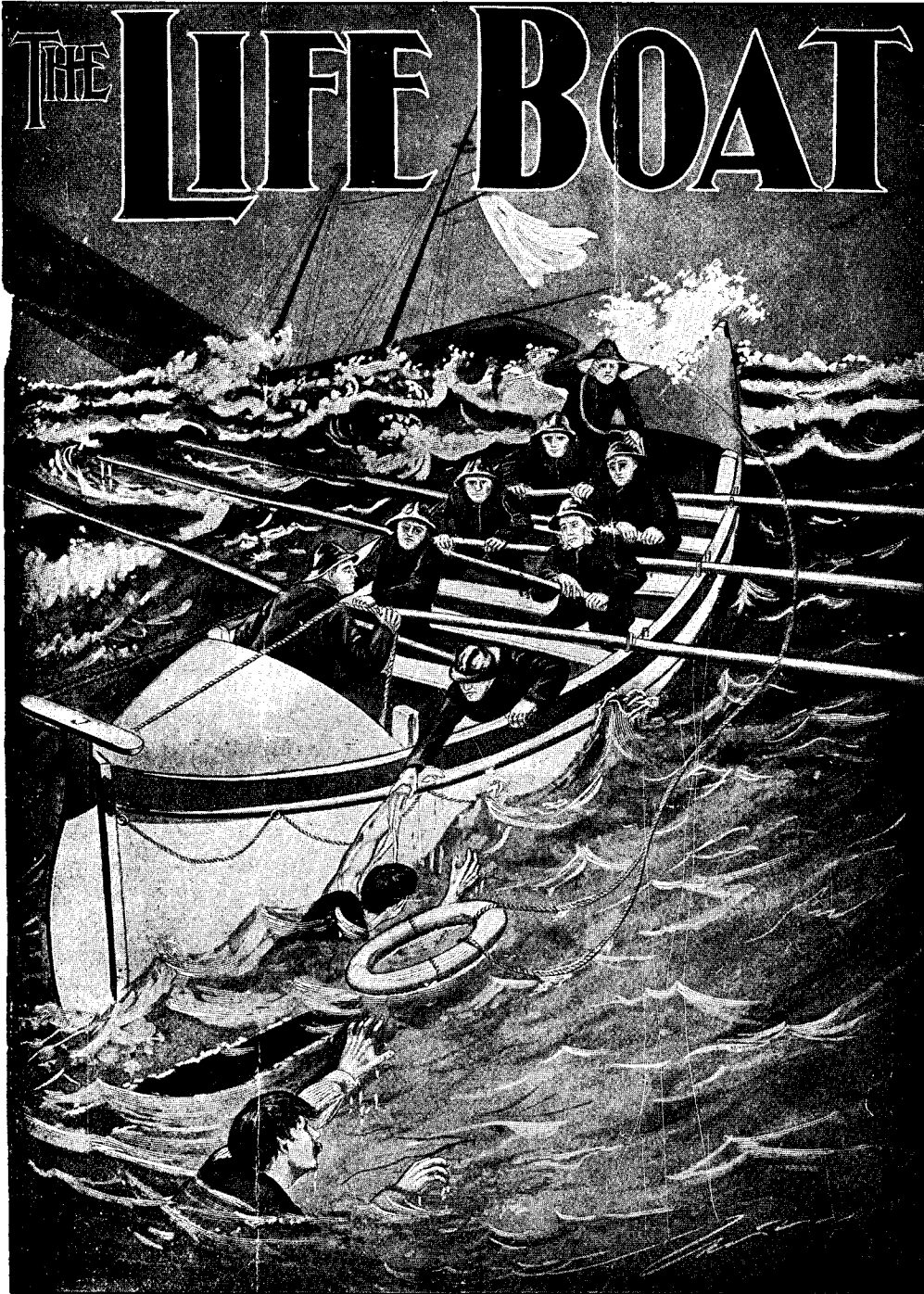


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Volume Twelve  
Number One

Chinsdale, Ill.

January, 1909

The Conversion of a Hold-up Man—McBride



The New Rescue Home family are just moving into their new Home, which is now completed. Every room in the house has been furnished by kind-hearted friends.



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

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**Volume XII**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: JANUARY, 1909**

**Number 1**

### THE CONVERSION OF A HOLD-UP MAN.

ROLLO H. MCBRIDE,  
Secretary Garfield Blvd. Y. M. C. A.

[The *Chicago Tribune* of Dec. 11 devoted nearly a column on its front page to this remarkable experience related below. Other Chicago papers and in fact the Associated Press in the country devoted more or less space to it,—another illustration of the fact that truth is stranger than fiction.

Another interesting feature was the fact that Mr. McBride who led the meeting that evening drifted into this same mission five years ago, one of the most abject drunkards that it was possible to conceive of. Although in the heart of winter he had no underwear on and he was so deeply under the influence of liquor that evening that he thought he was going into another saloon; yet the Lord wonderfully saved him that night. Now he is secretary of the Pennsylvania Railroad Young Men's Christian Association at Garfield Boulevard, and the Lord has used him in a remarkable manner to win souls for Him.—Ed.]

The other evening I was invited to speak at the Life Boat Mission. I took for my text the subject of rebuilding character. I spoke of the Northwestern Railroad company who were tearing down old buildings and told where that debris now is there would be erected in the near future a twenty-million-dollar depot.

Then I told the story of Ezra and Nehemiah

who rebuilt Jerusalem, and then spoke of the great Carpenter, Christ, who had spoken to the woman of Samaria and the lame man at the pool of Bethesda and how at His hands their characters had been rebuilt.

I told them of how I came to the Life Boat Mission, homeless, penniless, and a drunkard and found the same Christ, and how He had been rebuilding and remodeling my character. I said, "Now, if there is another man in the room tonight who feels like he would like to be rebuilt just let him raise his hand with me now." Seven men raised their hands.

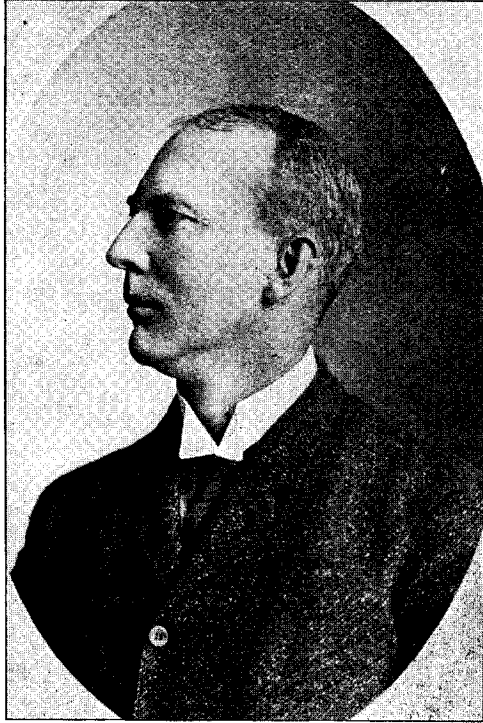
As I was shaking hands with the different ones at the close of the meeting a slim young gentleman, who had been the first man to raise his hand, pulled my coat and asked if he could speak to me privately a minute. I told him, "Yes, in just a moment."

Then I noticed that he was trying to get out the door. I called to him and took him by the arm and led him up to a front seat. He asked me if he could tell me in confidence his life. I said, "That is my business." He then said that in his early years he was a church member, attended Sunday-school and was a good boy, married a good woman and worked nine years for one man, and then the habit of drink was formed and he stayed out nights. This grew on him and finally he became a gambler.

One day while gambling he ran out of money and forged his employer's name to two different checks, expecting that luck would help him to win the money back, after which he would destroy the checks; but instead he lost the money he had gotten on the check.

He then realized the enormity of what he had done. Feeling there was only one thing to do,—to run away from home, position and everything, and hardly knowing where he went, he boarded a freight train and came to Chicago in a box car.

While here he lived the life of many of the



Mr. McBride.

forty thousand homeless, friendless men on the Chicago levee, sleeping in cheap lodging houses and eating cheap meals, until he was broke.

Then he made up with a stranger to do a hold-up job out on the south side at some drug store. He got two revolvers and the other fellow had two. They were to meet on this particular evening at nine o'clock.

He was on his way to keep the appointment when he was attracted by the music and singing. That song, "Throw Out the Life Line," reached his ears. He was invited into the mission. He listened very attentively to the talk and testimonies.

While talking with him he asked me if God would forgive him his sins. Together we knelt in prayer and he on his bended knees confessed his name, his wrongdoings, and asked God to forgive him and to help him to right the wrongs he had done.

As we rose to our feet he suddenly left the place. He went out on the run. He came back within five minutes and said he had thrown away the two revolvers.

He then said he had not had a mouthful to eat since the day before and asked me to give him something to eat. Reaching down in my pocket and looking the fellow straight in the eye I did as I felt impressed and gave him 50 cents. The fellow stammered, blushed, and asked for my name, and said he would send it back. I gave him my card.

He said he would get something to eat and then board a freight train and go back to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, his home town, and confess to those he had wronged, ask their forgiveness, and say, "Here I am, you can prosecute me or give me an opportunity to right the wrongs!"

To my surprise the next day, instead of going home as I had advised him, the *Chicago Tribune* came out with a one-column article telling of his conversion,—how that he had gone to Chief of Detectives O'Brien at the central department and asked that he might be locked up and sent back to his home town to answer to the crime that he had committed there; and a policeman came from Cedar Rapids and took him to that city. May the Lord help him to remain true to Him is my earnest prayer.

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

## BETWEEN THE YEARS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Whence come they then, the fleeting years,  
These years which by us fly?  
No marshaled host, no sound we hear,  
Yet even now one more draws near,  
One more is passing by.

With muffled tread they onward come,  
Yet none doth ever stay;  
We hold one close a little while,  
We share with it each tear, each smile,—  
Then lo, it slips away.

Whence goeth it, this closing year  
We now must bid farewell?  
A written record it doth bear  
To realms beyond, and lo, somewhere  
Its story it will tell.

We cannot change it if we would;  
Within the misty past  
Already it is lost to view;  
But what it bore that's good and true  
Through endless years shall last.

Grim shadows claim the parting year,  
And shadows veil the new;  
Yet fear we not what they may hide,  
Since He with us will still abide  
Who led us hitherto.

Then onward roll, ye fleeting years,—  
Whatever ye may bring  
But bears us nearer to our goal,  
God's home, the haven of the soul,  
The palace of our King.

## A CONSUMPTIVE'S FIGHT FOR HER LIFE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The average consumptive can get well if he will only make as earnest a fight to win out as the Japs did to capture Port Arthur. The consumptive needs to live outdoors day and night, to eat plenty of nourishing food, especially eggs, cream, butter, bread, rice, fruits, nuts, etc. He needs to take short hot baths, followed by cold rubs provided he can react properly from it.

