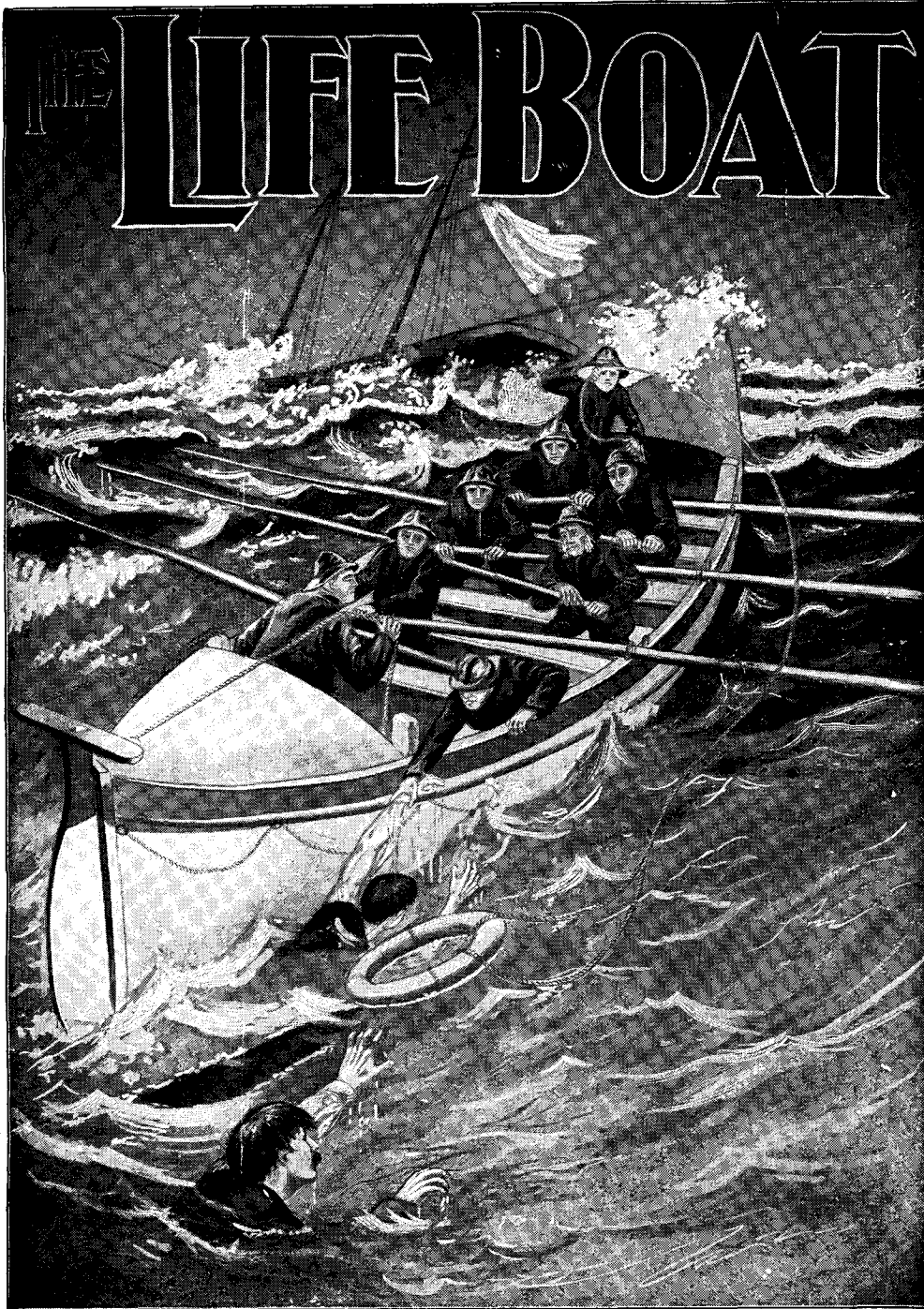


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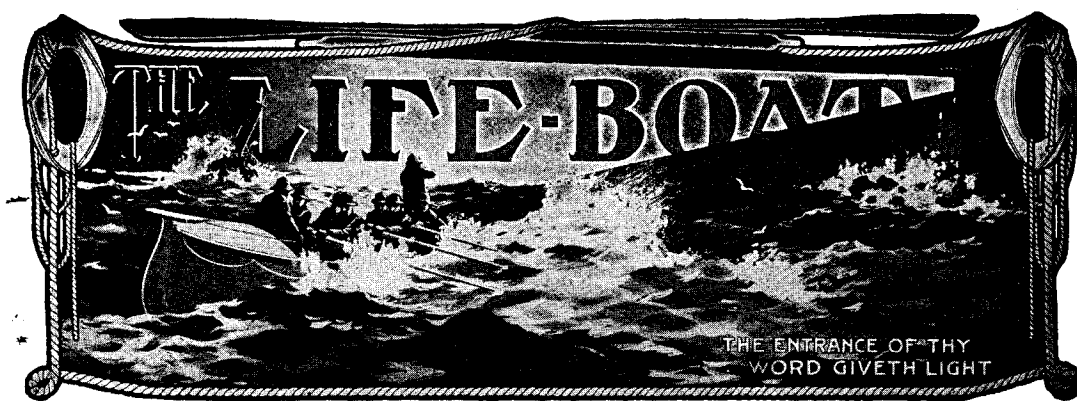
October, 1908

"Why We Did Not Separate"—Mrs. Mackey

THE NEW LIFE BOAT SUBURBAN RESCUE HOME AS IT IS NEARING COMPLETION.



This splendid building contains thirty rooms. We trust that all our friends will make it possible for us to dedicate it December 30th entirely free from debt. One hundred dollars makes the donor a Founder with his name on a tablet in the front hall. Thirty dollars will furnish a room to be known by the donor's name. The smallest sum will be thankfully received. See page 309.



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

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Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: OCTOBER, 1908

Number 10

SUMMER-TIME.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Is there aught on earth can equal this,—a perfect summer's day,
When the air is richly laden with the scent
Of new-mown hay,
When with velvet verdure carpeted the meadows round us lie,
And no clouds obscure the azure of the calm,
Untroubled sky?

If grim Care should ever take its flight, ah, surely it is then,
When the song-bird's note re-echoes from each shaded nook and glen,
When the forest's countless voices in one chorus grand unite,
Which inspires one through the day and serves as lullaby at night.

Is there heart but beats more quickly, or so hard but can be stirred
By the music of the insects, by the lowing of the herd?
By the sunbeams which have filtered through the leafy, vaulted trees,
Or the kisses dropped so lightly by the soft and fragrant breeze?

Is there eye so blind but revels in the clouds that float along,

Or an ear too deaf to listen to the brooklet's babbled song?

Oh, the happy, blessed summer-time! There's naught to equal this

Till we find eternal summer in the dawn of Heaven's bliss!

WHY WE DID NOT SEPARATE.

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

[Recently Mrs. Mackey gave a talk to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family. The following extract relating more particularly to a personal experience will be read with interest by all, and especially those who were fortunate enough to read Brother Mackey's experience in the last LIFE BOAT.—Ed.]

A drunkard's home is not a happy place, and yet that was the condition of our home fourteen years, seven months and eighteen days ago. It was a drunkard's home where there was neither peace nor contentment,—nothing but bickering and quarreling, fighting all the time. The money went to the saloons and gambling rooms,—not enough coming in to provide for the needs of the family, although there were only three of us. If it had not been for my sewing machine I would have been hungry many times, though Mr. Mackey was earning \$4.95 a day whenever he worked.

But the 4th of January, 1894, after a quarrel worse than any we had ever had, it seemed

I must leave him. I was brought up in a strict Presbyterian home, where it was considered a disgrace for families to be separated. But it came to the place I could not stand it any longer, and after a terrible quarrel that day on the street I made up my mind I must go home to my people and there begin life for myself, earning my own living.

That broke my husband all up, for even while he was drinking he loved his family, but



Mrs. Tom Mackey.

you see he had a poor way of showing it. But a man with these habits has not the strength to stop when he wants to. He did not have the power to quit, so was getting worse instead of better. But that night when he thought I was about to leave him he made up his mind he would end it all and commit suicide. But that is only the beginning of the end. We are not like the beasts of the field: God says it is appointed unto man once to die, and *after* that the judgment.

But God had other plans for him. He went down the street, heard a cornet, and received an invitation to come into a mission. He went in, heard the Gospel story and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he came home. I had packed a few things I intended taking with me and I was sitting in the kitchen heart-broken. It is not an easy

thing for a woman to give up her home and start off after so many years of married life. As he came in I did not know what he might do. I supposed that he intended to begin the quarrel again, but he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Wife, I have not come to quarrel this time, but with the help of God I am going to live a better life."

It was the first time he had ever said, "by the help of God" he was going to be a better man; but that night there was something in his face, in the tone of his voice, that changed our whole lives. I did not know what to say to him, but my early training came to me at that time and I knew the thing to do was to pray.

We knelt down in that home that was poverty-stricken, a drunkard's home, and it was transformed that night by the grace of God and became a Bethel to our souls. God pardoned our sins that night and gave us a new ambition in life, not only for ourselves, but gave us a desire to help others, and it seemed we started from that very night to work for the salvation of other souls.

I had an idea that when we got rid of drink in our own home I never should come in touch with it again. But we went into the mission one night and Mr. Mackey motioned for me to come over where he was, with a drunkard, but I shook my head. Yet he kept motioning me and I got up and went over. I did not want to go to the drunkard, and what to say to him I did not know. But I began telling him some of our own experiences and how we got deliverance, and we knelt down. It was not easy for a Christian only two weeks old.

The next night he was there but did not say anything, but the following night he got up and gave his testimony, and as we walked home it seemed as if I was walking on air almost, from hearing that man's testimony, that I had been the means of leading to the Lord Jesus Christ. I was so happy I could have shouted, and I do not wonder much at some of our friends who shout when they are happy in the Lord. It was an inspiration to me to go on in the work.

Then it was only a little while till Mr. Mackey came home one night and told me of meeting a girl and offering her a card of invitation to go into the mission, and she had

said, "What is the use of my going in there? If I went in and started to live a Christian life I have no place to go and no one wants me." And shortly afterwards she died out at Dunning Hospital.

He asked what I would do under those circumstances, and I said I did not know unless I brought her home. The next girl he spoke to, a girl of the street under the influence of liquor, he brought home, and another and another, until there were four in our little flat. But God opened up a larger door.

The work went on for over twelve years, and in that time hundreds of girls have passed through our home. The latch string was always on the outside. People said, "How did you keep them except by lock and key?" We kept them by *love*. It was harder to get rid of them than it was to keep them. It was the only home some of them had ever known,—the home that had been transformed from a drunkard's home to a happy Christian home.

Some of these girls today are out in evangelical work, some are married, with good homes of their own, doing good work in the churches without the past being known; others standing up and telling what God has done for them and winning souls for the Master,—and so the work has gone on and on and on.

