was converted at the Mission three years ago, and after some time spent in study of the Scriptures went to the mountains of Kentucky, where he has been wonderfully blessed of the Lord in telling what the Lord has done for him. He has been recently called East on account of the death of his mother. We are glad that she lived to see her only boy saved from his life of sin and shame, and we trust that he will be faithful till the Life-giver shall bring forth that mother from the grave and reunite them in the kingdom of our God.

Brother McBride has also laid his father away to rest till the trumpet of God shall wake the sleeping ones and clothe them with the bloom of eternal youth. How glad we are that we have had a part in giving to these men and others the gospel which saved them from

their sin, so that they could be at home at such an hour as this, clothed, and in their right mind.

Not long ago a young man and his wife came to the Mission, and at the close of the service gave their hearts to the Lord. We found that they had been drinking and quarreling, and that the young man had planned on taking the life that God had given him; but instead there was a reconciliation, and he was delivered from the power of sin. He then began to pray for his father-in-law. Last night he was at the Mission, and as soon as opportunity was given he rose and told us that his prayer was answered. He was so happy that he could hardly keep from shouting.

There is much more that might be said, for there is some interesting incident happening every day, but time and space will not permit. We hope you will not forget us at the throne of grace, that we may be able to reach more of the lost than we ever have before.

Our entire expense of the Mission is about seventy-five dollars per month at this time, which is about fifty dollars less than it was for the past year. I am sure our readers will appreciate this as well as we. But the souls that have been delivered from the snare of the fowler are of more value than all the gold and silver, and the amount invested has brought good returns. Will you rally round this lighthouse and help us financially to carry on this great work? Send contributions to 471 State street, Chicago, care Life Boat Mission.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

I am glad that we have a Saviour not only willing to save but to keep. Last Sunday in the prison annex there were eight inmates under the age of seventeen. When we heard what one had had to endure in one of those houses in State street our hearts just bled. All of the girls wept and poured out their hearts to God, and we were glad for the opportunity, even though we may never see these girls again, for sowing the seed, and that we could point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

Of the work for the last weeks and months

I can only bring encouraging reports. One girl is earning an honest living just because some one stepped in to help her when she needed help. I ask you to remember our work there. It seemed at one time as if the enemy was going to shut us out of this work, but we simply held on to God. I want to mention one case at the Mission of a young man who has been coming to the Mission for years and who has caused us more trouble than any one else. Last Sunday night Brother Mitchell knelt with him in prayer, and Wednesday night he testified he had been saved and was trusting in the Lord.

HOW BIG ARE YOU?

PEARL WAGGONER.
Hinsdale, Ill.

This was a question posed recently to the inmates of the John Worthy School, the juvenile part of the Bridewell Prison. Somewhere between two and three hundred boys were gathered around the tables in the large and spacious dining room, which at the same time renders admirable service as a chapel, and eager anticipation was depicted on their faces as they took their places and listened to the words of greeting from Brother McBride. It was plainly seen that their attendance at this weekly Tuesday evening service, which has been so regularly and faithfully conducted by Brother Rollo McBride ever since the autumn of 1905, when he and Miss Emmel opened up this work, was considered by the boys as no hardship.

The opening songs were joined in by the entire audience with all the vim and enthusiasm that would naturally be expected from the same youthful company if assembled under more favorable circumstances, and to take part in an evening's entertainment rather than a religious service; and the same unflagging interest prevailed until the close. After several selections had been sung and prayer had been offered, Mrs. Clifford Adams, who had already made some opening remarks, and whose efforts and assistance in these meetings have aided much toward their success, sang as a solo the beautiful hymn, "The cross is not greater than His grace."

During the singing the bell rang and the barred door opened to admit Sister H. W. Odell. Following a talk by Brother McBride,

who introduced her, she faced the large audience of boys of all sizes, ranging from seven to eighteen years of age, and it was then that she asked the question found at the beginning of this sketch: "How big are you?"

The perplexed looks of many as she repeated the words showed they considered it rather a queer question. She went on, however, citing incidentally some examples such as Isaac Newton and George Washington, who were just as big as their invention and their character, and then as she again asked if those before her were as big simply as they measured in feet and inches when standing against the wall, the hearty chorus of NO'S that rang out revealed the fact they had thoroughly grasped her meaning. Her words, "Every one of you is just as big as your life you live every day," will doubtless remain in the minds of more than one of her hearers in time to come.

There was small need for the observation that she loved boys and loved to talk to them, for it was self-evident; and it was a pleasure to note their spellbound interest and the eager enthusiasm with which they prompted her remarks. Surely seed sown in such ready soil is well worth the while and will not altogether prove in vain.

Brother McBride continued the subject by holding up before them the example of the Boy of boys, and His life when a boy on earth. Then following another hymn and prayer, in which every boy's hand was raised signifying the desire of each to be prayed for, the meeting was brought to a close.

It was the writer's privilege to meet personally one little boy, fourteen years old, who came up afterward to speak with some of the workers. Of a shy disposition, yet with a frank, intelligent face, it seemed impossible to believe that at such an early age he could have merited being thus separated by iron bars and strong walls from the outside world. Yet the enemy of souls is more watchful and busy in weaving his snares than are the majority of those who are aware of the many pitfalls on every hand in sounding an alarm and guiding the unsuspecting feet into safe paths; and so he continues to gain many youthful recruits.

This little fellow had been convicted of stealing a horse and buggy, had pleaded guilty, and had now for twenty months been confined in this institution. His time, however,

was drawing to an end, and from his own lips we heard of his resolve to try and live a Christian life in the future. The following little note, penciled hastily on a rough scrap of paper a few weeks previous just at the close of a meeting where he learned Mr. McBride was to go away on a visit to his home, shows something of the impression that had been made on his heart:

"Mr. McBride: I am very sorry that you are going to leave. I hope you will not forget me and the other boys in prayer, for I know I will not forget you and all who have taken part in trying to make true Christian boys. Yours truly, Edwin."

The boys had already filed out, but now, keeping step to martial music and drum, they marched in again, through the long dining room and corridor on their way to their dormitory. They were separated into groups of about sixteen, each led and directed by another of their number who was chosen to be captain.

After they had passed by, Mr. Loftus, the chief guard, took us up to the small gallery overlooking the dormitory. This was a large, well-kept room containing four hundred single iron beds arranged in long rows the whole length of the apartment; two smaller wings on one side were for the youngest of the boys. All the work of bed making and cleaning, as well as the work of the entire building, is done by the boys; and everything seems to breathe out a spirit of neatness and order, testifying to the valuable lessons they are apparently learning so well.

All move in unison in preparing for bed. Each boy stands at the head of his bed till at a sign from the guard one of the captains claps his hands, when coats are quickly removed and carefully folded at the foot of each bed, as are also all garments at repeated signals. At another signal the white spreads are uniformly lifted, folded and neatly placed at the head, and the other covers drawn down. All work with the utmost dispatch and silence.

Then at the sounding of a bugle all kneel in the attitude of prayer on the foot of their beds. Many sincere prayers doubtless ascend to the throne above during these few moments thus spent, and though with some the prayer may be but a form, yet the habit of kneeling and of prayer will cling to many of them and will surely prove of untold benefit to them in

time to come. The end of the next signal completes the series and finds them all in bed.