We quote the following from a letter received from a frail young girl who contracted tuberculosis and went to her home in Minnesota to begin a fight for her life. She wrote:

"When I first came home my temperature was only ninety-six degrees in the morning and in the evening it would reach one hundred and two. I have only been home three weeks and now my temperature is ninety-eight in the morning and normal all the rest of the day. Is that not good? I go to bed early and get up late. I sleep about ten hours and I have all my bedroom windows open all night. I am compelled to wrap up warm as it is very cold here, but the air is pure, clear and crisp.

"When I first came home I lay out on the porch all day long, but when my temperature approached normal I would begin to take walks out to the front gate and back. I gradually lengthened the distance to one-fourth of a mile each day, and then to one-half a mile, gradually increasing the distance each day. Yesterday I walked about four miles across the country, up hill and down, through the brush, over meadows and across fields and felt good



A consumptive who lived in a tent all winter and grew robust in health.

when I got home. My temperature was normal and so was my pulse and respiration.

"I have an awful appetite. I eat plenty of pure cream and butter and am gaining in weight. Will skating be too vigorous exercise for me?

"Do not tell me that one cannot get over tuberculosis. I am not going to die just merely to fulfil any doctor's prognosis. Father thinks I am surely going to kill myself by sleeping with open windows, but I do not care what anyone thinks so long as I am getting well."

Just a day or two ago she wrote again enclosing her physician's statement to the effect that to all intents and purposes she was cured; yet a few months ago her life was supposed to be doomed by this dread disease.

No one has a corner on the air market. There is no fresh air trust. The lungs are the only guaranteed blood purifier, yet there are plenty of bedroom windows that have never been opened since the house was painted. It is not necessary to sleep outdoors if you move plenty of outdoor indoors.

## THE HEART TO HEART TOUCH.

EMILY G. CRICHTON.  
1628 Fillmore St., Chicago.

[The following are a few snatches from the busy life of a consecrated city missionary who is blessed with a beautiful voice which she is using for God. Hardened criminals are brought to tears as she sings sweet Gospel songs in the Harrison street police station every Sunday morning.—Ed.]

## A THANKSGIVING BASKET.

One day while out seeing what we could do for the Lord, we entered a very poor home and there found a mother with seven little ones around her. They were in very needy circumstances. The father earned about a dollar a week selling rugs from house to house and practically drank up all the money he earned. The family was simply depending on people who had it in their hearts to help them. The mother was expecting another little one soon and there was not a garment ready to put on its little back and not a sheet for her bed.

When Thanksgiving day came we carefully packed a basket with all kinds of eatables and took it over to this family. With tears in her eyes, the mother said, "Thank you. If it had not been for you we would not have had any Thanksgiving dinner at all."

The little ones gathered around the mother as she opened the basket and they pulled the articles out one by one and when they caught sight of the bananas their little eyes grew as large as dollars and they said, "Oh, mamma, mamma, just see what we have got!" As we left, the poor mother thanked us again and said that if it had not been for us they would have gone without a Thanksgiving dinner.

We went home and made up some clothing for the mother and her expected one. We provided little slips, pinning blankets, quilts, etc., for the little one and sheets, gowns and underwear for the mother.

## A BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE AND MOTHER.

Another woman we found in a dark prison cell in the Harrison street police station. Her heart was broken; sin had been in her home for eighteen years. She went out to rescue her husband from the saloon and the saloon-keeper gave her husband another glass of whisky before her face. She defied him to do so again. An uproar was started, the police

called, and *she* was taken. She was the mother of five children, yet we found her in the prison cell the next morning, broken-hearted.

We told her that Jesus loved her. She said, "This is the *first* time in all my life that I knew *anyone* loved me." She had simply turned her heart against everybody.

She got on her knees in the cell and renewed her covenant with God and promised Him she would give her life to His service.

A few days later I went to the place where she was working and asked her how the fight was. She said, "It is growing better and better every day," and said she never was so happy in her life. Her husband lost his position through the experience, but he had promised not to drink again. They both prayed, and trusted and finally he was taken back to work. She said, "The test for my husband is severe, but I am praying that he stand firm."

## THE PRICE OF A KISS.

One day my friend and co-worker, while walking along the corridor in the city jail, saw in a dark cell a woman who was under the influence of a drug. My friend stepped up to the bars and asked, "Are you trusting the Saviour?" The reply came, "No, nobody loves me." "Oh, yes, Jesus loves you, and I love you." The voice from within said, "If you love me, kiss me." The Spirit of God took hold of her heart and she went up to that cell door, pressed her lips against the bars and kissed the one within.

Instantly the poor soul said, "If *you* love me and Jesus loves me I am going to surrender my life to God," and right then and there on her knees she gave her heart to God.

A few days afterward she went to the house of correction, but she took her Saviour with her. She had been there time and time again and the matron thought she was trying to "play the religious game," as they call it; but no, Mary meant it, and she is standing firm today and is telling the story of Jesus and His love.

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

# GOOD SAMARITAN WORK AMONG THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINEERS.

F. A. BRALLIER.

Principal Hillcrest School Farm, R. 3, Nashville, Tenn.

I have recently become acquainted with a work which has appealed to me as being so purely and so thoroughly a Good Samaritan work and which has interested me so much, that I have decided to pass it on to others by telling the story of the work in THE LIFE BOAT.

About three years ago Mr. Charles Alden, in company with a friend, was driving through a mountainous district, about twenty-five miles from Nashville, Tenn. He became so impressed with the lack of educational advantages, and with the great needs of the neighborhood in other important particulars, that he began to lay plans to move there and settle and see what could be done toward remedying this condition.

A few months afterward he and Mr. Mulford visited that part of the country with some Gospel literature and finally decided to buy a farm and settle there. A reasonably good farm was secured at a fair price, and the young men, together with a friend, moved there three years ago.

The place was mostly overgrown by a heavy crop of timber, and the buildings were anything but convenient or comfortable. I am including a picture of both the house and the barn as they were when these young men moved in. Mr. Alden had been a prominent educator in one of the Eastern states, a student of Cornell University, and had taken some training in nursing and treatment of the sick. Mr. Mulford was somewhat better equipped along the lines of medical work.

It was their plan to earn their own living and help anyone that needed help in any way they were able. Neither one of these two young men had any money; in fact, it was necessary to borrow means to secure the farm, but they were strong and not afraid of hard work.

Within a few days after they moved into their new home they began to clear land and prepare for a crop. They had scarcely had time to become acquainted with even their nearest neighbors when it became evident that

assistance would be needed in just the lines that they had expected.

Only a few days after they had settled, one evening a young girl came running to their home and told them that her father was down in a nearby swamp, and she feared he was dead. Two of the young men followed her to the spot, found the old gentleman insensible, lying in the swamp. They carried him to the nearest house and at once began to apply bottles of hot water and such like restoratives, chafing his hands, arms, legs, etc.

Some of the neighbors when they found the man was not dead were quite solicitous that whisky be administered, but the young men had charge of the case and were firm in urging that none be given. As a result the old gentleman was soon restored and in a few days was in his usual health.

Only a few weeks later Mr. Alden moved his wife into their new home, and they started to put the house in such condition that they could live in it. Everything had to be done, for the wind blew through the cracks in the walls and in the floors almost as readily as it did among the trees in the forest; the chimney seemed more determined to draw the smoke down into the house than to carry it up into the outer world; it was cold and most uncomfortable; mud had to be carried in and thawed out before the fireplace to be used in chinking up holes and such like; but they soon learned that such matters are not to be thought of in comparison to the greater needs of some of their neighbors.

## THE RESTORATION OF A CONSUMPTIVE.

A lady in the neighborhood had been sick for some time, and everyone said she was rapidly dying of tuberculosis. They felt that Providence was indeed unkind in taking away so young a woman and leaving so many small children destitute. Mrs. Alden and her mother went down to see what could be done; they found the invalid in a small, dark room with very little effort at cleanliness from a health standpoint, and with no ventilation.

The poor sufferer was living on food of such character that it was only a wonder she could live on it at all, and she was coughing almost constantly. They prepared her some healthful food, which she seemed to relish, the first she had relished for a long time. Finally they got

her and the relatives to permit them to open the windows and let in a little fresh air, and, wonders of wonders, directly they had her living out in the yard. To make a long story short, in a few weeks this lady was fully restored, was able to do her own work, and thought little of walking six or eight miles to town. The fame of these things soon spread.

In the neighborhood was a young mother who was thoroughly persuaded in her own mind that she was going to die, and even had the day set. She knew she would never be able to get out of her bed again, and was utterly discouraged and helpless. A few visits from the women members of the family, some nicely prepared food and a little wisely administered encouragement made the young woman brighten perceptibly, and in a few days she was able to be up, and is well and happy today.

#### FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

A chair builder was out in the woods one day getting material for his chairs. While splitting wood the ax slipped and cut his foot, causing it to bleed severely. He stopped the blood by making a plaster of tobacco juice and dirt which he put over the wound and held it in position. This of course set up infection, so Mr. Alden undertook to dress the wound antiseptically and continued to dress it daily.

His crops were in need of cultivation and if he could not go on and work he would lose his summer's crop and be left in distress for the winter; so Mr. Alden took a team of mules and cultivated his crops for him. When the man got well enough to work he asked what the charge would be and was astonished when told there was no charge as it was purely a neighborly act.

Not long afterward some fool-hearted person came down to break up the school. He came to this man to get some information, as he was the nearest neighbor, and to enlist his co-operation in his evil design. The chair builder informed him that he had better get back home if he did not want to get into trouble, as these folks who came up to start this school were the best people in the community.

These experiences increased, and as we became acquainted finally they decided they must have some way of teaching their neighbors such simple things as how to bake good bread. They were poor and proper equipments were

expensive; but where there is a will there is a way.

Mr. Alden's mother-in-law, being of an ingenious turn of mind, gathered stones and made mortar from dust taken from the road, built a small Dutch oven, where she was enabled to bake good bread, and soon quite a business had been worked up in teaching the neighbors how to bake light bread, and in giving away samples of the same. Many of the people for the first time in their lives knew what it was to have light bread on their table, and there was a noticeable improvement in the health of many of the families.

I might tell much more of this work of visiting the sick, and ministering to the physical wants, but what I have told is enough to give an idea of the kind of work that goes on from day to day.

#### PLANTING A SCHOOL.

I will now relate another phase of the work they are carrying on. They had not been long in the neighborhood until they learned that the



Photo of the house as it appeared when the farm was purchased.

nearest school was some four or five miles away, and that the roads during much of the school term were practically impassable. As a result many families could not read a word, from the oldest grandmother to the youngest child.

Accordingly it was decided to open a little school, and one of the rooms of the already



over-crowded little cabin was set apart for this work. Although crowded with the ordinary household duties, Mrs. Alden soon had an enrollment of nearly thirty children, and her room was so crowded that classes could not be called to recite in the usual way, but individuals must rise in their seats and recite wherever they were. However, a good work was



Barn.

done, and many of the children of the neighborhood for the first time in their lives had an opportunity to get the rudiments of an education.

