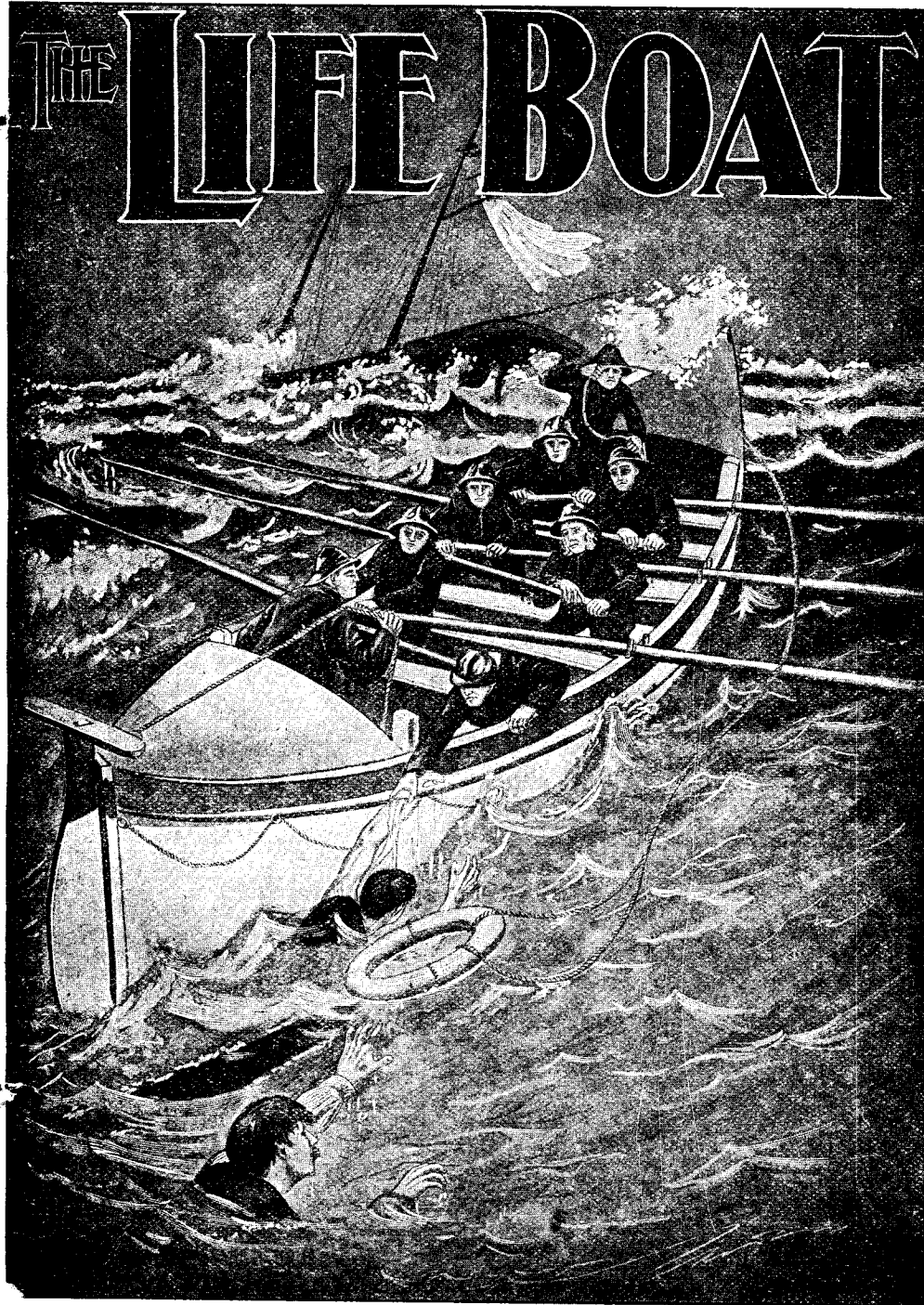


Next Month—Special Prisoners' Number

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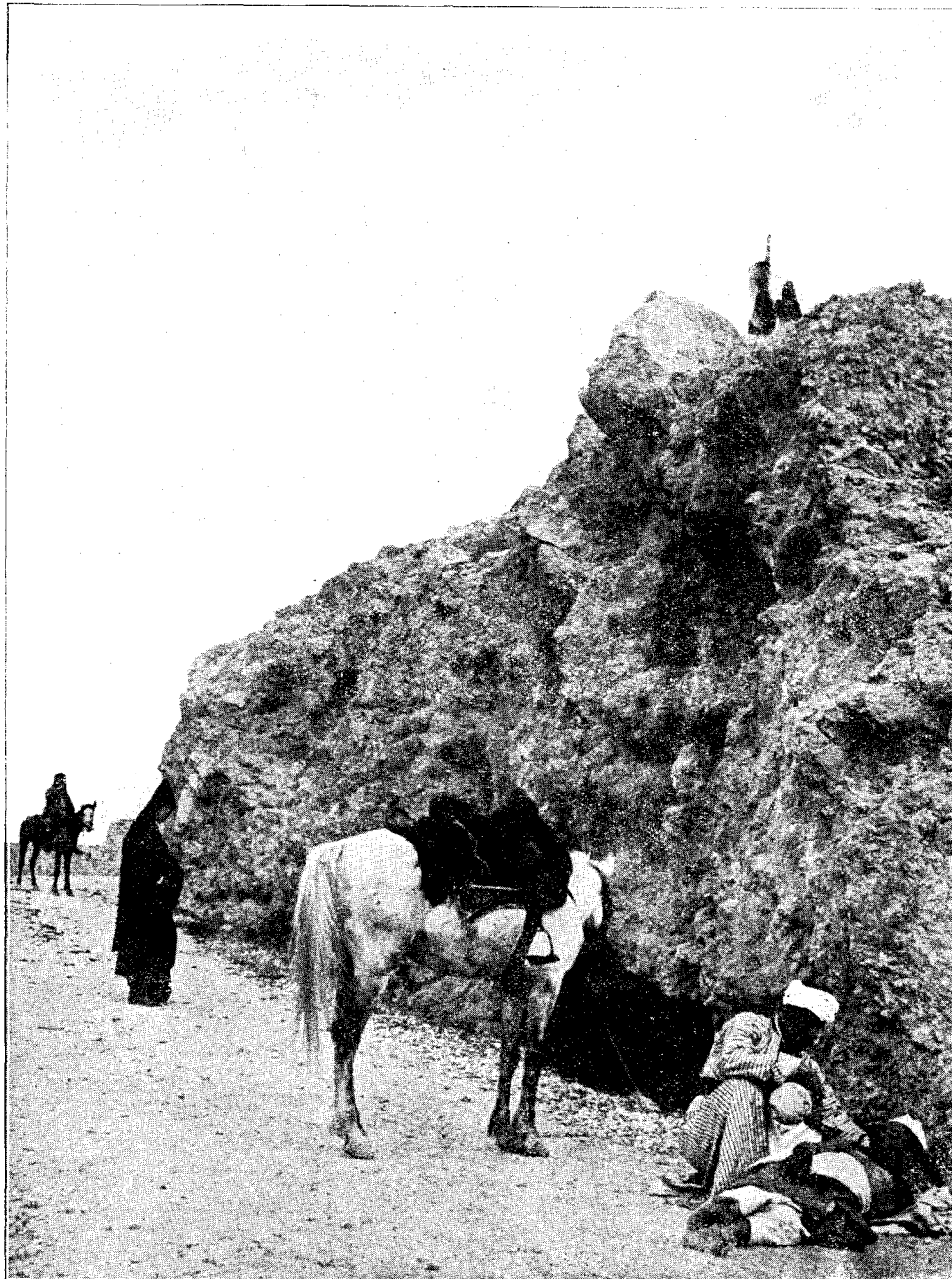
How Many Life Boats Will You Furnish Your State Prison?