Simply a crowd of boys, guilty of one misdemeanor or another, wild, many of them, and ignorant of a parent's care! Yet each one is known and dear to that Father whose loving heart notes even the sparrow's fall, and what possibilities for both good and evil lie hidden in each!

The chief matron, Mrs. Connarton, takes a kindly and motherly interest in all, endeavoring as much as is possible in a public institution to bring in a home atmosphere. Yet if someone had taken the same interest, had woven the same influence about them prior to their coming here, many might have been spared the shame attached to their names when they leave the school.

It is Brother McBride's purpose not only to conduct a weekly meeting with them, but to stand by the boys as they go out again into the world, to find them homes and opportunities to work, and to reach them a helping hand in their struggles on the upward road.

Dear reader, have you known in your own life the power that is able to save to the uttermost and to keep from falling? Are you safe in the arms of Jesus? Do not forget the many—possibly some of them are near you—who as yet have not learned of this power and who are still tossed hither and thither on the relentless waves of sin, sorrow or indecision.

That "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," by which your own life is kept from drifting with the tide, is it not strong enough to hold them too? And will you not be held responsible for those who are sinking without a knowledge of this power that would save them? Remember that your size as a Christian will not be estimated by the length of time you have been in the way nor by the knowledge to which you have attained, but by the amount of practical Christian living you have lived every day.

If an idea can not endure the honest criticism of its friends, it is not likely to survive the determined opposition of its enemies.

If some people would cling to the cross as closely as they do to their opinions, nothing could make them lose their grip on the Lord.

PRAY FOR YOUR ROOMERS.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

Six years ago Brother Martin came to our house to rent a room. We rented him a room, and after he had been there a short time, one day as he came up the steps I happened to be singing "Happy Day." I always prayed for my roomers and asked God to use me to save them. Mr. Martin said to me, "What makes you so happy?" That was before Mr. Abrams was converted. I said, "It is Jesus who makes me happy. I did not use to be happy, but I am happy now in Jesus." He said, "I want to be happy, too. Tell me about it." I said, "If you give your heart to Jesus, He will make you happy. He wants us all to be saved." He said, "Do you mean to tell me that if I trust in God He will forgive me, no matter what I have been?" I said, "Yes."

Finally I said, "Don't you want to be a Christian?" He said, "Yes." I asked him to go to the Mission, and he went and gave his heart to the Lord. He then secured a better position and spent his nights working for Jesus. Finally he went to St. Louis and God used him to save souls there. After he had been in the mission work there for some time God gave him a love for his wife and child who were in Connecticut in a Home for Children. He wrote to his wife and asked her to forgive him. She did, and now they are living happily together on the North Side of this city. I had the pleasure of visiting the mother and had prayer with her.

I have been praying for years that this family might get hold of God's truth and accept it. Now a Bible worker visits them and holds readings with Mrs. Martin.

Several days after Mr. Martin was converted he raised the window in his room and away went his pipe and tobacco. He said no more tobacco for him. One day before he was converted, when we were talking together, he said, "Tell me, does any one want to go to theaters and play cards if they are Christians?" I said, "No, no *true* Christian will want to do those things." He said, "I used to belong to the church, and I would go home from church and play cards and gamble and have a high time."

It pays to work for the Lord; even if you can do but a little it comes back a hundred-fold.

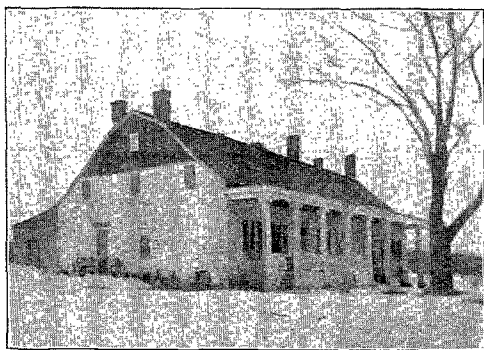
AN INDUSTRIAL FARM HOME.

MRS. I. E. KIMBALL,
Tappan, N. Y.

In our work in New York and other large cities, we have felt more and more the necessity of a home in the country as an adjunct to the city missions. Many men who can not stand the unnatural conditions in a wicked city could become more useful and self-respecting if placed in more natural surroundings.

We were brought up on farms in northern Vermont and had taken several men from the "Bowery" to our old home. Two years ago our attention was called to the old "Perry Farm" in Tappan, twenty miles from New York City, and we felt it was just the place for a home for newly converted men of the missions in New York City—men who while desiring to live new lives, have neither homes, friends, or proper clothing.

In a wonderful manner the Lord opened



the way for us to secure this farm of 243 acres with its old Colonial house, which can easily be remodeled to hold fifty persons. We have been here over a year and have the deed to the farm, and also have horses, chickens, sixteen cows and some farming tools. During the past year we have been able to meet the running expenses of the Home with the income from the dairy and the poultry.

The donations we have received from the friends of the missions in the city have been used in equipping the place, and we are fully convinced that when once the stock and farm are fully paid for we can make the work self-supporting. We have found the men ready to co-operate in working to get the place in

order, and very cheerful in bearing inconveniences. We hope soon to be able to put in a bath, and want some day to have machinery for broom-making as employment for winter and for men not able to do farming.

THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron Suburban Home for Girls.

I am of very good courage. It seems to me I see a brighter future for our work recently than ever before. Four years ago, when I first thought of entering this work, Dr. Paulson said: "We are very poor and we have nothing to offer you, but if you will come to stay with us there will be brighter prospects ahead, and a beautiful chance to help humanity." I think the prophecy is beginning to come true.

I know I am in this work because the Lord has called me into it. When I heard His call I was thinking a good deal about myself and my troubles, but I find a good way to forget them is to go out and help somebody else.

Since last August we have had twenty-one girls in the Home, and seven women and children that we have kept and helped, and we have had eight babies born in the Home in the same length of time. We have a very good spirit in the Home, and I thank the Lord for it and for the helpful spirit of helping one another. There is hardly a worship time but what some one prays for some one else and for each other, or for those who are seriously sick, and for their loved ones.

The girls all do the work that I detail to them, and they go about it willingly and cheerfully. Then they sit down to sew; they make their clothes and the baby's clothes. It is really a nice little Home.

This is a letter I received from a lady the other day:

"Right in our little village is a family with one daughter who is almost a Magdalene. She is now an outcast from home. Some say she was turned out, others say not, but, however that may be, she is an outcast and is in a delicate condition and no one stands ready to open their doors to her; it is only a question of time where she will end.

"Do you think you could take her in if I could arrange to get her to go? She 's a

very unlovely disposition, but somehow I feel that if she could be gotten under the right influence she might be saved. If you feel interested, write me and I will answer to the best of my ability."

I thought we must give her a trial. I wrote this lady and told her to read the letter to the girl. I said if she would come and try to be obedient we would try to help her, and I thought that this would be an opportunity for the girls to do some missionary work for her. So I told the lady to send her, and I feel the Lord is going to help her.