When the school was being talked up it was discovered that many parents could not send their children for lack of clothing. The women in the family divided up their meager stock of clothes, and by cutting down and making them over soon had a fair supply of plain clothes for most of the needy children. Some friends from their old home in Pennsylvania sent some boxes of second-hand clothing, and this finished out the wardrobe of many of the children.

#### GROWTH OF THE WORK.

The work has gone on until a few days ago when I visited their place and I was pleased to see that they had erected a good commodious school building and had it already over-crowded with students, some children coming as far as six and seven miles every day for the privilege of the school.

I was pleased to see that they had been able

to cut down trees and have them sawed into lumber, and had built for themselves fairly comfortable dwellings, and that they had planted orchards (a thing almost unknown in that part of the country), vineyards and small fruits. In talking with these friends I learned that many of their neighbors had begun to do similar work.

One of the little boys who had been going to the school—a very bright little fellow—stayed out of school one Friday to help his father cut wood and get out some logs. While one tree was falling it struck the little fellow on the head and killed him instantly. The father was nearly crazy with grief and he was also depending on his son for part of their support. Mr. Alden was at once sent for and was asked to conduct the funeral services.

All of this work is being and has been carried on without remuneration from any of those who have been recipients of its benefits, largely for the reason that they were absolutely unable to pay. The young men have succeeded in interesting some of their relatives, who moved down and united with them in their work, furnishing enough means to pay for the land; but as I looked over their work and talked with them about it I found that they were lacking a good many very necessary facilities for making their work what it should be, and as they would be glad to have it, simply because they have exhausted all of their own resources and must wait until they either earn from the soil enough money to complete their plant, or God impresses some one with the importance of sending them aid.

About a year ago their company of workers having increased in size, Mr. Mulford decided that he would disconnect with their place and in company with some of his friends and relatives secure another place in an equally needy field, where he could begin a similar work, and is at the present time getting nicely started.

If any of my readers should desire to know more fully of the work which I have briefly described, the address of these workers is Goodlettsville, Tenn., R. F. D. 3.

Some men are so afraid of doing wrong that they don't do anything.

## SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE NEBRASKA PRISON.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

While returning from the dedicatory exercises of the new sanitarium at Hastings, Neb., it was our privilege to attend the Sunday morning services at the Nebraska State Prison at Lincoln.

As the men filed in the prison choir sang beautifully the song containing the strikingly appropriate words, "Jesus knows all about our struggles; He will guide till the day is done." Other music was rendered and then Chaplain Johnson, who is the spiritual father of this great colony of shut-ins, preached a most helpful sermon from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

He drew the lesson in a clear and convincing manner that God's mercy and forgiveness and the rebuilding of character were not dependent upon either favorable or unfavorable surroundings, and that God does not love the rich man and hate the poor. On the other hand, unless he has a character, the poor man has no claim on eternal life that is not equally open to the rich man.

Then he asked, "How many of you men know *THE LIFE BOAT*?" A murmur of recognition swept over the entire audience, for through the generosity of Mr. Skee and other friends in College View, one of Lincoln's suburbs, this prison is supplied with a couple hundred copies every month.

The chaplain then introduced me to these men. I quoted to them the words of the Psalmist, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." (Ps. 84:2.) I told them that the need of the *soul* was just as genuine for God as was the need of the body for food and drink. I told them that I always recognized that fact whether I was trying to help the abject drunkard in the street, the outcast girl in the mire, the forsaken and neglected street waif in the alley, or the wealthy and influential patient in my office. I assured them that there was in every one of their hearts something that would never be *satisfied* until it found God, and I wanted to make it my main business to help to satisfy that want in the lives and hearts of humanity.

The warden and his wife then invited me to teach her large class in the Sunday-school

which followed. I appreciated most sincerely this opportunity of meeting these men. I hope that the Lord will let much sunlight into their lives even though they are inside of prison walls, and will help them to find the glorious liberty of the Gospel.

While in College View I met Mr. John Logemann, a kind-hearted Christian farmer, who volunteered to defray the expense of sending another additional hundred copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* the coming year to this prison. Mr. Skee also expressed his wish to renew for a hundred copies another year.

Who of our readers will become responsible for a hundred copies to their respective State prison at the special prison discount rate? Let us hear from many.

## A RAY OF SUNSHINE TO A YOUNG WOMAN PRISONER.

The following lines are abstracted from a letter written to Pearl Waggoner by a young woman in the Kentucky State Prison:

"Your letter received and much appreciated. To me, a letter from the blessed, free world is indeed a ray of sunshine. My life is a sad one,—a widow with one little girl, and to think from this, my only near and loved one, I'm separated! Can you conceive of a more deplorable lot than is mine? Life! Life behind prison bolts and bars! I'm a young woman, life is dear and sweet to me and yet day in, day out, weeks, months, perhaps years lie before me! Only those who face this cold, hard fact can realize the depth of woe lying in the words, 'For life.'

"You are good to write to poor me; do so again. I love and bless you for your goodness."

## A FEW ENCOURAGING WORDS TO FELLOW PRISONERS.

A prisoner in the Southern Illinois penitentiary writes: "I am reading the story of Joseph and find many new lessons. I am also studying the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, one of the best books of the Bible. How I wish I could give my conception of it to every brother convict in the world! It points out to me how to become a true child of Christ.

"He wants us to use his gifts to purify our bodies as well as our souls, to purge from

evil. We know we are unclean in sin, and when we give ourselves to Him we should help to make the gift pure and holy. He will be glad to help us to renew ourselves.

"Good deeds, kind words, bright smiles, happy spirits and always ready to lend a helping hand, with honesty, truthfulness, songs of praise and prayer, are a few of the remedies for us to use. These when taken internally will work out externally and shed happiness around us.

"If you have a bad temper it will cure it, if you are sad it will cure you. Try it! Get in the habit of fighting the devil with these remedies, and you will be surprised how often you whip him.

"The way to heaven is work, watch and pray. These three words mean everything. They mean the sure road. If you stumble and fall, get up; if you are weary, push on; if it becomes dark remember it will get light again.

"God is with us; He is our only hope from sin. Consecrate your life to Him,—He is a master of love and a shelter in the time of storm. Get on the road and try the remedy,—He will be your guide.

"Brother prisoner, do not suffer,—  
Come and join our happy band;  
Give your heart and soul to Jesus,  
Marching to the heavenly land."

#### FROM A YOUTH WITH A LONG SENTENCE.

A prisoner in the Frankfort, Ky., State prison writes:

"I am a thousand times obliged to you for taking the interest in sending me THE LIFE BOAT, the best Christian paper I have ever read, and I will always remember you as one of my best friends in time of trouble.

"I lift my heart in gratitude to our heavenly Father for the many blessings and mercies of the years that have passed and gone; through His grace I turn to the years that are now before me with their hopes and opportunities, forgetting those things which are behind me and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

"I have twenty-one years to stay here; I am a young man twenty-four years of age. I am sorrowing for my trouble not only to man,

but I am sorry to God who rules both heaven and earth."

#### FIRST LETTER SINCE 1895.

The following letter was written to Pearl Waggoner by a prisoner in Leavenworth, Kansas: "I am told if I were to write to one of you that perhaps some one of you Christian people would write to one that in a short time will be released to go out in the world and try and make a man of himself after all these long years of confinement. I am sure with someone to advise me in starting over again that I can redeem myself from what I have been.

"There is many a young man although hardened in crime with whom a little advice or even a kind word would not be wasted but gladly received and appreciated.

"There is some good in all men and I am sure from what I have seen of this life in these long years I have been in confinement that it has taught me a lesson; and I intend to do my utmost to do right instead of wrong.

"If there is any advice or something that can be said or done to help one that is down that would show him the way to better his life, it will not be wasted but fully appreciated. I hope if you can spare the time that you will be so kind as to write, or see someone who is interested in an unfortunate prisoner without friends."

Upon replying to this letter we then received the following:

"I received your most welcome letter and was glad to hear from you and thank you for the magazine you sent me. I read it to my cell-mate and certainly appreciated it as since 1895 you are the first person to even send me a book or paper; I appreciated your letter and thank you for the advice you gave me and will try and carry out what you said.

"Of course not many people ever stop and think when speaking to or about one that is branded as a convict, that no matter how low he has fallen, a kind word spoken to him is never wasted or forgotten; no matter how hard he may be in sin there is always some tender spot that kindness can reach.

"It has been so long since I have received a letter bearing a kind word that I do not fully know how to answer it, but I certainly appreciate the kind interest you took in an-

swering my letter, being an entire stranger, and I must thank the one that told me to write to you, and also thank you for answering my letter.

"My time expires here in July, 1910. I made up my mind a while back if I can do what is right for the number of years I have been in, why can't I do the same when out? And I know that I can even though going out of here where some one will say, 'Why, he is an ex-convict.' I intend with what advice you give me to do what is right, and hope some time to be able to write you when out and show you that your kindness was not wasted. I hope when it is convenient you will drop a few lines as I have no one to write to, nor do I ever receive a letter from anyone. Just as soon as I can get a Bible with coarse print I will read more than I do.

In a still later letter received recently, he writes: "I now believe that no matter whether in prison, there are some who look to our future to help us do what is right, and I certainly thank you for the interest you take to point out the right from the wrong. I am sure that when one in the same circumstances as I am told me to write to you he told the truth—that you would write and gladly point out the way.

"It is a hard struggle, but one cannot accomplish anything without a struggle and an effort. Sometimes I seem to lose all hope, but I quickly cast that foolishness aside. I send you two verses of poetry that perhaps you would like to put in THE LIFE BOAT magazine, entitled 'The Lights of Home.'"

#### THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

[These lines were sent in by the prisoner whose letter is printed above. As you read them try to imagine his feelings, and be determined to assist in sending more copies of this magazine to prisons.—Ed.]

"From stranger scenes, at eve returning,  
I trod the paths beloved of yore,  
And in the cottage windows burning  
The welcome tapers hailed once more;  
With fiery tongue they seem to say,  
'Dear wanderer from far away,  
Though long and late thy feet may roam,  
We bid thee cheer,—  
Joy, peace are here,  
Where shine the friendly lights of home.'

"Ah! then I raise mine eyes o'erflowing  
With happy tears, to heaven's blue  
And in God's palace windows glowing

I see His tapers shining too,—  
His stars that sang with rapture strong,  
'Dear exile, who hast wandered long,  
We greet thee from this glistening dome;  
Joy, peace divine  
Are here, where shine  
The lights of Love's eternal Home!"

#### A MODERN CITY OF REFUGE.\*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Twenty years ago I connected with this sanitarium movement. At that time there were only two of this type of institutions in the entire world. Now they are found in every civilized country, including the Orient, and hence it is perfectly proper to raise the question, "What *mean* these stones?" Has this sanitarium movement any *special* significance?

For *every* evil in every generation God has *some* available remedy lying near it. When a child is seized with diphtheria the body begins to produce an antitoxin to neutralize the poison—a good illustration of God's general plan.

