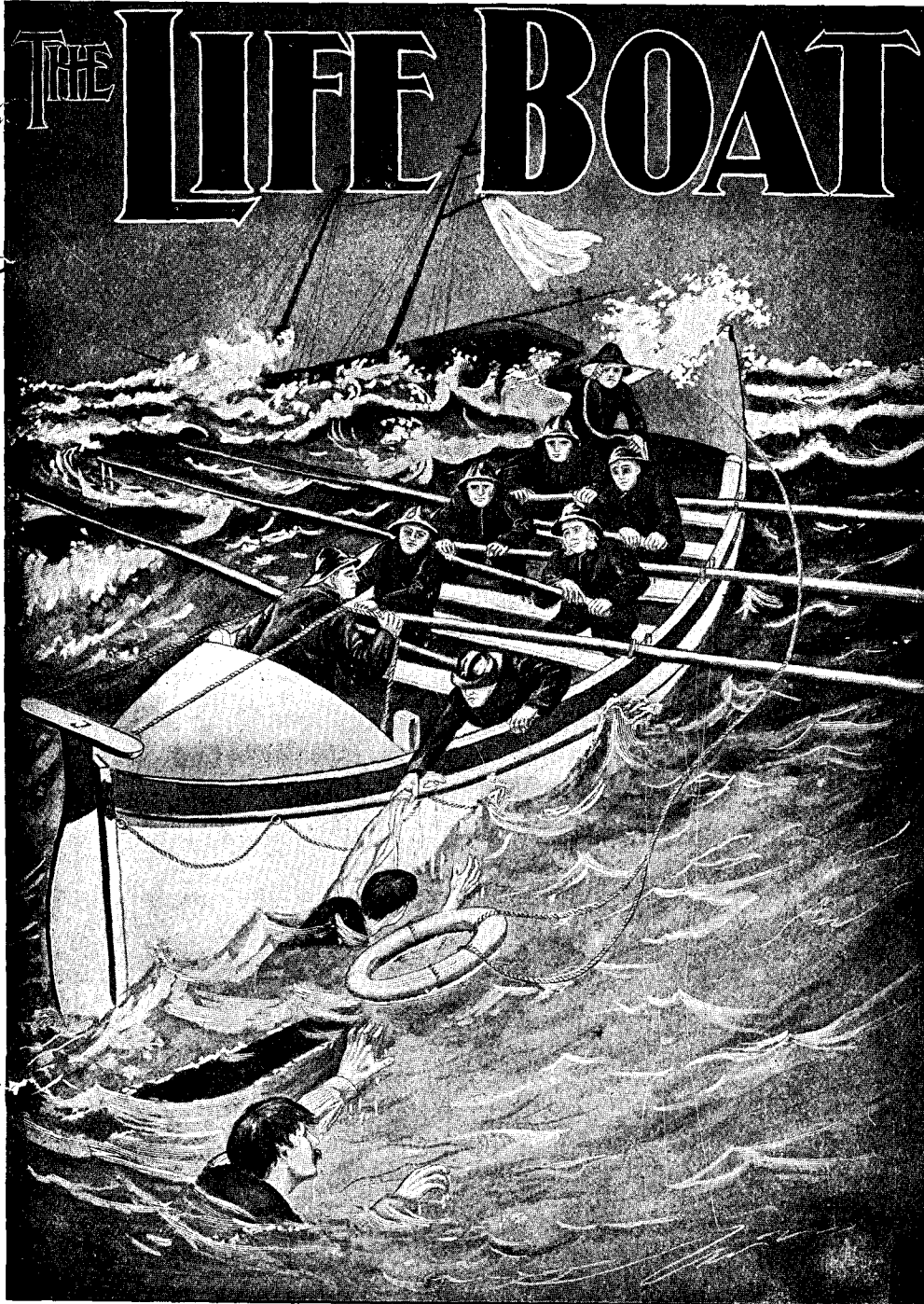


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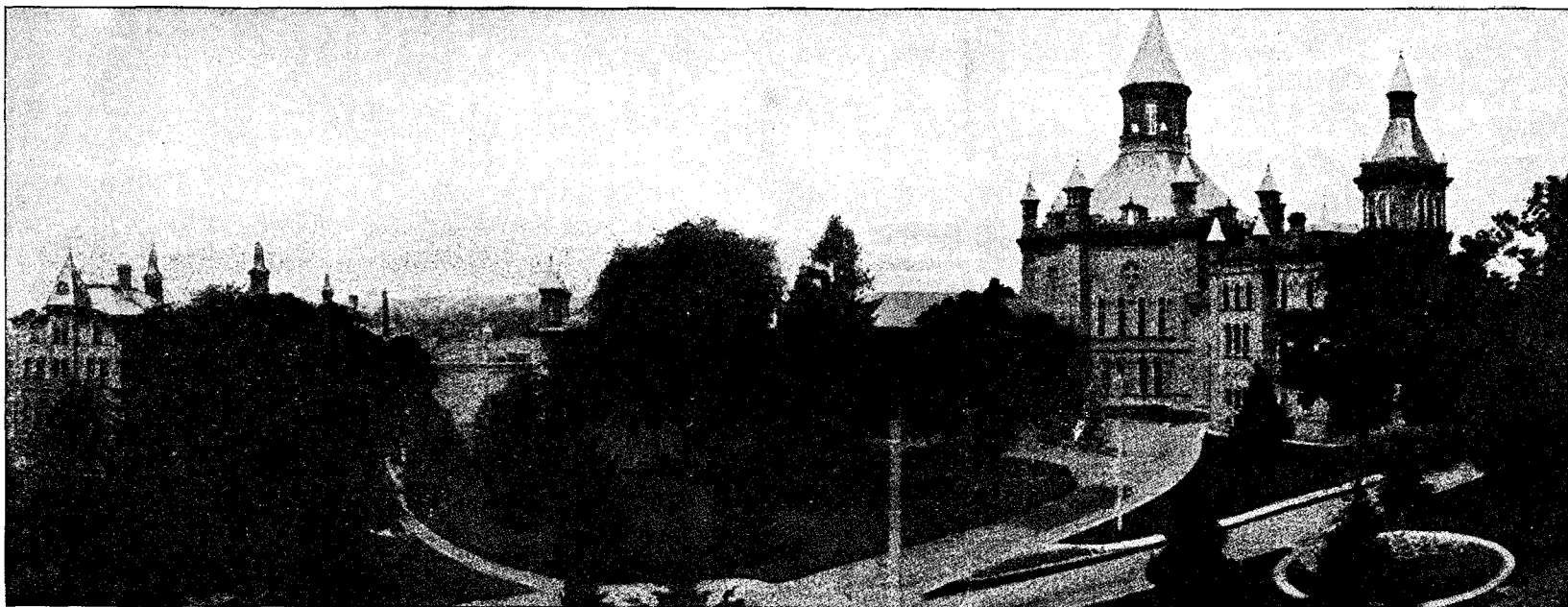
The May Life Boat Will Be Our Tenth Annual Prison Number

**Volume Twelve
Number Three**

Chinsdale, Ill.

March, 1909

The Career of a Street Waif—McBride



VIEW OF STATE REFORMATORY AT IONIA, MICH.

The May LIFE BOAT will be our Tenth Annual Prisoners' Number. The generosity of our readers has made it possible for us each year to place it in the hands of practically the entire population of our state prisons. Will you who read these lines assist us in doing so again this year? D. L. Moody said that the prisons of America were the best missionary field in the world. Two dollars will send one hundred to your state prison.



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

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Volume XII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MARCH, 1909

Number 3

EACH LONGING SATISFIED.

PEARL WAGGONER.

("He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107:9.)

I longed for peace and quiet,
Confusion reigned without:
I would not be entangled
In all the strife and doubt.
But now there's nothing moves me
Nor makes my soul afraid:
I prove God keeps in perfect peace
That mind upon Him stayed.

I longed for light, for guidance,—
I saw not where to go;
'Mid many paths around me
The right I longed to know.
His Word my Lord then gave me
As lamp from day to day:
Upon my path a light it sheds
And keeps me in the way.

I longed for love unchanging,—
A true friend close at hand
Who both in joy and trial
Could feel and understand.
A voice then heard I, saying:
"I'm with thee all the days;
I love thee, yea, with lasting love,
And know and plan thy ways."

I longed for strength to make me
Victorious in the strife,
To meet the trying moments
With which each day is rife.
Then said again my Saviour:
"Fear not, beloved," "be strong;"
And with the words the strength He gave
To conquer fear and wrong.

I longed, my heart was longing,
But Christ its longing stilled;
Its emptiness has filled.
He from His full abundance
And yet He still continues
New blessings to bestow:
He makes my heart with gratitude
And joy to overflow.

THE CAREER OF A STREET WAIF.

R. H. MCBRIDE,

428 Garfield Blvd, Chicago.

[The following true story was told by Mr. McBride during a talk he gave recently to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family. It represents so clearly the possibilities that are wrapped up in a dirty little street waif who is just like the hundreds of boys we see at every turn in our large cities, that we publish it here for the benefit of our readers. Who can say that it does not pay to love even the loveless?—Ed.]

In an Indiana town sat a judge and his wife at an elegantly spread breakfast table. She was reading the morning paper, and suddenly she said, "John, read this: 'A carload of New York waifs for adoption!'" She said, "I want one of those boys."

I can imagine how that judge hemmed and hawed and perhaps pushed away from the table. They had never had a child, and Mrs. Green was extremely anxious to take one of those waifs, and would not give the judge any peace until he promised he would go down and look the boys over and bring one home.

She watched him go down the sidewalk. He was unconsciously scratching his head wondering how he could satisfy his wife and still not take one of those dirty rag-a-muffins. Suddenly he said to himself, "I know what I'll do: I will find the ugliest, meanest,

mate the character of the American woman by these girls.

Possibly some of us do not pity the girl who of her own volition throws her life away in this manner, but what about the innocent girl who is turned from her mother's home, ignorant of what traps may be set before her? She goes out into the world thinking that she is going to earn a living for herself in an honest, respectable way, that perhaps she is going to have an opportunity to get better wages than she may be then earning, or possibly she thinks that her betrayer is a devoted lover of hers, and innocently gives her heart to him. These girls find themselves shut behind doors which they cannot open.