Of late I have been going down to the Red Light District. If you have ever seen anything of it you know it is all very beautiful, very fine to the outward appearance, but all the misery and sin that is there would make the heart of one that loved the Saviour bleed, to see so many going down to destruction with so little being done to reach them.

About three weeks ago I stood on the Gospel wagon in that district and saw five men kneel down on the sidewalk and accept Christ as their Saviour—not an easy thing to do in a hooting mob such as there was there. Three of them looked as though they might be business men,—no business up in that district that night, that is certain, but they were there—and the other two looked like working men; all men who were able to do for themselves.

But they knelt down there and prayed for forgiveness of sin and got up and gave their testimony before that crowd that had no regard for God or man. It meant something. And so we do see the fruit of our labors night after night in the midnight hour. God has

given me the grace and love for it that I can't resist, though it is hard on the body. But this is my commission: To go and tell of Jesus and His love, and furthermore it is the personal responsibility of everyone who knows these words:

"I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." Eze. 33:7-9.

Knowing as we do that the Lord is soon coming back—and if we believe the Bible at all we must believe that—what are we doing to prepare for His coming? What are we doing to prepare others for the Saviour that they may be ready for His coming? What manner of persons ought we to be seeing these things shall be dissolved? (2 Pet. 3:11.)

You may say, "We can't all go out and preach in the slums." No, but you can help boys and girls before they start in such a life that will lead them to the slums. The world is dying for a little bit of love. I talked with a couple of girls in the police station last week and they said, "What is the use? Mother would not let us go home."

Then you can help by your prayers. I do like to feel when I stand on the street corners singing the Gospel songs, that Christian people are holding me up before the throne of God that I may properly give the wonderful story of God's salvation.

You can also help by your means. The missions can hardly exist because God's stewards hold the money He has given them in trust, and do not pay it out.

And when you have an opportunity to speak a word for the Master do not let the opportunity slip, for you do not know what good it may do, and you will get such a blessing yourself you will wish you started sooner. I am so glad God has not said, "Well done, good and *successful* servant," but "Well done, good and *faithful* servant."

DON'T LEAVE SOUL-WINNING BEHIND.

C. E. B. WARD,

Pastor, Bridesburg Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

All day I had been journeying westward across the State of Colorado, passing through Royal Gorge, over Tennessee Pass, and down the western slope of the Rockies. Just at dusk the train paused at a small town for lunch. Looking out of the car window I could just discern in the darkness the face of a young man I had known well in former years. He was not a Christian.

I was timid about presenting to him then the claims of Christ, but I was under the spell cast by the late Dr. Trumbull's book, "Individual Work for Individuals," for it had more thoroughly held me during the hours of the day than the magnificence of unrivaled scenery. It was my duty to say a word for his soul.

The window went up,—a pleasant greeting was interchanged and a brief but earnest word spoken about his acceptance of Christ. To my great joy he replied, "Mr. Ward, I'm trying to live a Christian life." Amid the circle of an irreligious home, through all the temptations of railroading in the West; yes, in the face of the "wiles of the devil," and more than likely without the encouragement of one word from a professing Christian in all those years; could the Lord ever have forgiven me had I failed to do my duty!

The satisfaction from the offering of only a cup of cold water in His name has never failed to sweeten one of the many days which have followed.

NATURE'S REMEDIES, OR THE SIMPLE TREATMENT OF SIMPLE DISORDERS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

(Continued.)

Some years ago while lecturing in a Western State a woman consulted me regarding an attack of indigestion. I speedily discovered the cause of it and suggested the necessary change of habits and gave her some simple advice. She did not seem at all interested and finally said, "But, doctor, are you not going to give me any drops?" I observed that she thought there was *something* she

could take so she could *continue* her wrongdoing and yet feel comfortable.

Another reason why we should not constantly be resorting to drugs is that the longer they are used the less effective they are, while the longer we use one of nature's remedies the more effective it becomes.

Old General Naaman, who despised the prophet's prescription to go and take a course of baths in the River Jordan for his skin disease (2 Kings 5), is dead, but unfortunately his tribe has not all died off. There are plenty of people who have no more faith in nature's simple remedies than Naaman had.

The prompt use of physiological remedies will often prevent a long sickness and sometimes a funeral. "A stitch in time saves nine" is even more true in the treatment of disease than it is in the darning of stockings.

HOW THE BABY MONKEY WAS CURED.

Nothing will juggle away pain so promptly and efficiently as a hot fomentation. The fomentation is made from one-fourth of a single bed blanket. Wring it out of hot water, leaving both ends dry, so as not to scald the hands, apply over pain area and cover with a dry fomentation cloth. It will relieve almost all manner of local pains almost instantly without leaving any damaging effects behind.

In San Diego, Cal., I saw a mother monkey and her three baby monkeys. The mother had gathered beneath her some green fruit, and the little monkeys were slipping up behind and trying to steal the green fruit. The mother, who was watching on all sides, cuffed one on the ear, then threw another across the cage, and did her best to keep them from getting any of the green fruit.

I then noticed that one of the little monkeys had already eaten some of the fruit and was suffering severely from colic, and had climbed up to the top of the cage and was hanging over a hot water pipe, in this way taking a fomentation to his stomach while the mother looked on approvingly. He soon scampered down as lively as before. He had been cured. I could not help thinking that if it had been a human baby its mother would probably have given it a dose of paregoric or Mother Winslow's soothing syrup.

A hot blanket trunk pack is a sovereign remedy for all manner of pains in the abdo-



Hot hip and leg pack.

men. A great educator was subject to acute colicky pains. At such times he had always been compelled to take morphine to get relief. Much against his will he was persuaded to take a trunk pack and to his great astonishment it gave him instant relief. He asked the doctor, "What did you put in that water? I would like to know so when I get home I can take the same treatment?" When he was told that the blanket had been wrung out of nothing but hot water he exclaimed, "You mean to say I have had nothing but a *hot rag* around me?"

Hot hip and leg packs will work marvels in the relief of various kinds of pelvic pains. The most obstinate and excruciating sciatica can ordinarily be subdued by this means. Hip and leg packs with cold compress over the region of the appendix, permitting nothing by the mouth except water, will carry through safely almost every case of appendicitis, and then the operation can be done more safely after the attack is over.

HEATING COMPRESS.

The beneficial effects of the fomentation can be prolonged by the means of the heating compress. This is especially applicable to painful and stiff joints. A gentleman came to our institution some time ago who had been walking with a crutch for some time on account of the stiffness of his knee joints. We applied fomentations to his knees in the evening and then put next to the skin a

layer of muslin cloth that had been wrung out of cold water, then we put over that a layer of oiled silk or oil cloth and some cotton, and over that we pinned very snugly one thickness of dry flannel.

When I went up to his room the next morning he sat up on the edge of the bed kicking with both feet. He pointed to them and said, "Look at that! A *miracle* has been wrought during the night." This heating compress brought extra blood to his joints over night, which produced the good results.

The chief value of liniments consists in



A hot foot and leg bath before going to bed, with a hot application on the chest covered with a dry blanket, is almost certain to break up an acute cold if taken in time.

the directions to "rub in well." It is this massage which promotes the real healing.

CURING A COLD.

Colds are regarded altogether too lightly. They are frequently a door which ushers in death-dealing disorders. A cold is an evidence that the body is in a foul condition, that the system needs house-cleaning. Hence the patient does not need drugs to smother the symptoms; he must remove the cause.

The diet should be restricted to rice and fruit for a day or two. A thorough enema should be administered. At night give either a hot bath or a hot foot bath with fomentations to the spine and chest followed by a cold mitten friction. If the cold has settled



FIRST STEP IN A CHEST PACK.

After a hot fomentation has been applied to the chest wring a thin towel or some muslin out of cold water and apply as shown above. Let it cross in the back. Then cover with mackintosh, oiled silk or even newspaper.

severely in the chest, a heating chest pack should be put on and worn all night.

SIMPLE FEVERS.

The general treatment of la grippe and other simple fevers is somewhat as that of an acute cold. The wet sheet pack is an admirable means of reducing temperature.

In fever there is deficient activity of all the digestive organs, therefore the diet should be restricted to fruit diet, fruit soups, vegetable broths and rice preparations.



Next this may be covered with a pair of woollen drawers as shown above.



Let the legs of the drawers cross at the back and bring them around under the arms and pin them snugly in front as shown in the above cut. Everything about the neck should be drawn together snugly and pinned carefully. Remove next morning, sponging the chest quickly with a little cold water and rub briskly. If the chest pack is put on properly the patient will warm up in a few minutes. If it remains cold it should be removed, as it will do more harm than good.

NATURE'S TONICS.

Thousands of people are resorting to drugs, Coca-Cola and other similar preparations to relieve that "tired feeling." These agents simply smother the nerves that cry out for relief. Nature's tonics are sleep, rest, sunshine, fresh air and short cold applications.

The skin is the keyboard to the internal organs. Just as the brain has a face so the skin over the liver is the face to the liver. The skin over the stomach and heart are faces to those respective organs.

Just as a dash of cold water over the face will arouse the brain of the fainting person, so a dash of cold water over other parts of the skin will arouse the internal organ that it is in contact with.

Some years ago while lecturing over in England a woman fainted; someone immediately suggested dashing cold water in her face and it worked like a charm. While we have only one square foot of face, we have twenty square feet of skin, each of which will arouse

responsive reactions if cold water is applied to it.

The boy who never went barefooted, who never had a chance to go in swimming, will probably atone for it later on in life by taking cold mitten frictions and other treatment in a sanitarium, or perish long before his time for not getting the benefit of it.

WHAT IS A COLD MITTEN?

The friction mitt is made of moreen or any coarse cloth, does not even need a place for thumb. Put it on the hand, dip it in cold water, squeeze out some of the excess of moisture and rub the patient, part at a time, until the skin is aglow.

LEFT IN A CHICKEN BOX.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron, Suburban Home,
Hinsdale, Ill.

A few weeks ago I was awakened at midnight by the night nurse. On going to the door I saw two men, one a policeman with an old beer box which looked as if taken from a chicken coop. Inside the box was a baby. We have taken a picture of the baby in the box and reproduce it herewith. The baby evidently had just been left across the way from our Home and its cries had awakened the man of the house, who called up the officer, and he brought it over to us.

It was a bright little baby boy about four or five weeks old. I thought perhaps the party leaving the baby intended leaving it at our Home, but had made a mistake. The officer asked me if I would keep it that night and in the morning he would take it to the Foundlings' Home. I told him I disliked to see the little one go out into the cold world, we knew not where, and as that was the business we were in—to take care of the homeless and needy—I thought we would keep him and find a home for him.

Dear reader, my first thought on seeing the baby was, Oh, what a heartless mother to do such a



A Cold Mitten Friction is a splendid means of taking a cold bath on the instalment plan.

thing! But on looking further I noticed with what care he was dressed. The very pins seemed to cry out with a mother's love and say, "Do not judge her too harshly."

You who have never seen a mother give her baby away can not know what anguish and spirit of self-sacrifice she displays in doing so, for she thinks of the future of the little one more than she does of herself.