I just received a letter from a girl who came to us last year, nothing but a child. She was very much in need of a mother's love. She writes:

"If a girl ever needs a mother's love and care it is when she is in trouble, and if her mother leaves her and will not have anything to do with her it often drives a girl to sin or to suicide. I can say for myself, I had the best of care and if I would give all the money in the world I never could repay you and the dear friends there for what you have done for me."

(Abstracts of talk given to the Sanitarium workers.)

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN RESCUE WORK.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND.

I came to Chicago seven years ago and spent my time trying to win people to Christ in the darkest portions of this great city. I went into all conceivable places selling this magazine and following up the openings it gave me.

After three years I went to Grand Rapids, Mich., to undertake the same work. Shortly after beginning, a friend and myself visited the jail to see a girl who was there, and afterwards we went and talked to the judge about her case. He wanted me to become her guardian, but I was unable to undertake the responsibility. Then I told him how I thought we ought to have a Home there and how it ought to be managed. The idea met his mind and he promised to assist what he could, and he then wrote me a letter of introduction to the public.

We went to work and we raised thousands of dollars for that work. God removed all

the difficulties. We had a splendid home there and a good farm and car loads of lumber have been given. Carpenters, plumbers and nurses have worked there without remuneration; everything has been given. There is a school connected with the Home, a dress-making department and various other enterprises.

Now I have felt impressed to return to Chicago to help secure a farm and a sufficiently large addition to the Suburban Rescue Home, so that various industries can be established, thereby making the work practically self-supporting. I believe the Lord will put in the hearts of men who have money to assist us in doing this.



You have read something about the traffic that is going on in girls. Your girl is just as liable to be snared in some such place as your neighbor's girl. In our Home in Grand Rapids we have had girls from some of the leading families in the country. If some one had told those parents a year before that their girls would get into trouble they would have made sport of it. Then there are others whom, unless they are rooted and grounded in Christ, the devil will snare in some way.

I have seen girls come into our Home bowed down with grief, tears running down their faces, without one ray of hope or light before them. I would kneel down beside such a girl, put my arms around her, and tell her of the love and power of God to save her, and from that hour on a new hope would come into her soul.

Then mothers would come to our Home. They would weep as though their hearts would break. One woman said: "See how gray my hair is; that all happened since my girl got into trouble." Then I would kneel and tell her how Jesus left heaven and was born in disgrace so He could help fathers and mothers to bear the disgrace that would otherwise have overwhelmed them.

There is a great work to be done in the world in helping these poor down-trodden girls. It will take consecrated effort and thousands of dollars to do it, but Jesus came to seek and to save lost women as well as lost men, and He has left money enough here to help us put them on their feet and help them to stand until they can stand alone with His help—the only way any of us can stand. May God help every one of you to think of these things as never before, and if you have any means, to give it to help carry on this work.

TO MY SISTERS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
Hinsdale, Ill.

Have you been overcome in Satan's toils? Have you started out to have a good time in life, only to find that pleasure vanished like a dream? Have you decided that you were born to trouble and that no light will ever come into your life? Does everything look dark ahead of you, or are you at "outs" with the world and everybody in it?

There is HOPE FOR YOU. You can yet become happy and a blessing to the world. Get in touch with God. If you do not know how to open up a connection with Heaven, or if you need some earthly friend, write to the author of this article. Your letters will be held in the strictest confidence.

THE INSIGNIFICANT.

PAULINE HANSON.

Do you ever have the idea that you are about the most useless mortal in the world; that you are taking a very small part in it; that you are occupying a limited sphere, to which small sphere you do not do overjustice? Does your own sphere seem small and insignificant compared with that of others? Does it seem that you are the smallest atom of

the mass, from a viewpoint of usefulness, that makes up the universe?

Do you sometimes wonder why you were caused to become a part of the universe even to share its joys and sorrows, if, having a wish to contribute your small part, you seem to be constantly hindered or practically disabled? Does your willingness to do your small part seem to be entirely ignored by opportunity? Having the spirit to help and build some one small corner at least for the furtherance of His glory, and your attempt being met with a deaf ear, do you become discouraged and tempted to abandon the effort, believing that you realize your abject uselessness?

There are, alas, too many of us in this frame of mind, which accounts for the "world-growing-better" movement (that we often do scarcely more than optimistically sit and think of) to not advance as rapidly as it would if we would drown our doubtful thoughts with hopeful efforts.

Who has the right to question, with respect to its uselessness, the reason of the Almighty's having created anything which He has seen fit (and, consequently, with some motive) to endow with the breath of life? If you who read these lines are in the attitude of "the insignificant," remember that you are a part of the universe, made up of myriads and myriads of so-called "atoms," every one for some designed purpose and not one of which is forgotten by the great Designer; neither is your smallest seed, dropped in His name, unnoticed or forgotten. It has been known to occur more times than one that, through a single weak or imperfect part in a huge brick wall, seemingly strong, the entire wall has finally fallen to ruin, due to the gradual decay of the whole, all caused by the *first* defective part.

Let not the community which you touch be weakened through you, but rather by you may other forces be brought into harmony for holy service, thus "leavening the whole"; for you may be (or may become) one of the mighty atoms, holding intact a large part of the mass about you, by your influence, making that portion of the mass with which you come in contact, at least, solid and strong, which would otherwise, no doubt, have remained unsound and unsanctified—and this, through the "atom" that thought itself an unnecessary part of the universe.

There has often arisen a "corner stone"

through the working of His grace in developing an erstwhile "least of these," and "the stone * * * has become the head of the corner." Should the individual raindrops refuse to fall into their respective places, the tiny spot of earth to which each drop was destined could not as fully nourish the herbage upon it. Absolutely without doubt there is a parched spot somewhere waiting for alleviation and drops of blessing, which you only can (and perhaps ever will) give. Let not the thirsty ones die nor the parched field wither, awaiting your coming. Arise and go with a gladdened heart, knowing that you have a special task to perform—a charge to keep.

"WHY DO GOOD PEOPLE DO BAD THINGS?"

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

This question was asked the writer not long ago by a rescue worker who had just related two most pathetic incidents in her



police station work of women she had found locked behind iron bars who had stood high in church circles and were well known for their Christian work and high moral character. For some unaccountable reason they had helped themselves to that which belonged to another

and were immediately seized by the strong arm of the law and thrust into that vilest of vile places—the police station—where the shrieks and oaths of the abandoned criminals pierced their very souls.

The question is one which every person who professes the name of Christ should ponder over. Is your connection with Heaven so strong, are you so fortifying it every day of your existence that in an unguarded moment it will not yield and let you down to a depth that will shock you and cause your friends to weep?

Sin in the heart is like disease germs in the blood. The weaker the body becomes the more the germs of disease will thrive, while

if the system is built up with good, wholesome food, a proper amount of exercise and plenty of fresh air, the disease cannot gain the mastery. So with our spiritual being, it must be daily nourished with the bread of life; exercised by blessing others, and thus we can breathe the very air of heaven.

FOURTEEN YEARS WITH RAILROAD MEN.

JAS. J. JEFFREYS,

Patpsco Lodge 432, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.