It would seem that every citizen of this free country of ours ought to be aroused to the very depths to at least use their influence against such a terrible traffic. The men who are dealing with this thing are free to admit that they do not know how this great evil can be subdued. They say that they must have better marriage laws, that they must educate the people, that they must educate the boy and girl. It seems to us that this is all good, yet it cannot strike at the root of the evil. Every Christian man or woman who reads these lines knows that the cause of all this is sin in the human heart and only God can change that.

Yet at the same time we feel that a word of warning should be sent to the parents and guardians of girls so that they will look out for those girls entrusted in their care. What sort of company are you allowing her to go out walking with alone? Where is she working, and where is she finding employment? What sort of a place is she boarding at? What principles have you taught her that will help her to look out for this thing? These are questions which every parent should be answering for themselves.

The difficulty with many people is that they are unwilling to believe that anything of this kind is going on. They think it can't be possible. But there have been plenty of statements made by men in high official positions in this country recently which have demonstrated beyond a doubt that we know what we are talking about along this line and that the terrible evils of this traffic have not been exaggerated.

WHY SOME GIRLS GO ASTRAY.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Some time ago some one wrote me for my opinion as to the different causes of the downfall of women, to which I answered as follows:

First, in the third chapter of 2 Timothy we are told that in the last days evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.

Second, innocent, trusting girls fall in love with unprincipled men, young men whose mothers have not taught them that it is just as necessary for them to be pure as it is for the girls they expect to marry.

Third, I think it is a very unfortunate thing for a girl to have a mother who is a prude, too timid to talk about the organs of her body and their different uses.

Fourth, so many mothers fail to win the confidence of their daughters. I think mothers should tell their daughters everything, not leave it to strangers to do, who perhaps might convey the wrong impression altogether.

I have now been in the rescue work five years, slum work in Chicago two years, and matron of our Suburban Home here in Hinsdale almost three years, and I cannot recall more than one case who deliberately planned to do wrong and went into it knowing the result. Very seldom is the first step planned by the girl.

FOUR SERMONS THAT WERE NOT TIRESOME.

[Twenty years ago Dr. Grenfell was assistant to Dr. Treves, who is now physician to King Edward. He chanced to pass by D. L. Moody's evangelistic tent which was pitched in the slums of East London. He then and there became convinced that his present religious life was a humbug and he determined to make the life of faith a real and practical thing.

Shortly after this he learned that there were a thousand miles of fishing coast of Labrador with its thousands of deep sea fishermen without a single physician. Its great need appealed to him, so he went to that bleak, cold and barren coast to commend the Gospel of Christ as a medical man.

He has since then built hospitals up and down the coast, established co-operative stores, founded a co-operative mill so as to furnish work in winter time when there was no fishing, imported a herd of reindeer so

as to furnish milk in a country where there are no cows, established an orphanage, looked after the medical, spiritual, and one might also say the social and financial wants of these people.

Although he flung his life away on this barren coast his faith has been rewarded, for he is today perhaps the most highly respected physician on earth. King Edward of England has bestowed special honors upon him; whenever he visits this country crowds flock to hear the simple story from the lips of this modern apostle.

icy night Grenfell saved his life by killing three of his faithful dogs, skinning them, and making a coat of their skins. The next morning he cut off the legs of his dead dogs, tied them together thus making a flag pole, and taking off his shirt—the only portion of his original garments that he had left—he used it as a flag on the top of this improvised pole. By the sheerest Providence this signal of distress was seen by some fishermen and the half-dead man was rescued.

Just recently we again had the privilege of meeting this brave missionary here in Chicago



Dr. Winfred Grenfell.

Last summer we told the story in this magazine of his miraculous escape from death last Easter morning when he started out with his dog team to see a patient. In crossing a bay the ice gave way, they were plunged into the icy water, he succeeded in cutting the dogs away from the sled, and all of them climbed onto a small cake of ice. Then they drifted out to sea. During that long, cold

and listening to an inspiring address, a portion of which we are glad to present to our readers.—Ed.]

In 1889 I went out to the deep sea fishermen to give my life for them instead of giving my life as a surgeon in London where I was not needed. I decided that my life should

be given not only to doctoring the body but to the healing of men's souls.

When I arrived I came among a group of fishermen on the shore. We told them what we were there for. They said that it was funny for anyone to be out fishing for *men*. They said they were fishing for *dollars*. But they asked me to come and see some sick folks.

SERMON NO. ONE.

One of the first cases I had was a man who had been blind for seventeen years. By a surgical operation I easily enabled him to see.

I found that the men, after they had been out on the sea for months, would come ashore and a large bulk of their money would be spent in the saloon. They never darkened a church door; they never went near a prayer meeting. I have known strong men who walked from the ship to the saloon and would have to be carried back drunk.

I had no reason to go to these fishermen except that I could be used of God to help them. I believe that Jesus Christ today can take a man who has lived a life of debauch, been a drunkard, been so cruel and bad a husband and wretched father that when he comes in at the front door the children will run out of the back door,—I believe God can take such a man and make of him a new man altogether.

The first three months I had nine hundred patients. During this time I witnessed a condition of poverty to which I had been a complete stranger. We found that the traders had control of the stores and charged the fishermen two or three prices.

SERMON NO. TWO.

So we started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text. Looking at the result of this sermon some years afterwards I find the people clothed, fed, independent, with a new little church building, the children better fed, better clad and educated, and with eight co-operative stores instead of one, and a co-operative ship which carries their produce to the market. Our storekeepers are Christian men who keep the store for Christ.

A man in this country does not take upon himself the name of Christ lightly, because it *costs* a lot to be a Christian here. I asked

a dying man, "What difference has it made to you since you became a Christian?" He gave the best answer he could: "Ask the skipper." I asked the man who had worked shoulder to shoulder with him if he could see a change in him. The skipper said, "If you want to know what I think of him,—he is a *changed* man, he is a new man."

People often say to me, "Isn't it a great sacrifice for *you* to live up there?" It is no sacrifice at all; it would be an awful sacrifice to be in some place where there were twenty men who could do the work I was doing just as well as not.

SERMON NO. THREE.

Several years ago I came into a home where the mother was dead and the father was dying. I buried them both in a desolate sand pit. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood around as the snow fell were five little orphan children. I advertised in a Boston newspaper for homes for two of them and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire who lived so far away that she could neither teach in the Sunday school nor attend prayer meeting. She wanted to do something for the Master. I was really glad she could not get to meeting, so she could do something *real* for Christ.

I have some twenty of these little ones now. There was one little girl whose legs became gangrened and her father chopped them off. One mother brought her child on board the vessel for me to see. I took off his clothing, which consisted of one garment. One lung was collapsed. I said, "What do you want me to do with that child?" She said, "Take it." I took the child, kept it for six months, performed a surgical operation by shortening the ribs, then I gave him back to his mother to care for, and I know she has no joy like that child gives her.

SERMON NO. FOUR.

Some have asked me what the importing into Labrador of a herd of two hundred and fifty reindeer had to do with preaching the Gospel. I was one day called to see a poor crippled up, rheumatic mother, just able to raise herself up on her elbow, with no milk to supply her infant baby, chewing up dry crusts so as to mix them with saliva and partially digest them and then feed them to the

poor sickly child. Someone will say, why did I not suggest feeding the child cows' milk? There are no cows in that country.

Although we have only had the reindeer a year they have now doubled in number. The fawns are almost as large as their mothers. The milk these animals give is very rich and cheese will be useful for winter; so the problem for milk and butter for the future is practically solved.



"Doc," one of Dr. Grenfell's Faithful Dogs.

This country can raise thousands and even millions of these reindeer; they can take care of themselves summer and winter. In days to come this enterprise will be one of the great messages of God's love to these needy people.

We may be able to prove from the Bible that faith in Christ changed Simon into Peter, and Saul into Paul, and Stephen into the hero of the first century, but what men want to know is, is this faith *doing* these things *today*? I am convinced that faith in Christ renders mighty works possible and that is why I *want* that faith, and wanting a thing is the *first* step to getting anything.

DIETETIC HINTS FOR BRAIN WORKERS.*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The battle of life is won today by clear-headed men. The empire builders, great educators, master workers, soul winners, must have clear heads and live above the fog. The chances are that if Lincoln, Roosevelt or Bry-

*Abstract of lecture given before the faculty and students of the Illinois State Normal, Bloomington, January 21, 1909.

an had been chronic dyspeptics the world would never have heard of them.

Give the brainiest man in existence chloroform for ten minutes and his mind will be no more brilliant than a fool's, for it is blood that runs the mental water wheel. The daily absorption of a small amount of poison from the inside can keep us partially chloroformed. Our inside climate has a great deal more to do with our health and happiness than the outside climate. We are not likely to have the peace that passeth all understanding in our mind and at the same time have a war in our stomach that is beyond description.

In all ages the marvelous process that transforms a piece of bread into living brain to think over again God's thoughts after Him, has been a fascinating one to study.

During the last few years Dr. Pawlow, of Russia, has shed so much new light on this subject that the chapter on digestion has had to be rewritten in every text book on physiology. He made his experiments on dogs in an up-to-date dog hospital.

He observed that when his dogs ate food which they enjoyed, although they swallowed it out through an artificial opening in their throat so that it did not enter their stomach at all, yet in four or five minutes there was poured out in the stomach a rich gastric juice, thus demonstrating that it was the gratification of appetite in the mouth that stimulated the pouring out of gastric juice in the stomach. This emphasizes the importance of the scriptural injunction given thirty centuries ago: "Eat ye that which is good."

CULTIVATE APPETITE.

Sensible people should cultivate their appetites in a sensible way. From a health standpoint it is more important than painting or music. Parlow's work suggests that it takes all the taste that is in the food to call out gastric juice enough to digest it. Hence we should masticate the food sufficiently to fully taste the food. Someone has said that if we will taste our food *before* we swallow it we will not have to taste it *after* we have swallowed it.

No appetite practically spells no digestive juice. That explains why the overfed, underworked, appetite-fled mortal derives so much benefit from the no-breakfast plan, for then he has a good appetite so that he can digest

his dinner, while he who has a good appetite for breakfast gains nothing by omitting it; he would undoubtedly be better off by leaving out his supper, or at least making it very light.

SIMPLE VARIETY.