The saddest thing I have to contend with in this work is seeing the mothers and babies separate. I can not get used to it. Just yesterday a girl who has been in the Home for several months gave her four-months-old

manner. I know the Lord is working in our midst. I want to be found faithful when Jesus comes and be in the place He would have me.

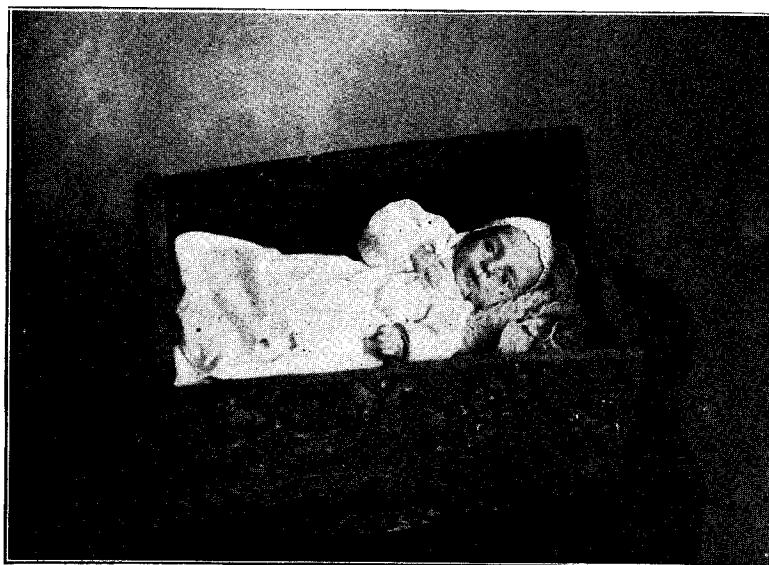
TO MY SISTERS IN TROUBLE.

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

Through the medium of this magazine we have been privileged to help many a girl in a time of need. Instances have come to our notice where girls—disheartened and discouraged, carrying a burden on their hearts too heavy for them to bear, without a friend to sympathize—have been on the point of ending

it all when they happened to pick up a copy of THE LIFE BOAT and have read an invitation similar to this one. Through God we have been able to help such girls through their difficulty and to inspire them with hope and courage.

If you are in need of a friend write to us. We are glad to hold out a helping hand to any girl in distress and trouble. Your letters will be held confidential. Address as above.



The Chicken-Box Baby.

baby away. The whole house was in mourning.

My heart is cheered as I see our new Rescue Home rapidly nearing completion. Dr. Paulson tells me that there are bills that must be met at once. If your heart is touched by the labor of love that we are carrying on will you not help us as liberally as you can to dedicate this building free from debt? I think we shall be able to maintain the work on a self-supporting basis.

God has been very good to us and our prayers have been answered in a marvelous

WIPING SNOW OUT OF A DOG'S EYES INSTEAD OF TEARS OUT OF CHILDREN'S EYES.

MRS. IDA B. BROWN,
6621 Parnell Ave., Chicago.

It was my privilege to spend another fortnight at the Rescue Home at Hinsdale. It would be a blessing if there were an opportunity so hundreds of others might come in contact with these poor girls, most of whom have the saddest stories, and most of all a blighted life—for the time being at any rate. I would entreat mothers: make confidants



and companions of your girls. Know where they are and what kind of company they keep.

The accompanying photograph of our little Beverley is one out of a number of just such sweet babies.

As I was coming home last winter from a short stay, relieving the matron of the Home, I brought back with me this darling little bunch of humanity cuddled into my arms.

A beautiful, stately, well-dressed lady entered the car and took a seat just ahead of me. It was snowing dreadfully and I thought of course she, too, had a baby sheltered from the storm. But imagine my chagrin and disgust to see her take out an elegant, hand-embroidered handkerchief and *wipe a dog's* eyes with it.

Yes, in her arms she cuddled this white quadruped that could not understand, and in return for all of her love and attention could only give *dog* sense. Oh, ladies, who are lavishing your heart's love on an animal, just think how much more pleased God would be should you take and love and care and educate one of these little creatures!

The mother instinct is so strong. The heart craves these darling little ones, and if all-wise Providence has deemed best for none

to brighten your home, then you who can and who have means whereby you can educate them for usefulness in this life, why not put the *dogs* in their kennels and take one of these little creatures into your homes and hearts?

Many a girl has been saved from an untimely death by being sheltered in this Rescue Home. Now the spacious new Home under construction will soon be completed, ready for occupancy, but several hundred dollars are yet needed for its furnishings. Those of you who have never thought particularly about this home and the immense amount of good it is doing, stop now and ask yourself, "Is there anything I can do to help along this good work?" and you will surely hear the echo, "Yes, there is," and then do what you can so this splendid, large, up-to-date Home can be completed. May the Lord bless all who make a contribution, even if it is not more than one dollar.

HOW THE RESCUE WORK IMPRESSED AN OUTSIDER.

One of the Sanitarium guests who was deeply interested in THE LIFE BOAT Suburban Home kindly consented to look after the work while Mrs. Swanson was absent for a couple of weeks. We commend the following from her pen to the thoughtful consideration of all those who have not come in immediate contact with a work of this kind:

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest." Romans 2:1.

To those who are not in sympathy with the work being done for unfortunate girls, and who feel that the girls ought to reap what they have sown, I want to say a few words. While I have always had sympathy for such, and believed in the work of helping and of receiving them, I have only recently known how mistaken we (who are not in the work itself) are concerning the natures and characters of most of the girls. Believe me, they are worth helping, worth working for.

I have been in close touch with them lately, having taken the place of the matron, Mrs. Swanson, while she was away seeking homes for several babies. I was greatly surprised at the interest shown in Bible study, and by the atmosphere of Christianity in the Home, which

manifested itself in real endeavor to show brotherly love to one another.

I was so impressed with the thought of the great battle with the world which they will have to fight now, with so few helping hands, and what it means to them to have faith in God and let Him fight their battles. There may be some unworthy ones, but there are many more who are worthy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." Many of these poor girls are certainly pure in heart in God's sight, and who are we that we should not sympathize and should lend no help? Christ Himself appeared not to hear the accusations against the woman, but wrote on the ground; and when appealed to again what did He answer? Let us all who are Christians remember well His answer: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her."

TWO ENCOURAGING EXPERIENCES.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Superintendent Life Boat Mission,
471 State St., Chicago.

Some six or seven years ago there was one night in the Mission a poor woman. I had met her prior to this time and only knew that her name was Maggie. This particular night we had a big crowd, with a lot of people in from the outside. This woman was there—large, thick-set, dirty, under the influence of liquor, she was more or less covered with filth.

She was going out of the door and no one had spoken to her. I had watched her during the service and when she was going out the door I reached out my hand regardless of what the people might think of me. I took her dirty, filthy hand in mine and said, "Maggie, wouldn't you like to give your heart to God?" She dropped her eyes and said, "No one has ever told me how." Her husband was a drunkard and had stained his hand with the blood of his fellow men. We did not think there was much we could do with her. But I spoke to her.

Friends, that is a fearful thing, to think some one has lived in this world, in this country, with schools and education and Christian associations and churches and organizations of all kinds, and yet there are people all around us that have never heard the story of His

love. Mackey was past forty years before he heard that Jesus Christ came to save from sin. But someone finally did tell him. I do not suppose that man who spoke to him really knows what has been accomplished through the kind word and hearty handshake to that man on the sidewalk. But look at the life's work that man has done! It was all by a kind word and helping hand, because someone was not afraid to go to the man whose life was withered, opportunities past, and take him by the hand and lift him to a higher and nobler life.

This woman I was speaking of said she did not know how. I asked if she would like to know how and she said she would. I got her off to one side and read some of the promises of God and it was not long before we were on our knees, and I taught her to pray the first prayer she had ever prayed, except formerly from a prayerbook, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And so she prayed that prayer from the bottom of her heart.

From that day to this she has been a sober, industrious woman, and her children are with her except one whom she is supporting in a school to train her for a missionary. So that handshake, that word of prayer, and that little verse of Scripture, have changed the life of this woman, and I do not know how many more lives she has changed by her life and testimony.

Two weeks ago a young fellow was in the Mission, about twenty-eight years of age, and after the service, when we requested hands for prayer this lone hand was raised. I sent Brother Finnell to speak to him. He told him he had a misfortune in life and was in hard circumstances, and Brother Finnell said, "I would like to have the superintendent meet you." He said, "Well, don't tell him I am an ex-convict."

So he called me and I came over. He introduced me and said, "This fellow seems to think his life's record is such the Lord will not receive him." Then I told him of a man who came out of Sing Sing prison a number of years ago and came to Chicago, and I said, "God wonderfully saved that fellow, and the same God can save you."

I told him how that man had seven charges over his head and landed here with no place to go, for the police were on his trail—he had

his hair cut short, etc. He camped in one of these lodging houses with the rest of the fellows, and wanted to get away from his friends and all who knew him.

I said he came to the Mission and I got acquainted with him. I felt the Spirit of God was working with him and one night I went to him and said, "Look here, brother, it is time you were giving your heart to God." He said, "I can't." I asked him why not and he said, "I have a record behind me."

I knew if he got a position they would go and say, "You have an ex-convict working for you and had better get rid of him." I said, "I do not care about your *record*—God can make you a new man; God will make things right with you if you seek first the righteousness of God." Then we got on our knees and the fellow gave his heart to God. I told him he had better go out West in the wheat fields and earn enough money to pay back those he had defrauded. He said, "I will do it."

That was the last I saw of him for nearly a year; but one day who should come into the Mission one evening but him! And the moment he opened the door he shouted out, "Praise the Lord!" I knew him at once and said, "Well, the seed had brought back fruit."

He had gone out West and earned money, and as soon as he got enough money to pay back one fellow he would put it in an envelope and then bury it; and by and by he had seven envelopes. And as soon as he got it he started out for New York.

His hair had grown long and no one knew him. He went to the fellow whom he owed about fifty dollars. The man was sitting in his store. He went to him and before he had time to speak to him he shoved that envelope into his hand and said, "Here, I owe you this."

Of course the fellow did not recognize him at first, but counted the money with the interest. Then he said, "Why, what has happened to you? I never knew you to do a thing straight in your life." Then he told him about the Mission in Chicago, and said, "Will you forgive me?" And the old man broke down and said, "Sure, I will forgive you." Then he went to the drawer and drew out the warrant against him and threw it in the stove, and said, "Sure, you are forgiven," and he returned him the money. That is what God does. And they all did that except one

man who needed the money, and so kept it, but he freely forgave him.

I told all this to that man in the Mission, not knowing he was an ex-convict, and said, "Now if God could do that for him He will do it for you. Will you give Him a chance?" And he said, "I *will*." Then we prayed. He has been with me for a few days and has not secured work as yet, but had communicated with his people at home. The other night I brought him a letter; his father had fallen from a scaffolding and was killed, and he knew nothing of it. But thank God, the man was a Christian, and now the boy, while he will not meet his father here, has the consolation of a life beyond this vale of tears.