The old dispensation had its cities of refuge. The beginning of the new dispensation had its John the Baptist. The dark ages had their reformation. Show me a great need among humanity and I will point you out an *equally* great remedy, although the majority of people may not avail themselves of it. Christ said in His day: "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

#### AN UNPLEASANT PICTURE.

Let me picture before you some of the present sores of humanity. Insanity is increasing in our midst three times faster than our population. There are more than thirty thousand insane people in the New York insane asylums.

Bright's disease, apoplexy and heart disease are increasing by leaps and by bounds. In Chicago there were ten per cent more people died from heart disease last year than the previous year, while in New York the increase was twenty-seven per cent more than the previous year.

By official investigation it was learned that one-third of Chicago's school children are suffering from some form of nervous disorder. A similar investigation revealed the fact that

\*Abstracts of address given at the dedication of the Nebraska Sanitarium, at Hastings, Neb., December 10, 1908.

two-thirds of New York's school children are in need of a physician.

Consumption carried to their graves during the past four years *three times* as many people as there were soldiers killed on *both* sides during the entire four years of the civil war. Pneumonia is now responsible for practically as many deaths as consumption.

The enforcement of sanitary laws has lessened many of our acute contagious diseases, while those chronic disorders that are dependent upon the wrong habits of the people are increasing in the same proportion as these habits are increasing.

#### FRENZIED HEALTH WRECKING.

Last year there were smoked in the United States enough cigarettes if laid end to end to



Every cigarette fiend has the devil's trademark stamped on his face.

girdle the globe twice and then reach from San Francisco to New York and back again.

We used twenty-three gallons of liquor for every man, woman and child in the land. It is estimated that there are in our land nearly a million morphine slaves. The use of cocaine has trebled since 1888.

These are *only* samples to show us that the modern civilization which has brought us tele-

phones, electric lighting and all those other marvelous advancements has also brought upon us some of the greatest soul and body destroying curses.

#### THE POSSIBILITIES OF NATURE'S REMEDIES.

In view of the above it is no mere chance that the Lord in this generation is unfolding the healing possibilities of nature's remedies.

Governor Deneen stated at the last legislature that by using the ordinary methods in the Illinois insane asylums only five per cent of their insane recover, while in those insane asylums where baths and other of nature's remedies are used forty to sixty per cent are cured.

Nearly every one knows that the outdoor treatment of consumption when begun in time will result in cures in three-fourths of the cases.

The use of baths in typhoid fever has cut its death rate to three or four in a hundred. When a pneumonia patient is given the benefit of hydropathic treatment and plenty of fresh air, only three or four per cent die instead of one-third by the ordinary method.

The chewing reform to a large extent corrects overeating. The new light on low proteid diet, which practically or entirely eliminates meat eating, is the best corrective for auto-intoxication or intestinal poisoning, which is responsible for so many chronic diseases.

#### OVERLOOKING THE SICK SOUL.

The majority of those who have led out in this "return to nature movement" have largely overlooked the fact that the average patient with a sick body has *also* a sick soul. Every sick man's flesh, like David's, cries out for the living God. (Ps. 84:2.) His need in this direction is just as real as it is for food or drink. It was Lord Kelvin, the great English scientist, who said shortly before his death that a patient cannot get well on splints and drugs alone.

On the other hand, the so-called healing by faith movements that are attracting so much attention these days practically overlook the important fact that nearly all the patient's physical disorders are the result of his wrong habits, which must be *corrected* before he can have permanent relief.

#### THIS SANITARIUM MOVEMENT AN ANTITOXIN.

This Sanitarium movement I believe to be an effort inspired by God to provide healing

for both soul and body. It lays the ax at the root of the patient's trouble by delivering him from all those physical habits that have been the seed-sowing for his harvest of disorder.

It brings in the most scientific manner nature's remedies to bear upon his diseased conditions, and what is far more important, it echoes the Master's invitation to every sufferer: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It thus becomes a veritable modern city of refuge to the despairing invalid who has begun to feel the heavy hand of disease falling upon him because of his violation of nature's laws.

Just as in the old dispensation it was unsafe for the fugitive to leave this city of refuge, so today when a patient who has been restored to health in these institutions abandons the principles which have given birth to this sanitarium movement, he is no more safe from disease and premature death than were those of old time who left the city of refuge.

#### THE SACRED DOLLAR FUND IS GROWING.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Who will help to answer the prayers of the dear old lady who while sick went out among her neighbors and secured one dollar in small amounts for the new Rescue Home?

This one dollar represents several widows' mites; one poor washerwoman with six small children to support gave her mite; two aged grandmothers gave their *all*, which was only a few pennies, and so the dollar was made up.

The weight of the coin was as dust in the balance compared with the spirit, sacrifice and deprivation which prompted it. I am glad the Lord has a way of mixing the two together, so that it balances up well with the heavy gold from the wealthy giver.

After an appeal in the November LIFE BOAT for funds to increase that dollar one hundred fold, donations have been coming in and with the money some beautiful letters from which we quote in this connection.

One woman writes: "I want to help answer the prayer of that dear soul. 'She hath done what she could.' There is such a sweet blessing comes into our lives when we sacrifice for Jesus' sake that it doesn't seem as

though we had sacrificed at all. He always gives us so much more in return."

A life subscriber to this magazine, in sending a donation, writes: "Some of this amount contains self-denial. May God's blessing rest on the Sacred Dollar Fund and increase it many hundred fold. I think the workers of THE LIFE BOAT are doing a grand work for God and humanity. I love to read THE LIFE BOAT and then pass it on to others. It is the pure religion of Jesus in the heart that will reach a saving hand to the lost one."

#### SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Dear Friends: You no doubt will be interested in the work of the Mission, as you have in the past. There are many things to perplex us and often we do not know which way to turn, but thus far the Lord has led us in the right way. The Mission hall has been repapered and so it is much more cheerful.

The winter months are here with their ice and snow, so there are many coming to us for assistance. One evening this week there was a woman came who said she was in need of work, that her husband had been sick for some time and that they were in great need. We gave her directions how she could receive the help needed and she went on her way rejoicing.

A man and his wife who came from another city to get away from their old acquaintances and associates and try to live an honest life have obtained work and they are frequently at the meeting. We are doing all we can to encourage them in the way.

One evening soon after we arrived at the Mission a man came in and stood by the fire to warm himself, as the weather was cold and there was snow on the ground. I noticed that he was poorly clad and seemed to be shivering quite hard, and at first I thought it was from the cold. But as I watched him for a few moments I was convinced it was from drink.

I went to him and asked him what was the matter with his arm, that it was shaking so, and with his eyes staring at me he said it was from strong drink. I asked, "Why do you drink it if it treats you this way?" And he

said, "I can't help it." I asked him if he would quit if he could, and he said yes. Then he told me he was a man of fifty-three years, with no family or friends, and that his mother was yet living in an Eastern State, at least he thought she was, but that she knew nothing of him except that he was a lost man.

He told me of his early training and some of his prospects in life, but that this curse of strong drink had ruined him. Then I told him of the Friend of sinners and the love He had for those that were lost, and I asked him if he would not come to Him as he was and ask for help. He said, "There's no use for a man as old as I am to pray, I am fifty-three years old, and have wasted my opportunities." I got down on my knees and took hold of his hand and pulled him down. I prayed, Brother Johnson prayed, and then he prayed. If you could have heard the prayer that he prayed it would have done you good, for it was the prayer of a man in deep trouble. He cried unto the Lord and He heard him.

When he rose there seemed to be a change in the man, and he said he would write to the mother he had neglected so long. He was given a portion of the Word of God, the book of John, and he went on his way. I am praying the Lord to bless the seed sown, that it will prove in the great day of God to have brought forth fruit in the salvation of his soul. I am endeavoring to sow the seed beside all waters, knowing not which shall prosper.

Only a few days ago a young man came to the meeting, and as I spoke to him I asked, "Is this the first time you are here?" And he said, "No, I was here a year ago. Don't you remember me and the night I gave my heart to the Lord?" I had to say I did not, but he went on, "Well, it was here I first knew the light, and as I was in the city tonight I thought I would spend it in the dear old Mission."

During the month of November there were 30 Bible classes and an attendance of 225; 30 mission services with attendance of 1,500; 125 requests for prayer; 120 provided with beds; 90 given something to eat. One man was taken to the mission farm. This does not express it all, for the greatest good cannot be computed by human records.

We are planning on Christmas eve to serve

a lunch to all who come. Some of the things have been promised, but there must be much more. One of the converts is to give the evening address, and we are looking for a good time and trust many will be gathered in. We trust those who read this will not forget us financially and with their prayers, as we work in this needy and hard field.

#### ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

CHAS. C. BARNES,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

About eleven years ago here in Philadelphia the Galilee mission work was started, and for ten years it has been my privilege and pleasure to take an active part as a helper in the services.

Different workers are assigned certain nights per week to assist the superintendent. Our church has Friday night of each week, and I have the privilege of being organist and helper, and have found it a blessed work.

We first had a small room and lodging accommodations for a few men, and the Lord blessed the work (meetings being held every night) with the reclaiming of many men from sinful, wretched lives. Our superintendent was a man redeemed and saved much under the same circumstances as Mr. McBride, whose story is so well told in the April paper.

Two years ago last January we moved from the old small building to a new and modern one, built and designed just for the work. We now have a splendid four-story structure with one hundred and twenty-five beds for lodgers, a fully equipped laundry plant, and a wood-yard in the basement where wayfarers can earn their meals and bed. Our chapel will seat about one-hundred and twenty-five and services are still held every night in the year. The restaurant department feeds about five hundred men a day at the nominal price of five cents per meal, the beds being ten cents per night.

Many blessed nights we had in the little room at the old quarters, and the names of many who found Jesus there come to my mind as I write, men such as Mr. Van Landingham of THE LIFE BOAT Mission, now united to a loving and happy family. With God's help we

are going to do better work in the future, having now so much to help us in winning men.

I thought you might like to hear of our work, which was started about the same time as that of this magazine. I shall pray that God may further bless THE LIFE BOAT Mission and the efforts of its workers.

#### AN ENCOURAGING WORD ABOUT THE RESCUE HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Matron Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

Dear friends of THE LIFE BOAT, rejoice with me as we are beginning to move into our new Home. This week we expect to have it completed and furnished.

We want to thank all our friends who have so willingly helped us, and the dear ones who could not help us financially but who have remembered us in their prayers. As our work increases our expenses will also increase. We will need potatoes, flour, fruit, beans, cereals, etc. We would be grateful to anyone who would like to help us in this or other ways.