Pawlow discovered that there was a different kind of gastric juice made for each different kind of food. This suggested the importance of simplicity in variety. Those who have distress in their stomach should only eat two, three or four articles of food at the same meal.

In these experiments it was found that even the sight of appetizing food produced gastric juice in the stomach, hence the importance of making the food attractive and setting the table in a pleasing manner as well as having food that is palatable.

GOOD SPIRIT AT MEAL-TIME.

Pawlow noted that when his dogs were teased there was no gastric juice produced, even when they ate food that they liked. It is unquestionably true that those who eat in a morbid, depressed and discouraged state of mind are inviting indigestion. The early disciples ate their bread with gladness. If we cannot rejoice all the time we should at least rejoice at meal-time.

The same principle holds good for eating while in a distracted state of mind. The business man who sits down for his down-town lunch and eats on schedule time with his mind all wrapped up in the newspaper financial reports, will not enjoy proper digestion.

MOUTH PREPARATION.

Pawlow's experiments show that each of the digestive organs join hands, as it were, to help each other. If the food does not receive the proper preliminary preparation in the mouth each step in the successive journey is likely to be a little wrong.

Fletcher, the apostle of chewing, has emphasized the tremendous importance of proper mastication. There are no teeth in the stomach. We need to go to the squirrel and learn her ways of chewing and be wise as well as healthy. A little food well masticated is worth more than a large quantity which is literally dumped into the stomach. In fact, all the food should be made into soup in the mouth.

With proper mastication the taste buds on the tongue will be educated to become discriminating so that there will be a constant tendency to cut down flesh foods and other things that are not best for us. But if we use condiments and fiery spices they signal to the stomach to produce digestive juices that are not required. It is not a good plan to eat mustard plasters at meal-time. It is better to put them on outside the stomach than on the inside.

Food only digests one-twenty-fifth of an inch an hour in the stomach, hence it should not be swallowed in chunks which serve to irritate the delicate mucous membrane of the stomach, laying the foundation for gastric ulcers.

We do not need to try to clear the mouth of food. When it is masticated enough it will leave the mouth of its own accord.

If any liquids are drunk at meal-time it should be between the mouthfuls instead of using them to wash the food down.

PRACTICAL POINTS.

Edison says that as a nation we are food drunk. Someone else has said that for every reeling drunkard that disgraces our country it contains one hundred gluttons.

We should give our stomachs the benefit of the eight-hour law. Many who have slow digestion are benefited by eating two meals a day rather than three. Those who have dilated stomachs will find themselves benefited by eating dry food instead of liquid. Avoid doughy bread and pasty mushes. Use foods that are thoroughly done, and especially toasted food like corn flakes, rice flakes, zwieback, etc.

Those persons who have a coated tongue and are bilious will find it advantageous to live exclusively on fruit for one or more days until the tongue begins to clear up. They may eat all the fruit they like, raw or cooked, four times a day, and in this way they get all the benefit of fasting without any of its inconvenience.

The system needs the acids and minerals that are found in vegetables and fruits. Potatoes are especially valuable because of the large amount of potassium salts which they contain.

Those who suffer from excessive acidity

after eating should use an abundance of fat—good dairy butter, cream, ripe olives, olive oil and yolk of eggs.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, made extensive experiments that showed that non-flesh eaters have by far a better endurance than those who eat meat, thus showing that multitudes are spending their money for that which is not bread.

Ice-cold foods and ice-cold drinks at meal-time put an injunction on the digestive process. Why not give your stomach the benefit of the present anti-injunction agitation?

There is an enthusiastic return to nature movement abroad in the land including simplicity in reference to dietetic habits. Why not join it?

Do not forget that the same Bible that exhorts us to observe the Sabbath, to love our enemies and to be Good Samaritans, also bids us to eat and drink to the glory of God. If you have never considered that seriously ask God now to impress you with its meaning.

A HELPING HAND AT THE RIGHT TIME.

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

A few weeks ago I met a girl in the city who was very much discouraged. She was without hope and, it seemed to me, without God in the world. I spoke to her about her soul, asked her if she did not want to give up the old life and she said, "Oh, I do, but how can I? I cannot live right and remain with the people I have been associating with and I have nowhere else to go."

I knew what she said was true for it is almost impossible to get work in Chicago without a recommendation, even if one were ever so willing to work. I gave her my address, telling her to write me when she was willing to do what was right. Later I received the following letter:

"My dear friend: The talk you had with me has been so encouraging. I know this is to be the turning point in my life. At heart I pray to God for it to be such. I fully realize the life I have been leading is a life of punishment and misery. I never stopped to consider that before. Now to live a good upright life means so much to me. I have made

good resolutions and want to shun all evil companions.

"I am going to ask you if you can come after me and take me to your Home. I wish to be with you until I get a position, then you shall be rewarded for all your kindness toward me. Please write to me as soon as you get this letter for I am anxious to hear from you."

I immediately wrote her that I would call for her just as soon as she would be permitted to leave the place. A few days later I received another letter from which I quote below:

"Your letter received with much pleasure. Your words are every one so encouraging



LITTLE CLYDE.

This baby has found a good Christian home and a loving mother. In sending this photo his foster mother writes: "I do believe he is the dearest baby in all this world—to me he is anyway. I think his picture is real sweet but not half so nice as he is, as he is so full of smiles. He is such a pleasant little fellow." This woman, in closing her letter, sends her love to all the little ones at the Home and says, "How I wish I could take all of them!"

that it makes my resolution to serve God so much stronger. My companions shall not know where I am going, in fact, I care not whether I ever meet one of them again, for my thought is to do what is right and shun evil companions. Trusting to see you soon and asking you to pray for me every night, I remain yours."

This girl is in the Home now and I believe as far as she is able is doing what the Lord would have her do, and so far has

seemed to appreciate all that has been done for her. I have not written this to brag, but to inspire others and for the glory of God.

My heart sinks within me when I think how many opportunities I may have let go by and how many souls I might have been instrumental in getting into the Kingdom. I want to be more on the alert for souls. I believe the people who are alive and remain when Jesus comes will be engaged in this very thing.

TO MY SISTERS IN TROUBLE.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

This message is to any girl who is in need of a friend. If you are discouraged and feel that all your friends have forsaken you, that no one loves you any more, do not give up. We want to be a friend to the girl who is down and out, who has no one to look to in time of trouble. Write to us and we will be glad to correspond with you. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE PRICE OF A GARMENT.

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

"It don't pay to serve the devil," cried one poor unfortunate woman in the Harrison street police station, after hearing the words of a beautiful song entitled "Blessed Jesus, keep me white."

Her husband being out of work for some time, and she anxious to find employment, not having any good clothes to wear, was unfortunately led by the evil one for the first time to one of our large department stores, there taking a few garments which did not belong to her.

While alone in her cell, thinking of what her past experience meant, finding herself in the hands of the law, it was my privilege to sing to her sad heart:

"Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light,
All I have is wholly Thine,
Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine."

When I told her she could have this blessed Jesus and that He would not only save her, but would keep her, she prayed a little prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner, and save me for Jesus' sake." She then got up off her

knees a saved woman in Christ Jesus. As we parted she said: "I'm so thankful that I don't have to go to the House of Correction alone, for my Saviour has promised to go with me, all the way, and I know He will. And just as soon as I can I'm going to tell my husband about this blessed Jesus, so he won't be so lonesome while I'm away from him."

Pray, dear reader, that this blessed Jesus may not only keep her walking in the light, but may use her as an instrument in His hand to win her lonely husband's heart to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

STARVING FOR A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The North Side Boys' Club is located in the center of what is known as "Little Hell," one of the most wretched quarters in Chicago. In this section Mr. Atkinson has established a branch of his work for boys and girls.

A few nights ago I was over and talked to them. About one hundred and fifty boys and girls were present. Many of their faces showed marks of privation and poverty and toil, yet most of them were bright and keen and many had really sweet faces.

I told them how to care for their bodies, how to secure even under humble conditions the blessed benefits of fresh air, how to cultivate a good figure by keeping their chests up and practicing deep breathing. I told them how boys were ruining their brains by the cigarette evil. I impressed upon them that the cigarette smoker was just as much to be pitied as the poor boy who had lost a limb or is otherwise crippled, and that they all should endeavor to be missionaries to such a one to deliver him from the terrible habit.

These children of the streets had all read in the newspapers about how those steamers that came into collision in the ocean had sent wireless messages hundreds of miles through the air. Every one of the children knew about it and believed that it had been done. I asked them if they believed it was possible to send a wireless message to God and get an answer back, and I believe nearly every one of them grasped that comforting truth in its simplicity.



The Unkempt and Unloved.

I told them how at different times God had in a wonderful manner answered my prayers and I assured them that He was just as willing to answer the prayers of a poor street Arab as He was mine, and they were deeply interested.

How my heart ached for these poor youngsters who were starving for human love! After I got outside a group of these little boys and girls clustered around me and said in a most pleading manner, "Won't you come again?" One little sweet-faced girl nestled up closely to me and clung to my hand. As I put my arm over her shoulder she looked up into my face with a look that spoke plainly of starvation for human love.

The parents of many of these children drink. Others have been so crushed in spirit by the grinding toil to eke out an existence that they have scarcely any time to think of their children, and some of them have no parents at all. There are many things that poverty-stricken and sin-cursed humanity needs, but, next to a knowledge of God's love, it certainly needs a tangible demonstration of human love.

They cannot see the Father's face who cannot bend to serve the least of His children.

BOYS WHO ARE IN NEED OF A FRIEND.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The John Worthy reform school is perhaps one of the most interesting spots in all Chicago, and especially so on a Tuesday evening when Mr. McBride and his corps of workers gather the boys together and teach them to sing the Gospel, and by live, pointed talks and illustrations inspire them with an ambition for better things.

Mr. McBride has carried on this work for several years. Every Tuesday evening in the year, with the exception of the summer months, he can be found sowing seeds of truth in the hearts of between two and four hundred boys,—bad boys, so bad that the community does not allow them their liberty.

As we see Brother McBride, who only five short years ago was himself a drunken outcast, yet because of the wonderful change that has come into his life, is now giving his time to this work without remuneration, we are led to wonder who can estimate the price of a single soul.

