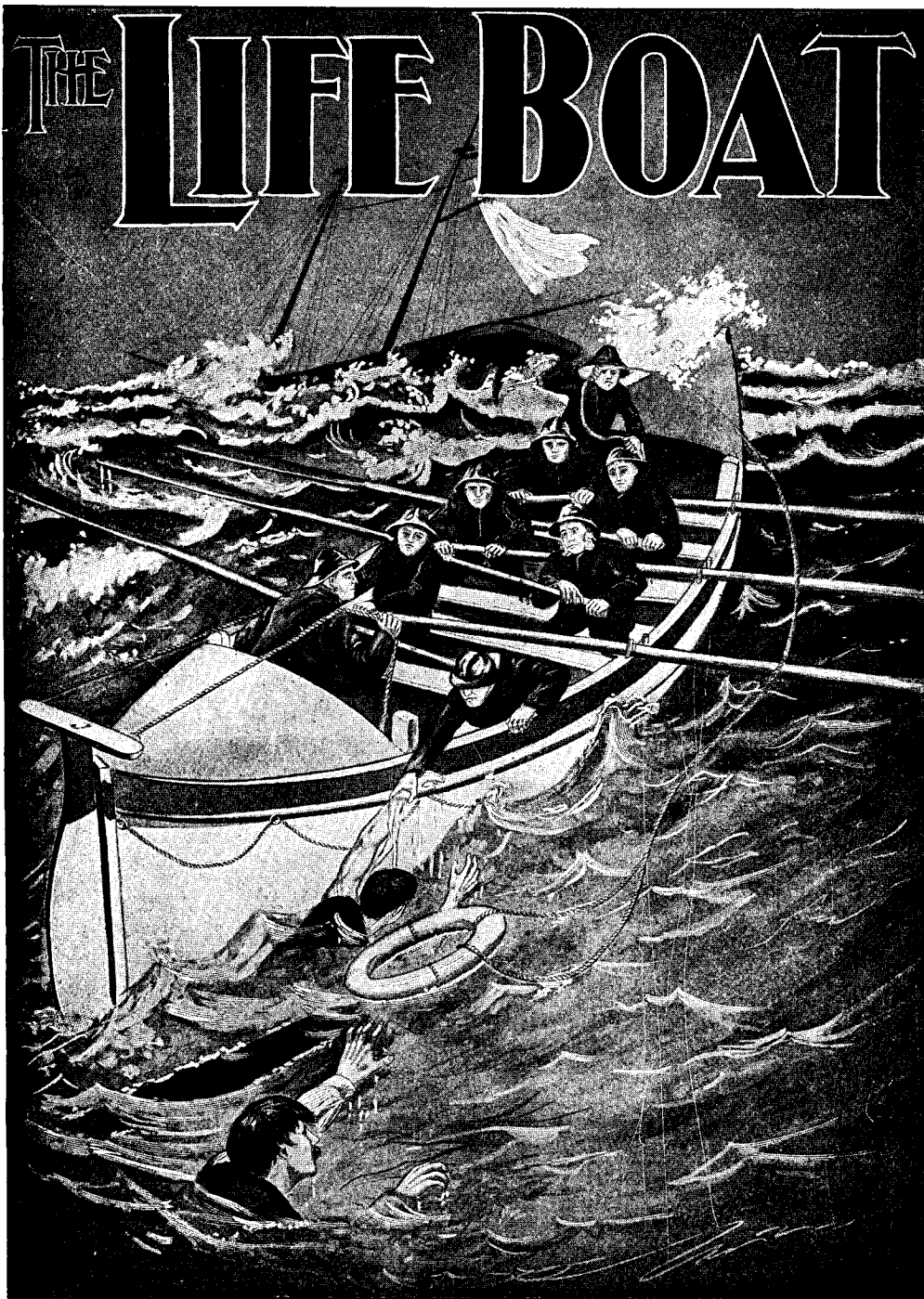


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Volume Twelve
Number Two

Chinsdale, Ill.

February, 1909

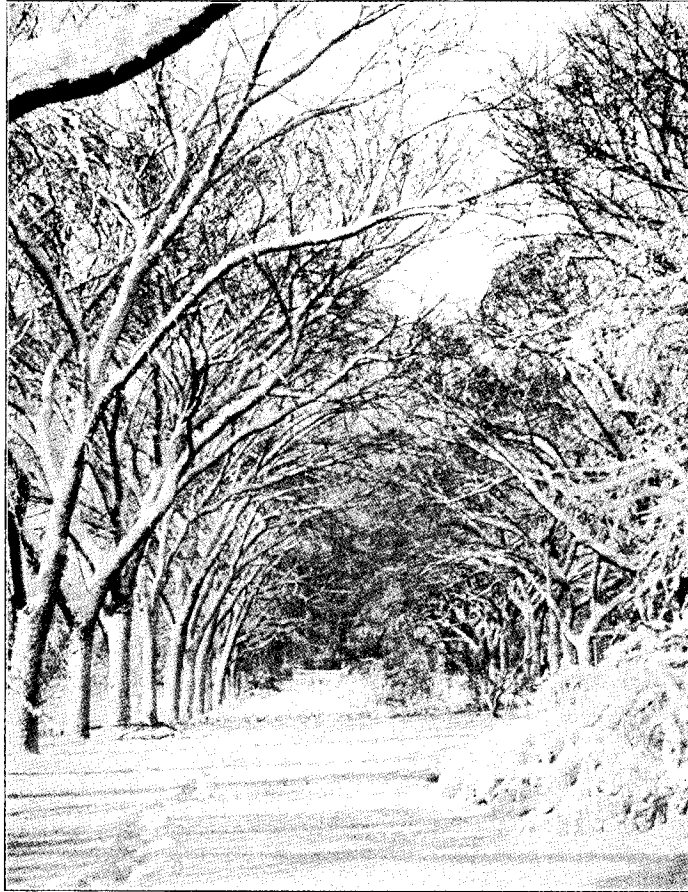
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Snow Gems

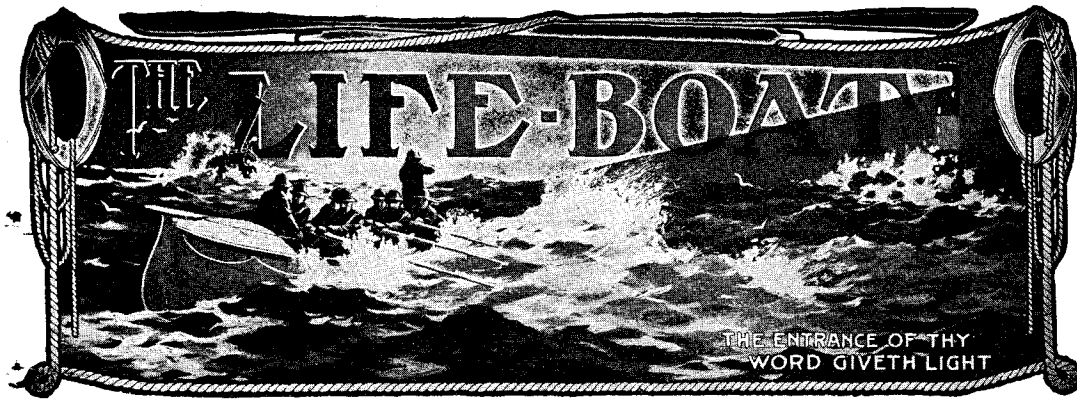
PEARL WAGGONER

Have you seen the fields Elysian, seeming like some
heavenly vision?
Do you know where sparkling diamonds lie unearthed,
exposed to view?
Have you seen where heaven's portals seemed to ope
and show to mortals
Glimpses of its mingled purity and light which glim-
mered through?
Have you seen this beauteous picture even when the
skies were gray?
Have you heard the thrilling message which, though
silent, it would say?

Come, oh, come then, gaze around you at the beauties
which surround you,
Come, oh, come where all of nature looks so dazlingly
aglow—
Where the gems of richest seeming in the sunlight
now are gleaming,
Hidden loosely in the whiteness of the drifts of
sparkling snow.
Weary not if at the first the gems should still remain
concealed,
For alone to eyes that love her Nature's treasures
are revealed.



Now as Solen's beams are fading, and we note the
deeper shading,
Creeping gently o'er the earth as swiftly falls the
wintry night,
See the snowflake's silvery lining, oh, so gloriously
shining,
As it dances with the moon-beams like some fairy,
winter's sprite!
Love you art? or love you poetry? You will find them
in the snow,
And, in finding them, Heav'ns gladness and its peace
you, too, may know.



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

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

Volume XII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: FEBRUARY, 1909

Number 2

“SHE SEEMED LIKE AN ANGEL TO US.”

S. R. FERGUSON.
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

When I was wounded in the army I was in the hospital where there were long rows of beds with one lone man nurse to look after the wounded. One day he said he was going up on the hill to a service and he did not want any of us to get out of our beds until he got back.

Shortly after he was gone the groanings of the men all ceased as they saw standing in the doorway a little girl with a basket of flowers. She said, “Please, sirs, may I come in?” They turned their faces and thought an angel had come at last. We all said, “Come in, come in.” We had not seen a face like that for years. She seemed like an angel to us.

She came in and smiled as she took from the basket a little flower and dropped it down by the side of a poor fellow who was a wounded confederate soldier. He could not stand that and began to cry like a baby. She went on to the next one and then another and then into the next ward, and before she finished those hard-hearted men began to weep like children, and they said, “Boys, look at her! Look what she is doing!” Before she reached the end there was not a dry eye among those hard-hearted soldiers.

Just as she came to the end there lay a boy with both arms gone. She came up to him and noticed his condition and saw him weeping. She sat down the basket and made a little wreath and laid it down on the pillow beside his face.

She noticed he did not look at her and she stooped down and kissed him. He said, “Jesus, are you here?—Mother!” And he passed away. That little girl brightened up the *last* moment of his life.

That little girl was the Chaplain’s daughter. We never saw her before, but she came to us with the power of the Spirit and I want to tell you that men went out from that ward converted and many of them became ministers. One became a Baptist minister, two Methodist ministers, and one a Presbyterian; I do not know what the other one was, but I know he became a preacher.

That illustrates how the holy influence of heaven can come down through a little weak instrument. We can have that same influence today if we get hold of that blessed power of the Holy Ghost. I know it, for I have tried it over and over again.

A Christian must have a vital connection with Christ Jesus. The vine has a heart and the branch has a heart, and there is a point where they come close together, and a little farther down they become absolutely one heart.

When this connection is made and this Spirit-life is flowing out of Christ to us it will bring spiritual restoration. (John 15.) Let God fill you with His power and you will do something better than anybody else on this earth can do it.

HEALTH IDEAS IN ALL AGES.*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Fads, styles, customs, theories and various notions change with each generation, but there are certain fundamental truths that remain the same in all ages and have always been more or less the common property of sensible and truth-loving people. It has been an interesting study for me to ascertain how many of our well-established health ideas today have been known, believed and practiced from the earliest dawn of history.