So this work goes on night after night. We ask all our friends to help us with the rent and other expenses.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

DAN MARTIN,
294 Wells St., Chicago.

[Shortly after THE LIFE BOAT Mission was first opened, one evening Mrs. Abrams and her husband were going by on their way to the theater. The singing sounded good to her worldly sin-sick heart and she insisted on going in, and that very night gave her heart to God.

She at once became a soul-winner. She was especially led to pray for those who lived in the same house, among whom was Mr. Martin, who had just taken the first faltering step in the Christian path. She convinced him that God would hear his prayer. He was one of the effective workers for God at the Columbian Exposition in St. Louis, and now maintains a flourishing mission of his own in north Chicago. The following interesting items were culled from his talk on the seventh anniversary of his conversion.—ED.]

It was down East when I first learned a trade and began to make my way in the world. I took my first drink in New Jersey, and soon became a drunkard and drank up everything I could get hold of. I spent fifteen years down on the red light side of New York and although I sometimes made as high as ninety dollars a week I would spend every cent of it on Saturday night gambling and for drink.

One night I had only three cents left and was three miles away from home, yet I spent those last three cents for beer and then I lay down on a lot of ripe bananas in a box car. When I woke up I found my clothing was

completely covered with ripe bananas, and I found that I had been carried ninety-six miles to Philadelphia. I worked there without having anything to eat until I had enough to take me back to New Jersey, then I earned ninety dollars the next week and the following Saturday night went up and blew it all in. I did not have brains enough to say "jack rabbit."

Many a time I was kicked around in the bar room and slept on the soft side of a plank. I got so wretched I did not dare look into



Dan Martin.

a mirror. I used to go down to the river, get a rag and wash my face there. Do you think this was pleasant or that I found any happiness in it? Never.

Finally I came west to Springfield, Ill., and as I had no money they told me the best thing to do was to get out of town. I walked toward Chicago on the railroad and the weather was so hot it seemed like walking in a furnace. I was choking for beer and my tongue was thick.

When I got to Chicago and was walking down Michigan avenue I met a fellow who seemed to need the whole street to walk on. I said to him, "Will you please tell me where the slums of Chicago are?" and he said, "Will

you please tell me what side of the street I am on?" Misery loves company, and so we walked down the street together. I did not know where to stay that night and he told me to follow him.

He put for the lake front and took me down under the Van Buren Street viaduct, where there were a lot of other men sleeping. In the morning I washed my face in the lake and my friend rolled out an old dirty handkerchief and by and by a couple of coins, and said, "Here, you share my stock," and gave me ten cents.

It was on the 23d of August, 1901; I went into Hinky Dink's saloon in the afternoon. I had only the ten-cent piece in my pocket; I called for beer and another man asked me to treat him. I did not say yes or no, and he called my attention away, and when I turned toward the beer it was gone,—another fellow had gotten it, and then he kicked me out on the street and I found myself all covered with blood and badly cut up.

I got up and found a Gospel meeting in session on Harrison and Clark streets. In my half-dazed condition I supposed that the man who was talking was the man who had struck me and I ran down there in the condition I was in and expected to raise a fight. But I was attracted by the singing and the Scripture read, and I raised my hand and asked him to pray for me. The light broke in, and in my drunken and bruised condition I felt forgiveness then and there.

I did not know how to write my own name nor how to read it. I found James 1:5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally," to be so. I found then that all things were possible with Christ and if you got Christ everything would come your way. I have proved that to be so. The prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I went to Mrs. Abrams and roomed for eight months in her house, and that dear sister of God, a member of the Life Boat Mission, prayed for me after my conversion that God would give me the strength. God used the prayers of that woman and my prayers to raise me up. I got a position on West Adams street and held it for nine months. God helped me to be straight and sober. I attended the Life Boat Mission and the mission at 324 South Clark street. Mr. Van Dorn time after

time taught me blessed truths from the Bible.

Since then God has enabled me to come into the graces of my wife and family, and I opened up a mission on the North Side and God has given me the desires of my heart.

My wife does the work of janitor and the whole thing while I work for my living at Marshall Field's wholesale house. I work fifteen hours a day at my employment and I also have held meetings in Thomson's bar room every Friday night for seven months. We have had some wonderful conversions down there. Many a wayward man has been brought back to his family. One of our converts from that bar room is now engineer on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

I never went to school, and I work from five in the morning to nine at night every day and after that time I look after the business of the mission.

I thank God that I am a rescued hobo; that I am *saved*; I thank God that I am *kept*, that my past is *forgiven*. I can approach a Christian with a clean heart and say, "Pray for me."

THE BOY—WHAT'S HE WORTH?

REV. N. KINGSBURY.
Santa Ana, Cal.

[This article from Brother Kingsbury should be read by everyone who loves his fellow men. When you have read it you will do some substantial thinking.—Ed.]

Do you know, brother, the boy is the richest *asset* of the home, the community, the country? He is—he is! Yet how few realize this fact! You don't pay much attention to him, others don't; everybody looks upon him just that way. Few take thought of his environments, of his companions, of the influences that fall about him. What will the harvest be? There are good people around him, but awfully indifferent, who let the boy take care of himself: "He'll sow his wild oats and then turn out all right."

Who cares? Let him go! That's it, let him go! But the devil won't "let him go." Bad boys won't let him go. He's up against it—a gone case already.

He is out in the world. The devil is out in the world, too. Bad men and bad women, bad boys and bad girls are also out in the world. The boy catchers are all there.

There they set their traps. Here they are: slum boys, parlor boys, home boys, street boys, rich boys, poor boys, college boys, school boys, breaker boys down in the mines, pale, thin boys in the close cotton mill, and traps for all of them—pool room traps, lemonade with a stick in it traps, cigarette traps, and pitfalls.

Then for many there is the prison cell. Many boys get caught in these traps; alas, alas, and who cares? Fathers—many of them good faithful men—lost their grip of the boy because they forgot to play ball with him before the boy was ten years old. Look out, man, the devil won't forget!

Many loving, busy, care-taking mothers say: "Oh, go along with you, Johnnie; get out and play," when Johnnie wants mother's attention just a wee bit; heart longings are unmet. So the best grip on the boy is lost. Let you and me call and look in on some of these boys, poor fellows!

CELL NUMBER ONE.

Ah, here is the inmate, a bright-looking young man of twenty-six, had a praying mother once. God bless her, God bless the boy, too, if he is behind the bars. He is down now—was tempted and fell; now he is friendless, broken-hearted, penitent perhaps or would be if some Jesus man would look in his face, grip his hand and say, "Cheer up, brother, I'll be your friend."

Get down upon your knees, pray with him, for him, write him a cheery letter once in a while. When the cell door opens and he goes out free *meet* him there; you have told some good friends about his case if you have done your duty—now *introduce* him.

Take him home, give him a place at your table for a meal or two; let him see the face of the wife; it will remind him of the mother who once prayed for him.

Don't say a thing or do a thing to remind him that he has been a "jail bird." He's a praying mother's boy. Have a little *faith* in him and a big bit in God. Love him because his mother loved him, because Jesus loves him; thus you will help him on his feet—"born again," what's the boy worth now?

CELL NUMBER TWO.

Number Two, nobody here! Oh, yes, crouched back there in the corner he is, face buried in his hands, thinking about the old home, the tiny boyhood days, brothers and sis-

ters! Now he rocks the wee baby sister's cradle for mother; now he kneels at mother's knee and says his evening prayer; then mother tucks him in bed, kneels and prays, "O God, keep my boy, help him to be good and true for Jesus' sake!" Then soft lips print a kiss upon his boy face.

And now, why, this, the prison cell! The story is he went to the city, got employment—in a respectable home; employer was a church member, but forgot about the twenty-one-year-old boy; he employed him *only* for the service he could render and failed to introduce him to good, true fellows of his age, so the boy fell in with a couple of hearty "hail fellows well met," a little fast.

He wanted comradeship, found it in them, took a little wine, played cards a little, till one night he lost—then came another loss. Then one friend says, "Borrow a little from old B. S.,—he'll never know it; you'll win it back again; it is all right." He takes and loses, and again, till discovery comes.

And now cell number two is his home. Mother's gone; he has no friends, is so lonely; he sees his mistakes, his sin, and is praying the best he knows how. He cries, "Oh, for a friend who will help me!" Don't you see, just now a real *true* good friend, an earthly friend, will prove a sheet-anchor to him?

Now is your chance to help him get a grip on Jesus Christ; then he is safe, because when he knows how to call on the sinners' friend Jesus Christ will grip him in His grip of power and love. What, in a prison cell? Yes, yes, a thousand times, yes, born again, and in a prison cell. "What's the boy worth now?"

(Continued next month.)

FIERY COAL,
OR
THE GOSPEL IN A WATERMELON.

F. A. LORENZ.

Most of the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* have read or heard of some strange episode in far-away Russia. The writer of these lines had the fortune, or misfortune, to have been born in that country.

About thirty-five years ago, when I was a mere lad, a great religious awakening swept over the German villages of the Volga region

in which my father, now deceased, was a prominent factor. In those days of despotic rule it was not an easy matter to serve one's God according to the dictates of his own conscience. When people were converted and left their sinful ways persecution was their lot as sure as the daily bread.

By force of circumstances those villagers were, in a large measure, compelled to work together. One day a large number of people drove into the forest to cut wood, and father with his two oldest children was among them. It was quite a distance, and all the way up to the woods father had to endure their ridicule, mockery and laughter. The children wept because of the injustice done their father, but he himself bore it all patiently and tried to comfort them. A man by the name of Philip Weipert made himself prominent as the leader of the persecution.

After the destination was reached all went to work, but the scoffing at father's life and attitude did not cease, but instead grew more severe than ever. It was a hot, long summer day, with no breeze. As was the custom, each family took with them a small keg filled with water to quench their thirst. The hours went by, the water grew less as the host of evil men kept up a constant fire of mockery against the only God-fearing man in their midst. Perspiration and drinking water were in constant evidence, and one keg after the other was emptied, with absolutely no prospect of getting any more in that forest. One person began to ask the other for water, but you know human nature is selfish, especially in a case of emergency.

Finally father's arch-enemy, Philip Weipert, called in a loud tone: "People, if I don't get any water at once I will have to die!" At the conclusion of this desperate declaration a still small voice whispered to father: "Now is your opportune time." Father, standing erect and looking in the direction of Weipert, called out to him: "Philip, I have no more water or I would share it with you, but I have yet in reserve a nice big watermelon; come over and I will cut it so that you may quench your thirst."

Philip stood like one thunderstruck; filled with amazement he stood aghast, seemingly unable to know what to say or do. Father, with a smile on his face, beckoned him to ac-

cept his invitation. Reluctantly Philip accepted the gracious offer and thanked his benefactor a thousand times for the favor bestowed upon him. It is needless to say that the watermelon worked such a change in Philip that he became one of the warmest friends of him whom he formerly reviled against and persecuted.