On a recent Tuesday evening Dr. Paulson was invited to talk to the boys and to bring a company of the Hinsdale Sanitarium workers with him. We were glad to note that the number of bad boys has decreased from about four hundred, which we had seen there on former visits, to about two hundred.

Miss Crichton, who is associated with Mr. McBride in the work, has taught the boys several beautiful songs. These they sang lustily and two little fellows sang a duet. As we sat there and heard those boys singing such songs as, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," and thought of the circumstances under which they were brought up, it touched our heart. Perhaps in some dark hour of their future experience they will turn for help to the Friend of all friends whom they remembered singing about while in the reform school.

Dr. Paulson then gave them a live, stirring talk on the importance of forming good habits, both physical and moral. The boys listened with mouths and eyes wide open as he told them of Lincoln who when a boy early determined to make his life of special use to humanity.

He told them that a boy cannot be well when he is breathing over and over again the same bad air. He said, "There is no corner on the air market; John D. Rockefeller has not yet formed an air trust and until he does you boys must insist on breathing pure air. I have seen boys going around like old men with their chests on their backs and the arch in their spine curved the wrong way just like some old horses you have seen that you thought ought to be shot.

"Another thing: You must chew your food well. You know your teeth are in your mouth, not down in your stomach. When a boy is eating his meal while feeling ugly and glum with no sunlight in his heart he might just as well put the food in his pocket. If you cannot be in a good state of mind all day long, be so when you are eating anyway.

"There is a God in heaven who helps a boy to make good. I was a poor boy and received scarcely any schooling until I was as large as I am now, but I asked God to help me and He did. You remember reading about that ship that was smashed out at sea and how there was a man on board that sent messages through the air for help. Well, you can do the same way with God. You can send wireless messages up to heaven and God will get them every time, and He sends wireless messages back telling you that He will help you make good and will keep you from falling.

"Boys, bad habits are like bricks around your neck when you are learning to swim. They pull you down every time. Smoking cigarettes is one of those bricks. The boy who smokes cigarettes is being pulled under just as sure as fate, and it is a great deal harder to get rid of the cigarette habit than it would be to get rid of the bricks around your neck. God will help you to do it."

When the doctor had finished talking Mr. McBride asked the boys how many would promise not to touch cigarettes. More than three-fourths of the boys raised their hands.

Jailor Whitman was then called for a speech, a report of which is published in this number. The boys were very demonstrative throughout the entire program and showed their interest by their good attention and repeated applause.

The visitors were admitted to the dormitory where they saw the boys march in by companies, sixteen in a company, with a captain. Each one stopped at the foot of his bed and there waited for the next command. The room contained long rows of beds placed head to head with a narrow aisle between the rows. The gong was sounded and all removed their coats, then at another signal all dropped to the floor and shoes and stockings came off.

As each garment was taken off at the signal it was carefully folded and placed over the foot of the bed. In less time than it takes to tell it the boys were dressed for the night, the beds opened, and at the sound of the bugle they knelt in prayer on the bed with their faces toward the foot. Then the bugle sounded a long and loud "good-night" and we realized that more than two hundred boys quietly prepared for bed in less than five minutes by the clock.

We never look into the faces of these boys but we think of the few chances they have had to develop the good that is in them, and of the many chances to develop the evil. How many, many of them are starving for human sympathy and love, for someone in whom they can confide and who will inspire them to make the most of life!

Who knows but that some of those very boys would make men who would mould the influence of the nation or be champions of the Cross in heathen lands, if they but had a *friend* who would with love and patience lead them onward and upward?

THE SATISFACTION OF MAKING GOOD.

JOHN L. WHITMAN,

Supt. Bridewell Prison, Chicago.

[Jailor Whitman is known all over the United States for the remarkable work that he was able to do for the prisoners while in charge of the Cook County Jail. He tried to be a friend and brother to the thousands of unfortunate men who passed under his supervision. He and his wife labored earnestly for the spiritual welfare of the most hardened criminals. He is now superintendent of the Bridewell prison and the John Worthy Reform school. The following is an abstract

of a talk he gave the boys in the meeting referred to in the previous article.

Mr. Whitman has won the respect and confidence of the boys under his care to such an extent that he is able to take them in large numbers on little excursions to other parts of the city without guards.

On one of these trips he took one hundred boys, among them some who had been desperadoes, yet they all behaved like perfect gentlemen, not one attempting to run away or in any way betray the confidence put in them.—Ed.]

It is not necessary for me to thank the Life Boat people for coming here, for your conduct has shown it. Here is Dr. Paulson, a professional man, who years ago studied so that he might charge people who came to him for medical advice. Do you know he has given you here tonight prescriptions, one after



Jailer Whitman.

another, many of them worth more money than we can earn in many days. Stop to think how many ideas and words of advice you have listened to and then follow them out.

One thing he said was worth a great deal of consideration. He said he was wondering what you boys would be doing ten years from now. That is what we all should think about. Much can be accomplished in a term of years like that. Whether we make a very great success depends upon whether we make an

earnest effort which will command the respect of everybody.

Last night I visited my old home town, a city quite a way from here,—a city which I, as a boy no larger than the smallest of you, walked day after day through the streets with a dinner pail in my hands, going to work, not to school. In fact, when I came here to Chicago my hands were calloused with hard work.

"In that town there were prosperous business men. They paid no attention to the little fellow going through the streets every day with the dinner pail. But last night I was over there to take part in a program that was given in the Young Men's Christian Association, and all these good old business men were there. Some of them came tottering in, through the rain and snow storm, just to show their respect for a fellow that was making an earnest effort in life.

I want to tell you there are men and women right here who when they get old and are gray will go out in the storm to hear any one of you fellows who have made your mark in life. In addition to that we should make an earnest effort to gain the respect of men and women and when we need a helping hand we will find it.

NEVER KNEW WHAT THE BIBLE WAS BEFORE.

The following is abstracted from a letter written by a prisoner to one of the workers. He writes:

"I was sitting tonight waiting for the mail to be delivered and I said to myself, 'If I do not get a letter I will write one to someone through *THE LIFE BOAT*.' I am in prison at Frankfort, Ky., for twenty-one years and I have a six years' sentence almost made up. I have no good mother or father to help me and no one else, so that means for me to make those twenty-one years.

"I am a young man twenty-five years of age. I never knew what a Bible was until after I got in this prison. Now I know much about it and am trusting in the Lord and studying my Bible with the intention of becoming a missionary. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful unto the end."

A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND AN EVENING.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The Life Boat Mission is a place of perennial interest. Although I have gone there as often as circumstances permitted for the last ten years I have never spent an evening there that was not of special interest, and one of the last ones was particularly so.

The hall was well filled. I talked to those present of the *certainly* of God's promises, calling attention to the fact that water always freezes at 32 degrees and it always boils at 212 degrees, and just as certainly those who look to God for help will receive it.

When opportunity was offered for testimonies Mr. Slifer, who has now been pastor of a church for several years, rose up and said that it was ten years ago since he dropped into the Life Boat Mission, clothed in rags, with some wretched, ill-mated shoes on, half intoxicated, and God saved him. He said:

"It was a struggle when I began. I had no trade, but God led me up to where I could get honorable work in an honorable way. It was not Mr. Slifer but Slifer letting God work through him. God is no respecter of persons, and what He did for one poor drunkard so many years ago He can do for any drunkard tonight, and lift you up where you can be an inspiration to men and worthy of Him who created you."

The next man who rose up to speak said: "I spent thousands of dollars for alcohol, for I was not satisfied with the effect of whisky. I used to drink so much alcohol that I did not know my own name. Twice I was in the Bridewell. I took various remedies, among others the Keeley cure, but the only cure that accomplished anything for me is the blood of Jesus Christ, and you who are here can find the same remedy as I did."

Then Mrs. Roach stood up and said: "I was married when I was a girl only eighteen years old, and my husband taught me to drink. Finally I became a drunken, outcast, poor, homeless creature. I did not know a verse in the Bible when I dropped into the Life Boat Mission one night. I was about to go out again when Brother Van Dorn asked me if I was a Christian, and I said, 'No, I am not.' He then asked me if I would

not like to become one and I said yes, I would. He then sat down with me, showed me I was a sinner, and led me to give my heart to God. Now my whole desire is to work for Christ. I want to be ready when Christ comes again; I believe that time is drawing near. I want to this year take hold of every ray of light He sends me."

Then Brother Johnson said: "Nine months ago I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ in this Mission and I have been working for Him every day since. Talk about miracles! When a man has been a saloon keeper and a drunkard for forty-seven years as I was and then God raises him up and makes something of him, I want to know if that is not a miracle. I did not have clothes fit to wear when I came in. All I had in my pocket was six cents.

"Now I go over once every week to the Harrison street police station and talk to the boys. I know something about it for I was there several times as a prisoner. This morning I had the pleasure of talking to forty men and seeing thirty-seven of them get down on their knees and ask God to be merciful to them.

"There are men in this house who have sat with me in the barrel house. I was a great man for cards and for swearing and for horse racing, and I was a great slave to tobacco; but when I was converted Christ took the desire entirely out of me. Just take the advice of a man who has been through sin, through jail, and who has been all over the country. I have had more pleasure the last nine months than in all my life put together. Go to Jesus first and the other things will take care of themselves."

Many others took part, then those were asked to hold up their hands who wished to be prayed for, and ten men responded, among them three cowboys who had just come in from the Western plains "to blow in" their money, as they expressed it, in Chicago. They had dropped into the Mission just to see what such a place was like, and they received what they were not looking for,—that was God's conviction in their hearts.

As I talked with them they were completely broken, and these rough sons of the West got down on their knees and pled with God to save their souls. They may backslide, but

the man is not lost who knows his way home. These men know that God has spoken to their hearts and I pray that they may continue to cherish it.

I hope that our friends everywhere will pray for the Life Boat Mission, and that they will help to support it with their means.

WHAT AN INVITATION CARD DID.

E. B. VAN DORN,
Superintendent Life Boat Mission.
471 State St., Chicago.

A young lady from the country had enjoyed a fair education, had even been a Sunday-school teacher, yet she had no Christian experience. She left her country home and came to Chicago and secured work as a domestic on the south side.

During the next four months she began to be hungry for righteousness. One day while down in the basement cleaning out some rubbish she found a card on which were the words:

LIFE BOAT MISSION.
471 State St.