Adam's original bill of fare is found in Genesis 1:29. It meets the latest scientific word concerning the importance of a low proteid dietary.

The health truths contained in the books of Moses are really the tap root of all modern sanitation. In fact, medical knowledge made but slow progress for more than a thousand years after the time of Moses. In ancient Babylon the relatives of the patient were compelled by law to carry the invalid out into the streets and have the passers-by offer various suggestions for his cure. That must have been a very crude method of securing satisfactory results.

Hippocrates lived about 450 years before Christ, in that golden age of Greek life which produced the great mathematicians and sculptors, whose work has survived the wreckage of thirty centuries. He had charge of one of the temples of health, or sanitariums we would call them today, that were established in various parts of Greece. Fortunately a large share of this remarkable man's medical writings have been preserved.

DIETETIC SUGGESTIONS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

He wrote: "It is a matter of the greatest importance to man's health whether his com-

*From Health Lecture given at the Pontiac, Ill., Chautauqua.

mon bread is white or brown, whether it is ill or well baked."

We now know that the bran of the wheat contains seven times as much iron as the flour, thus emphasizing the importance of whole wheat preparations. Much of the bread that is eaten today is so doughy in the middle that it could be rolled into a ball which, if tossed against the floor, would rebound almost to the ceiling. Such bread should be cut in slices and re-toasted in the oven.

Hippocrates wrote: "It is very injurious to the health to eat more than the system needs when at the same time one uses no exercise to carry off the excess. He who thus overeats and takes little exercise will be drowsy in the daytime and his sleep will be disturbed by frightful dreams of battles." And in another place he wrote: "He who adopts an inactive state must live abstemiously, otherwise his body will soon be tortured with pain and oppressed with waste products."

In these days, when so large a proportion of our people are leading sedentary lives, when steam and electricity are doing the world's work, it is more important now than it was three thousand years ago not to overload the system. Many are today digging their graves with their knives and forks and actually believe they are losing their health from overwork, when the only place they really overwork is at their tables.

Overeating, and especially of flesh foods, is largely responsible for the enormous increase of deaths from Bright's disease, apoplexy and heart disorders among our clergymen, lawyers, bankers and other professional men who take but little vigorous physical exercise.

A SIMPLE VARIETY.

This old-time physician wrote: "A large variety of different foods should not be eaten at the same meal, as it will make a disturbance and create a flatulence of the bowels."

Pawlow, the great Russian investigator, has recently shown that there is a different kind of gastric juice made for each kind of food. This shows the importance of eating only a few things at a meal and gives us a reason why the doctors so often have twice as much business on their hands for a day or two after the people have had their annual picnic or Christmas feast.

Too large a variety of food places an undue task on the digestive organs. One is not likely to have the peace that passeth all understanding in his head and at the same time have a war that is beyond all description in his stomach. The little girl was on the right track who asked her mother before making a certain dietetic combination: "If I eat those foods together will they fight in my stomach?"

HEAVY SUPPERS.

Hippocrates wrote: "When one has missed his dinner he ought not to eat a plentiful supper to make up the loss, for it will lie heavy on his stomach, and he will have a more restless night after it."

DIET IN OLD AGE.

The price of living to a ripe old age is abstemious dietetic habits. On this point Hippocrates wrote: "Old people require only a small amount of nourishment. Too large a quantity would extinguish the little life force they have left."

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, at eighty years of age maintains his vigor and carries on the most exhausting labor on a daily dietary of toast, hot milk, vegetable soup, a roasted potato once a day, plain milk pudding, stewed fruit, and tea.

DIET FOR INVALIDS.

Too many are like the man who, when he discovered there was no cake in the cupboard, said: "Mother, you should never run out of cake. What would we do if someone should be taken sick in the night?" Nature takes away the appetite from the one who has an acute illness because all of his energies are at work in other directions. Much of what is eaten under these conditions turns to poison to further endanger the patient's life.

On this point Hippocrates wrote, nearly three thousand years ago: "When the body is filled with impurities and the blood is loaded with waste products, the more you nourish it the more you hurt it."

There is a common notion that milk is the best food for an invalid. But the most successful physicians discard it entirely in all fever cases and give instead fruit juices and simple gruels. On this point this ancient physician wrote: "Milk is harmful for those

who are feverish or afflicted with a headache;" and even for people in health modern investigators have shown that buttermilk, kumyss, thick milk, or fresh cottage cheese, are more easily digested than ordinary sweet milk.

On this point Dr. Biggar, John D. Rockefeller's physician, whose advice has almost rebuilt the standard oil chief physically, says: "Buttermilk and clabber are excellent for the body, and he is a wise man who makes these a part of his daily diet. The older a man grows the less meat he should eat."

WATER DRINKING.

The average mortal does not drink enough water. When his system becomes loaded with impurities he frequently goes to some mineral spring and pays for the opportunity to drink large quantities of brackish and foul-smelling water, and receives a certain amount of benefit; while in most instances if he had remained at home and drunk half as much good water from his own well he would have received *twice* as much benefit. On this point Hippocrates wrote: "Water drinkers generally have keen appetites."

VENTILATION.

Thousands of people are afraid of night air, forgetting that there is no other air to breathe at night, and it is better to have night air *pure* than foul. There are bedrooms of even well-to-do people whose windows have never been open since the house was last painted. On this subject Hippocrates wrote: "Bedrooms should be large and airy." Bedroom climate is probably responsible for more tuberculosis than any other one cause.

WALKING AS EXERCISE.

Hippocrates stated that of all exercises walking seemed to be the most natural to a man in good health; to which we would add the importance of keeping the chest well raised, practicing deep breathing, as this will increase the benefits to be received from a vigorous walk.

When one is at rest two-thirds of the blood of the body are in the internal organs. When one is taking a brisk walk two-thirds of the blood of the body is out in the muscles. This is a tremendously important fact to those who naturally suffer from internal congestion.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND.

This ancient observer wrote: "Terror, shame, joy and anger have a marked influence on the body."

Professor Canon of Harvard, when studying the movements of the stomach and intestines in cats by means of the X-ray, found that when the cat got into a bad state of mind the movements of the digestive organs ceased entirely. When the cat was petted until it began to purr then the movements of the stomach were resumed.

Pawlow found that when his dogs were ugly they did not produce any gastric juice. The same is unquestionably true of the human being. The early disciples ate their bread with gladness. (Acts 2:4-6.) Many of our later disciples have lost much by not doing the same.

Some of you can remember the time when you had a funeral in your home. A great sorrow overshadowed your mind. Someone said to you, "Shall we sit down and eat?" And you responded: "Don't mention food to me; I can't think of eating."

Then stop and think that all about us are thousands of people who go about every day with the *ghosts* of funerals in their brains. Is it any wonder that they are suffering with indigestion?

Such need to accept the Saviour's invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," (Matt. 11:28) And to know from a practical experience that *all* things work together for *good* to them that love the Lord. (Rom. 8:28.) Then they will be able not only to rejoice at mealtime, but to rejoice always.

The Christian who goes about glum, morose and despondent, is a poor representative of what the Lord has for him. A boy was asked if his mother was converted and he said, "Yes, she was converted seven years ago." When asked how he knew he said, "She became sorry then and she has been sorry ever since."

Are you that kind of a Christian? If you are begin to carry out literally the Bible instruction: "Eat ye that which is *good*, and let your soul *delight* itself in fatness." Isa. 55:2.

(Next month we will furnish another installment of ancient health ideas from the Persians, the Chinese and other nations of an-

tiquity. Meanwhile we would advise our readers to begin to practice, if they are not already doing so, the suggestions that are presented in this article.)

PREPARING FOR SOUL-WINNING WORK.

The following letter came to hand from a prisoner in Auburn, N. Y.:

"I appreciated your kindness very much, and also your placing my name on your LIFE BOAT list. I am sure I shall get a benefit and also a blessing from it, and will pass it to others; so the Lord only knows what good it may do. I believe He has called me for some work of His when I am released, and if it is His will I shall devote the remainder of my life in His service. I will do anything or go anywhere He may lead me. I believe that the Lord Jesus bore my sins in His body on the tree, that He was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, and as a little child I have cast myself at the feet of my dear Saviour and ask His forgiveness and blessing. I trust for His Spirit to clear the darkness and that He will lead me to walk in that narrow way which leads to life and happiness. If you will kindly send instructions for studying I will try to make myself competent for the work."

There are too many who say they have been made whole who yet demand to be carried around in the church go-cart.

THE MILLION MOVEMENT.

LUCY PAGE GASTON.
Supt. Anti-Cigarette League.



If one million join the One Million Club of the Anti-Cigarette League of the United States and Canada by July 4, 1909, with their help at least five million ought to be enlisted the next year, ten million the next, double the number the next, and so on till the entire population of these neighboring and closely united nations will be reached within the next decade. This is the

definite and far-reaching aim of the League, and all right-thinking people, old and young, are invited to enter its ranks and join in the interesting pursuit of club memberships.

Dr. Paulson, the editor of THE LIFE BOAT and president of the Anti-Cigarette League covering the two nations, has asked me to tell the readers of THE LIFE BOAT something of this inspiring movement, feeling sure that hundreds if not thousands of his readers will fall in line at once.

The object of the One Million Club (O. M. C. for short) is to stamp out the cigarette evil and to fight the use of tobacco in any form, especially by the young. Any non-tobacco using man, young man or boy, also all women, young women and girls in sympathy with the object of the club may become members upon application and the payment of one dime.

Each member is entitled to the Club A. C. L. button, a card properly numbered, and a single copy of the *Boy Magazine*, official organ of the Club (monthly fifty cents a year), in which the progress of the Million Movement will be fully reported. The small membership fee is easily paid by the individual and in the aggregate helps finance this tremendous undertaking.



A. C. L. Button
in Red, White,
Blue and Gold.

A Million Movement Monthly Meeting is recommended locally for reports to be given, etc. See *Boy Magazine*.

The neat post card which contains the application blank says:

"You, plus 999,999 other enemies of the cigarette = the One Million Club. Will you help to get the million by July 4, 1909?"

Anyone applying for membership will receive not only an application blank for himself, but ten others which it is hoped he will get signed and return with one dollar within ten days. This Ten-Ten plan will help steadily toward the million mark. As each tiny flake helps make the growing snowball, so each person who joins will help make the million.

A year's subscription to *Boy Magazine* is given free to each one who makes the returns

within ten days of the time he receives his "Ten-Ten outfit."

Among the many interesting letters commending this movement is the following from Judge Crane of New York City, which speaks for itself:

Le Roy B. Crane,
City Magistrate,
Board of City Magistrates of the City of
New York.