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Rom. 12:20.

Workers all over the land are meeting with marvelous success in selling The Life Boat. Send for a dollar's worth at agents' rates and try it in your community or write for special terms in quantities.

FROM THE FLORIDA TURPENTINE PRISON CAMPS.

"In reading a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, published last May, I became interested in it and would be very glad to correspond with the company, although I am a prisoner in the Florida Prison. But God is all wise, and all power is trusted in His hand. I read one or two copies of THE LIFE BOAT long ago, but could not like it as I do now. But the last copy has touched me with so much power that I decided to write you.

"Although I am a sinner, I am trying every day to do something that is pleasing in the sight of God and to live closer to Jesus and to try to learn His ways. If I had five cents I would send it gladly to you for a copy of your paper right now, and if you have any literature that you could send me to read, please send it. When my time is out here I want to join the Life Boat Crew and go looking the world holdly in the face like a man fighting for Jesus.

"Pray for me that the Lord may help me in this corner and enable me to live a Christian life here in this world. I have not a Bible, but I have the New Testament, and every time I read it I seem to love it more and more."

Another prisoner writes from the same camp:

"I am serving a year's term in one of the Turpentine Camps. I have served four

months already, so I have six months to serve. I read the prison number of your magazine, and I was prompted to write you and hereby acknowledge my thanks to your magazine for the great benefit I at once derived from its praiseworthy, enlightening and cheerful articles.

"I'll confess that when I first picked THE LIFE BOAT book up I did not wish for any spiritual reading. In fact, I did not believe it possible for a few mere words of spiritual advice to move me in any way. But I found after reading all these sincere testimonials of fallen and hopeless sinners of their redemption to a happy, bright, spiritual life, it seemed a sudden desire had gotten hold of me to correspond with you and ask you to send me whatever spiritual literature you can spare, of whatever kind you think will help a friendless young man to get in the right path and be saved.

"There are about forty prisoners here, and I'll be glad to let them read the books you'll be pleased to send me. I wish to prepare myself and reform, so I can begin a better life next spring when my time expires, and I must once more take my place in society again.

"Please remember me in your prayer meetings, though I am so far off from Chicago. I begin to realize that it's just the Almighty power that watches over all of us."

FINDING DOROTHY IN THE POLICE STATION.

JENNIE L. PERSON,
Boston, Mass.

During a few days' visit at the Hinsdale Sanitarium it was my privilege on a Sunday morning to accompany Mrs. Clough, Mrs. Swanson and some other missionary workers to the weekly prison service at the Harrison Street police station. For anyone who has never been in such a place it would be hard to imagine what it is like. In the women's cells there were about twenty-six women and girls, many of them very young, and they were there for various causes, some for drunkenness, others for disorderly conduct, and oh, the pity of it! Our hearts went out to them as we looked into their faces, some hardened by sin, but others fresh and sweet.

At the beginning of our service many

seemed careless and even defiant, but as we went on singing, praying, reading the Word of God and then pleading with them, their hearts were melted by the sweet influence of the Spirit of God and nearly all of them requested prayer for themselves. Oh, how earnestly we did pray that the dear Shepherd, in love and compassion might there reclaim some of His wandering and erring sheep and lambs.

I am wondering, is it partly because of the inconsistent life of some professed Christians that these poor unfortunate ones were in that place? Christian friends, it is our privilege to gather into His kingdom rather than scatter.

In the men's corridor we found the same condition, only there were many more of them. I noticed one man especially. Oh, how he listened while the sweet Gospel story was told! Tears were in his eyes and he was evidently tired of sin. He had seemingly been long on the broad road, but we knew it was not too late.

Let us go out in the highways and hedges, and with our hearts filled with love bid them to the great wedding feast of our soon-coming Lord and King.

As we entered the annex where many unfortunate young girls and also children are confined, the matron told us that one of the little girls, a child of about three years, had been brought in by the police a couple of hours before. She had wandered several miles away from her home and was picked up on the bridge crossing the river.

During our service the door bell rang and as soon as the matron had swung open the ponderous door a shrill voice cried out, "Dorothy, my precious darling; come here!" and Dorothy fairly flew into her mother's arms. The welcome she received by both father and mother would be difficult to picture in words. The child had wandered from their home on the West Side, through the down-town district, and was just crossing the bridge going north. The parents had spent many a weary hour that morning searching for their lost one.

What better illustration did we need to impress upon those girls the joy which is manifested in heaven over one wanderer returned from his life of sin? As we told them of Christ who was out searching for them just

as truly as those sorrowing parents were looking for their lost one, we saw the tears coursing down their cheeks, and as we knelt together in prayer we felt that more than one lost child was finding her way back home that morning.

May God bless these mission workers as they faithfully go to that place week after week! May God give them a message for those sinning souls that will bring them to the Saviour.

SAVED WHILE IN AWFUL TROUBLE.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Not long ago while returning from a visit to my mother I got on the train in a distant town. The car was crowded and I thought I should have to stand, but soon I noticed a beautifully dressed woman sit up and put her hat on. She had been lying down, occupying the whole seat. I noticed at once a distressed look on her face and asked if I might sit down there with her. She consented and I soon began telling her of the goodness of God. I told her how the Lord had wonderfully saved me and had permitted me to work for my sisters and brothers who were out of Christ. I read to her some of the letters I had received from prisoners.

She began to cry and said, "I believe the Lord has permitted us to meet. This is a grand work." She became deeply interested, and soon she said, "I am in *awful* trouble and I want you to pray for me." I said, "The Lord bless you! Something told me that you were in trouble and I have been praying the Lord to help me be a help to you." I then asked, "What is the trouble?"

The woman then opened her heart to me and told me of her past wicked life. She said, "I expect to be arrested at every station. I am running away from my husband. I could not stand it with him any longer. I went to the bank and drew a large sum of money and signed his name for it." In despair she said, "What can I do?" I said, "I do not know, my sister. I can only point you to the Lamb of God. Ask Him to save you and help you." And as we sat there in our seats on the train we lifted our voices softly to God for forgiveness. I believe God heard our cry.

She was very nervous and thought that

everyone who came through the car was looking for her. I told her that Jesus would take that fear out of her heart. I told her how the Lord gave me confidence in Him after living such a wicked life. Finally she went on to tell how she had been traveling in the footsteps of the woman of Samaria whom Jesus so freely forgave. She said, "Look at my wasted life!" I said, "My sister, there is no case too hopeless for God." She said, "If you will help me I will have no more of it," and she decided then and there that she would give it all up and follow her Master. I promised to help her all I could.

Oh, what a blessed privilege to be always on duty for my Saviour! I asked God when I got on that train that He would make me a blessing to some soul. God answered my prayer. It pays to serve Jesus.

SUPPOSE THAT ACCIDENT HAD BE- FALLEN YOU.

LUTHER ELLIS,
Brighton, Ill.

[Mr. Ellis served a prison sentence in the South Dakota penitentiary for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor. Here he received a copy of THE LIFE BOAT and was thoroughly converted, made a special study of the special Gospel truths at this time and accepted them. He engaged for some time in Gospel work in Washington, D. C., then felt impressed to visit his old home and parents to whom he had been a lost prodigal for many years. He writes the following, which should be a warning to everyone who is taking the risk of postponing the acceptance of Christ.—ED.]

I would like to be in THE LIFE BOAT work better than anything else that I could engage in, and as soon as the Lord opens the way I expect to be engaged in it. I am only waiting for Him to call.

I want to be a self-supporting worker and I know the Lord will provide for me if I follow Him.

I had two cousins killed a short time ago by a fast train on the Wabash at Edwardsville. I had a talk with them about a month before and told them we were living in the last days of this world's history when we were going to receive our reward according to the deeds done in the body. I told them they ought to quit drinking, as it was much better to be filled with the Spirit of God than to be

filled with intoxicating spirits. I quoted Scripture to them for about an hour to prove that which I had said to them. And you know what God our Father says, "He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29:1.

The Scripture was surely fulfilled to the letter in their cases, for one had a full bottle by him and the other one a broken bottle, and he was cut in two at the thigh.

How thankful I am that God did not cut me off in my drinking days, but gave me a chance to return to Him! As He says in His Word, "For I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee,"—not with corruptible things as of gold and silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

May the Lord help us all to be faithful to Him in these trying times and may He soon come to call His loved ones home.

THE DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF DRUG HABITS.

The *Chicago Tribune* gives it editorially as their opinion that there are a million slaves to morphine, cocaine and opium habits in this country. For the good of the country it is hoped that this estimate is exaggerated. There is no denying the fact that drug habits are frightfully on the increase. The following letter is a sample of many that we receive:

"As I have been reading your magazine and seen the strange and mysterious ways in which God works in the hearts of men, an idea has come into my mind which I hope you may be able to help carry out through His guidance.

"I have a girlhood friend who is a victim of morphine and liquor. No earthly power can help her, and I have no idea how your workers can reach her, as she never goes out except to procure her poison, then sleeps it off during the day so as to try to make a creditable appearance when her husband comes from his work at night.

"She was one of the sweetest of girls only a few short years ago, but in some way, no one seems to know how, she became addicted to the morphine habit, and her fall has been

swift. If God can see fit to give you light as to how to rescue this dear soul, it would be such a grand victory. I shall pray that a way may be opened to reach her, and hope the united prayers of the mission workers may bring light on this work."

WHO WILL HELP THIS PRISONER?

A prisoner confined in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Wash., writes the following. Who will help him to get an education by furnishing him the books he desires?

"Since being confined here the past six months I have passed the monotony and silence of my prison life in study. I have read all the available literature of an inspiring and elevating nature that I could obtain and the consequence is that I have been lifted from the rut of mental stagnation which has been my condition for some time. Good books are a source of pleasure and profit any place, but it is a person's very existence when deprived of all the comforts of life as one is in a place of this kind.

"I have been led to think upon my past more seriously than ever before, and I fully realize what I have lost by neglecting the opportunities that were once presented to me in my life. What a failure I have really been I do not care to state here; but it will be sufficient to say my life has been of no material value to society or myself. I readily see now the futility of this kind of an existence, for I have simply cheated no one more than myself in missing all that really makes life worth the living. But perhaps in no other way could I have been brought to realize what I have missed than by the bitter experience which I am now undergoing.

"I am at this time trying to prepare for a brighter future, as there are many years of usefulness before me yet. I have been trying for sometime to obtain several books which I am desirous of studying, namely: 'Grammar Without a Master,' by Wm. Corbett, and an old copy of 'Practical Journalism,' by Edward Shuman. I have no means of procuring the two books and am making this appeal for assistance to you. By obtaining these books I will be in a position during the silent years of my future prison life here to acquire an education along the lines I greatly desire."

A TRIP TO CHICAGO AND HINSDALE.

C. H. HENRY,
State Agent for LIFE BOAT,
Brighton, Iowa.

Having been interested in the good work of the Life Boat mission for some months and wishing to see for myself what the workers were doing, I decided to take a trip to Hinsdale and visit the Suburban Home and Life Boat Mission.