Meetings every night; Everybody welcome.
You Are Invited.

A few days after this a man came to this home to beat the carpets. She showed him the card and asked him if he knew anything about this place. He said that he did and advised her to go there, that he often went there himself, and that he found it a good place to spend his evenings.

The very next Sunday afternoon she started down to the heart of the city to find the Mission. We had not been holding meetings on Sunday afternoons, but on this particular day Brother Johnson was holding a special meeting for the converts. The door was open and a number of people were there singing when this young girl came in. She stayed through the meeting. She asked for prayer and gave her heart to God.

This was a couple of weeks ago. Although she lives about five miles away she has been attending the evening service as often as she could since and is happy in the Lord. I asked her if she was not afraid to be on the streets alone so late at night and she said, "No, not since Jesus saved me." Every evening she is

there she takes part and thanks God for having led her to this place where she heard the Gospel.

This experience raises many interesting queries: When was this card printed? Whom was it given to? How did it get into this house where she was working? How did she happen to notice it in the rubbish? How many others, perhaps, had seen this card before?

How many such cards have been printed and scattered upon the ocean of life! I do not know where they are but I do know that He who neither slumbers nor sleeps knows, and that He has a watch-care over each message that is sent out in His name, whether it is in the basement or attic, in the hovels of the poor or the palaces of the rich.

How glad I am that there was nothing printed on that card that would drive the soul farther from God! May our lives always, like this card, be used to teach transgressors His way so that sinners may be converted unto Him.

A PRISONER WHO MADE GOOD.

J. A. SWENEY.
Albuquerque, N. M.

[The Bible pronounces a blessing upon you if you "bring the poor that are cast out to *thy* house," not to one of the State institutions. It is the personal touch that brings the blessing rather than what is done by proxy. As an illustration of the promise we quote the following from a personal letter received from Brother Sweney.—Ed.]

I have been sending THE LIFE BOAT to the prison at Santa Fe for some time. I visited the prison last May with one hundred LIFE BOATS and asked the superintendent if any of the boys were interested. He said "Yes." He took me to a cell and I shook hands with its occupant. The superintendent said he had confidence in this prisoner and that he would soon be out, but had no home to go to.

So I told him to come to my house when released and work for me. I took him to Sabbath school and to church. He became interested, accepted this truth we love, and joined the church. He is now foreman on a ranch at \$40 per month and writes me very

When you are passing through Chicago do not fail to spend an evening at the Life Boat Mission, 471 State street. You will be richly repaid.

good letters saying I am his best friend and that he is glad I led him into the light. I am surely glad and thankful the Lord blessed my effort to help him.

I am sending you herewith his letter of greeting to our church here:

"I am at present employed on an orange grove. I will never forget the people of Albuquerque and I am certainly glad to have formed the acquaintance of Brother J. A. Sweney, who opened my eyes to the truth. I thank God for such a friend.

"I thank each and all of you for the kindness shown me during my brief stay in your locality and pray that God's richest blessings may rest upon you and may He be with you now and forever."

"THE MOST WONDERFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD."

EVAN R. EVANS,
Dolores, Colo.

[About five years ago Mr. Evans came into The Life Boat Mission a physical and moral wreck. When spoken to about his soul he was so intoxicated that he could not answer a decent question. Finally when told of God's love for him, he said, "Why, there is no hope for me; I have been in jail, and my mother has gone back on me."

He left that night without surrendering to God, but came back every night for a week and each night he seemed more sober and more interested. All the while God was working in his soul.

Finally he wrote a letter to Mrs. Swanson, who had taken an interest in him, stating that he was tired of the old life and wanted something better. He received that "something better" and has been an earnest, faithful soul-winner ever since.

He is now pastor of a church in Colorado and recently he wrote the following: "I am still in the land of mortals and am endeavoring to serve my blessed Master by preaching and personal work. There are a number of people about me who take no stock at all in the Bible as being God's Book, so a few weeks ago I preached a sermon on the grand old Book, and I am hoping and praying that it did some good. I enclose a few lines."—Ed.]

The Bible is the most remarkable and wonderful Book in the world. Now why is it such? Simply because of the great fact that God Himself is the Author of it.

Those who say mean and hateful things about the Bible when they are well and strong say very different things about it when they



Mr. Evans.

get sick. When they come to die, the Bible is the Book of all books that they want to have read to them.

Then again there are those who owe the preservation of their very lives to the Bible and yet who do about all that they possibly can against it.

A certain commercial traveler not only didn't believe the Bible himself but did about all that he possibly could to get others to disbelieve it also. One time he was called upon to go to Africa to do some trading and while there he came in contact with a tribe of natives who had been cannibals. One day, seeing one of them reading a book, he went up to him and asked him what it was that he was reading and upon being told that it was the Bible he at once got into a rage and began to utter a terrible tirade against it, saying that it was filled with nonsensical stuff and out of date, etc., in his country.

After he got through the former man-eating person looked up into his face very soberly and said most earnestly, "Well, if the

Bible was out of date in this country you would have been killed and eaten up long, long ago."

You see the very Book that he didn't believe in, the very Book that he even went so far as to ridicule and make fun of was the means of saving and preserving his unworthy life.

CURE FOR THE COMPLAINING HABIT,
or
THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Let me tell you of three families I visited recently in Chicago's tenement district just north of the stockyards. The visiting nurse from the Dispensary kindly invited my friend and me to go with her and see some of her sick folks.

The first place we entered was a wretched home; filth and dirt were in evidence everywhere, the kitchen looked verily like a junk room. A woman with uncombed hair and untidy appearance was preparing some dinner on the stove. A poor little sick baby about two weeks old was lying in the rocking chair by the stove. The nurse called to see how the baby was getting on. As we looked down at the child the woman said, "We just buried the baby's mother the other day."

My heart went out for the poor little motherless infant in such a home as that, and I said, "Oh, the poor little thing, with no mamma!" The woman said, "Well, she died kind of broken-hearted anyway."

It seemed so sad that this young mother who was only twenty-one years of age, just entering upon life, should have had measured out to her so copiously from the cup of misery and sorrow that death was after all a thing to be longed for, as the words of her mother conveyed.

How many broken-hearted wives and mothers there are in every community! Death would be a welcome relief to them, but no, they must toil on. How much brighter a word of advice or even a loving, sympathetic interest shown in them would help to make their lives!

The only bread-winner of this family lay in an adjoining room sick. There was no money

coming in to pay the grocery bills, and the outlook seemed hard indeed.

At the next place was a little fellow who had a bad scald, caused by tipping the tea-kettle of boiling water over onto him. There was no good Samaritan near by to bind up his wounds so the little youngster was allowed to go for days with nothing to protect that ugly scald. It soon became infected and then the dispensary nurse was sent for, who bound up his wound. She called every day or two and bathed and dressed it.

This home was a sad one. The father spent his money for drink and the mother was obliged to leave her four little ones in the care of some aged relative while she went out and earned the bread for the family.

The next place visited was really an inspiration to us. We went back through a dark alley and entered a rear door, but my, what a contrast! A young mother who was scarcely able to be up, was dressing her little one. Two small rooms constituted their home but everything was spotlessly clean.

Dear reader, if you ever feel that you are having a hard time, that justice has not been shown in scattering so many thorns and stones along your pathway, that you are constantly meeting with difficulties and trouble while your neighbor glides along through life with evidently nothing to hinder his progress or to lead him to complain, just start out and go until you find someone in a worse condition than yourself. Sit down and listen to that person's troubles and then plan some way to relieve them. You may find some homes just as needy of Christian love and advice as the homes I have described.

If one visit does not cure you of the complaining habit go again, find a family where poverty, sin and sickness have done their worst and you will return home praising God for your blessings.

WILL YOU DO LIKEWISE?

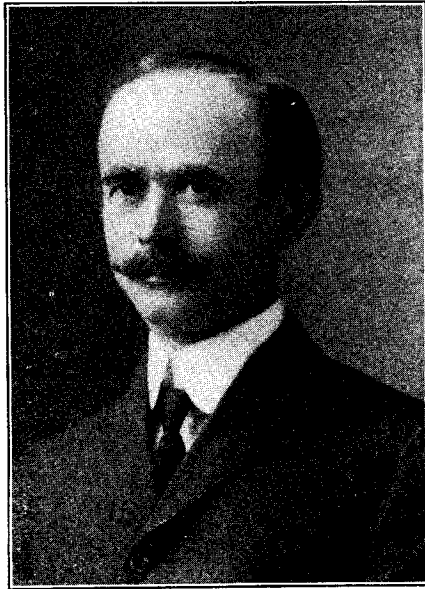
The following is from a W. C. T. U. worker in Tennessee. She writes: "I use from three to four copies of THE LIFE BOAT a month in my jail work here, and want to place them in our State prison. We enjoy every number of your magazine and find an uplift in every issue."

Write for special club rates to prisons.

STIRRING WORDS FROM JUDGE LINDSEY.

[On the evening of January 22 the annual anniversary of our National Anti-cigarette League was celebrated by a banquet. Judge Ben Lindsey, the man who is known the world over for his remarkable work in the Denver Juvenile Court, accepted an invitation to give an address on this occasion. We are glad to publish for the benefit of our readers the following abstract from that elegant and inspiring address.—Ed.]

I wish to thank you who represent this splendid organization in this splendid fight you are making for childhood, for the opportunity of being here tonight.



Judge Ben Lindsey.

In olden days we heard the fabled story of the dragon off on the mountain demanding every year a certain sacrifice of the youth down in the valley. I want to say to you from the experience of those who ought to know, that this fabled dragon never demanded a greater sacrifice than is demanded of the youth of this nation by the cigarette evil that is being fought by this noble woman, Miss Gaston. You have other women who are fighting for humanity; but I want to say that no woman in this city has ever done more for the childhood of this nation than

Lucy Page Gaston has. I am glad to join you in holding up her hands.

It requires courage to fight such evils, for scorn has always been the cheap weapon in the hands of cowards. St. Paul, in arming the Christian soldier, puts sincerity and enthusiasm above all else, and I rejoice to find sincerity and enthusiasm in the fight against the cigarette in this city.

It seems there could be no greater harm done to childhood than to sell poison to take away its brains. I have never taken statistics on this matter, but we know that the testimony from every State, town and school shows that the cigarette is a bad thing for childhood, and if it is, why not eliminate it? I am looking forward to its entire abolishment. All doctors agree that it is poisonous and dangerous. I have never heard anyone who had the courage to apologize for the cigarette.