When a child I enjoyed riding on a train, and I used to say that when I became a man I would be a railroad man. At the age of sixteen I began as a news agent. In the fall of '94 my mother refused to allow me to stay on the road any longer, so I lost my job, but not my desire for life on the rail. I said I would go back on the road when I was twenty-one, and I did.

During the war with Spain the newspaper work was good, but my ambition was to be an engineer, so I started in the engine service, where I learned what it was to be a railroad man.

To be a successful athlete a man must be in the finest possible condition. When preparing for some athletic event the men are sent to the training table, where they have the best of food carefully selected. The use of liquor and tobacco is prohibited, and everything possible is done to get into perfect health.

Did you ever consider the fact that a railroad man is an all-round athlete? For instance, the work of a fireman develops nearly every muscle of the body. Do you know that they have to work for unreasonable hours under the most trying circumstances, where both the physical and mental strain is fierce? Just think in the summer when the heat is intense, the fireman must not only suffer heat from the sun, but every time he puts in a shovel full of coal he is exposed to the heat of a fiery furnace. On many of the large engines the firemen wear a canvas of asbestos protector to prevent their clothes from catching fire. Think of working this way for hours at a stretch, without any rest.

The railroad companies in many places have accommodations for their men, but not one

that I have ever been in is what it should be. What is needed is, first, a home at each terminal point, where the railway men can get good and clean food, as that which is provided for athletes in training. Second, every engine should be provided with pure cold water. Many roads furnish ice coolers, but ice water is often injurious. There are a number of simple, inexpensive beverages which when kept cool are both refreshing and wholesome.

The railroads are studying to make the service of their trains perfect. They are all the time getting larger engines and they are looking for strong, able-bodied men, but every year many a poor fellow has to leave the road because he is broken down physically. This was true in my own case, and the doctor advised me to go to the hospital. After a few days' treatment a surgical operation was advised, which on account of my financial condition I did not feel clear to avail myself of. In the afternoon I happened to go by the Life Boat Mission and dropped in there to rest. Some one there handed me a Sanitarium booklet. I was much impressed with their methods of treatments and health ideas and asked God to lead me there if it was best. I felt impressed that the healthy surroundings would greatly facilitate my recovery. But just stop and consider my condition for a moment! I was without money among strangers and in a very bad physical condition. I had been unable to sleep for nearly two weeks on account of great pain.

When I arrived in Hinsdale every room in the Sanitarium was full, but they kindly made a comfortable bed for me in the bathroom. The very first treatment relieved me of my pain and at the end of a week's time I felt well enough to leave.

This experience has opened my eyes still further to the importance of the railroad man having wholesome food and correct ideas regarding health, so that he may be able to keep himself in proper physical condition instead of becoming a wreck long before his time. God has spared my life and given me back again health and strength, and I feel it my duty to do all I can for by fellow-men. Dear reader, will you do likewise? A kind word, a gentle deed, many times will lighten some one's burdens.

THINGS THAT MAKE DRUNKARDS.

J. E. HEALD, M. D.,
Supt. Peoria Sanitarium.

Instead of considering ways and means of closing saloons, it may be well to discuss some of the reasons *why* they are open.

It is an alarming fact that many of the mothers of today are unconsciously creating within their little ones an appetite for strong drink. The breakfast, dinner and supper tables are often well bated traps that capture the unfortunate one for the saloon. When a boy's delicate nerves are irritated by a dietary consisting of juicy beefsteaks, doughy bread and pasty mush that is almost certain to ferment before it is digested, is it any wonder that he instinctively craves the temporary felicity of the cigarette or the paralyzing influence of alcohol? Frances Willard has said that the kitchen is often the vestibule to the saloon. Why is it that the saloon advertises free lunch? Because they want to create an appetite, by the things they serve, for liquor, and they are successful.

Our high-tension life is developing a weak and sensitive class of people. The lining of our stomachs is as delicate as the lining of our eyelids. Many are arousing within themselves by the use of veritable mustard plasters in the form of condiments and highly spiced foods, a thirst which cannot be quenched by the city pump, and hence the fatal glass. A great many of these unfortunate mortals soon discover and acknowledge that the saloon keeper and the patent medicine vendor dispense the stuff that satisfies the craving that is created at the table.

There is a cause for the drunkard's thirst just as there is a cause for a rise of temperature in a fever patient. Experience as well as theory has clearly demonstrated a direct relationship between flesh eating, the use of tea, coffee, and the tobacco and liquor habits. One of the best proofs of this is that when one has been long accustomed to those things and discards them the liquor and tobacco habits disappear. The Good Book says, "The curse causeless shall not come." If our modern dinner tables could be cleared of those things that create a craving for liquor, there would be more vacant places at the bar, and hence a less number of saloons. Here is the foundation for diminishing the number of saloons or the "devil's hospitals." "Whatsoever

a man soweth that shall he also reap." If we sow for intemperance, we shall reap the fruits of intemperance. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

According to official figures there was produced in France last year enough liquor to fill a canal 10 feet deep, 100 feet wide and 44 miles long. England paid out for every man, woman, and child within its borders last year \$21.94 for alcoholic liquors. The drink bill of Germany is four times as great as its military bill. During the last thirty years liquor has destroyed 7,500,000 people in Europe, or more than have been killed in all the wars of the nineteenth century.

Last year \$18.50 was spent for stimulating drinks for every man, woman, and child in this country, or \$90.75 for every family of five. It has been estimated that there are a million morphine and cocaine fiends in this country. This is not surprising when so many children are introduced to the bewitching effects of these drugs and their nervous systems are trained to demand this unearned felicity given before they are old enough to ask for it.

In the last few years disguised intemperance in the form of the patent medicine evil has become a formidable rival to the saloon itself. It is astonishing how clergymen, statesmen and other eminent men, who protest against the use of beer containing from 2 to 5 per cent of alcohol will furnish glowing testimonials of well advertised patent medicines containing in some instances more alcohol than ordinary whiskey, evidently forgetting that the alcohol sold over the drug counter is just as harmful as that sold over the bar. One patent medicine firm is reported to be using 500 barrels of whiskey each week.

Several years ago a once promising young man died of delirium tremens; in one of his last moments of sanity he said, "I hate my mother, for she it is that has cursed my life—she fed me on liquor from infancy." Very few women seem to think of the danger lurking in coffee, soothing syrups, and patent medicines containing whiskey, opium, cocaine, or other powerful drugs. Mothers, draw the lesson—empty the patent medicine bottles into the gutter instead of into someone's stomach. "Alcohol is a food," says someone. It is true that a small portion of alcohol is oxidized in

the body, but it takes more energy to oxidize it than it furnishes when it is oxidized.

We can expect to make but little advancement in the great battle for temperance until we understand some of the immediate causes of intemperance, and then study the best method of curing it. A cure for intemperance is not to be found in any drug that can be swallowed or injected beneath the skin. It is not to be found in hypnotism, but it can be effected by legislation to a marked degree by removing the tempter's tempting places.

