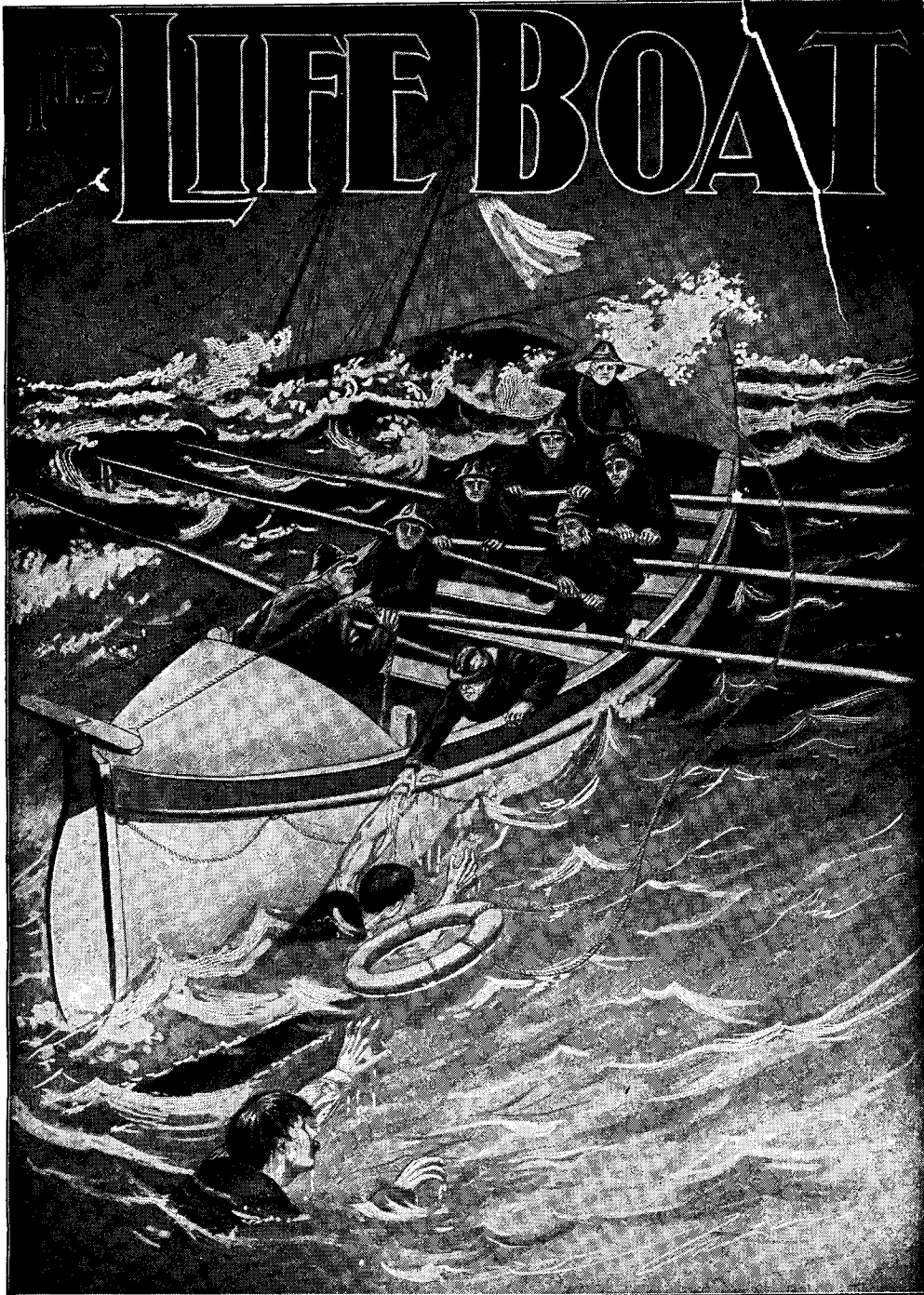


Why Not Be Thankful Every Day?

50 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents



Volume Eleven  
Number Eleven

Windsale, Ill.

November, 1908

"Will It Be Victory?"—Ufford

## *How Will You Observe Thanksgiving Day?*

Thanksgiving Day has gradually come to be such a time of feasting that with the exception of the holiday season the time immediately after Thanksgiving Day is the doctor's most prolific harvest.

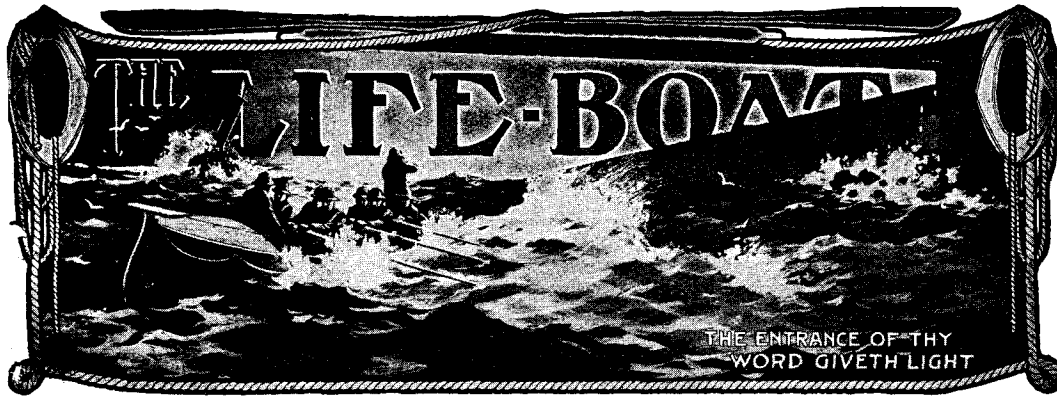
Overloading the digestive organs with an excess of turkey or other animal flesh tends to set up auto-intoxication or self-poisoning, which is the real cause of nearly all cases of acute colds, rheumatism, nervous prostration, morbid depression, and it lays the foundation for many nervous chronic diseases such as Bright's disease, apoplexy, etc.

On the coming Thanksgiving Day, instead of sitting down to a table and deliberately digging your own grave with your knife and fork, why not prepare a simple, wholesome meal, gathered exclusively from the lap of nature, eating it (not forgetting thorough mastication) with a grateful heart to the Creator for His generous bounties to you at a time when suffering and even hunger are so widespread.

You cannot have an ideal Thanksgiving Day without making someone else thankful that you are alive, because of what you did for them in the way of loving word or deed. Perhaps there are poor children whom you can feed, or some widow's heart you can cause to sing for joy (Job 29:13) because of the attention you gave her wood pile or coal bin; or perhaps there is some sick-room in your neighborhood that your presence even for a few brief moments may brighten for the entire day.

If you ask God He will show you how to have a profitable Thanksgiving Day.

*David Paulson.*



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

*Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

**Volume XI**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: NOVEMBER, 1908**

**Number 11**

**TIRED OF THE CONFLICT.**

MRS. A. D. MANSON.

Tired of the conflict,  
Seems the battle long?  
Here the din and clash of arms—  
There, the victor's song.

Tired of the conflict,  
Think who fought before,  
Think who clothes thee with His strength,  
That thou mayst endure.

Tired of the conflict,  
Think who overcame,  
Still His strength the same is ours,  
Fighting in His name.

Tired of the conflict,  
Think but of the throng  
Who have fought and overcome  
Made by Him so strong.

Tired of the conflict,  
Grasp thy sword and shield,  
Onward to the battle,  
Never dare to yield.

Yielding is distrusting;  
All thy foes shall fall,  
Through Him who has conquered,  
Thou shalt conquer all.

Tired of the conflict,  
In thine armor sleep,  
For sometimes the call "To arms"  
Comes at midnight deep.

Or perhaps at earliest dawn,  
The glad shout will ring,

"Lo, the Bridegroom cometh;  
Soldiers, greet your King."

**WILL IT BE VICTORY?**

REV. E. S. UFFORD,  
Union, Maine.

When John the Revelator saw a numberless multitude in heaven waving palms, he knew well what the meaning of the symbolism was, for he was a Jew. It bespoke victory; he was told that this palm-bearing throng had come out of great tribulation, but, undismayed, had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The parallelism is the ancient feast of tabernacles, which was the highest and most joyous of their yearly festivals. It fell in the month of October, when the harvest was garnered and the labors of the year were past. Then to render their joy more complete they carried lulabs, which were sprigs of the palm tree, and waved them at a critical moment, expressing their joy, not alone of the present, but of their past deliverance from Egyptian bondage, and entrance into Canaan.

The seventh chapter of Revelation should be read weekly, for it is a picture drawn for the comfort of saints and a scene to startle sinners.

This great throng cried "Salvation!" They

had spotless garments, and also, beside waving the victory palm-branch, they had a holy brand-mark sealed in their foreheads. Can we afford to miss this wonderful lesson, God-given, for our eternal redemption? Will it be victory with us? The magnificence and beauty of this scene needs no words of man to describe. But the object of it was to inform us that we may join, if we will, that vast company, far beyond the power of mathematics to compute, who will be gathered from all climes, and reign at last triumphant in glory.

And what gains us this victory? Is it not the truth of the atonement of this Lamb who had shed the blood? For how could they wash their robes, their linen garments, in any other blood, and so render them white? Such an act, apart from the doctrine of the atonement, has no meaning, because it has no fact. But spiritually it embodies the very essence of the Gospel, foretold by Isaiah, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

Oh, I wonder if we shall all, who read the dear LIFE BOAT, be among that number, with John and Paul, and the blood-washed of earth. There is a picture of a great victor and his home coming: It took place at Washington, and the name of the hero is General Grant. He had ended the civil war, and Congress had placed a gold medal upon his breast. The union was restored, and all the country was under the same flag once more, but it was a banner crimsoned with the blood of an unparalleled sacrifice.

And now the shattered ranks of a once numerous army were to pass in review before the Capitol. President Lincoln's prayer had been answered and Peace spread her wide wings over land and sea. The vast assemblage looked upon a rare scene, of a victorious army marching by, with General Grant in the saddle of his charger, the hero of Vicksburg, and Petersburg, and Richmond, bowing to the plaudits of an admiring nation.

Was it not a proud moment for this brave conqueror? But I had rather be up there in that palm-bearing throng, under the banner of our great Captain of salvation as He rides past on the white horse of His triumph than to have been the great hero of the battlefield of any civil strife.

Kind reader, we may be there if we so order it. Let the crimson brand-mark of a crucified King be applied to your heart, if you have neglected it this long, and then at that great day of days you will be one of the redeemed ones to wave the palm of victory, and sing with joy, "Salvation."

#### THE WAR AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It was my privilege to be present at the opening of the great international Tuberculosis Congress, recently held at Washington, D. C. Thirty nations sent exhibits illustrating the Herculean, determined efforts that they were each making to stamp out the great white plague within their borders. It was an inspiring sight to see nearly five thousand of the world's foremost workers brought together by one common object, namely, to endeavor to deliver the world from its great physical scourge.

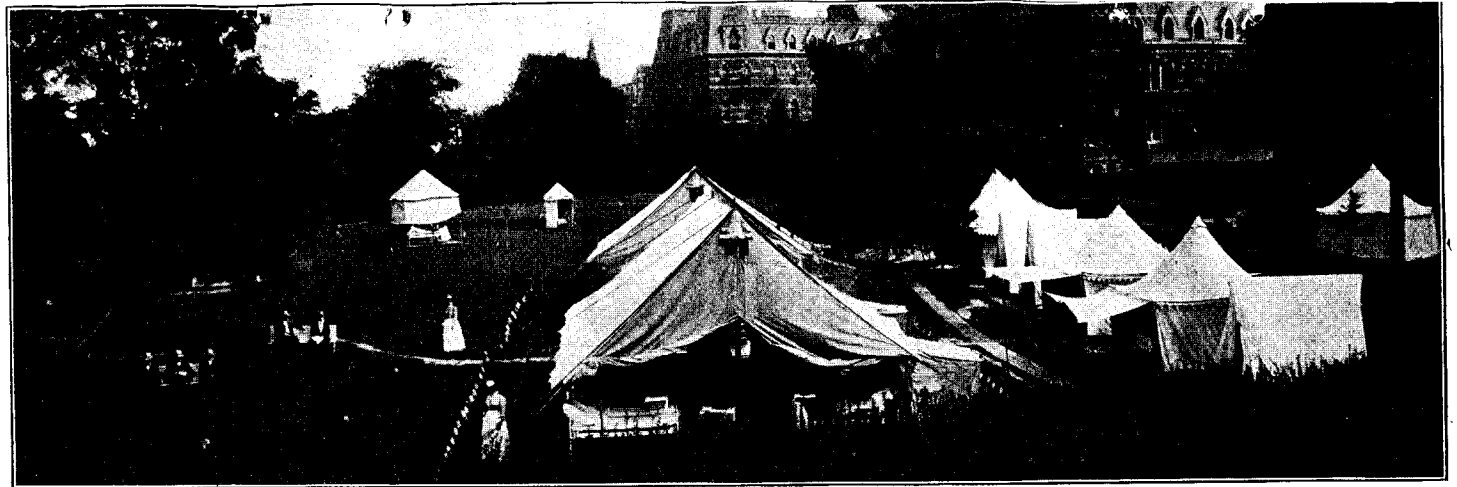
Stop and consider that during the four years of the civil war the total lives lost on both sides were about two hundred thousand men, while during the last four years more than six hundred thousand have perished from consumption in this country alone. It is estimated that its ravages cost this country more than a billion of dollars every year.