Volume Twelve
Number Four

Chinsdale, Ill.

April, 1909

The Good Samaritan Inn—This Number



An actual photograph of the Jericho road near the spot where the good Samaritan found the wounded man and took him to the inn.
Read on the first page an interesting description by M. C. Wilcox of his visit to the old inn on this Jericho road. Read also on page 98 of the establishment of a modern Good Samaritan Inn.



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

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

Volume XII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: APRIL, 1909

Number 4

**A VISIT TO THE ORIGINAL GOOD
SAMARITAN INN.**

DR. M. C. WILCOX,
Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

[Dr. Wilcox spent twenty-seven years as a missionary to China. He was president of the Anglo-Chinese College, the author of many books for the Chinese and a man whom God has used in a wonderful way to bring the Chinese to Christ.

He recently spent a couple days at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, and, hearing about the establishment of the Good Samaritan Inn for the sick poor, he told us the story of his visit to the original inn between Jerusalem and Jericho to which the good Samaritan brought the wounded traveler that he found lying by the side of the road.—Ed.]

While listening to the plans for the Good Samaritan Inn to be opened in connection with this institution, I thought of the delightful experience of my travels in Palestine. While returning from India I visited all the Bible lands so as to prepare a book on that subject in the Chinese language.

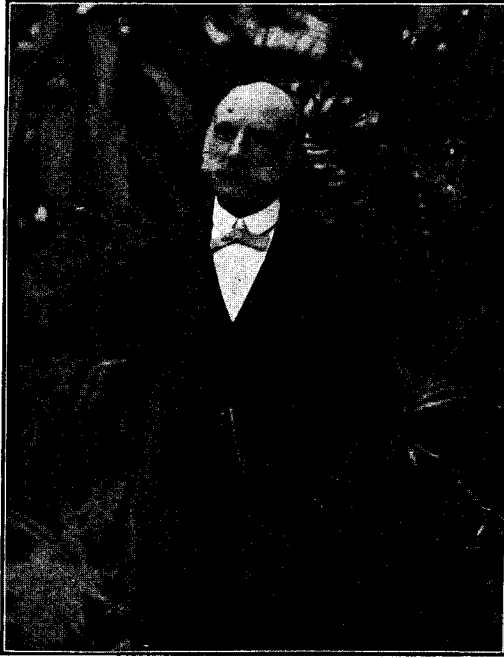
My dragoman and I started down over this dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho. It is always spoken of as "down to Jericho" for it is down hill all the way. We went down very fast and passed the good Samaritan's Inn on the way. My guide pointed it out and then told me the story of the good Samaritan and the man who had

fallen among thieves. I thought the inn looked as though it grew out of the rock. He said there is good evidence that this is the identical inn that stood there at the time of Christ.

We went on down to the Jordan valley, to the place where Christ was baptized. Then we went down to the Dead Sea, and went in swimming. I had a hard time getting into the water and my guide had to hold me. From there we went up to Jericho and stayed all night.

I had been away from my wife and children about two and one-half years, so every time I saw a child I thought of my children and of my little Lillian who is only ten years old now. There at Jericho while waiting outside of the little hotel, I saw thirty or forty children and one old woman who seemed to be taking care of them. They were the dirtiest little bunch of children I ever saw. They were dark-skinned to begin with and the filth and dirt on them made them black.

I was studying that little mass of humanity when, all of a sudden, one of them threw up her hands and cried, "Mama, mama!" It sounded just like she was speaking English. The mother who had been away working and who had left her little one to be cared for by the old lady, came up and kissed her.



M. C. WILCOX.

and oh, how that mother hugged and kissed her baby! The next morning we started long before daylight and climbed up the mountain. We timed our trip so as to reach the inn for breakfast. We went into the building, which was as solid as a rock. The storms and tempests could have no effect on it. As we went in there while our frugal breakfast was spread before us, I read over again that parable and then looked at the pictures on the walls of historic times.

This has been a place where the people have stopped as they were coming and going from time immemorial. This man who fell among thieves was simply a case of thousands which had occurred. We might have been among that number but for the pains that were taken for our protection. We ourselves saw those highway robbers, but they did not dare to attack us.

Jesus asked the question, "Who is my neighbor?" As I understand that parable our neighbor is anyone we can help. We often think we have got to have good neighbors, and if so

they will help us, but we should think, "Can we do something for our neighbor?"

A MODERN SAMARITAN INN.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The Lord has in a special manner impressed me with the necessity of establishing a place in the country where effectual sanitarium opportunities can be provided for those who are struggling under the double burden of sickness and poverty. The Lord has at last opened the way for this to be realized and we hope soon to open here in Hinsdale on seven acres of land, recently purchased for this purpose, what we have decided to call a "Good Samaritan Inn."