Prohibitory laws are right, and just, and helpful, but beyond this a sure and permanent cure for the drunkard, who is diseased physically, mentally and morally is something which strikes deeper—that is, individual reformation. His only hope is an unconditional surrender to God on bended knees with his face toward Heaven, reaching for the outstretched hand of the One who is always willing and waiting to save to the uttermost. Friends, what are we doing to remove the sinker from the individual's neck who is held by it beneath a great sea of intemperance? Now is the time to throw out the life line and draw the sinking man to the light of self-control. Let us all work for an individual reformation.

Above all things set your table with a simple, nutritious, non-irritating, wholesome dietary gathered from nature's lap, and then the matter of the saloon question is half solved.

IN SOUL-WINNING BUSINESS.

LUELLA RASMUSSEN,
1081 E. 156th St.,
New York City.

It is now soon a year since I arrived in New York to take up the work here with Mrs. Kershaw. The Lord led me into this work and I mean to stand by it until He leads me into other channels of missionary work. He has tried me, and praise His name, I stood the test; if we are faithful in little things He will give us greater opportunities (Matt. 25:21).

I had planned to take a course of training at a missionary college while in Chicago, but this was not God's way. Instead, He sent me here to New York, and I, being willing, surrendered all to Him, and proved His faithfulness in bringing all things to pass. So I had the opportunity of attending a missionary training school here in New York and

still carry on the work at the Tombs prison and Blackwell's Island penitentiary, which certainly proves His promise: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." (Ps. 37:4.)

In my work at the Tombs I became very much interested in an old man. When I came to his cell to tell of the love of Jesus and that He could help him, the tears just streamed down his face and he said, "I wish I could believe as you do." I told him he could if he wanted to; but he shook his head utterly in despair. I have never failed to visit him every week, and I have given him papers and tracts and written Bible studies for him to study on certain subjects which he did not quite understand.

One day while telling a prisoner of the soon coming of Christ and reading the 24th chapter of Matthew to him, the boy in the next cell was listening attentively, and when I came to his cell he said to me, "Where was that in the Bible you were reading to him?" He took his Bible off the shelf and handed it to me to show him the place, and was so interested in it. I had explained the whole chapter to the one in the next cell, and it made such an impression on his mind that he wanted to see if it really was there.

Last week in making our regular visit, upon handing a prisoner a LIFE BOAT, I felt impressed to speak to him in regard to his soul's salvation. He had come from a very good family, was well educated and had been teaching some of the higher studies in a school for orphans. He said to me, "Do you not think



Mrs. Kershaw and Miss Rasmusson.

it is too late for me?" I answered, "No, it is never too late while mercy pleads," and he stood as one dumb for a minute. Just then Mrs. Kershaw came up to me and said, "We had better go for lunch." I told him I would be back and tell him more of that Jesus who saves to the uttermost whosoever cometh to Him. On my return he said, "You have done me more good than you can think." This young man had an opportunity to find the Lord. He was sorry for what he had done and did not blame it on any one else. He was released on suspended sentence. So even when we are doing wrong, God helps us out from our trouble, thereby giving an opportunity to do that which is right.

One night while out with LIFE BOATS I entered a very fashionable cafe and restaurant. The cashier said I could not sell the

magazine there. I asked to see the proprietor and while speaking to the cashier the proprietor came up. I asked him if I could sell the little magazine there and he said, "I do not allow anyone to do so." While talking to him the Lord gave me a burden for his soul. I told him there was only one way whereby he could be saved and that was by giving his heart to God. He said, "Oh, I go to church and give more to charity than you think." I said, "That may all be, but that will not save you; you must let the love of Christ come into your heart and then you will do quite differently from what you are doing now."

I told him about our work. He sat down and listened intently and tried hard to keep the tears back, and as I was about to leave he handed the cashier a bill for him to change. I thought it was just a dollar and that he intended just to buy a few LIFE BOATS. The cashier handed him the change and he gave me two dollars and told me to come again, saying, "I never heard anyone who seemed so earnest as you are."

When the Lord gives us work to do and we know it is of the Lord, how wonderfully He comes in with His sweet spirit! I am so thankful the Lord ever called me here to work with Mrs. Kershaw and with the harmony there is between us in the work we can say as did the apostle Paul, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. 8:28).

DO YOUR OWN PRAYING.

MRS. A. E. LOUNSBURY.
Sioux City, Iowa.

A young business man called to see my husband and I soon learned from him that he was serving the Lord to the best of his knowledge, being a superintendent of a Sunday School. I offered him a magazine, at the same time asking him if he was interested in mission work. He said that he had never been engaged in it, but would like to become acquainted with that line of work. He purchased two copies from me, one for himself and one for a man who needed it worse. On leaving he shook my hand heartily, saying that he was very glad to have called and felt paid for coming.

I sold several papers to a business manager. On selling him the last one I asked him if he read them. He said, "Yes, though I have so much to do that I don't have much time." I asked him if he ever prayed. He said, "Not lately, but I have a brother who prays, for we were trained by religious parents." I said, "Your brother's prayers are all right, but in order to be saved you must do your own praying." He promised to begin.

When we met again I asked him how he was progressing. He said, "The night I saw you I took home the book and read it, then called to my wife, who had retired, and asked for the Bible. She told me where to find it, and asked me what I meant, as I had not looked into it since our wedding day three years before. Well, I read in it. The next day I went to church and Christian Endeavor, something else I had not done since I had married. "And," he added, "I am going on." May some one who reads this go and do likewise.

A few months ago I was requested to go and see a man who was suffering great pain from an accident. It was impossible for me to visit him just then, but I sent him a LIFE BOAT and marked the poem, "Look on the Bright Side," as he was very impatient. Praise God, he did, and today he is praying and reading his Bible, this magazine, and all other good literature that he can procure, and is making use of his time by warning the unsaved of the danger ahead.

When in Council Bluffs I often visited a sweet Christian invalid, leaving a copy of this magazine, which she prized very highly. Recently she received my address and at once sent for a paper, saying that she never received so much from any paper as she did from that. I sent her two copies, and received a grateful reply, saying that she had such comfort reading them and that they were as sunshine to her lonely life.

Many are the sneers of disapproval that I meet, and some even make sport of my efforts, yet, this has no tendency to discourage me, as the Lord is my strength. I find that the best results are obtained from my labors when I am saturated with the Scripture so as to be prepared both for the smart man—the man who knows it all—or the man who knows little and is eager to learn. "Study to show

thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—2 Tim. 2:15. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—2 Tim. 3:16.

STEPPING STONES FOR WAYFARERS.

My Dear Prison Friends: It has been some months since I have sent you any letter of encouragement. Tonight I find myself looking backward over these few months, which have been full of trials for me, but I remember the blessed promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Believing that many behind prison walls would like to have some word of encouragement from one who loves their souls, and who is interested in them, I again pen you a few thoughts, trusting they may help some one to see such beauty in the Christian life that it may create a desire in them to possess this Christ life for themselves.

Dear friends, you who have accepted Jesus and are filled with His Spirit know of the joy and peace He has given you. There is no pleasure of this world that can compare with the pleasure of the service of God. Is this true? I hear your answer, "Yes."