The opening session was one of intense interest, as delegates from all the leading nations of earth each brought a message of what their governments were accomplishing in this great struggle against disease and death.

When the gray-haired Professor Koch of Germany, the man who in 1882 discovered the germ of consumption, rose to speak, the vast audience by common consent arose as one man to do honor to the man who has laid the foundation for the scientific crusade against tuberculosis. Dr. Koch reported that the determined efforts that Germany had made against this disease had now cut down the death rate more than fifty thousand lives a year. Think what this means!

To visit and study the extensive exhibits not only by the foreign nations but by various States, societies and exhibitors in this country, was a liberal education in itself.

I was especially interested in the exhibit of a church in Boston which had not only tried



Tubercular insane patients get well camping out in tents both winter and summer. Views of New York camp.

to preach the Gospel to poor consumptives but had gone to work and built them in a simple crude way outdoor bedrooms so as to give them a chance for their lives. There was a picture of an outdoor bedroom which had cost only nineteen dollars and a half, and then the picture of a patient, who had gained seventy pounds by having the chance to get out of his stuffy tenement bedroom into this little outdoor bedroom built up alongside of his second-floor bedroom window.

The October Ladies' Home Journal gives an admirable set of photographs of various devices for outdoor bedrooms, some of which can be constructed for only a trifling expense.

One feature of the elaborate New York State exhibit that also impressed me deeply was a large phonograph which was almost constantly preaching the gospel of health in regard to consumption. One of the world's great experts on this subject had talked into the phonograph a few concise, pointed, common-sense lectures on the dangers of dust, the uselessness of medicine, the value of fresh air, the importance of simple food, the harm from alcohol and other health-destroying habits, and this phonograph had been running almost constantly at the various county fairs in the State of New York. It is estimated that more than half a million people had in this unique manner received the highest kind of health instruction concerning the cause, prevention and cure of consumption. How much better it is to use the phonograph for such a splendid purpose than merely to listen through it to cheap, trifling and even vulgar talks and songs!

To give anything like a proper report of the deliberations of this conference and a description of its magnificent exhibit would require several volumes. But in a word it may be said that the consensus of opinion was that tuberculosis was caused by intemperance, bad air, over-work, dust and smoke, improper food and worry,—that the cure of consumption is the outdoor life, wholesome food, cleanliness, and a cheerful state of mind.

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"There is nothing that the world needs so much as a knowledge of the gospel's saving power revealed in Christ-like lives."

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE  
TALKING TO."

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE,  
Founder of Door of Hope.

One of our girls whom we were trying to save wandered off in spite of all our injunctions. Somehow we could not rivet her attention to the fact that Christ went before her, as we desired. We searched for the missing girl; diligently every stone seemingly was turned, but we did not succeed in finding her.

One day while standing in a hospital I overheard a bit of conversation between two doctors about a girl. The thought flashed upon me, "Perhaps this is Eliza!" as what they said answered to her description. I ascended two flights of stairs to what is recognized as the city's ward for such women. I have often thought if people should take a walk through such a place and see what the ravages of sin could do they would have their hearts so wrought upon that they would stretch out their hands to pluck the poor brands from the burning.

I found this girl had been unconscious since twelve o'clock, screeching, screaming, and cursing herself. It was blood-curdling to hear those horrible, horrible oaths and look upon that face lying upon her pillow. It seemed as though the face of the evil one could not have looked worse than that face.

But my coming was too late. I walked away from that bed. My eyes were blinded with tears and my heart was crying out with sorrow. As I got half way across the ward I saw another young woman, almost a skeleton,—the skin seemed tacked over the bones. She had been wasted with tuberculosis, and some other frightful disease had fastened itself upon this frail body. She reached out her wasted hand and beckoned me to her side, and then, pointing to the corner where lay the dead body that I had just left, she said, "She has had her chance but she is lost; it is too late; oh, my God, I am lost too!"

I did not stop to think of the physical condition that this girl was in. I forgot everything but Jesus, and it is a blessed forget for it is the way to get into the sinner's heart. Putting my arms around the poor little exhausted, trembling child I said, "I am so glad

you *know* you are lost." She looked at me wondering how any one could be glad for such a thing. "O child," I said, "believe that Jesus sent me here this morning to tell you He came to seek and save that which was lost."

To my surprise she seemed to gather up all the little strength left in her body and pushed me away and sat up and gazed into my face with such an intensity of feeling, and then said, "You don't know *who* you are talking to or you never would have said His name! I ran away from home, I broke my mother's heart, and then I came to the city——"



"MOTHER WHITTEMORE."

I suppose she would have told me all the rest but I would not give her an opportunity. I believe there is too much of that done. It creates a morbid curiosity in the heart of the listener. All of us have more or less of that in our hearts and it is a dangerous thing to fan this curiosity. It tends to get our minds off the one principal thought that God wants us to have when we come in contact with the sinner. We must not dwell on the sinner's sin but on the sinner's Saviour. I said, "Child, don't tell me *anything* about your past." It always makes my heart ache when

anyone tells me much about their sin. I feel that they owe it to confess it to God but not to one who has been used as His instrument.

In surprise she sat down and looked at me and then God gave me the word to speak to her. People have often asked me, "What is it that does the most after all in converting the sinner? Is it in the little things we can do to make them comfortable—the touch of sympathy?" These are all good, but it is the Word of God that pierces the heart and makes room for Jesus to lodge there. I repeated this verse to her: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord *shall* be saved." I always emphasize the "shall"; it is a wonderful word. There is life in it.

Then some of God's Spirit and Divine light shone out of those eyes. She clutched my hand with tears running down her face as she saw how she might gain everlasting life. She availed herself of it. She said, "What shall I say?" I whispered, "God be merciful to me a sinner." She prayed it. "Now," I said, "cover your request with the name of Jesus." When a thing is covered it is hidden. She opened every avenue of her being and the King of glory came in and she had the witness of His Spirit that she had been accepted in the Beloved.

She had been a very petulant patient up till then but from that time her soul was so illuminated with the abiding presence of His love in her heart that the nurses called her the angel of that ward. What a difference it makes when Christ comes into the life! The nurse said it was truly pathetic to see this little girl, at times hardly able to breathe, —yet she would go feebly from one cot to another, smooth out the wrinkled pillow, lovingly stroke the hair of this one and that one, and whisper, "He saved me, He will save you; won't you let Him? He loves you." And she would give to them what portions of the Word she could remember.

Thus time went on for six weeks. Then one morning in a weak, feeble tone of voice she requested that she be put in the large corridor window so she could look out on the street. The nurses, who had learned to love this suffering girl, propped her up in the window. As she sat there the nurse was surprised to see tears running down her face, and said, "Why, Nellie, dear, are you very

sick?" And she said, "No, I am a thousand times worse than any common sickness of the body." She asked, "What do you mean?" And the girl said, "Look down there on the street." The nurse said, "Why, that is only a lot of girls that have been dismissed from jail this morning." Then with a wild cry that went through the ward, she cried, "O nurse, don't you know what the girls are, the girls on the street? I can't help crying for the girls on the street!"

In the midst of her sobs she said, "Nurse, think of it: God has done so much for me and I have never done anything for Him, think of it! Oh, if I could only go and tell the girls what He has done! Here I am going to face Him and I am going empty-handed!"

I told this story once before an audience and when I asked all those who really would let God fill their hearts for the girls on the street to stand up, fifteen hundred women rose, and in less than four weeks the Door of Hope was opened in that city, and since then many thousands of girls have passed through it and have caused heaven to ring with glory repeatedly as they opened their hearts to let Jesus come in. I love to think how in the next world Jesus will take the hand of some girl and take her to Nellie, and say, "Here is another one you helped to bring;" and she will say, "Lord, I never saw that girl before." And Jesus will answer, "No, but you did not cry in vain for the girls on the street."

#### THE FIRST LETTER IN A YEAR.

The following letter was written to Tom Mackey by an inmate of the Illinois State penitentiary:

"I was reading *THE LIFE BOAT* about you and what God did for you. I was going in your footsteps, and the night after reading the book I sat in my cell thinking, and I said to my cell mate, 'If God can make a good man out of Tom Mackey He can do it for me.' So I got down and prayed to God to save me, to give me a new heart, to make me clean, and to forgive me of all my sins. I know in my heart that God has done it. I am happy today to know I am a child of God.

"When you have time will you please write

to me? Your letter was the first one I have received in a year. Please pray for me. I thank God for that letter; it gives me hope to know that you are my friend. May God bless you and your good wife."

#### HOW SOME GIRLS WERE HELPED.\*

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

A few weeks ago I was at a religious gathering and a fine looking young lady came up and shook my hand and said, "I am so glad to see you! I am just getting along fine." She has been going to school the last two years and is getting ready to be a teacher, and a good Christian teacher, by the way;



and her heart was just aglow with the work she was engaged in.

We had the privilege of meeting her several years ago,—just a young sweet girl,—but since then she had a bitter experience and finally came to our Home in West Hinsdale. She is now just as nice a girl as you would want to see. The Lord has done wonderful things for her.

Another girl wrote to us from a distant State saying, "What can you do for me? I

\*Report of talk given at a meeting in the Sanitarium for the benefit of the new Rescue Home, Oct. 14, 1908.



was planning to kill myself when I saw a LIFE BOAT paper and after reading it decided to write to you." I wrote this woman to come at once, and after she came I urged her to send for her friend, and they were married. They now have a beautiful home and are getting along nicely,—good Christian people, both of them.

I am thinking of another girl who had a sad story, but it will illustrate the kind of girls that come to us for help. A young woman wrote from the northern part of Michigan who said life was too hard for her and she could not stand it any longer; but she had seen THE LIFE BOAT and asked us to do something for her. We wrote her to come, and a gentle, retiring, cultivated young woman arrived. This girl we cared for, but during her stay at the Home she would not disclose who her parents were or where they lived. After a time we got in touch with them. We found they were good, substantial people living in Canada, and they had not known where this daughter was. After her child was born she was too frail to stand the experience. We saw her life was going to ebb away so we telegraphed the parents to come to see her. The father came down and he seemed so glad to know his daughter had found a place to stay during her illness. When he met her it was a touching scene; he took his daughter back to his heart and embraced her and forgave her. She had run away from home. If I told you all of her experience I am sure you would not blame her so much.

He stayed for a while but had to go home as his wife was ill, and he knew this experience would be very trying for her. The girl died and we had to send her body home. But the mother came afterward and took her helpless infant, and their hearts were certainly full of gratitude for what we had done for their daughter. That experience was sad, but I am glad to say the girl became a Christian while with us, and on her bed of illness she said, "Oh, if the Lord would only raise me up, I want to be a Christian nurse!"

I could tell you of a great many that we have been able to help in this way at the humble little place we have had at West Hinsdale, and only the day of judgment will reveal the results of that work. Most of the girls who come to us have tender, impres-

sionable hearts and are anxious for help and sympathy. They go out from us determined to live a straight life and the great majority of them do. This work is worth doing.

Possibly some girl who is in trouble may read these lines. Write to us if you think we can help you in your time of need.