I left home with two hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT. I sold them all and nearly six hundred copies more on the way to Hinsdale. I found everyone interested in the rescue work, and found no trouble to place a copy of the magazine in nearly every home I called.

I arrived at the Hinsdale Sanitarium at four-thirty p. m., September 3, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Paulson. I was then taken to the bath rooms and after a refreshing shower bath was ready to look around.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium is situated in a lovely grove of ten acres, just north-east of the village of Hinsdale. There are five cottages and dining hall, and the temporary home for unfortunate girls is also on the grounds. I visited it and saw the little ones, and Mrs. Swanson, who is in charge. Surely she is doing a good work for them.

The new Suburban Home which is under construction will contain twenty-five bedrooms, which can accommodate fifty little ones; also eight other rooms, including the dining room, kitchen, etc.

There is a unity among the workers at the Sanitarium which makes one feel at home at once, and everyone, from the president down to the call boy, seem just like brothers and sisters. Surely this is the place for one who is broken down in health to recuperate spiritually as well as physically. Song service morning and evening and lectures two or three times a week keep every one's time employed, so there are no dull moments here.

AT THE POLICE STATION.

On Sunday morning I visited the Harrison Street Police Station with a company of workers and helped take part in the service. Oh, how it made my heart ache to see men and women—our own brothers and sisters in the world—put there in these cages like wild beasts! After singing and praying with them those who at first made fun of us held up their

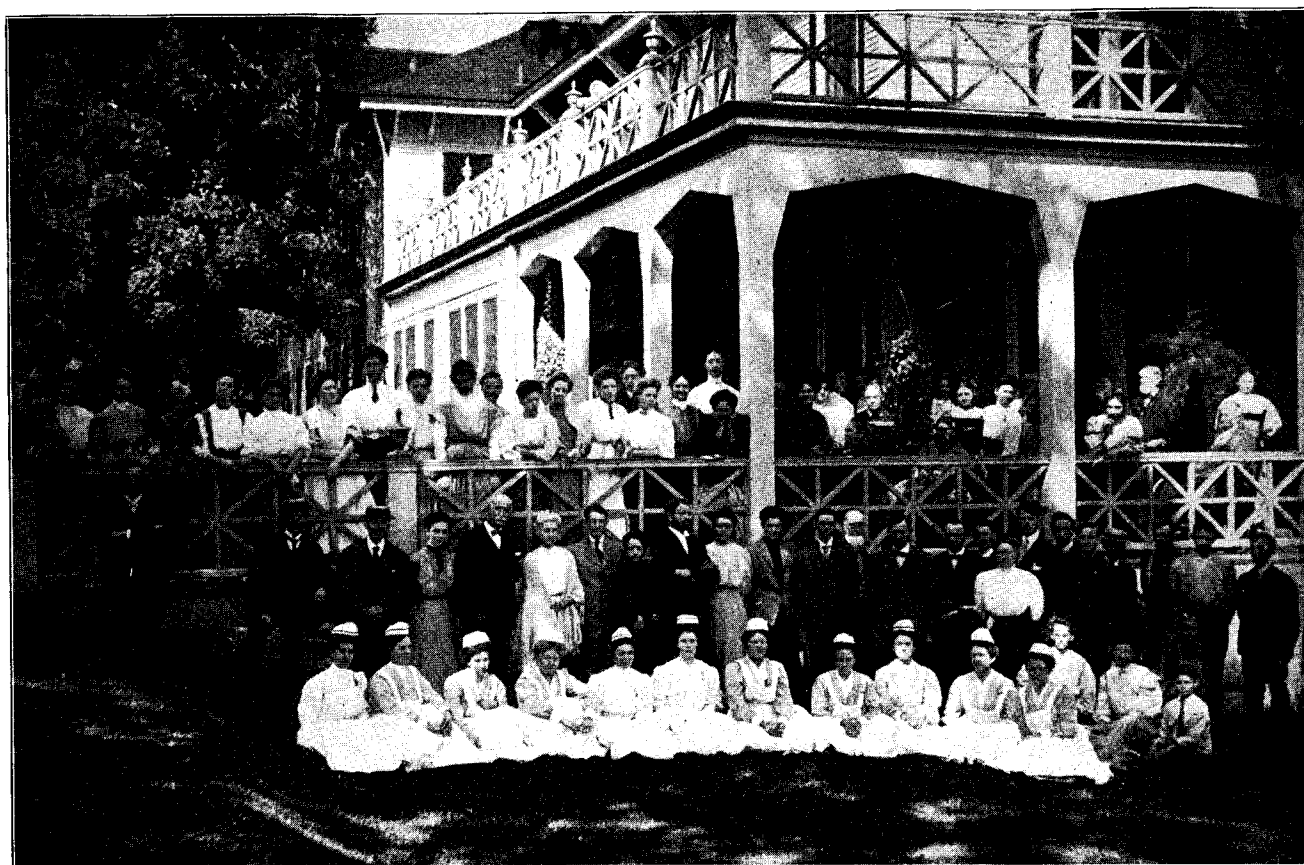


Photo recently taken of a group of patients and workers in front of the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

hands wanting us to pray for them, and before we left the voice of weeping could be heard.

Who knows but some kind word spoken to some one that morning might be the means of their giving their heart to God, and making a man or woman of them, so that when they leave that place they can tell what the Lord has done for them? The consecrated workers who visit these places and read out of God's word the Bread of Life to these poor souls will surely hear the Master say at His coming, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . I was in prison and ye came unto me." I sincerely believe that those who are giving their lives to this cause are doing a great work and should be encouraged by us, instead of being criticised.

I want to do more for those who are in trouble, and should any poor soul who is longing for help or encouragement write to me I shall be glad to lend them a helping hand.

I hope there are some who after reading these words will decide to sell some copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* to help in this worthy cause. I will be glad to correspond with any who are so inclined. Terms, etc., upon application.

ONLY A BUNCH OF LILACS:

CORA ADAMS,
Winnetka, Ill.

After reading the last two copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* journal I do not feel as though I can keep still and not say something for my dear Lord. You may think it strange when I tell you that a bunch of lilacs is responsible for my better acquaintance with God. Since they came in bloom a year ago last spring it has been my blessed fortune to grow more in grace every day for His dear sake.

Early last spring God sent a dear sister to our little town with His message. She studied the Bible with acquaintances of mine in the near vicinity of my home. The house we had taken for a year is almost surrounded with lilac bushes. This Bible worker managed to get some of them for her hospital work. Then she managed after that to get an opportunity to thank me for the flowers.

From that time we met a few times and Bible readings began to take place,—real Bible

lessons, from which I have learned so much, more than I have ever known before of my blessed dear Saviour, more of how to serve Him and how He wants me to serve Him. It is wonderful how much there is in the Bible to learn, how much you can find out about God and all the grand and wonderful things He has done, and of what He is doing today.

How can we doubt there is a God after we have read and heard His Word, how can we doubt His love and tender mercy, after living sinful lives? He takes us back into His loving arms again, forgives us, wipes out the past and starts us out on the narrow path again, pure and clean, and protects us from all evil if we only trust Him, pray to Him, and have faith in Him.

I am glad that I have accepted Jesus, and am happy in my choice. Oh, blessed choice! Though I am young as yet in grace, I hope and pray for more light.

WHAT A CHANGE!

From the Southern Illinois Penitentiary a prisoner has recently written the following:

"A copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* was placed in my hands last week and knowing personally of your kindly interest in the welfare of us who are fallen I venture to write you. Dr. Paulson may remember me, as I met him at the Mission when in Chicago; I little thought then that I today would be where I am.

"Only a few years ago I was in a happy home with my wife and children and a dear mother with me. Today I am utterly alone, and I know of no one on earth that would care to hear from me, because my sin has stripped me of everything I loved and cherished.

"But I am not hopeless, for at last I feel that He has forgiven my past; and while my future must be one of sorrow and regret, yet I do want these later years of my life to atone for much of my past, hence I am striving hard here to get rid of the sins that have led me in chains so long. I am so glad that Jesus knows our every weakness.

"I know you have a large and ever increasing correspondence, and I assure you that if ever you find you can add my name to your list I would be very grateful for a few words from you. Shall hope to hear from you at your convenience."

THE NEW LIFE BOAT SUBURBAN HOME.

We are glad this month to present to our readers on the inside front cover a new picture of the Life Boat Suburban Home as it appears at the present writing. The plastering has now been done and in a few weeks more the work will be entirely completed. We shall need three thousand dollars more in order to dedicate it free from debt December 30, 1908.

By introducing various industries we believe we shall be able to make this institution self-supporting. We appeal to all of our friends to assist us in building this splendid building. Can you not donate one hundred dollars and become a founder, or thirty dollars to furnish a room? If you cannot do either, the smallest sum will be thankfully received.

ASKS GOD JUST AS HE USED TO ASK HIS MOTHER.

The following are extracts from a letter written by a prisoner in Milwaukee, Wis.:

"I have just read that kind and happy little LIFE BOAT, and I will say it did me a lot of good to see how it had done so many poor prisoners so much good. It is a great joy to read it when one is in his lonely cell; the reason I say that is because I have tried it and I know what it has done for me and know it will do the same to others. It is the best little book I ever got hold of.

"I see where you people help the poor, and I think that is the best work that can be done in this world. I have had some very happy moments while I have been in prison. I see where one man wrote and said it was hard to live a Christian life. If a man has ever been converted and has the love of God in his heart it is very easy to live good.

"As for saying prayers, when I ask God for anything I ask it the same way that I used to ask mother when I was a little boy. I have come in contact with so many people who can't say their prayers unless they have their prayer book, but if they get the love of God in their heart they won't need a book to say them from; and there is one way to get it and that is to get on your knees and ask God to give it to you and He surely will give it to

you. He gave it to me and He has got the same for you.

"But you have to do your part before you receive the blessing, and here is one thing: When you get on your knees and ask God to forgive you, if you have got something against another man and *won't* forgive him how can you ask God to forgive *you*?

"I don't see how a poor prisoner can stand it inside these dark walls without the Lord to help him bear his burden, and I will tell you right here, if you have Him in your heart you will find it much easier to serve your time. I have suffered in the flesh but in the spirit I have not, for I leave that with God; it is not suffering when you are a Christian.

"I have been here in this jail for three years. I am here for life and I am looking to God to help me and He is doing it. I have not got any money to fight, but I have more than money; I have got God and He will look after me. He has said if we will trust in Him and do His will we can ask what we will and it shall be given to us, and I know it is true; He has done things for me and I know they could not be done any other way, so I am still working for the Lord and I will till I die. I hope you will remember me in your prayers."

A RAINY DAY TEXT.

JOHN F. MORSE, M. D.