First Division, January 16, 1909.
Anti-Cigarette League of U. S. and Canada,
1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

Gentlemen: I enclose my One Million Club card signed and am delighted to know there is a movement of this kind on the way in behalf of the boys of this country.

Cigarettes are ruining our children, endangering their lives, dwarfing their intellects and making them criminals fast. The boys who use them seem to lose all sense of right, decency and righteousness. To have great men requires the most forcible means to check this pernicious and death-dealing habit. *Ask the mothers of the land to help you and they will respond.*

In my court ninety-five per cent of the boys brought before me charged with offenses from shooting craps to burglary are cigarette smokers, while those who do not smoke them seldom appear before me.

This morning three boys were brought before me for petit larceny, the eldest eighteen, the youngest sixteen—the stain of cigarettes on their fingers, and the mothers there trying to save their boys. I was compelled to send one to the reform school at the mother's request; the other two were placed on probation to give them another start.

I call cigarettes *Little White Devils*. The U. S. government should pass laws preventing its sale and manufacture within its borders. God speed you in the work, and I shall be glad to be of service.

Very respectfully,

LE ROY A. CRANE.

Seven States have outlawed the cigarette and great efforts are being made to carry the day in at least seven other States this year. The burning words of men like Judge Crane ought to awaken good people everywhere to their duty. Send in your membership today to League Headquarters, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

There were as many cigarettes smoked in the United States last year as there have been minutes since the days of Adam.

A CHRISTMAS EVE LONG TO BE REMEMBERED.

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

For two weeks the workers of the Life Boat Mission had been planning for the eve before Christmas, and on that night the rear of the Mission was stored with a good supply of bread and butter, bananas, oranges, nuts, cake, and a small quantity of candy that had been secured to make glad the men and women, boys and girls that should come. There were also many articles purchased by the converts and friends of the Mission to be distributed.

About six o'clock the men began to gather in from the street, and during the early part of the evening one of the men whom God had wonderfully wrought for while in prison in delivering him from the burden and power of sin, entertained them with his graphophone. All the pieces were choice selections of sacred songs, and were much appreciated by all.

At seven-thirty the meeting was called to order and we sang that beautiful song, "There shall be showers of blessing." Bro. H. O. Wills of Detroit, a redeemed drunkard, led in the opening prayer. It seemed like the door of heaven, as he prayed a prayer of praise and thanksgiving to the Father above for all His blessings and above all for the gift of Jesus.

After this the women brought out to everyone present a plate full of good things to eat. The brother continued the music on the graphophone until eight o'clock, when we were ready to go on with the meeting. The house was well filled, and after the singing of a few songs Brother Slifer, who was converted on Christmas eve in the Life Boat Mission several years ago, graphically recounted the blessings of his early life—the Christian home and training, education, wealth and influence; of his turning to the way that seemed right to him but which at the last brought him to the depth of sin, disgrace and poverty. He told of blasted hopes, of his becoming a physical wreck, bound with the chains of strong drink. In desperation he had taken the shoes off his feet, sold them for thirty cents and spent the money for rum, walking the streets with nothing but rags tied around his feet that week before Christmas ten years ago.

He told of how cold it was, and how the memories of childhood came up before him as he watched the people of the street carrying home some token of good cheer to a friend or loved one. He was going from one saloon to another trying to drown the memories of the past, when in some way (God knows how) his footsteps were turned and he went into the Life Boat Mission and heard there the testimonies of men who said they had been just what he was. Finally an invitation was given, but he did not yield.

That was a night of suffering, but the next night, Christmas eve, he was there again, and ere the Mission was closed he had found a ransom: God for Christ's sake had pardoned his sins and he was a free man.

That was a day long to be remembered, for it was to him in spirit and in truth a day of peace on earth and good will toward men from Him who so long ago was born in the manger at Bethlehem of Judea because there was no room for Him in the inn. He closed his remarks with an earnest invitation to those who had listened to his experience not to continue in the follies of this life and have no room for Jesus, but to open the door of their hearts and let Him in.

From the night this brother started in the Christian life the enemy had been on his trail, and severe has been the trial. In the struggle against the waves and the storm it often seemed he was lost. But we believe his feet are on the rock and his ways established. He united with the church and was ordained to the Gospel ministry. He has a good companion, and they have opened their home to the poor that were cast out, and God has wonderfully blessed them in their labor of love.

After this a number of the converts spoke of the wonder-working power of God in their lives, then an invitation was given to those who wished to give themselves to the Lord. A number of men responded. It was a good place to be, and several men got the victory.

Then all who had come in during the evening who had not received a lunch were invited to remain and were served. About two hundred men were provided with food that night. All said it was good to be there. Besides this there were many tokens of friend-

ship distributed bearing Christmas greetings and good wishes for the New Year. The Mission workers provided a Christmas card to all who were there.

The cost of this was nearly met by the friends and workers, and we were glad to do this. But there is more or less of similar work to be done every day. We cannot carry it all; we need your co-operation. Will not you who read this ask the Lord, "What wilt Thou have me to do for this work in Chicago?" We are of good courage, and there is not a day but we see evidence of the good done—lives influenced in the upward way.

CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

MRS. M. A. PULVER.
Stoddard, Wis.

Pity him, pity him, child of the slums,
Picture his life if you can:
Born to conditions he could not have known,
Helplessly into life's history thrown,
Reaping the harvest that others have sown,—
Pity him, child of the slums.

Picture a life without smiles, without love,
Childhood all darkness and gloom;
No patient mother with tender caress,
To gather and nestle him close to her breast
And with sweet lullabys hush him to rest,—
Pity him, child of the slums.

Think of a life without sunshine or flowers,
Companioned by hunger each day.
Think of the bountiful, life-giving air,
Hearts to make happy and cheeks to make fair,
Never has he been permitted to share.
Pity him, child of the slums.

Think what a life 'mid such vileness must be;
Picture him sleeping tonight;
No downy pillow supporting his head,
Only the filthiest rags for a bed,—
Weak, shrinking frame from the garbage barrel fed;
Pity him, child of the slums.

Oh, do not frown on him! How can he know
Virtue from vice 'mid an ocean of crime?
No hand is proffered to lead him aright,
No one would bid him a welcome tonight,
No one to care that his heart be washed white;
Pity him, child of the slums.

Yes, there is one that cares: Christ stoopeth low;
Down from the courts of bright glory He came,
He, the Good Shepherd, the lost to reclaim,
And, on Mount Calvary, bore all the blame,—
Died for the child of the slums.

THE CONVERSION OF A HOLD-UP MAN.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

In the January LIFE BOAT were related the interesting facts which had already been published in the *Chicago Tribune* concerning a man who came into the Life Boat Mission while on his way to do some misdeed. He

was converted, the next day went to the chief of detectives and confessed that he had committed a crime in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and an officer came and took him there.

Since this was published we learned from the chief of police in Cedar Rapids, where he was imprisoned, and wrote to the man, trying to encourage him in the good way. We received the following letter:

"I received your very welcome letter this morning. No, I have not started to backslide, dear friend, nor do I intend to start, as I know only too well what Jesus has done for me and what He will do if I do my best, as I know that is all He asks of me. You cannot understand what comfort He has given me since I have been here and how well He makes me pass the long, dreary hours.

"You asked me in your letter if there was anything you could do for me. Yes, there is, Mr. Paulson. I want you to pray for me, also Mr. McBride. I am still weak and prayers of good men I know will help me.

"I have a Bible Mr. Ward of the Sunshine Mission gave me and I am getting an awful lot of good out of it, so are also two other fellows who have fallen by the wayside, but now I hope are on the right path again; one of them is in here for theft, the other for burglary. I hope you will pray for us three, and I for one promise it will not be forgotten even after I get down to the penitentiary. My trial will come up about January 15, I think.

"My wife is now in the hospital for an operation. Both my wife and myself are entirely without money now, so you can imagine my situation."

We later received in reply to another letter the following:

"I received your kind and welcome letter this p. m., and was pleased to hear that you had written to Dr. Mantz in regard to my wife and myself, and want to thank you for all the trouble you are going to in my behalf. My wife's operation proved a success and she is getting along finely, which is an answer to my prayer to my present new Master. I received a letter from her nurse this morning with the good news. Of course she is still very weak, but with God's help I think they will be able to take her to her friend's home this week.

"I tell you, Mr. Paulson, it is awfully lonesome in here, hearing all the trouble of the other fellows who are in here, some on very serious charges. But I must tell you some good news, also: I have gotten two fellows to give themselves up in prayer; of course they have not come out quite open as yet, and confessed, but they will, I hope. So you see *Father* has put me to work already, and I like my new job very much. I hope He will continue to keep me in His service, and I know He will so long as I keep in His path."

We also received a letter from his wife, from which we quote the following:

"I believe, as many others do, that Mr. Crandall is truly converted and therefore I am going to do all I can to help him. In his youth he was never taught to consider worldly amusements as harmful, nor wine on the table, nor card parties, so you see that the important elements in home discipline were lacking; but he is converted now. I have prayed over the matter and I am going to do all I can for him. It would almost break my heart if they should send him to the penitentiary, yet Jesus will carry me through the darkest night and He has been such a comfort to me.

"Mr. Crandall has never been arrested before. Whisky is responsible for his wrongs. Pray for us."

In the next LIFE BOAT we will undoubtedly be able to report the outcome of his case. We hope that our readers will remember this family at the throne of grace.

It is a good illustration of the unusual means God sometimes takes to call those whose feet are straying in forbidden paths. The Gospel message for this time is to go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come in. (Luke 14:23.) We trust all of our readers are feeling that compelling message in their hearts.

After this LIFE BOAT went to press we received the following letter from the county attorney:

"Replying to your letter will say that Crandall entered a plea of guilty. . . . He was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in

the reformatory of Anamosa for an indeterminate period not to exceed ten years."

It appeared that Mr. Crandall had forged one note for seven dollars, another for nineteen dollars. We also received a letter from him from which we quote the following:

"Well, I have some good news for you. The judge, on account of my past good record, only sentenced me on one count. Before I went up before the court I put myself in Jesus' care and told Him to sentence me to what he thought was best, so you see who it was that took care of me during my trouble.

"Mr. McBride was here last evening to see me and I tell you he was a good sight for sore eyes. He certainly encouraged both my wife and I. Just as soon as my wife is able, she is going to look for work of some kind, but, of course, at present she is rather weak. I hope she will soon be a little stronger. I know it will be pretty hard for her at first as she will not be used to it, but she is going to keep up good courage and put her trust in God and wait for me.

"I will close knowing God will reward you for your many prayers for me and my wife.

W. B. CRANDALL.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

From the Reformatory at Ionia, Mich., a prisoner writes:

"Since coming here I have heard a good deal about different ones securing a friend; but I have one and that one is Christ. My prayer is that my life, my all shall ever be for the propagation of the Gospel to mankind. I remember my grandmother, who years ago in the Highlands of Scotland used to say, 'Laddie, dinna be afraid to tell them you're Scotch,' but I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, though I am behind prison bars, that Christ is my all. Some day He'll bring me home at last to His 'ain countrie.'