You know our most common prayer contains the plea, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." How think you we ever can be justified in tolerating in this nation anything that will lead children, let alone all others, into temptation?

I have found in my experience many boys in court whose difficulties could be traced directly to the cigarette. I have also had many boys who did not use the cigarette, but because they do not this is no proof that their difficulties are not the result of the cigarette. A boy may get into trouble by association with boys who do smoke, so there is no estimating the evil that comes from this habit.

We are all bundles of habit, and character is so much matter of habit. Just so far as we can strengthen the character of the youth of this nation just so far we can strengthen the nation. Everything we permit that causes bad habits, to that extent weakens and damages the citizenship of the future. How long will we permit it?

No man can sit in the children's court among the weak, the miserable, the helpless, unless he is an optimist. I see light ahead. Seven States have outlawed the cigarette, and others will do so soon.

Did it ever occur to you how thoughtless we are when a number of our children are in peril? There is always the hero to rescue the child from before the rushing train; and

how the nation is aroused when a school house is burned down and the children are sacrificed to the flames, and how investigating committees are formed and perhaps prosecutions are inaugurated against the careless! And yet when we know that the brains and souls of children are being burned out by this evil alone, could there be any greater commentary upon the thoughtlessness of this nation, I would say almost selfishness? But it is because our people do not understand, they do not know.

Now, my friends, what is the *remedy*? Education, agitation, facts, facts, facts. Facts are the most valuable engines in reform. It is facts constantly pounded into the ears of the people that will arouse them to work for legislation. Therefore the agitation of a movement of this kind always results in good in the end. Let us continue telling the public and legislatures about this evil of the cigarette until it is entirely eradicated from this nation.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM BEHIND THE BARS.

It would be a difficult task for all the prisoners who have found Christ through the influence of THE LIFE BOAT to get together and face to face tell of their love and trust in God, but we give in this connection the written testimony of men who are confined in some of the leading penitentiaries of this country.

It certainly pays to bring the joy and happiness which the Gospel of Christ alone can give, into the hearts and lives of those who are apparently utterly forsaken by both God and man. The May number of this magazine will be a Special Prisoners' Number. Can you not help to place it in your State Penitentiary? Two dollars will supply one hundred.

A WORD OF COURAGE FROM MISSOURI.

"All my former friends have deserted me, but since I have accepted Christ as my personal Saviour, I have been happy even in prison and I am not discouraged because my earthly friends forsake me, for I know that Jesus will be good to me to the end. I am serving the Lord the best I can and every chance I get to speak a word for the Master I do so."

ANOTHER TESTIMONY FROM MISSOURI.

"I am very glad and proud to say I love my God and Saviour, and am devoting my spare moments in trying to bring about a reconciliation between my fellow prisoners and God. How glad and willing would I be to devote the rest of my days on this earth in bringing the wanderer back into the fold to rejoice forever more. What a glorious motto for one through life: 'Upward with Christ.' I will be overjoyed to receive your kind and encouraging letters. I correspond with but one person, and that is my dear mother, may God bless her. I am sure your letters would give me courage and be a great help in passing away the time I have yet to do."

FROM THE ILLINOIS REFORMATORY.

"I am getting along nicely and hope to continue so. I have a Bible in my cell out of which I read a chapter or two every night and also make a habit of saying my prayers night and morning.

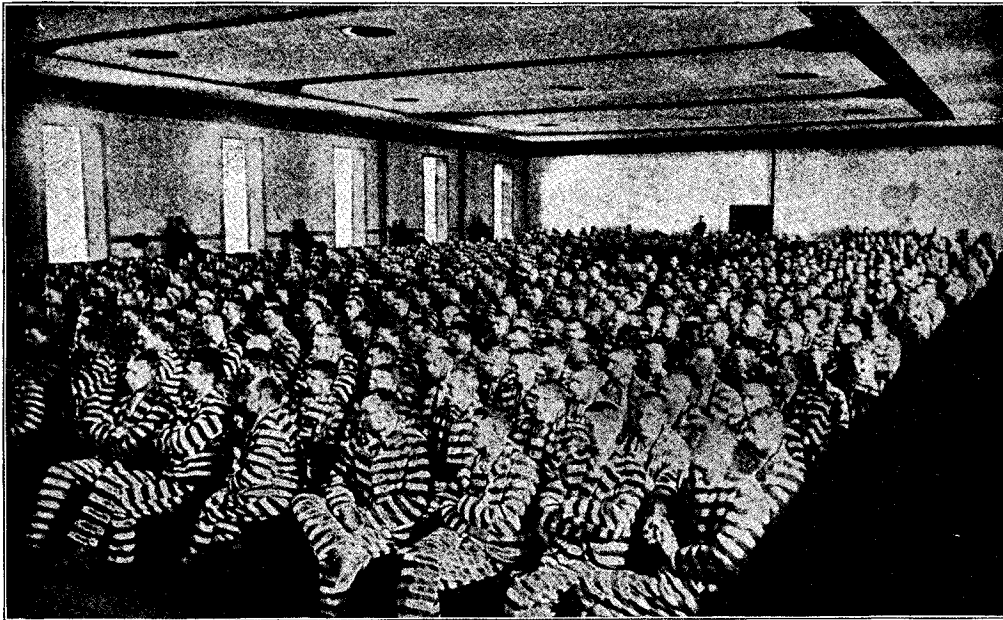
"I believe this place is making a man of me, because I can see a great difference in myself. I have never read the Bible outside and no doubt if I had not been arrested I never would have read it. We are God's children whether we are in prison or in Paradise. I find some very interesting stories in THE LIFE BOAT—some that are very touching, which make a person stop and think of his or her past life, in other words, examine their conscience. Therefore I think it a book worth praising."

FROM A DAKOTA PRISONER WHO IS FRIENDLESS.

"I have made up my mind to live a better life while I am here in prison; I can do it as well as outside. If it had not been for liquor, I wouldn't have been here. I get very downhearted sometimes when I think of my past life. I had friends before I got in here, but they have left me now, and I have no place to go. It does me good to get a letter from you, I think that I have *one* friend yet."

AN INMATE OF THE KANSAS PENITENTIARY WHO IS GLAD FOR PRISON EXPERIENCE.

"I am glad that I was taken to prison, because it has been the means of my finding God and now I am a saved man. Glory to His name! Pray for me that I may hold



These men have parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts, they love, they hate, they are educated, they are ignorant, just like the men you meet on the streets. They need the Gospel just the same as the rest of us. Will you help to furnish them the May LIFE BOAT, which will be a Special Prisoners' Number? Two dollars will pay for one hundred.

out to the end and trust in Him. I love the Lord and all His works. When you go to church ask the church people to pray for me."

"HAS A RIGHT TO SUCCESS."

From the Southern Illinois Penitentiary:

"The world may scorn my promises, and mock my efforts to lead a godly life, but it can say nothing worse of me than was known to Christ when He forgave my sins, and blotted them out of His book of remembrance forever, and He will not forsake me. I know in whom I trust, and He can deliver me from every besetting sin, and give me victory over self. I have the blessed assurance of God in my heart that I am a child of the King, and a child of the King has a right to success. It is the man who trusts in his own puny strength that is a failure. With Christ in my heart I can't go far wrong, and, by the grace of God, I shall never go where I cannot carry Christ with me."

A KENTUCKY PRISONER HAS FOUND THAT GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS.

"I try to do what God would have me to do and I get along finely and never have any trouble at all. God always answers

prayers and it is through Him that I am saved from sin. I memorized the first fifteen chapters of Matthew some time ago. He that never saw his sins has never known the mercy of God."

"CANNOT MAKE MYSELF GOOD."

"I am a poor, wretched prisoner. I have felt lonely, but I never forgot that Jesus is ever near to lend His loving, helping hand. What caused me to write to you was, that last week our matron received several copies of THE LIFE BOAT. It used to be a monthly magazine in my home when I was with my dear father and mother; I loved it then and I love it better now for its message is dear to my sad and lonely soul. I have found that I cannot make myself good; I am willing, but oh, so weak. I was as glad to see THE LIFE BOAT as if it were a human being. I borrowed one from a girl because there were not enough to go around, and I read every word in it."

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in His plans.

TO THE SHUT-INS, FROM A SHUT-IN.

F. B. UNDERHILL,
Montrose, Pa.

[There are thousands of persons all over the country who on account of some serious accident, some chronic illness or some other misfortune, are practically doomed for life to belong to the shut-in family. We would suggest as a good missionary opportunity that our readers take an interest in the shut-ins in their respective community. If you are not situated so you can visit these, read to them, or offer them some other kindly ministry, you can at least donate them a year's subscription to this magazine so that its monthly visits may bring some Gospel cheer into their lonely lives.]

We are glad to present the following from one who has been a shut-in for fourteen years. As you read this remember for one moment at least how insignificant the majority of your trials are compared to such a life and thank God for some of the blessings that you have been accepting merely as a matter of course.—Ed.]

I will try to write a word to comfort the shut-in. As I am a chronic invalid and have been for fourteen years, maybe a little of my experience will help someone over a lonely hour.

As the world at large turns a cold shoulder to chronic invalids they soon feel lonely and sad, without a friend or a word to comfort them. But we have one Friend who will never leave us and He has spoken many a word to comfort us. This Friend's name is Jesus. It is a heavy load to endure affliction for a lifetime, but Jesus says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are *heavy laden*, and I will give you rest."

Come to Jesus, call upon Him and He will hear you and help you and will never leave nor forsake you.

"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."—Isa. 1:18.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1:9. Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus and He will save you.

Now we have come to where we can say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes."—

Ps. 119:71. It is good for us, if we love the Lord, to be afflicted, for then we have time to think and learn of the Lord; for "we know that *all* things work together for *good* to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."—Rom. 8:28.

I came to a lonely time, and asked God to comfort me. I took the Bible and let it open where it would and put my finger on a verse without looking, and found this word of comfort: "And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in *much affliction*, with joy of the Holy Ghost."—1 Thess. 1:6. Do you think any word would be more comforting to a shut-in than that?

IT DOES NOT PAY.