A great many people have sacrificed for this work and we feel that everything that is sent to us must be put to the best possible use.

to Christ and proclaim the truth when it will be impossible for older ones to do it. My desire is that these little ones born in our



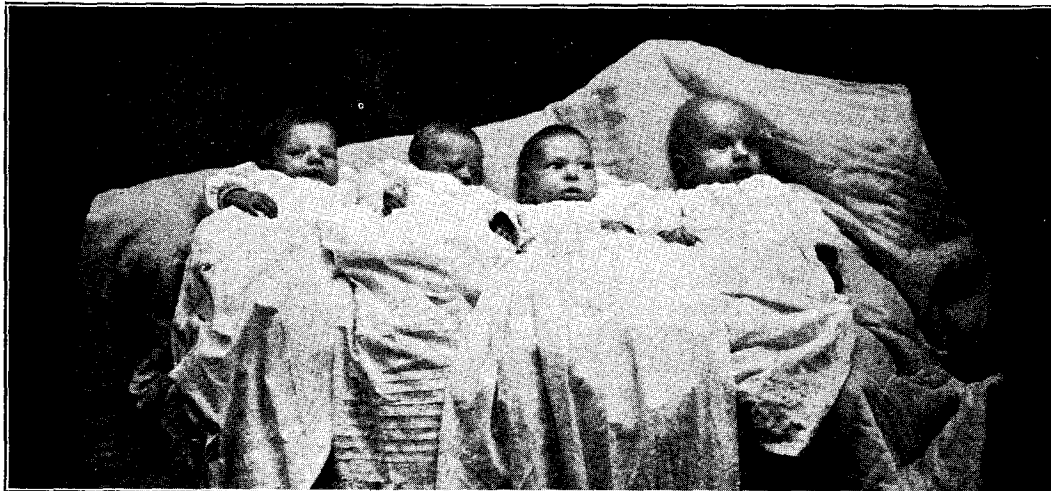
This baby will be brought up by its own mother.

Home will be brought up to be soul winners.

I will be glad to answer as far as I am able any questions in regard to the children.

The work is growing and I so often ask myself the question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Then I remember the words: "I can do *all* things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

I would like to tell you about a poor family Mrs. Clough and I went to see a short time ago. The husband has been an invalid for five years, most of the time bedridden. They have three little boys too small to work. The poor little mother (a frail, delicate woman)



The above is a picture of four baby boys for whom we want to find *good* homes. I believe the Lord will help us to find the right kind of homes for them. In the future children will often be enabled to bring sinners

takes in washing in addition to caring for the sick husband.

As we talked with them we asked them if we might pray with them, and when we finished she said, "Oh, how good of you! So



few come to see us ever or do this." She did not ask us to help her, but I have prayed about it and have been impressed to tell the readers of THE LIFE BOAT about it; perhaps some one may feel a burden to help this poor family. You can send anything to me and I will see that she gets it, and will have her write you a personal letter. May God bless you in so doing.

#### A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

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

The following letter was recently received from a young woman who had squandered her life in sin. The intoxicating cup and card playing had been her ruin. Many a time she had been locked up behind prison bars because of her riotous living. She was considered a hopeless case by the Christians in her community.

A copy of this magazine fell into her hands and she wrote to me asking for help to lead a better life. She has now been converted and has gone to work to save others. The following encouraging letter shows some of the splendid results of her work:

"I shall not get weary in well doing, for truly I know it pays to serve Jesus. Some people have told me I was foolish to work so hard for what little money I received and then buy THE LIFE BOAT to give away, as I would not know if it ever did any good or not.

"I said I was doing it for Jesus and God would know if it did any good, and the ones that were helped would know. One remark you made in your letter of July 21 has been a great help to me; it comes to me often: 'Keep straight on though you see no results of your work.'

"For four or five months past I have been sending THE LIFE BOAT to a man in a nearby town who was once a Christian; but drink and cards became his ruin, as well as mine, and I wanted to see him a good man again. He has a lovely wife, a very dear friend of mine, one who pleaded with me many times to stop before it would be too late. I would mark different things in THE LIFE BOAT for him to read, and last night he and his whole family came down to our little prayer meeting and

there he gave himself to Christ and through his influence three others did the same.

"After the meeting he came to me and said, 'Through your prayers and your upright life and the little LIFE BOAT I am here tonight. I could not stand it any longer. I know if God can keep you from drink and cards He can me. I have always asked after you whenever in this place and was always told you were working for Jesus. I know that friends could not do it for you, you could not do it for yourself, and now I want the same Jesus for my Friend.'

"So there is one soul saved for Jesus by my life and work, and if in the past seven or eight months I have done no other good I am well paid for it all. I want your prayers that I may ever keep to the right and by His grace lead many others to Him.

"I tell you if there is one sinner above another that my heart goes out for it is the drunkard. He needs pity—none knows it better than I—but thank God I have no desire for it now. There has been a great change in one year in my life and I am never afraid or ashamed to let every one know that I belong to Jesus, and I am trying to tell all I come in contact with what He has done for me."

If there is anyone in need of a friend or who is in trouble, I shall be glad to correspond with such. Address as above.

#### HOW ONE ROOM IN THE NEW HOME WAS FURNISHED.

A kind-hearted woman writes us:

"Enclosed please find thirty dollars to furnish a room in the new Rescue Home for poor girls. At first I thought it would be impossible for me to do this, but as I thought more about it the thought came to me how blessed it would be to know that somewhere in this world there is a little room where some poor girl is finding rest and peace in her great sorrow and trouble and also finding peace and pardon in God's love.

"I will never be able to thank God enough for the blessed privilege of sending this money. I wanted to furnish that room, but as there are so many calls I wanted to be sure where God would have me put my money, and I left it with Him in prayer; but the thought came to my mind so strong and sweet and with such joy, 'Rescue the Perishing.' I knew it was an

answer to my prayer, and I said, 'Thank You, dear Lord.'

"I was a poor girl myself—had no relatives in the world that I knew of, and no home, and there were times in my life I knew not where I was going to sleep; but thanks be to God, He kept me from harm always, though I was sad and lonely many times. My heart is full of pity for poor girls, and if I could give them a happy moment I would do so."

#### THE BOY—WHAT'S HE WORTH?

(Concluded.)

REV. N. KINGSBURY,  
Santa Ana, Cal.

CELL NUMBER FOUR.

There is an old man in this cell; he is seventy-five years old, has just been pardoned and goes free next week. Murder was his crime. The devil set his trap out on the street, the bait was the saloon, free lunch and good times.

There was a time when this man was a most respectable fellow. He had a good mother and a praying wife, admiring friends, and splendid children. One night he became crazed with drink and he murdered his praying wife. He awoke from his drunken sleep in a prison cell, and when he was told that he had taken the life of his wife he said, "My God, the wife who prayed for me!"

Now, after spending twenty-five years in prison, he does not care to go free. His children have grown up. They must always remember that he took the life of their loving mother; and the old white-haired man wept like a child.

Who is to blame? It was Christian citizens who licensed that saloon to sell the brain-crazing stuff that wrought this ruin. Better wake up there, sleepy, indifferent church members! Get right down to the root of the business and see to it that the boy-catchers are put out of business, and then we shall not need so many jails.

A WORD TO THE MAN WHO IS DOWN  
AND OUT.

Be a man where you are. Get right with God. No matter if you are behind the bars, listen: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Then you will find a place of usefulness in this great teeming world. It

is worth your while. I have the photographs of forty-eight men, every one of whom spent time in prison. Now every one of them is holding an honorable place in the world, receiving a good salary, or is in business for himself.

Write me. I will answer you and help you to find Jesus, and then help you to show the world what a true, noble manhood is worth. There is hope for you. If you feel you are a great sinner you will find Jesus Christ a great Saviour.

Did you once have a praying mother? Do you think those prayers are *lost*? Never! They are up yonder there. Are you not willing that God shall answer those prayers to-day? Get down on your knees, my brother, and pray to your mother's God. You will never regret it.

#### TO PRISON WORKERS.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE.  
482 Locust St., Lawrence, Kansas.

I want to write a few words of encouragement to all the prison workers. God bless you. The work you are doing is as dear to me as my life. We are still carrying on this blessed work. A husband and father in our county jail here has been blessedly saved. He will soon begin to serve a term in the State prison. The curse of drink was the entire cause.

We paroled a young man of thirty years of age from the State prison a year ago. He lived in our home until he secured his pardon from the governor last July, and in September he entered a training school to prepare himself to become a missionary to South America. He has accepted Christ as His personal Saviour and is trying to glorify God with all his powers. May God bless all these poor unfortunate ones and make out of some of them jewels for His kingdom!

I am interested in the dear LIFE BOAT and its mission, for I know it is doing a great work, and it is my earnest desire that it may reach every soul in every prison.

**We will send five Life Boats to your address the entire year for one dollar and a half.**

# In Which Will You Enlist?

E. B. VAN DORN

Supt. Life Boat Mission, 471 State Street

CHICAGO

## U. S. ARMY

MEN WANTED

WAGES—\$16 to \$75 per Month.

QUALIFICATIONS.—

MUST BE { Young.  
Active.  
Temperate.  
Healthy.

*You Receive:*

Board,

Room,

Clothing,

Medicine,

Baths,

Light,

School,

Library,

Gymnastics.

Sick Benefit,

Pension if injured,

Job for 3 to 30 years.

### The Cost:

What will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

*Mark 8:36.*

## ARMY OF THE REDEEMED

MEN WANTED—Mat. 4:18,19. "Follow Me."

WAGES. (Reward.) The Gift of God, Eternal Life, Through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

QUALIFICATIONS—*Whosoever Will May Come.*

*You Receive:*

Bread and Water sure. *Isa. 33:16.*

The Lord Hath Made Room for Us. *Gen. 26:22.*

I Will Cloth You With Change of Raiment. *Zech. 3:4.*

The Leaf Thereof Shall be for Medicine. *Rev. 22:2; Eze. 47:12.*

Our Bodies Washed With Pure Water. *Heb. 10:22.*

Washed Us From Our Sins in His Blood. *Rev. 1:5.*

The Lord God Giveth Them Light. *Rev. 22:5.*

The Holy Ghost Shall Teach You. *Jno. 14:26.*

The Books Were Opened. *Rev. 20:12.*

Fruit of Righteousness Unto Them Which Are Exercised Thereby. *Heb. 12:11.*

The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick. *Jas. 5:15.*

There Shall No Evil Befall Thee. *Ps. 91:10.*

I Give Unto Them Eternal Life. *Jno. 10:9-10.*

Shall Plant and Eat, Build and Inhabit. *Isa. 65:21-22.*

### The Cost: Free

Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. *Isa. 55:1.*

Choose Ye This Day Whom Ye Will Serve

*Josh. 24:15.*

### WOULD LIKE TO STAND ON STREET CORNERS AND WARN MEN.

The following lines are abstracted from two letters written by an inmate of the Southern Illinois penitentiary:

"My life here is not a hard or unpleasant one,—indeed it is quite the reverse and I feel thankful every day for the kindly treatment I receive. I hope yet to be of some use in the world, though the future does not promise me much yet; I mean to grasp and hold on by faith in Him, to whatever life has yet for me.

"My past life has estranged all of my family from me and I am alone in the world so far as friends are concerned. All I ask now is for time and opportunity to atone. It seems to me today that I would like to stand on street corners and warn every man I meet who is making the mistakes I have made. Oh, how dearly I have and am paying for all my meanness!

