Special Prisoners' Number Next Month.



Volume Eleven Humber Four City Meadquarters: 471 State Street, Chicago

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"I was in prison and ye came unto me."



THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT JOLIET, ILL. D. L. Moody said shortly before his death, "The prisons of America are the most promising mission fields that I know of." We have found it so. Will you co-operate in putting the printed Gospel into every prison cell in the land?

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

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THE POWER OF A LOOK.

PEARL WAGGONER.

The morning was drear, the air was chill, The sky was gray and clouded— The darkness which seemed the world to fill My very soul enshrouded, While heavier grew the weight of dread At thought of the long, hard day ahead.

'Twas only a look from true, brave eyes, Not e'en a word was spoken; But oh, in a look what power there lies!— The dreary spell was broken; The sky was still dark, the day was long, But light was my heart, and filled with song.

No more than a look! You think 'twas vain, Too small a thing for giving? Ah, no! for it made hope rise again And life more worth the living; While even the mem'ry lingers still And oft doth my heart with courage fill.

A look!---yet before that deep soul-light My spirit ceased complaining; It told me that all that is, is right, Since God o'er all is reigning; And so, although ne'er a word was said, It lightened with hope the days ahead.

Not need of word sermons, good and wise, The world today is feeling, So much as of true and loving eyes, God's heaven-born light revealing— For ohl just a look that's kind, that's brave, A soul from despair may ofttimes save.

A PIONEER HEALTH REFORMER.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Cornaro was an Italian nobleman who lived in the sixteenth century. At the age of forty he was completely broken down in health and his physicians were unable to give him any relief. They advised him to adopt a sober and simple life as his only hope. He suffered from a heavy train of infirmitics, weakness of constitution, and had fallen into different kinds of disorders, such as pain in the stomach, stitches of gout, and an almost continual slow fever and a perpetual thirst. In reference to his change of habits he wrote:

"When I had once resolved to live sparingly and according to the dictates of reason, I entered with so much resolution upon this new course of life that nothing has been since able to divert me from it, and by pursuing it less than a year I found myself entirely free from all my complaints."

Cornaro lived to become a hundred years old. Fortunately, the secret of his marvelous success he left on record in a treatise entitled "The Sober and Temperate Life," which has been translated into many languages and has been read by millions. From this book we abstract the following choice health ideas:

"I applied myself diligently to discover what kind of foods suited me best. I found the proverb, 'Whatever pleases the palate must agree with the stomach and nourish the body,' to be *false*, for wine, melons, fish, pork, tarts, garden stuff and pastry were very pleasing to my palate, but they disagreed with me notwithstanding.

"So. I accustomed myself never to clog myself with eating and drinking, but constantly to rise from the table with the disposition to eat and drink still more. In this I conformed to the proverb which says that a man to consult his health must *check* his appetite.

"I betook myself entirely to a temperate and regular life. I likewise did all in my power to avoid melancholy, hatred, and other violent passions which appear to have the greatest influence over our bodies.

"Whoever leads a regular life cannot be sick, or at least but seldom and for a short time, because by living regularly he extirpates every seed of siekness, and thus by removing the *cause* prevents the effect.

"Since a regular life is so profitable and virtuous, so lovely and so holy, it ought to be universally followed and embraced, and the more so as it does not elash with the means or duties of any situation, but it is easy to all. To follow it a man need not tie himself down to eat so little as I do.

THE "NOTHING HURTS ME" ARGUMENT.

"Let nobody tell me that there are many who are living most irregularly who enjoy health and good spirits, for it is an argument grounded on a ease full of uncertainty and hazard which so seldom occurs as to look more like a miracle than a work of nature. Men should not suffer themselves to be persuaded to live irregularly because Nature has been so liberal with some who could do so without suffering by it, a favor which very few have any right to expect.

"Whoever trusts to his youth or strength of constitution or the goodness of his stomach and disobeys, *must expect* to suffer greatly by so doing, and live in constant danger of disease and death."

A HEALTHY MAN HAS WONDERFUL RECUPERA-TIVE POWERS.

He writes about an accident that he met on account of a runaway:

"I received many shocks, bruises; my head and all the rest of my body were terribly battered and I had a dislocated leg and arm. When the physicians saw me in so bad a plight they concluded that within three days I should die.

"Nevertheless, they would try what two good things would do me. One was to bleed me, the other was to purge me. But I, on the contrary, who knew that the sober life I had led for many years past had so well united and harmonized my blood, refused to be either bled or purged.

"I just caused my arm and leg to be set, and thus, without using any other kind of remedy, I recovered without any other bad effect from the accident, a thing which appeared miraculous even in the eyes of the physicians.

"Hence, we are to infer that whoever leads a sober and regular life and commits no excesses in his diet, can suffer but very little from disorders of any kind or even external accidents."

HAVE A "GOOD TIME" AND LIVE LESS.

We often hear people today saying they would rather have a good time and live ten years less. Of that class Cornaro wrote:

"But be that as it will, I would not aet like them. I rather covet to live these *additional* ten years. What importance is ten years more of life, especially of a healthy life at a mature age when men become sensible of their progress in knowledge and virtue!

"I affirm that an old man even of a bad constitution who lives a regular and sober life, is surer of a long one than a young man of the best constitution who leads a disorderly life. He who lives regularly keeps the body cleansed and purified. Hence, the brain of him who lives in that manner enjoys such a constant serenity, he therefore easily soars above the low and groveling desires of this life to the exalted and beautiful contemplation of heavenly things.

"As I advance in years the sounder and heartier I grow, to the amazement of all the world. I, who can account for it, am bound to show that a man can enjoy a terrestrial paradise after eighty. My memory, spirits, understanding, even my voice and teeth are perfect.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE.

"Those who see me are amazed at the good state of health and spirits I enjoy, how I mount my horse without any assistance, how I can elimb up a hill from bottom to top afoot with the greatest of ease and unconcern, and how gay and good humored I am, for joy and peace have so firmly fixed their residence in my bosom as to never depart from it. "Instead of finding life a burden, I contrive to spend every hour of it with the greatest delight and pleasure. My faculties are all, thank God, in the highest perfection, particularly my palate, which now relishes better the simple fare I eat than it formerly . did the delicate dishes when I lived an irregu-

"I would not exchange my manner of living nor my gray hairs with these young men even with the best constitution who give way to their appetites, knowing that such are daily subject to a thousand kinds of ailments and deaths.

lar life.

"I have arrived at my ninety-fifth year and still find myself sound and hearty, content and cheerful. I never cease thanking the Divine Majesty for so great a blessing. This security of life is built on good and true, natural reasons, it being impossible in the nature of things that he who leads a sober and regular life should breed any sickness or die an unnatural death before the time. Sooner he cannot die, as the sober life removes all the usual causes of sickness, and sickness cannot happen without a cause.

A NATURAL DEATH.

"Such have still greater reasons not to be dejected at the thoughts of death, as it does not attack them violently and by surprise, with feverish sensations and sharp pains, but steals upon them insensibly and with the greatest ease and gentleness, so that they pass gently without any sickness from this terrestrial and mortal life.

"What a comfort it is that old as I am, I am able without the least fatigue to study the most important, sublime and difficult subjects, whereas people are for the most part infirm, melancholy and dissatisfied, at the same time thinking these are trials sent them by God Almighty.

"I cannot help saying that in my opinion they are greatly mistaken. I can by no means believe that it is agreeable to God that man, His favorite creature, should live infirm, melancholy and dissatisfied, but rather enjoy good health and spirits and be happy within himself.

"In this manner did the holy fathers live who worked the great and surprising miracles we read of in history. How beautiful, how glorious a scene should we then behold! Like them we should find the road to heaven much easier, for it is always open to every faithful Christian, as our Saviour Jesus Christ came to this earth to shed His precious blood to deliver us from the tyrannical servitude of the devil.

HEALTH MISSIONARY WORK.

"I am endeavoring to devise some method whereby my friends may be brought to believe that the irregularities of living to which they subject themselves cause them to die in their youth. I preach this to them continually, but they do not believe me and continue to fall victims to their excesses."

MY FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.*

ROLLO MCBRIDE.

Sec'y Garfield Blyd. Railroad Y. M. C. A.

I went out in the world for myself as a telegraph operator; I worked for a number of years upon the Lake Shore Railroad as relieving operator, going from one town to another, only remaining a few weeks in each place, and as I picked up new friends and new associates it seemed to me that I always found the easiest ones the most foolish ones, and the ones I shouldn't find.

Somehow or other fortune seemed to favor me. I prospered. I grew up the ladder of fame, so as to speak, as far as money was concerned. It seemed to me that I had reached the very highest round of success, when I had a salary of four hundred dollars per month, and my time practically my own, and then it was all that I could do to speud the money. In three years and two months I was discharged from that position owing the company a thousand dollars, with habits controlling me that I was unable to shake off.

But as I started down that toboggan slide I can remember that every once in a while I would stop and turn over a new leaf; I would make a new resolution that I would lead a better life; I would stop to think of father and mother in that little old town where they lived, how happy they were because they were living right, how happy I used to be because I was living right.

But you know that resolution was only of short duration, and I noticed this, that somehow or other every resolution I made was

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broken and I sank deeper into sin. Finally, after I had lost everything, friends began to turn against me, my self-respect was gone; then it was I tried to hide myself and I came to the city of Chicago.

No doubt my life was no different than many of yours are who are sitting right here in this room tonight; and so in this city I became a common laborer in the local freight office, where perhaps I would work two days, and perhaps I might work three weeks, but in all the time I lived here I never



Mr. McBride.

entered the pay car to draw a salary—I could not work long enough; every dollar I got went into the barrel house (cheap saloon). GOD SPOKE TO A BARREL-HOUSE BUM.