#### THE BOY—WHAT'S HE WORTH? (Continued.)

REV. N. KINGSBURY,  
Santa Ana, Cal.

CELL NUMBER THREE.

Why, the man in this cell is sitting quietly with a Bible in his hands! Anything strange about that? Let me tell you: That man has been in this prison about nine years,—a long time. Two years ago he was converted, now he is a lover of the Word. He is a prompt witness for Jesus whenever he has an opportunity to testify. He loves to pray, he loves to talk about the precious Saviour he has found.

"But do you think you could depend upon him? Has he really got religion?" I can't say as to his religion, but evidently he has got Jesus Christ enthroned in his heart. It seems to me, brother, you ought not to be so suspicious; you really call in question God's ability to change a man's heart and nature in a prison cell. Why, bless you, a soul in such a place is just as dear to Jesus Christ as one in a palace; what is the difference between a thief in a prison cell and the thief on the cross, so far as the forgiveness of sins is concerned?

With this man in the cell let us go back forty years. We find that he was born almost an orphan. He first saw light amid a realm of evil influence; the very air that the wee, tiny babe breathed into his lungs was tainted. Only harsh tones fell upon his ear; he never had any care worthy the name, was neglected, abused, harshly treated, half starved. Almost before he was old enough to know right from wrong he was taught to steal and lie and cheat. He never knew there was such a thing as right and wrong. Those around him were always cursing,—why not he? They were always stealing, and why not he? To sleep and eat and do these things,—that was his life, till he became a regular graduate, a house-breaker.

By and by he was caught, was sent to jail, then to the penitentiary, of course. He served a couple of years, then was turned loose. And there were no Good Samaritans around just then? No,—all priests and Levites. So he went back to the old haunts, the old life, a few more burglaries, and then a fifteen-year sentence.

After a while somehow a word was dropped. The Lord's prayer fell upon his ear. With a mind that had comprehended only evil he determined to learn that prayer. It took weeks of hard study; it took grit. Now he is learning Scripture; see how deeply in earnest he is!

Stop a bit; this man longs for friends. He said to me: "Hey, there, you man with the Bible, give me your hand." And I said, "I will be your friend, I'll stand by you." He looked up with a glad joy in his face, then a cloud came over it and he said, "Yes, *now* you will, but I am going to be free in a couple of years; how about friends then?"

Would to God I could have said: "My brother, you will find every church full of friends." But I can't say that. "Free in two years!" Would to God the people who have named the name of Jesus would in twenty-four months get so filled with the spirit of the true Good Samaritan, Jesus Christ, that not only this man but every such man shall find friends so thick as he comes out of his prison cell, shall find himself in the center of such a loving brotherhood that he will never have any inclination to go back to the old life.

What was the church doing all the time that this wee babe was struggling for life amid evil influences? What were the preachers, the Sunday school teachers, the multitudes of Christian men and women doing when as a wee boy he was learning to steal? Why doesn't the church, with all her multitude of agencies, search out such cases as these? That would be cheaper than courts, lawyers, jails and penitentiaries, wouldn't it? Is it not time the church was awake?

Say, Brother Preacher, did you ever preach along these lines? Did you ever do anything to help right here? And you, layman, elder, deacon, whatever you may be,—what about it? Jesus said: "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." "Yes, I know, but—"

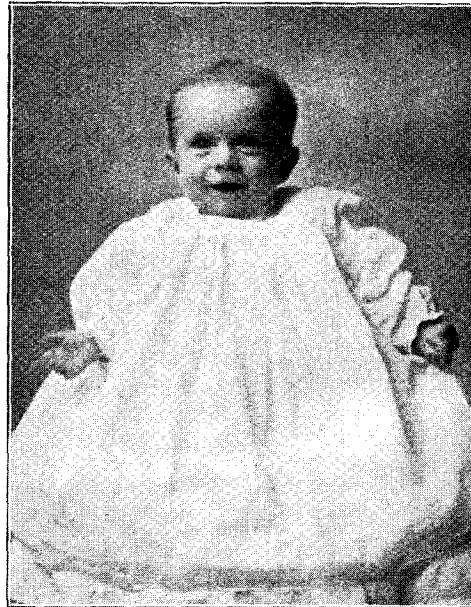
No "buts" about it, brother. He also said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And, brother, there will be some men who were once in a prison cell, up yonder there, and they won't be branded "jail birds," either. I would take my chance with some such sooner than stand in the place of one who will have said to him, "Inasmuch as ye did it *not* to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

(Concluded next month.)

#### "GLAD I WAS ARRESTED."

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

We met a few Sundays ago in the Harrison Street police station, a young woman who had been arrested the night before. She was weeping bitterly and seemed to realize her condition most keenly. I asked her if there was anything we could do for her and she said, "Oh, I want to be saved! I want to be saved!"



A bright sunbeam that has just been sent to a good Christian home.

She said she had been praying for deliverance from the old life; just three nights be-



Kodak View of Mrs. Swanson, Taken in Front of Building Used Temporarily for the Suburban Home.

fore, she went to her room, threw herself on her bed and prayed and cried till her pillow was wet with tears. She said, "Oh, God answered my prayers in sending you people to me; I am so glad I was arrested on Saturday night, otherwise I might never have met you."

Now this girl realized the sinfulness of sin and wanted to give up the old life because it was sin. To such Jesus can say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and "Go, and sin no more."

The next day we went before the judge, had her sentence suspended, and she came out to our place in Hinsdale. I went with her to the city, helping her move her be-

longings from the old surroundings. She now has a respectable position and is rooming in a good family. She comes to see us occasionally and is of good courage. Recently when asked if she prayed, she said she was thinking and doing a lot of things she never did before. She is an intelligent and accomplished girl and I am glad for this opportunity. I believe she will make an able worker if she will only let the Lord work in and through her.

Now, friends, we expect to go out into the highways and byways and find these erring sisters of ours and bring them to our new Home, where we will have all conveniences for taking care of them, treating them, teaching them how to care for their bodies, and pointing them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, then step by step leading them to the truths we love so well.

Just yesterday I received a letter from a lady in Vermont containing a check for thirty dollars to furnish a room. She said she had a daughter out in the world, she knew not where,—perhaps sometime she might find her way to our Home. She requested that the room might be furnished in memory of this daughter, and seeing her name on the wall might influence her to write to mother. Are there not others who

would like to furnish a room after this plan?

The baby who was brought to our Home in a chicken-box, of which we wrote in last month's issue, is still waiting for a good Christian home.

**"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1:27.**

## THE WORLD'S NEED.

PEARL WAGGONER.

O mighty, great Soul-Doctor, Thee we need,  
 To Thee men's hearts aspire;  
 No naked theory, no empty creed  
 Can fill the heart's desire;  
 We need Thy tender love, Thyself, Thy life,  
 We need Thy rest amid the world's mad strife.

The world is sick,—we hear creation groan,  
 Oppressed with human ill,  
 And Thou, O great Physician, Thou alone  
 Its fevered pulse canst still;  
 Thou only canst the world's affliction heal,  
 Who to the full its weight of woe dost feel.

We could not tread life's pathway all alone  
 Without Thy kindly aid,  
 But when our hand is clasped within Thine own  
 What power can make afraid?  
 Yet many, Lord, there are know not Thy will,  
 Who wander far from Thee, in sadness still.

Oh, take and mold us in Thy form Divine,  
 That Thou our lives canst use  
 To so reflect the glory, Lord, of Thine  
 That men Thy life may choose  
 By viewing ours. So human, frail, are we,  
 But goodness, strength and power are all with Thee.

We need Thee, Lord,—and oh, the blessed thought,  
 That Thou us too dost need!  
 Else hadst Thou not our lives so dearly bought  
 To make us Thine indeed.  
 That which is Thine we offer Thee, our King;  
 Oh, help us, Lord, still other souls to bring!

## A SACRED DOLLAR BILL.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

It looks just like any other dollar bill, but it isn't. It has loving sacrifice written all over it. The following letter to Dr. Paulson which came with it is from a poor, sickly old lady in a Western State. Among other things she writes:

"Dear Brother: When I received the letters from you and Mrs. Swanson I was deeply affected. I tried to read them aloud to my husband but I could scarcely read for tears and I had a real weeping spell as I realized your need, your work and labor of love and I without money or strength to earn money.

"My husband gets vexed at me for feeling burdened for others when we are in need ourselves. He said, 'If you had a First National Bank you would put it all in rescue work.' I said, 'If I had a First National Bank I certainly would put a good share of it in that work, and the Life Boat work for prisoners.'

"I have been suffering with a very lame back and could hardly be up and around. I do not know what is before me, I can only place my hand in the Lord's and ask Him to lead me. He has always been good to me all my life in the trials and afflictions we generally bring upon ourselves. May God bless Mrs. Swanson and you and Mr. Van Dorn, the superintendent of the Mission, and Mrs. Clough and all of you that work.

"When I read your letters I asked God to strengthen me to get out and raise a little money to send you. He eased my back of pain and I walked a few blocks among my neighbors showing the illustrated sheet and reading Mrs. Swanson's letter.

"I raised a few dimes, but mostly from poor people. One poor widow lady, a washer-woman with children to support, gave ten cents, one aged lady over ninety-three years gave ten cents and promised another dime, one poor woman with six small children and a drinking husband gave ten cents, one aged lady caring for her grandchildren deserted by their father gave ten cents, and others just as needy gave a few cents each.

"So I raised one dollar to send you when I get one more penny, and it all comes from those who are poor. Grandma C—— has promised to give the other penny. I will call on her again and get it. I think each one would as soon have given ten dollars if they could.

"I have had to go out three or four different days to raise this dollar,—did not get it all that first afternoon. At times my back pains me so I cannot get out.

"Oh, it takes faith to walk the waves with the winter before us, but God is watching over you and your work. I pray God to open the hearts of some well-to-do benevolent men and women to help out with larger contributions."

I could not help but weep as I read this letter, which shows, in spite of the abject poverty of this dear sister, her entire forgetfulness of self in her desire to help others. I promised the Lord then and there that I would help to answer that poor woman's prayer and increase her dollar a hundred fold. Who will help me to do this? Send any amount and state that it is for the Sacred Dollar Fund to be applied on the new Rescue Home building.

## A GREAT EVENING FOR THE RESCUE HOME.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Autumn everywhere,—not only in the forest but also indoors, where branches, painted with nature's brush in rich autumnal tints, had been brought in from the surrounding woods in plentiful profusion. Just as the leaves on every hand bore marks of the closing year, so too the special occasion in the Hinsdale Sanitarium gymnasium which they served to adorn marked the closing days in the building of the new Rescue Home now so rapidly nearing completion. Yet on the other hand, it was an epoch in the history of the Home to mark not the ending but the beginning of a still greater work than has yet been accomplished.

Above the platform, wreathed in a wealth of foliage, shone out the silver letters of the inscription:

**"Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
for**

**Thou shalt find it after many days."**

Although many interested ones had come in from Chicago and from the village of Hinsdale, the larger part of those assembled were of the Sanitarium family, both workers and patients.

To begin the meeting the beautiful hymn, "Rescue the Perishing," was most appropriately sung. Dr. Paulson then led out with some introductory remarks concerning the purpose of this whole movement. If a man falls on a slippery path and breaks his leg we do not lay it up against him saying he should have known better; but we put a splint on and try to woo that limb again to health. It is in that same spirit we are endeavoring to lift up those who have fallen morally.

After he had briefly told the progress of this work from its humble beginning in the city up to the present time, Mrs. Swanson, matron of the Home, then cited instances showing how much easier it is to help these girls to a new life when removed from the city and its temptations, and showing the necessity of a country headquarters. She also spoke briefly of the many who had already been helped in the rented home at West Hinsdale, and of their appreciation, notwithstanding the crowded condition. Certainly the imperative need of larger quarters can be un-

derstood when it is learned that in that little Home of eight small rooms as many as seventeen girls have at one time sought shelter. Letters were read from former inmates, who are now doing well, living Christian lives, and deeply grateful for the help received.

Dr. Mary Paulson then followed with an interesting and touching recital of her experiences in the rescue work, and an account of several despairing girls who had appealed, and not in vain, for help. Mrs. Tom Mackey also spoke feelingly of the great existing need she had found for just such effort, and of the transformation of her own home into a refuge for the outcast girl.