SPECIAL FEATURES.

In order to lessen expense at first the buildings will only be summer construction, receiving patients from the first of June until November.

Small and inexpensively furnished rooms will be rented for a dollar and upwards a week.

A sanitarium dietary prepared especially for the sick will be supplied at practically home cost.

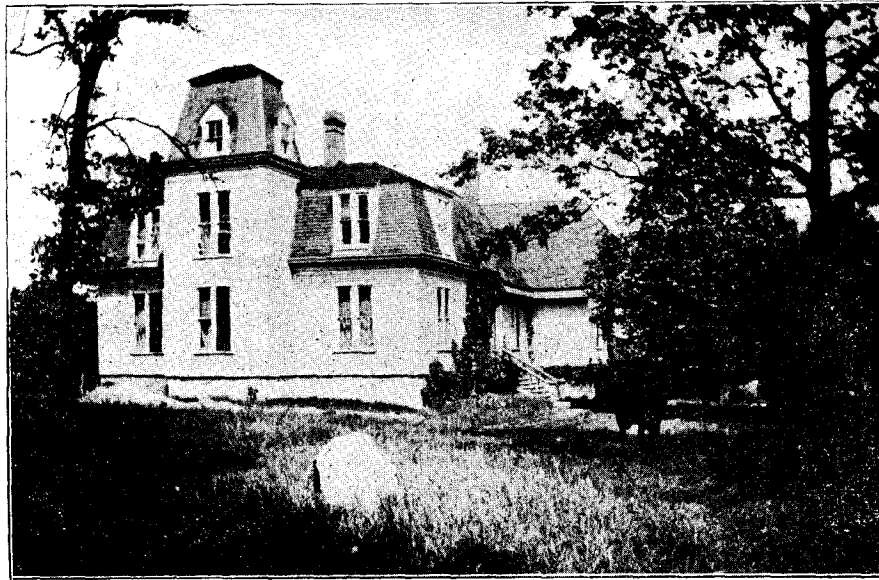
Simple treatments, scientifically administered, will be given for twenty-five cents and upwards per day.

During the day patients will be kept out on broad, sunny verandas or under the delightful shade trees, breathing in health.



WINTER SCENE OF A PORTION OF GROUNDS.

Just across the street from the Hinsdale Sanitarium, SEVEN ACRES of most charming grounds largely covered with beautiful trees have been purchased for the Good Samaritan Inn.



SUMMER VIEW OF BUILDING ALREADY ON THE GROUNDS.

In this large double house, after suitable alterations and additions, will be begun this sanitarium, work for those of moderate means.

The evenings will be largely spent attending gospel of health lectures and demonstrations, showing how to continue health-getting at home.

HOW ALL OUR READERS CAN HAVE A PART.

This labor of love will, no doubt, meet its most instant, immediate and enthusiastic response from the poor themselves, for they are best able to appreciate the despairing condition of the sick poor. It was poverty-stricken Mary who anointed her Master, rather than the wealthy Joseph or Nicodemus, although they later came nobly forward and assisted in burying their Lord. So men of means will by and by generously assist the Good Samaritan Inn, but probably not until a host among the poor have, like the widow, cast in their mites.

We want to secure at once a thousand names of those who will donate something, be it ever so little, to the establishment of the Good Samaritan Inn. This is a blessed opportunity to become one of a thousand. We invite *you* to be one among this thousand.

One hundred dollars will make its donor a CHARTER MEMBER in the Good Samaritan Inn Corporation. Ten dollars will make you a founder of this labor of love; but even the

gift of a dime will bring the giver rich dividends. For "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He (God) PAY HIM AGAIN." Prov. 19:17. This promise is as certain of its fulfilment as are the returns on an investment in government bonds.

A BIG OPPORTUNITY TO STEP INTO A GREAT NEED.

In almost every community there is some poor, heart-broken mother in such misery that she would be tempted to give up the awful struggle if it were not for her helpless babe or small children. Yet in the majority of such cases, with a few weeks of sanitarium treatments as will be provided at the Good Samaritan Inn, they would receive new strength, hope and courage and learn how to keep on getting better after they return home, instead of gradually growing worse. And they can receive all this benefit without being made objects of "charity"; for these patients will pay for what they actually receive, just as the poor man does who buys a cheap but serviceable suit of clothes at some bargain counter. The self-respecting poor who come to the Good Samaritan Inn will be able to secure sanitarium treatment without feeling that they are beggars.

We receive almost daily the most pitiable letters from this class of patients. We believe that our friends everywhere will give an immediate response to this appeal, so that we can begin to receive patients within a few weeks into the Good Samaritan Inn. We invite the children to invest their pennies in this labor of love.

How much will you give toward paying for these grounds, and erecting and equipping the necessary buildings for this work? Donations may be sent to Dr. David Paulson, president, or H. E. Hoyt, treasurer, Hinsdale, Ill.

WORDS OF CHEER AND COURAGE.

ELD. WM. COVERT.

[When THE LIFE BOAT magazine was started the very first man to subscribe for it was Elder William Covert. We were pleased to have him present at the first public meeting for the establishment of the Good Samaritan Inn for the sick poor, and he not only spoke words of encouragement but pledged substantial financial support.—Ed.]

I have been interested and surprised at the success that has attended this work at Hinsdale. I have observed it from the very beginning and have frequently said that the Lord has given the best location that I know of for such a work as this. I am glad to be connected with it. I have not done much for it, but I have prayed.

I am glad for the prospect that seems to be before this institution and its kindred institutions here. I believe we should do all we can to encourage and help them.

All over the world are people who need Jesus Christ and His great love for suffering humanity. Of all God's creatures we are the only ones who can do that. The horse can stand most contentedly and eat his installment of oats while his mate is dying in the next stall and yet he will pay no attention to it. When a pig becomes entangled in the barbed wire fence, his brothers will frequently come and devour him. The wolf will do the same with his comrades, and many other animals will do likewise. Only those who are acquainted with the mind of God will help the fallen and the helpless.

If you would keep in good spirits take no bad spirits.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF A CHICAGO VISITING NURSE.

EVA L. BORDEN,
888 W. 35th Pl., Chicago.