I remember this particularly well: that I was sitting in a barrel house on this street in the next block; I sat in the rear part upon a beer keg all by myself. Somehow or other God must have spoken to me, for suddenly I felt two warm streams of water upon my cheeks, my mind was taking me back to my boyhood days, taking me back to father and mother, and taking me back to when I was doing, what I ought to have done. Suddenly I jumped up and brushed the tears away and went up to the bar and called for drinks.

There were staying with me that night a couple of railroad boys; one of them, by the way, is in the room tonight. He had something like thirty cents, and I was clinging pretty close to him fearful lest he might get away without my noticing where he went. I do not remember what hour it was—it must have been somewhere along between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, when it was suggested that we come over to the "mission." I thought there was a chance for me to loosen this thirty cents from my friend, thinking the "mission" was another saloon.

I think I opened the door for him, to do him the honor of allowing him to pass in first that he might find the bar. When I got inside I pulled the door shut behind me, and then I heard some music upon the platform, but it was not the music like we had been listening to in the saloons, and I stopped.

IN A MISSION INSTEAD OF A SALOON.

During all my life I have always had the utmost respect for Christian workers wherever I found them, upon the street corner, or wherever they might be; as soon as I realized it was a Gospel service I wanted to get out. I think Brother Van Dorn can remember I nearly broke up the meeting trying to get my friend to go out. But you know God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and there was a good Samaritan there who pressed his hand behind my back and passed me down into the audience, and he said, "It is all right, brother; it is all right."

Do you know, I heard some strange things that night. Brother Van Dorn was upon the platform speaking, and one expression I never will forget, that Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous but the *sinner* to repentance. I want to tell you that opened my eyes; I *always* had thought that Jesus Christ was for the good people, and well-dressed people, the people that went to church in their carriages; not for such as I.

Then I heard testimonies by men redeemed from lives of sin. I wondered if it was possible that God could do such marvelous things for them, or if He would do it for me-because I wanted to live a good life. How many hundreds of times have I gotten up in the morning and promised myself that I would not go into a saloon as long as I lived, never take another drink, ← only to go out and break it. But when I listened to these marvelous testimonies I just wanted Jesus Christ to come into my life and help me. So when the invitation was given out that night: "Was there a man in the room that would like to be remembered in prayer," I didn't look to right or left; I raised my hand.

Although I came into the Mission by mistake, it was no *mistake* when I raised my hand heavenward. Then I was invited down in front; and right here the best and greatest experience of my life occurred. Right down here, kneeling upon my knees, with hardly clothes enough to cover my body, Jesus Christ came into my life, transforming me into a new being; and when I rose to my feet that night I was a new man. There were those here that night that didn't have any confidence in me; but, friends, there was something in my life that night that I have never been able to explain, but I knew Jesus Christ had come to deliver me.

A COLD START.

When we went out that night we stood out on the sidewalk; the snow was nearly two feet deep and still coming down. I asked myself this question: "Where are you going to go?" I had no place to sleep, hadn't been in a bed in four weeks, hadn't had a meal of victuals in four weeks, and had on no underclothes, no stockings, no collar and tie, shirt all open, and there were two feet of snow. What would you do? I often think of that. I wonder what you would do. I said, "As God is my judge, I have gone into a saloon for my *last* time."

So I started to walk the streets of this city for Jesus Christ, and I walked it until two o'clock in the morning, when my feet led me to the Y. M. C. A, over on Dearborn street, where the night Secretary and day Secretary had been instructed that if I ever came in there under the influence of liquor to simply call up the Harrison Police Station and call for the patrol wagon and send me in. I went up there that night; I went clear to the rear part and took one of those large chairs and turned it with its face to the wall, and I sat down.

It was not long after that until the clerk came in and turned out the electric lights. I looked over my shoulder and saw that I was alone, and then I slipped out of the chair down upon my knees and I prayed the first prayer I had ever prayed in my life. I asked God to help me to be a better man. I want to tell you that he heard and answered that prayer. Those of you who know me best know that He heard and answered that prayer.

FROM DRUNKEN OUTCAST TO SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

I have been trying from that time to this to go out into the world and help the underfellow. You that know me best know that I am in the Harrison Police Station every Sunday, and that I am out at the Bridewell prison every Tuesday night, and there are those in this room that can testify that I have tried to do the Samaritan act with you.

I am not here to brag about it, or anything of that kind. God has wonderfully blessed me. I know this because the Bible says: "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." He has proved that in my life.

You know that I have been sorely tried, been sorely tempted many, many times. I have seen my best friends turn away from me; I have seen my money taken away from me seven times. I have been left almost penniless, almost friendless; but I want to tell you in that dark hour Jesus came to me and I walked with Him. I want to tell you that He has uplifted me to what you see in me tonight.

Last Sunday I was down in Fort Wayne, Indiana. From 9:30 a. m. to 10 p. m. I spoke at seven different meetings. Everyone of them was an extremely large gathering, and in each one of them I told them about this great Chicago levee, of the unfortunate fellows that are floundering in and about it, and the many hundreds of boys that would like to lead Christian lives if they only had the opportunity.

AT FATHER'S DEATH BED.

Many of you here remember two years ago tonight that there was sitting upon this platform my dear father. Many of you were moved to tears by the testimony he gave of God's power that night. One of the hardest experiences of my life came last spring, in April, when he passed away. Every night I watched over his bedside. When the hour of twelve came, at midnight, the old man could hardly speak,—only a gasp, but he always wanted to take me by the hand and ask me to pray for him. I want to tell you that it was also the brightest spot in my life. God had spared me, a Christian son, to be there to help my Christian father pass from this earth to the beyond.

Do you know, I am so happy tonight, boys, that if that great roll should be called tonight I am sure I would hear my name called from the book of life, and these words with it, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I am truly thankful for the friends that God has given me,—some of them marvelous friends. I am truly thankful to the Life Boat Mission for the part it has taken in my life, and for what I have been able to repay for the goodness and kindness they have done for me.

I want to say to you, my brothers, you who are outside of the ark of safety, what greater testimony do you want, you who have lived in sin, you that know that it is wrong? Why not say for yourself tonight, "Yes, I am going, too"? Come tonight; now is the accepted time. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Tonight your elder Brother, Jesus Christ, is standing close beside you, your great unseen Friend. My prayer is that you will all recognize in Jesus Christ the best friend you can ever have, and that every one of us here will hold up His standard higher and higher because of this Fourth Anniversary.

PEOPLE WHO COME INTO OUR STORE.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

[Years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Abrams were living wordly, sinful lives, one evening as they were on their way to the theater they walked by the Mission. The singing attracted Mrs. Abrams, so they entered. She was converted. From that day until now she has permitted God to use her in a marvelous manner to lead others to Him.

Some of the experiences that she here relates (culled from a personal letter), which she has had with customers who come into * their store, will be suggestive to thousands of other readers who are daily coming in contact with humanity in some way or other. —Ep.]

I received a message over the 'phone from a brother who just a little over a month ago was down and out. The Lord sent him to us and we prayed with him and he prayed, and gave his heart to the Lord, and then we fed him, and interested a neighbor of ours in him, and now you would not know him. God has changed him, and he is happy in Jesus and is out selling THE LIFE BOAT.

He thanks God for the blessings that have been bestowed upon him, also thanking us for helping him in time of need. One would certainly have thought his case was hopeless, for he was a sight to behold; dirty, and his clothes so badly soiled. But he was cleaned up, and God has given him energy and ambition to work and make something of himself, and his face just shines for Jesus. This experience made us the happiest of all, to know that Jesus could use us to bring some precious soul to Him.

We are having some blessed experiences with our customers, talking with them and giving them THE LIFE BOAT and tracts and papers, and some of our customers have subscribed for the magazine. One of our customers who is a well-to-do man has been coming and he says he can't stay away. We have all been talking to him about his soul's salvation, and it is the Spirit of the Lord that is leading him. He has also been telling his friends and has been bringing them to us.

Last night as we were praying, closing the hallowed hours of the Sabbath in prayer, who should come in but this man with a friend of his, and when we invited them in we told them we were having prayer. Well, he said,

^{*}Talk given February 26, 1908, in the Life Boat Mission, on the fourth anniversary of his conversion.

Love makes all the difference between those who crowd back and those who lift up.

"We want you to pray for us," and we all knelt together and lifted our voices to God in behalf of the two brothers, both educated business men.

One of them said his father was a minister, and that he had wandered away from God, but there was something calling after him all the time, and he had come in with his friend, as he needed help; but they both prayed, and then one of them requested we all sing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Just as I am Without One Plea," and we did so. We all wept for joy and the Lord was so near and did seem so precious to us all. Time and eternity will tell of the many knew it was only too true, and then I saw how sin had left a crimson stain, but I knew that Jesus paid it all, and that he could wash her sins away and make them white as snow. Isaiah 1:18.

I was so glad that I had become personally acquainted with Jesus and knew what He could do for her if she would only let Him, and she was willing to do or be just what Jesus would have her to be. I was glad 1 could help her in finding a home and also in other ways.

I have heard from her since. She is in her new home and is getting along all right. Pray for her that she may be faithful; also



Mr. and Mrs. Abrams and Their Store.

that the Lord has sent to us, giving us the privilege of giving them light and truth, for which we thank the Lord. There is so much that we can do for the sake of Jesus.

The Lord was so good as to send me a dear soul, some mother's girl, who had led a sinful life, and who had just come from Cook County Hospital after having an operation. Homeless and penniless she was, but Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. We prayed together, and she said she was determined to live a Christian life. As she told me the sad story of her life, I wept. I that I may be earnest and faithful and let my light shine bright, that those whom I meet with will know that I have been with Jesus and learned of Him.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

We would be glad to correspond with any girl who is in trouble and needs a friend. If you are in need of human sympathy and Christian advice, write to Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill. Your letter will be held confidential.

