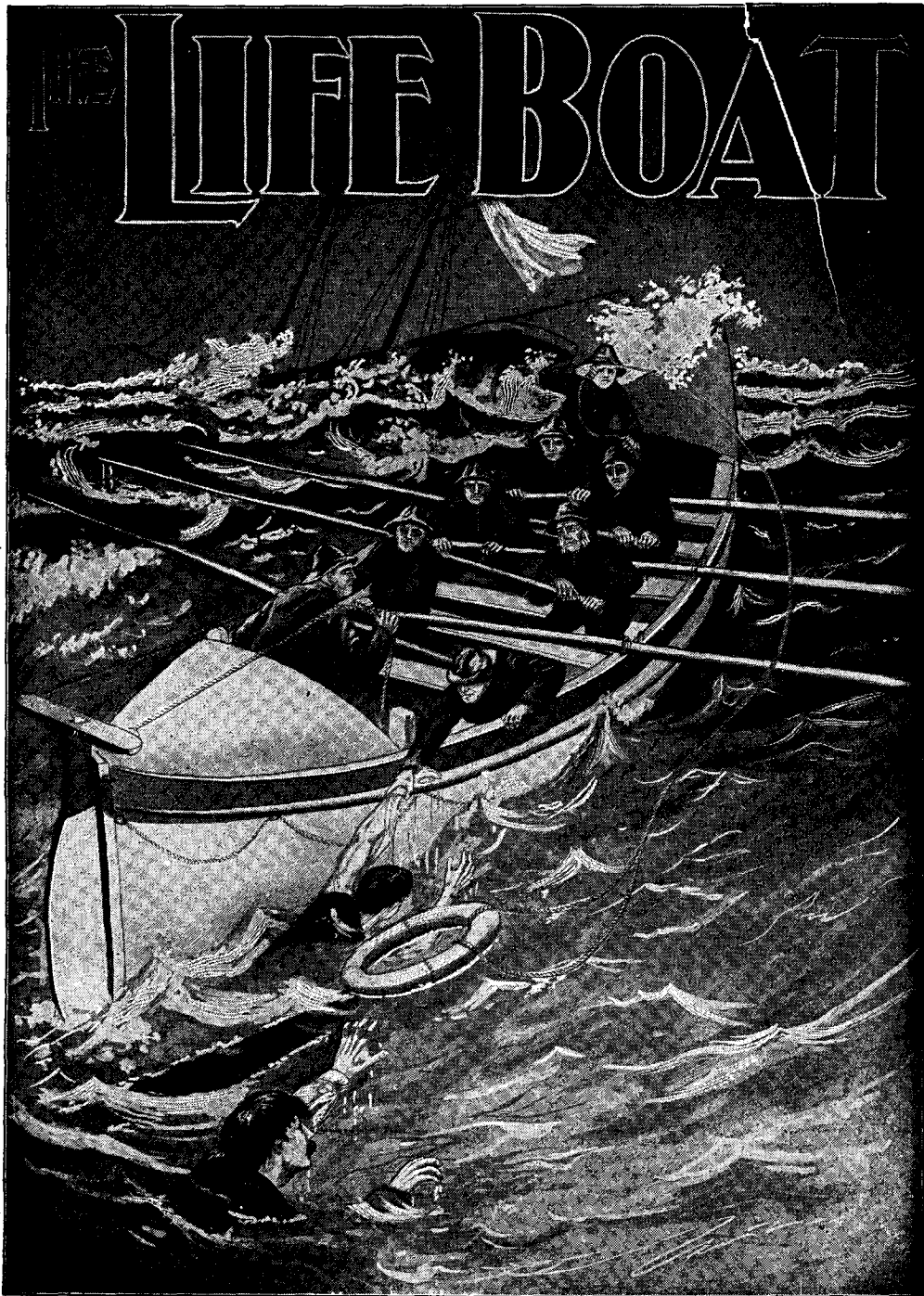


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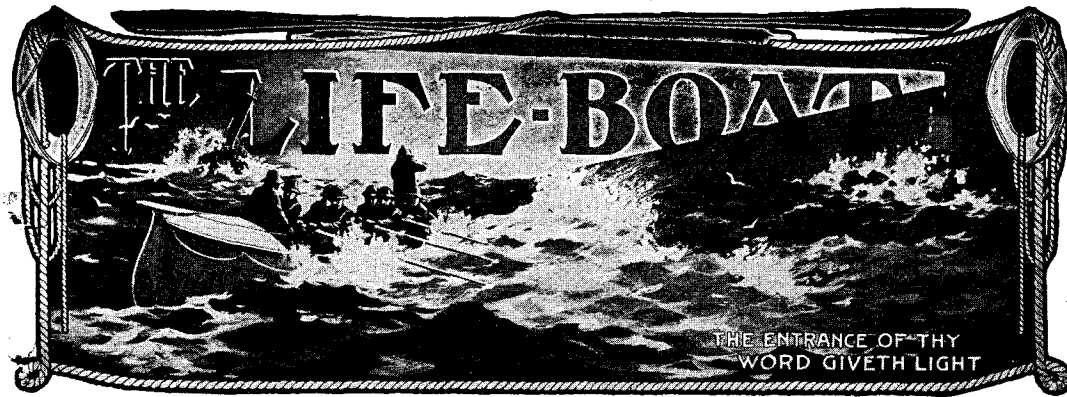
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View Directly in Front of Workers' Dormitory, Hinsdale Sanitarium.



A Group of Cottages on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.



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

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Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: AUGUST, 1908

Number 8

**THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND
HEALTH.***

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Three thousand years ago an inspired writer declared that the Lord healed *all* our diseases (Ps. 103:3), but until very recently He has not been given credit for this except in some special instances. But as modern science is slowly rolling up the curtain thus giving us a chance to see what is going on in the sick-room behind the scenes it is gradually dawning upon us that as the farmer does not *grow* corn but only cultivates it, so the doctor does not grow health. The most that he can do is to *co-operate* with a mightier Healer than he himself is.

When a boy I asked my father to explain, when I could not keep from having measles when I was well, how I could ever get well again after I had contracted the disease. I also wanted to know why all the boys in the neighborhood did not catch the measles when I did. But my father gave me no satisfactory answer. I then wanted the doctor to explain it to me, and he told me "not to ask foolish questions." Now I know why they did not tell me, for nobody knew. It is only recently that nature has begun to give up some of her

*Lecture given at the Elgin Chautauqua, July 15, 1908.

secrets on this most charming and fascinating subject.

INGERSOLL DID NOT KNOW.

Ingersoll only showed his ignorance when he said if he had been permitted to arrange things in this world he would have made *health* to be catching instead of disease. We are constantly catching health. It is only when the body has been abused, injured or insulted for years that it catches disease, and even then give it but half a chance and every cell in the body is again reaching out after health.

The perfectly healthy body is probably proof against the inroads of any infectious disease. Remember moss grows on the half-dead bark near the root of a tree and not up on the healthy, luscious fruit. An apple will always begin to decay first where it has been injured.

God has planted defenses in the body against disease and against disease-producing germs, that are just as real as those which surrounded Port Arthur. The constant hammering of the Japanese guns for months finally battered down those fortifications. So our persistent violation of nature's laws will ultimately cripple us in our battle against disease and compel us to surrender to the deathly microbe long before our time. By God's help I want to make this wonderful and charming subject so plain and simple that any ten-year-old child will understand it without the least difficulty.

All of you have tried to peel an orange with your teeth when no knife was handy, and you discovered that there was something bitter in the orange rind. Nature put that in there to keep the parasites from eating up the orange. By the way, God never sent a sweet thing into my life that He did not put around it a bitter covering. You have probably found the same true in your experience and some of you did not have sense enough to work your way through the bitter part and so you never discovered the sweet that was just beyond.

Some of you may have seen a thoughtful mother whose baby persisted in sucking its thumb, dip that finger in quinine or some other bitter substance so as to cure the child of sucking its thumb. I might say that is the kind of discipline that I believe in.

Now just as nature has placed that bitter in the orange rind to discourage the parasites from eating the orange, just as that mother puts the quinine on the baby's thumb, in the same way nature has put something into the normal mucus of the throat, nose and lungs that not only repels disease-producing germs but actually destroys them. The air that a healthy person breathes in may be laden with consumptive or pneumonia germs, but as he breathes it out again it will be found to have been sterilized.

THE DOG'S DIGESTIVE JUICE.

In the same manner the digestive juices of a healthy individual will destroy germs. A French investigator fed a dog a piece of decayed meat. An hour later he killed the dog and opened its stomach and found that the gastric juice had restored the freshness of the meat.

The way some people eat the scavengers of earth, sea and sky, one would suppose that their gastric juice was as strong and powerful as that of the Frenchman's dog, and fortunately for all of us our digestive juices to a certain extent do possess some of this power. The mucous membrane of the intestine has also ability to destroy germs and poisons. When it becomes diseased it loses to a large extent this faculty and then the system is readily filled with poisons.

Fortunately, everything that is absorbed from the stomach and intestine passes through the liver before it reaches the general circula-

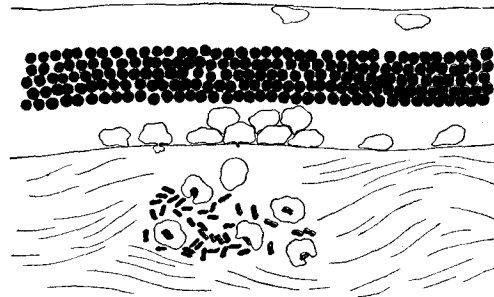
tion, and the liver is one of the best friends we have. It acts as a sort of custom-house officer, it inspects everything and to the best of its ability it either destroys, retains or transforms toxic substances.

As a matter of fact a man may eat almost anything he likes without seriously injuring him, as long as his liver is sound, but woe unto him when it begins to let the poisons pass through without destroying them. Then if he does not speedily change his habits he will soon be on the retired list.

WHEN TOBACCO HANGS ON THE BREATH.

When tobacco begins to hang on a man's breath hours after he has smoked I always know that this man's liver is not only beginning to let the tobacco poison through so it has to be thrown off by the lungs, but other poisons as well, and if he does not speedily swear off from his tobacco it will lay him off directly.

The Bible declares that the blood is the life. Modern science is revealing to us how wonderfully it is used to keep us alive. The healthy blood is in itself a disinfecting fluid, but what is more important, the white blood cells, of which we have one to about every three hundred of the red, are the policemen of the body. Someone has called them the "standing army of the interior."



BLOOD CELLS.

White blood corpuscles passing through a blood-vessel wall to capture and digest some germs.

They might also be considered the hewers of wood and the carriers of water for the body, for they not only destroy germs but they sacrifice themselves to repair our injuries and work for us in a hundred other ways. When some pus germs have gotten into the tissues, or some other infection has laid hold of the body, these white blood cells, which look like lumps of jelly and have neither eyes nor

mouths nor feet, yet will work their way through the bloodvessel wall just as you might put a handkerchief through a key-hole, and in some mysterious way work themselves up to the germ, fold themselves around it, and then digest it. The different steps in this the artist has shown in the above cut.