To bring to your mind the great need of the visiting nurse I must tell you a little of the character of the people with whom we come in contact. Our work is confined mostly to the stockyards district because we have not nurses enough to take up the whole city. Three-fourths of our patients are Lithuanians, though we have a few Polish. We are trying to master the Lithuanian language; they do not seem to understand English easily. We are finding it rather difficult but are succeeding slowly.

These people are very ignorant of the work we are trying to do; they are ignorant of the most common principles. The other day I called on a patient—a little baby; it is very weak and very emaciated; has malnutrition and all kinds of trouble. The mother asked me if it would do any harm to let the child have a breath of fresh air. The room was entirely closed and the child living in the kitchen. The house was very clean and the only reason the mother was keeping the child under these conditions was because she thought it was better for the baby.

I asked what she was feeding it and she said some kind of patent medicine, and was soaking baker's bread in water; she had heard that was very good. The doctor had prescribed a certain bandage for the child and thought it was going to have hernia, but she could not make it, so I showed her how and she made two or three. I told her the fresh air would not hurt the infant, and gave her a few thorough instructions.

I had just got back to the Dispensary when a little fellow came in and said his father was sick again and wanted "five cents' worth of medicine." Stomach ache and corns are all the same: they want "five cents' worth of medicine."

In another place there are five children all living in one room. The room does not appear ever to have been scrubbed with soap and water, neither do the children. The father is out of work. When we gave them clothing for the children the mother took it and pawned it for drink. We got the relief department to furnish milk for the baby and so

it is thriving very nicely, but the rest of the children are very pale and thin. It is a problem what to do for them because everything we give them is spent for drink. We are doing the best we can to teach them to clean up.

I found a plate of something on the floor that I could not diagnose; the mother said it was kitten stew. The children had been eating out of it too, and by the way, the cat had a cold. But they were all eating together and seemed to enjoy it.

One young girl came to the Dispensary and said she had a bad eczema on her head, so I made an appointment for her to come to Dr. Paulson's clinic. He soon said it was vermin, and prescribed coal oil and a good shampoo. These things may seem rather funny, and even disgusting to some people, but they are things we meet every day.

I went to a home a couple of days ago where the child was suffering from sore eyes. We took care of it and I am glad to say we have saved the child's sight. The mother said, "I tell you it is a terrible thing to get 'disinfection' in the eyes like that." The health department were coming to fumigate and the mother was very indignant and said, "I won't have this house 'funnigated'!" I had to explain at length the benefit of having the house "funnigated."

We first show the people how to do things for themselves, for they will never gain any confidence in their ability unless they have to depend upon themselves occasionally.

In this work we want consecrated young people. The visiting nurses sent out by the city Visiting Nurses' Association are not expected to speak upon religious matters whatever. If a patient is dying and wants religious instruction they are supposed to send for some pastor. Now most of these people, or a great many of them, have no pastor, and consequently they are just allowed to do without any consolation whatever.

I was speaking to one of our patients the other day and she told how her husband had taken to drinking this last winter; he had never drunk before but had got out of work and become blue and discouraged, and took to drink. After he got work again he was paid by check, which was cashed by a saloon-keeper, and then they treat all around. She was tell-

ing me how this habit had taken hold of him, and she said if he would go to the Dispensary where the people would talk to him about his soul she was sure he would get good. He did come and he is not drinking now.

I take care of one woman with a terrible cancer. I was dressing her wound one night and she said, "Well, nurse, how long am I going to live?" I said I did not know. She said, "Nurse, some people believe there is another world than this; do you believe it?" I said, "Why, certainly." "Do you believe that when we die we come to life again?" And the daughter said, "Isn't that funny!" It seemed pitiful to me that they did not know if there was a hereafter. So you see the great need we have for consecrated workers.

Just the other day I was on one of my rounds; one of my patients was very low the night before and when I called I found a piece of white crape on the door, and went on in. I found the candles burning; it was a little baby that had died. I asked where the service was to be held and she said she was not going to have one because she could not afford it. We had a word of prayer and I left a little hope, and the Lord blessed us all.

I hope this will give you a glimpse of the things we have to contend with day by day. It might be well for some of our workers who intend to go to a foreign land some time to start in Chicago, which is near at hand. I want each new day to be a stepping stone to something higher, and I really expect to see in the future some more workers come and help to carry on the work.

O do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.

No man can lounge into success.

Never give up trying; it's often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock.

A STAGGERING CURSE.*

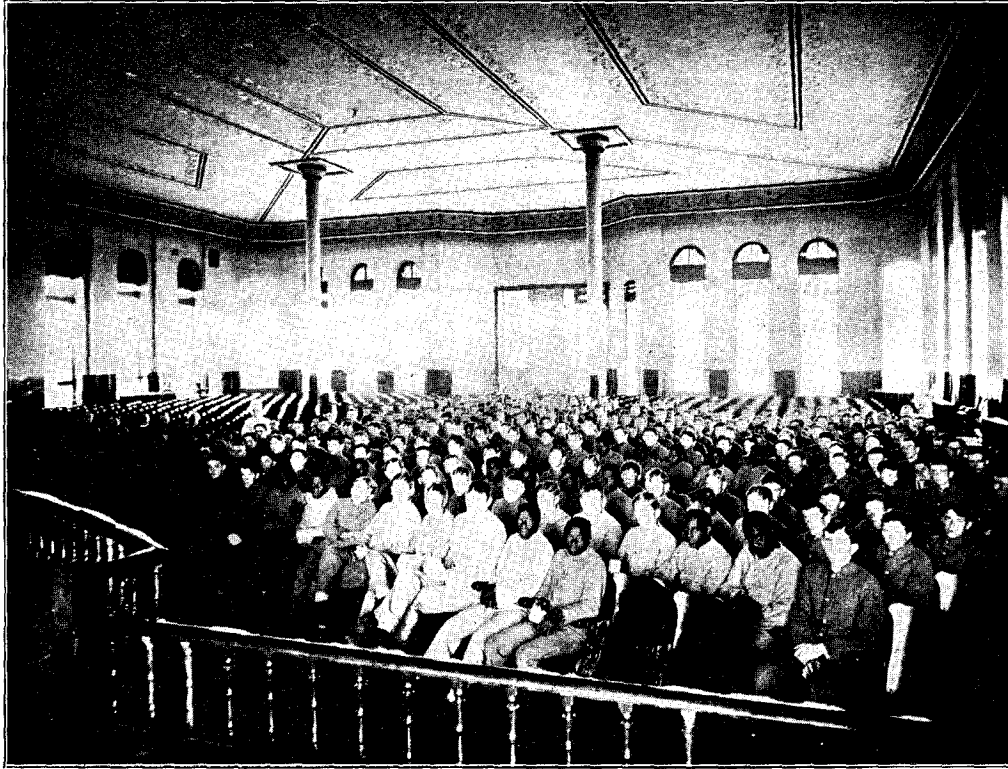
DR. DAVID PAULSON,
President National Anti-Cigarette League.