A TEN-YEAR WAR.

PEARL WAGGONER.

In a dirty, dingy hole of a room, one day just ten years ago, could have been seen a company of workers all busily engaged in the



pastime of scrubbing, cleaning and attacking generally the accumulation of dirt and disease-breeding germs. Such was the site, located in the most needy quarter of State street, which had been secured for the yet-to-be-born Life Boat Mission. "Can there any

good thing come out of Nazareth?" was a question asked by skeptical minds in ages long since gone by, concerning the town from which Christ came. Again one would ask, Can any light shine forth from such a dark, apparently God-forsaken quarter, in sufficient brightness to guide the wanderer from the perilous shoals of sin?—Let us wait and see.

This place, which had been previously used as an old saloon, was obtained, the rent had been paid, the key secured, and owing to the dilapidated appearance of the room it had been agreed that two weeks would be required before it could be in fit condition for the first meeting. At this point, however, Brother Mackey, the well-known evangelist, said: "What is the matter about opening tonight?"—he promising to contribute his share toward getting it ready. Hence, the scene described above; old lamps were brought in, old chairs gathered from different places, mops found, and the scrubbing commenced.

By evening all was in readiness. Invitation cards had been sent out and the meeting opened with about twenty-five or thirty workers, who first held a brief song service in the front of the building. As this was in progress a certain man was standing drinking at the bar of a saloon just across the street. While lifting the glass to his lips he received a card of invitation from one of the workers, and at the same moment heard the sound of singing. He set down his glass, left its contents untouched, crossed the street and joined the band of singers, going in with them to the service following. That night, in that little room, this man was converted, and is still, after ten years, living the life of the Christian, showing the reality of the work accomplished in his life.

From that day to this, although three moves have been made, in the same district, not one night has passed but that the door has been open—the Bread of life given to the hungry, light shed from its portals on the path of the wanderer, and a helping and friendly hand extended to the fallen. During all these years, much of the time singlehanded and alone except for the mighty hand of God, Brother Van Dorn has night after night been found at this post, facing the difficulties incident to such a work.

Many have been the times when from a human standpoint the closing of the Mission doors seemed inevitable. Human eyes could not see from where the necessary rent, already due, could come. Yet in each instance, and often at the last moment, the God in whose hands are all riches has provided it in a most marvelous way. To cite but one example from the many: Rent was overdue, no way could be seen to secure the means,prayer was offered. Did it fail? No; some Board of Trade of men at this time happened to have a banquet, the proceeds from which were devoted to different of the Chicago charities. Fifty dollars thus found their way to the Life Boat Mission, which, with the amount already on hand, was sufficient to pay the month's rent.

The evening of the 15th of March marked the tenth anniversary of this life-saving station. Had it accomplished anything? Had it been successful in its mission of rescuing the despondent and perishing from the dark waves of sin and despair of the large city? Let the testimonies given this night, portions of which are printed elsewhere in this issue, answer to the question.

Jailor Whitman, of the Bridewell and John Worthy School, gave as his tribute to the good this work is doing, a most interesting address and an evening of his busy time. The room was packed to the doors, many finding only standing room, while glad faces and ready tongues bore witness to the deliverance from sin, to the victory over almost overwhelming temptations, to the joy and blessings they had found in Christ at the Life Boat Mission.

Among the number were a few of the same ones who had witnessed the opening meeting,—but how the numbers had grown! Naturally, only a small proportion of those present could be given time to speak, but with hearts so full of gratitude to God no time was lost between such opportunities to tell out the great things God had done.

Together with testimonies from men and women who had been converted and kept through varying number of years were mingled those telling of lives of victory since the speakers found joy and salvation inside those doors six months, three weeks, or eight days previous. Still others stood for the first time, asking the prayers of the Christians, and signifying their determination with God's help to live for Him.

Many requests followed in quick succession, made by heart-broken mothers for their wandering sons, by fathers made sad by the waywardness of daughters being carried away by the dance-hall, that prayer be offered for their loved ones. Oh, the sorrow, the tears, the broken hearts in the world today because of sin! Many more are there beside those of whom we learned that night in the Mission. Is there nothing you can do to help to fill the world's great need? Ask God to show you what He would have you do; there are opportunities for all. Not all may run missions, not all may be called on to preach or to act in public capacity for the relief of suffering humanity,-but all may have some part in the great work so badly needed at this time, to prepare the many now in darkness for the coming of earth's King,-to point the way to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

This anniversary is past,—already the Life Boat Mission starts on another year,—money is as badly needed now as in former times. Prayers are needed for its success and for the workers laboring there. Perhaps God is urging you to some act of self-denial that will help the rays of light to shine a little brighter and perhaps reach a soul who might otherwise be lost in the darkness. Are you willing to do it? Is it not worth while?

A SPARK OF HOPE IN THE BREAST OF THE LOWEST.

J. L. WHITMAN,

Supt. Bridewell Prison, Chicago.

[On March 15, the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Life Boat Mission, Mr. Whitman gave a most helpful address from the standpoint of a man who has had a most extensive experience as prison warden, and yet at the same time has constantly had in mind the rebuilding of the prisoner. Mr. Whitman for years had charge of the Cook county jail. Those who have passed through there look back with a heart full of gratitude to the kind man who was almost a father to them. The great reforms that he was able to bring about in the management of prisoners in the Cook county jail and now in the house of correction, have made him well known all over the country. We are glad to present to our readers the following abstracts from his talk.-ED.]

I am not an evangelist or a preacher or an orator; I am only a plain, hard worker, but I am interested in the work of suffering humanity. You cannot imagine what an inspiration it is for me to look into your faces and see that look of contentment and happiness that comes from righteous living, from living the sort of a life that God intended we should all live.

The audience in the institution over which I have control is composed principally of young men, yet their faces indicate the hardened lives they have already lived; the effects of dissipation mark their features. Yet many of them have not lived it from natural choice. Their wicked environments have made it easy for them to develop vicious instincts while the better and nobler instincts have been lying dormant.

I firmly believe that in the breast of even the lowest there is a spark of manhood which Christian kindness can kindle into a flame and arouse the higher impulses.

The majority of crimes are committed by young men who have never had any moral or religious training, who are rowdies to begin with and soon drift into the criminal class. Drunkenness and general degradation and vice are the harmful agencies which lead to crime and the prison cell. It is just this class that such missions as this can reach out and save. I am a firm believer in just such preventive measures.

My position for the last eighteen years has

given me a splendid opportunity to observe the results of such Christian work upon the unfortunate classes and especially upon the unfortunate youth. Previous to nine years ago when the Juvenile Court law was enacted, boys as young as eight or nine years were brought to the jail, with which I was then connected, by the hundreds during the course of a year, and were treated just like adults, thrown in with hardened criminals; they were regarded as most dangerous and were handled with the most severe restraints.

Now we take these same boys, put them in a school by themselves, and we find them just as susceptible to the right kind of influences as boys who have had better opportunities in life.

The right sort of discipline is to develop character within ourselves, and the necessary instruction for this we can get from the Word of God. Proper discipline begins in the home. The child who disregards proper parental authority is laying the foundation for the criminal earcer. It is because the family has not fulfilled its duty to these children that the State steps in.

The great majority of those who make up our penal institutions are those who have never had the advantage of a home where proper influences prevailed. They have fallen into eriminal ways as the result of living the only kind of life they have been taught or know anything about. And so the State has to come in and take the place of the parent.

The new prisoner stands before the warden exceedingly raw material. We try to impress upon him the fact that the society that he has offended wants him back into its fold as one of its protectors, that he may return to society a new-born man and become one of its most ardent reformers.

If, instead, we merely hold before him the force of official authority he will some day be turned loose upon society a madman, with the sole purpose in life of wreaking revenge upon it for some fancied wrong. The prisoner ean be made to feel the true spirit of the law. He can be made to look upon the rules laid down to govern his conduct in prison as really for his good, and can be led to cooperate with them.

If the prisoner ceases to be a man and simply becomes a machine, then there is nothing for him to do at the expiration of his sentence but to drift back into the footsteps of his wicked past. But instead of that he should be taught that sin and crime lie surging within him. He should be taught a knowledge of his weaknesses and how to fight them for his own safety, how to secure for himself in this life the life beyond that God intends him to enjoy. And the great object of these missions is to teach men to live a Christian life and to inspire them with the hope God holds out for us all.

SO DRUNK THAT HE MISSED THE THEATER.

MR. VAN LANDINGHAM.

[Mr. and Mrs. Van Landingham are very frequent attendants at the Mission. He has a good position; his home, instead of being a drunkard's home, has been transformed into a beautiful Christian home. We quote the following from his remarks made at the tenth anniversary service.—ED.]

I want to thank God tonight I am here, and have been thanking Him from the bottom of my heart ever since I came in the doors tonight. It puts me back to the Star of Hope Mission the night I gave my heart to God, a little over ten years ago, and if you could just look at me tonight and as I was ten years back, and see the change come into my life!

I had been on a drunken debauch, and on the night I was converted was full of liquor, and was so full I could not see the bright lights of the Haymarket Theater. I was going to visit a friend who was playing there; thank God, I never went to the Haymarket Theater after that night.

I was going by and heard the singing and said to my wife, "Let us go in." She looked at me; she knew what the place was, because she was not drunk, but she looked at me and then said, "All right, let us go in." I sat in the third row of seats in the front, heard the testimonies and the singing, but had my eyes shut and made no moves of any kind until the close. I summed up all those testimonies.