This is not a fairy tale. If one catches a frog, spreads its toes apart and then places the web immediately under the microscope, what I have just described may be seen before our very eyes. The other day I saw under the microscope a white cell having twenty-nine germs inside of it.

How do these white blood cells know the germ is outside? How do they have sense enough to go after them and destroy them? Roger, a great French scientist, expresses it thus: "Guided by an unknown intelligence they proceed toward the germ," etc.

This matter, which is such a mystery to the worldly minded scientist, seems natural enough to the humble, trusting Christian who knows that his Father numbers even the hairs of his head, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

INCREASING THE STANDING ARMY.

Just as in war time our standing armies increase enormously, so when some special infection has taken place in the body, for instance, appendicitis, in a few hours the number of white blood cells may be increased to two, three, four and even ten times the normal amount.

At the same time nature is making in the blood a special condiment called "opsonines" to flavor the germs so as to make them more palatable to the white blood cells. The most remarkable thing is that it has an extensive recipe book to work from, for it makes a different flavor for each kind of infection, thereby showing the wonderful possibilities and resources of nature's laboratory.

Some of you have had a felon on your finger, and you remember that you had enlarged kernels or lymph glands, as they really were, up in your arm-pit and even in your elbow. These were a sort of police headquarters and they simply enlarged their facilities on this special occasion. In them some of the white blood cells were made, germs were stored up until the body could decide what to do with them.

In addition to these there are special defensive measures, a common example of which is the simple act of vomiting when one has swallowed some obnoxious substance, or the flowing of tears to wash out a cinder from the eye, or the increased quantity of saliva that is made to wash something disagreeable out of our mouths, or the callus that forms on our hands to protect the nerve endings when we are doing hard physical work.

Similar to this is the diphtheretic membrane or the "patch" that is made in the child's throat to prevent the rapid absorption of the diphtheria poison in the system. The germs in this disease lodge in the throat, but they make a substance that is almost as poisonous as snake bite when it gets into the system. The patch is to prevent its absorption.

HOW NATURE SEEMS TO OVERDO.

Strangely enough, nature sometimes overdoes these defenses. For instance, this membrane may begin to grow thicker and thicker so as to better prevent absorption, until it fills all the space there is in the throat and thus smothers the child. Here is where the wise doctor is needed, just as the pilot is needed to guide and direct a ship, or a farmer is needed to cultivate his crops. But do not overlook that while a doctor can set a broken bone he cannot heal it; that requires a mightier power than he can dispense.

At the same time this patch is growing in the child's throat the child is making an antitoxin to neutralize the poisons that is being absorbed. If it succeeds in making a sufficient quantity early enough the child lives; if not, it dies.

Behring, the German scientist, discovered that a horse does not take diphtheria, although kittens, guinea pigs, etc., will take the disease. He found that the horse always had a supply of diphtheria antitoxin in its blood.

By injecting diphtheria poison into the horse he succeeded in getting the horse to fairly saturate his own blood with antitoxin. Then he drew off some of this blood, put the serum into glass tubes, and sent it out to doctors to inject into children who had diphtheria, and in most cases it has worked like a charm and has saved the lives of thousands of children, although it can hardly be said to be free from danger, for suppose the horse had glanders or

(Continued on page 236.)

HEAVEN'S SCIENCE.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Deeper than any science known,
Greatest of all the arts,
Is just the simple, kindly one
Of helping human hearts.

Worldly and vain philosophy,
Wisdom of earth's book lore,
Will perish in eternity;
Kind deeds live evermore.

Poor are the ones who spend their day
Striving for fame or gold;
Who live for others, rich are they,
Receiving hundred-fold.

Comfort to those who're sorrowing,
Weeping with those who weep—
Of every such-like little thing
A record God doth keep.

And, when before our raptured sight
Glories untold appear,
Methinks e'en heaven will seem more bright
For each life brightened here.

THE "HANDWRITING ON THE WALL."

An inmate of the Michigan Reformatory says in a recent letter:

"Some time ago I was the recipient of one of your LIFE BOAT magazines which were distributed through the Sunday school by the kindness of our respected Chaplain. While perusing the same my attention was drawn by an invitation to correspond with you.

"The friends which I once had have been alienated by the fruits of sin, the home ties broken, so that practically I am without friends; but I will say that I have found a friend and that same one is Jesus.

On entering my cell almost a year ago I noticed these words, "Get right with God," which were inscribed upon the wall. Indeed it was "the handwriting on the wall" to me. Time and time again I had scorned the entreaties of God-fearing ones to repent.

"It was not until I was brought to my senses by a commitment to a state of exclusion that I realized that I should make peace with my Maker. Since then life has been one of exquisite happiness. We have a Christian Endeavor society of which I am a member, and was recently elected chairman of the Bible Study Committee.

"We wear a badge with these words, "Upward with Christ." That is my aim, my ardent desire, and after the expiration of my sentence I shall give what little abilities I have to expound the truth to other young men

and warn them of the results of a sinful life.

"I am a young man yet, being in my twenty-sixth year. I left home and have wandered in sin and grief, but I am now thinking of the time when I shall start life anew, with Christ as my guide. My time of confinement is from two to five years."

A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON.

[Something more than twenty-five years ago Mr. Crittenton was then already at the head of a colossal business in New York. The death of his little child Florence drove him to Christ and he was converted. He then began to cast about to see how he could help humanity, and the Lord led him to use his means, his influence and himself in the building up of a world-wide rescue work. In this he has been marvelously used and wonderfully successful.

Every year he devotes eleven-twelfths of his income for this work. He has succeeded in organizing his great business so that he gives practically his entire time to winning souls to Christ.

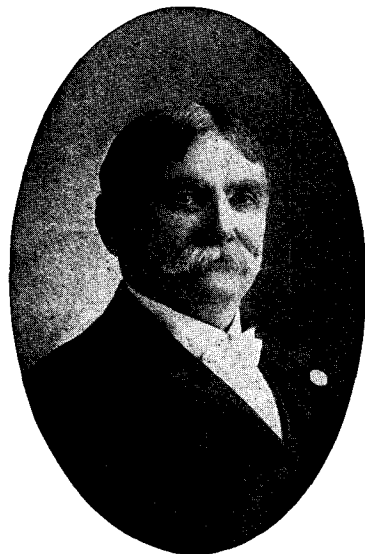
We first visited the original Florence Crittenton mission in New York fourteen years ago. That evening Fannie Crosby, the blind poet, talked as only she can talk to the outcasts and disheartened who had gathered there, and Mr. Crittenton also addressed the company. From that time until the present we have been deeply interested in the growth of this work and are glad to present the following from Mr. Crittenton's pen, written in response to our invitation.—E.D.]

It is five years since my last letter and I would say that since that time many important things have happened in the New Florence Crittenton Mission work for mothers and helpless girls. The work has been steadily marching on, our family ever increasing. It is not only national but international, having now four houses in foreign countries—Japan, China, France and Mexico.

We have seventy-five homes and missions and we calculate as a low estimate that at least forty thousand men and women have professed Christ as their Saviour in the one Mothers' Florence Mission at 21 and 23 Blecker street, New York, during the last twenty-five years. It is certainly interesting to attend the nightly meetings as the writer was privileged to do last summer for nearly three months.

An Englishman testified that he had been

attending meetings in Florence Mission for seventeen years. On December 31, 1905, he came into the Mission; just before the old year went out he staggered to the front, knelt in prayer, gave himself to Jesus, and was saved



CHAS. N. CRITTENTON.

before the clock struck twelve. I immediately gave his *two quart* bottles of whiskey, with his pipe and tobacco, to the superintendent of the Mission and he has never had any desire for either since that hour. He married one of our precious, saved girls, and they now have a pleasant home, and a little baby about six or eight months old, a very beautiful child. Both are members of the church, with family altar, and are working for Jesus.

A beautiful orphan girl with red hair rose and told how she lost her parents, was deceived, brought to the city and left on the streets at the age of sixteen. A missionary found her weeping and brought her to the Florence Mission where our saved girls pointed her to Jesus.

A Southern girl said: "I was brought up in affluence and had never known what it was to work, but was seduced under promise of marriage and brought to New York, where the Florence Mission Rescue Band found me and brought me to the mission. I was very skeptical but watched the sweet spirit of those con-

nected with the work and it soon convinced me that there was a reality in religion. I asked for prayers, accepted Christ, and He came into my life.

"I *know* it, for I had always been lazy, and when He came into my heart I immediately went to the matron, asking her to give me some work, and she gave me the job of scrubbing the chapel. Down on my knees I went and scrubbed the chapel and sang, "He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star!" I realized that I was working for Jesus."

What a Saviour! God bless all THE LIFE BOAT readers, and may all of you pray for the writer and his work.

ANOTHER SAD STORY.

LUCINDA A. MARSH, M. D.
Hinsdale, Ill.

Last month I told the readers of THE LIFE BOAT a simple story about a starving widow in India. I am going to tell you now the story of a beautiful girl whom I met while there.

Her husband was an industrious boy, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age, but he was a consumptive and had a very delicate constitution. He was kind and loving to his beautiful wife of sixteen or seventeen years of age and much of his wages was spent in adorning her arms and ankles with jewelry.

She seemed to be a very happy woman. Many times in the evening after the day's work was done the two could be seen sitting or walking together enjoying each other's society. But one dark experience had entered her life. A few months previous to the story I am telling she had lost her only child, a son of some six or seven months. This event had caused some estrangement between her and her husband's relatives because they had counted on the future of this child and believed religiously that the mother's sins had caused the child's death.

Her husband, however, loved her and took her away from his home that her sorrow for her lost child be not increased by the unkind rebukes of her mother-in-law. He came to our mission as "molle," or gardener, and in every way proved his worth. He was steady, honest and faithful. He did not wish his wife to

work as many do, but preferred to support her himself.

One night there was a Hindu festival. Preceding it two days were given to fasting. "Molle" attended this and I was told ate at least two pounds of the richest sweetmeats, made of sugar, butter and milk. The next day I was called to see him. He had a severe diarrhea and marked congestion of the lungs, which were almost destroyed with consumption. His wife also had diarrhea but not so badly.

I gave him medicine and a trained nurse gave him treatment, but though his bowel trouble improved, his lungs rapidly grew worse, until after two or three day's illness I told his poor wife, who sat mute and pathetic on the floor in the corner, that he could not live the rest of the day. Not a tear was shed, not a muscle of her face moved, no sign of emotion betrayed itself. She sat there solemnly, silently, only bestirring herself to attend to his occasional needs.

After a few hours I heard piercing shrieks and cries from the servants' quarters. I wondered what the trouble was and went at once to see. "Molle" had just breathed his last, and his faithful wife was sitting at his side, stroking his face, her whole frame shaking and heaving with emotion.

Such cries of agony I never heard before, and now and again in hopeless, helpless grief she threw herself forward, her head striking heavily against the stone wall before her. My heart was deeply stirred. On the floor against the wall sat a brother and a cousin of the dead man, motionless, dry-eyed, and sad. Outside the door on the ground sat eight or ten friends, but no one came near to comfort her.