When I was a farmer boy a poor crop was regarded as unavoidable bad luck. But the modern farmer succeeds because he mixes science intelligently with his farming and so avoids the causes that spell failure.

Thousands of otherwise intelligent people still believe that ill health comes down ready made from heaven, when there are just as

to be waged against either bugs or insects. Likewise there is occasionally someone who has inherited such a stock of health and vitality that it never becomes necessary for him to deliberately and intelligently cultivate health. But for most of us it is otherwise.

The modern idea considers ill health, like poor crops, to be due to bad management. As this truth becomes more self-evident it will forge its way to the front in our educational systems; for of what use is an educated brain



View of a thousand young men and boys in the Illinois State Reformatory. Two dollars will furnish them a hundred copies of the May LIFE BOAT.

definite causes at work producing it as there are bugs that destroy the farmer's potato vines.

Occasionally a fortunate farmer secures a piece of land which needs no fertilizing and grows so few weeds that it scarcely needs cultivating, and where no determined battle needs

to a body that has become crippled while acquiring it?

The teacher is constantly brought face to face with one distressing cause of ill health,—the cigarette evil. We have only had *half a lifetime's* experience with it, for the first cigarettes were smoked in this country in 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Centennial. Yet last year there were enough cigarettes smoked in this country that if laid end to end in a

*Abstract of an address given before the Cook County School Teachers' Association in Central Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, March 13, 1909.

single row would girdle our globe twice and there would then be enough left over to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again.

This evil is invading all ranks of society. The matron of the Minnesota Insane Asylum told me recently that it was astonishing the number of women the cigarette habit brought to their institution. Nine-tenths of the boys in our State reformatory were slaves to the cigarette habit when they were sent up. Every teacher can testify to the mental and moral deterioration that rapidly follows the use of cigarettes, and every observing person must agree with Dr. Gunsaulus that the fight against the cigarette is a fight for our civilization.

It may be of interest to you to learn how a sense of the enormity of this evil was burned into my very soul. Nearly a dozen years ago when I was dealing almost exclusively with nervous and mental diseases, two strong men brought into my office a young man only seventeen years old who was a raving lunatic. His poor old mother, with a faded red shawl over her stooping shoulders, followed.

She desired my opinion as to the prospects of a cure. I was compelled to turn to her and say that her son's brain was hopelessly ruined and she might as well send him to an insane asylum. Then I asked her what had brought this on. Amid her sobs and tears she said, "Oh, it was cigarettes! He began to smoke them and by and by he smoked fifty a day, and then his mind gave way."

Theoretically I had known before this the terrible effect that nicotin had upon the young and immature nervous system, but that day it came to me with a new force, and I promised God, like Lincoln did when he was first brought in contact with slavery, that I would hit this evil as I had opportunity and that I would hit it hard.

And today I plead with you as teachers to use the most effective weapon in your hands with which to combat this evil,—personal efforts. The average boy who is just beginning to smoke cigarettes thinks it is cute. He does not appreciate that five years from now he will be hunting for a doctor to cure him of the habit and he will find none. If this thing lies near to your heart you will find boys everywhere who will listen to you, many of whom you would least expect to pay any attention to your words.

Don't forget that the boy who smokes cigarettes is as much handicapped in life's struggle as half a dozen bricks hung about his neck would hamper him when he was just beginning to learn to swim. The cigarette evil so cripples the mind that such a boy can hold no satisfactory position. It warps him morally so that no one can implicitly trust him. There is no place for such a boy in this world for useful work and there will be no place for him in the next unless he most sincerely repents.

Next to personal effort use your influence to secure enactment of laws to stamp out this our greatest curse. There is no sane man who will plead for the existence of the cigarette except the manufacturer and the dealer, and many of them are manly enough to wish there were no demand for the cigarette.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT."

The following is from a prisoner confined in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary. How many lives there are today who might have been different if some Christian friend had taken an interest in them at the proper time. Are we doing all we can to save ourselves and those about us from having to look back and say, "It might have been different?" This prisoner writes:

"I am a lonely man and my life for the future, so far as happiness is concerned, does not look very bright. I blame no one but myself and yet the loss sometimes seems greater than I can bear. I had a happy home with wife and children and a dear mother. All these I have lost and they can not be replaced in this life. It seems to me now that if my life is spared until I am free again I shall want to warn all others from traveling the road I have come. I can not realize today how or why I should have done as I have—it might have been so different.

"I want to thank you for the beautiful and cheering card you sent me. You can not know how much a kindly remembrance like that helps to cheer many a sad hour and day."

HOW ONE PRISONER GOT INTERESTED IN THE BIBLE.

The following is from a prisoner in the Wisconsin State Prison, written to Mrs. David Paulson. He writes:

"My home is in Canada but I got into trouble there while under the influence of strong drink so I ran away. I came to Wisconsin and soon was in trouble again and was sent to this prison. A man gave me a copy of your magazine and I took it to my cell to read. Looking it over I found your letter that tells what God can do for a man that drinks, plays cards and gambles. I have never read the Bible in my life, but I can say after reading your letter in *THE LIFE BOAT* I have started to read the Bible. I feel I would like to become a Christian after reading this magazine.

"If God can save me I am willing to go back to Canada when my time expires and say, 'Here I am,' and confess my sin. I know it must mean something to become a Christian but I am willing to do all in my power to become saved. I ask the prayers of all that before long I shall be able to thank God for what He has done for me."

THE GOSPEL MISSION.

GEO. W. WHEELER, SUPT.,
1230 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

This Mission was organized two and a half years ago by a number of experienced Rescue Mission workers who felt called to open up a work in this sadly neglected section of the city.