"Your paper is a God-sent blessing to such witless, worthless ones as myself. I received it and have sent it around so maybe some ship-wrecked brother seeing, may take heart again. Shakespeare said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity, which like the toad ugly and venomous, wears in his head a jeweled crown.' It has been sweet to me, for Christ is the jewel, the joy of my heart."

THE CONVERSION OF A MURDERER.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.
Hinsdale, Ill.

"I am so glad you came this morning. I have gotten a lot of good from the service."

These words came from an intelligent, well-dressed, nice-appearing, middle-aged man behind the bars in the Harrison street police station one Sunday morning recently. While conducting our regular service with the inmates this man was observed as being very much impressed, and the tears flowed freely down his cheeks.

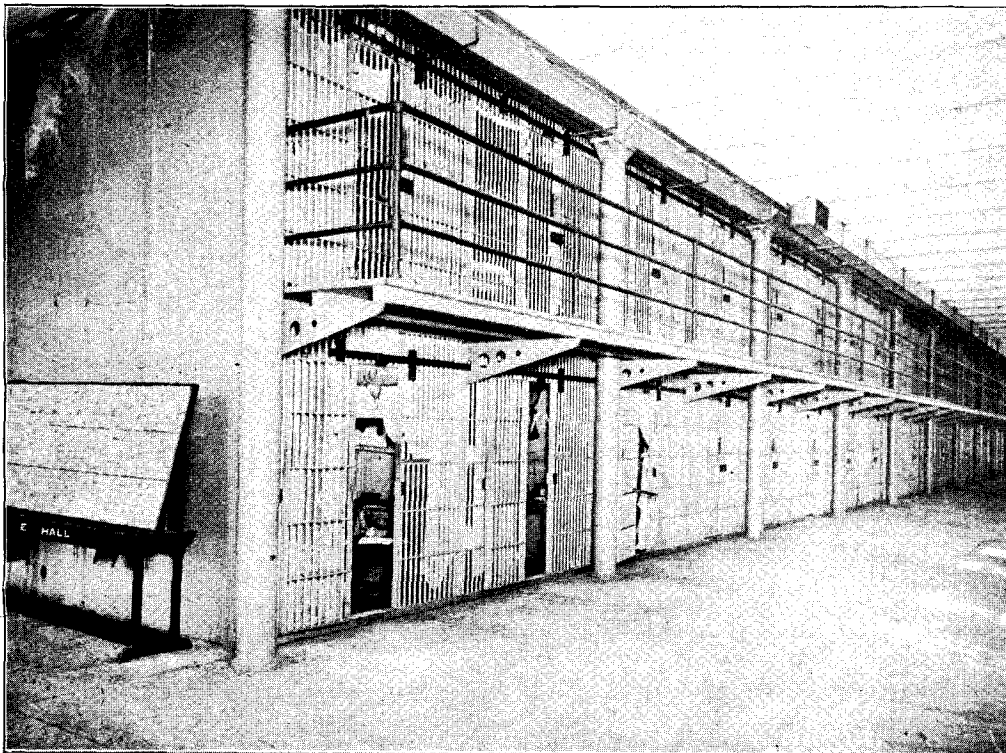
After the meeting I stepped up to his cell and asked if the service had helped him any. From his general appearance I thought he surely had been a Christian and possibly his feet had wandered from the right path and he had been overcome by some temptation.

I can hardly picture to you my astonishment,

in fact horror, to learn from his own lips that he had lived a sinful life for twenty-five years and that only a week ago he had *shot another human being*, who had died just the day before.

There he stood—a *murderer*. It struck terror to my heart. Satan said, "There, now, what have you got for a man like him? Your Gospel you have been talking about will not stand *this test*. It is all right for the ordinary sinner, but it can't reach this man. I've got *him*."

I thought at once of the thief on the cross, whose sin was so great that he had to forfeit his life, yet when he turned his eyes to Jesus and said, "Lord, remember me," our great, compassionate Saviour who hung there by his side replied, "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt be with me in Paradise." I said, "Brother, there *is hope for you*."



View of One Corridor of Cells in the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo. The May LIFE BOAT Will Be a Special Prisoners' Number. We Want to Supply it to the Prison Population of the Country. Two Dollars Will Supply One Hundred. Will You Interest Yourself in This Matter?

I then quoted some of the "whosoever wills" that certainly included him. He told me of the awful heartaches and anguish he had endured through that week and how he had prayed to God for salvation. We knelt together in prayer on opposite sides of the bars, and he earnestly prayed God to save him. As I rose to go he said, "I believe God is going to save me. I feel better than I have for twenty-five years. Keep praying for me."

After he was sent to the County jail I wrote him a letter enclosing a little Gospel of John. I received the following encouraging letter in reply:

"God has wonderfully saved me after many years of unrighteousness. I trust everything to Him now, and pray, 'Thy will, not mine, O God, be done.' And then comes such sweet comfort, peace and knowledge of forgiveness. You can scarcely realize how happy I am. What matter these prison bars to me now when I know I am free from sin?"

"This jail is a very wicked place and I pray God to bring conviction upon the inmates. Pray for their salvation. I am holding on to that blessed promise in John 3:16. It is indeed a precious thought, and on it I am building my mansion for the future.

"If you ever get discouraged or falter in your work, possibly from lack of evidence of results, just think that even the one lost sheep was of more concern to the Master than all those safe in the fold. You have no sure means of knowing *all* the results from your efforts in Harrison street prison and other places, but I am positive that you sow many seeds of truth there that take root and grow. Keep up the good work and God will abundantly bless you."

We know not what future awaits this man, but we do know that the Gospel is something that the world cannot take away from anyone. We are glad that the Gospel of Christ *can save to the uttermost* all who come to the Father by Him. It has stood the test of the ages.

If you have never proved this come to Christ as you are, even if you have to come with your hands stained with another's blood, as this poor brother did, and get washed and cleansed. *He is able.*

MISSIONARY WORK IN BUSINESS AND HOME LIFE.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

[We often meet people who wish to sell out their business and go to work for the Lord. In many cases this may be just the thing to do, but we sometimes wonder why there are not more people who are learning the secret of serving the Lord *in* their business as Mr. and Mrs. Abrams are doing.—Ed.]

When my husband was converted and began to keep the Sabbath he quit his job because he could not be a Christian and continue in the work he was doing. That left him without means of support, but the God that says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," was with us, and He never tells a person to serve Him and then leaves them to starve.

The Lord through His servant David says he has never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread (Ps. 37:25). And we are so glad that we know this is true. We sought the Lord earnestly to know what He would have us to do, for we wanted to do that which would give us the most time to work for souls.

My husband was impressed to start in the nut business. We had a small amount of money, which he invested in nuts. We prepared them and he took them out and sold them, and God has blessed us abundantly above that we could ask or think. Our business has grown and we are now able to employ help.

We have made our Christian experience a part of our business and God has given us souls for our hire. We have certainly proved the promise that says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

As the Lord sends customers to us we talk with them and help them in different ways. We give them tracts and papers, and our home is more like a mission than an ordinary home, for we are having prayer meetings all the while. Just today one of our neighbors, a prominent business man, brought four of his friends in to see us, to have us talk to them about their souls, which we did. He was one of our customers whom Mr. Abrams had been talking to about his soul, so he became interested in the work we were doing.

One day a young man come to him on the

street and asked him if he could tell him where he could get some work, and he brought him to us to see if we could help him out. We took him in and prayed with him and for him and gave him work. He seems like a nice young man and is anxious to get an education. We are waiting and praying for the way to open for him to go to school.

If there are any reading this article who feel that they would like to help this young man get an education to fit himself for usefulness in the service of God, please read the invitation to the supper, found in Luke 14:16-23.

In the last great day many will say, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But the door will be shut and their knock will be in vain. We should feel deeply these things, for they are true. Time is short and there is a great work to be done, and I for one want to do better service this year than ever before. Our minister gives Bible studies here at our house on Saturday nights.

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

THE STORY OF HOW THE NEW RESCUE HOME WAS BUILT.

[Believing that many of our readers will be interested in learning somewhat in detail the inside story of the building up of the new Rescue Home, we abstract the following from a personal letter written by one of the workers to a friend. This experience will encourage others to undertake such enterprises as God wants established for humanity.]

For some years unfortunate girls in every part of the country have learned from the reading of THE LIFE BOAT magazine that here in Hinsdale is an open door to those who need help. Some have been referred to us by pastors and doctors.

Only recently a physician sent a girl to us thirteen years old who will soon become a mother. About a hundred girls have passed through the little rented Home in West Hinsdale and about sixty-five babies were born

there. I am glad to say that ninety per cent of these today are well established and a goodly number have become converted, and some are now successful Christian workers.

About two years ago it became evident that there ought to be better facilities, and appeals began to be made for money with which to construct a new building. By last spring a fund of twelve hundred dollars had been raised. It was about this time, while Dr. Paulson was visiting the Home, that he saw three beds in a small, stuffy bedroom, and everything else crowded in the same proportion; and he came to the conclusion that just as surely as God was sending these poor children to us just so surely He would help us to get a better building. He felt that the present facilities were not a credit to the great God that we were serving. A piece of ground was purchased for a thousand dollars and a contract was let for a seven thousand dollar building, with the promise that the bills should be met every thirty days as they became due. It required some faith, but we believed that God would help us make good.

The story of how the Lord sent the necessary money is extremely interesting. A sanitarium patient who had just returned home sent a hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards a Chicago banker, who had been a patient, when he went away said that as he had not had to give any tips to the boys in the bathroom he felt something was coming to this work, so he sat down and wrote out a check for a hundred dollars.

One of our workers had been given a piece of property which was supposed to be worth a thousand dollars. He promised to the Lord that if He would help him sell it he would invest it all in the Rescue Home. To his great joy someone paid a little over twenty-four hundred dollars cash for it.

Shortly after that Dr. Paulson had occasion to visit the Battle Creek Sanitarium and present the Rescue Home proposition to the patients. At the close two railroad contractors who were brothers gave a hundred dollars. Others gave liberally. He then personally interviewed physicians, heads of departments, and some of the workers. Before he returned the next day he had received over a thousand dollars.



Recent View of the New Life Boat Rescue Home, all Ready for its Occupants. This Building Will Accommodate Nearly Fifty Girls.

A little later a sick lady near St. Louis who had heard Dr. Paulson speak at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and who gave twenty-five dollars at that time, wrote him to come over and see her as she was ill. It seemed impossible for him to get away, but he received another letter from her, saying if he would come she would give a hundred dollars to the Rescue Home; so he went. When he left she wrote him a check for two hundred dollars.