And when I look back now and see that dilapidated face of mine I wonder at what I am today, because I was going down hill pretty fast, drinking that booze, whiskey, beer and slop, eating at free lunch counters, and the likes of that. But, thank God, that is not my lot now, for when the invitation was given I was one of the first to raise my hands for prayer, and, thank God, He heard my prayer that night. They got down with me and prayed, and I got off my knees sweating; but I was sober, because when they prayed for me God heard and answered that prayer; the desire for liquor was taken out of me then and there, and the desire for



Mr. Van Landingham and Family.

tobacco and for the stage was taken out of me. The thing I used to hate became my best friend, and that is the Bible. I bought a Bible before I was converted, and every time they commenced to read it to me I would swear and leave the house. Oh, what a change!

I had tried so many times to give up liquor in my own strength. The last time I saw my poor grandmother before she died I took a ten-cent piece out of her pocketbook. Why? Because the devil put the desire in me for that booze,

And He has not only saved me but kept my family. I have a little boy seven years old, and this Mission is the first place he ever came when he was first taken out of the house. When I tried to live as I ought to live Jesus Christ blessed me, and I want you to pray for me and my home.

I have been coming here right along when I have had opportunity, and am always praying for the workers and the souls saved here. They come in today and gct saved and maybe you do not see them again for four or five years, and then they bob up and say, "How are you, brother? I am saved and kept."

Thank God for opening the Life Boat Mission! And if any of you tonight are living out of the ark of safety I would ask you to give your hearts to God and not go thirtyeight years as I did. I would ask you to give your hearts to God, and my prayer is that you may all meet face to face in the kingdom of heaven.

FROM THE LOWEST DEPTILS TO THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

ELI SLIFER,

I was present at the first anniversa[†]y of the Life Boat Mission, and I have often thanked God for putting it into the hearts of the men that established this Mission. I came into the Life Boat Mission on the preceding 24th of December, 1898. It was a most wonderful thing that I happened to come in, but it was more wonderful that they allowed me to stay in, in the condition I was.

I had just come out of a barrel house, where I had been spending month after month. I was clothed in rags, with an odd pair of shoes on my feet—a black No. 11 gentleman's shoe on one foot and a little white ladies' shoe with a French heel on the other. I did not even have a shirt. I had a remnant of a flannel shirt with the left sleeve and the bosom, and I pinned it with a safety pin to one side. Sometimes I would go out and find a job and they would ask me to take my coat off; but I could not do it. And that was my condition when I came into the Life Boat Mission.

I have just come back from the East. I

was down to my old home town, a place of about five thousand people, a moral college town. They have seven churches there of different denominations and I was invited to speak in four of those different churches.

Now, this would in no way be possible if it had not been for this oasis in the State street desert, the Life Boat Mission. Oh, I do thank God that the opportunity did come to me as I was down and out and that I was willing to accept the opportunity; because I felt that I was past all hope. I could not get a business position; no one would employ me. I had no references and could not get them. I had been a successful saloonkeeper and after I had lost that position I drifted down and down till I landed in a barrel house in the levee here.

That was the condition I was in; and then when I came to God He took hold of me and established order and discipline and has regulated my life and given me a home and has even placed me in the ministry, where I can work for souls.

My dear friends, in over eleven places in His Word, while He does not say it in those precise words, yet He says in substance that God is *no respecter of persons*, and when He was ready to take this poor wertch out of the barrel house and save him He stands with the same wonderful mercy, ready to save all that will come to Him, through the blood of His dear Son, whom He gave for the salvation of sinners. For the Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost, and all that is necessary is to feel your lost condition. And if you confess your sins He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins and cleanse you from all unrighteousness.

SAVE THE BOY AND YOU SAVE THE MAN.

We never read a letter like the following from the Indiana State Prison but the thought comes to our mind: "If we had had no better chance in our boyhood, perhaps we would today be occupying that man's cell. And on the other hand perhaps he would have made better use of our opportunities than we have.

"I received your letter and following it came a LIFE BOAT, and the wrapper tells me that I shall receive it until September, 1908. That is good and I thank you, not from the bottom of my heart but with *all* my heart. Your letter was short, but it was also a strong one.

"Yes sir, a prisoner can be free in the *true* sense and it is my aim to be free in the sense you speak of. The time comes when every man must give an account of himself when he lies down for the last time. His conscience ***** gets a hearing. It says, 'I pleaded with you in youth, I pleaded with you in your manhood, but you would not, and now your journey is at an end and your life is well rounded out in sin.'

"He sees now for the first time that gold, the sparkling cup, influence and the applause of men do not help a man to die, but the man who can lie down, close his eyes and say, 'It is well,' because he has implicit faith in God, is what I call a *successful* man. He has fought a battle and won. He has not only fought for his own soul but he has set a noble example for rising youth.

"I would rather be such a man than to be Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon, for these men fought for kingdoms that decay and pass away and man remembers them no more. They slaughtered millions to rule an hour, and they and their kingdoms are gone forever, but the man who dies in Christ wins a kingdom without end.



A Group of Chicago Newsboys.

"Now let me turn to the homeless boy. Today in every city in America are boys who are friendless and homeless. The boy of eleven will be a man of twenty-one ten years from now. He will be different from what he is now. He may be an anarchist with his hand against our nation; he may be an infidel laughing at those who pray, and saying to all who

- give ear, 'Friends, there is no God and the Bible and church are a curse to modern civilization'; he may fall in love with the wine cup, with cards, dope and the brothel; he may
 grow up in indifference, caring nothing for God, church or nation, taking the world as he
- finds it and dying when he cannot prevent it; he may murder or steal, or he may become a 'Weary Willie' wandering up and down and to and fro in the land, living by the sweat of another man's brow.

"Ninety per cent of this can be prevented if society would take him while he is young and handle with care his brain and heart. It would make of him a man. We are told that the mind of a child between the ages of twelve and sixteen is in an impressionable stage, and that the small rebuffs of life sing deep into it. Yet before I was fourteen I was carted off to jail and there for the first time in my life I heard men relate their deeds and the deeds of those whom they considered their superiors in wicked acts. Then I saw for the first time the vulgar dances and heard the vulgar songs of harlots. Was I sent there to be instructed in the principles of Christian morality? Is jail the place to fit boys for desirable citizenship?

"I was dumped there to be rid of, and the result is I am now full forty years old, a felon, a mass of ignorance with no trade, no home, no friends. Who is to blame. You say I am. I say, No. Do not wait, get the boy while you can. Do not talk so much about natural born criminals, habitual criminals and moral perverts. Get the boy today and you will not have such characters tomorrow. He is like other boys, but his environments are different."

TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCES IN THE CHICAGO SLUMS.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Supt. Life Boat Mission.

I have now spent ten years in the slums of Chicago. During that time I have had a world of interesting experiences, both encouraging as well as discouraging. Sometimes the most hopeful converts regarding whom we feel the most certain, will by and by turn out to be a great deal like Judas—betrayers.

Next to the mission twenty-two out of the fifty-three places of business are devoted to the liquor business. The other night I went into some of these places with cards, inviting the men to come to the Mission. They were so crowded with men from all walks of life that I had to elbow my way through the crowd.

There are many who do not realize some of the things that create an appetite for liquor. One night a brilliant man stood up in the Mission and said he had never yet met anyone who could tell him how to become delivered from the thirst of liquor. After the service was over I had a little talk with him. I soon found out that it was the way that he was living which created within him an unquenchable appetite for strong drink.

I suggested that he eat simple foods prepared without condiments and spices. I discouraged the use of flesh foods, tea and coffee and other stimulating substances. He took hold of the idea as I presented it and for something like a year carried out these ideas and had no appetite for liquor, but came regularly to the mission and testified to a full and free deliverance. He finally secured a position which brought him five or six thousand dollars a year. After a time he thought he could go back to some of his old dietetic habits without any harm coming to him, but he had no sooner begun to live as he did formerly than he also went back to drink.

I have never yet seen it fail, that when a man who has had his eyes open to these truths tramples them under foot and again begins to use fiery condiments and spices, juicy beefsteaks and similar things, he will drift back again to the intoxicating cup.

Money has been a curse to many a man whom God is trying to save. I remember one young man whose father is a judge in Pennsylvania. He had been given the best education that money could secure, but in spite of all that he spent his time in gambling and carousing and finally reached the very bottom of the ladder in Chicago. He drifted into the Mission, gave himself to the Lord, and got along nicely. One day he got a notice from the express company that they were holding one hundred and ten thousand dollars for him. He went and gathered together some of his old friends and took the train to St. Louis. He returned very soon afterwards and begged of me the price of a night's lodging. He did not even have that much of that large sum of money left.

On the other hand, we have wonderfully encouraging experiences. I would not give all that I have had to do in the Life Boat Mission in ten years for what the Lord has accomplished for Mr. McBride, whose story is told by himself in another part of this paper.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

How the Lord can save even a thoroughly abandoned woman is well illustrated in the case of one woman who is now a good Christian worker, and has a beautiful home on the South Side and a good husband, and who is just as much interested in the salvation of souls as anyone. This woman was jerked out of the red light district by a police officer and thrown into the patrol wagon, who as he did so hit her with his club and said: "I will send you to destruction vet." She was a girl who had been driven away from her own home. The wages of sin had left their ugly stamp upon her face, the bloom had departed from her cheeks. She had sunk so low that she was almost despised by everybody. She was addicted to the use of cocaine, morphine and opium.

She was sentenced to the Bridewell prison and there on her knees she begged them to give her some drugs to ease her awful pains. On that particular morning several Christian workers came into the corridor and sang:

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,

Hear my humble cry. Whilst on others Thou art calling,

Do not pass me by."