Then let us pass it on. Let us have charity for all humanity. Let us memorize the love chapter, 1 Cor. 13, and try to live it out in our lives. How true it is that we are living epistles known and read of all men. Those about us are reading our lives. God's Word says, "Ye are My witnesses." Do our lives tell to others that the sweet, gentle Spirit of Christ dwells within? If not, then we are not true witnesses. Let us love not only in word but in deed.

And you, dear friends, who have never tasted the joys of sins forgiven, know not what you are missing by remaining away from God. Have you a desire for a clean life? Then, if you have, touch the hem of Christ's garments and be made whole. It needs only this contact with Christ to cleanse you, and "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1:18.

Oh, what a deceptive thing is sin! Sin broods a thousand sorrows, it corrodes the metal of any character, promising a garden of

delight, but giving only a desert of grief. It poisons every spring of comfort and muddles every stream of pleasure. Back of every sin is unbelief. If there were no unbelief there would be no sin. You know well that whatever we sow we must reap. If you are sowing tares you must reap tares. Let the Spirit of God enter your heart. God permits the spiritual to rule the natural. Then the will of God is supreme.

Learn the secret of doing disagreeable things because they are right. We find joy in pleasing God while we crucify the flesh. Let God deal in faithfulness with you. Open your Bible and let the light of its truth fill your soul. Ask Him to give you grace to cast out everything of a sinful nature that robs you of peace and prevents you from living the obedient, surrendered life.

Another warning from God's Word is, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Friends, don't wait until this evil overtakes you, but forsake your sins now. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." You who are Christians, write me; and all who desire a better life, write also. God bless you all.

MRS. ELLEN ALBERT,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

READS THEM OVER AGAIN.

A letter from a woman in the Stillwater prison, Minn., says:

"I just received your kind and welcome letter and was glad of the comfort and cheerfulness that it contained, for it was the first one I have received for six long weeks. My letters are few and far between, but the good Christian people who do write to me while I am here in prison I am sure God will reward.

"Your paper has always been a great comfort to me, also to many of the girls who read it and enjoy it, too. I let them take it after I read it, then I keep them all, and when I have nothing else to do I read them over again, for they are so good. God is merciful and He has been my present help in times of trouble. Many things I have prayed for and have received, so I will keep right on praying and believing in God and I know Jesus will carry me through. May God bless you and your grand work for the lost."

CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT.

MR. H. B. MITCHELL.

[Only a little over a year and a half ago Mr. Mitchell drifted into the Mission, an almost life-long slave to liquor. He was converted. His home is now the abode of happiness, he has a good position and is on hand at least one night a week to assist in the Mission services.—Ed.]

I thank God that the Mission was open a year and a half ago. I was prejudiced against Christians, did not believe in Christianity, and would not go where I could hear the Word of God. I was a very discouraged man. I had been drinking whiskey for a number of years and could not quit. A friend of mine prayed for me two years and I believe it was in answer to that prayer I was led into the Mission.

I could not help believing the testimonies that I heard that night. I had never been able to figure out how Jesus coming here and dying could have any effect or bearing on *my* life. But since hearing the testimony of those men, I quit trying to *figure* it out, but went like these men had done and asked God to help *me*; and He did it.

I am like the blind man who, when asked how he was cured and what manner of man Jesus was, said he did not know anything about it, but he did know that whereas he had been blind *now* he could see. That is my experience.

I am glad I can now see beauties in the singing of the birds and in the sunshine. All during the forty-three years, I never could see anything in the beauties in nature. I do enjoy the Christian association so much. I have been so turned around that I enjoy this much better than anything in the old life, and my health is restored. I am giving God all the glory for these things as I go along. I realize that when Jesus says, "I am the way," that applies to all cases—in health and everything else.

If I let the old envy or jealousy creep into my heart, then I begin to get into the old condition, but immediately I go to Jesus who is the Way. I enjoy my life as never before and I know I am going to enjoy life everlasting.

I thank God the Mission exists; it may be I would never have been brought into the light if it were not for it.

WANTS A POSITION.

The following letter is from a prisoner in Trenton, N. J.:

"I am an inmate here serving three years and am without friends or relatives in whom I can confide. Recently it was my good fortune to come in contact with the consolation and encouragement so abundantly offered by this magazine. What a welcome guest it is! It may be better imagined than described how much its columns are appreciated and the good it accomplishes among the men here.

"The well-worn pages suggest the proof of its great value, for we hate to part with the cheering words from those dear Christian friends who really care for us and are using their grand efforts in our behalf for the Saviour.

"Since my incarceration here I have given my life to Christ. I have relieved my conscience of past follies and sin. I have since that time been in a very happy frame of mind and am contented to know my trust in the Saviour has made a new man of me. My life has indeed been a sad one. I am utterly alone in the world today, without a friend or relative, my dear parents having departed this life when I was but twelve years old. My dear, beloved mother was a good Christian and taught me in this direction until the dear Lord called her.

"This is my first offense, brought about mostly through the evil influence of bad companions. This has proved a severe lesson to me, and I have resolved very firmly and am determined to do the right in the future. It is my greatest ambition to come under the influence of some good Christian people. I am skilled as a gardener and very handy with tools and would make a useful utility man around a country place of a gentleman who would appreciate such service. I desire an opportunity to correspond with some honest, responsible person, who would give me a chance to rehabilitate myself in society and begin life anew. Such a kindness would be appreciated to the fullest extent."

A letter containing a donation and subscription for the LIFE BOAT has just been received from the far-away country of South Africa. The donation is to help build an addition to the Suburban Home.



Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ARE YOU ONLY A DREAMER OF DREAMS?

The first glimpse we have of Joseph he was at home, his father's pet, dressed in fancy clothes, and was a dreamer of dreams—a good boy, but as far at least as the record goes, good for nothing. In this respect he resembles thousands of good children today. Then God began to fit him to be good for *something*. It was a hard school, but Joseph won out until he became a man among men, in fact, a master of men, until he came to resemble his Master in being the chiefest among ten thousand.

Do you want to be made so good for something that all your fellow men will with common consent recognize your overtowering greatness? Welcome the trials, troubles, adversities, disappointments, bitter perplexities, heartaches, that are all steps to such a career. In fact, like Paul, rejoice in them all. Discover in each one the sweet lesson God has in it for you and you will eventually reach not only your highest ambition, but something far beyond it. D. P.

WOULD YOU RELISH CHICKEN FEED?

Are you wondering why the people are not willing to accept the blessed truths we have to present to them? Suppose you were an invalid and a nurse should come in and offer you some bread all crumbled up until it resembled chicken feed; it would not tempt your appetite; in fact, you would ask to have it taken away. Suppose the nurse should insist that it was made according to the recipe and that it was good bread and you ought to eat it. Her argument would be without avail. But let that nurse cut some dainty slices of bread and bring them to you, and more than likely you would thankfully receive them.

Remember the admonition, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Perhaps instead of doing this the Gospel has been mushed up in your

hands until the spiritual invalid sees nothing desirable in it.

You are particularly fond of flowers, but suppose some one should pick a few and then crush them in their hands beyond all recognition and offer them to you. You would probably refuse them, saying they would stain your clothes. That person might say, "God made those flowers. You ought to love them." Yet your dislike to the crushed flowers would probably remain unchanged.