The following letter was written to one of our workers recently by an inmate of the House of Correction in Milwaukee, Wis.:

"The Bible lessons you sent were just what I wanted and I have already taken an interest in looking up the references which they contain.

Christmas did not bring many joys to me; your little greeting was the only one I received, which showed that someone at least thought enough of an unfortunate brother to send a word of cheer. The past year to me has been one filled with remorse and regrets, but then it has given me an opportunity to fully realize my lost condition and to become convinced that a life of sin *does not pay*.

"I am sure you will agree with me in this, that all the pleasures I may have had and all the property I may have acquired through sin would not repay me for the loss of all my friends, the respect of my fellow men, and five years of the best part of my life spent in prison.

"I believe the greatest satisfaction in this life is found in doing good. How much more satisfying your life is than mine. You are winning men away from a life of sin, while I have helped to lead them astray. I must confess that it is not very satisfying to know that this world is no better for my having come into it, but I believe the future is rich in possibilities, and I have resolved that if my life is spared for nineteen months longer I will try and make some reparation for the wrongs I have committed."

A PRISONER'S ESTIMATE.

"I have been reading your famous little magazine, THE LIFE BOAT, for nearly two years now, and I find it and its contents just grand. I always find them full of precious gems of noble Christian thought. It has the beauty of rarity. To my mind it is the finest and most thought-of little book of the land. As I read many of the incidents I am compelled by my nature to cry and laugh, at the same time. It is very delightful for me to ponder."

GOOD WORDS FROM A CONSTABLE.

"I have completed reading the December number of THE LIFE BOAT some time ago. I have been a subscriber to THE LIFE BOAT for several years and have read the monthly copies from cover to cover with the exception of one copy, which got misplaced and about one-half of another copy. I like it very much. Its teachings are valuable and ought to be in the possession of many people. I have subscribed for it this year again."

The chaplains of some of our leading prisons and penitentiaries are writing us for copies of the May Special LIFE BOAT for their prisoners. In order to supply all these institutions we must have help. Can you not supply the prison nearest your home by interesting some of your friends in the project? Remember two dollars will place one hundred LIFE BOATS in your prison, which will be read by more than two hundred prisoners. Who will help?

WILL NEED IT AFTER HE GETS OUT.

A prisoner in Waupun, Wis., writes the following lines:

"I am glad I ever learned to trust in the Lord and take Him at His word. He saves, sanctifies, and keeps me, and heals me when I get sick. I take Christ as my doctor" (see Mark 16: 16-18; James 5: 13-16).

"It is so sweet to trust in the Lord; He is so loving and kind and true. Let us ever follow in the steps of Jesus and let our light so shine that others seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven. I want to do all I can to win souls to the truth.

"It will be an awful thing to be among the poor, careless sinners and ungodly ones standing by weeping and wailing, seeing God's children going before to meet their blessed Saviour and His angels. Oh, poor sinner who may read this, take warning and get saved before too late. God says in His blessed Word that He will save all who are willing to forsake their sins and come to Him by faith. He is no respecter of persons.

"I am glad for being sent to prison where I get that good LIFE BOAT; it has done me good, and all who read it praise it. Some of the boys think that when they go out they don't need it any more, and forget to pray and go again in sin, like the nine lepers who were cleansed forgot all about it. I ask you to pray for me to keep myself humble at Jesus' feet. I hope, after I am free, to win souls and sell Bibles and books and give away five hundred LIFE BOATS every month to prisoners."

SOUL-WINNING TEXTS OR BIBLE HELPS FOR PERSONAL WORK.

A new book filled with the best things and the choicest texts in the Bible, all classified, representing years of careful work. Morocco binding, fifty cents; cloth binding, thirty-five cents. 192 pages, vest pocket size.

This is a valuable book. Order now. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

P. F. HASKELL, M. D.,

A. M. M. C. Dispensary, 888 W. Thirty-fifth Place,
Chicago.

I wish through THE LIFE BOAT to thank the many who have responded to our request for clothes.

We have received several barrels and bags of good, serviceable clothing, and a goodly number of men, women and children have been clothed and made comfortable.

It did me a great deal of good to go over the clothing and help sort it out, for I could see that many hours, both with deft fingers and busy plans, had been spent in collecting, mending, cutting and sewing; but a still greater pleasure awaited us when we received the appreciative thanks from those to whom we gave.

I hope to get better acquainted with our friends scattered everywhere who are interested in the Dispensary and the visiting nurses' work, both through the columns of THE LIFE BOAT and by answering letters which may be addressed to us in reference to our work.

Certainly we who are interested in the same work should be acquainted with each other. We will be glad to hear from you.

Particularly is it interesting to know how a barrel or a box full of clothing is collected or prepared.

Please accept our thanks in this general way and upon the receipt of any contributions we will acknowledge the same to the givers.

I hope that each one who has in any way helped in sending these clothes may receive as great a blessing as I have in being the medium for distributing the same.

We would like to suggest that bundles sent us be as large as possible as each one costs the Dispensary one or two dollars to have it delivered and those sending the gift should remember that that amount of money will buy considerable new clothing.

A QUAKER'S RULE OF LIFE.

The following three rules are said to have been given by an old Quaker to Senator Scott, of West Virginia, when he was a young man. In following them the Senator claims to have made his success in life:

"Not what thee eats, but what thee digests, will make thee healthy.

"Not what thee earns, but what thee saves, will make thee wealthy.

"Not what thee reads, but what thee remembers, will make thee wise."

IN NEED OF A HOME.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY,
Santa Ana, Cal.

Below is an extract from a letter I received from a man behind the bars. It ought to challenge the attention of any decent Christian person. The whole church has failed, and woefully, to meet such cases as this. It is up to the church, up to Christian men and women to enter into this matter as Jesus Christ would have them do. It is a reproach on

Christianity when a man freed from prison is left to the devil's influences. Every such unfortunate should be met as the prison doors swing open and he steps forth a free man, by Christian people with loyal hearts and open hands, and by them made to feel that hope shines for him, that notwithstanding the past, he shall be trusted and shall have one last chance. Christian fathers, mothers, suppose this were *your* boy:

"I have been a wanderer with no place to call home since a boy. I left home at an early age and always felt that the hand of every man was against me. If I am given the opportunity, that is, were you to help me to a situation where I could earn an honest living, where I could have the trust, the confidence of my fellow men, I feel that I would be like the lost sheep that returned to the fold. Salary is no object; I simply have in view a home. I shall be liberated in April next with the sum total of about fifteen dollars to begin life with; therefore if you care to 'win one' pray give me a hearing. Yours trustingly."

Ah, what an opportunity, one of God's opportunities! And all about it are the sunbeams of God's own plan and will. Did not Jesus say: "I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me"? Who will help me to help this man—this man whose soul is full of a great longing that the Holy Spirit must have made, reaching out after God, after better things, after a home, after human sympathy, trust and confidence? May God bless this dear man. I want to ask the readers of this magazine to join me in prayer for this precious soul, that God may open the door to all he longs for, to a useful life, to a loyal service to his Saviour, to eternal life.

Our readers in all parts of the country are availing themselves of our special 1909 offer of five LIFE BOATS to one address for a dollar and a half. You who are reading these lines, why not do the same? You will find them convenient to give away, to loan to others, or to use in place of tracts.

Often we neglect our own chances, while figuring out what we would do if we had another's.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR



HOW YOU MAY AROUSE INTEREST IN THE NEXT SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER.

We again want to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the May number will be another special prisoners' number. The men behind prison bars are much like other folks: they fell down and were caught; a host of others fell down and were not caught. At any rate they need the Gospel, and when Christ comes back again He will say to someone: "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

Will you not help us again in this effort? Two dollars will pay for one hundred LIFE BOATS to be sent to your own or some other State prison. Talk it up to your family; speak about it in the church, in the Sabbath-school and prayer meeting. Interest others in it. If you will write us we will send you copies of interesting letters that you can read to others that will surely awaken their interest.

JUST THE BOOK WE HAVE ALL BEEN LOOKING FOR.

Dr. William S. Sadler has just issued the most valuable book on soul-winning texts or Bible helps for personal work that it has been our privilege to see. It is the result of fifteen years of work based on a rich experience in personal work, public work at camp-meetings, slum work, slum mission work, visitation work, and teaching missionary students, etc.

The book contains one hundred and ninety-two pages of classified verses to meet almost every imaginable condition. It is vest pocket size. It contains about a thousand classified verses written out in full.

We are pleased to announce that arrangements have been made so that we can offer this book in morocco binding, stamped in gold, for three new subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT, or the cloth binding with red edges for two new subscriptions. Get this book and you will never regret it.

LIFE BOATS FOR FT. SAM HOUSTON.

Last month we published an appeal from Brother Granger calling for LIFE BOATS to supply the several thousand United States soldiers situated at Ft. Sam Houston. We are glad to say that there are several generous responses, but we shall need several more to supply the needed number, the entire year. Remember, two dollars supplies one hundred of one issue. The following is from a recent letter received from Pastor Granger:

Your very kind letter expressing your deep interest in my work among the soldier boys here came duly to hand. I wish to thank you for the practical way in which your interest is being manifest. Already I have received one hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT and think there is another bunch of them at the postoffice for me, as I received a notice last evening that a package was at the office too heavy for delivery.

I am placing these among the boys and know that we shall reap some fruit for the heavenly garner. Should further contributions come in reserve them for the next number as I would prefer them scattered along rather than have them all in a bunch.

The boys here are taking a deep interest in this new move for their benefit, and volunteer to help carry them to the different quarters.

Within a few weeks this post will be the largest in the United States, and it is certainly a fine opening for missionary operations with THE LIFE BOAT. I feel much encouraged in the work and believe the Lord has some one who will provide the necessary copies each month for these boys to read.

W. H. GRANGER,
1020 Mason street,
San Antonio, Tex.

NOBODY WANTED TO DO ANYTHING.

The lady who has been writing the Good Comrade series of articles in *Good Housekeeping* conceived the idea of setting restless, unoccupied girls to work for others. She writes that she entertained beautiful, rosy dreams of the way to happiness that she was thus able to point out, but she afterwards wrote in the De-

cember *Good Housekeeping* this concerning the result:

"But—oh! girls, if you could know how my heart aches as I write it—*nobody wanted to do anything for anybody! Everybody wanted somebody to do something for her!* Nobody had a talent of time, or of affection, or of education, or of special skill, that she wanted to share—nobody except a wonderful bedridden woman in Canada and a dear, sunny-hearted woman in Georgia who would give lessons in painting to one or two girls in her city. Everybody had a talent she wanted to develop—but the talent was never the talent that bears most development, that brings most joy: the talent of giving.