It recalled to her the days of her childhood when she went to church. She said, "Perhaps Jesus will help me." She then made a simple request of God that if He would hear her prayer, to give her a little rest. Her pain was eased so she lay down and rested nearly all that morning.

After the expiration of her sentence, scarred and marred with sin as she was, she found her way to Mrs. Mackey's home and there

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Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn and Their Daughter.

she was tenderly nursed back to health and taught more fully the way of the Gospel. Today no one who sees her would ever suspect the terrible experiences she had gone through.

Sometimes when the work seems hard and the devil has made some special inroad, I am almost certain to meet someone who tells me that a number of years ago he was saved in the Life Boat Mission and is now living for Christ,—men perhaps of whom I know nothing.

Day before yesterday, while I was hastening toward the Mission a man stopped me. He said that seven years ago he dropped into the Mission when he was completely broke, and gave his heart to God. Now he has a good position and the Lord is blessing him. Those who have been helped and encouraged in this work are scattered all over this world. Only in the day of God will we know the full results. We ask all to pray for us and help to sustain this work with their means.

ONE DAY WHEN WE WENT FISHING. rev. n. kingsbury.

Granite, Okla.

Let me tell you how years ago the dear Lord gave me a very precious lesson in a fishing experience that I had. One summer after a long laborious campaign in evangelistic work I found myself wearied and broken in health and in need of rest.

The way opened to me and I went up into Northern Michigan where the limpid waters of the brooks and rivulets abound in the "speckled beauties," as they are sometimes called; in other words, trout.

As I went I did not think of fishing as a pastime, but one evening the friend in whose home I was resting said to me, "Brother Kingsbury, how would you like to go out on a trout fishing trip tomorrow? There are lots of trout in the streams around here." Why, of course; didn't I fish and fish and

fish when I was a boy? Yes, by all means we would go. Another gentleman whom I will call Mr. A., incidentally present, was invited to go along.

We were all up with the sun on the following morning and early on our way to the fishing ground. A pleasant drive of ten miles brought us to a beautiful limpid stream, the water clear as crystal. The stream was spanned by a bridge, and as we came to the bridge and stopped we saw lying quietly in a deep hole at one end of the same two beautiful trout, big ones.

Well, our friend, Mr. A., jumped from the big farm wagon, seized his fishing pole, hastily baited his hook, and sat right down upon the end of the bridge and began to fish at once. Our host and myself cared for the horses, etc. This done, our host, Mr. B., said to me, "Now, you shall have your choice; you may go up stream or down as you choose, but I would advise you to go up the stream, as you will find good fishing and less shrubbery along the banks, and I will go the other way; we will meet here again in about three hours." So off we went.

I'll never forget the restful pleasure that came to me in those three hours as I traversed the banks of that stream. Not before in years had I taken in hand fishing rod and line,--now I was a boy again.

At the end of the three hours I found myself back at the bridge with fourteen large, beautiful trout upon my string, and, true to time, here came our host with twelve fine speckled fellows also. Our friend, Mr. A., at the bridge had toiled all the long three hours and had taken nothing. Yet right alongside his freshly baited hook lay the same two fine speckled beauties.

The poor man groaned in despair as we prepared our horses and made ready to depart; but time was up and we must go. He was loth to leave the place but wound up hook and climbed into the wagon.

KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF SIGHT.

And now comes the lesson: I knew by his attitude that our friend had been sitting right in plain sight of the coveted fish all the time. So after he was in the wagon I asked our host to wait a bit. I then carefully baited my hook, stepped down to the bridge, and taking good care to make no noise and to keep myself out of sight, I dropped my hook and line over into the deep hole and in less than thirty seconds had the larger of the two trout safely landed. Don't you see? Disappointment came to our friend simply because he had failed to keep himself out of sight of the wily fish.

Ah, what a pertinent, vivid, clear lesson out of this simple experience came to me, who was trying to win souls to Jesus. Because I had been quiet and had kept myself out of sight I had accomplished in less than thirty seconds what another had failed to do in three hours' effort. The friend's pole, line, hook and bait were all similar to my own, but alas, he met with failure simply because the keen-eyed fish could see his figure.

How clearly we see the point! The fisher of men must keep Jesus in the foreground, keep self out of sight, if he would "catch men." Oh, for wisdom to help men to see the beauty there is in Jesus! There is the beauty of His character, of His ministry, of His disinterested, unselfish love, the beauty of His dying hour, His dying words, His death, and the beauty of His resurrection glory,ah, my brother, my sister, who can tell it? It cannot be told in all its glorious fulness. It is so splendid, so dazzling, that it ought to be easy for any worker for Jesus to keep hidden behind his Master's glorious beauty. It ought not to be a difficult matter for any humble follower of the dear Lord to be a soul winner. It will not be if one gets at it in the right spirit and way.

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Here is the secret: a close walk with Jesus, perfect elimination of self and selfishness, loving obedience to His biddings. Reader, just think what it would mean to you, to the world, if you were to win just one soul each month to the Lord Jesus for the balance of your life. How much it would mean to Jesus, to heaven, to the church on earth, if each living child of God were to do this!

Won't you go down on your knees and pray God to give you a great love for souls, to give you a great longing desire to help some soul to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"?

Brother, sister, don't wait a single day. Ask God to give you the fitness, to make you a fisher of men, and begin today soul-winning work that shall be continued to the end of life. The rewards are great beyond all conception, the joy is the very essence of joy. Listen, read: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

BEGIN NEAR HOME.

BENJAMIN KEECH, Randolph, N. Y.

"Charity begins at home," and the person who desires to engage in practical missionary work will do well to commence with the nearest jail or refuge where the unfortunate are confined. Having become interested in the work being done for prisoners, the writer offered to send to the jail of his county a box of first-class reading matter, most of it of a soul-winning or evangelistic nature, and likewise offered them a subscription to THE LIFE BOAT for a year.

The response was cordial, and if the following letter from the sheriff may be taken as a criterion of the wishes of the officials in all similar institutions, there is no need for anyone to go longer without opportunities for doing genuine good.

Little Valley, N. Y. Mr. Benjamin Keech,

Randolph, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:--Your letter of the 26th inst. at hand, and replying, will say that although from various sources we receive a large quantity of reading matter, it is always acceptable, as the prisoners sentenced to the jail are coming and going all the time; they therefore wear out great quantities of reading matter. We have had THE LIFE BOAT and would be pleased to receive it again; and the books mentioned would be very acceptable.

Sincerely thanking you for the gifts and interest manifest, I am respectfully yours, D. H. AMES, Sheriff.

The writer is also raising money among his friends to send THE LIFE BOAT to as large a number as possible of life-term or longterm prisoners—preferably men who have awakened to the needs of a better life and wish help to attain it. Some of the money thus raised—it may be a small amount—may go into the fund for the special prisoners' number, or for the fund for New York State alone, whichever the publishers deem most urgent.

This is told simply to show that the average individual can do real, practical work whenever he is sufficiently interested. Dear reader, why not have a share in the happy task of scattering cheer, courage and hope among the saddened hearts who sit alone in darkness? Reconsecrate yourself, and begin some

Norg.—The writer of the above article is greatly interested in the men and boys confined in our prisons. He will be glad to correspond with any prisoner who wants light on the way of salvation. Write freely. Address at the head of this article.

profitable work that is certain to accomplish glorious results.

Anyone can follow the above plans, and by renewing the individual subscriptions each year (also by corresponding with the prisoners) win souls to the right way. There is no need for one to worry longer for fear there will be no stars in his crown. "The (prison)

fields are white for harvest," and if we overlook the precious opportunities for saving prisoners' souls we shall have no one to condemn but ourselves. There is no better work than this, and no better pay.

• In sending magazines to a jail, pay the freight, and do not send periodicals that have been cut nearly to pieces. If you wish to save an article, or poem, copy it. Being so very good, it may be just the thing to sink into the prisoner's heart and reach his soul. One's neighbors are usually very glad to give back numbers of LIFE BOATS, etc., to help fill one's box.

It is well to first find out freight rates, then govern size and weight of box accordingly.

One can also procure for a dime each paper-bound copies of famous religious books which have done a vast amount of good, and which still continue to point the right way to souls who need to find it. Do not omit the New Testament, either wholly or in portions. In first-class religious publications, or others of a high moral tone, in which there are continued stories, it may be well to tie those numbers together.

EXPERIENCES BY THE WAY. HAROLD S. ANDREWS.

[In different parts of the country Harold has sold tens of thousands of copies of this magazine. The Lord has given him great success and has put it in his heart to sow the Gospel seed by the way side. Let others undertake a similar work and respond to his invitation to write to him for suggestions.—ED.]

While in Hartford, Conn., I visited the Hartford Hospital and had the opportunity to read to several patients out of the Bible and give out some tracts. I noticed one young lady with her head bandaged up. I went up to her and asked if she would like to have me read a chapter from the Bible, and asked what was her favorite verse. She responded, the 14th chapter of John, verse 2: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Upon asking why that was her favorite verse, she said that was the first one she turned to when converted to the truth and the path of God. She had turned from the Gospel three times, going in for wordly things. Her mother died when she was twelve years of age, leaving her an orphan in the world, so it was hard for her to be a Christian.



Harold Andrews.

She is now trusting in God and asks the prayers of all that she may be kept and healed by the Almighty.

A good many with a curious mind ask me the meaning of the "Life Boat Crew," as those are the words on my badge. I say that I am a sailor physically and spiritually.

Whenever I see a cigarette stub on the street I stamp on it with my foot and abolish it so that it won't tempt any young boy to go astray. Several times I have been going along the street with a few boys who were about to pick up a cigarette stub, and I would destroy it, telling them they had better let Satan's evil alone or they would regret it some day and think of my advice. Often they ask why I destroyed it when they wanted it, but I replied that it is for Satan's agents and not for young men who are about to strive for their own living.