From a number of different sources, many of them wholly unexpected, money began to come in. The widows and orphans, the aged and the invalids, have had a share in making up this fund. One poor woman actually deprived herself of the necessities of life to send money to the Home, and when she could give no more herself she painfully made her way to her poor neighbors, telling them of the work, and in that way gathered together a few more dimes to send.

Another poor soul, confined in an asylum for the insane, has repeatedly gotten up a subscription for the Home and sent it to us with the names of the givers. Many others all over the country have given of their want, and with it has come the special blessing of the Lord.

Early in the fall a meeting was held at the Hinsdale Sanitarium and the patients and workers were told in detail of some of the things that God had already done financially for the Home and an opportunity was given them to assist. The first one to subscribe a hundred dollars was a blind doctor, who was one of the patients. To make a long story short nearly nine hundred dollars was raised in a few minutes.

One day Mr. Farmiloe, a pastor from Downers Grove, Ill., called on a couple of his church members who were patients at the Sanitarium. He asked Dr. Paulson concerning the finances of the new Rescue Home; he was told that something like seven thousand dollars had been raised, but we should still need several thousand more. He then suggested that we invite Dr. Gunsaulus to come and give a talk in the interest of rescue work to the citizens of Hinsdale in the auditorium of the club house and that at the close make

an appeal to them to assist, and promised his co-operation.

Dr. Gunsaulus, who is head of the Armour Institute and an extremely busy man, was so much interested in this work that he agreed to come out and do it for nothing. Mr. Farmiloe then volunteered to go with Dr. Paulson to see some of the citizens before the meeting and ask them to subscribe in advance.

Leading business men, who are widely known, expressed their great appreciation of this work and promised their assistance. The following letter from Mr. Ferguson, the president of the Chicago Lyceum Bureau, is representative:

"I am handing you herewith my check for \$100.00, subscription to the Rescue Home for Girls, for the benefit of which you are to have an address by Dr. Gunsaulus this evening and a general rounding up of funds.

"I can say to you that I most heartily sympathize with you in your work, and wish to endorse your enthusiastic and untiring zeal in behalf of these various charities. It is a great relief in these days of such strenuousness and commercial selfishness to find a community such as yours addressing itself so eagerly and enthusiastically to the needs of humanity and the Master's service.

"I should like to be with you tonight and hear Dr. Gunsaulus' address, but the press of business matters and health of my family will not permit. With best wishes, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"CHAS. W. FERGUSON."

Eight hundred and fifty dollars was subscribed before the meeting. Dr. Gunsaulus gave a most helpful and inspiring address on rescue work. He told how while some of the disciples were reaching out for thrones and others were reaching out for swords, their Master was reaching out and took a towel to *serve*, and how from that time until now the towel had been harder for most people to lift than a sword or the throne.

At the close of this address Dr. Paulson made a brief statement of the situation and told the people what God had already done for this labor of love. Then Mr. Farmiloe asked all those who would give a hundred dollars to stand up. The first man to rise was a stranger who had recently moved to Hinsdale. When that meeting closed about

seventeen hundred dollars had been received from this little village.

This new Home will accommodate fifty girls without overcrowding, and contains all modern conveniences. Among other things will be introduced industries to make the work self-supporting. The girls who are able to work will make quilts and other things which can be sold in Chicago. Some who come will be able to pay either in part or in full their expense.

FROM SICKNESS TO SOUL WINNING.

J. J. JEFFREYS.

My father, who was a Baptist minister, died when I was only ten years old. At the age of thirteen I joined the church, but, like many others, I looked to the deacons and leading members of the church for an example which I did not find, so became a backslider.

In 1899 I was converted in the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, and it was then my desire to become a minister. I wanted to go

to the Moody Institute. I did not have the money to go to school, but God had another plan. I asked God to teach me, and I now see how He has done so in a most wonderful way. I took up railroad work. My life as a railroad man taught me many lessons.

I often wanted to leave the road and go to work among my fellow men, and in January, 1907, I thought I saw an opening, so I quit railroading. Just as I was getting nicely into the work I was taken sick. After three weeks' sickness I was taken to the hospital, and after a week's stay the doctors told my wife that I would have to have an operation. But praise the Lord, they never performed that operation. I left the hospital, asking God to lead me to the right place. I knew of three experts in New York City that I thought could cure me without an operation.

I went to a fireman on one of the roads running into New York, told him my condition, and he said he would see about getting me a pass. So I started for New York by way of Chicago. I was all night getting to Chicago. Oh, such a night! I was in such



Winter Scene Showing Group of Cottages on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.

misery I could not sit still, stand still or lie down, but just kept changing from one position to another.

I wanted to rest, so went to the Life Boat Mission, which is not far from the station. There I found a kind old lady, Sister Jones, who made me as comfortable as possible and told me about the Hinsdale Sanitarium and gave me a little booklet describing the place. When train time came she hated to see me start on that long trip, but I told her God was leading me, and if the way was not opened for me to go I would come back.

The superintendent was out of the city, and I could not get a pass that day; so I went back to the mission, and someone told me about another sanitarium. I went there, not having the money to pay for treatment, but I said the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen would pay my expenses. The doctor said he had been bit several times, and could not run the risk. He advised me to go to the Cook County Hospital.

But I went out to Hinsdale instead. I reached there late at night and found every room full, but one of the nurses made me a bed in the bathroom, and during the night made me as comfortable as possible. Think, dear reader, for two weeks I had not been able to sleep; I had been given sleeping drugs, which had no effect on me. I was on the verge of nervous prostration.

When Dr. Paulson examined me he told me it would be impossible to take me in, because all the rooms were occupied. I told him I would gladly put up with a bed in the bathroom; I believed God had led me there, and I wished to stay, and I offered a silent prayer that God would prepare the way, and He did.

One week from the day I went to Hinsdale I left cured, and have been enjoying good health since. The morning I arrived in Chicago I had gotten a shave in the barber shop in the Polk street depot; the day I left Hinsdale I went back to the depot for another shave and the barbers could hardly realize I was the same man, there was such an improvement; they wanted to know what had been done to me, and I explained the treatment.

I found Dr. Paulson not only interested in good health physically but also spiritually, and found him interested in railroad men and very anxious to help them. He said he would be

glad to devote some space in THE LIFE BOAT each month to the interest of railroad men, and I should be glad to see this magazine in the hands of every railroad man and sailor. Ah, how much they need salvation!

When a man is facing death every day he needs the help of God, not the help of the whisky bottle, to give him strength. It is absolutely necessary to be prepared for death at all times. Last spring I had a friend killed suddenly. He knew that he ought to be better and give his heart to God, but he kept putting it off. Reader, if you have not accepted Christ as your Saviour do so at once. When I heard my friend was killed I told my wife I was done with railroading.

Now I am selling religious books and preaching to people in their own homes, and it is a wonderful work. Yesterday I gave a Bible reading in a home. The mother, a good Christian woman, stood with tears running down her face, listening, then prayed, ah, such a prayer!

Much good can be done in the world. Each one of us has a work to do. Whatever talent we have let us use it to God's glory. Let us be found faithful when the Lord comes.

A LIFE OF SERVICE.

ALLEN MOON.
South Bend, Ind.

The Christian life is one of service. The Author of Christianity said: "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Also at the time of the last Pass-over supper the Saviour said, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

It is evident that the Son of God Himself, in order to save fallen man, was willing to render the most menial service, that he might reach some of the sons of Adam. So I understand that His children in this world will follow His example. It is true that He had power, by His word, to raise the dead, to heal the sick, to cleanse the lepers, and to relieve suffering of every kind. We may not possess all this power, but we may make use of all the power we do possess for the relief of mankind.

There is no reason whatever for our spend-

ing our time and endangering our lives and health over the sick, except to follow the example of the Master in rendering service. Willingness to sacrifice self in order to relieve suffering humanity is the spirit of the Master.

AN ENCOURAGING RESPONSE TO LAST MONTH'S ARTICLE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

In the January number of this magazine the story is told of how a poor mother with seven little ones were made glad on receiving a basket full of good things to eat on Thanksgiving day. It said, "The father earned about a dollar a week selling rugs from house to house and practically drank up all the money he earned. * * * 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 Miss Crichton, who has been a good Samaritan to this needy family, took a Thanksgiving dinner to them the woman, with tears in her eyes said, "Thank you. If it had not been for you we would not have had any Thanksgiving dinner at all."

After this article had been read by a woman in a neighboring State she wrote us the following:

"When God pardoned my sins I had a longing in my heart to win souls to Him. Soon after that there was a little struggle going on in my heart and the Lord laid His hand on my rings and an Easter Star brooch I was wearing and asked me if I were willing to take them off to win souls to Him. I said, 'Yes, Lord.' And you know, something took place. Heaven began in my soul.

"Many times I have asked God to lead me in disposing of those rings for His glory. I told the Lord to call for them when He needed them, but He did not answer until yesterday. While reading in the January LIFE BOAT the article about the Thanksgiving dinner I began weeping, and I knew the Lord was talking to me. The Lord kept saying, 'Send a dollar,' and the burden was so heavy I did not ask any more questions, but said, 'Yes, Lord, I'll send a dollar,' and then before I knew it I was saying, 'Yes, Lord, I'll sell that jewelry, too.'

"I enclose one dollar for the family referred

to in the Thanksgiving article, if they are still in need, and as soon as the Lord opens the way for me to dispose of my jewelry it will *also* go into your work."

This dollar was taken to this needy mother and the above letter read to her. With tears she said: "I do not want to spend this for anything unnecessary." Then she asked Miss Crichton, who had brought it to her, to go to a near-by grocery and purchase some corn meal and other substantial foods for herself and children. This was done, and other things are being done for her comfort.

It was Job who said: "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy * * * and the cause which I knew not I searched out." Job 29:13, 16.

It would be well if more Christians formed themselves into a search committee to look after the cause of the poor and needy in their neighborhood. Try it, and the blessing that Job speaks of will be yours.

A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND AN EVENING.

MRS. H. W. ODELL,
324 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Whenever we have an off evening our steps turn gladly to the Life Boat Mission at 471 State street. Upon our last visit we were more than pleased by a testimony given by a man who, in his own words, was "five nights old."

He told what led up to this conversion as follows: "I was in the penitentiary when a little magazine called THE LIFE BOAT was passed to me through the bars, telling me of peace and joy for even such as I. I determined that just as soon as I got out of there I would find the place where that magazine came from, and so I did; and now I have just what that little book said there was for me,—peace and joy in Christ."

Another testimony which impressed me much was that of one who said: "We hear a great deal about Lazarus, who had been dead four days, being raised from the dead. But I was dead for over forty years, and He raised me."