A talk was then given by Bro. Rollo McBride, formerly converted in the Life Boat Mission, concerning his work in the Harrison Street police station, particularly in the annex. Of the 438 girl prisoners whom he had found confined there on forty-two Sunday mornings, 401 had raised hands heavenward for prayer, and with tears on their cheeks, without friends, without money, without anything but the love of Jesus Christ, had said, "I am going to live a Christian life." He very beautifully compared these young lives to flowers in a garden tenderly cared for by mothers' hands,—one day bruised, trampled and lost. But with God's help the lost can be found, and the crushed flower's fragrance restored.

Mrs. Abrams spoke briefly of her experience in helping her "sisters in sin," and Sister Richmond then stated how the Lord had used her in the starting of many such Homes and in obtaining the necessary means from those whom He had made His stewards, rich in this world's goods, to hold the same in trust for Him.

A financial report was given by Mr. Hoyt showing that three thousand dollars must yet be raised in order for the building to be dedicated December 30 entirely free from debt.

The touching letter found on opposite page was then read by Mrs. Clough, showing the spirit in which the six thousand dollars already received for this enterprise has been raised.

At the conclusion of these talks, which had been interspersed with solos sung by Mr. Frank Webster, the invitation was given by Dr. Paulson for all who would consider it a

privilege to give one hundred dollars to this work, thus becoming founders of the new Home, to make the fact known. The first to respond was an aged blind man, one of the patients, who immediately handed in his check for this amount.

This was followed by the pledge of two similar donations, one of fifty dollars, and twenty-five dollars from eleven more. Nearly twenty of the workers gave ten dollars apiece, many others five and still smaller amounts, the pledges and cash donations together, from the eighty present, amounting to \$842. Before the evening was over, however, the amount received as result of this effort had been increased to nearly nine hundred dollars.

Although by no means rich, yet each one present seemed to thoroughly enjoy the privilege of giving. For some taking the nurses' course, who so generously responded, it will mean many extra hours' work to raise the amount; for all it meant some sacrifice. But compared to Christ's great sacrifice for us in the giving of Himself, what we would naturally call sacrifice seems not worth the name, especially in view of the blessing which always more than repays the giver. Solomon must have recognized that it is more blessed to give than to receive when he said, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

If you who read these lines feel your heart touched by the world's need, and have not learned by experience the truth of the above statements, why not prove them now, by giving as the Lord may impress you? No amount is too great for such a great need; no amount too small to do some good. The widow's mite, approved by Christ when on earth, has not yet ceased growing, but has increased a hundred, even a thousand-fold. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

#### RESCUE HOME DEDICATION.

The new LIFE BOAT Rescue Home will be dedicated December 30, 1908. We are happy to announce that Hon. Mr. Orrin N. Carter, Judge of the Illinois Supreme Court, has kindly consented to give an address at that occasion. He is a sincere Christian man who, when he was judge here in Chicago, endeared himself to the thousands of cases that came

before him, by the kindly, sympathetic spirit that he put into all his work.

E. S. Ufford of Union, Me., the man who composed the song, "Throw Out the Life Line," will come and sing this song and will also give a talk. Others will take part.

Look for more detailed information next month. Remember that in the same connection will be held a two days' Good Samaritan workers' convention. If you are especially engaged in this line of work, are interested in the same or wish to learn about it, plan to attend.

#### HE SATISFIES OUR DESIRES.

MRS. FLORENCE TUTTLE ANDERSON,  
199 Emmet street, Topeka, Kan.

When I was but a mere child many times the thought came to me that when I was grown up I should want to write Christian letters to people whom I never saw and try to lead them to Christ. I could not understand it then, but now it is all plain, as God has opened up before me an extensive correspondence with prisoners in different State prisons. Most of these I shall never see in this world, but I trust I shall meet them in a better land.

On Sunday we go to the County jail and speak for Jesus to those who are confined there, and several have found Him precious to their souls.

#### "NOBODY CARES."

From Marquette, Mich., a prisoner writes the following:

"I have heard of your work both out and inside prison walls. I read your request that if we had nobody to write to you would write or find somebody that would. Probably you have heard how cheering it is to receive a letter from the outer world. It helps to take away the hard feeling that one grows into against society at large. It is hard to think that in all the world nobody cares enough to write you a letter, for no matter what walk in life one was in before his incarceration he had friends or associates. But as I look back over my past I can't see one I would now call a friend, outside of home ties. All the way I can account for this is that a man must be honest to have and to hold respect.

"I have made up my mind to lead a different

life after I leave here, for I see the folly in such a life as I have led. I have no friends to help me, so I am going to ask you to help one that is willing to be helped. I am not what you would call a Christian, but I believe in God. If you are willing to help one under the circumstances you will be doing an act of a Christian, such as I believe you to be."

**There is no more appropriate gift than a beautiful Bible. Read our premium offers for information how you can get one for nothing.**

#### NOTHING COMPARES WITH IT.

G. J. JOHNSON.  
471 State St., Chicago.

The ninth day of last April the Lord put a new suit of clothes on me and cleaned me up inside and out. I came into the Life Boat Mission two nights before that under the influence of liquor; I just stumbled in accidentally. I sat down about three or four seats from the front. After the meeting Sister Van Dorn came and shook my hand and said, "God bless you, brother, come back again." Her husband did the same. That little word, "God bless you," means a whole lot sometimes. I could not say a word. Out I went and up to my room, such as it was, and I thought over what I had heard.

The next night I came back again. I was not much better, but I wanted them to know they treated me right. I was fighting my conscience most of the time. The following morning I got up and went to the saloon, got a drink and then said, "This is my last drink." The boys said, "You are foolish." That was on the ninth of April, and I came to the Mission that night just as sober as I am now. I made up my mind that I would do what the Lord wanted me to do, and I surrendered all.

When they passed the hat around I felt in my pocket and found that six cents was all I had. The devil said, "You give that penny and save the nickel for a drink and that will be your last"; then something said, "Give it all," and I did. I was happy and I got up and told just what the Lord had done for me. Ever since that time I have led an honest, upright life. I have been living as the Lord tells me

I should live. And just think, I was so unworthy! I was down so low through drink that nobody would have anything to do with me. I could not keep away from drink; but God struck all the old desires out of me.

Just as Paul was a wicked man and God picked him up and made something out of him, so God picked me up. I know I was worse than Paul. I have been a saloon-keeper, a bar-tender, and a gambler. I had my hand in another man's pocket most of the time. But I have found nothing that com-



MR. JOHNSON.

pares with the life I am now living. I am telling this to show that the Lord Jesus Christ picked me up.

Men and women allow their souls to be laid bare in shame on the witness stand to save a loved one from the gallows or the penitentiary; but, my friends, I am laying bare my old life in order that someone might be saved. What every man needs is the Lord Jesus Christ. We are not in this work to save someone from the gallows, but that you may have the Lord Jesus.

Before I was converted I was rooming around in the ten and fifteen-cent lodging houses on State street and yet I was earning seventy-five dollars a month tending bar. I could neither hold my position nor my money. The next day after my conversion I went right

down town and got work. I took a job at washing pans in a hotel at seven dollars a week. The men all knew that I was a drinking man and they made fun of me. It made no difference to me,—I kept singing that song, "Saviour, lead me lest I stray," and they knew that I was doing all right. Soon they began to be friendly and would talk with me.

Then I accepted a position as cook in a hotel in Petoskey, Mich., and when I got there I found the man who had hired me was a brewer, who had a saloon in connection with his hotel. I went straight to my room and told the Lord that I had agreed to work for this man and there I was already among those people that were drinking and smoking, and that He would have to take care of me. I left it all with the Lord and went to bed and slept.

The next morning early I got up and walked down the street to see if I could find a mission. I stopped at a little place where I found an old fellow who makes souvenirs to sell. I knocked and he came to the door and said, "Good morning." I said, "Good morning, brother." He said, "I see you are a Christian?" I said, "Yes, and I am a stranger here. I want to find a mission; do you know of any such place?" He said, "Bless the Lord, come to my church."

I waited until Thursday night and went over to the church. I dropped into the first seat I came to. Pretty soon I saw the little old man who had invited me there get up and give a testimony. When he sat down I was up on my feet in a minute. I told them my story as I have given it here, and God blessed it. When I sat down the minister jumped up and said, "I want every brother and sister here to shake hands with that brother."

At the place where I worked the cooks all made fun of me because I was a Christian, and they called me a goody-goody man; but I thank God that I was kicked around for His cause. The morning I left, when my contract was up, they met together for breakfast,—cooks, waiters and all who had been making fun of me, and the landlady said, "I want to ask a favor of you; will you ask the blessing this morning?" I said, "I have been waiting sixty-nine days for that invitation, but I can't ask the blessing with that bottle of

beer on the table." When that was removed I returned thanks and we ate breakfast together. I thank the Lord that He sent me to those people to show them that I could live a Christian life amidst unholy surroundings. When I bade them good-bye I told them I was thankful for their kind treatment, and I said I would never forget it and that I hoped we would meet in heaven.

I thank God that when I knelt down and said, "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me," He saved me from a drunken bum on State street. He pulled me up out of a deep hole. God has led me into the society of friends and has redeemed me from sin. He saved me so I can take hold of a man, no matter how dirty he may be, and can lead him to Christ. I have no education, but the Lord has helped me to learn and quote the Bible, while before I did not know there was such a thing as a Bible.

I am now assisting Brother Van Dorn at the Life Boat Mission and God is blessing my testimony for the salvation of other lost sinners.

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#### AMONGST THE MOUNTAIN WHITES.\*

B. N. MULFORD,  
Fountain Head, Tenn.

My work is almost entirely with the mountaineers of Tennessee known as the poor mountain whites. Anyone who goes down there to do missionary work, whether medical or educational, must choose one of the two classes, either the colored or the white to work among. I have some friends who are working entirely for the colored, and we have some schools for them.

#### WHERE THEY GOT THEIR NAME.

Years ago this class of mountain whites came over from Europe because of religious persecution and settled quite largely in the South. They did not believe in slavery and would not own slaves, and because of that were boycotted on every hand. So they were gradually pushed back until finally they occupied the hill country, and that is where they get the name of mountain whites.

#### THEIR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I suppose the reason that they are uneducated is because the South as a whole has

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\*Talk given to Hinsdale Sanitarium workers, Sept. 1, 1908.



been backward educationally. I believe the public school system was not introduced in the South until after the civil war, and it has only been of late that these mountain whites have had public schools at all. You would hardly call them schools; the teachers are a class of people who cannot do anything else; the children do not come regularly, and the teacher does not care just so she gets her fifteen dollars a month. Of course there are exceptions and some teachers are doing good work, but generally speaking that is the condition.

#### THEIR CRYING NEED.

The people are in an ignorant condition. It is not uncommon to find men and women who appear to be very bright, of forty or fifty years of age, who can no more write their names than a baby. You might think they were degenerate people, but they are strong every way except intellectually. They want to come to our school. We hope we can have a good school for those people. They not only want to learn the ordinary things of life, but they seem to have a desire to study the Bible. Everyone that does not have the Bible as the foundation has really nothing. If we take the Word of God as our basis and work upon that we can know we are building upon a foundation that is going to stand. And it will stand throughout eternity.

#### WHAT WE ARE DOING.

It is our plan to go right into these districts and get a little piece of land, associate with us a family or two, maybe from the North, who have the means to buy land and a team and cow or two, and start out in a self-supporting way. We may have a nurse,—so that we can look after those that are sick in the entire community, and so build up a self-supporting work.

At Fountain Head we started up such a work last November. For two months I was alone, then two families came to us. Our time has been largely occupied in getting the farm in shape. We have had some very nice fruit and the girls have canned something like four hundred quarts,—that will be as much as we need until fruit grows again. So even the first year we will be quite largely self-supporting.

We have not done any school work yet to

speak of but have had some evening classes. We have our regular Sabbath-school, which the people attend. Our school opens the middle of October. Just before I left Tennessee my wife and I made a canvass of the territory and found thirty or forty children who promised to attend school when it opened.

We are starting in a small way and depend entirely upon the soil for our support. The teachers go out and till the soil, plant the seed and cultivate it. If we did not do these things ourselves we would simply have to move on, for no one would do them for us. But we are going to build up a good work and it is going to be self-supporting, because the Lord will bless the work of our hands.