Besides, a man that uses tobacco cannot get a position in an office very easily, but a boy can get a job just as soon as he strikes a place if he lets his new employer know that he does not use tobacco. For instance, sometimes while I have been waiting for my LIFE BOATS to arrive I have gone to a restaurant and let the manager know that I was free from drink and tobacco, and if he could give me just three or four hours' work to do he would often do it, whether he really needed me or not, which I considered very good of him.

Boys, take my advice, leave tobacco and intoxicating liquors alone. Throw out the life line to some one and sell THE LIFE BOAT. By so doing you will see that Satan can be very easily overcome, as the Life Boat work keeps you nearer your heavenly Father, who has a ready hand to help you in all your undertakings. I have been in all kinds of company throughout the United States and Ife has kept me the same old way; but it is new after all, as it is not everyone who enjoys God's glory in the right light. But I would like everyone to share the same glory. I am now in New York, with the expecta-

tion of going into the hospitals and the Tombs prison to talk to the prisoners. Again I ask all boys who read this article to write to me to General Delivery, New York City, and I will tell them *how* to sell this magazine with success, as I have sold it for five years.

Get two new subscriptions for "The Life Boat" and get Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book as a premium. You will never regret it.

YOU MAY DO LIKEWISE.

MRS. C. E. HOLLIDAY, Lida, Cal.

I want to tell the readers of this magazine of how the dear Lord has blessed me in Stockton and elsewhere. In twenty-eight days, working from five to six hours a day, I was able by the help of God to sell 3,820 papers,—making one hundred and forty dollars in twenty-eight days by selling a five-cent paper. Does it pay to work for Jesus? The above will tell.

I am often asked the secret of my success. It is this: a fully consecrated life to God, to be willing to go where He wants me to go and to do with my might what my hands find to do. God has appointed to every man his work and He expects every man to do that work to the best of his ability. If we were working for a business firm we would be expected to be faithful; so it is with God. Obedience and faithfulness go together and without these we cannot succeed.

The money God gives me in this work is all used in helping the little orphan children, the rescue work, the poor and sick and needy ones and to spread the blessed Gospel news, so at the end of each month I have not a five-cent piece. All is gone to help the cause of Christ or to relieve a poor suffering soul.

Many are the rich blessings that I receive each day. Sometimes it is to go into a home and pray for a sorrowing soul. Ah, the world is full of suffering and sorrow and unrest. Some are indifferent, but many are anxious to lead a better life. My daily prayer is that I may be used of God each day to be a blessing to someone in need.

I hope to be able to send you fifteen dollars for the rescue work this month. My heart goes out to those dear ones, those lambs of Christ's flock. I know that in your Home they will hear of the dear Saviour and find rest to their souls. Oh, that I could do more for my Saviour who has done so much for me!

Let me tell you of how the good Lord took care of me in my work. January 19 I left my comfortable Christian home to go to my work. It rained for a whole week, every day. I traveled to different towns, slept in cold rooms and a fresh bed every night, ate a cold lunch in my room, with no fire to get warm by or to dry my wet clothes, yet in it all I did not take a cold. The dear Lord takes care of His own. He goes before us to prepare the way, He leads us by the hand and His eye is ever over us, so why should we fear; "If God be for us who can be

against us?" Next week I start out again and spend one or two days in a place, but God is at the helm and that to bless.

I want to help send the special May number of this magazine to the prisoners in California. I wish every prisoner in California could have a copy each month. May this magazine be the means of bringing many precious souls to Jesus.

A WORD FROM THE SUBURBAN HOME.

HANNAH SWANSON.

Dear Readers of THE LIFE BOAT: I thought you might be interested in extracts from a few of the many letters I have received from girls who have been in the llome; also from foster mothers, who have taken these little babies into their homes and hearts. The Lord has certainly helped us in the past two months to find good Christian homes for our babies. The new mothers correspond with the real mothers through us. In this way we all keep in touch with one another.

The following is a letter from a little mother who was compelled to give away her baby:

"I am so glad they love the baby. It seems as though it lifted a big load off my heart to learn that much, even if I cannot see him. The dear Lord only knows how I long to see the dear little fellow. I pray every day to the Lord to give me more strength to bear up, and to help me get along better.

"Sometimes I get so discouraged and think it is no use for me to pray, but then again I stop and think that maybe I get all the help I am deserving of; that I have not been faithful enough; but still when I stop to think, I can see where He has helped me in so many things since I began to do right.

"So many of my prayers have been answered in the last year and I know if I had been better and read the Bible more I would never have had so much trouble to bear. I suppose the good Lord sent it all upon me for a punishment to bring me closer to Him. He never brings any burden upon a person that He will not help us bear, if we only give Him the chance. Mrs. Swanson, won't you pray for me that I may not lose courage, but keep on praying? I would like so well to come back sometime. I miss that place more than any place I was ever in. Yours sincerely."

* * *

Just yesterday I received a letter from the lady who adopted this baby, saying, "Please send the enclosed letter to the baby's mother."



A Home Baby with Its New Mother.

I quote the following from this letter: "We looked up the meaning of the baby's name and find that it means a precious gift from God. He is surely that to us, and I like his name better now. It means something to me. We thank God every day for this precious gift, and ask the Lord to help us bring him up for Him. I hope you will not grieve for him. Of course you cannot help but miss him, but I hope you will feel contented to let me have him and not wish that you had not given him to me, for that would sadden my joy. We will hunt you up some day and surprise you with a good visit when he gets old enough to appreciate it. With much love, I am truly, your friend."

* * *

A mother writes about her daughter who was with us several months, as follows:

"She speaks so well of the Home and said she hated to leave it. She has told me how kind you were to her. I assure you that your kindness will never be forgotten."

The daughter writes as follows:

"I wanted to tell you how I appreciated what you have done for me, but I had the blues so before I left I could not; but I thank you now. I will never forget you or your kindness. I am awful lonesome to see you."

* * * The lady in whose family one of our girls has been working for some time, writes:

"L—— is looking and doing well. We are studying the Bible together and trying to walk in the Lord's ways. What a blessed hope we have to carry us through the perils of these last days! Things are hard for us, but we trust that the Lord will not forsake us. Please write to her again soon. She is always so anxious to hear from the Home, and thinks so much of you."

* * *

Another girl who was at our Home writes the following:

"I would like so well to see you. I never thought I would be so lonesome for there when I left as I have been. Of course I used to get terribly aggravated at times over some things, but I never liked any other place so well as Hinsdale. It seems that everybody around there was good to me, and tried to make one feel good and happy. I never heard any swearing or slangy talk, and at every other place I always hear more or less that I can't bear."

* * *

Building on the new Home will soon be resumed and we are looking forward to the time when we can be in new and suitable quarters. We hope all our friends will remember our needs.

IN SIGHT OF FREEDOM.

Dear Old LIFE BOAT:

Knowing you are looking for a sketch from me at this season, I will try to give a few parting words, as this month I leave my prison surroundings and take my place in society again. Most of my LIFE BOAT friends know the unjust condemnation and sore trial I have been passing through these past two years (as I have been paying a second sentence for one I formerly paid by wrong doing). I thank God for the holy joy and comfort He has given me while passing through these distresses. The experiences of God's goodness have strengthened and encouraged my faith and hopes for the future.

As I shall pass out into the world to face its temptations and trials, I shall go forth realizing like Joshua of old that I have a powerful Protector in God. I look for defence and safety in no other. My hope for shelter in time of danger is placed in God alone.

I have made that solemn vow before God that I will be wholly the Lord's to be guided by His word. I am going to take up the work of soul-saving and ask my friends to remember me before the throne of grace that my mouth and daily walk may always be like my master Jesus Christ, and that the effort I put forth in leading the lost back to Christ may be successful.

One great consolation I have on my release: I can face the world, realizing I have paid not only a double sentence for my wrongdoing, but have also made *full* and *complete* restitution to those I unjustly wronged and I now have regained their good will and confidence, and as I made the attempt to speak for Christ, though enemies may throw in my face my previous imprisonment, yet I can say even that being true I have written testimonies from those I unjustly wronged that I made full and complete restitution, and as for my past life that is in God's hands and I can afford to leave it there; praise His name.

5

I want at this time to thank all of my LIFE BOAT friends for the Christ-like kindness they have shown me and I shall try my uttermost to walk in that path and life that leads to the kingdom of Christ.

One parting word to those I am soon to leave behind the bars: Oh, talk with your

hearts, you have a great deal to say to them; they may be spoken with at any time. Examine them by serious self-reflection that you may acquaint yourselves with them and amend what is amiss with them. When you have asked conscience a question be silent and wait for an answer; even in unquiet times

keep your spirits calm and quiet, and there will come such a manifestation of God's glory in your soul that will transform your whole being.

Yours in Christ,

ARTHUR M. MORRISON.

Frankfort Penitentiary, Kentucky.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING?

A self-pronouncing Bible, in which all the words of Christ in the New Testament are printed in red and the prophetic types and prophecies in the Old Testament referring to Christ are also printed in red. This is a magnificent Bible. Your children will be intensely interested in it. You can secure it for ten new subscriptions or renewals for THE LIFE BOAT.

HOW ONE GIRL FOUND PEACE.

The following letter is from a poor, unfortunate girl who was about to end her life when she learned of the Rescue Home for Girls in Hinsdale. She came to the Home and was cared for during her time of trouble. She tried time after time to serve God, but each time would give up when some temptation came to her. At last a place was found for her in the Michigan Home for Girls, where she went with her sweet baby girl.