"I know that one cannot live all of life up to a certain period in a struggle for self-development merely, and then, on some bright dawning birthday or New Year's morn, spring out of bed saying: 'I have had enough of self-development! I will now forget self and be consumed by a great passion for the happiness and development of others.'

"Once in a very great while some Saul of Tarsus is overtaken on his way to Damascus, full of lust to slay the righteous, and converted in a blinding flash of revelation to an Apostle Paul willing to be all things to all men that he may win some to Christ. But it is most unwise for the majority of us to expect any such conversion; if we want to die in the blissful consciousness of having really lived, we must begin at an early age to live there-untoward."

Almost every mail brings us a dollar and a half from someone for five Life Boats to be sent to one address for a year. If you have not already availed yourself of this special offer why not do so? You will find it convenient to have an extra Life Boat to put in your pocket when you are traveling, to hand to someone. No one can measure the full harvest of such seed sowing.

READ THIS.

Nearly everybody knows something about the China Inland Mission, but all should read the fascinating story of how Dr. J. Hudson Taylor opened up this most marvelous of all modern mission efforts. We have sent out over two thousand of these books to our readers and they have inspired people in every part of the world.

Remember we furnish this wonderful story for only two new subscriptions. No one can read it without becoming intensely interested. Secure two new subscriptions and get this book.

WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE?

A young woman in a Western State writes: "It is my intention to canvass the principal cities of this State during this year for THE LIFE BOAT, and I hope to be able to make enough money so that I can place as many of the May Special Prisoners' Numbers of THE LIFE BOAT in this State penitentiary as can be used there."

Are there not others who feel impressed to do a similar work in their home State? The good that can be accomplished in this way cannot be estimated.

"ALL MY FRIENDS HAVE DESERTED ME."

The following is from a prisoner in the Blackwell's Island penitentiary, written to E. B. Van Dorn, superintendent of the Life Boat Mission:

"Your LIFE BOAT magazine was recently put into my hands, and after a thorough perusal of it I desire to express to you my deep appreciation. It has helped me greatly in my determination to live my life as God would have me, for by His grace and power I will.

"I have been a clergyman for some years and only a short time ago I preached my last sermon in a church where I had been holding revival meetings with a result of forty-seven souls in two weeks, and I had the joy of receiving thirty-nine of them personally, after they had been baptized. I hold my M. A. degree from a famous university, but for all my education and learning, in an unguarded moment I took my eyes off of Christ and here I am today. All my friends, professing Christians, have deserted me and I am suffering the pangs of remorse and my physical health is very bad.

"I am glad to tell you I have experienced an earnest desire to atone for the past by constant aggressive service in His cause. I expect to leave here next summer to face life again, with not a human friend to aid me. Any time you have leisure I shall be glad to hear from you."

WITH THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

A. V. OLIVER.

It was my privilege recently to accompany Dr. Paulson to one of the largest public schools in the city of Chicago. There he gave a lecture to about 1,200 children between the ages of ten and sixteen on some of the simple principles of how to develop and maintain strong, healthy bodies.

At the beginning two crooked sticks were taken: one was a small green twig and the other was an old piece of a limb. The twig could be easily straightened by pulling on each end, while any effort to straighten the old limb only resulted in breaking it. He then asked why the twig could be so easily straightened, and the children replied in concert: "Because it is young."

After a few good points on the importance of fresh air and proper mastication of food, he took up the evils of the cigarette habit, telling how it beclouds the brain and stunts the physical development and fills the reformatories and insane asylums with worthless wrecks.

It was a very impressive sight to see those 1,200 bright young folks gratefully grasping every word. These children in a few years from now will be either our merchants, teachers, ministers, legislators, or our vagabonds and inmates of our penitentiaries and insane asylums. Which shall we have them be?

Most perfect attention was given by everyone and when he had finished a burst of applause such as you never heard came from those happy children.

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The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 471 State St.

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

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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.

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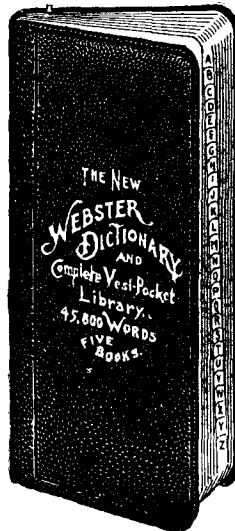
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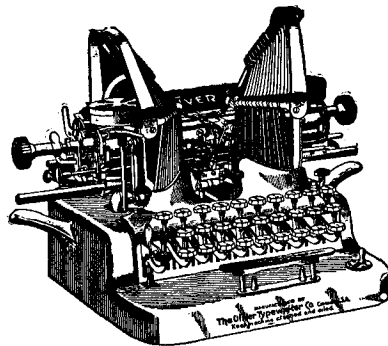
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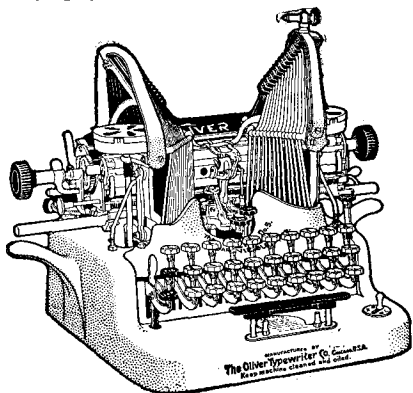


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The prompt and generous response of the Oliver Typewriter Company to the world-wide demand for *universal typewriting*, gives tremendous impetus to the movement.

The Oliver, with the largest sale of any typewriter in existence, was the logical machine to take the initiative in bringing about the *universal use* of typewriters. It always leads!

Save Your
Pennies
and Own

The
OLIVER
Typewriter

The
Standard
Visible
Writer

This "17-Cents-a-Day" selling plan makes the Oliver as easy to *own* as to *rent*. It places the machine within easy reach of every *home*—every *individual*. A man's "cigar money"—a woman's "pin money" will buy it.

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And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to *earn money to finish paying for the machine*.

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The Oliver is the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—hence its *100 per cent efficiency*.

Among its scores of conveniences are

- the Balance Shift
- the Ruling Device
- the Double Release
- the Locomotive Base
- the Automatic Spacer
- the Automatic Tabulator
- the Disappearing Indicator
- the Adjustable Paper Fingers
- the Scientific Condensed Keyboard

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The Oliver Typewriter turns out more work—of better quality and greater variety—than any other writing machine. Simplicity, strength, ease of operation and visibility are the corner stones of its towering supremacy in

- Correspondence
- Card Index Work
- Tabulated Reports
- Follow-up Systems
- Manifolding Service
- Addressing Envelopes
- Working on Ruled Forms
- Cutting Mimeograph Stencils

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Write for Special Easy Payment Proposition or see the nearest Oliver Agent.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

47-55 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

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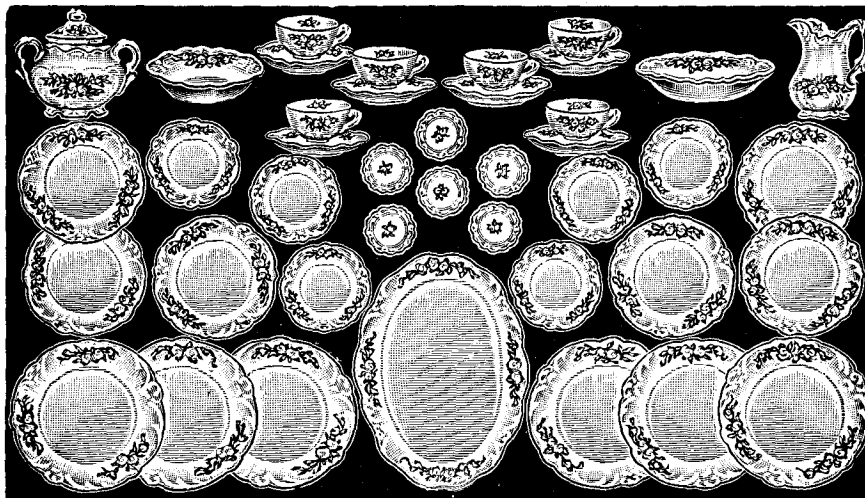
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"I have been using a set of these premium dishes in my home for several months, and they look just as good as new. I was well pleased with them when I received them, but am still more pleased with them after several months of hard usage. They are both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

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A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch FREE

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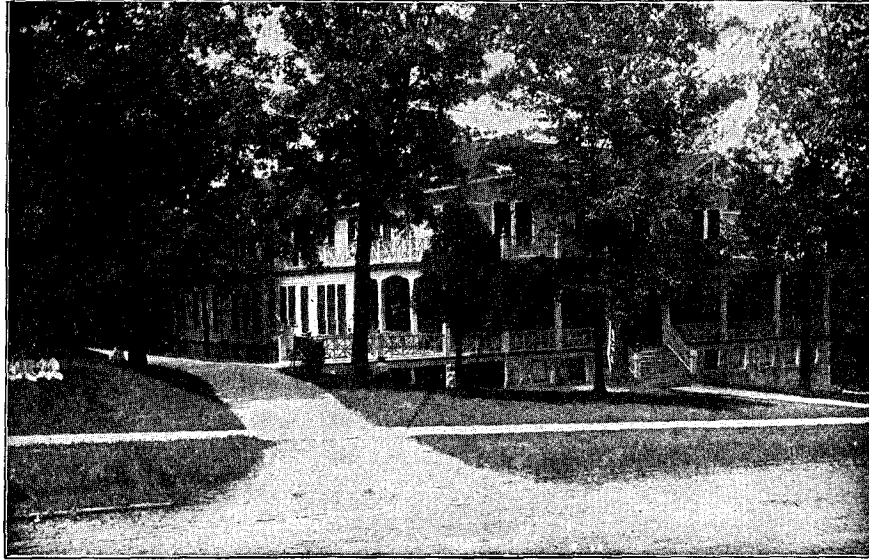
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