I longed to comfort her, but knew not how except I speak through the language of the soul, as I knew so little Hindustani. So I brought a beautiful full-blown rose and laid it on his breast, but she took no notice. Then I went and kneeling down beside her took her hand in mine, and murmured, "Poor woman." For a moment she looked into my eyes, and then buried her head in my bosom. Oh, how I longed for words to tell her of Another who had compassion on her too. My comfort was only for a moment; soon she was again lost in her agony. I felt I was only an intruder, and went out, leaving her with her dead.

Never will I forget that scene. How different to our own land where the sorrowing wife has friends to comfort her in such a calamity. This poor girl had no earthly friend to comfort and knew no heavenly Comforter. What did her gods care for a woman's soul?

In fact, from their viewpoint, she has no soul. Her closest friends would now curse her, for she is regarded as the cause not only of her own child's death but now of her husband's. Her sins have been so great that the gods have been angered and knowing that she has no soul, destroy her husband and her son, through whom alone she has hope of salvation.

Now all her jewels must be taken away. Her head must be shaven, she must return to her husband's household a harlot and a drudge. She must wear only coarse apparel and eat the coarsest of food. Frequently she must fast and her mother-in-law will see to it that little sunshine comes into her life. She, this beautiful young girl, who for a few short years had a glimpse of the greatest happiness of this life, now sees no happiness beyond—nothing but curses and neglect, and, in the future world?—

Ah, I appeal to all Christians who shall read this simple story: do we feel as Paul who was a "debtor both to the Jews and the Greeks" and who felt, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel"?

If we cannot relieve all the temporal suffering of these poor souls, can we not take to them the Gospel which will give them eternal happiness? Let us each seek God diligently that we may know just what He requires at our hands.

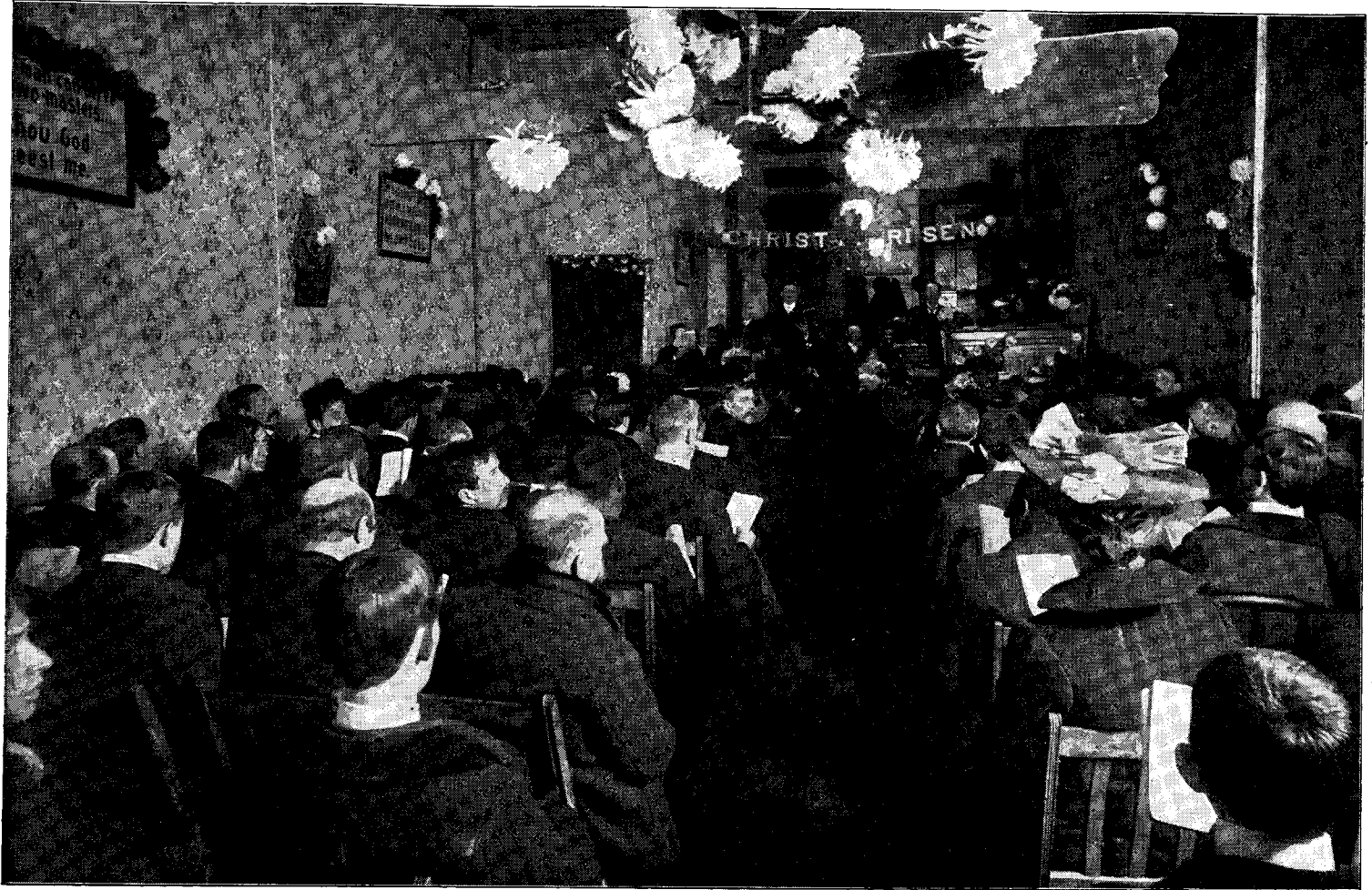
DIDN'T KNOW RADISHES GREW IN THE GROUND.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Superintendent, Life Boat Mission Industrial Farm.

[From a portion of the Pedicord farm trust the Life Boat Mission now has a small farm about fifteen miles out from Chicago near La Grange. Mr. Van Dorn, in order to be the most help to the men who will need to come there to get a fresh start, has taken the supervision of the farm himself, in addition to his regular mission duties.—Ed.]

The first man I took out to the farm when I took charge of it three weeks ago I found in a saloon on State street. He had stayed



SERVICE AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Many of these men not only need to know of the Gospel, but they need just such a change of surroundings as is afforded by a short stay on the farm.

out on the lake front all night and had come into the saloon in the morning to get an "eye-opener," as he expressed it. I talked with him a few moments and persuaded him to come out with me. I took him to a creamery and gave him all the buttermilk he could drink, then told him to meet me at the Union depot, and he was there at the time appointed.

For a few days he was almost helpless for the want of tobacco and liquor. Then he began to gain his strength and now he is quite a help on the farm and seems to appreciate the help we give him.

The second man to come to the farm is the very man that came in with Rollo McBride to the Mission the night he was converted. He is partially crippled, so that he cannot do much, but he is willing to help all that he can.

The third man that came weighs three hundred and ten pounds. I am informed that the last breakfast he ate before he came to us consisted of two and one-half pounds of beefsteak and one dozen eggs.

For seventeen years he had been on an ice wagon and every time he stopped at a saloon they gave him a drink or two, which amounted to one hundred drinks of whiskey a day. He prided himself that he knew how to take a drink and how to leave it alone, but there came a time when this monster giant of a man found that whiskey would not let him alone, and that he was completely under its influence. His employers soon began to look for a new man, and he had to go.

He is determined to leave these things alone. He is doing well at the farm, and is taking an interest in the work there.

In our Bible studies with these men and at morning worship I have tried to show the necessity of adopting health principles and living in obedience to nature's laws.

This coming week I am expecting to bring out a man who at one time was general manager of the Hall Safe & Lock Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, but who got down into sin. We became acquainted with him through a man whom I brought out to my home some three years ago, who had been lost to his family for twenty-five years; we were instrumental in bringing about a reunion, and he is now living a different life.

One of the men we have with us was re-

quested to go to the garden to pull some radishes; he came back and said there were none out there. One of us went out and pulled up a radish and showed it to him, and he said that he supposed they grew like peas and beans and you picked them off the plant. You can see some of these men are quite ignorant of nature's ways in the growing of seed and planting, etc.

Our equipage is very meager. We could make good use of bed spreads, sheets, comforts, pillow slips, and sheeting and towels, also men's underwear, stockings, or anything in men's wearing apparel. Things sent should be clean and mended as we have no women to do that work. Please do not send women's or children's clothing. Send the things to Mission Industrial Farm, La Grange, Ill., R. 2, freight or express prepaid, as we have no money to pay charges.

Means should be sent to the superintendent of the Industrial Farm, for the development of industries to be carried on in the winter when men can not work out of doors,—such as the erection of temporary cottages for the temporary relief of such cases as we deem it necessary to render assistance. At present our capacity is exhausted. This is a wonderful field for the uplifting and permanent help of these men. I will be glad to give any information concerning this department of the work.

HOT WEATHER DIET.

DR. MARY W. PAULSON.

Every summer many people are sacrificed and many are made invalids for life by the excessive heat. Why are not all who are subjected to the same temperature affected similarly? Why are a few selected to suffer? The cause must be found in the individual and his habits and not with the temperature entirely.

The health officer of the city of Chicago recently made this statement: "If you will analyze the heat prostrations reported in the papers you will notice several points besides the temperature. You will notice that in many of them heat is a determining factor only. Many of the cases are among people with heart disease, kidney disease or other conditions which have so far used up the usual reserve that the extra strain of the heat cannot be successfully withstood."

And then he advises the following as a remedy: "Be temperate in all things, drink water, not beer. Far more important than anything else, eat lightly, cut your usual winter ration in half; eat soups, fruits, vegetables, ice cream and buttermilk.

"Avoid meats, butter and heavy foods of all sorts, no course dinners. Drink plenty of water, no wines. Keep your bowels open, your stomach empty, your skin clear, and you will avoid sunstroke."

ECHOES FROM THE HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Matron, Suburban Home for Girls.

I want the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* to know that we are all well and of good courage. The Lord has been with us and guided us so wonderfully the past month.

The little deserted mother I wrote about last month has gone home to her parents. After coming here she wrote her mother, who, on receipt of the letter, wrote us if we would send her home they would take her with the baby, and care for them as best they could.

They said they would gladly send the money for her transportation, but they could not afford it. So we bought her a ticket and sent her home. An unknown friend sent her two dollars, for which we were very grateful. I believe she has gotten a spiritual uplift that will help her in the future.

I was made quite happy by receiving a letter the other day from one of my girls: she writes she has a "living interest" in the Home. She is a competent dressmaker and when here I

wanted her to remain with us and teach dress-making in our new Home, but she felt that she must return to her own home. She now writes me she may come back, and if she does it will be to go heart and soul in the work with me.

Oh, it pays to work for God. He says if we will sow the seed He will give the increase.

The builders are working on our new Home and it is beginning to look quite imposing. We would be glad to correspond with anyone in regard to furnishing rooms, etc. Do not forget us; we want to get moved into our new quarters before cold weather.