For two years she struggled on, trying to serve God in her own strength and failing each time. It was not until sickness brought her down to death's door that she surrendered all to Christ. She writes of that experience:

"The Home has been such a blessing to me that I can't refrain from telling it to others. A little over two years ago, with my helpless babe in my arms, I came here. I longed to do right for her sake, for I truly loved her. It was here after many failures in my own strength, after those in charge had done all that was possible for the salvation of my soul, that the Lord directed through an experience that caused me to turn to the only One who could deliver from sin.

"As I saw myself on the verge of insanity, soon to be followed by death, I learned what it was to pray. But having followed the devil's leading for so long my health was undermined and it seemed apparent to all that I was rapidly sinking into the grave. After lying in my bed for seven weeks, scarcely able to stand for a short time even, after I had made everything right that lay in my power, and I desired my health and strength only to spend in loving, faithful service to my Redeemer, prayer was heard, and the Lord laid His healing hand upon me, raising me up from my bed into perfect health again.

"I thank God for this Christian Home, where I have been taught the ways of righteousness, and learned of the Lord's great love for me—a lost soul. Now I am rejoicing day by day in His love and I feel that I want others to know of His loving kindness and goodness to me. It has now been over three months since my body was healed of disease, and my soul of the terrible leprosy of sin."

LOVE THEM INTO THE KINGDOM.

MRS. TOM MACKEY, 214 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago.

[Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mackey were both present the first night the Life Boat Mission was opened. Tom Mackey was out of town the evening of the tenth anniversary, but Mrs. Mackey was present and spoke in part as follows.—ED.]

I was just looking over the audience since I was sitting here and thinking of the years gone by, and I do not know of any person but myself, with perhaps the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Vanlandingham, who were here when the Mission opened. But I was here, and God set His seal upon the work from the very moment it started. One man came across the street from the saloon and gave his heart to God; and while he has made mistakes since that, yet the last I knew of him he was serving God and was out in His service working for the salvation of others.

I have received many, many rich blessings from the Life Boat Mission for the last ten years, and while not able to be here much the last four or five years my prayers have been that God would bless it. We have had many dear experiences in it.

We had almost twin missions at that time, the old Star of Hope and the Life Boat Mission, and the workers went back and forth from one to the other—under the one management, and God over all, and God over-ruled all that was done. I praise God it ever was started, and for the many precious souls I have seen saved in it.

My work in the slums, and especially among the girls, has taught me that the only way to reach the hearts of the people and win them for Christ is to love them into the kingdom.

I thank God for the blessed privilege I have of not working *for* Him but with Him, and thank Him for the privilege of being a colaborer with Him and with the workers of this Mission.

SHORT TALKS ON VITAL TOPICS. FAITH.

J. A. L. DERBY.

No doubt you have heard, and read, and talked about faith so often that it is not necessary to give a definition of it. Of course we are talking just now about faith in God, not faith in your neighbors, or in your friends, or in your government, or in any such things. But I want to talk about the kind of faith from which you will get the most happiness.

Perhaps if I use two or three other words besides faith I can make my idea clearer. The kind of faith I have in mind is that which includes trust, confidence, self-surrender. But these help only a little to tell my meaning, so I shall describe it in the simplest way I can. I mean just trusting God for *everything*. I am sure you will find that a great deal harder than to trust Him only for the forgiveness of your sins, and yourself for everything else.

But the happiest life is that in which you decide to work entirely for God and let Him be your paymaster. Never mind bread,

or clothing, or shelter, or making money, or reputation, or honor, or success in business. Just work for God, and He will give these things as you need them.

"But," you say, "I never preached."

Perhaps not.

"I never did any religious work."

Perhaps not.

"There is no work of a religious character that I can do to make a living."

Perhaps not; but whatever work you can do, you can do it *religiously*. You have perhaps heard of the man who was a "shoemaker to the glory of God." Well, you can be a stone mason by the grace of God and to the glory of God. In short, you can do any work in that spirit.

That means a good deal more than being a stone mason or blacksmith or something else and just getting pay for it. When you work try to do it just as well as your Master would if He were no better workman than you are. Do an honest job and the very best you know how.

It may be at the same time some one else is working with you. He may not have the Christian's hope. Tell him about it. Improve the opportunity to do missionary work.

"Dick, are you a Christian?"

"No; what makes you ask?"

"Don't you think in the end the Christian will get the best of it?"

Ask your companions some wise questions. If opportunities do not present themselves, ask the Lord to help you make some. It will take wisdom and tact; but the *spirit* in which you go at it will make up for many other faults. Show yourself genuinely in earnest in trying to help your companions, and almost any occasion will be found suitable.

Then make the Master's business your chief concern. Be found at the house of prayer; be in your place where the Lord's people meet for His worship. Take along your pocketbook and give as the Lord has prospered you. Look for opportunities to be helped. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"Oh," you say, "now you are not talking about faith at all, but about works." That is the very point—"the faith that *works* by love" (Gal. 5:6). That is the kind I wanted to talk about. I want to say some more things concerning it, but I will wait till next time.

Why continue to use your old wornout Bible when you can get an elegant, genuine Oxford teachers' Bible containing concordance, all the helps, and bound in French Morocco, absolutely free as a premium by merely securing eight new subscriptions or renewals to THE LIFE BOAT? Your friends will thank you for calling their attention to it.

2

THE LOST SHEEP.

After reading the following letter from a prisoner in the Wisconsin State Prison will you not decide to send a good supply of the Special Prisoners' LIFE BOAT to your State prison this year?

"I received one of your LIFE BOATS at Christmas time, just one week before coming to this prison. That LIFE BOAT touched my heart and I was saved from my sins. I went to the county judge and told him of a crime that I had committed and I received four years in this prison as a result.

"Two years ago I was converted in a meeting of the Volunteers of America, but I was ashamed to go on the street corner with them and hold meetings, and so my salvation did not last very long. I went down in sin until I got your magazine from a friend, and for the rest of my days. I will serve the Lord Jesus. God is leading me every day and my heart is full of hope and praise. The Bible is my only friend in this prison cell, and I would like to have your magazine sent to me for a year.

"I am very sorry to write to anyone from a place like this, but God says in His Word that He will save a man from sin if he will keep His commandments. I pray as I go along that God will keep me from sin. Now I will not be afraid to go on the street corner and tell the people how God saved me. Please write me again as soon as you get this letter, and you need not hunt further for the lost sheep, for here he is. 'Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!'"

KEPT FROM DRINK EIGHT DAYS.

In the Mission men not only stand up and tell the story of being saved and kept for years, but also the new beginner who is just placing his trembling hand for the first time in the Saviour's grasp. For example, the following was related at the anniversary service:

"Friends, I celebrate tonight my eighth day of deliverance from sin. I thank God that He led my footsteps in here into this little Mission a week ago. I certainly carried with me a burden of sin and drink,—broken down from a dissolute life of dissipation, crime, and all the rest that goes with that class of life following drink.

"For fifteen or sixteen years I made periodical efforts in my own strength to stop drinking, with a certain pride and contempt for any other means, and thought I was as good as the next man and could manage it. But I always fell lower the next time. I was down and out in the gutter.

"But I came here and gave my heart to God and He accepted it; and I have been free and can testify that He keeps, because no other power could have kept me these last eight days. As long as there was any liquor on the street I would have gotten it. But it is my determination to continue in this way with His help, which I am sure He will give me or any other man in this condition if he will come forward."

"THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST." MRS. FRED NELSON,

204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

I do not believe I ever read anything that did me more good than that little book, "The Song of Our Syrian Guest." I wish that every one might read it. I never understood the 23d Psalm before. What beauty there lies in it! To get a full understanding of that Psalm it seems to me, one must have the understanding of the customs and know the shepherd life, the scenes of the country from which the beautiful Psalm is taken. How sweet it is to know that we have a Shepherd who cares for us daily as this earthly shepherd cares for his flock of sheep.

I was appointed to lead the prayer meeting at church the other evening. I did not know what subject to choose. After asking God to give me the subject, this book and the 23d Psalm came vividly before me. I used this book and the verses in connection with this subject. In the testimonies given all expressed themselves as having learned a lesson, and that they were thankful for the beautiful truths made plain to them. Some told me that we never had such a good prayer meeting. I have since read this little book through and I see more and more in it.

I could not tell you how beautiful and sweet the thoughts running through this little book are to me. I really wish and long that others might read it. I have sent it to several and all are highly pleased with it.

["The Song of Our Syrian Guest" is furnished in elegant binding for two new subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT.—ED.]



Saved from the Reform School by the Chicago Boys' Club.

The story of the good work that is being carried on by Mr. Atkinson in his Boys' Club work has been ably written up in an interesting book entitled: "Waifs of the Slums and Their Way Out." The reading of this book will give you a wonderful glimpse of child life in Chicago slums. Price, in substantial cloth binding, one dollar; paper binding, fifty cents. Send orders to "Chicago Boys' Club," 262 State street, Chicago.

FROM ONE WHO IS DOWN.

The following lines are taken from a letter received from a prisoner in Jefferson City, Mo.:

"I am here in prison without a living friend outside, and I want you to kindly remember me with the LIFE BOAT for one year, and also ask some of your friends outside to write me a letter full of cheer and hope for the future, and to send me some

> good books to read. I love to read. "My time expires Nov. 3, 1908. What am I to do? I have not a place to call my home, no friends, no employment, no money and no hope.

> "Is the Life Boat Mission still running? Many a happy evening I passed in the Mission four and five years ago. As I am a good singer I was a great help in leading the singing.

> "I am a shoe cobbler, and want to get located, when my time is out, down in Oklahoma in some good town. Will you help me when the time comes? I am almost sure you will, for you are ready to help a brother when he is down.