The Bible says that we ought to grow up as lilies. Those having this experience will talk the Gospel as beautifully and as sweetly as the lily proclaims God's love and goodness. The people are not so averse to hearing the Gospel; they heard Christ gladly; they flocked down to the River Jordan to hear John the Baptist, and they will hear the Gospel today when it is not mangled too much in human hands. Ask God to help you to live and act the Gospel as beautifully and as sweetly as the flowers. D. P.

THE REAL SURRENDER.

Many professed Christians have little idea of what constitutes the real surrender of the human soul to the Divine will. Some think that mental assent to the philosophy of the Gospel constitutes moral surrender. Others conceive that a weak, irresolute mental state will pass for spiritual resignation. Still others seem to put a premium on mental and moral inactivity and deceive themselves into believing that mental idleness and moral indolence bespeak great humility and marked self-surrender.

But self-surrender means far more than any or all of these. It is a real thing; it is a living thing. It is not merely the passive offering of one's self to God in an attitude of non-resistance, but it is the positive giving away, the absolute throwing of one's entire being in the arms of Jesus, with no fear, thought, not even a query as to what Jesus will do with you.

The real surrender of the being to God is

in the mind of the writer beautifully illustrated by the experience of General Lee's surrender to General Grant at Appomattox, which surrender marked the close of the recent rebellion.

The Confederate army was drawn up preparatory to the formalities of surrendering to General Grant. The old battle-scarred veterans with ragged uniforms, who had been years in the struggle, marched up and silently stacked their arms. Then they threw down their canteens, the officers unbuckled and gave up their side arms, and then the standard bearer came forward with the old and bullet-riddled battle flag. The commanding general passed over his sword to the victor, and these formalities from the military standpoint constituted the surrender. But the real surrender of some of the battle-worn generals was made in another way. After the flag had been laid down a group of them could not control their emotion, and as the old flag they had fought under was surrendered they threw themselves with audible sobs in a heap upon the flag. To them the flag represented their life, the terrible struggle in which they had ventured all, and now as they abandoned the struggle, as they surrendered the flag of rebellion, the emblem of resistance, their souls were so filled with the sorrows of the struggle and the emotions of the surrender that they threw themselves without reserve onto the flag—*they gave themselves in the surrender*. And this, dear reader, is the secret of the Christian's real surrender to the Divine will, which is bound to bring peace, happiness and success under the Gospel flag—the blood-stained banner of Prince Emmanuel.

W. S. S.

GOOD WORDS FROM PRISON OFFICIALS.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

"I want to say that THE LIFE BOATS are very much enjoyed by our prisoners."

A. S. MESERVE, Warden.
IOWA STATE PENITENTIARY.

NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON.

"Your LIFE BOAT is appreciated by a large number of the inmates of our prison, and, I believe, does much good in awakening many to

a better life. Thanking you in advance for the interest in the true welfare of our convicts, as manifested in the offer of your valuable paper, and praying that the blessing of the Great Head of the Church may rest upon your Christ-like efforts to save those who have strayed from the right path, I am yours sincerely,

GEORGE C. MADDOCK, Chaplain.

"My experience has been that there are very few men indeed in prison who do not like to read the Prisoner's Number of THE LIFE BOAT. Sincerely yours,

A. H. JESSUP, Chaplain.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS PENITENTIARY.

"We thank you in advance for the LIFE BOATS. I know the prisoners will be thankful for them and be benefited by them."

W. N. RUTLEDGE, Chaplain.

ALBANY COUNTY PENITENTIARY.

"Many thanks for your kind offer of that matchless publication, THE LIFE BOAT. It has, indeed, been a boat of rescue through God's Holy Spirit to many who were almost sinking. There is no paper or book my congregation think so much of as the selfsame LIFE BOAT. They ask for it. In my humble opinion it is doing wonders under God's blessing. Both the penitentiary and jail inmates ask eagerly for it. Thanks to the Christian women for sending me a supply monthly. Eternity alone will reveal the marvelous results accomplished through this little book. I could use 500 copies of your May number, but 300 copies will enable me to have all read it. Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you Godspeed in the work of mercy and love, I remain yours sincerely in the Master's service.

ANDREW M. VAN DER WART,
Chaplain.

OHIO PENITENTIARY.

"I am glad that again in your busy life you have found time to provide a mental, physical, moral and spiritual feast for imprisoned men and women, in the May LIFE BOAT, which I have just read. You have given to all such readers a well-balanced ration. You must know how well prisoners like children.

Those pictures of a dozen babies and tots are worth more than pictures of a thousand gloomy prisons; these, and the other cuts, make a picture gallery to feast the weary eyes of cell dwellers. And the poor miner—from darkness to day! what a lesson to look up and hope! But the poetry, and the salvation, THE LIFE BOAT brings to us! In behalf of 1,600 prisoners I thank you for it."

D. J. STARR, Chaplain.

PENITENTIARY, FRANKFORT, KY.

"We write to ask you how many of the prisoners' number you are going to favor us with this year. Although you sent us 1,000 last year and broke all records in the way of gifts, and did it so cheerfully, I have been ashamed of myself for asking for so many. This time I am not going to ask for any specific number, but let that suit your own convenience, and we will praise the Lord for whatever you are moved to send us. With the best of wishes to you, Mrs. Paulson, and your able assistants, and trusting that your invaluable charities may continue to prosper, we are your brothers in Christian Endeavor."

THE FRANKFORT PRISON C. E. SOCIETY,
Per H. E. YOUTSEY, C. S.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

"Enclosed please find postoffice money order, for which please send THE LIFE BOAT to Mr. —, South Africa, for one year. The remaining money is for the Suburban Home for Girls."

"Find enclosed subscription, for which please send me THE LIFE BOAT for one year. I found an old one in some papers, and it interested me very much. I became a Christian about eight months ago, and joined the church October 30, 1906."

"Indeed, we have missed the paper very much. We enjoy reading it to our children. It is instructive and interesting. I give our paper away after reading it and in turn I have one subscription from our general merchant. He thinks it is a very helpful paper."

"No, I cannot feel that I can part company with THE LIFE BOAT yet. It has been my monthly visitor from the second or third

year of its existence. There is always something in its pages that deeply touches my heart. I am interested always in all branches of its work."

"I have been a reader of the little LIFE BOAT for years, and it has done me more good to read it than any other book or paper we have. I can hardly wait for the time to come for it, and I read it through the first thing. I think it is doing a grand work. I want to send a little to help with the prisoners' number. I would like to have the little paper in the logging camps here, where there are so many men and boys."

"Your little book, THE LIFE BOAT, pleases the writer so well I have frequently thought a scheme might be worked to place it into the hands of more readers. If you will kindly let me know the price in lots of one thousand or more copies I will take the matter up with a party and see whether my plan is practicable or not. THE LIFE BOAT furnishes more spiritual pabulum than many of the Sunday sermons one tries to listen to, but goes to sleep in the attempt. Long live THE LIFE BOAT to make life brighter for saint and sinner, reaching out to Christ, the Saviour of the world."