"Whenever you feel like writing me I shall be very grateful for a letter. I wonder very often that anyone cares enough about me to even think of us when I realize how the world views men who by their own sins have made it necessary to take us out of the outside world and try to bring us to our senses. No one knows but God what I have suffered, and yet no one ever heard me blame any one but myself. It might all have been so very different. Opportunities have come and gone that will never come again. I am living now only in the hope that I may be spared long enough to warn others to beware of the road I have traveled, as it brings in the end nothing but sorrow.

"Today I am at peace and the unrest has gone from me. I now am patiently waiting His time and will. Some day I hope to meet you and Mrs. Paulson and express my thanks for your kindly letters, and I hope you will feel like writing again soon."

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

### FIELD WORK IN BARBADOS, WEST INDIES.

Dr. Cave, when a student several years ago, took deep interest in the Chicago work. He is now establishing a medical missionary center in Barbados, W. I. What he is doing is only what scores of young people might be preparing themselves to do. We shall be glad to correspond with such. We quote the following from a personal letter:

"I greatly appreciate the interest you manifest in my welfare. I am led to feel that I am not altogether isolated on this island where I stand as the only representative of physiological therapeutics, together with health reform and the other lines of Gospel work which we are endeavoring to carry forward.

"One of the great principles that must possess the soul of every worker who must pioneer a medical missionary enterprise is that he should not despise the day of small things. One must have tact, push, patience, and a strong confidence in the Divine origin of the principles he advocates. I have to watch, work and pray and be content with slow progress. The people are not quick to adopt new ideas. Many cleave tenaciously to teachings that have nothing to recommend them except that they are antiquated.

"I established this work seven months ago and there is a growing interest, especially among the better class. Among those who are taking treatment with us are the Venezuelan consul, another consul who is a man of extensive influence here, and one of the leading merchants of the city, who came here with a severe attack of neuritis and has received an astonishingly rapid result, much to his joy and surprise. Among the others who come to us for treatment I will only mention the wife of the head master of the highest college here.

"When one person receives benefit he recommends it to others. Rheumatism is a very common affection here. Dietetic perversions lie at the foundation of many of the maladies I have to meet. Intestinal auto-intoxication is a tremendous factor in disease.

"I am about to have a booklet printed in which to set forth the object and principles of our small institution. The need of using the voice and the pen in the advancement of the gospel of health is simply intense in this part

of the world. I am giving health and temperance talks once every month and the interest is good.

"I am glad to be in this work and by the sustaining power of God I intend to remain in it.

Yours in the Master's service,

CHARLES CAVE,  
Hastings Hydropathic.  
Hastings, Barbados, W. I."

### SHALL WE ASSIST THE FALLEN TO RISE?

A lady who had been asked for assistance to complete the new Rescue Home wrote us that she was thoroughly disgusted with that class of girls—that when a girl could consent to take a step that would make her eligible to enter the Rescue Home she had reached a point beyond the limit of hope—that she expected soon to move to the country and secure a home where she could live without coming in contact with any of them.

In reply we wrote in part as follows:

"Viewed from a human standpoint I do not blame you for feeling as you do, but I do not forget that my Master came to seek and save that which was *lost*, and even those that were badly lost.

"Furthermore, do not forget that for every fallen woman there are a hundred fallen men, and in my estimation they are fallen every bit as *low* as these women; yet we meet them constantly in the street cars, in public places, and many of them occupy honored seats in our public assemblies.

"If all Christian workers should take the same attitude that you are taking the Master would have to come down here *personally* just as He did two thousand years ago and work for lost humanity, and if He should He would surely again ask those that were without sin to throw the first stone.

"Jesus worked for at least three different fallen women, and if He were here today in person we would find Him working for both fallen men and fallen women. The Lord may not have laid the burden upon you to assist in this labor of love, but He has laid that burden upon somebody.

"Just the other day a girl, barely thirteen years old, was sent to us by a physician in an adjoining State and four months from now she will be a mother. Will any sane person insist that this child—for she is only a mere child—should possess such a moral stamina that it could not be overcome by temptation? Ought we not rather to hang our heads in shame at the thought that we are living in an age when such temptations could be possible?

"As long as I am in the world I want my voice and pen and influence and means to be used to lift up the very ones that others are trampling under foot. David said that in iniquity did his mother conceive him. Unfortunately there are too many who are born under no more favorable conditions today. Instead of having had the helpful environments that you and I have had from childhood some of these people had none of them. Shall we stand off and hold these people responsible for the standard we have before us, who have had every opportunity that a Christian home and influence could afford?

"At an age like this when Satan is doing his worst it is time for God's children to do their *best*. I am well aware that there are degenerate girls to whom a life of sin has become a sort of mania, a genuine moral insanity; but the class of girls who are knocking on the doors of our Rescue Home have been more sinned against than they have been sinners, and in many cases their pitiable condition should appeal to a heart of stone. Just as long as there are wicked persons to prey upon these poor creatures just so long God wants somebody to establish cities of refuge, and God in His providence has helped us to establish one in Hinsdale. I do not believe that anyone will ever regret having assisted in making this one possible, and I trust that you will reconsider your decision in reference to this matter and give it your most earnest and prayerful consideration."

### SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1909.

We will send five Life Boats to your address the entire year for a dollar and a half for you to hand out to your friends as you would tracts. Take advantage of this offer. You will never regret it.



## Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR



### SHALL 1909 BE YOUR BANNER YEAR?

If you have been drifting along without either rudder or anchor, without any passing wind or rolling tide, will you not let God plant in your heart a deep love for humanity and an earnest purpose to be a genuine soul-winner? You will be pleasantly surprised at the change that will take possession of you, just the difference there is between a ship under full head of steam with a captain steering it and a boat tossed about by chance wind and wave. If you know what that is like determine to find out at the very beginning of this new year what the other is like and then you will want to recommend the same experience to others.

Ask the Lord to make you a good Samaritan in your home and in your community. He will answer that prayer just as He forgives your sins when you ask Him. Try it.

### MARK SOME ARTICLE.

Many of our readers order additional LIFE BOATS each month and before they hand them out to their friends or neighbors they mark some article or paragraph which they think will especially interest them, and write on the front cover, "See page —." This is an excellent plan and we hope many others will adopt it. When some one calls your attention to a marked article you are sure to read it; others are like yourself—they will do the same.

### WHY THE LIFE BOAT IS A FIVE CENT PUBLICATION.

On account of the increase in prices of material, labor, etc., the last year or two, nearly all the ten cent magazines have increased their price to fifteen cents and the five cent magazines have been increased to ten cents.

Many of our agents have asked why the price of THE LIFE BOAT remains at five cents, to which question we will briefly answer: It is our purpose to have the price of THE LIFE BOAT so low that when it is ordered in quantities its wholesale price shall be but a little more than that of a tract.

ties its wholesale price shall be but a little more than that of a tract.

We want to have the price of the magazine so that it will be possible for kind-hearted men and women, even though they are poor, to order them in quantities to supply prisons, hospitals, and to give to their neighbors. *The poor are to have the Gospel preached to them.*

To keep THE LIFE BOAT at its present price means a constant sacrifice on the part of those who are issuing it. The small margin means a tremendous sacrifice to those who are selling it, but *sacrifice* and *self-denial* are a badge of Christianity. We hold out no commercial inducements for any one to handle the paper—nothing but the love of saving human souls.

Just as long as God makes it possible for us to pay our printer's bills and still allow our agents the present margin, we who are issuing THE LIFE BOAT will be willing to give our time freely to make it possible to keep its price at the present low figure.

We hope that those who have the soul-winning spirit in their hearts will rally to extend the circulation of THE LIFE BOAT. We want to see its circulation increased at least twenty-five thousand more a month the coming year. Will you help to make it possible? We will send you five copies each month for an entire year for \$1.50. Take advantage of this special offer.

### WE WANT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE SHUT-INS.

All over the land are chronic invalids who are confined to their rooms, others have met with some serious accident by which they are permanently crippled. Some are confined indoors from still other causes. We want these to receive THE LIFE BOAT. If you know of any such in your community will you not subscribe for them? If you cannot afford to do this and can interest no one in the matter write us and we will try what we can do. Do not forget the shut-ins.

### WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE FOR A CLUB OF LIFE BOATS TO BE SENT TO YOUR STATE PRISON?

Kind friends have subscribed for nearly three hundred LIFE BOATS to be sent each month to the Nebraska State Prison. Dan Shannon has subscribed for nearly six hundred to be sent regularly to the Illinois State Prison at Joliet. Mrs. Halliday is sending two hundred and fifty to the California State Prison at San Quentin. A small club has been subscribed for for the Eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary in Philadelphia, but the moral instructor writes in a recent letter that he cannot keep up with the desires of the men for it. Who will increase this club?

Every State prison in the land should have a club of LIFE BOATS sent each month. It was Moody who said shortly before his death that the prisons of America were the best missionary fields in the world. He proposed to spend the rest of his days in supplying this needy field with Gospel literature. Send for special prison club rates.

### DID YOU HAVE A PART IN THIS PARABLE?

[Some unknown friend sent us this parable. It contains a most helpful truth and so we are glad to publish it.—Ed.]

Once upon a time some men found a small tree growing among some brambles. They dug it up carefully and transplanted it where it could grow larger and cast a wide shade upon the meadow surrounding it.

The tree was not hardy, for it had grown in a dark place. Still all that it wanted was the wind and the rain and the sunshine. But the men did not know this and each one tried to help it grow. One day one would come and give it a pull and the next day another would come and pull it in another direction. Finally they pulled it out altogether. One of them looked at the twisted tendrils. "It will never take root," he said, and flung it aside.

A little later a farmer passed by and saw the tree. "It is a good tree," he said, and he planted it again and went his way. And the rain fell and the wind blew and the sun shone upon it and the tree lived. And after many months it had grown into a large, flourishing

oak and many beasts of the field sought the delightful shade of its branches.

One day the men passed by again and saw the tree growing prosperously where they had flung the twig aside. "Behold," said one, "our tree has taken root after all." And they rejoiced that the tree had grown.

This is the story of a soul written so that he who runs may read.

### THE LIFE BOAT SAILING FORWARD.

Our agents are meeting with marvelous success while pushing THE LIFE BOAT into new fields.

One faithful worker in the West sold fifteen thousand five hundred copies during the year 1908.

Another worker in the East has disposed of more than fifty thousand copies in less than five years.

One young man, while traveling between Chicago and Pennsylvania, has disposed of nine thousand and seven hundred in the last six months.

New workers are taking up the work in the city of Chicago. Several thousand are being sold every month. This magazine sells readily. Everyone is glad to read it.

Can you not spend some time each week distributing this inspiring, soul-winning sheet? Write for terms to agents. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

### ARE YOU LONGING TO DO AGGRES- SIVE MEDICAL MISSIONARY FIELD WORK?

In almost every State in the United States medical missionaries could find open doors for self-supporting work which would afford them at the same time the very best opportunities for soul-winning. Those who understand the scientific use of water in the treatment of the sick, who can give good massage, who have had some training in scientific cookery, can find open doors everywhere.