The Bible study by the superintendent, Brother Van Dorn, before the meeting proper,

The Sincere Prayer of the Soul

E. B. VAN DORN

The Prayer

- 1—**Be Thou My Helper.**
Ps. 30:10. Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be Thou my helper.
- 2—**I Am in Trouble.**
Ps. 31:9. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble; mine eye is consumed with grief.
- 3—**Wash and Cleanse Me.**
Ps. 51:2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
- 4—**Keep the Door of My Lips.**
Ps. 141:3. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.
- 5—**What Must I Do to Be Saved?**
Acts. 16:30. And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?
- 6—**Where May I Find Him?**
Job 23:3. Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat!
- 7—**I Am Vile. What shall I Answer?**
Job 40:4. Behold I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.
- 8—**Create in Me.**
Ps. 51:10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
- 9—**I Am Weary.**
Ps. 6:6. I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
- 10—**Leave Me Not.**
Ps. 27:9. Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger; Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
- 11—**Come, Lord Jesus!**
Rev. 22:20. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

The Answer

- 1—Isa. 41:13. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.
- 2—Ps. 32:7. Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
- 3—Matt. 8:2, 3. And behold, there came a leper and worshiped Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.
- 4—Ex. 4:12. Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.
- 5—Acts. 15:31. And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.
- 6—Jer. 29:13. And ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.
- 7—Isa. 1:18. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.
- 8—Eze. 36:26. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh.
- 9—Ps. 55:22. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
- 10—Heb. 13:5. He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 11—Rev. 22:20. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen.

The Life Boat Mission is located at 471 State street, one-half block south of Polk street. Open every night of the year. When in Chicago you are earnestly invited to spend an evening at the mission.

was a fitting introduction to the presentation of the Gospel, showing the steps which lead to all sin, and then its remedy.

FINDING THE BREAD WHICH WAS CAST UPON THE WATERS.

We hope there will be many who will do what Mrs. C. E. Halliday of California is doing: supply some State prison with a club of LIFE BOATS. She spends all her time selling THE LIFE BOAT and other Gospel papers. With the proceeds from her sales she sends in enough to support one needy girl in the new Rescue Home, besides furnishing two hundred and fifty LIFE BOATS to the California State prison each month and fifty to the Michigan State reformatory.

To show the appreciation of the prisoners for THE LIFE BOAT and their gratitude on receiving a regular supply each month, we publish herewith a letter from the president of the prison Christian Endeavor Society of the Michigan Reformatory written to Mrs. Halliday:

"It is with pleasure that I write you a few lines to express our heartfelt thanks to you for the great gift that you have sent to us poor sinful men who have broken the laws of our God as well as the laws of men. I could not frame words with my pen to tell you of the great love you have won from the thirty-five members of our League by sending us THE LIFE BOAT. We will in return send you one of our League photos and also a small token that you may remember us by.

"It is not much, but it is sent by us who are trying with all our might to serve the same God that you do, and our earnest prayer for you is that God's richest blessings may be with you now and forever."

The following letter, also addressed to Mrs. Halliday, is from the former president of the prison Christian Endeavor Society. It was through THE LIFE BOAT that this prisoner first found the Lord. He has had an influence for good in the prison and many of the prisoners have been led to accept Christ. He writes:

"I received your letter and about one hundred or more LIFE BOATS. The boys are so glad to get them. Our president told them

that a lady in California would let us have fifty LIFE BOATS every month. This donation means a great deal for us here and is greatly appreciated. They all say: 'It is a good little book. We love to read the many helpful testimonies; when will we get another?' We tell them that we must look to our sister in California for our next supply.

"We pray for you. May our dear Lord bless your noble effort and keep you from sickness and true to Him in every way. I spoke of you to the officers of the society and they voted to send you a resolution of thanks.

"I have heard some very good and earnest testimonies from the boys here. One brother says: 'Hereafter I am going to lead a real Christian life.' Another says: 'When a man does business with the devil he will always get the worst of it. I am going to leave the devil alone—I have done business with him long enough and he got me every time; now I am going to do business with Christ.' And another man says: 'I have served the devil faithfully thirty years; I am now going to serve Christ.'

"Another says: 'Every night I get down by my iron bunk and have a private talk with my heavenly Father;' and still another says: 'I have traveled all over the country, have never stayed long at any one place—was always on the go; but I am now going to settle down and lead a Christian life.' Yet another says: 'The best move ever made in my life was when I moved my worldly rubbish over to the Lord's side and said, 'Here I am, take me.'

"Some of the boys write home and I have read some of the letters which they have received from friends. One mother says in her letter: 'My dear boy Harry, you do not know how happy I was when I read your splendid letter—the best one ever received from my boy. When you were with mother you always left home early so you could spend your time doing things you should not do. Now you have accepted Christ, what joy and happiness that brings to me! I used to go to church alone; now we can attend the house of God together. I would just love to have my dear boy with me again.' This brother was released on parole and I heard from him soon after. He was elected vice-president in one of the largest churches in his town.

"THE LIFE BOATS will be given to those who



Executed by Hand in Colors by the Michigan State Reformatory Christian Endeavor Band for Mrs. Halliday, of California, in Appreciation of Her Generous Donation of Fifty LIFE BOATS Each Month.

will appreciate your kindness and from reading its pages become strong in the faith.

"I am happy, very happy in the Lord and am gaining in mental powers, for which I am very thankful to my God. I walk and talk with Him daily; He is everything to me. I could not do without His protection and guidance. Please remember us all in your daily devotions; we do you. True religion is something that makes every day seem bright and beautiful, every life precious and valuable, every duty great and important, every privilege blessed and sweet. True religion is the only kind worth professing."

"Grow fond of something or somebody; that is after all the secret of enjoying life. Otherwise life becomes a burden, dressing and washing in the morning and undressing at night. One gets so tired of it."

SHALL WE TOLERATE SUCH AN INSTITUTION LONGER?

REV. N. KINGSBURY,
Santa Ana, California.

Pardon me, reader, if I make use of the personal pronoun "I." I cannot tell my story as I want to tell it unless I do so. My father taught me when a wee tot the awful nature of drink, and the awful curse that came upon the drunkard and his family. Thank God, as he taught all these things I came to hate the ill used element called alcohol.

Therefore early in life I came to watch out, to make note of how things went, to observe for myself the effect of drink upon the drinker, of the woe its use entailed upon the family of the drinker also.

For the sake of the lesson I would teach I want to relate some of the incidents that have passed under my eye and come to my knowledge as the years have passed by.

When a boy seventeen or eighteen years of age, while serving as clerk in a dry goods store in one of our larger cities, one cold, bitter winter night a poor boy of about ten years came rushing into my presence. I was alone in the store; the boy looked about as if in search of the proprietor, and, not seeing him, rushed up to me and cried out: "Oh, sir! won't you please give me a dime? I must have a dime; we are all so cold and hungry!"

The tone of voice in which these words were uttered were pitiful indeed, while the dark eyes



Rev. Kingsbury in the Orange Grove in the Land of Sunshine and Flowers.

had a wild, scared look in them that seemed to tell a story of some awful hidden woe. I asked the poor boy some questions and gave him a dime; then he darted out of the door as if he had been shot from a cannon's mouth and away he flew down the street.

The next morning on the street corner a block below a policeman found in an old barrel the body of a poor waif of a boy—dead—dead—"frozen to death," they said. Yes, but whisky did it.

A search for the boy's home revealed the

fact that down on one of the worst streets of the city in a miserable, dark, dungeon-like den, lived a man and wife and some wee children—the father and mother drunk. When pay day came (for the man earned good money when he worked) instead of going to the grocer's they went to the drunkard-maker's den and man and wife would get gloriously drunk. The money was soon gone, then the boy was driven into the bitter cold—ragged, almost shoeless, weak and hungry and wan—driven out to beg money. The money that he brought home went into the till of the drunkard maker, and the boy must beg until enough money was in hand to satisfy those brutal parents' thirst for liquor.

So that night with only a dime the boy dared not go back to the miserable home—for that meant curses and an awful beating—so what could the poor waif do? Where could he go? "No place like home!" That home was a horror—no, not there!

A drunken, desperate father had with awful oaths sworn to kill him if he came back without plenty of money. Where should he go, ragged, cold, hungry, friendless, alone? There is the barrel! That at least will hide from a drunken father's wrath and a drunken mother's curses.

The winter's cold is there and no fire, and no warm bed-clothing, no loving mother with good night kiss and prayer for her boy! Well, the cold got in its work and in the morning there was left only the body of the drunkard's child.

The coroner's verdict? Why, I don't know about that; of one thing I am sure, it did not tell the truth, for the truth is: "Whisky did it." I never knew a coroner's inquest to bring in such a verdict as that, did you? Whisky did it, that's all.

Down on another street not far away one Christmas morning two children—a boy of perhaps ten and a girl of twelve—sallied forth from a little dungeon-like cellar, with clothing thin, tattered and torn, feet bare. Into the two or three inches of snow that covered the ground, on a search went this boy and girl in quest of fuel; by and by they returned with a few bits of sticks and tiny pieces of coal and they plunged down into the cellar.

Now in five minutes let us look upon the picture down there. What a scene! A woman

and sick suffering children! As to rags and scanty clothing all were in the same boat. Here are two or three old broken china dishes, an old cot or two made up of rags, an old rickety table, a few broken and cracked dishes, foodless, an old rusty broken stove, and standing beside it is the mother. Huddled about her are five children, while on top of the stove lies the form of a babe six months or so of age.

The mother had made just a bit of fire in the old stove from the bits the boy and girl had gathered and was trying to keep her babe from freezing to death. Why such a scene as this? What is the cause of all this dismal scene of woe? The face of the mother tells the story of a broken heart; each childish figure speaks most pathetically of want and suffering. Where is the cause? Ah, look! Yonder in that dark corner on the floor of the cellar room lies the form of a man. "Drunk," you say. Yes, drunk. The man's the cause? No, whisky did it.

(Continued next month.)

[Mr. Kingsbury will be pleased to correspond with prisoners in any part of the country and any others who desire Christian advice.—Ed.]

GETS OUT IN THE YARD ONLY TWICE A YEAR.

The following letter, written to Mrs. D. K. Abrams, is from a prisoner in one of the State penitentiaries:

"I was very glad to hear from you and to know that I was not forgotten. The book which you sent was the best present I ever received; it is such beautiful reading, and so easy to understand. Surely the author has been with Jesus, for she shows the Bible so clearly that one has only to read and then believe and God does the rest. I never understood before so thoroughly the meaning of God's love. We have only to look to nature all around us. God is everywhere and ready to help us through all the dark places.

"I am so thankful that God came into my life after all else had failed. He has been with me through these years of imprisonment and will keep me to the end. The Bible is full of promises for all, and especially for me, for whenever I am in doubt I have to search

the Scriptures, and there I find peace. God has answered my prayer in a great many ways.

"The warden granted us the privilege of the yard on Christmas. It is quite a privilege to us to be allowed to go out in the yard twice a year after being locked up for so long.

"Write to me as often as you can, for your letters help me so much. Pray for me, that I may be of good service to the Master. May God bless and reward you for your kindness to me."