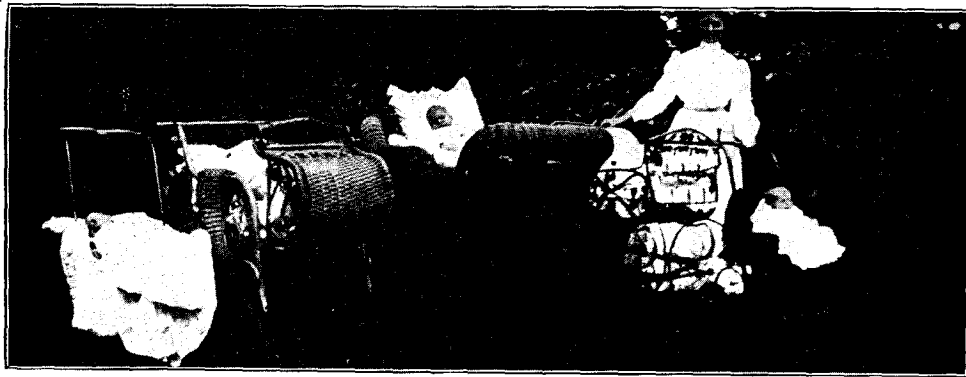
ROUGH DIAMONDS I HAVE MET.

WEBSTER WYLAM.

My greatest difficulty in writing a pen sketch of Jerry McAuley is to know how to abridge the many details of his life and work; the half never has and probably never will be told of the personal influence exerted by this reformed man. However, reformation is a questionable proceeding; I prefer to use the more truthful and certainly safer word, "regenerated" man.

It is now a quarter of a century since he was carried to his grave by kindly hands, guided by weeping eyes, by those struggling with sorrow-stricken hearts. I find that the memory of this man's powerful force in practical Christian service, is still green in the minds of mankind all over the States.

I visited London, England, eighteen years ago and was astonished to be asked by so



Snapshot View of Mrs. Swanson with Five Rescue Home Infants in Baby Carriages Out Under the Trees.

many men and women if I knew or had ever seen Jerry McAuley, of the Water Street Mission. I called upon the world-renowned friend of the street Arabs of London, Dr. Barnado, who established so many homes of refuge for motherless and fatherless boys, many of whom are now in good positions in North America and in far off Australia. About the first question he asked me was: "Have you ever met Jerry McAuley?" He fairly fired question after question at me about him.

I was engaged for twelve months helping the early closing movement for shop girls and clerks and came often in close contact with the late Earl of Shaftesbury, the founder of the "ragged schools" and the beloved President of Coster-mongers' Guild,—the hard toilers on London streets. He plied me with many questions about Jerry McAuley.

It was about this time I attended a mission service held for sailors near the London East India docks and heard two sailors in their testimony tell how they were converted by the influence of Jerry McAuley.

I have talked in many missions in several of the States of the Union, have often used Jerry McAuley as illustration and seldom have missed hearing someone tell how they were saved, if not directly, at least indirectly, by the Christian, regenerated life of this once castaway.

Although many years have passed away since he fell asleep there is scarcely a church or mission of the evangelical faith on Manhattan Island without a member or members who were saved, if not during his lifetime, at least in the direct line of his work carried on at the Water Street Mission, also the Cre-morne Mission at Thirtieth street, founded by Jerry McAuley, "dead, yet speaking."

It is impossible to give anything like an approximate estimation of the soul-saving works of Jerry's life. That his work still goes on can be verified by reading that remarkable story, "Down in Water Street," by his successor, S. H. Hadley, who has recently, with his brother, Colonel Hadley, of St. Bartholomew Rescue Mission work's fame, passed to their rest. Both these great workers were redeemed from the gilded vice by

the direct influence of our apostle of Water Street Mission.

No wonder then that the editor of the New York Herald should have stated in an editorial that "yesterday New York City seemed to be hushed in silence as neighbor whispered to neighbor, 'Jerry McAuley is dead.'" Yes, dear boys, as you read this, remember that in the death of the once despised devil's cast-away a great prince in Israel has fallen under the sickle of the reaper, Death. Dr. William Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle,



The late S. H. Hadley, who was Jerry McAuley's successor at the Water street Mission and who might properly have been called a modern apostle to outcast men. The last words he uttered on his death bed were: "My bums, my poor bums, who will take care of them now?"

and Dr. Ireneas Prince, two of New York's most distinguished preachers, delivered tributes of grateful eloquence to the works for God and humanity achieved by this man, once the most vicious sinner in the city, and who had been a tenant of State prison cells.

The events of the morning when his funeral was held in Broadway tabernacle, are indelibly

fixed in the recesses of my memory. For two blocks each side of the tabernacle there was an immense throng of people. Every available space, even to the window-sills of the church, was occupied by men and women come to do honor to his memory and get a last look, if possible, at his remains. A policeman had to make a way for the officiating clergyman to get into the church, and this could only be accomplished by the minister scaling a ladder to enter the window at the back of the rostrum of the church. Seldom has such a galaxy of public men sat on the platform, distinguished as philanthropists, clergymen, lawyers, merchants, editors of the press,—all seeking to honor the memory of our hero.

The casket was heaped over with flowers. One little bouquet of wild flowers had been placed there by a poor woman whom Jerry had often befriended; she had no money to buy flowers, but she did what she could,—she wandered to the meadows and gathered some of nature's wild flowers.

They carried the remains to Greenwood Cemetery. A fitting monument is erected to the memory of his works for God and humanity.

On Broadway near the Cremorne Mission a stone monument is erected to his memory doing service to man and to dumb animal as a drinking fountain. He used to plead for kindness to dumb animals and he delighted in quoting Cowper's stanza:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all."

When the sweat drops lay on his brow the last words he uttered were, "It's all right,"—a sublime dying testimony to faith in Jesus as not only his Saviour, but really "the resurrection and the life." If ever in New York, visit the Cremorne Mission; you will see the chair on the platform that Jerry always sat on now covered with a black velvet pall and the words in lily-white silk embroidered thereon: "It is all right."

To the boys behind the bars I would urge: Look up, lift up, have hope for a new life. Let Jerry's life bid you grasp hold of the mercy seat and receive pardon, for to as many as receive Him to them He gives power to

become the sons of God. Live for the better life and help your fellow men to so live that when death's call shall come you and they may testify, "It's all right."

"THE LIFTERS."

ALTHO G. SLY,
University Place, Neb.

I bought a copy of this magazine from a lady in Lincoln this afternoon, and am glad for the work it is doing. While here attending the State University I have become interested in the work by doing a little myself.

I was asked by a deaconess who was starting a mission to teach a boys' Sunday-school class. I started ten months ago with about five boys. Last Sunday I had eleven present and thirteen enrolled.

Oh, the change Christianity has wrought in those chaps! At first they came in a very unruly, mischievous manner, their faces dirty, hair unkempt, hands chapped, clothes patched and soiled—not a very promising spectacle from outside appearance. Now we have a little church in that vicinity and the boys are always neatly dressed, clean and attentive.

We call ourselves "The Lifters." Our motto is: "Something for Something." Our scripture verses as our aim are, Mark 12: 30, 31, and John 13: 17: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength . . . thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; and, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

ALL IS CHANGED NOW.

A prisoner writes from Dannemora, N. Y.: "I know that an experience of this kind has been the turning point for the better in many a man's life and I am going to try and make it so in my own case.

"My case is the same as a great many others, the direct result of drink, going from bad to worse, until I have wound up at last in a State prison.

"Since I have been here I have thought over a great many things that I hardly ever gave a thought to before, and I have made up my mind that it is about time for me to try and lead the right kind of a life.

"I wish that I could make you understand

how much I appreciate your kindness in taking enough interest in me to write to me. It is very encouraging to feel that I have someone to take an interest in me and to write me a few friendly lines.

"I received the Bible you so kindly sent me. I wish to tell you that I am very much pleased with it. As I have nothing else to do, and spend nearly all of my time in the cell, I do a great deal of reading, and give the greater part of that time to reading the Bible. I will always be grateful to you for your kindness. Before writing to you I was feeling somewhat morbid and discouraged, but all that is changed now that I have someone to write to. As I believe the best way of repaying you for your kindness will be to keep straight and lead a clean life in the future, that is just what I intend to do."

IN THE CITY OF WATCHES AND DAIRY BUTTER.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Mrs. Swanson, Miss Aikman and the writer spent four days in Elgin, Ill., recently, selling this magazine. The people seemed ready and in some instances even anxious to buy.

We visited the city in advance of Dr. Paulson, who was called there to lecture at the Chautauqua.

As we sold the paper from door to door, from shop to shop, and to the people on the street, we did so with a prayer that God would bless the reading of it.

We sold to the merchant in the store, to the inebriate on the corner, to the ladies who were down town shopping, to the grocery boy, to the day workman; in fact, to all classes of people.

In one large department store we visited we found the managers and clerks unusually kind and courteous. In answer to our inquiry as to why everyone was so pleasant and seemed so interested in what we had to offer we learned that the workers were all Christians. Surely Christ has power to change the lives of men and women.

In one store we met a gentleman who said: "THE LIFE BOAT! Why, my wife had a copy of that paper two years ago and before we sent in our subscription we lost the magazine.

We have been wild to get hold of one ever since." He bought two copies and will subscribe soon.

For every rebuff we received the Lord sent us five kindnesses, so the scales weighed heavy on the courage side and we realized that God was with us. We met a very prominent man in his home who was suffering severely with rheumatism and yet living on an almost exclusive meat dietary. We were thankful for the light that we had received on correct living and appreciated just such opportunities to impart some of it to others.

The interest and enthusiasm manifested in Doctor Paulson's health lectures at the Chautauqua was very gratifying. The people came out in crowds to the Chautauqua grounds to hear him and after his lectures they would fairly deluge him with questions.

This city is famous the world over for its watches and its dairy products. We trust that as these papers are read many hearts will be turned heavenward and some will find their Saviour for the first time.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND HEALTH.

(Continued from page 227.)

some other disease, this serum would necessarily contain some of it.

When the system becomes overloaded with poisons nature increases her facility for burning them up by making a rise of temperature, or fever as we call it. Two hens were both inoculated with an infectious disease. In one of them the temperature was arbitrarily kept down and it died; the other one, whose temperature was allowed to rise, lived, thus showing that a temperature is not one of nature's blunders, but, like the patch in the throat, it should not be allowed to go beyond a certain limit.

Suppose you had a lot of rubbish in your back yard, you would want the fire to burn up the rubbish but you would not want it to burn up your house. That is why in all the best hospitals they now give cold baths in typhoid fever. It allows the fever to go on inside and yet prevents the body from becoming very hot.

At the same time, the typhoid fever patient is making a sticky substance in his blood which

glues the typhoid fever germs together just as a fly paper catches flies.

The old-fashioned doctor tried to stop the vomiting, tried to stop the diarrhea, tried to stop the fever. The modern intelligent doctor recognizes that all these have a useful purpose and are nature's effort to save the man's life. He simply guides and controls these reactions just as a man carefully drives a frisky horse.

A FORTUNATE SLEEP.

Nurses had not been invented when I was a boy and so I was asked to sit up with a sick friend who was suffering from a terrible attack of cholera morbus. Some virulent germs were making deadly poisons in his alimentary canal. Nature was taking the very fluid from the man's blood to carry these poisons off with. No doctor in those days appreciated that and so he was forbidden water and only allowed brandy.

Being a bright boy, I decided I could lie down on the floor and watch the patient just as well as I could sit up, but pretty soon I was asleep. The patient got up and went out to the well and with the strength that only a delirious patient could have exercised, pulled up with the windlass half a keg of water and drank nearly a pitcherful.