There are many Christian workers who would have ten times the opportunities they are having now if they would turn aside long enough to be fitted up to do this work in connection with their spiritual work.

Treatment rooms could be established in scores of cities by active, bright, intelligent,

well-trained, consecrated young people. Every physician of a large practice has patients whom he desires to have hydropathic treatment, electric baths or massage treatments near their homes.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium is making a specialty of training men and women for medical missionary treatment-room work. Its training school is recognized by the New York State Board of Regents, thus guaranteeing its high standard.

The practical experience to be obtained not only in connection with this rapidly growing medical institution, but also the opportunities for live personal work in the Life Boat Mission, prison work in the Harrison street police station, in the rescue work and other lines of practical Christian work, give opportunities for training such as is afforded at no other place. Write immediately for application blank and further information. Address, The Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Nurses' Training School, Hinsdale, Ill.

#### NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS BY THE YARD.

A closely written list of the names and addresses of new subscribers, measuring just a yard in length, was sent in recently by Mrs. Morrison, College View, Neb., with a promise that she would send a similar list next week.

Our agents are meeting with similar success elsewhere. Now is a good time to ask your neighbors to subscribe. People like to begin their subscriptions at the beginning of the year. Notice our special premium offers. Write for sample copies.

#### HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

As thou readest think that every syllable pertaineth to thine own self, and suck out the pith of the Scriptures.

We cannot attain to the understanding of the Scriptures either by study or by intelligence. Your first duty is to begin with prayer. Entreat the Lord to grant you the true understanding of His Word. There is no other interpretation of the Word of God than the Author of this Word, as He himself has said: "They shall all be taught of God." Hope for nothing from your own labors, from your own understanding; trust solely in God, and in the influence of his Spirit. Believe this on the word of a man who has had **experience**.

#### WONDERFUL WAYS IN WHICH GOD USED STRAY COPIES FOUND IN UNEXPECTED PLACES AND UNDER STRANGE CONDITIONS.

Every few days we receive some letter showing how the hand of Providence has in some marvelous manner used stray copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction.

For the encouragement of others we have decided to publish abstracts from a few of the many letters which have been written us.

As you read of these interesting incidents will you not decide to avail yourself of our special offer to send five copies to your address each month for an entire year so that you may also have some to scatter by the wayside?

If you make it a matter of prayer God will use your copies to win souls just as He has these.

#### FOUND IN A RAILROAD YARD.

A man picked up a *LIFE BOAT* in a railroad yard in a southwestern State. It was the means in God's hands of transforming his entire life.

#### LEFT ON A SEAT IN THE TRAIN.

A man found a *LIFE BOAT* on a Chicago suburban train and was so favorably impressed with it that he went out immediately and secured twelve new subscribers.

#### LEFT A COPY IN A SCHOOL HOUSE.

"The reason I subscribe for *THE LIFE BOAT* is because I found a copy that had been dropped or lost in a school house; and when I had read it I said, 'I must send for it.'"

#### BEHIND A WATER TROUGH IN FAR-AWAY HONOLULU.

A man in Honolulu found a *LIFE BOAT* behind a water trough, covered with mud. Something that he read on a portion which was still readable so touched his heart that he sent a donation of ten dollars to help the work along.

#### LEFT WITH THE RUBBISH.

Someone left a *LIFE BOAT* in a house when moving out. Long afterward others moved in and found this old *LIFE BOAT*. They were



wonderfully impressed with it, and wrote to us to find out if it was still published.

#### ONLY SECURED A PIECE OF ONE.

"I would be glad to have a few sample copies of your LIFE BOAT. I did by chance get hold of a piece of one, and I was interested in what little I could see of it, and I think I can get some subscribers for you."

#### A TORN LEAF ON THE STREET.

A gentleman living in Erie, Pa., wrote: "Please send me a few sample copies of THE LIFE BOAT. I found your address on a leaf torn from the Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT which I picked up in the street when going to work."

#### WONDERS IF IN EXISTENCE YET.

"A short time ago a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, with date of October, 1902, came into my hands, and I would like to know if it is still published. It is a feast of good things. Would you please send me sample copy and oblige one greatly interested in temperance work?"

#### FELL IN LOVE WITH AN OLD STRAY COPY.

"A copy of THE LIFE BOAT of October, 1904, fell into my hands a few days ago and I fell in love with it, hence this to you. If it is still alive I would like a few sample copies to distribute. I think if you have no subscribers here you ought to have. I will do what I can to get some. God bless you and THE LIFE BOAT always."

#### FOUND A TORN COPY.

"I have found a little book, THE LIFE BOAT. I want to subscribe for it if it is still to be had. I have found it so good and wish everyone could find one and like it as I do. The book is partly torn, so I don't know as this is the right address, since a part is torn off. Send me the price as I think I shall sell some."

#### A PIECE OF A LIFE BOAT IN CUBA.

We recently received the following letter from Havana, Cuba: "Please send me sample copies of THE LIFE BOAT, that I may take subscriptions. I am using a piece of one (that is precious), and I think I may sell a few; possibly I could sell many, especially if they were in the Spanish language. Can you donate a

year's subscription to our public reading room? Never did a place need it more. Much good could be done there."

#### HAPPENED TO PICK UP AN OLD COPY.

A lady in Omaha happened to pick up a copy of the April (1903) LIFE BOAT, in which she read the article entitled, "Are you concerned about one of your friends?" Instantly she thought of a man in Kansas City who is a victim to the liquor and tobacco habits and she wrote asking us to write to him, which we have done, also sending him a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. Are there not some friends whom *you* are concerned about? Have you done *your* duty for their souls' salvation? Are *you* ready to meet them at the bar of God?

#### IN A PRISON GARBAGE BOX.

A prisoner in the Anamosa prison, Iowa, writes: "It is a strange coincidence that prompts me to write you this letter. Yesterday I picked out of the garbage box an old copy of THE LIFE BOAT for April, 1904. It was in perfect condition and I have enjoyed the quiet reading of it very much."

#### IT TALKED TO ME AS A PERSON WOULD.

A worker wrote: "As I handed a LIFE BOAT to an old Salvation Army captain he said, 'God bless THE LIFE BOAT! That dear old paper was the means of my conversion. It talked to me just as a person would.

"I lived in a little country town, and a nurse from the Sanitarium persisted in bringing the paper to me. I know now that it was the way the Lord took to save my soul. I used to drink and swear and do other wicked things, but now I rejoice in preaching Christ and rescuing people from the pit in which I had been.'"

#### FIVE CENTS TO CONVERT A WAYWARD BOY.

"A year ago an old gentleman knocked at my door with a LIFE BOAT to sell for five cents. I bought one,—it did me a world of good. That copy I sent away and it was the means of converting a wayward boy. I hope THE LIFE BOAT may be passed around more, that the sinking ones in need of help may be rescued and saved. May God bless every one connected with it."

## A STRAY COPY FIVE YEARS OLD.

"By chance a copy of THE LIFE BOAT of November, 1903, fell into my hands. By reading it I have been wonderfully drawn out in this way of work, feeling a deep sense of the hand of God upon me to work in His vineyard in behalf of lost souls, since He has so wonderfully saved me. Seeing in THE LIFE BOAT that you will be glad to offer suggestions to help me on in this great work of bringing souls to God, I will be glad to hear from you.

"Please send me another copy of THE LIFE BOAT."

## FOUND A COPY LYING ON HIS TABLE.

At the Mission one evening a young man who lives outside the city said that after an absence of several days from his home he noticed on his return a copy of THE LIFE BOAT lying on the table. He read it and became very much interested, and on coming into the city hunted up the Life Boat Mission. He enjoyed the service very much, and said he would spend each evening there while he was in Chicago.

These meetings may result in the salvation of his soul and he may lead others to the Master. Yet the person who left that LIFE BOAT at that house may never know until the judgment day the good that has been done.

## FOUND IN A DIRT BARREL.

A prisoner in the State Reformatory of Massachusetts writes:

"I have just received your kind letter. I do study my Bible every night before I go to bed, and ask God to help me, and I know He will if I do what is right. I have two old LIFE BOATS which I found in the dirt barrel here, and have read them over and over again, for they are the *only* comfort I have as I sit in my cell at night. They are the best books I ever read. They tend to make me a good boy, and turn me against all evil ways. When I get out of here I mean to be a better boy, and look to Jesus for my everlasting portion."

## FROM A SOLDIER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"A few weeks ago I happened to enter the library, and as I am very much interested in Christianity I started to look for some Christian books. I had not looked long before I

found THE LIFE BOAT. I read a few lines in it, then took several copies home with me. Ever since then I have passed many long evenings by reading THE LIFE BOAT.

"Since reading the book I have learned a great deal about the Christian life and have been trying to live as a Christian for four years. At the present time I am a soldier in the Philippine Islands. My home is in Germany and I am twenty-four years of age. I will now close, sending a dollar to help THE LIFE BOAT work."

## SAVED BY A LIFE BOAT BOUGHT WHILE DRUNK.

One night a nice appearing man rose up in the Life Boat Mission and told how a young lady was selling LIFE BOATS last week on Fifty-fifth street and Center avenue; he said: "I was so drunk that night that I scarcely remember her, but I bought her paper and the next day I read it, and as a result I am here tonight sober, and haven't had a drink since that night. I am not a Christian, but from what I have read in that book, and from what I have seen and heard I *want it*. Pray for me. If there is anything in it I must have it."

He came down to the front and a worker with his open Bible taught him how to pray, and when he went away he said he was so glad he had *found* the Lord. He has been back several times since and told us he was getting along finely and knew that it was the Lord that had helped him.

## A SINGLE COPY WON A HARDENED CRIMINAL.

"One of your LIFE BOATS found its way into my hands, and thanks be to God for it, for I was one of the greatest sinners that ever lived. I have been a criminal since I was fifteen years old, and now I am thirty. I have spent half that time in prison.

"I have served time in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas prisons, and now I am in a Texas prison, but, thank God, I am saved. THE LIFE BOAT is doing a good work and I would like you to send me a few copies; it don't matter if they are old ones,—I want to do something for the Lord, so I will give them to my fellow prisoners.

"I have plenty of time to think over the past and check off the mistakes so that I may guard against them in the future. I want to work for THE LIFE BOAT when I get out."

## A STRAY LIFE BOAT LEFT ON A SEAT WITH A PRAYER.

"One day I was in the station waiting for the train. I placed a LIFE BOAT on a seat, at the same time breathing a prayer that the dear Lord would direct the right one to pick it up.

"A month later I was in the same place with THE LIFE BOAT when the voice of a little girl attracted my attention, and on looking about me I discovered a child pulling at its mother's dress, exclaiming, 'O mamma, see that lady with another of them good Christian books.'

"The lady then came up to me and said, 'Do you sell THE LIFE BOAT?' On telling her that I did, she said, 'Oh, then you are doubtless the very one who left that LIFE BOAT in the depot. I saw it lying on the seat and picked it up and carried it home, and have found it a great help to me and just what I needed. When I am tired I can sit down and read the good things in it and it gives me such a rest, something I have never experienced in reading any Christian paper before.'