AN ENCOURAGING EFFORT IN SELF-SUPPORTING EDUCATIONAL WORK.

J. O. JOHNSTON,
Eufola, N. C.

For a number of years past the neglected condition of so many bright young North Carolina boys and girls has been appealing to us for some plan whereby we might help them that we finally decided that we would start an industrial school where at least some of them might come and by their own labor work their way up to an education.

Our entire capital with which to begin this work was less than one thousand dollars, but we decided to make a beginning and trust God to open the way before us. A friend to our plans gave us ten acres of unimproved land, and upon this we built a home of ten rooms and a school building capable of seating about seventy-five students. Though we did the work ourselves we did not have enough means to wholly finish the buildings, yet we moved into the home and opened up the school, trusting that the Lord would provide for our daily bread.

Then came several years of hard struggling. Very few of our students were able to pay us any cash, and we had no income except that which came from the labor of our hands, sometimes the way looked so dark that we were tempted to give it up. We could have closed the school and accepted a salary from the conference, but then would arise before us a vision of our dear students who would be wholly deprived of school privileges if we should do this, so we determined to hold on to the plow and succeed.

Many times when our family numbered as

many as twelve we would not be able to buy more than a twenty-five pound sack of flour at a time and we would not know where the next was coming from.

One time we came to the place where the barrel was entirely empty and we did not know where the next meal was coming from. I told our students that God had provided us with breakfast, and He would not forget us for dinner. At ten o'clock that day a stranger came and gave me seventy dollars for an old mill which we had on hand, though he said he had no intention of buying when he came.

In order to provide some means by which to earn our living we bought thirteen acres more land, and also some machinery to equip a small repair shop and manufacturing plant. This threw us into some debt, but there seemed no other way. We could not run an industrial school without at least some facilities with which to work. We have today an investment of about four thousand dollars, with a debt of six hundred. So, while we have seen close times all along the way, yet the Lord has prospered us, and the work is growing.

Our building will seat when full about one hundred. It is 24x36 feet, well painted outside and inside, but we will be obliged to put on a new roof very soon, as the old one is giving out. It will cost sixty dollars to re-cover it.

Our buildings are very humble—mere sheds—but it is in these shops that we make the running of our school possible. Were it not for this resource we could not live at all, as it is about our only income. Our hope is to add to this plant and increase its efficiency until it will finally support the school.

Our young people have sold some LIFE BOATS, but the place is too small to enable them to accomplish much. Statesville has a population of five thousand, but it is seven miles away. We sometimes set apart a day and go there with papers.

Times seem to be hard for our neighbors this winter. We are now giving free tuition to a number of children, and some have to be provided with books and clothes. Several are now out of school because the parents are unable to provide suitable clothing. We are making an effort to secure clothing for them.

One brother with eight little children was sold out last week by the sheriff because he could not pay his debts, and we must give these

children their tuition and help to clothe them, or see them suffer. Another large family is almost in the same condition. Both these families are the poor of this world, rich in faith, and we cannot see them suffer.

The May number of this magazine will be the Tenth Annual Special Prisoners' number. Will you help us put it in the hands of every prisoner in this country?

"COVET EARNESTLY THE BEST GIFTS."

PAULINE HANSON.

When we read or hear the word "covet" we generally seem to think of it as meaning "miserly" or "wrongly wishing for something," which is *one* meaning of the word. But we also find it defined, "to wish for with eagerness," "to desire possession of"—most beautifully illustrated in the passage—"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

Of course He wants us to acquire "the best gifts," to have our thoughts dwell on high things, and not to sink to the common or useless, in which state it is pitiful to see content; to wish for accomplishments for the betterment of others, and to strive for the best of all things that enter into our lives which can be honorably, conscientiously and righteously obtained.

"The best things!" How we have sometimes longed for certain of "the best things" which we had in mind to use for some good purpose, but which seemed unflinchingly beyond our reach. Reader, do not let the word "covet" keep you from grasping again, but rather urge you on, so long as it is done in a Christ-like spirit, toward reaching "the best things," or, with your eyes on high, attaining some longed for goal.

How pitiful is the fact that so many are satisfied with shallow, unprofitable reading, environments which do not tend to elevate, cheapened characters and an excessive love for the filthy lucre; to whom education is not necessary, to whom "self" is all important, whose eyes are blind as to anything gained at the end of a day, whose ears are deaf to opportunity to glean something the coming day, whose minds are not troubled with self-improvement, to whom life with its problems of gain in the

right directions or ethical progress does not mean much, who are not impressed with the inspiration of any special vocation or life work, who let the sway of the world sway them and do not themselves influence the world for better, who do not think of using their own talents for the uplifting of some one else, who may not cheer some weary one by reading to them or whiling away a lonely or sorrowful hour with a song, a strain of music or a cheery chat, who do not covet and attain some particular art in which he or she can excel, who do not care for the songs of the birds or the voice of the brook, upon whom the stars do not seem to look down in friendliness, to whom the seasons have no message, who do not see the priceless crystals in the pure water nor know its slaking power, who do not feel at home in the woodland nor enjoy the freedom of the plain, who do not welcome the bracing winds as well as the comforting sunlight, who are unacquainted with the things that lift our souls beyond earthly desires and who are not aware that the very *best* things are not bought with money.

After we have attained or obtained our gifts, shall we keep them all in our own storehouse, unused, or shall we contribute from our supply unto others? He, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, would want us to use the best material toward the upbuilding of ourselves, and, not for ourselves alone, but for Himself and to be shared with His own.

Reach out for "the best things," for they may be yours; but, above all, reach heavenward for the "priceless Gift," and *cease not* in your struggle till the "peace that passeth all understanding" tells you that you have found Him.

"DONE WITH CRIME."

The following lines are from a letter written by a prisoner in the Indiana State penitentiary to a prison worker:

"I have found out by very careful examination that man does not like to look his sins in the face,—especially the element of men who are always acting and thinking wrong. They regard anyone who mentions religion more than once as a fanatic, hypocrite or religious crank, and every act, every word, is watched and weighed, and they begin to sort out the bad and judge you according to

that, and you know there is no such thing as a perfect mortal. This class of men are as a rule the poorest of earth's productions, nothing more or less than empty shells, tiny souled, empty headed and hollow hearted; you can do or say nothing in their presence.

"Yes, I am done with crime—no more of it for me. I can never forget mother; oh, may God bless her! I can never forget those days of early childhood, and it is because of my memory of her that I desire to become a better man. I want you to believe in me; you must help me to cling to that which is better. Your encouragement has done much for me."

Most of our readers are taking advantage of our special 1909 offer: Five Life Boats to one address for \$1.50. They use The Life Boats to hand out to their friends and neighbors. Take advantage of this offer. You will find it a good investment.

CHEERED BY A FRIENDLY MESSAGE.

The following lines are from a letter written by a woman prisoner in Lansing, Kansas:

"I have ten long years to stay in here. I hope you can send me some LIFE BOATS to read. A kind sister has sent me some and I was more than glad to get them. I found in thoroughly reading THE LIFE BOAT that I have a Friend and that Friend is Jesus, who can do more for me than anybody else can. Remember me in your prayers.

"Everyone here but me got boxes from friends, until Thanksgiving day this same sister sent *me* a box of nice candy. I was so glad to get it I could not sit still in my cell. I am alone in the world; I can not find any of my people anywhere."

Character is what you are; reputation is what people think you are.

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.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

ANOTHER PRISONERS' NUMBER.

For about ten years we have issued annual special prisoners' numbers of *THE LIFE BOAT*, and furnished them to the prison population of this country. God has in a special manner blessed this effort. He has impressed the hearts of men and women everywhere to assist in making it possible.

We shall issue another Special Prisoners' Number in May. We will ask our readers everywhere to talk it up to their friends, interest the children in it and send in their donations, much or little, as the case may be. It is the thousands of willing hands each contributing their mite that makes a great effort like this possible.

Two dollars will send a hundred copies of this special *LIFE BOAT* to your State prison. Get your friends together and persuade them to help you to make up this sum. Others will do the same and perhaps more. If you can not do so much, send something, even if it is no more than a postage stamp.

WHO WILL FURNISH A HUNDRED LIFE BOATS FOR FORT SAM HOUSTON?

We have felt for some time that the Lord wanted *THE LIFE BOAT* to reach the army and navy, but thus far the way has not quite opened up. Just before going to press, however, we have received the following letter from Pastor W. H. Granger, written from San Antonio, Texas. He is well known to many of our readers as the author of a series of Bible lessons for the family, which have had such an enormous sale. He writes:

"I have a fine opening here for Gospel work among the U. S. soldiers at Fort Sam Houston. There are several thousand men here, and among them are some fine Christian boys. The Methodists have a nice chapel here that has been dedicated to the evangelization of these men. The church has connected with it a nice new parsonage and every-

thing for work, but they were without a pastor. As soon as they found that I was here they urged me to take up this work and move into the parsonage. After considering the matter I decided to accept the offer, and shall do the best that my health will permit. The work is undenominational, and supported by contributions from the citizens and friends of the work. It certainly affords a very interesting field for missionary work, and I hope for health to do the work justice.

"In considering the most effective ways of working among these men I have been wondering if *THE LIFE BOAT* would not be about the most effective publication that could be placed in their hands; it seems to me it would be just the thing. While it will be rather expensive literature to work with, as most of it will have to be distributed gratis, yet when distributed in their quarters one paper can be made to do for several men, so that with a few hundred copies properly scattered among them a good work can be done. Let me know what the cost per hundred will be, also send me a few sample copies to show to the friends of the work here.

Your brother in Christ,
W. H. GRANGER.

1020 Mason St., San Antonio, Texas.

Brother Granger is an earnest missionary and should have these papers. We will furnish them to him for two dollars. Who will assist?

ROBBED AND WOUNDED ON A LONE COUNTRY ROAD.

A traveler had been held up, robbed and cruelly wounded and he lay by the side of the road. Possibly the man was careless. Perhaps he ought to have known better than to have gone alone down that dangerous road.

Presently a priest came by but he was so absorbed in his duties up at the temple that he did not even take time to look at him. He evidently felt that he had larger business on his hands.

A little later one of the priest's assistants, a Levite, came along. He did take time to look at the poor sufferer and then he passed by. The next man who came along was one

of the despised Samaritans who probably knew little or nothing about theology, but there was one thing that he possessed which neither the priest nor Levite had and that was *compassion* in his heart for the poor man who lay by the side of the road.

Loving compassion is something that God has to pour into the life. You cannot manufacture it but when you have it it is not necessary to advertise the fact for others to know it. If you feel kindly toward even a dog he will wag his tail and almost smile at you. There is some unknown language by which people are made to understand when you feel kindly toward them. Love makes us all near of kin.