I woke up as he returned to the room. He was now rational and told me what he had done. I was terribly frightened. I told the doctor next morning. He said the patient would die and I had killed him by my carelessness; but he *did not* die, and we now know that it was the water that saved his life.

ALCOHOL IN THE SICK ROOM.

That brings us to the consideration of some of the things that hinder or batter down these bodily defenses and leave the gates wide open for the disease germs to enter.

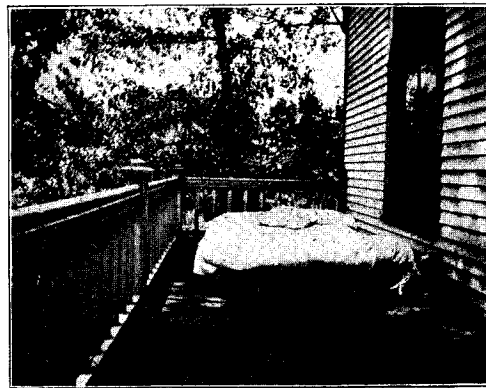
Dr. Budine, pathologist of Rush Medical College, inoculated two rabbits with pneumonia, for in these days you can grow pneumonia in a laboratory just as well as you can in a man, and it is much safer. He then gave alcohol, which used to be the orthodox treatment for pneumonia, to one of them. This one died shortly afterwards.

The one who lived and who was not given any alcohol was found to have its white blood cells full of pneumonia germs, while it was

found that the white blood cells of the rabbit that died had scarcely eaten up any pneumonia germs. The alcohol had evidently made them so drunk that they could not smell the germs, or at any rate put them in such a state of mind that they would not go after them. One cannot help entertaining the ugly thought that thousands of pneumonia patients who used to be fed on alcohol were hurried off to their graves just as this poor rabbit was.

Metchnikoff, the head of the Pasteur Institute, has shown that opium and quinine have much the same influence. We may sometimes be justified in using the latter two remedies but we must always remember that the benefit we derive from them is a good deal like raising money on a mortgage, and that they are by no means the harmless substances that so many have supposed.

Tobacco is another substance that cripples the defenses of the body and lays the foundation for many physical disorders. The old tobacco fiend is always anemic, showing that nicotin has a destructive effect on the blood.



Do you appreciate what a luxury it is to sleep out on a properly screened veranda these summer nights?

BEDROOM CLIMATE PROMOTES DISEASE.

Bedroom climate weakens the defenses of the body against disease. Perry, the famous Arctic explorer, did not catch cold while sleeping out of doors at the North Pole. When he came back to Washington and ate civilized meals and breathed bedroom climate he caught a severe cold. It is a well known fact that when our soldier boys slept out of doors, in spite of their wretched rations and many

inconveniences they rarely contracted any pulmonary diseases. When they returned home and slept in closed bedrooms then tuberculosis and pneumonia became their constant enemies.

Gastro-intestinal poisons resulting from over-eating, especially from using too much proteid food, which, practically speaking, means an excessive amount of meat in the dietary, has almost the same depressing influence on the bodily forces as alcohol has. Modern investigators are learning that auto-intoxication or self-poisoning is really at the foundation of many physical maladies.

The more important part of this subject is, How may we assist nature in this battle against disease?

just as good for the dyspeptic, the neurasthenic and even for the pneumonia patient. We should be thankful that no one has a corner on the air market, that there is no fresh air trust. If you cannot move outdoors move as much of outdoors indoors as possible.

If a woman faints someone is likely to dash cold water in her face to arouse the flagging nerves of the brain; but Professor Winternitz of Vienna discovered that after a vigorous cold application such as a brief bath to produce a good reaction, for some time afterwards there were twenty-five per cent more white blood cells out in the circulation ready to fight our battles.

Verworn, a great German physiologist, has



That a dozen years ago Dr. Ossig was at the brink of the grave with tuberculosis. He lived out of doors even in the heart of winter. He not only recovered, but became an athlete who could run twenty-five miles without stopping.

We can easily put at the head of the list fresh air, for there is nothing that so stimulates the reparative forces of the body as an abundance of fresh air. Three-fourths of our consumptives in their early stages, if they are simply permitted to breathe heaven's pure air twenty-four hours a day will recover, and we are beginning to find out that fresh air is

called attention to the fact that plants grow faster after a cold night than after a warm one.

As it is the blood that heals we should especially encourage its free circulation to diseased parts. The heating compress worn over night on some diseased joint will sometimes secure results that seem almost like miracles.

The importance of eating simple food should

not be overlooked. Those who are indiscreet in their eating are often rewarded by pimples and acne. These are only outward manifestations of similar troubles that are taking place in all parts of the body.

MENTAL INFLUENCES.

Last, but not least, attention should be called to the miraculous influence the mind has over the various functions of the body, and this may be used either to depress it or to encourage it. A person who goes around day after day with the ghosts of funerals camping in his brain is not only interfering with his digestion but is putting the brakes on the healing forces within. Such a person is much more likely to contract an infectious disease than if he were happy and cheerful. While it is true that no amount of optimism will set a broken bone, it is just as true that a cheerful state of mind will promote the union of it after it has been set.

Every invalid, and every person in health for that matter, should heed the Divine injunction, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and have implicit, personal faith in that God who not only upholds the universe but has given us the personal promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

HOME MISSIONARY FIELDS.*

J. E. WHITE,
Edgefield, Tenn.

I am glad to meet this family of the Hinsdale Sanitarium. I have heard my mother and brother speak of this institution many times, how appropriate it was in all its surroundings, but this is the first time I have ever been here.

There are about four million mountain whites in the mountains of Tennessee, South Carolina and North Carolina, and their ignorance and condition in many places is deplorable. I have reports of thirty-five families where all the reading matter among the entire number was an almanac and part of a testament. There are people there who never heard a minister give a discourse for forty years, and hardly know what prayer is.

Many do not see the necessity of education because they do not know about it. Our plan is to fit out a couple of workers with a covered

* From an address made at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

wagon, let them take a little furniture along, and then start them out as missionaries among these people. One man we started out writes: "If you send me \$2.50 a week I can get along." His report was this: "We found the people glad to see us, and rented a house for fifty cents a week."

A little money up here is a whole lot with them. Brother Shireman was telling me about this. He met one of the people to whom he said, "Draw me down a dollar's worth of wood;" and the next day the man came out and brought him a load of wood and the next day came with another load, and he said, "I can't pay for that much." "Why," said the man, "You gave me a *whole* dollar!"

Few of them can read at all and are in need of the Gospel. There are four million people to whom the Gospel of the Kingdom must come for a witness before Christ can come. But something is being done. In Kentucky there is an organization sending workers down and they receive from \$2 to \$2.50 and \$3 a week. They get right out and dig their living out of the ground while they are educating the people.

This worker who rented his place for fifty cents a week takes his horse and wagon and sells his books and they sell him potatoes to pay for them. The next time the workers talk a little more, and the next time teach some simple little Bible lesson. By and by they get the children interested in the little books and primers, and by and by say, "Don't you want your children to grow up so they can read these books and have a better opportunity in the world than you have had? We will get the teachers for you whenever you are ready." We get them from Madison, Tenn., where Professors Magan and Sutherland are at work training teachers.

My books have already given me a good income for the southern work. When my new books get into the field I shall begin with one or two and then I propose, if God helps me, to put twenty such wagons in the field and support them myself. We will cooperate with the Madison school.

I thank the Lord for the privilege I have of helping in this work, which is as endurable as eternity, and when I get over on the other side I expect I shall get all the reward I need for trying to do it.

HE FOUND PEACE.

The following letter has just been received from a prisoner in the House of Correction at Milwaukee, Wis.:

"Your letter was duly received and I take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the kindness you have shown me. I came several times to the conclusion that I was a lost young man on the brink of a hopeless despair. That I should ever have come to a felon's cell I never for a moment expected.

"Being in constant war with myself I would alternately pace my narrow cell until fatigue would seize me, then throw myself on my cot again to lose consciousness in sleep. Instead of finding sweet rest, it often dashed me back into the gulf of unfathomable despondency.

"On coming into my cell one afternoon I found lying on my table a copy of THE LIFE BOAT.

"As I turned on my bed in almost hopeless despair, I stooped to pick up the magazine from the floor. I have been reading the book of St. John that you kindly sent me and I believe that verse, John 3:16, is the prettiest quoted in the Bible. It fitted my longing heart exactly and took a deep hold on me. What a solace those words became to my soul! My burden rolled away, my anxiety ceased, and out of chaos and despair came order and courage.

"That I may remain steadfast is my sincere prayer, and when I am again a free man I will strive to ever keep before me the guiding hand of God, and the fact that through His mercy and the instrumentality of THE LIFE BOAT I may become a saved man. Words are inadequate to express my appreciation and I must thank you once more for the subscription of the magazine sent me."

HOW TO COLLECT OLD ACCOUNTS.

E. B. VAN DORN,
471 State street, Chicago.

[We earnestly commend to all of our readers who have outstanding accounts that they cannot collect, the plan that this man adopted to get a settlement.—Ed.]

Some time ago we sent out a letter to a number of friends of the work telling things about the work which do not appear in the magazine. One of them wrote that he wanted to do something for the work, but did not



have the money to spare, then the Lord put it in his heart to ask a party who owed him some money, to pay it, so he could give it to the work of the Lord. Thus an old account would be settled, and the means he used for the salvation of souls.

This man wrote a good letter and sent our letter with it, telling what he had in mind. In a few days the man called and said he would pay it in about a month. He was so sure the man was in earnest that he at once sent us one-half of the amount.

The time came when he had promised to pay us, and yet no money came, and the devil tried to make him believe he would not get it. But he still held on to the Lord, and kept praying about it till one day the man came and paid it all.

Then the devil said, "That is too *much* for you to give to that work," and he tried to get the man not to do as he had agreed. The devil told him he needed it worse than the work did. But he said, "I see his game,—he is trying to get me to break my promise with God; but bless the Lord He gives us the victory over the devil and the flesh through Jesus Christ."

Are there not others who have old accounts standing that would be better in the hands of the Lord for the salvation of souls? Write them a good letter, telling them about the work and your desire to put the money in the work, and ask them to pay it up.

There is much to be done and but little time in which to do it. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

ANNA FRAZIER,
250 Hardin street, Aurora, Ill.

[We feel sure that the following correspondence will prove not only interesting but instructive to our readers, especially to those who do not understand why they do not have a more satisfactory experience. It should also encourage all of us to likewise cast our bread upon the waters.—Ed.]

Several months ago I was asked to be permitted to say something in THE LIFE BOAT concerning the man who became converted through the influence of a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I transmitted the request to him, and received a favorable reply some time ago.

The man is still young. He was arrested in Chicago last July while trying to sell a lot of silver tableware stolen from my brother's house a day or two before. While awaiting trial he wrote two brief letters to my brother. In the first, he said that since his arrest he had had ample time to think over his past life, and that he had asked God's pardon, and promised Him that he would henceforth keep His commandments. He added a request that my brother would go to see him, and this my brother did.

Soon thereafter came the second letter, in which he spoke of the interview as disappointing. He said: "At that time I was, and still am, fighting a great battle. I longed for encouragement and advice from someone who knew God, and although I had wronged you, I felt I could expect such from you."