"She bought a paper and asked me to remember her when far away. I afterward learned that my prayer that this LIFE BOAT would reach the right hands had been answered, as her husband was quite an ungodly man, and he, too, was impressed with it."

## AN OLD LIFE BOAT IN A SHED.

"A September (1903) LIFE BOAT was discovered in a shed by a little orphan girl about eleven years old. Thinking that it belonged to me she brought it to me. She found it among a pile of papers and rubbish, but it was bright and clean. I advised her to examine it. She did so and read many of the accounts and was deeply affected over the first poem, entitled, 'Follow Me.' She read it with tears in her eyes and said, 'Oh, this reminds me of the time when mamma used to teach me and sing to me.' She then said, 'I want to follow in the footsteps of the Lord and to do good for Him.'

"I asked her to pray and she said, 'Teach me how.' So I did, and she prayed a short child-like prayer, and then said, 'I am glad that I found this book, for I know a woman who drinks and swears, and I want to tell her about THE LIFE BOAT and how she should live.'

"I repeated verses of Scripture to her which she learned almost instantly. She asked where

the good people were that made the book and on being informed, said, 'Please let me write to them and tell them about THE LIFE BOAT.'

## A STRAY COPY LED HIM FROM PRISON TO THE MISSION.

One evening recently a young man about twenty-one years of age and all broken down in health came to the Life Boat Mission and said that he had just come out of the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. While in there a lady had sent him a copy of this magazine. He told how much he enjoyed it.

He heard the Gospel and when the invitation was given at the close of our service he raised his hand, came forward and knelt at the altar. He prayed, gave his heart to God, and when an opportunity was given for him to testify he told the boys what a life of sin he had led, how his mother had died without knowing that he had started a different life. He begged of the boys to give their hearts to God and not do as he had done. He wept bitterly as he gave this testimony and the Lord used it to impress hearts."

## A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL FOUND A COPY AMONG SOME OLD PAPERS.

As you read this does it not give you a heartache to think of how similar opportunities are being overlooked? May the Lord give us all wisdom to *recognize* the thousand opportunities all about us to be used in blessing humanity.

"I am a little girl fourteen years old; my father and mother are dead, and I am making my home with a family living in Chicago.

"About a month ago I came across one of your LIFE BOATS while looking through some old papers, and I was so much interested in it that I read it many times.

"In it I found a chapter entitled, 'Read this if you want freedom from the tobacco habit,' and as I knew a young man who was a constant user of tobacco I thought I would send it to him. I did, and the other day I received a letter from him saying that he had tried the remedy and found it to be a sure cure,—that he had not had a chew of tobacco in his mouth since he read it, and before that he had tried almost everything but could not give up the habit, but now his desire for tobacco was gone.

"I will be very glad if you will send me ten copies, for I am sure that I can sell them. I also send you one dollar, which please use for the Life Boat work."

BUT FOR A COPY OF THE LIFE BOAT I WOULD BE UNDER THE SOD.

One day a little girl on South Halsted street, Chicago, was on her way from school when her attention was attracted by some pictures in a copy of THE LIFE BOAT that was being tossed to and fro by the wind. She picked it up and carried it home for the sake of the pictures, never thinking of what it would mean to their family.

Shortly after that her mother became ill and gradually grew worse. Despondent and without hope her husband had been reading THE LIFE BOAT and learned of the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary. He applied there for help. A nurse went each day for three weeks and gave her treatment which he believed saved her life. When the nurse was asked for her bill, she explained that she was not getting her pay in dollars and cents. Pointing them to Jesus she left it entirely with them whether they would pay her anything or not. With tears in her eyes the woman said while relating this incident to one of our workers, "All but for that LIFE BOAT I would today be under the sod, for if it had not been for it we never would have seen the nurse."

After reading the above will you not risk a dollar and a half to have five copies sent to your address each month for a year? At that price you can afford to hand them out just as you would tracts.

If you will do this and ask God to bless them you will never know the full result until you meet it on the other shore. Take advantage of this special offer.

When five LIFE BOATS are sent to one name and address the entire lot is furnished for \$1.50 for a year. Why not order such a club for a year? You will find it convenient to have a few copies when you travel or mingle in any way with the people. They are much more likely to be read than a tract and they cost but a trifle more and yet they contain more reading matter than ten ordinary tracts.

Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

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

#### NOTICE.

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

#### ADOPT THIS PLAN.

Many of our readers are ordering from ten to one hundred copies of the Life Boat regularly each month to distribute to their friends and neighbors. Some of them have worked up a regular list of customers. Why not do this? The Life Boat opens the way for many inspiring soul-winning experiences. Begin now, don't delay.

#### CLOTHING WANTED.

Children's and women's garments are very badly needed at the Dispensary in the Stockyards District. We also need blankets and comforters. We should have a stock on hand before the keen winter weather is upon us. We have already had to turn away some needy applicants. Clothing may be sent by freight, prepaid, to Dr. Pliny Haskell, 888 West Thirty-fifth place, Chicago.

#### HELPING HAND WORK.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaronson, who were formerly connected with the helping-hand mission work in Cincinnati, Ohio, have recently come to Chicago, and are located at 697 West Lake street. They have undertaken a similar work here.

Mr. Aaronson is selling THE LIFE BOAT with good success, and Mrs. Aaronson reports that she is endeavoring to open up a temporary helping hand shelter for homeless women and unprotected girls who may be stranded in Chicago.

There are but few who feel a burden for this work and we trust that Mr. and Mrs. Aaronson will be led of the Lord to accomplish some real substantial good.

**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.**

# 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.

## 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.

## Do You Perspire?

### Axillary Deodorizer

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

Miss L. G. Sloat 837 Marshall Field Bldg.  
CHICAGO

## SPECIAL SALE ON MUSIC.

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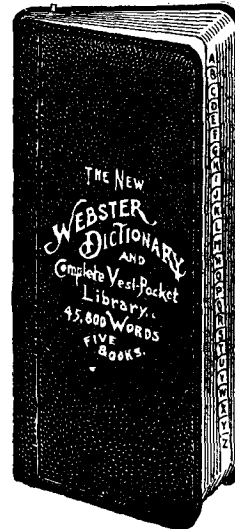
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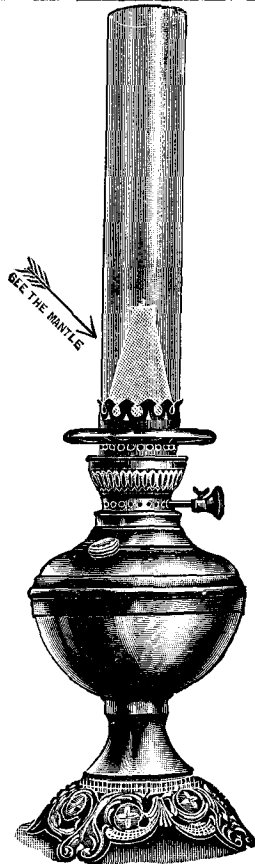
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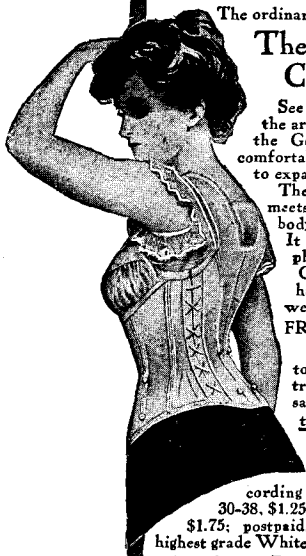
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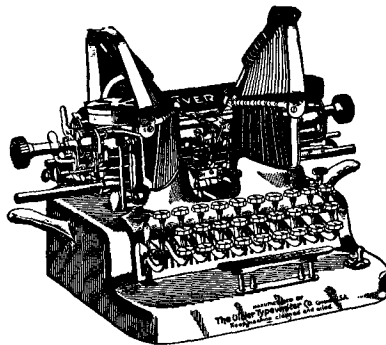
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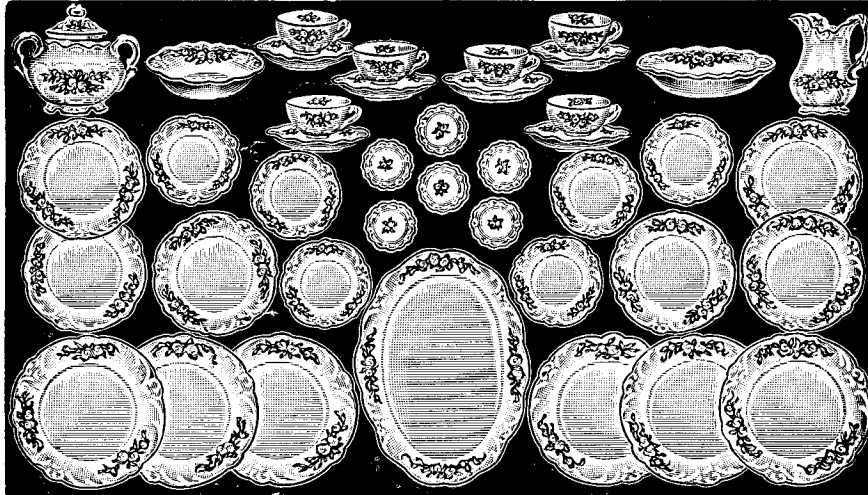
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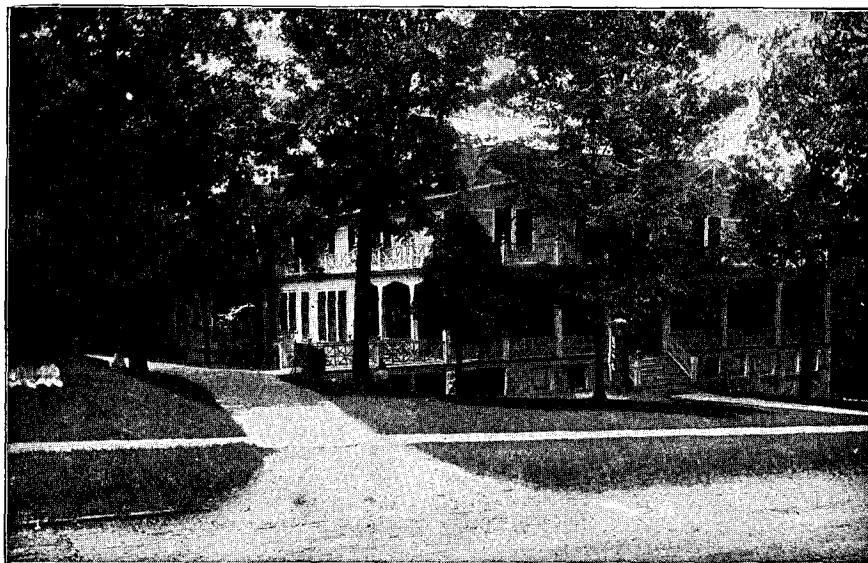
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