This Samaritan had probably never had any instruction in "First aid to the injured." He had never taken a course in bandaging. He might have excused himself by saying that he had had no experience, but he bound up the unfortunate man's wounds. The job was probably done so crudely that it would have made some of our trained nurses smile if they could have seen it, but he mixed *compassion* with his dressings and that is more than some nurses, no matter how highly trained, know how to do.

He could not put in a "call" for an ambulance, but he did the next best thing and that was to put the man on his own beast. Hospitals and sanitariums had hardly been thought of in those days, but he took the man to the ordinary wayside inn and instead of excusing himself because of his lack of training he watched over him and took care of him personally during the long hours of the night.

Two thousand years have rolled away since then and with our improved facilities we can do much better today. On the other hand, we might do a great deal worse. For when a man has compassion in his heart he is never out of place in the sick room no matter how little training he has. Many a hospital patient dreads the visits of the merely professional nurse or doctor, but he always welcomes the approach of the man who has loving compassion in his heart. It makes such a man a desirable companion to princes. Such a person is like the lily alike welcomed by those who own silver, gold and diamonds as by the out-cast beggar sitting alone on the curb stone.

Before leaving the next morning he de-

posited on the injured stranger's account the equivalent of two days' salary with instructions that the man was to be taken care of and if more was required he would be personally responsible for its payment. He took the whole risk. He might have said to the host, "Now, I have done some good missionary work for this man, it is time for you to do something." But he believed that whatsoever his hand found to do he should do with his might. The injured man might have been a grafter and said to himself, "My, this is a great chance! I will just stay here and board a week or two and let this man settle for it."

If he knew anything about the Bible he had probably read in Prov. 19:17 the words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he (God) pay him again." If the good Samaritan never had read it you can read it. That verse is worth more to you than having money in the bank.

If you depend on the poor man whom you are helping to pay you back you may miss it, but if you are depending on the Lord to pay you back you are just as certain to get it back as the world stands. If that is not true the Bible has got to be revised. You may say, "I did that once and the Lord never paid me back." Are you sure? You see the Lord does not always pay you back in the coin you expect. If your neighbor owes you two dollars and should pay it in potatoes instead of silver, what is the difference?

If I cannot depend on this verse just as absolutely as I am certain that water freezes at thirty-two degrees and boils at two hundred and twelve, then I am up in the air with reference to anything the Lord has promised. I cannot believe He forgives my sins. Yes, the Lord will pay you back. He will not only pay you back, but he will throw the interest in for good measure.

After Christ had told about the good Samaritan he said to the man with whom he was talking, and He also said it to me and also to you who are reading these words, "Go, and do thou *likewise*." Luke 10:37.

As far as I know there was not another human being spoken of between the covers of the Bible of whom the Lord tells us to go and do just as he did. We are admonished to follow Christ, but of the good Samaritan

Christ said, and that word has come ringing down the ages to us, "Go, and do thou likewise." Are *you* a good Samaritan in your neighborhood? If not, why not?

BE A CLEARING HOUSE FOR THE ILLS
OF HUMANITY.

For every man who is in need of help there is someone who needs the blessing that will come from helping him. It is good missionary work to be the instrument in the hands of God of bringing these two classes together, the one who needs help and the one who needs to help. The following incident illustrates just this kind of missionary opportunity. An ex-convict from a distant city wrote us as follows:

"I know that you take an interest in men that have been in prison, so I appeal to you. I am an ex-convict with two ex's. Have been out one year. I was saved in prison, and since that time have been honest and upright. My only desire is to live right.

"Old companions have found me and temptations are on every hand. I have not used tobacco or liquor since my last release. It seems to me that the very demons of hell are trying to drag me down again. So I appeal to you. I must get away from here or it seems that I must go down. I am alone in the world, no relatives nor friends to stand by me.

"Pray for me, that I will not yield, and write as soon as you get this letter. The trial is hard, the battle for right is raging. I do not know how long I can hold up under the onslaught. Oh, do not fail to write to one fighting his *last* fight to keep right."

We replied immediately, calling his attention to God's promise to the tempted, found in 1 Cor. 10:13, and other texts that assure us of God's power to keep. We also wrote to two Christian friends in the same city, asking them to take an interest in this man. In a few days we received a letter from one of these friends stating that he believed Providence was in my writing to him and that he would do everything he could for the ex-prisoner. A few days later we received this letter from the man who was in need of help:

"Thanks for your great kindness. Your letter was a wonderful help. Mr. — called to see me. God bless you and him for your encouragement and for your friendship. It means much to me to know that I have a few friends that will stand by me. Dear friend — assured me that he would stand by me and help me to get a good position.

"The temptations are great and the devil assailed me upon all sides and tried to discourage me by bringing my past life to bear upon me continually, but, thank God, I passed through it and am standing true."

It only cost us several postage stamps and as many brief letters, yet eternity alone will reveal what it may have meant to this discouraged man who was almost ready to fall by the wayside. May God help us continually to be quick to recognize these simple ways in which we may be good Samaritans to those who need our help.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE LIFE BOAT.

We trust that many who read this letter will be led to accept our special offer of five LIFE BOATS to one address for an entire year for a dollar and a half, so they may have them to hand out to their friends just as they would tracts:

"Some few years ago my father saw THE LIFE BOAT advertised in some paper; so, thinking it might be a nice paper to read, he subscribed to it for one year.

"I started reading it and since that time we have always taken it and would not like to be without it. It is a paper which we quite look forward to receiving and always read with interest.

"After we have finished reading it we mail it to some of our friends, whom we hope find as great pleasure in reading it as we ourselves.

"Owing to the interest I have in the paper I have endeavored from time to time to procure a few subscriptions for the same from some of my friends.

"I believe it is a paper which is doing a great work among those who have fallen low in sin and misery, and may God help on this great work, that it may be for the furtherance of His kingdom here on this earth."

THE WHOLE FAMILY NOW CONVERTED.

Mrs. Roach was wonderfully converted from a life of sin and drunkenness in the Life Boat Mission seven years ago, and is living an honest, upright life today. Her younger daughter has been living with friends in Ohio, and has recently become converted. Mrs. Roach is now praising God for the answer to her prayers in behalf of her children, both of whom are now living for Christ. This daughter writes her mother and sister the following:

"It is a week tonight since I have consecrated my life to God, and I am not fully satisfied; I know He is going to do more. And, mamma, will you please send me that Bible of mine? There is a little girl here who has started to live a Christian life and would like a Bible.

"Satan is always tempting me, but please pray for me, and pray for the boys and girls here, that they may be saved. I think the Lord wants me to be one of His servants, and I know He is going to help me. I have started to read the Bible.

"You told me to speak a good word for Jesus every time I have a chance, and I do, mamma. The verse that has always been on my mind is: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' A week ago Sunday night I asked and God gave to me; I sought, and I found; I opened my heart, and He came into my heart. I praise His name for it. These revival meetings we are having now have done me a great deal of good. Pray without ceasing for those that are seeking and those that have accepted Christ."

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.

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

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

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Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

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EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.

One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

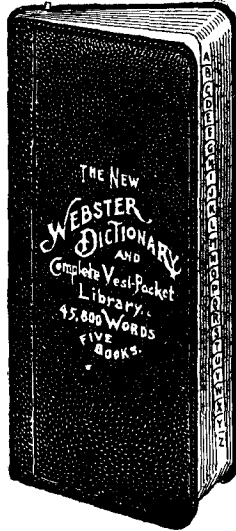
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We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can recommend to our subscribers. THE LIFE BOAT has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information concerning circulation, etc., given on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

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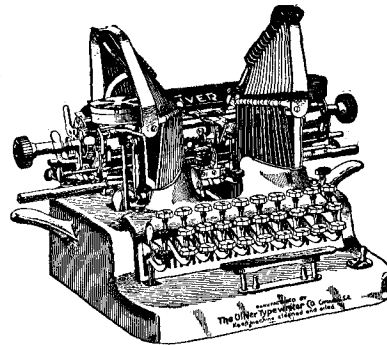
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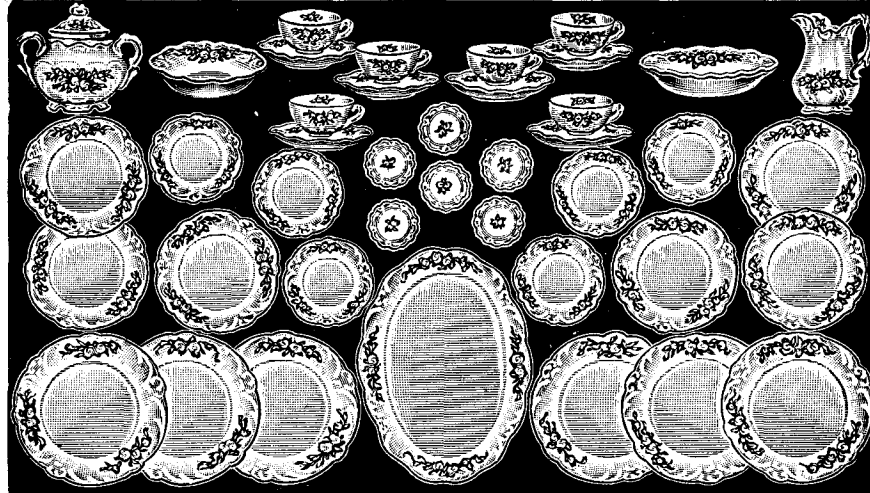
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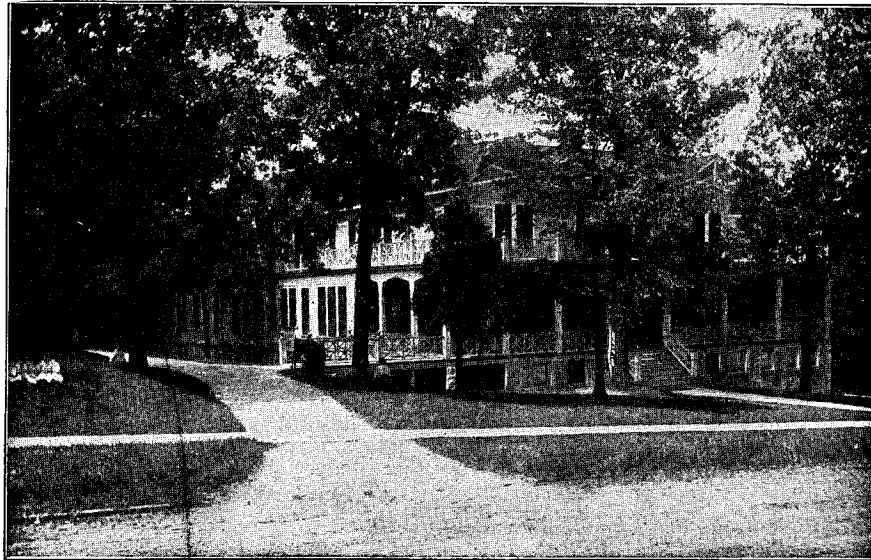
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