My brother is not a Christian, so of course could not thoroughly understand the unhappy man's need. Believing that if the prisoner had anywhere a Christian acquaintance he would not have appealed thus to a stranger, I felt as though the Lord had given me the responsibility of trying to encourage and help him, and therefore I began a correspondence which has continued to the present time.

I will quote the following, from a letter written at the State prison at Joliet, November, 1907:

"Your letter was indeed a pleasant surprise. It came just at a time when I was assailed by doubts, and needed some word of comfort. You ask what led me to become a Christian.

"After I had been in jail a number of weeks I was pacing to and fro one night in

my cell. I was in great mental anguish. In my despair I offered up this prayer, 'O God, help me in my trouble!'

"Immediately answer came in the form of the following thoughts: 'You want God to help you simply *because* you are in trouble. You do not feel repentant. You do not wish to lead a better life.'

"You see, I was unhappy because I was in jail, because I was caught. I felt no sorrow for my past life. Before going further, I want to say I always have believed in a God.

"Well, after thinking on the tremendous difficulties of giving up my sinful life, difficulties that even now haunt me and keep me from making greater progress, I gave up such thoughts in despair.

A NEW RAY OF LIGHT.

"The next day some literature was brought to the jail. Among these papers was a LIFE BOAT. It happened to be a prisoners' issue, and spoke of a number of conversions.

"I read it with great interest. I felt enthused. It opened up new thoughts to my mind. That night I prayed again, prayed on my knees. The night before I had prayed while walking. I promised the Lord I would give up my sinful life *if* He would get me out of trouble. You see I made it conditional. I don't believe if God had allowed me to leave the jail that I would have lived up to my promise.

"After thus communing with God and trying to convince myself that I was in earnest, I felt in a worse state of mind than ever. I felt *something* was wrong with my prayers, because I was unable to get in touch with God.

"The next night I asked the dear Lord to show me how to come to Him in the right Spirit. I prayed for peace of mind. I told Him I was willing to make an unconditional surrender. I arose with tears in my eyes, but I felt a peace I had never before experienced. It is impossible to write all the details of my struggle and final victory, but such, briefly, has been my experience. There are many explanations I feel must come to me soon, as they vitally concern my future spiritual progress.

"Doubts and evil thoughts come to my mind unbidden. I do not experience this peace continually. Sometimes it seems God does not hear my prayers; sometimes I find it impossible to pray; I do not understand my Bible, but seem to derive greater blessings from reading devotional literature.

A GENUINE DETERMINATION.

"These things and some of graver import, perplex and discourage me. I shall never be content being an indifferent Christian. I want to serve God as I have served the devil, *with my whole heart*. I shall have personal experience, and after my release I shall be able to do personal work. I certainly believe in personal work. Had someone shown me where my sinful life was leading to, I might have been spared this terrible experience."

From letter written December, 1907:

"As I grow stronger spiritually, many requirements essential to an ideal Christian life gradually come to my mind. If I meet these requirements, according to God's way, what an opportunity I shall have! I shall be able to speak from experience and tell men I overcame the obstacles which they believe keep them from accepting Christ.

"Your suggestion that I commit to memory the names of books of the Bible is, I believe, a good one, and I shall do so. I read one, sometimes several chapters each evening and study them. I am quite unfamiliar with the Bible, never having received any religious instruction, neither was I taught the necessity of acquiring other useful knowledge. I went to school just long enough to learn to read and write. What little education I have I obtained through the medium of newspapers. When I became a newsboy I read all papers with avidity. I bought a pocket dictionary which I carried with me at all times. I never studied any book as I studied the dictionary. With its aid I learned to spell and pronounce correctly. I never studied grammar.

THE FIRST STEPS DOWNWARD.

"As a newsboy I received my first lessons in gambling and other vices. I obtained much knowledge from the papers that was detrimental to a mind so young. This finally lead me to following the race courses and pool rooms. By these means and a few other

questionable methods, I have for the past fifteen years managed to live. My mother died when I was a very little child. I was fourteen years of age when my father died.

"I received THE LIFE BOAT last Friday, for which I thank you."

From a letter written January, 1908, I quote:

"The past three weeks have seemed the most eventful in my experience as a Christian,—so many blessed truths have come to my mind. You would have rejoiced with me could you have known how my soul responded to the truths I have read. The other night, my cell mate, noticing my rather unusual good spirits, asked me if I had heard some good news. I replied, 'Yes, I hear good news every day.'

"You ask permission to send to the editor of THE LIFE BOAT an account of my experience. I assure you, I have no objection. I shall never forget my final complete surrender to God was directly due to the influence of that little paper. I believe that the testimonies of men and women saved from a sinful life are more apt to produce desired results than a sermon."

The following is from a letter written February, 1908:

"I believe most of the men here think day and night on what they will do after they again go forth into the world. It is safe to assume that many of their hopes and plans are doomed never to be realized, simply because men will not build on the foundation of Jesus.

"As I look into many of the faces here, I am convinced there is much good in them, *more good than bad*. If they could only be induced to give Jesus Christ as fair a trial as they have given the devil! When I think of the sorrow, ruin, and sin this place represents, sentiments of deep horror for sin in all its alluring forms, fill my soul.

A REAL CHANGE.

"As I now compare this feeling of revulsion for sin with the indifference I felt towards it only a short time ago, I am mightily impressed with the knowledge of the power of Jesus Christ to change and save a man.

"I must not forget to say I am taking a greater interest in the Bible. I read that St. John is especially instructive to the beginner. I read this book, and my interest grows as I study. Also the books of Acts I find full of interesting and inspiring subjects. What is more interesting than Paul's defense before King Agrippa? His life often influences me when my heart is heavy, and I am moved to rebel against my environment."

Lastly, I quote from a letter written June, 1908:

"My cell mate left the prison May 27th. I feel sure he will often think of our talks. While he is not yet a Christian, still his parting words made me glad. He admitted that my experience had been the means of greatly clearing away the mists that obscured his spiritual understanding. I am glad to know that I have come in contact with one person whom I have not influenced for evil."

His letters, from which I have copied portions, have influenced my brother to write a recommendation to the State board of pardons, that the prisoner be paroled at the expiration of the year.

ARE THERE NOT OTHERS?

The following letter was written by a prisoner in Delaware:

"I was reading one of your magazines and would like to be an agent. I am a prisoner. I have served three years, and last August I asked God to change my heart and make me a better man, and now I can say that I am a child of God.

"I have fully made up my mind to be a God-fearing man just as long as I live. I have got so interested in THE LIFE BOAT that I want to take them and work and try to lead others out of the darkness into light, and I thought this would be a grand undertaking. If you will quote me the terms and give me a chance I will prove faithful to you and be an earnest worker."

WANTS A COPY EVERY DAY.

An inmate of the Dannemora prison, N. Y., writes:

"I have just eleven months to stay in this place yet, and when I am released I know I will walk the true and faithful path. I re-

ceived the tracts that you sent me and enjoyed them very much. I wish I could receive a copy of THE LIFE BOAT every day, as it is the only religious paper or magazine I have ever read that opened my eyes to let me see the right from the wrong, and I have read a good many religious periodicals in my life."

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T HAVE HALF A CHANCE.

REV. N. KINGSBURY.

Santa Ana, Cal.

[No one can read these burning words from Mr. Kingsbury's pen without feeling the better nature rising within him to be a good Samaritan to some of earth's needy ones.—Ed.]

The writer once stood before a big cell front all grated; caged within were sixteen men, all young but one. I gripped the hand of each, looked in the eyes of each, treated each one as if he were my fellow man and not as if he were a dog. As I told the story of Jesus and His love and with tenderness appealed to each one in Jesus' name, I got from each young man a promise that by the grace of God, when he got out of that place, he would be a man, God's man; also that he would begin right then.

That promise had its birth-place amid a fountain of tears, from a heart that longed for a little bit of Christlike love from some quarter.

Years ago, when a boy, there was another boy too; that boy, who is now writing these lines, was brought up in a Christian home. Father maintained a family altar. Oh, the benedictions that fell upon that altar! This boy knew all the wealth of love a Christian mother could bestow upon her boy, felt the touch of such a mother's love every day of his life, and knew that the blessed prayers of this mother were for him. Any boy ought to make a man under such conditions, oughtn't he?

Well, about the other boy: His father was a profane, drunken sot, his mother a weak, feeble woman physically. That mother did what she could for the boy, kept him in Sunday-school until twelve years of age, then she died. Alas, now the mother is gone, who will care for the boy? Sunday-school superintendent and teacher and all others *forgot* him. Some said, "He's just old Blank's boy, no good anyhow, let him go!" The "let him go"

sentiment! Ah, that is helping to fill many a prison cell!

Poor boy, whither shall he turn? He has a boy's heart, a boy's longings, a boy's hunger, and he is hungry; what will he do? What can he do? Father is a sot, mother lying in yonder grave. Friends have forgotten him.

What could he do but turn where he could find comradeship? He could find that among the vicious, so he faces that way, walks that way; he sees how easy it is to steal and then comes the first theft. That hurt a little, but as he progressed the hurt was gone,—and now the boy, why, he is a thief! He walks in the thief's way, does as thieves do and becomes a full-fledged burglar.

STRIPES, GLOOM, AND NO FRIENDS.

One night he committed a big burglary, was caught, tried, shut up for ten years. He did not have half a chance, did he? No, probably just half a chance would have changed the whole current of his life; now it is a cell, stripes, gloom and no friends.

For ten years, he brooded over it all till in desperation he killed a prison official. Now came another trial, then the jury said, "Hang him." Yes, that is the end of it all! Everybody said, "That is just." Yes, but oh, the *injustice* of it all!

Is the poor fellow responsible for it all,—all the mistakes, failures, bad deeds? Should the Priest and Levite be held guiltless? These men passed him by on the other side. Where was the Good Samaritan, where was he?—Lost in the Priest and Levite. Is not this true? There was a time when opportunity opened wide a door before certain followers of Jesus. Their eyes were blind or something stopped them and they failed to see the boy just as the thieves were about to fall upon him!

Alas, that this were the only case of the sort. More like? Yes, today, tomorrow too! And what shall we do about it? What would the Son of Man do? Ah, had somebody been a kind of Jesus to that boy! Is this a bold thought? No, no. Oh, that someone full of the Jesus Spirit could have stood as His representative at the door of that boy's heart! Such a ministry would have *changed* the whole current of a life.

Well, the poor fellow became desperately hardened. His life was one of stolid indif-

ference. One day a Godly man, a friend of mine, visited his cell and talked with him. The story of Jesus and the cross had no effect upon him,—not one pang of sorrow did he manifest, not one tear of regret, not one word,—just stolid indifference.

That is just the spirit the world had shown toward him as a boy, as a man,—indifference. His was an aching heart longing for sympathy,—that was boy-like,—his a soul trembling in the balance; yet wherever he turned he saw stolid indifference.

O yes, *one way* as he looked he saw friendly eyes. They looked upon him from the devil's highway. Boy-like he went toward those who *seemed* like friends. Is it strange that my good friend should be met with stolid indifference as he talks in the prison cell to this poor fellow?