Agriculture is a scientific work. Yet after all it is the Lord who gives the increase. But we hope down at Fountain Head to have an increase not only of corn and wheat, but an increase of souls. I believe God has a special care over our old farm. The soil was all worn out when we took it and people said we would starve to death if we went on it. But we have faith to believe that those mountain whites will see some material things developed which will cause them to say, "The Lord is with them."

#### REMEMBERS HIS PARENTS' PRAYERS FOR HIM.

A prisoner writes:

"I received two of your magazines and was glad to get them, so I thought I would write to you and tell you how I take great interest in reading the paper. It is about the best magazine that I have read yet, because the more I read it the more I can see how a man can change his life and live a good, honest, upright life, by trusting in Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

"I have never been a Christian before but I am now trusting in God and mean to lead a better life from now on, so when I get out I know I will do what is right. I am here from one to twenty years without money or a friend in the world, no one to help me when I go before the parole board in March, 1909. I believe Christ is with me behind prison bars and he will open up a way for me if I keep on serving him.

"I am only thirty-four years old. I can

be a man yet; there is no good living in sin. I have no one to write to and I would like to hear from some good Christian people. My mother and father were good Christians, but they died when I was eighteen years old, but I remember their prayers for me. I pray every morning and evening that God may keep me.

"I go to Sunday-school every Sunday here and learn more every day about Jesus Christ our Saviour, who saves from sin, and that whosoever believes in Him shall be saved. I hope you will remember me in your prayers."

#### THE NEEDS OF THE SEAMEN.

H. O. TOLNAS,  
Brunswick, Ga.

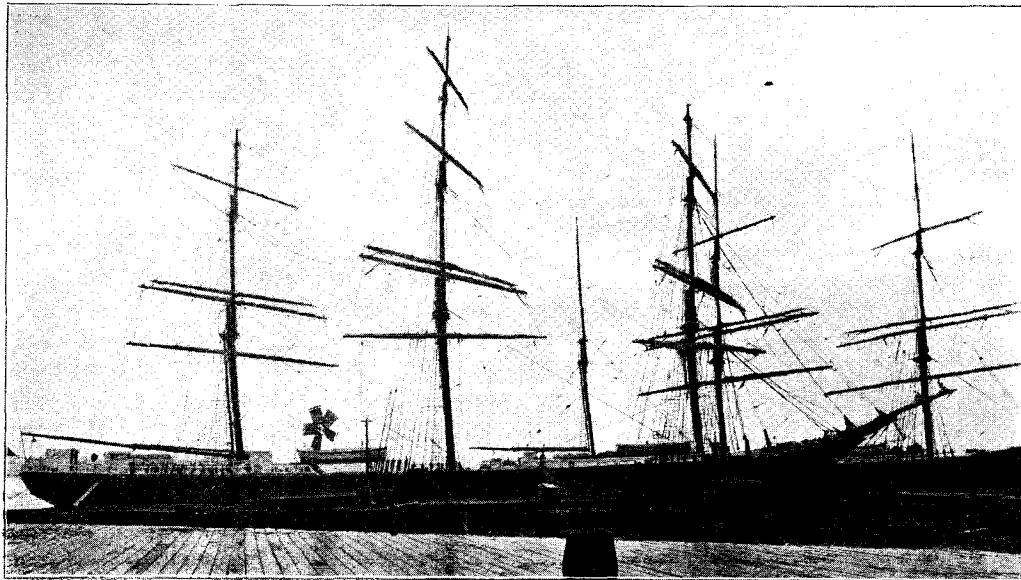
The picture accompanying this article shows a LIFE BOAT worker entering one of the many ships that arrive and take cargo in this important seaport. In the June number of this magazine the reader may remember a picture of the prisons of this place with the LIFE BOAT visitor entering the doors.

It is a privilege to be serving the good Lord in such a place as this, where Christian workers are so very few, but sometimes it happens not only in this place, but in other places also that a person has to work alone and single-handed.

It is heart-rending for loving Christians to see so many people hungering and thirsting after righteousness, yet not seeming to find the right way. Besides, there are many and many that are yet out of the ark of safety.

According to my experience it is hard to go to sea as a Christian man. I have seen seamen who plow through the deep, sow corrupt seed the greater part of their time. But the next question that may arise in the minds of all of us on shore is, what kind of missionary example are we showing them or what kind of seed are we trying to sow in their hearts during their short stay in our harbors? Many times we get an answer like this, "Missions and reading-room stations are established in every leading seaport,—let them go there and get converted and be saved."

In former times I have had the greatest respect for every one of such institutions, because the good-hearted Christian people that first started the idea meant well, but in this case, like many others, instead of holding up the salvation Gospel to the seamen, they are turned into places of amusement to draw the seamen away from the barroom. But it seems to me it proves a failure in most instances, because the barrooms are far in the lead with this kind of entertainments.



We must evermore rejoice in holding up the pure Gospel of Jesus and the simplicity and love of God. We have not long to stay here, therefore how important and how grand a privilege it is to be a lover and a follower of such a great Lord! But it would not do to stop at this point; we must make haste and share this blessed privilege with those that are yet ignorant of the pleasure and profit in serving the Lord, and of the fact that "He is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him."

Before I close I want to call my friends' attention to another point in my experience with this magazine. An officer of a ship held up THE LIFE BOAT front page and said it answered exactly to the position he had been in once; he said that seamen are the most curious set of people he could think of,—that they live a most reckless life, but when facing death they all cry on God Almighty to save them. This point of facing death happens not only to seamen, but land dwellers also. Some years ago a very successful sea captain died aboard his vessel in Harbor Sound here. He had for many years sailed the seas, had been all over the world without knowing much about his God and Saviour; but at the point of death he said, "If there is such a one as a Saviour I need Him now."

Yes, we all need Him, not only at the point of death, but right now while we have days of grace and can show that we are with Jesus and in His blessed name and power try to do the Father's will, bearing in mind that all human beings we meet need to cry to God Almighty to save them, and that we all need that one personal Saviour *now*.

Oh, dear friends, it is well worth being in earnest in working for the honor of God, and for the salvation of lost sinners out in the cold. Let us be thankful to God for the good Bible, for THE LIFE BOAT, for all the good workers and friends, and for opportunity to get good Christian Gospel literature to distribute. I appreciate this when I look at the armfuls of worthless novels and magazines the seamen get from those so-called mission houses. I could not afford to spend my precious time for anything like that.

I am thankful for the many encouraging words from the editors exhorting me not to

let small matters discourage me from being bright for God. God's blessing and my earnest prayers for all the readers!

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"HE COULD ENDURE NO LONGER."

MRS. FRED NELSON.

204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

A year ago last May a poor prisoner found one leaf of THE LIFE BOAT out on a trash pile in the prison yard. He picked it up and it contained an article from me, with my picture. He was friendless and in despair. Since he became a prisoner his many friends had forsaken him. That very night he had a long knife, ready sharpened for use, and was intending to end his life. He stood with tears streaming down his face. He realized full well what he was about to do, but despair had overtaken him,—he could endure no longer.

He read and reread the article. It pierced his heart, he wondered if I would write to him. He then decided to postpone the deed until he saw if he could locate *one* friend on earth. His letter came one year ago last June, on the Sabbath. I wept as I read it. I asked God to give me the message he needed and I wrote him at once. Since that time he has accepted Christ and joy has filled his heart. I sent him a Bible and this magazine. His gratefulness was beyond expression; in fact, he is the most grateful being I have ever known.

I wonder if any one can assist me in my work with the prisoners? My ambition and longing to do for these souls is great, but I am obliged to be content with the little means I have. I pray for means daily, as it is hard to refuse when they ask for the Bread of Life.

I need the prayers of all the LIFE BOAT readers. I cannot find time to answer all the letters I receive and I have wanted to answer them all through THE LIFE BOAT.

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STILL STUDYING THE BIBLE.

The following extracts are from a letter recently received from the prisoner in Colorado who is committing the New Testament to memory and expects to go as a missionary to Central America upon his release. We are glad to note that his courage and faith in God are still good:

"I am studying the Bible now as never be-

fore. I have almost entirely quit reading everything else, and I intend to continue to study it my very best daily from now on. I know much of it by heart, and there is so much more I want to learn. Especially do I want to familiarize myself with the different subjects. I cannot content myself with any other reading, and this desire comes from God.

"We shall see how all God's plans were right, and what has seemed reproof was love most true.' I am so glad that there remains a rest, and I mean to strive to enter into it. Yes, God's ways are the best. If we would enter into life through Christ the Way, it is after we have been perfected through suffering as He was. We can only live for and in God in the proportion that we allow Him to crucify us to the world. It hurts to die to the world, but just read 1 Pet. 1:7-10, and 2 Cor. 4:15-17."

#### STARTLING PRISON FACTS.

P. C. JOHNSON, D. D.,  
Chaplain, Nebraska Penitentiary.

[The following facts and figures concerning the prisons and prisoners of our land are worthy the careful consideration of thinking people. The Chaplain of the Nebraska Penitentiary has had a vast experience in dealing with the criminally detained. His observations are as follows.—Ed.]

From twenty to thirty are the criminal years of a human life, and most of the crimes are committed when the criminals are from eighteen to twenty-five years. Some are in for murder who are less than twenty years of age.

The vast majority of the criminals are educated,—that is, have a common school education. There are a large number of high school and some college graduates to be found among them. This shows that education alone is not a preventive of crime. The conclusions that I draw from these facts are that the religious training of our boys in the home circle is of the flimsiest character, and that the home as a training school is a decided failure. And the Sunday school has no more right to boast of itself as a moral and religious power than the average home. The art of training children, especially boys, is among those that Wendel Phillips called the "lost arts."

Liquor and bad company are the leading instrumentalities of the devil in getting men, particularly the young men, into crime and then into trouble.

If you want an argument in favor of annihilating these pests of society, and especially the saloon, just spend some time in the State prison and talk with men who have been made drunk on licensed sin, by men and some women who call themselves Christians. I don't wonder that one poor fellow in prison for murder said what he did to me last Sunday: "I have lost faith in God and the church and in about everything else." I shall not say what church he had been connected with, but it was the lying conduct of members of that church that made him a scoffing skeptic.

The cause and prevention of crime are not found in things; you must go deeper than the surface to find the one, and you need more than stone walls, prison diet and shame, the discipline of law and power, to accomplish the other. If the law would make crime odious, as well as the criminal disreputable, it would help some in settling social and moral questions. I am getting to fear that society is more embittered against the *criminal* than it is against the *crime*. This is particularly true when the criminal is poor and his crime vulgar.

More crime can be traced to a source that has the dollar idea in it than to any other thing. To get and to have money or money's value is the great incentive of crime today. Even some of the more violent crimes have their inspiration in the abnormal greed for gain.

#### SOME CONCLUSIONS.

Punishment does but little towards making a better man. If society would do half as much to prevent crime as it does to punish it there would be in a few years a very great diminution in the population of our prisons.

Our prison population is neither the worst, nor all of the bad, of society. Very many of these men are as good as the average man that walks our streets. I am speaking now of natural goodness. I know there are some very bad men in prison—so there are out of prison. But these men, in so many instances, are victims of just what society is en-

couraging, they have slipped where many another one has not but will.

Give these men a chance to recover what they have lost, spend money for their reformation, give them sympathy and help, and when their time is out treat them as honest men,—at least give them the benefit of the doubt. Nobody wants them to go unpunished, but punishment will do them little good, it will only make them worse. But if you can win the man to the right you have punished the sin and saved the sinner.

Another conclusion I have come to is this: Not all who sing, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord; I'll do what you want me to do," etc., mean it. I have tried to get some to go to the prison Sunday school and teach a class there, but somehow I have not found the person that the Lord wants to go there. If this should reach your eye or ear, my brother, just think long enough to be sure, very sure, that the Lord does not want you to help in this work.

A final conclusion: Take care of the boys, especially take care of the boys. You have boys in your homes, in your schools, on your streets, who will be in the penitentiary in a few years. Their kind are there now and these will be if you don't look out. They are coming nearly every day. The age from fifteen to twenty-five determines character and destiny.