On the opening night of the Gospel Mission, May 12, 1906, seven persons knelt at the altar, seeking peace and pardon at the hands of a loving Saviour, and from that night until the present a continuous revival has been in progress, "inquirers" being present at nearly every service and many persons publicly confessing Christ and beginning Christian lives.

In addition to the regular services in the Mission hall every night in the year and on Sunday afternoons, two Gospel Wagon meetings have been held on many Sunday evenings and street meetings are held every night when the weather and talent permit; many meetings also between 10 p. m. and 12 midnight in the "red light" section, and a number of cottage prayer meetings, all of which have been wonderfully blessed and owned of God.

A lodging house is conducted in connection with the Mission on the two floors above the Mission hall, where homeless men in large

numbers have found a shelter. Those who have money are charged ten cents for a clean, comfortable cot, while every night some have been provided for "without money and without price."

One of the most interesting services of the Mission is the "Free Sunday Night Supper Service," held at seven o'clock Sunday evenings during the winter and attended by as many as 150 men at a time. Many cases of rescue from a sinful life are traceable to these services, one case being that of an educated minister of the Gospel who had fallen in evil ways, was separated from home and family, an outcast, feeling utterly helpless, hopeless, and abandoned. He wandered into our Sunday night service for supper, heard the Gospel of Christ—his heart was stirred within him, a ray of hope appeared, and within a week he was sounding forth the praises of God—had secured employment and was fully restored to manhood and to favor with God. Today he is preaching salvation with wonderful power and effectiveness.

All-day meetings on Thanksgiving and New Year days, with a splendid turkey dinner for homeless men and women, have been productive of much good, a number of men having begun Christian lives on those days; and some homes have been restored and families reunited as a result.

The Mission has for its motto:

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind" (Luke 14:21); and this the Gospel Mission is trying to do through the efforts of its splendid corps of Spirit-filled Christian workers, who devote their lives, like their blessed Master, in "going about doing good."

KEEPS HIS BIBLE ON TOP.

The following lines are culled from the letter of a prisoner in the Kentucky State Penitentiary. It is a good plan to keep your Bible on top. Give it first place and first attention always. He writes:

"I learn something new every time I read my Bible. I shall endeavor, by the help of God, to not let its pages grow old to me. As a rule I lay my Bible on top of all my books and then it is the first one that I pick

up and every time I pick it up I am sure to read some in it.

"I shall commit my ways to God and trust Him to do what is best. I am sure He will guide me in the right path. I find Him a blessing every day."

THE MISSION LIGHT HOUSE.*

PEARL WAGGONER.

How often has the sailor on the ocean's trackless way
Rejoiced to see o'er waters dark the guiding, cheering ray
From distant lighthouse. Yea, how oft would greet the watchers' sight
Another wreck, but for those beams illumining the night.

But not alone at midnight's hour, and not alone at sea
Are needed lights to show to men where hidden dangers be;
For in the city's crowded streets, where sin's dark billows roll,
Drifts many a ruined, shipwrecked life, and many a storm-tossed soul.

No darkness is there half so great as that that's caused by sin,
No tempest half so rude as where despair has entered in;
And where is light more needed than where deepest shadows fall,
Or life boat safety but amid the fiercest storm of all?

Full well the place was chosen, on this crowded, wicked street
Where hundreds, thousands, daily pass with worn and wearied feet,
To raise a lighthouse, souls to save from sin's swift undertow,—
And so the Mission opened—just eleven years ago.

Not much it was to outward view, and one would pass it by
If looking for a sculptured hall, one beauteous to the eye.
No cushioned pews were there within; the floor, though clean, was bare,—
But, ah! the ground was holy, for the gate to Heaven was there!

Since then there's not a night has passed but what, within its door,
Some hopeless, shipwrecked, sinking one has learned the way to shore,
Has found new strength and courage, and withstood the tempest shock
By reaching up and building on the everlasting Rock.

How often has some dying soul—one fallen in the strife—
Within these portals here received God's gift—eternal life!
How often have these selfsame ones gone forth again to bear
Their witness to the power of Him who hears and answers prayer.

The drunkard, and the harlot, and the ones made hard by pain
Alike have pressed the Mercy-seat, and ne'er have come in vain;
For no one too degraded is, no life so black, so low.
But Jesus' blood can save and make as pure and white as snow.

*Read at the eleventh anniversary of the Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago, March 15, 1909.

There's courage for the worker in this thought of God's great power;
There's hope for e'en the hopeless in their life's most bitter hour;
God's Father-heart is yearning over all who faint, who fall,
And more than we our dear ones love, He knows and loveth all.

But words would fail to tell of all the miracles of grace
Which Power Divine has wrought within this humble, hallowed place;
Men kneel as wretched outcasts, heartsick, with marks of sin,
They rise transformed, with glowing face God's love is shining in.

Shine on, then, oh, thou beacon light, with bright and steady ray
Until thy light shall be eclipsed in Heaven's perfect day;
Shine on, and shed thy cheering beams across life's stormy waves
Till many more, now wrapped in gloom, have learned that Jesus saves!

SOME OFTEN OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES.*

DR. LENA K. SADLER,
100 State St., Chicago.

I have a great big place in my heart for the Life Boat Mission. I was here the first evening and saw the men who raised their hands for prayer. The Life Boat Mission is what taught me to do personal work. The best way to keep Jesus is to try and give Him away, to share Him with someone else; and everyone can be a personal worker. There are a lot of housewives



here; you have to stay at home; there is the peddler, the grocery man, the milkman, etc., who come to your door; there is *your* opportunity for doing personal work. Is your maid a Christian? Is your nurse girl who takes care of your child a Christian? Perhaps there is a Christian conductor here to-night. Is your engineer a Christian? Let us look tomorrow for all the people that are not Christians.

Dr. Sadler and I have a little back room in our office; I do not know what we would do without that. We shut the door, and turn out the lights, and there we pray with our patients, and that is the way I keep sweet

*Abstract of talk at the Life Boat Mission anniversary, March 15, 1909.

within—working for someone else. No matter how old you are or how young you are, you can do something if you can only say: "I have got hold of Jesus; don't *you* want an introduction?"

Lots of people think it is smart to say they do not believe in Jesus, but they simply do not *know* Him. You tell them what He has done for you and they will want to know Him, I am sure.