"I unintentionally let the subscription of THE LIFE BOAT expire and then I decided not to renew it, because I had so much reading matter constantly coming to hand. But I feel now as if a friend had gone, and there is a sense of desolation which lately has so increased that this morning I decided I must again have THE LIFE BOAT.

"I confess to the fact that until about three years ago I was quite indifferent to every form of religion; then came a change which was startling even to myself. The way was opened to me by one who had not that object in view, but whom I sincerely believe was appointed by God to do the work. His unlooked-for success was complete when the labors of others for years had failed. I think he was as surprised as I that the Holy Spirit had descended upon me and found me a willing convert.

"How I rejoice in this conversion, and every day I give thanks unto the Lord that He persevered and sent me a message that

brought me to the foot of the cross. So I need THE LIFE BOAT to tell me of the ones who have been saved and helped by the prayers and ministrations of the Mission. I pass it on to others."

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

"Please allow me space in your valuable little magazine, to thank my kind Christian friend, Mrs. Ellen Albert, for THE LIFE BOAT. I haven't the words to express my gratitude to her for the many favors that I have received at her hands. Often the heart speaks when the lips move not, and I am sure it is so in this case. Her letters have been an inspiration to me.

"I am encouraged to serve God all the rest of my life, for I have no desire to live as I once lived. THE LIFE BOAT has been a blessing to my soul and I hope I will never be without it again.

"I am getting the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John by heart. In the model prayer which Christ gave to His disciples He linked together the divine and the human forgiveness. While we pray to God to forgive our countless and enormous sins we are taught to extend to others who harm us in little ways, the same forgiveness which we ask for ourselves.

"Dear friends, let us keep no bitterness in our hearts; let us try to win souls for Christ; let us put away all grudges and all ill feelings; let us love those we seek to save. We must love them because Christ loves us. Let us remember good things others have done for us and forget the evil things, then we can pray sincerely, 'Forgive us as we forgive.' If we cannot do this I don't know how we are going to pray for forgiveness. Pray for me that I may meet you all at the pearly gates of Heaven.

"This magazine is the prisoners' friend. In 1901 I found in it something about using tobacco. I was a smoker at that time and I read in it what a slave tobacco made of those who use it. I said if God would forgive me that I would not touch it again and I have not. God has saved me from that awful habit and kept me by His power, and I have no more desire for it.

"I often think of the day when I was in jail under a death sentence. I asked God

to save me from sin and my enemies, promising that I would serve Him the rest of my life, and I can't forget that day when Jesus washed all my sins away."

THE PURPOSE OF TROUBLE.

C. L. C.

If you are having a hard time just remember that the Lord is dealing with you. Do you think God is unjust in sending so much trouble and affliction your way? Forever banish that idea, for God has demonstrated throughout the ages that he is a just God in His dealings with the children of men. The good Book says: "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."—Heb. 12:6.

Has the Lord brought you face to face with some duty and you failed to perform it? More than likely God will give you another chance to do it, but the next time it will be under greater difficulties. God is working for our good, and the sooner we can discern His loving care in all things that come to us the better prepared we will be to learn the lessons He is teaching us through trouble and affliction.

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The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D., Associate Editor.
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

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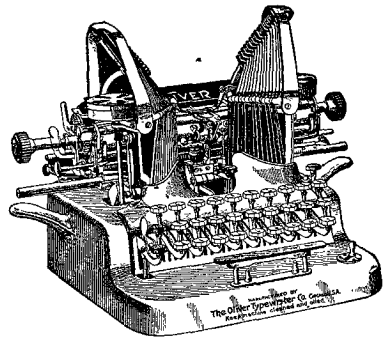
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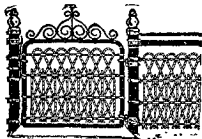
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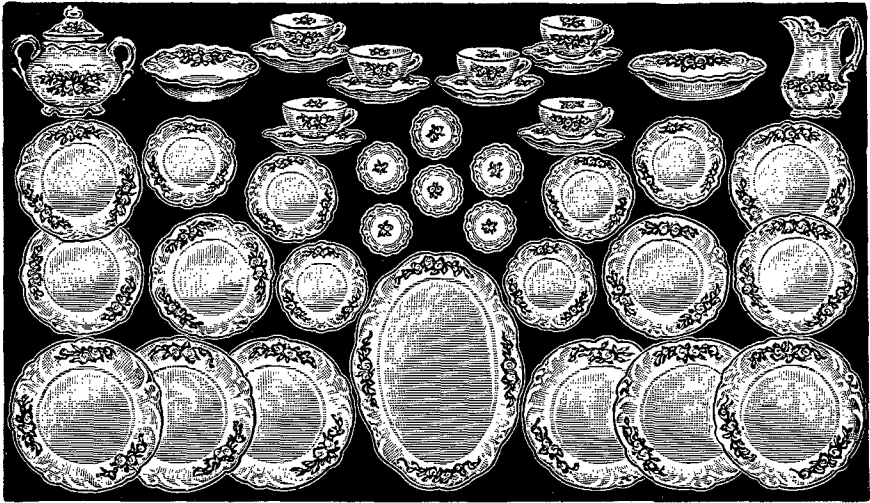
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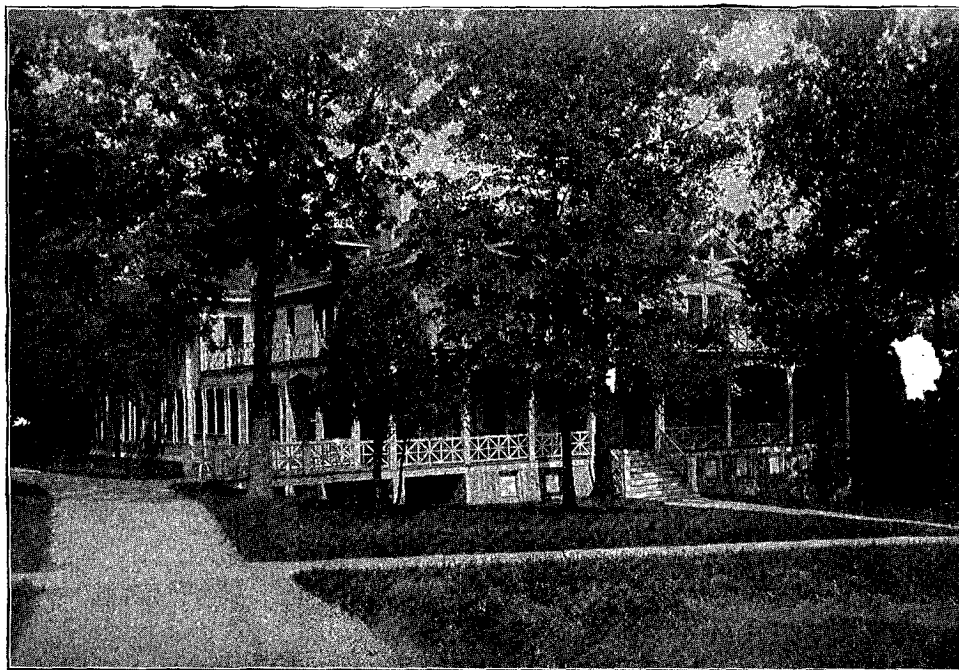
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