#### WITNESSES THAT COUNT.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Last Sunday morning at the Harrison Street police station service there happened to meet together a number of men who had experienced the remarkable transformation of the Gospel in their lives. One had been a cowboy, another a saloon keeper, another a railroad conductor and another a gambler; all had drunk deep of the bitter cup of sin.

The cells were well filled that morning with all classes of men from the mentally deranged to the poor drunkard suffering with delirium tremens, and they made those gray, dingy walls echo and re-echo with their cries.

THE COWBOY.

After our song service the first man to speak was the former cowboy,—a large, fleshy man who seemed the very embodiment of

sunshine. He told of leaving home when a boy because of the cruelty he received and how he became a rough cowboy on the western plains. But he said he happened to take with him a little Bible which his mother had given him and there, alone in the field with his Bible open before him, he gave up all for Christ, and for thirty years has been proclaiming that saving Gospel.

THE RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.

Then the railroad conductor said it was not until he had attained middle life that he allowed God to come into his heart. He was fast going down in sin. He became a drunkard and a curse to humanity, yet God saved him, and for six years he has been a blessing to those about him.

THE SALOON KEEPER.

The next man to speak had been a saloon keeper and a bartender for years. He was known all over Chicago, said he had so many names he did not know which was his, but less than six months ago he came to the Life Boat Mission and gave his heart to God. He said God had taken the desire for whisky out of his life and he was happy in serving Him.

THE GAMBLER.

The converted gambler said that he had gotten nothing but husks from nearly half a century in the devil's business. Six years ago he turned to the Lord and gave Him a chance. Many a time he had been locked up behind those bars; his money which he had gotten by gambling did not keep him out of jail; but when he came to Christ the officers left him alone.

As these men ceased speaking all was silence. The spirit of God had stopped the mouth of the demoniac, the poor drunkard with delirium tremens sat still, subdued, and when the invitation was given every hand but one was raised heavenward. We believe God looked down with pity and love upon those seventeen hearts and those seventeen sons of His who had so cruelly marred His image in them, and we could hear that blessed invitation from above: "Come," and also the promise: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

If you will not live for Christ here you cannot live with Him hereafter.

## AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

[This letter received a day or two ago from Los Angeles, Cal., has such a warm, kindly tone to it that we feel impressed to share it with all our readers. "Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by!"—Ed.]

Dear Doctor:

Yesterday I was making a call in a business office in this city when a sweet-faced girl came in and asked the proprietor if he cared to buy a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. The man snapped her off with a very short "No." She turned to another man in the office and received the same reply, the color mounting into her face as she went out.

Having finished my business I also left the office a minute or two later and saw the girl go in and out of different stores with apparently the same success, and my impression was that that was a peculiarly *dry* street for LIFE BOATS. I then stopped on the sidewalk to see what success she had in a Japanese fruit store, which turned out as the others had done.

Whilst I was waiting an acquaintance came along, who slapped me on the shoulder saying, "Come on, Mr. Man, if you are going my way." I said, "Hold on a minute, do you see that girl with the little papers?" "Yes," said he, "what of it?" "I am going to help her unload," said I. By this time she had reached us, and I said, "May I buy one of your papers, dear?" It was worth walking five miles to see her face brighten as she said, "Why, yes, sir, thank you ever so much!" And the acquaintance bought one also.

I put the paper in my pocket until I got home and gave it to my wife, who today read it pretty thoroughly, I reckon; in fact so thoroughly that she read to my daughter and me the story of the young man in prison for forging a note whilst intoxicated, also the one about the old cobbler who has been in prison thirty years and wants to start afresh at the age of sixty-two, just think of it! What an inspiration to do things!

Doctor, I have been wondering for years whether I am Jew, Gentile, Christian, Agnostic, Buddhist, or Mohammedan; and I think after hearing those stories and what you are doing for humanity, that I am more mixed than ever.

Now I do not care a copper cent about my

"reputation in the courts above," as you mention, but I take off my hat to you folks, and if there is a possibility of me sending a wireless thought across the miles, I say, God bless you, and God bless your kind; may you live long to enjoy your noble work.

Enclosed please find postoffice order for \$1.50,—fifty cents to help the cobbler, fifty cents for the young man mentioned by Mrs. H. C. Lyle, and fifty cents for one year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT, which please send to above address. As for the fifty cents each to the two brothers I hope they will forget me and if possible at some future time pass it along; and will you please accept the blessing and thanks of myself, wife and daughter.

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#### WAS YOUR HOME TRAINING NEGLECTED?

The following letter from a prisoner in the Michigan Branch prison may represent your case. If so, read the text which we called to his attention:

"I know your work is far-reaching as I have seen your magazine in several States I have been in and I have often found one in my cell when work for the day was ended.

"I never could see the saving grace of Jesus Christ as some see it for I never had the early training of a mother along those lines as I should have had. I was on the streets both early and late. Nobody cared, and I think I cared less. I have no glad remembrances of happy childhood days. I had no teachings or mothers' prayers to bring me back to see the right path and God's loving grace as I afterwards heard preached. So you see it is harder for *me* to accept Christian teaching than it would be for one who had the blessing of a good home in boyhood. But I think a man if given a chance after leaving prison can do right. The trouble is in finding work; there are very few employers nowadays that will employ an ex-prisoner. That is why so many ex-prisoners return to vice and crime."

We wrote him as follows:

"It is certainly very unfortunate that you were not trained early in life to love the things of God, but that need not keep you from accepting Him now. Tom Mackey never had any Christian training at home, he was

brought up in a saloon and no one had even spoken to him about Christ until he was past forty years of age; yet he is a leading evangelist today, and knows the Bible better than the majority of professing Christians.

"The fountain is open for you; all you have to do is to step in. Remember the Lord said, 'I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten.' Joel 2:25."

#### ONE DAY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,  
3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

One morning last week my husband asked me to go to two wholesale houses and attend to some business for him. I had been longing to get out with this magazine, so I asked the Lord to touch the heart of those men so they would give me the privilege of selling THE LIFE BOAT in their establishments.

I took some copies with me, went to the first firm and after attending to my business asked the privilege of selling through the building. The man said, "Certainly; I will buy two myself. You can have the privilege every month." I told him that I was earning enough money in this way to furnish a room in the new Rescue Home, and that I wanted the Lord to help me to find a girl that wanted to be helped, and put her in it.

I went through the building selling a great many papers, and then I went to another place. There I got permission to do the same thing. I had some splendid talks with the wholesale dealers.

In the afternoon I started out for another wholesale house with my bundle of LIFE BOATS on my arm. On the car I met an old neighbor who gave me ten cents for a paper and I had the privilege of talking to him about his soul. When I reached the wholesale house I found the superintendent too busy to be approached with THE LIFE BOAT, but throughout the day I had sold a large number of LIFE BOATS and had had several heart to heart talks.

Every morning I ask the Lord to give me something to do for Him that day, and He gives me many opportunities.

No one ever stayed long with Jesus who was willing to stay with Him alone.

#### FROM FLORIDA PRISON CAMP AGAIN.

The following is from the second letter received from a prisoner in the Turpentine Prison Camp of Florida:

"I don't know how much writing it would take for me to explain to you how I love to read THE LIFE BOAT. I pass it on to another man and let him read it; one man is reading it now and has just told me that he thinks it among the best reading that he has ever had. I think that the September copy is the best I have ever read,—in truth I love to read them all. I especially enjoyed the thrilling experience of Mr. Tom Mackey, who once lived such a reckless life but has now had such a wonderful change; also how the Lord sent a cork leg to one poor man, and Mrs. Lyle's appeal for a prisoner in Oregon. It seems that there is such wonderful work going on through the Mission.

"I am expecting to be released next July and I pray you to keep in touch with me. I do believe that there is a better day coming for me although I am a sinner. I feel that the Lord has some work for me, and may you and all of your associates in the Mission remember me in your prayers that the Lord may help me and teach me to do such things as will be pleasing in His sight each and every day.

"When I look back at my past life I see a miserable void. When I think of the many privileges shown me and then when I think of my many sins and read some of THE LIFE BOAT'S thrilling words, something tells me that when my time is out in this place I still will not be free if I don't know Jesus in the pardoning of my sins. So please pray for me."

#### "WILLING TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE."

The following letter is from a prisoner in the House of Correction in Wisconsin:

"Your kind letter reached me last month and as this is the first letter I have received since coming here you may be sure it was welcome. I never realized before the value of human friendship and no one unless situated as I am can appreciate the loss of these associations.

"I have always been ambitious to make something of myself, but now after nearly

thirty years of repeated failures I am beginning to feel somewhat discouraged. If, however, as you say this is an opportunity to build up a strong character, I am willing to take advantage of it and will strive hard with that purpose in view; so I am occupying my time here in reading good books from the prison library and in various other ways trying to improve my mind. I have a course of study mapped out for this winter that I think will help to vary an otherwise monotonous existence.

"Time moves slowly but surely. Two years from to-day, if I do not forfeit any good time, I will go out to again enjoy the blessings of liberty. I have read the little tract you have sent me and passed it on to others. While drink has not been a factor in causing my downfall yet a great many in here owe their condition to that cause and I only need to look around me to see its terrible effects.

"I have been swayed and influenced by every evil inclination that came into my mind until I have practically killed all the good. I had a good Christian mother and used to attend Sunday school and I realize that had I grasped some of the truths and practiced them I might be occupying a different position now. But I am not discouraged and am living in hopes of a better life when I am again at liberty. I am trying to make a start now and while I find it very hard to overcome some of the habits that have become fixed yet I feel sure that with God's help I will win out.

"He has promised to make all 'crooked paths straight' if as you say we are only willing to comply with his requirements. If He can straighten out *my* path and bring a little joy and sunshine into *my* life I am willing to give Him the chance. I am tired of drifting and I am going to push ahead and see if I cannot get out of this slough into which I have fallen."

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"HE WHO PROSPERETH."

PAULINE HANSON,

4631 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

In Psalm 37 we read: "Fret not thyself, because of him who prospereth in his way, because of him who bringeth evil devices to pass." "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

Were you ever attracted by a certain species of California roses which are singularly beautiful, pure white in color and almost wax-like in their loveliness, not especially unlike other roses in outline or petals, but so distinctively perfect and unblemished as to command unusual admiration--the only feature they lack, however, being that they have no fragrance?

Is it not so, that sometimes when we see the prosperity of others, with handsome surroundings and no end of advantages, we fret and murmur at our limited means, our inadequacy in many things, and at what seems to be our unjust lot?

We do not always stop to consider whether "he who prospereth" is the happier, as to how he accumulated all his worldly possessions which make all these conditions possible, and whether, if we knew the exact circumstances, we would be willing to exchange places. It is more than likely if we did, we would shudder and creep back gladly into our own humble life, where we have learned to know Him who is the priceless Gift; where we have learned to know Him in the elements,—the healing sunshine, the invigorating winds, the friendly stars, and Nature's every beneficent offering; back to Him who owns the "cattle on a thousand hills,"—who owns it *all*.

"All things are thine"—are yours and mine, if we love Him. Do you not feel, when you gaze upon God's beautiful creations, that they are yours in a way, because you appreciate them so thoroughly, love them, and realize their blessing to you? Is your nature not sensitive to these things? Whereas, "he who prospereth" is calloused; all he is enamored with is gold, gold—and this world's interests, no matter how he attains them.

On the other hand, you no doubt have personal friends, not burdened with money, who have the sweetest, deepest, staunchest of characters, are well read and sufficiently educated for better capacities than perhaps they fill; who, if placed upon an equal plane with him "who prospereth," lost in the maze of discriminations, would compare fully as favorably, from the average man's standpoint, and shine much more brightly when placed under His microscope.

How can "he who prospereth and bringeth evil devices to pass" breathe forth the heavenly "sweet savor" that "His anointed" do?



WHAT WILL YOU BE FIVE YEARS  
FROM NOW?

BENJAMIN KEECH,  
Randolph, N. Y.

Now and then we see some pitiable wreck of humanity,—hurt and storm-tossed, sinking farther and farther down in the sea of sin. Perhaps even while we pity and aid, we smother a feeling of repulsion at the sight of such a one, congratulating ourselves that we are not as he. Yet five years ago that person may have been as good, even better, than we are now. But he took one wrong step, gradually got to traveling the downward path, and his past has made him what he is at present.