Do you all have a rainy day text? I hope you do, for on rainy days we all need such texts badly. On sunshiny days there is more or less sunshine reflected inside. Here is a rainy day text that has often helped me a good deal; it is in Isaiah 55: 10, 11:

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall *My word* be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall *accomplish* that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing *whereto I sent it.*"

Right in the margin of my Bible opposite this text I have written Matt. 5: 48: "*Be ye therefore perfect*, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

If every rainy day that comes to us could

bring us that text, that it is God's will that we be as perfect in our sphere as God is in His, then the rainy days may come profitably and they will not bring us the gloom that they otherwise might bring.

"DOING MY BEST."

The following is from a life-term prisoner in the county jail in Dallas, Texas:

"I have just finished reading a copy of THE LIFE BOAT that came in here by some way, I don't know how, and I find it so good and so much help to me that I would like to become a subscriber for it; but as I am a prisoner and have been for three years, money is hard for me to get, and I am not able to subscribe for it. I think the magazine is the best I ever read, and it helps me so much, as I am a Christian and am doing my best to live right and do right and do all I can for the Lord. I have been in the Dallas County Jail about two years and eight months.

"I have peace and happiness here. I don't know whether I will ever get out or not. I have been tried twice and have received a life sentence each time, but I am happy all the same, and if I ever do get out I will work for the cause of the Master and guard others against the wrong.

"There is a great work here to do. I am doing my best, and if you can send me your LIFE BOAT to help me I will appreciate it. I ask the prayers of your missionaries that I may be the means of others giving themselves to God. So let me hear from you. I will be glad to correspond with you and get all the advice you can give me."

THE BEGINNERS' A B C.

MRS. FRED NELSON,
204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

It means so much to be a *Christian*, Christ-like. As I think of my life and its imperfections, and then look at my ideal, Christ's perfection, and know what God requires of me, I fear to call myself a Christian; but then again I remember the promise of God and His great love and mercy shown in sending His Son to die for me.

And as Moses lifted up the serpent so must the Son of Man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, for "God

so loved the world," you and me included, "that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We read in Num. 21:2-9 how God mercifully saved any one that wanted to be saved among the Israelites. *Every one* that had been bitten by the fiery serpents, as they looked upon the serpent that Moses had made, lived.

To me this seems beautiful; by looking at Jesus lifted up for us we will live. By beholding Him we become changed like Him. God sees us perfect through Christ's righteousness. This then becomes my blessed consolation. It means a constant looking to Jesus. We must continually watch and pray lest we enter into the temptations of the enemy.

DON'T MIND IT NOW.

A prisoner now serving sentence in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary after previously serving two years for the same crime in another State, now writes:

"How glad I am to again write you a few lines thanking you for your last kind letter, which helped me wonderfully; and also let me say, I am closer than ever to my blessed Saviour. Oh, but I thought my heart would break when first I came here. I was so discouraged and miserable! I almost gave up all hopes of trying to do what was right, then I thought of the quiet peace I had had before I left Michigan City, and my trust and love came back with a bounce, also His words: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"I got one of your kind letters out and re-read it and then I read a back number of the blessed LIFE BOAT. The next thing I knew I was down on my knees asking God's pardon for doubting His mercy. I had never fully before received His holy grace, and there and then I consecrated my life to Him.

"Oh, the joy and happiness I have had since! I can hardly control my feelings. Sometimes I feel like shouting His praise to all, and how changed everything seems! I do not study and plan for the old life any more. God has taken full charge of my soul.

"I know I shall have to stay here twenty-one months in all, but I don't mind it now; isn't that a strange feeling? I am doing some good here and everybody is so kind. I know

in His own good time I shall be free to work for Him openly in His great vineyard.

"Dear friends, any papers or studies you could send me which would help me to fit myself for public work in His cause would be very much appreciated. I was very glad to receive those three studies you kindly sent.

"May God bless you all, is my prayer, for your noble work and bless and prosper the life-saving LIFE BOAT. It and its friends have surely brought me to a safe harbor and in my work it shall be my staff to help me win back the fallen. Pray for me that I may win a crown."

WAYSIDE MINISTRIES.

DIBBON HINKSON,

275 S. Sherman Ave., Denver, Colo.

[THE LIFE BOAT workers who are placing the tens of thousands of papers in the hands of the people in all parts of the country every month have a good opportunity to come in contact with the needs of humanity, and as they step into these opportunities they meet with many encouraging experiences. We quote the following from a personal letter.—Ed.]

While in Greeley, Colo., I met a woman almost destitute of food and clothes, her husband a drunkard; some days she had to go out to beg for something to eat. I spoke to a sister of the church, who called on her and kindly supplied her needs. I reported the case to the associated charities of Greeley. They intend to see her through, and when the poor woman is in a condition to travel will send her to her people in the east.

One poor family in Denver I supplied with clothing during the past winter, through the kindness of many who have bought THE LIFE BOAT. This family was very needy; the husband fell from a window where he was working, and broke his knee and wrist. He is not able to work yet. I asked a well-to-do lady to visit them and she helped them at times with money to pay the rent, also with clothing. There are three children.

I meet with sorrow and suffering in my work; whenever I can help I do. I do not often speak of work of this kind, preferring to leave the little that I am permitted to do with the Lord and not publish it abroad. I thought if it were any help to the paper I would tell of it and it could be weaved in with other things some time.

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

E. B. VAN DORN,

471 State St., Chicago.

The hot summer months have passed, the autumn is here and we look back and see much that has been done, yet we wish it were more. The men from the street found the evenings pleasant to gather on the lake front or on the edge of the sidewalk, rather than come to the Mission. But for all this there were some that came to the hall, and listened to the Gospel message that brought salvation to their hearts.

Only last week a man came to me after the meeting and said, "I want to thank you for this open door, and that I ever came in, for last spring when I was here I got on my knees for the first time in my life since a child at mother's knee. I saw the error of my way, and that night I gave my heart to the Lord. I don't regret it."

He was a man of at least forty years, his hair begins to show the gray. He said he had no friends, and that though he had been away there was not a night but that his mind came back to the place where he first saw the light.

Most of the old converts have been away in other parts during the summer, where they could get work, but they are beginning to return, and we hope for a grand time working for the lost this winter.

Will you, dear reader, remember us at the throne of grace that we may have wisdom to speak the right words to these poor discouraged ones, that they may look and live? Only last night a poor fellow came to us and said it was two days since he had anything to eat, and he had no place to rest.

We do the best for those we can; some seem to appreciate it, while others do not. But we do not regret the apparent loss, for the good we do. We remember the net that was cast in the sea, and gathered of every kind. Thus it is here, we ask the Lord to guide us to the needy and honest in heart, and He has helped us in a marvelous way. Will you help us with your means, as the Lord has blessed you, for the winter's work?

It will never rain roses; if you want more roses you must plant more rose trees.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

THE LONG EVENINGS.

In our experience the time from now on until the holidays furnishes the choicest opportunities of the entire year for soul-winning. The evenings are beginning to lengthen, while the weather is not sufficiently severe to interfere with people coming together.

Now is the time to start neighborhood cottage prayer meetings. Lay plans for Good Samaritan work in your community. See to it that the sunlight of heaven shall be shed into some darkened, cheerless homes, that some half discouraged and despairing mortal shall feel the thrill of new hope because of what God has inspired you to do for them.

Gather together a few earnest souls in your community and pray earnestly over this matter and just as sure as there is a God in heaven you will begin to get light. Be willing to do the simplest thing, the humblest service and that will open the way for larger work.

Read Isa. 58, and Matt. 25:34-40 and the story of the good Samaritan in Luke 10. "Go and do thou likewise." Do not *wait* for someone to come and set you to work. Ask God to set you to work.

You will find it so much more satisfactory to please Him than if you merely worked for men. Order a club of LIFE BOATS. You will find a variety of ways in which you can use them judiciously.

SHALL THESE SIX HUNDRED PRISONERS HAVE THE LIFE BOAT ANOTHER YEAR?

A year ago in response to an appeal from Joliet a business man in Kansas paid for having five hundred and forty-eight LIFE BOATS sent for a year to the members of the Volunteer Prison League in Joliet. These subscriptions all expire with this number.

This gentleman made a sacrifice to do this last year. We have not yet had the courage to ask him to do it again the coming year. Will not someone else undertake this the coming year? Write for our special prisoners' club rate.

These LIFE BOATS have accomplished a world of good. Chaplain Steelman has expressed his great appreciation for these papers to these men under his spiritual charge. May the Lord impress someone to respond to this appeal.

READ THIS.

Mr. Moody made it a practice never to let a day pass without speaking to someone about their soul. One night after retiring he remembered he had not spoken to anyone that day. It was raining very hard, but he got up and went out, not taking an umbrella. The first man he came to he put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Say, brother; may I make use of your umbrella?" The man said, "You are not my brother," and he said, "You ought to be if you aren't." The man resented everything Mr. Moody said, and finally Mr. Moody went back home, went to bed and went to sleep. About twelve o'clock that night the door bell rang and when the attendant answered the door the man said he wished to see Mr. Moody, and that night the man was converted. He was a politician from Chicago. Certainly Mr. Moody's labor for getting out of bed was well repaid.

HAVE YOU A SILENT PARTNER?

Many of the colossal business concerns of this country have a silent partner, whose name is almost unknown to the public, but who in reality furnishes the real financial strength and business backing that the firm possesses. In like manner it is your privilege to become acquainted with that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

He is willing to become your silent partner and carry the heavy end of your load for you and help make friends for you. He will furnish you ability to do wonderful things. He will help to conquer the men and women with whom you have to deal, and to surmount almost unsurmountable difficulties.

If you have not had sense enough to take

in this silent Partner you have *missed* more than you think. You have not gotten all that is coming to you by any manner of means. Without any delay acquaint now yourself with Him and thereby great good shall come into your life.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF SUBURBAN HOME DEDICATION.

This will take place December 30th. E. S. Ufford, who wrote the matchless rescue song, "Throw Out the Life Line," will be present to give an address and to sing this well-known song. Arrangements are being made for leading workers from different parts of the country to participate in the exercises. It will be an important event in the history of this Chicago soul-saving movement.

In connection with the dedication of the Life Boat Suburban Home, December thirty, there will be held a two days' meeting of Good Samaritan workers. The time will be filled with interesting and instructive consideration of Good Samaritan topics... If you are interested in Good Samaritan work begin to lay plans to be present. More detailed information next month.

CAN THE LORD GUIDE YOU INDIVIDUALLY?

Do you belong to that class of Christians who know nothing to do unless it is laid out for you by some committee or some missionary leader? Will you not read Isa. 4:5 and observe that God is just as willing to lead you as He led the children of Israel by a pillar of cloud centuries ago? The Lord promises that he will create upon *every* dwelling place a cloud by day and a flaming fire by night. Begin to look more to God for *individual* guidance and you will *not* be disappointed.

DOES THE BIBLE SEEM DULL TO YOU?

Years ago when a medical student, almost before I knew it I had drifted into a condition where I received a great deal more inspiration from the study of *my* medical books than I did from my Bible. When I did try to read

it it seemed as dry to me as a three-year-old bird's nest.