Talk about the converts of the Life Boat Mission—they are everywhere! From San Francisco to New York we have met them all the way between. I am getting kind of anxious to go to heaven, anxious to have Jesus come so we can have a grand hallelujah reunion with the converts of the Life Boat Mission. Let us all be there.

A REMARKABLE EVENING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

The evening of March 15 was one which will long live in the memory of those privileged to attend the services at the Life Boat Mission. It marked the eleventh anniversary of the Mission; and if there had been no further exercises the crowd which filled it to the doors long before the close of the first song service would alone have witnessed to the fruitfulness of these eleven years.

When several hymns had been sung by the congregation, the solo, "He must hold me fast," was very effectively rendered by Brother Ryan, who is now a successful evangelistic singer but whom the Lord saved in the Mission several years ago from a life of degradation and sin. Prayer by Dr. Paulson then followed.

The first address was given by Dr. William S. Sadler, who eleven years ago discovered the empty store building and leased it for the Mission, and who, together with Brother Mackey, succeeded in getting it fixed up just in time for the mission service at the hour appointed.

As they were singing the first song, "Throw out the Life Line," the sound of it floated across the street to Silverman's saloon and a young man who was ready to take a drink caught it. He set down his full glass of liquor, walked across the street, came into the Mission and was converted that night. Since then

he has filled many positions of responsibility and at last accounts, almost eleven years later, is still living a wholesome life. Five others were converted that first evening. During the eleven years since then the Mission has been open every night.

Following some brief remarks by Dr. Paulson in which he compared the joy of landing one's first convert with that of parents over their first child, Mrs. Tom Mackey, who was present, said that she had met Life Boat Mission converts in their evangelistic efforts in Duluth, Minneapolis, Denver, and in almost every large city where she and Mr. Mackey had labored.

Mrs. Sadler said that the night she visited the Midnight Mission in New York City she found several substantial workers there who had been converted in the Life Boat Mission. Others have testified to having met similar converts in Australia and in different European countries.

A number of these converts are now evangelists; several are filling pulpits as regular pastors. Many are filling important positions of trust. A much larger number, perhaps more than could be seated at one time in any church building in Chicago, are living the new life in Christ in different parts of the earth.

Eternity alone will reveal what God has accomplished in this Mission during the eleven years. It has never had any wonderful talent connected with it, but, as Dr. Sadler stated, the secret of its success is that it was started and continued in prayer, and the plain, earnest and faithful efforts to save the perishing. It has been a constant struggle to secure enough funds to pay the rent each month, but God has added His blessing in a wonderful way.

At this eleventh anniversary there were present forty-five people who had either been saved or had received a special spiritual uplift in the Life Boat Mission. The thrilling testimonies that these persons gave to marvelous transformations of character would fill this entire magazine, but we will take just a brief glimpse of a few who spoke following Brother Van Dorn's talk:

FROM THOSE WHO HAVE MADE GOOD.

Brother Johnson, who stands at the door of the Life Boat Mission every night to beckon

in the passer-by and give a warm hand-grasp to every man as he passes out, and who is employed in the Y. M. C. A. during the daytime, drifted into the Mission eleven months ago, an outcast drunkard, a former saloon-keeper and bar-tender; he had been in prison a number of times. Only those who have seen him before and after can appreciate the change that has taken place even in the physical appearance of this man in less than a year.

Then broad-shouldered Brother Cannon rose up to speak, a monument to the fact God can save a man past seventy even at the eleventh hour. He was a bad man, a vicious character, a man of desperate deeds. When finally the heavy hand of law had been laid upon him and he had reached the last extremity he dropped into the Workingmen's Home some years ago just before Brother Van Dorn stepped in to hold a little service. The men were then invited to the meeting at the Mission. He decided Brother Van Dorn would be an easy mark, so he thought he would follow him up to the Mission and either try to pick his pocket or that of someone else; and he got something, but it was not what he was looking for. He got Christ, and this rough, desperate character has become a humble follower of the Master.

The next man to speak received his wonderful experience in the Life Boat Mission only two years ago. Since then he has been promoted five times in one of the largest concerns in Chicago. What a striking testimony to the fact that godliness is profitable to all things, with a promise not only of this life but of the life to come!

After him spoke Brother Van Landingham, who was one of the first converts. He was so drunk the night he was converted that he did not find the theater to which he was going, but drifted into the Mission instead, and was converted. He had become one of the most despicable drunkards in the city of Chicago, yet all these years since, he has had a Christian home, and his beautiful, curly-headed boy of eight, after his father had spoken, stood up and recited a helpful verse of scripture. Then his earnest Christian wife rose and added her testimony of what God could do in a drunkard's home.

Following these testimonies, and others,

which had been interspersed with verses of hearty song, Brother Ryan again sang a solo, "A Sinner Saved by Grace." In his testimony, which he then gave, he mentioned the prayer he had made at his conversion eight years previous: "Lord, if You can do anything for a wreck like me, take me and use me." No one who heard his song could fail to believe the thoroughness with which God had answered his prayer.

While the Christians in the company bowed their heads in silent prayer, Brother Van Dorn then invited any one desiring to be prayed for to make it manifest by raising the hand. Several responded, who were sought out by the different workers and shown personally the way of salvation. Dr. Sadler sought the blessing of God for those who had petitioned help, as well as for all present, and following the hymn, "He leadeth me," the meeting closed with a benediction by Dr.

The end? No, simply the beginning of another year—the twelfth year of service for the Master, the twelfth year of holding up the light of the Gospel, of throwing the life line to those sinking in the whirlpool of sin. God grant that this coming year may add many more to the ranks of those saved as result of this Mission effort, and that many others may be inspired to labor for the souls of those about them.

HOW HE CAME TO UNDERSTAND.

At the Life Boat Mission anniversary meeting a very bright appearing young man stood up and said:

"Just a week ago last Friday night I came in here, a lost sinner. I had not seen my mother in many years; I went away from home when I was fifteen years old and had been traveling all over the country and had never written home. I had sworn I never would work, and I lived on my wits.

"The night I came in here a young lady sang a solo: 'Some Day You'll Understand.' It brought back very forcibly an experience I had years ago down in West Virginia. Two other fellows and myself had just gotten out of a box car and we knew that we were in danger of being marched out of town. We observed an evangelistic tent up on the hill well filled with people, so we decided to go

up there. The people inside were praising God.