WHAT BROKE HIS HEART.

Back in the past this man, one cold, bitter night got his feet frosted, lost his toes. Now my friends noticed the toeless feet and said: "Are *these* the feet mother used to put the little shoes and stockings upon?" That broke the poor fellow's heart and with the tears rolling down his cheeks he told the story of his life.

We can well believe that each tear uttered the cry, "Oh, if only my mother had lived! if only a Christ-like man or woman had reached out a strong hand and spoken in a loving voice, how different life might have been!"

FRIENDS TURNED THEIR BACKS.

The other day I received a letter from a young man in prison and he wrote one terrible sentence: "When I got into trouble all my friends turned their backs upon me. I've not a friend outside these prison walls." What a pity! It is an awful mistake for friends, churches, disciples of Jesus to leave such cases as these to the tender mercies of State prisons. Love is king! Mercy is queen. How long before God's people will learn this mighty lesson?

Within a few days letters have come to me from different quarters full of pathetic appeals that tell of longings for better things, of hearts throbbing within the breasts of strong men reaching out for human sympathy and human help. Each of these letters has come from

some man within prison walls, and each has an entreaty. "Won't you write me, sir?" Indeed I will, and I will say to each of these: "Live a child of God, be a Christian where you are. Trust Jesus in your prison cell. He will save you, help you, and wash from your heart in his own blood the scars sin has made.

When the day of freedom from the prison walls comes, go out into the world a man,—Christ's man! Own Him, live for Him. In a loving, prayerful spirit remember those still in prison; labor and pray for the correction of prison abuses. Keep in mind the words of Jesus, who, on the great day of days will say,

"I was in prison and ye came unto Me. * * Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE LATEST WORD FROM DR. GREN-FELL.

Last month we quoted the newspaper account of Dr. Grenfell's thrilling experience off the coast of Labrador. Since then Dr. Grenfell has written the son of the late D. L. Moody a personal letter narrating this experience. Knowing our readers will be deeply interested in it we quote it from the *Record of Christian Work*.

Easter Sunday I was called to a lad with osteomyelitis, about sixty miles to the south. I left over night alone with my light bone komatik, surgical outfit, etc., and next morning about nine, while crossing a wide bay, the wind chopped round, broke up the ice and we all fell through.

I discarded everything, and I luckily had on nothing but my football rig, the very clothes I played my last games in at Oxford twenty years ago. Luckily enough I hadn't the conventional rig on, the trousers, boots, gloves of the stage missionary.

I managed to get my sheath knife adrift, pound through the porridgy ice and cut the dog traces. I then hitched the knife by its strap to a dog's back and tried to find a pan to bear me. It involved three swims, or rather batterings through the ice, till I got at one about twelve feet by twenty—a miserable flat snow pan only a foot thick, and that broke in half on a reef as I drifted away to sea.

However, I got my dogs out and was left like Robinson Crusoe, with no expectations of

seeing anyone again and monarch of all I could survey, not a human being for twenty miles one way or ten another, and the open Atlantic outside.

It froze so hard, and I was a sponge of small ice, I had to have a coat. I used my moccasin legs first, but that only covered my shoulders. So I had to stab my dogs. It was gruesome and difficult, and I had two good bites before



The only home and all the earthly belongings of an Eskimo family whose son was exhibited at the World's Fair, and by this contact with modern civilization contracted tuberculosis and was treated by Grenfell after his return to the bleak coast of Labrador.

I had killed three, and it was dark before I had skinned those, which saved the rest and me worse bites and made me a short coat, stringing them with unraveled harness.

What will interest you will be that the first dog I got my coat from was the beauty I named after you. It just went to my heart to call, "Moody, Moody," and take him a yard aside and stab him. He was a faithful, loyal, gentle, affectionate, hardworking friend, and he gave his life for me at last. His body helped me to make a windbreak, and his legs, with others, I spliced up into a pole for a flag made of my only shirt.

By a sheer miracle I was picked up next day. Oddly enough I slept twice rocked in the cradle of a pretty considerable sea.

It has been an invaluable experience. I had a look into old Death's face, which is going

to stand me in good stead, I hope. It made one estimate the *practical* value of faith and how much it had really counted with one.

One of the hardest things, to a sentimentalist like myself, has been the expression of love and sympathy from all the shore. I've had a lump in my throat many times since I landed, as the strangest of visitors have come and shaken hands and I've seen the tears roll down their cheeks when they couldn't speak. I tell you, it makes it feel worth while and makes material honors and possessions take their proper places.

There seems to be an unreal feeling still as I am called on to decide what must be done here, there, and everywhere; I had got it so fixed in my head that my responsibility for all these things was over. But I'm coming out of the clouds slowly and spring is opening, and I hope you will find me more keen than ever about reindeer, co-operative stores, institutes, etc., when we meet again.

My hands and feet got badly frozen, for I didn't find out they were frozen when I landed, and so allowed them to put me in "Grandma's chair" in a cottage, and I walked in to dry clothes and hot tea without the intermediary snow bath. I'll be wiser next time.

Affectionately yours,

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

WHAT A PICTURE IN THE LIFE BOAT DID.

MRS. C. E. HALLIDAY,
Los Angeles, Cal.

[Mrs. Halliday has had many blessed experiences while carrying the printed Gospel from home to home. She sold more than twelve thousand copies of THE LIFE BOAT last year. Among the many interesting incidents that come to her notice she writes concerning the following.—Ed.]

God is certainly blessing this Life Boat work and I am glad that I may respond to the call of the Master to go out in the highways and hedges with this blessed little paper, for it brings comfort to many a sad heart.

One day as I was canvassing for it a poor old man who had wasted his substance in riotous living saw the picture in the October number of a mother with a baby in her arms standing beside a cow,—a country scene. As soon as the man saw that picture his heart

was broken and tears flowed down his face. He hugged the book to his heart and said, "Oh, Missis, I have no money; give me one, for it makes me think of my mother when I prayed at her knee!" I gave him one gladly, and prayed God that it might lead him to seek his mother's God and come into the fold of Christ.

An hour afterwards as I came to another house he was sitting on the steps reading and crying like a child, and he had so many questions to ask me that the people on the street stopped to listen, and the people came out of the house; so I sold my papers to them and God used this man at that time to help others into the kingdom.

God alone can tell the good that is being done with this little paper, but I am glad to say that eternity will tell. The dear Lord helps me to sell about three thousand papers each month. Think how many families have the blessed word brought to their home!

How many sad hearts there are in this world longing for something to satisfy the soul's craving! But they can't find it unless they come to Christ and be saved. Praise God for the blessed privilege of being a fellow laborer with Christ and of having a part in this great plan of salvation. Let us be faithful in doing our part, for God will not fail to do His part. Then there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness which no man can take away.

A BOY'S UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE.

The following letter from a poor heart-broken woman who is trying to save her orphan nephew from a criminal career is very touching. This appeal comes from a distant State. There should be institutions for boys where they can be detained by the law without coming in contact with the vile, base influence of abandoned men. Being forced to remain in the corrupt society of such men will ruin any boy, and nothing but the grace of God can save him from a life of misdeeds, shame and abandonment.

As you read this letter just think, "What would I do if that were *my* boy?" and remember God has made us each our brother's keeper.

"Please send a LIFE BOAT to a young boy in jail. He has not done any wrong; he

bought a bicycle and paid for it, but the man he bought it from had stolen it and the poor boy did not know that it was wrong to buy it.

"He has been in jail since the ninth of June and he does not know how long he will have to be in before his trial. He says he has never been in bad company before. They put him in a room where there are eleven wicked men and they get angry at him because he will not do as they do.

"Will you please be so kind and write a few lines to him and cheer him up. His mother is dead. I am his aunt. Please do what you can for him."

AMONG THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

ATTA SIMMS.
Portland, Maine.

There is a grand field here, and a unique work to be done among the sailors and soldiers. I got hold of some back numbers of THE LIFE BOAT which I have been selling. I need at least five hundred papers for the soldiers and sailors alone. I have a big field here and will have no trouble in disposing of them.

Truly to my mind nothing can supplant the little LIFE BOAT, as an entering wedge, and especially to use among the soldiers and sailors.

I wish you would issue a special army and navy number to contain something that would pertain to their life and directly appeal to them and then to encourage workers to enter this field, for truly it is a glorious yet needy field.

Any girl who is in trouble or who is discouraged will do well to correspond with Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

RAIN DROPS.
PAULINE HANSON.

Did you ever listen to the falling of the rain-drops upon a roof overhead, and, instead of seeming dismal and disagreeable, did it not rather sound cozylike, giving you a soothing, sheltered and secure feeling, as you heard the patter, patter, patter?

Perhaps memory took you back a number of years to childhood days, when the raindrops might have fallen upon a humbler roof, to which you gave no heed at the time, but now it brings to you the contrast in your life. How you may wish you could live your life over again; how differently you would do; how much more abundant your blessings seemed then, and you seem to think that you were more shielded from the world's sin at that time.

Who changes circumstances? Do we not change them ourselves, either through our strength or through our weakness? Have we not ourselves, only, to blame? Each life is separate and his own agent.

Let us not exaggerate the impossibility of future changes in our lives. The rain falls and the sun shines today as they did hundreds of years ago "upon the just and the unjust," and as we hear the soft, steady fall of the drops at the present time, each one should be emblematic of His continuous blessings, His presence and ever-shielding care.

TRYING TO FOLLOW ITS TEACHING.

From the letter of a prisoner in Columbia, S. C., the following extracts are taken:

"I certainly do appreciate your interesting letters and thank you very kindly for the nice, interesting little tract that you so kindly sent me. I enjoyed it all very much and am so thankful to you for it; I learned something in it that I did not know.

"I am doing as best I can and studying my Bible every chance I get, and am trying to follow its teachings. I feel like a different man and I must say this change has come about by those kind words and interesting letters that I have received in THE LIFE BOAT. I see where so many have been saved and changed from their wickedness to live a Christian life and I know I can do the same. If I never see any of you on this earth, by the grace of God I intend to meet you all in that celestial city that is prepared for us.

"I think THE LIFE BOAT is the best paper I ever read; I pass mine around among the rest of the prisoners. I have been wonderfully benefited by reading it, also the *Signs of the Times* that you sent me."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

THE LIFE BOAT UPRISING.

In different parts of the country God is impressing men of ability to take hold and forward the circulation of this magazine. As Christ takes possession of the hearts of His people the good Samaritan work will be taken up to an extent that we little dream of today. If your heart is being burdened in this direction we will be glad to correspond with you.

WRITE US YOUR INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

Is not the Lord from time to time giving you some very interesting and encouraging experiences? Do not keep them to yourself. Pass them on to others through the columns of THE LIFE BOAT.

You know what has done you the most good is not the article which was written in the most wonderful language, but some little experience where God had come very near to some human soul. So do not excuse yourself from writing because you have no literary talent.

The little mite you may contribute in this direction may be just what some one is needing when the burden seems heavy.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on, pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone,
Pass it on, pass it on."

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A BURNING BUSH?

Moses herded sheep year after year. One day he saw a burning bush, and he said, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight." (Ex. 3: 3.) How many interesting experiences we have met during the past year and have scarcely given them any serious consideration, when we should have stopped right then and there to extract their lesson. The bush we went by was perhaps washing dishes, doing laundry work, or something equally simple.