But fortunately I had sense enough to know that if my Bible continued to be as dry to me as a chip and only those medical truths were interesting to me, some day I would meet a man that needed something more from my hands than I had gotten out of my medical books, and then I would have to run the chance of having that man say to me in the day of judgment, "Doctor, you fixed up my stomach and liver beautifully, but you had *no* remedy for my half-starved soul, and now I am a lost man."

So I opened my Bible and got on my knees before it and pled with God to make His word *interesting* to my soul, and He answered that prayer as He will answer *every* request that is in harmony with His will.

If you who are reading these lines find yourself in somewhat the same condition, I earnestly advise you to combine sincere prayer with a study of the Word of God, for that is a powerful combination.

You may have to study the Bible differently than anyone else, but God will surely lead you by His hands into the flower garden of His Word and help you to pick such roses and lilies and pinks that you will wonder how you could have overlooked them so long.

STARTED HIM ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

From a prisoner in Stillwater, Minn.:

"I received your kind and most appreciated letter, and will truly live up to the first lesson you gave me, to study my Bible. I have been studying it now over two months and will never give it up. I wish I had thought of doing it years ago.

"I have read and re-read the little book you sent me of 'The Way Out,' by Mr. Coombs. I have been in the same condition, for it was through drink that I am here today, and I am really in the deepest earnest to become a true, honest, upright man and good Christian. I can say the little LIFE BOAT magazine started me on the road to victory and gain and I am always glad to get hold of it."

Take care of your secret life and the surface life will take care of itself.

WHAT IT DID FOR THE BARBER.

Someone gave a barber a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. When we afterward happened to sit in his barber's chair he told us how that paper had interested him. It had wakened memories of the time when he was a boy and when he was trying to seek the Lord. He became so stirred up when he was reading it that he wanted to lay it down because it caused him so much grief; but he could not quit. He gave us a year's subscription. Our prayer is that the Lord may water the seed in this man's soul. It also suggests to us to scatter seed by the wayside.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"I enjoy reading THE LIFE BOAT very much and usually pass it on for others to read."

"Of course I will renew my subscription for another year. I look for THE LIFE BOAT and think it the best of reading."

"Your LIFE BOAT monthly is the grandest thing published. God has set His seal of approval upon it, sure."—Rev. N. Kingsbury.

"I can not be without THE LIFE BOAT, it is so much help to me. When I have read it through I send it to some prisoner."

"Send the dear old LIFE BOAT along; would not know how to get along without it, and my husband and the rest of the family watch when it is time for it to come."

"I am so glad there is a light amid the dense darkness of Chicago. May the Lord keep it burning until Jesus appears. Enclosed is twenty-five cents, for which please send me a few LIFE BOATS to sell. If God helps me to sell these I shall sell more."

"I am so glad the dear Lord has opened the way so I can help a little occasionally. I enclose a small donation, also my girls send some money they got from their missionary ducks. This amount is to pay for LIFE BOATS to prisoners."

HERE AND THERE.

James J. Jeffreys, Annapolis, Md., is pushing THE LIFE BOAT among railroad men. He writes: "Every day I realize more fully the need of a vigorous co-operative movement for the salvation of the unsaved in our own country."

W. F. Ginn, Hammond, Ind., is arranging to handle several thousand LIFE BOATS each month.

Reuben Finnell, in addition to his regular work as traveling salesman, has himself and through others whom he has interested in the matter ordered over twelve thousand LIFE BOATS the last few months.

Mrs. Halliday has placed more than twelve thousand LIFE BOATS in the hands of the people the past year.

There will be held in the city of Philadelphia from October 28 to November 1 a convention of Gospel missions under the auspices of the National Federation of Gospel Missions, at which representatives of various missions are cordially invited to be present. Address T. L. Fretz, Philadelphia Rescue Home, 731 North Front street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE.

Will buy for you wearing apparel, household furnishings, etc. For further information write to Ida Tomson, Buyer, 837 Marshall Field Building, Chicago.

NOTICE.

If the man who corresponded with me from the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary several years ago, who has gone to California with his family, should read this notice, I would be glad to renew our correspondence. I have some special news for him for his benefit, and will here give my address, hoping he is a reader of THE LIFE BOAT.

D. T. SHIREMAN, Toluca, N. C.

It is encouraging the way we are receiving long lists of new subscriptions. Our readers are availing themselves of our splendid premium offers. Have you looked them over? Why not go out and ask your friends and neighbors to subscribe for The Life Boat? After they have read it they will thank you for calling their attention to it.

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.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and 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.

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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.

HOMES IN THE WEST

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.

"THE IRRIGATION AGE"

is a finely illustrated magazine of from 30 to 50 pages and will tell you all about how to secure homes in the West and the different systems of irrigation. What may be produced on an acre of ground with irrigation as compared with ordinary farming, and will also give you information about the cost of this land and what would be required in the way of money to secure a farm and become established as an irrigation farmer.

"THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION"

is a 260 page book, finely illustrated, cloth bound, which treats of irrigation "from the ground up." Price post-paid, \$2.00. THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION and THE IRRIGATION AGE (one year) for \$2.50. The price of THE IRRIGATION AGE alone for one year is \$1.00.

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

SPECIAL CALL.

The following letter was received by me a few days ago in response to the "Special Call" in the July LIFE BOAT. Did you read that notice?

"Dear Sir:

I just purchased a copy of the July LIFE BOAT and noticed your "Special Call," and enclose you a check for one dollar. This is the profit on a roll of Bible Mottoes that I sold. It gives me great pleasure to do this little bit for Jesus.

Yours sincerely, H. B. T."

Are there not many more who want a part in this good work, who will sell a roll of the Bible Mottoes to send THE LIFE BOAT to the prisoners? Address, C. W. Smouse, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

The Life Line

A religious monthly published in the interest of aggressive reforms and practical Christianity, devoted to the kingdom of God.

Introduce The Life Line in your community, earn your own money and do good.

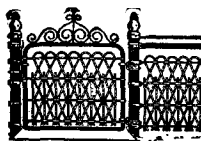
Do you want to take a trip across the Continent? Pay your way by selling The Life Line.

"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 mottoes. Send twenty-five cents for samples and terms. Let us do your job printing. Address, THE LIFE LINE, Keister, Minn.



LAWN FENCE

Many Styles. Sold on trial at wholesale prices. **Save 20 to 40 per cent.** Illustrated Catalogue free. Write today.
KITSELMAN BROS.
 Box 417 Muncie, Indiana.

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

The Fading Flower

"The Wonderful River," "His Loving Voice," and "The Mountain Flowers," four beautiful Sacred Solos for 50 cents or two for 25 cents. Order at once from

OTTO LUNDELL
 670 Monon Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPORTED BEAUTIES

Over 56,000 sold in less than 100 days. 100,000 just arrived and 200,000 now being made of our own, from our own wordings. Some agents make \$10.00 a day.

We send you 100 Bible cards for \$3.00; 100, 12x16 on heavy paper for \$5.00; 1,000 for \$30.00. The more you buy the less they are. ADDRESS WITH STAMPS,
 Lock Box 257. HAMPTON ART CO., Hampton, Iowa.

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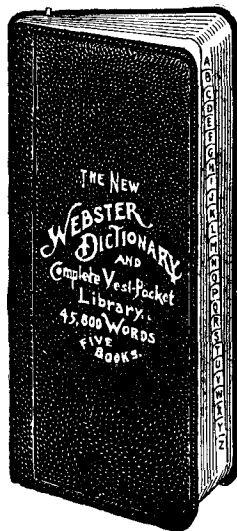
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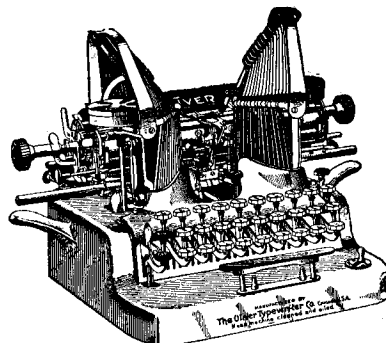
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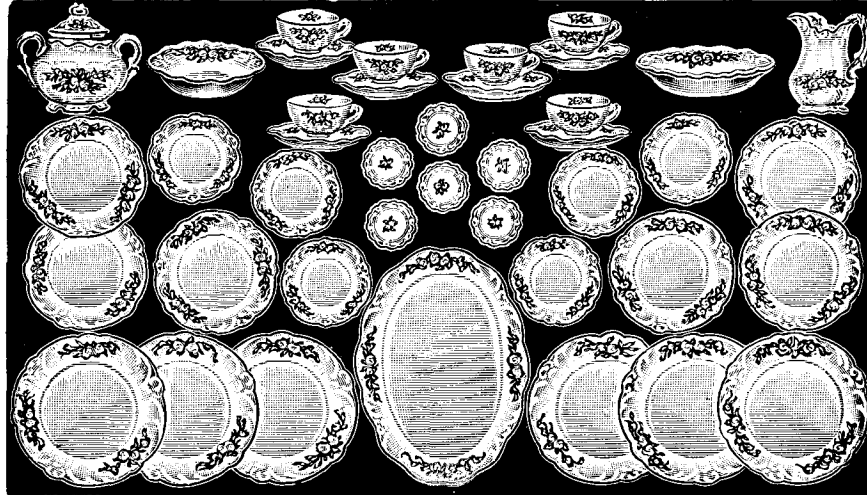
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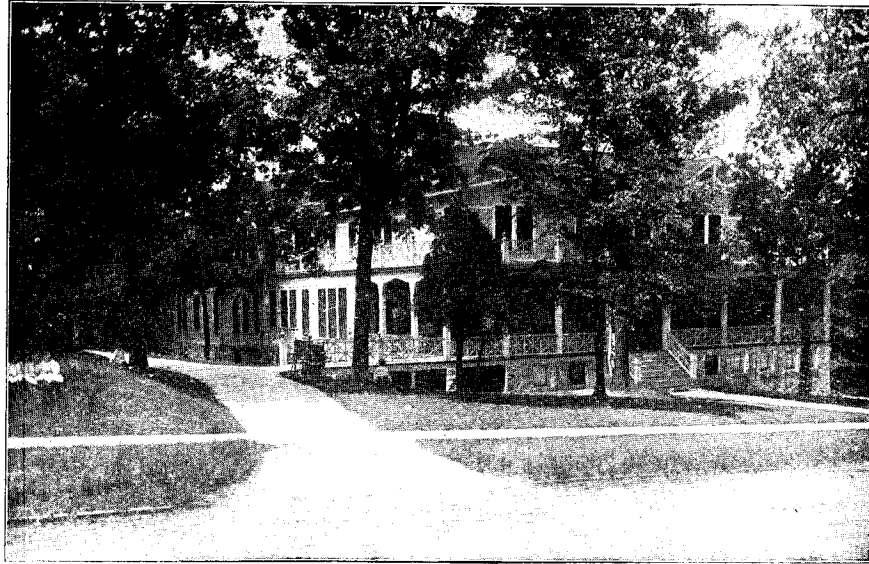
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