Now and then we recall some noble man or woman, whose very name, in many instances, works an influence for good. We admire, we respect, and try to imitate. Yet there may have been a time in that individual's life when he considered himself more or less of a failure. But he chose the right path, labored hard to stay there, and his guilty past made his future glorious.

We undeniably make our futures glad or sad by the variety (and quantity) of seeds we sow during every present moment. I can no more enjoy peace after breaking God's law than I can gather heartsease from thistles I have sown. If we weakly do deeds that conscience, common sense, past experience and Divine Command declare to be wrong, we cannot escape the lash of anguish, the deadening horror of remorse. And our punishment will be severe in proportion as we were previously enlightened on the subject.

On the opposite hand, if we wisely let the Holy Spirit purge our lives, keep our thoughts clean, our deeds helpful and our influence ennobling, we can neither escape the resulting sweet fruits of goodness—a mind and conscience at peace, a heart free of bitterness and regret, real friends, and hosts of other blessings that come only by being and doing right.

"What shall I do with my life?" is the largest question, especially with young folks, that one is ever called to decide. Shall I occupy an honored place among honored men and women? Shall I go down to darkness beside some of those unhappy creatures I have seen,—a fit companion to them? Shall

I be what God intended me to be, or what Satan wishes me to become? Shall I be a happy success, or a sorry failure?

No matter how dark one's past has been or how long he has strayed from the right path, if he genuinely repents and does all that a mortal can do, each day, to get right with God and live as he ought, his life will change and his future will be rich and bright with the joys he has helped create by living correctly each day.

One's sinful past may be blotted out and forgotten. But one's sinless past grows brighter and brighter all the while and is never forgotten. How often do we look back at past sweet experiences in our lives and remember how happy the thought of certain work has made us, all through the years! And, by the way, do not life's very sweetest experiences always come from work we have done for God? The writer finds it so, with work he has done with the LIFE BOAT.

Would it not be wise, during the present, to go diligently to work for the first-named kind of experiences, that in future we may always recall pleasing thoughts of the past?

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

There was a meeting of the Life Boat workers held in the Life Boat Mission, 471 State street, a few days ago to consider some matters of business pertaining to this work. Superintendent Van Dorn gave a very encouraging report as to the attendance and interest in the Life Boat Mission services the past few weeks. During our considerations the appearance of the Life Boat Mission room was discussed. All agreed that the walls ought to be newly papered and a fresh coat of paint put on the woodwork, but no one knew where to get the money. It was suggested Brother Van Dorn secure estimates for doing this work. He has just reported to me as treasurer that a good brother has offered to do the work for twenty-three dollars. This is a marvelously low figure; we did not expect that it could be done for less than fifty dollars.

Is there not someone reading this who will consider it a privilege to advance twenty-three dollars in order to have the Mission brightened up as we begin our fall and winter's campaign for the needy men who come to us?

H. E. HOYT, Treasurer.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Editorial Department</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">DAVID PAULSON, M. D. EDITOR</p>	
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### A SMALL LETTER BUT A GREAT GIFT.

Last month the 548 LIFE BOAT subscriptions for the Joliet, Ill., Prison League expired, which were generously subscribed for last year by a Kansas business man, so we published an appeal for their renewal in the October issue.

A few days ago we received from our good friend, Dan Shannon of Stanwood, Mich., the following clipping and brief note which not only made our hearts rejoice but will cause joy in the Joliet prison:

satisfactory  
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.

I will pay this.  
Dan Shannon

We have an appeal for a similar club for the Prison League in the great State prison at Jefferson City, Mo.; in fact every State prison should be receiving a club of LIFE BOATS each month.

Moody said years ago that the prisons of America were the best mission field in the world today, and we have found it so. Who

will invest something substantial in this missionary enterprise? Is there not some one who will consider investing a sum of money in such a way that the income will be used for this each year—in other words, *endow* this effort? It would be an investment that would make its investor glad when he met the results in the day of judgment.

### DO YOU EVER FEEL THIS WAY?

Bishop Hartzell is a man whom God has used in a very remarkable way in the Christian development of dark Africa. You may sometimes feel just as he did shortly after he began his work there. You can receive help just as he did. He relates it as follows:

"Eight years ago the church sent me to Africa with a pittance of a few thousand dollars in my hand, to investigate, explore, and plan for reorganization. I recall an hour at night during my first trip in Angola.

"I had been in the hammock all day and was weary and could not sleep. Walking out of my tent and passing beyond the sleeping forms of my faithful black carriers lying on the ground, I was alone. The stillness was oppressive, and was made more so to me by the very stars, which, in the tropics, seem to hang out like lamps in the clear sky.

"A feeling of unspeakable loneliness came over me. Where was I? What was my mission? How was I equipped to do my work? And the reply came, 'I am in a heathen continent, and was sent to take the Gospel to its heathen multitudes;' and yet to care for the thirty men, women and children, a remnant of my predecessor's self-supporting work in that region, and to reorganize the work, I had the pittance of a few hundred dollars.

"It seemed to me as if my heart would break. But I remembered I was in the path of duty, and a great peace, that has never left me, came into my soul. Then the grip of a mighty faith in God took possession of me, and that too abides."

### IS THE TITHING SYSTEM A PART OF THE GOSPEL PLAN?

Many Christians do not appreciate the blessing God has in store for them if they would adopt the Bible plan of setting aside one-tenth of their income for the Lord's work. For those who think that the tithing system does not go hand in hand with the Gospel we would commend the following words from Robert Speer, the noted Student Volunteer worker, from a recent article in the *Sunday School Times*:

"The freedom of the Gospel has no more abrogated the law of the tithe than it has abrogated the law of the Sabbath. If it is not inconsistent with the freedom of the Gospel to set aside one day in seven as peculiarly God's, then it is not inconsistent with that freedom to set aside one-tenth of the income, also, as peculiarly God's. Indeed the principle in each case as the same.

"The observance of the Sabbath strengthens our sense of God's ownership for all our time. So the giving of a tithe strengthens our sense of God's ownership of all our money. We should learn from our childhood to give at least a tithe.

"If we do not acquire the habit of giving when we are young and before we have much money, we will not be likely to acquire it later when we have much money and it begins to wield its narrowing and throttling influence over our souls. 'I am glad I learned to give my money away from the time I began to earn it,' said a princely giver who recently died, 'for I find that money has a terrible power to choke the willingness to part with it. It is in order to keep my control over it that I give it away in such large sums.'

"If we give God what he asks of us, He will give us more than we can receive of Himself. That is promised in Malachi 3:10."

### CHILD-SAVING BUREAU.

Do you know of a homeless child for whom no home can be found? Write us about it and send us its picture if possible; we shall try to find some childless parents who are just as anxious to extend to that child a parents' love as that child needs to find a loving home.

### FROM PLOWBOY TO PROPHET.

One day Elijah came along and selected a young plowman to take his place. Elijah said nothing to this young man; he merely threw his mantle over his shoulders, but Elisha took the hint. Maybe you will find your life mission in just as simple a manner. The young man knew that he was elected to take the prophet's place, but for long years he merely followed Elijah about, pouring water on his hands and performing other equally simple duties. (1 Kings 19: 19-21.)

Don't you suppose once in a while the devil came around tempting him to wish that he had not killed his oxen, for now he was just merely killing time; that sometimes he was tempted to go back and start up farming again? Just think of what that dashing young farmer gave up! He was a young man who could do things, for he was handling twelve yoke of oxen. But this man who was willing to leave them was the man who probably worked more miracles than anyone who lived before the time of Christ.

Perhaps you say if some prophet should come and cast his mantle on your shoulders *you* would also leave your oxen. But let me tell you what another man did before a great tide of blessing could flow into his life.

It was Job. He was in a world of trouble. Disasters had struck his family; his wife had turned against him; three of his bosom friends came to him and instead of encouraging him they discouraged him. The poor man had just about reached the limit. You may never have an Elijah come along and cast his mantle on your shoulders, but *you* may be fortunate enough to have some of your friends, when you are in the midst of an ocean of trouble, come along and say to someone else if they have not the courage to say it to your face, that it is good enough for you; you sowed for it, etc. But if you will just do what Job did—pray for your friends even when they do not act friendly, *something* will happen to you. (Job 42: 10.) The Lord will do for you just what He did for Job; he gave him twice as much as he had before.

You may say, "If I saw a burning bush I would stop, too." But let me tell you something that is harder to do than that: it is to pray for your friends when they do not treat

you rightly. If you do not believe it go off and try it. Yet that is how Job received the greatest blessing of his life.

#### NOTICE.

Mrs. C. Willeford, 706 Chamberlain Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

"I would like to make a call through THE LIFE BOAT for help to supply our jail, work-house and hospital with this magazine. I would take LIFE BOATS and sell them and supply these places from the proceeds of my sales, but I am not able. If the readers of this magazine will pay the publishers for fifty copies a month for this purpose I will take them to the prisons and to the patients in the hospitals."

#### NOTICE.

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

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

Send for a sample copy of *The Signs of the Times*, an excellent magazine for young converts. Address, Mountain View, California.

#### 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 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.

CLOTHING WANTED.

Mrs. M. A. Murphy, 657 South Cedar street, Mobile Ala., would be glad to have some children's clothing sent her for distribution among the destitute children of her mission school.

**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.

**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**.

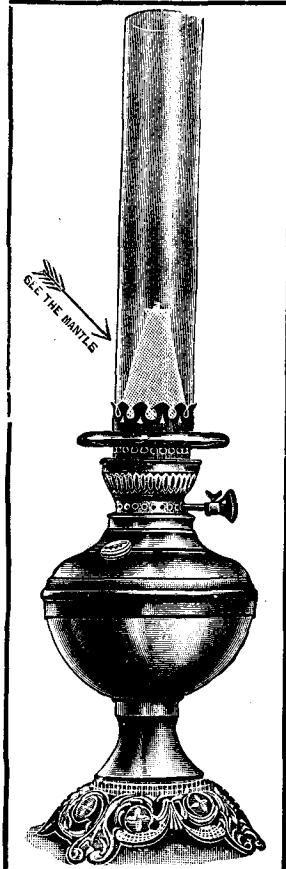
"I would not be without **The Life Line** for twice the subscription price," writes Ole Lindland, N. Dak.

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.

**NEW LIGHT on the LAMP QUESTION**



HOW? Buy a Kerosene Mantle Lamp. You will get what the New York agents claim to be a 100 candle power light, which we guarantee, and you will be the means of helping the Life Boat workers to give spiritual light and aid to the needy.

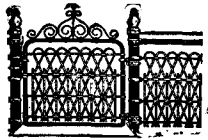
- Stand Lamp, complete - . . . - \$4.50
- Vase Lamp, fits any fancy vase or hanging lamp - . . . - 3.75
- Bracket or Hanging Lamp, without Harp 4.25
- Harp, Crown and Bell - . . . - .70
- 14-inch White Dome Shade - . . . - .75

Terms: Cash f. o. b. Davenport, Ia.

Be a missionary; sell to your neighbors and lessen freight expense. Forward orders and remittance to

**THE LIFE BOAT PUBLISHING CO.**  
HINSDALE, ILL.

To our Readers: The dealers who handle this lamp have become interested in the Life Boat rescue work, and made us the above proposition some weeks ago, and prepared this advertisement for insertion. We immediately purchased one of these lamps and find that it gives a brilliant light equal to the best gas mantle light, with an economical use of oil. So we feel free to recommend it.—EDITOR.



## 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.

## THE BEST YET!

**FOR ONLY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.**  
 A new Webster's Dictionary and Complete Vest Pocket Library by E. Edgar Miles, for only two new subscriptions. Bound in morocco, gold stamp, gold edges, thumb index. It is really five books in one, distinct and complete.

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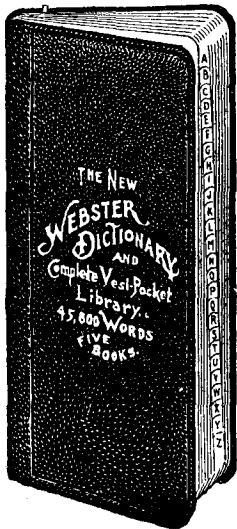
(B). A Complete Parliamentary Manual, based on Roberts' and Cushing's, and fully equal to either of these books.