God noted that Moses turned *aside*. That

was the kind of man He could trust, for he would *always* be looking out for some fresh revelation of God. Forty shepherds might have gone by that bush who would simply have remarked afterwards: "Really, there *was* something queer about it, but, I declare, I never bothered my head further concerning it."

Someone has said that genius is only the gift to take a hint. Moses received a hint from that burning bush and as a result he received his life work. Watt got a hint from a boiling tea kettle. Newton saw an apple fall and it spelled out to his observing mind another of God's great laws and he unfolded it to a waiting world. Today, tomorrow, some little thing in your pathway may bring some wonderful message to *you*, though your neighbor may see nothing in it worth *while*.

ENCOURAGE YOUR CHILDREN TO SELL LIFE BOATS.

Thousands of boys in Chicago are selling newspapers. They probably have no more ability than your boy. Why not encourage him to sell LIFE BOATS?

His missionary instinct needs to be cultivated early in life. Teach him to look to God for success and God will not disappoint him.

We are constantly receiving letters showing how wonderfully God has used single copies of THE LIFE BOAT. The paper that your child sells may be the means in the hands of Providence to change the current of an entire life. Write for terms to agents.

PRAYER CHANGES THE FACE.

Do not forget it was when Christ *prayed* that His countenance was altered. (Luke 9:29.) If you happen to meet a man or woman whose face reflects something of the Divine and there comes over you the feeling that you would be willing to give all you ever had to have that same reflection on *your* face, let me tell you that *prayer* is the secret. The man who never spends time alone with

God will never have an inspiring message in his face or on his tongue for anybody. Do not forget that it was while Christ was *praying* that His face was transfigured. It is when men pray sincerely and earnestly that they receive something.

There is a tendency among so many of our young people to think the only time that God can speak to them is in some special meeting. And God does so frequently speak to human souls there that it is never safe to miss one whenever it is possible to attend. But do not forget that some great inspiring truth may flash on your mind when you sweep floors, when you are digging in the garden, when you are mending clothes.

There was once a humble young man who was out in a quiet place threshing wheat with an old-fashioned flail, and while he stood there a heavenly messenger came and spoke these inspiring words to him: "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor. * * * Go in this thy might and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites." Judges 6: 12, 14. You all know his name was Gideon; but if your heart is uplifted to God while you are doing ordinary work it might as well be your name instead of Gideon's.

A WORD FROM TOM MACKEY.

I had a good time yesterday. I went to the Minnesota camp meeting and Elder R. A. Underwood gave a splendid talk on the effect of alcohol. He displayed some of Dr. J. H. Kellogg's charts and gave facts concerning the evil effects of drugs and tobacco. Then he gave me ten minutes to tell the people of a sure Cure, and God did stand by and help me.

I started from Eph. 2: 8, 9, Salvation by grace through the gift of God. John 3: 16. I then told them of the greatest love the world has ever seen, from John 15.

Then I came to Paul's experience, showing how Christ died for us according to the Scripture, 1 Cor. 15: 3, 4, and if we believe the Gospel, Rom. 1: 16, and would receive Him, the author of the Gospel, John 1: 12, we would receive power to become *free* men. John 8: 32, 36.

Then I told my experience and gave the invitation to any that wanted to have Christ to rule his life and give him power over sin

and self, to stand, and from thirty-five to forty men stood and we prayed together, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

I know of no other way to call men to God than by the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Yours till He comes,

TOM MACKEY.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

Those who are distributing this magazine may not always see the fruit of their labors, but there is abundant evidence that it is not seed thrown away. The following letter was received recently from a man who had bought a Life Boat from one of the workers. We have taken up correspondence with him and trust this will be the beginning of a new experience with him:

"To One of the Life Boat Workers:

"I met you last night, Saturday, at 9 o'clock, at the corner of Halsted and Madison street, just in time to defend you when a fool insulted you, and I admit that your mission was the most blessed in the world.

"What brought me there I don't know, but I got THE LIFE BOAT there, and be sure that I read every line in the same when I got home, and enjoyed it very much.

"God bless you for your self-sacrificing work among Chicago's sinful people. I am one of them, but hope to get my eyes open soon and be a Christian. My father, a Methodist minister, has been praying to God about that every day during the last twenty years.

"My heart has always been closed to God, but during the last six months it has been different, and very often I now pray to God to fill my heart with His grace.

"I am lucky to have a good position with a large concern, but if I had been a Christian man I would have been in a much more powerful position in my own business.

"Thank you very much for THE LIFE BOAT, and remember me in your prayers. I am,
A TIRED-OUT SINNER."

A beautiful pocket Bible is a grand thing. You can get some truth from God's word in the spare moments you otherwise would waste. Ask five of your friends to subscribe for "The Life Boat," and receive a morocco-bound pocket Bible as a premium.

How I Can Use The Life Boat

- I CAN** send it to some prisoner who is without a friend on earth and who really needs the Gospel it contains more than he needs his freedom.
- I CAN** hand it to some drunken outcast in my neighborhood and perhaps mark one or two articles that will impress him the most.
- I CAN** put a copy in the hands of the newsboy on the corner who is ruining his brain with that accursed cigarette.
- I CAN** take it to the hospital and let the sick read its cheering message, or I might read it to them.
- I CAN** read from it at our weekly missionary meetings articles that are not only interesting but suggestive.
- I CAN** afford to spend a few minutes reading from its pages to the poor, blind uncle in my neighbor's family. It may be the only word of cheer and act of kindness that is extended to him throughout the long, dreary day.
- I CAN** hand a copy to my barber when I visit him. One barber who received it in this way was led to think of the time when he tried to seek God. The old memories returned in spite of his efforts to banish them from his mind. He finally subscribed for the magazine for a year.
- I CAN** sell the magazine in my home town and in that way earn extra money for missionary work.
- I CAN** do all these and yet not have them interfere seriously with my regular daily program, and, on the other hand, I can neglect every opportunity of this nature to sow the seed, but, shall I be anxious to take a full view of my life's work when I shall meet my Judge?

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., 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.

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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 continue 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 letters 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.

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

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If you care to learn something about the possibilities of securing Western farm land which can be worked under irrigation it will pay you to correspond with THE IRRIGATION AGE, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, the only publication of its class in the world.

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 Address D. H. Anderson, Editor, THE IRRIGATION AGE, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"The Signs of the Times" is an up-to-date religious journal which every Bible student should read. Send for sample copy. Address Pacific Press Publishing Co., Mountain View, Cal.

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 We have a cement that mends agate, enamel and tin ware. Send 30 cents for enough to mend 30 holes. These articles will prove satisfactory. Agents wanted. Address, H. F. PHELPS, Minneapolis, Minn., Station F.

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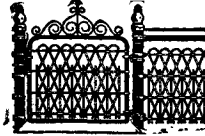
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"I would not be without The Life Line for twice the subscription price," writes Ole Lindland, N. Dak.

Send thirty-five cents for a year's subscription, or five cents for sample copy and terms to agents.

We want two good general representatives for The Life Line and have a good thing to offer. Write at once.

Agents are making fifty dollars a month selling Bible notes. Send twenty-five cents for samples and terms. Let us do your job printing. Address, THE LIFE LINE, Keister, Minn.



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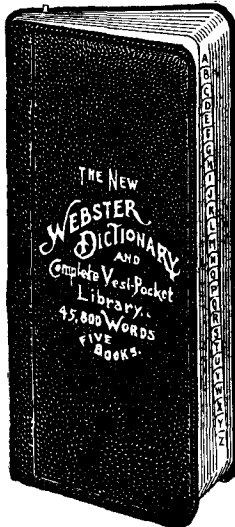
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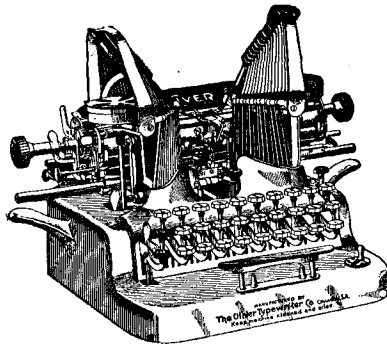
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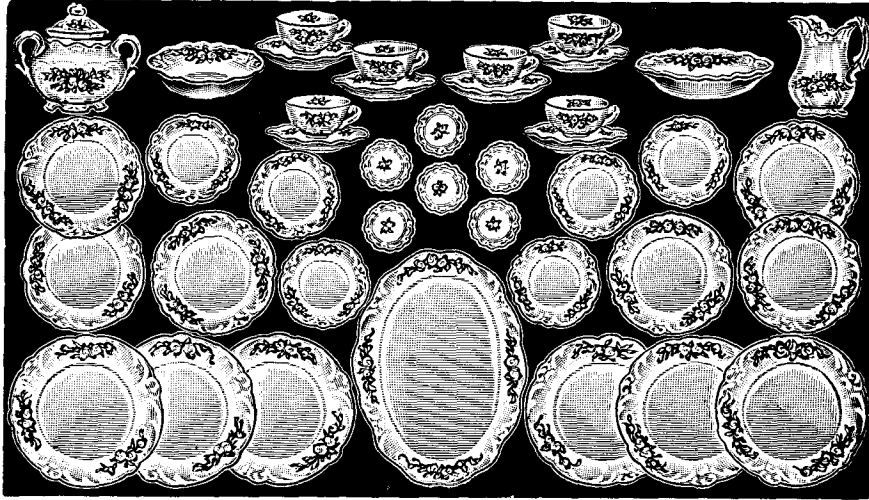
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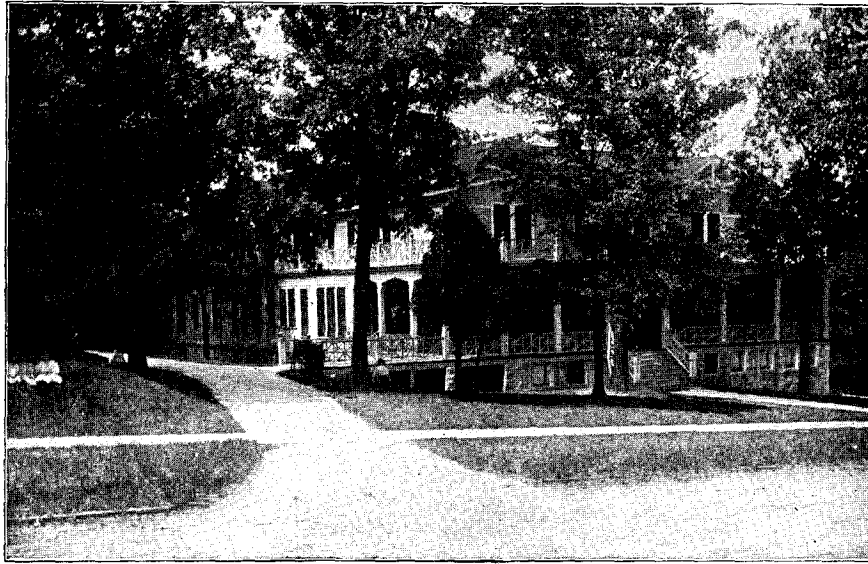
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