- 'When a brother goes wrong, and is lost amidst the throng,
- And is passed by the proud in the town, Then tell him of Christ, who will help him

to stand; Be kind to a man when he's down.

- 'Forgive and forget, for the Lord loves him yet.
- Though he drinks, his sorrow to drown; Just tell him of Christ, who will help him to stand;

Be kind to a man when he's down.'

"From a brother who is down and wants your assistance. Best wishes to all of the LIFE BOAT friends."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

William S. Sadler, M. D.

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A SPECIAL EFFORT FOR PRISONERS NEXT MONTH.

Our next issue will be a Special Prisoners' Number. We ask all our readers to subscribe for as many copies as they may feel able, to be sent to their respective State Prisons, and the Lord will use them and will bless you for your kindly effort. Do this now lest you overlook it or lest the devil make you believe you cannot spare anything for this purpose. This certainly is a labor of love and we want you to have a share in it. Two dollars will send a hundred copies to your State prison.

AS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT.

The same sun and showers that are bringing out the beautiful spring flowers also grow the weeds, thorns and thistles. Likewise this age which is witnessing such mighty manifestations of God's power in the saving of human souls is also bringing to the surface a host of errors, delusions and fantastic notions. Even the devil is to be transformed into an angel of light. (2 Cor. 11:14.)

If the devil should come to you as he is often pictured in our papers, with cloven hoofs and spiked tail, it is more than likely you would not entertain his propositions very seriously; but instead of that he may come to you in some fascinating way. But God's seal will not be upon the work,—it will not harmonize with the fundamental principles of the Gospel.

In medicine dangerous substances are often taken so sugar-coated or disguised that they really taste pleasant, so beware lest you be led away by the error of the wicked one.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

There are many who are putting off giving their hearts to God until they shall reach their death-bed. But how many are hurled into eternity without a moment to prepare for it! How much better it is to remember, "Now is the accepted time." Let everyone take to heart the following experience:

"During a recent serious illness I found myself unprepared to go. I then began to realize the great uncertainty of this life even in young people. I feared that my probation of living a Christian life was all, ended. The sensation thereof was terrible.

"But, thank God, my life was spared; and now I want to live a better life, though there are mountains of difficulties in my pathway."

WORN OUT BEING READ.

My Dear Christian Friends:-

I would love to call your attention to how much good your little LIFE BOAT is doing in the State Prison at Frankfort, Ky. The men all love to read the paper, and I thank my Christian friends for sending it to me. It is read by me and given to other men, and when it gets around to all the men that like to read it, it is almost worn out. God loves the good people that send the little book to a dark place like prison.

I have been a bad man, and was bad to drink whiskey and gamble; but God has forgiven me and set me free, and I would love for some of the LIFE BOAT friends to give me a home to stay at and let me show the good people that I mean to do God's will as long as I live.

I am thirty-seven years old and did not know what peace was till I found the Lord Jesus Christ, and He set me free. I am happy now. All things are new to me. I am so tired of sin and hate the mean life so. I am so sorry for the man that is in sin and who is going down to hell, and I pray God to help the men in prison. I once thought that I did not have a friend in the world. But you all have a friend who will not forsake you, no difference how deep you have gone down in sin. That friend is Jesus Christ. There are many good things that you miss without His help, and I hope you will let Jesus Christ come into your life, so that you may live happy.

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ENCOURAGING LETTERS.

The May issue of this magazine will be the ninth annual Special Prisoner's number. After all, the prisoners are very much like humanity in general. If you look for the good in them you can find it. There is a chord in every heart that can be touched and tuned to heaven's sweetest music. What a blessed ministry to bring out the good in the lives of those who have become so calloused with sin!

The following letter from a Christian man in the Kentucky State prison is certainly very encouraging:

In response to your inquiry regarding my progress in the Christian life, I am pleased to tell you that I an still clinging firmly to the banner of Christ, as I find nothing so helpful as being a lover and follower of God. I find that my naterial benefits and comforts have increased since my becoming a Christian.

I get THE LIFE BOAT regularly, and find so much in it that helps and inspires me to follow my chosen course.

When I retire to my ccll every night I get my hymn book and select some of my good old favorite hymns and sing them. I certainly enjoy singing. Good songs have the power of sweetening my Christian disposition. I have many temptations; but faith and loyal service to my Master have prepared me to abhor the things that once tempted me.

May God bless you in your noble work. I should be glad to hear from you at any time, as your letters are a source of comfort and consolation.

Here is another letter from an inmate of the Minnesota State Penitentiary, which is also full of courage and hope:

Your kind Christian letter was gladly received and appreciated. I thank you with all my heart for thinking of me. I have been reading over and over the 13th chapter of Corinthians. To me it is a chapter that ought never to be forgotten. You ask me if I am still trusting in the Lord, and I truly answer your question: I am, with all my heart and soul. This place would be very dark to me otherwise. God has given me new light, and if I know my own heart I would rather die than go out and live the life that I once did. For it seems to me a poor and empty life to live in sin, and for the sake of self. I don't want freedom without God's will. I have never ceased to pray, for the last seventeen months, and with God's help I never will.

On holidays I try with all my heart to talk for my Lord and Saviour. The 22d of February I distributed ten LIFE BOATS and ten Signs of the Times. I am not ashamed to go among the boys; some will, of course, try to discourage me, but not all of them. I know four men right in here now that are reading their Bibles since I talked to them about the life we ought to live. And every month I send them one of the LIFE BOATS I receive.

Mrs. Cynthia Bush of Detroit, Mich., sub- * scribes for ten copies to be sent me each month. I made her acquaintance through Dr. Paulson, and she is truly my friend. I pass these papers out to others. Ten LIFE BOATS go a good many rounds in here.

I am studying my Bible hard. Every morning I read a chapter from the New Testament, but sometimes I do not get time to finish before the bell rings. At the noon hour I read John 3 and Romans 8. I am trying to memorize both. I trust you will pray for me, for I need your prayers. I will and must conquer.

FROM A GIRL WHO EARNED A PRE-MIUM BIBLE.

The following is quoted from a letter from a young girl in Galesburg, Ill., who has received one of our premium Bibles:

"I will write you to let you know how much I appreciated your beautiful Bible. One day I came over to see Mrs. Fred Nelson and I noticed her Bible on the table and said, 'Oh, I do wish I could get one like it!' Then Mrs. Nelson said, 'You can, if you will.'

"That was Friday afternoon about two o'clock, and at five o'clock I had five subscribers for it. Then a week from Friday I had eight subscribers. I tried a little longer, but could not get any more.

"So last Wednesday afternoon I took four dollars to her and I was going to have her send in the four dollars and get the kind of a Bible you give for eight subscribers. But at evening when Mrs. Nelson saw me after school she said the Bible was mine.

"It is certainly a beautiful Bible. I read it every noon after school and every night. I am a girl fourteen years of age."

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

From Michigan City, Ind.:

"I am still trusting in my Redeemer, for I know He has helped me abundantly since I have been here. When all is dark I read His Word and pray for His tender mercies, which bring great comfort and gladness to my heart."

HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

An old lady confined in an insane hospital recently became impressed to solicit funds for the new Rèscue Home for Girls in Hinsdale. She fixed up a subscription paper and * passed it around among her friends. As a result she sends three dollars and fifty cents for the Home. If this poor woman, without

wealth or health, can do so much for this work, how much more we ought to do who have better opportunities.

HOW HE EARNED THE DOLLAR.

The following lines come from Mrs. A. C. Clawges, Bridgeport, Neb .:

"I herewith enclose a donation from little Don and his little sister, which took all their bank contained. The dollar is from Don. He has been quite sick, but is able to be up now. One day he had to take some medicine. He begged not to have to take it, but his papa told him if he took it he would give him a dollar to send to some little ones in Chicago. He took the dose, and told me, 'Grandma, I have a whole dollar to send!' Don is six years old."

SPECIAL CALL.

We wish to find fifty readers of THE LIFE BOAT who will take hold at once and each sell'a small roll of the

LOVELY BIBLE MOTTOES

and give the profits-\$1.00 on each roll-to help send THE LIFE BOAT to prisoners; in other words, help pay for a large number of the prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT. For full information write at once to C. W. Smouse, Mr. Pleasant, Iowa. Mention LIFE BOAT.

A beautiful pocket Bible is a thing of joy as well as spiritual profit. We furnish a beautiful Oxford pocket Bible bound in French morocco as a premium for five yearly subscriptions. If you show your friends THE LIFE BOAT they will readily subscribe.

MONEY FOR AGENTS

Patent patches or clamps are splendid for mend-ing hot water bottles. Send 25 cents for nine clamps, a wrench and instructions.

a wrench and instructions. We have a cement that mends agate, e⁻am²l and tin ware. Send 25 cents for enough to m.nd 30 holes. These articles will prove satisfactory. Agents wanted. Address, H. F. PHELPS. Minneapolis, Minn., Station F.

The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 471 State St. Checks, drafts and money orders should

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Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not con-tinue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

PREMIUMS.

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative let-ters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30. One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can rec-THE LIFE BOAT ommend to our subscribers. has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information con-cerning circulation, etc., given on application. THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale. Ill.

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Next month we shall issue another Special Prisoners' number of The Life Boat. How many will you subscribe for for your State prison? Write for wholesale rate.

WANTED-To borrow \$5,000, in sums of \$200 and upwards; real estate security; will pay 6 per cent interest. For information, address H. E. Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ill.

Do Not Forget!

that you enjoy a piece of music so much better if it has a pretty melody. "Mountain Flowers," "The Wonderful River" and "His Loving Voice" are pieces you will be delighted with. They are arranged to be used either as songs (for medium voices) or as easy piano pieces. All three for 40 cents. Send in your order at once to

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