(C). A Rapid Calculator and Compendium of Business and Social Forms.

(D). A Letter Writer and Literary Guide.

Added to the above is found an attachment consisting of a Three Years' Calendar, Perpetual Memorandum and Safety Postage Stamp Holder.

It contains 45,800 words absolutely fully pronounced, all for only two new subscriptions to The Life Boat.



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 Weight, 3 ounces.

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"Will It Be Too Late?"

Duet and Chorus

An Excellent Invitation Song

"An Hour With Thee"

Solo

An Impressive Devotional Song

FIRST VERSE

My heart is tired, so tired to night,  
 How endless seems the strife,  
 Day after day the restlessness  
 Of all this weary life,  
 I come to lay the burden down  
 That so oppresses me,  
 And shutting all the world without,  
 To spend an hour with Thee.

Either of these songs sent for 10c. or the two for 15c.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE

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## Do You Perspire?

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positively prevents the odor. Send 25c for a box.

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## NOTE THIS

The new SUBURBAN RESCUE HOME FOR GIRLS is now rapidly nearing completion. A considerable sum of money will be needed to complete it and furnish it.

### How You May Help

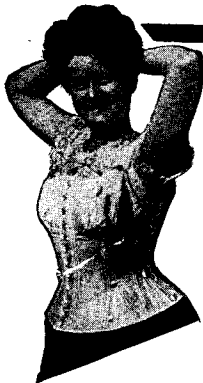
By sending in any donation small or great; those sending in **one hundred dollars** or more will be known as **founders**.

By remembering in a substantial manner this worthy labor of love in your will.

But there is always a chance for legal complications to arise that will defeat the purpose of the one who made the will, so a better way is to be **your own executor**; that is, invest the money in the Home now on the annuity plan; that is, you receive a very substantial income on your money each year while you are alive and then permit the capital to become the exclusive property of the Home at your death.

The following is a proper legal form for a bequest:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Suburban Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation.



## Dress for Health

### THE GOOD HEALTH CORSET

Was designed by health experts to meet the actual needs of the body. No steels nor stays. It is endorsed by the physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and has hundreds of satisfied wearers. See it yourself. Order to-day; try it ten days, and then if dissatisfied, return it and get your money back.

Prices in white Jean or Batiste, according to bust measurements: 30-38, \$1.25; 40-42, \$1.50; 44-46, \$1.75. Add 50 cents for highest grade White Sateen garment.

Catalogue will be sent on request.

**The Good Health Co.**

27 College Hall, : : Battle Creek, Mich.

## CASH PRIZES

GOOD HEALTH is the oldest, the biggest and the best health magazine. It is edited by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and represents the world-famous Battle Creek health idea.

Over a million and a half in money, besides the unremitting efforts of hundreds of tireless workers have been expended in the development of this great "Battle Creek idea" as it is today, standing at the very head of the great world-wide health movement. Here is one single example of its progress:—About two months ago Charles E. Wood, a Washington, D. C., millionaire, left a million and a half, if not more, for the erection of a sanitarium at Atlantic City by Dr. Kellogg and his associates.

## We Want Agents

We want them everywhere—people to represent this great up-to-date health movement before the world. Liberal advantages besides the cash commissions. Cash prizes awarded every month. If you are interested, write for a sample copy and list of the prizes offered.

**Good Health Publishing Co.**  
27 College Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Salaries Paid To Live Agents

We are working for a magazine that we believe in. We believe it is the greatest magazine on earth—not the biggest nor the best known, but the greatest magazine in the world, nevertheless. We believe in it because we know it is carrying a common-sense health message that the world needs and that it really cannot live without. We believe in it all the stronger because the best people in the world—those who have studied the longest and the hardest and whose opinions are worth the most—are themselves beginning to believe in it.

Here, then, is what we want to do:—

We want to add five thousand new names to the GOOD HEALTH subscription list before New Years. That isn't many and we ought to do it. One of the ways we are going to do it is by paying a good living salary to a half a dozen good live agents who will believe in GOOD HEALTH as we do and who will act as representatives of the magazine and of the excellent line of health books and supplies which go along with it.

Only half a dozen, but we are trying hard to pick the right men. Unless you can put your whole heart and soul into the work and labor for the good it will do others as well as for the bread and butter it means to you, don't write, but if you can, then WRITE TODAY.

Give references and state experience.

**Good Health Publishing Co.**  
Battle Creek, Michigan

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We have a proposition that will interest you.

We are wholesalers and general agents for Bibles, and handle the largest lines manufactured in the United States or England.

We want you to write to us today for our new Illustrated Catalogue No. 5 which will be sent you free, together with instructions telling you just how you can double your income right at home.

You can represent us without leaving home. You can among your own friends do a good work and make a handsome profit for yourself.

We want at once a reliable agent to represent us in your vicinity. Write to-day.

Last year there were more Bibles sold in this country than any other book printed. Why should not you have a part in this good work, as well as share in the profits?

Do you want a special Bible for yourself, or one for a present to some friend? Write to us. We can supply you with anything made, at the lowest prices.

Our proposition for agents and special representatives is an exceptional one. Write at once and secure territory and privileges in your locality. You will be surprised at the favorable offer we are prepared to make.

Remember it only requires a postal card or a letter from you to bring our handsome illustrated catalogue, with full instructions and information. Address

**The Central Bible Supply Co., La Grange, Ill.**

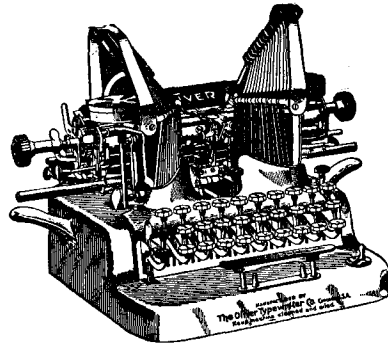
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We are using one of these pens daily and find it in every way satisfactory.—Editor of the Life Boat.

# LOOK AT THESE BIBLE OFFERS!

If your Bible is worn out or if you do not possess one, here is an opportunity for you to secure one **WITHOUT MONEY**. It will cost you only a little effort. These Bibles are not cheap Bibles, they are selected from the best series of Bibles manufactured.

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For Five Yearly Subscriptions at Fifty Cents each we offer the **OXFORD TEXT BIBLE** which is just a little larger than the ordinary size pocket Bibles; contains six maps; size  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

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For Eight New Subscriptions or Renewals to The Life Boat we will send you a Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible; printed on good linen paper, contains New Cyclopædic Concordance, with all Helps, Index, Bible Dictionary, Tables, etc., under one alphabetical arrangement, with new illustrations. The latest thing in Teachers' Bibles; minion type; size,  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$  inches; bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

## Red-letter Teachers' Bible

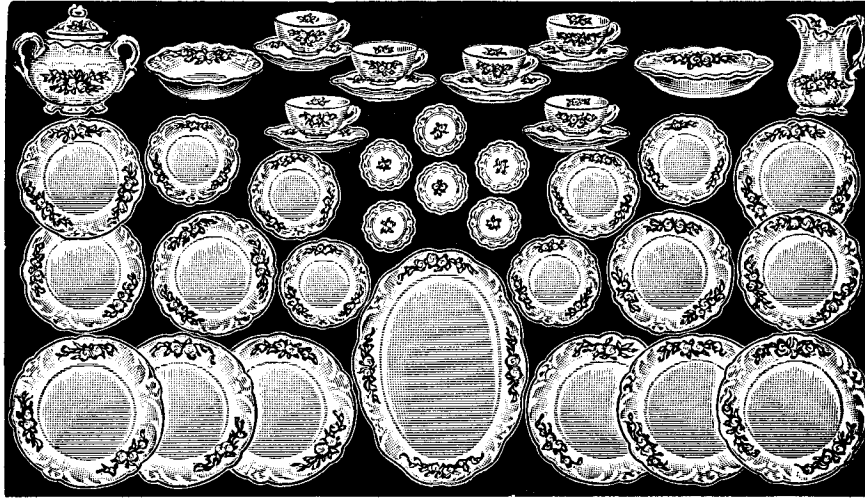
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OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

# This Beautiful Dinner Set

FREE; Read the following and learn how to get it.

We have made arrangements so that we now offer this beautiful 42-piece dinner set for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS for the Life Boat. These dishes are of the dainty shapes, light in weight, but durable and exceedingly attractive because of the new and beautiful coloring effects, which are gold lined. The decorations and designs are burned on underneath the high glossed finish, which protects and prevents the fading and gold from wearing off. These dishes will, with ordinary care, last a lifetime. They will be sent to you carefully boxed direct from the factory for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, freight charges additional when you receive them.



"I have been using a set of these premium dishes in my home for several months, and they look just as good as new. I was well pleased with them when I received them, but am still more pleased with them after several months of hard usage. They are both dainty and durable."  
—A Life Boat Reader.



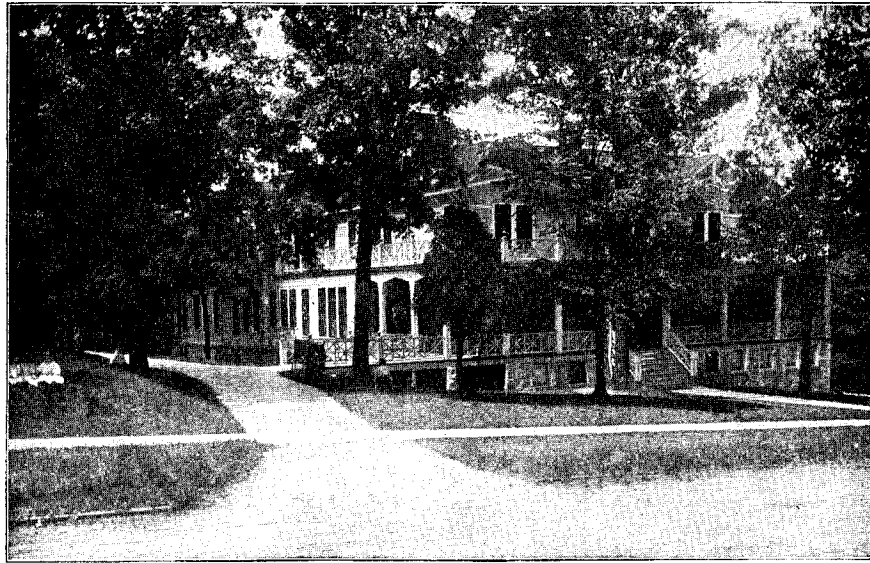
## A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch FREE

For THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or renewals at fifty cents each.

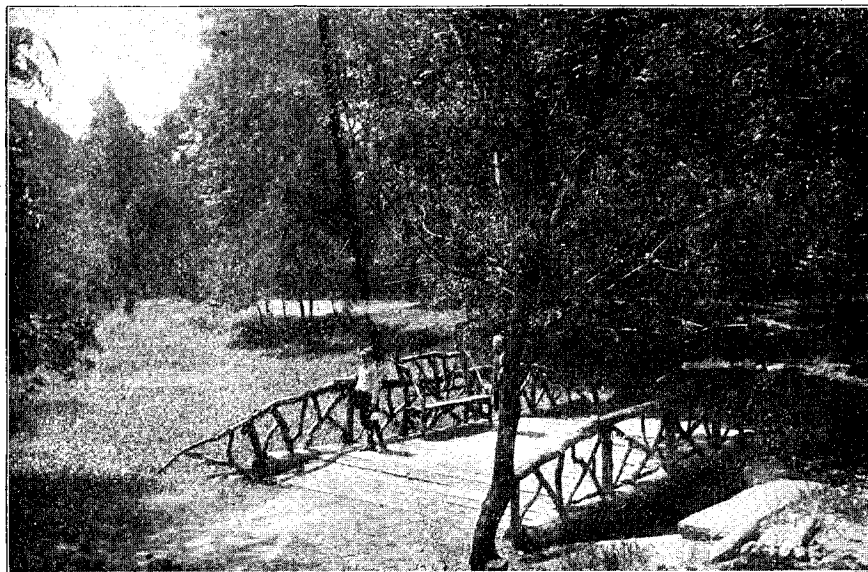
We offer a seven-jeweled watch, gold filled, ten year guarantee case, beautiful design. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for more than two years, and they give the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch.

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