"One of my associates suggested it would be a good joke to cut down the ropes and let the tent fall on them; so we did it. But God protected them so that none of them were seriously hurt. They kept right on praising God and praying. While I stood there the evangelist himself crawled out and came toward me. I had my fists doubled up ready to fight, but all he said was, 'God bless you; some day you will understand.'

"Now that time has come, and I am the happiest fellow there is tonight. The first thing I did after I was converted was to write to my mother, and she is rejoicing in my salvation. When I was in Denver I learned that my mother's hair was all turning gray from worrying about me. When I left home her hair was jet black.

"I had been in the Pacific Garden Mission several times and I used to laugh at the workers when they tried to persuade me to become a Christian. One of the ladies asked me what I worked at and I said I never worked, I just worked everybody I could. But praise God I have got a job now and I am working, and I am going home in a month or two when I have earned some money to visit my mother."

HIS LETTER DID NOT REACH MOTHER.

A prisoner in the Illinois State Penitentiary, after reading in *THE LIFE BOAT* the wonderful story of Dan Martin's conversion from a life of sin, wrote him the following letter:

"Your life is almost like my own, only you are a free man and I am in prison. I am from the East and my downward path started in New Jersey the same as yours and I wound up behind the prison bars, but I think I am the happiest man in here, for I have found a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

"I always speak a good word for *THE LIFE BOAT* people. The first that I knew about them was in the Galesburg county jail. A lady by the name of Mrs. Nelson came there one Sunday and sang the song, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.' She made me feel so bad I told the boys in there about it and the next

day I wrote to my mother for the first time in eight years. I got no answer. I then wrote my brother and he told me in his letter that mother had passed away and that her last prayer was for her wayward son. Say, brother, my pencil cannot write how bad I felt. God in heaven only knows, but dear Jesus has taken me by the hand and He leads me and I will follow. If I did not have that blessed assurance I would not be able to write to you, but I must confess what He has done for me.

"I will be released next May. If you people could find somebody that would sign my parole I shall be glad. I can do almost any kind of farm work, especially gardening and dairy work. I have a wife and little girl four years old, but I do not know where they are. I have every way tried to find them. She is a good Christian woman, that I know."

THE ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER PRISON LEAGUE.

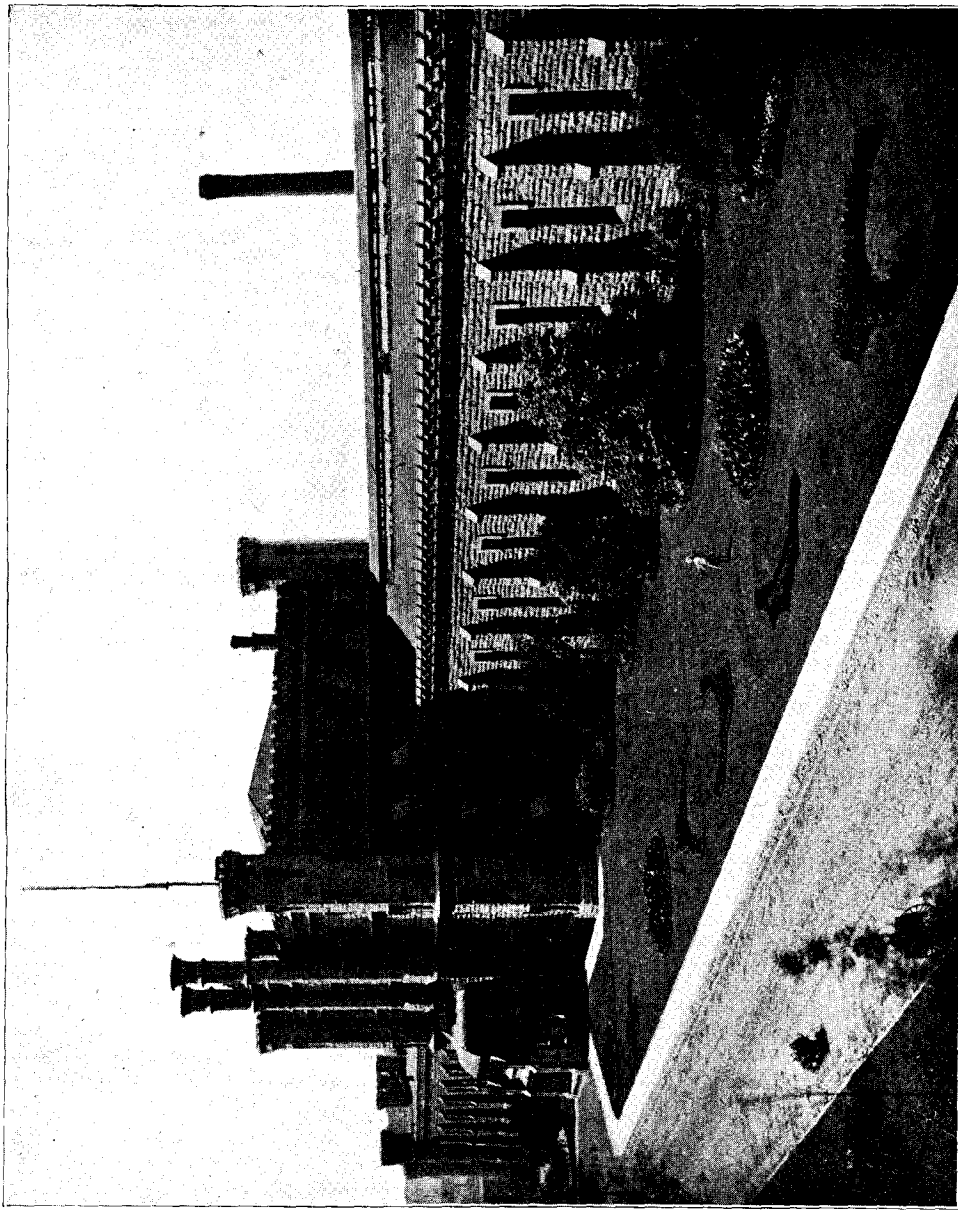
ALBERT J. STEELMAN,
Chaplain, Illinois State Penitentiary.

[Dr. Steelman writes in a personal letter how much the prisoners appreciate *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine. We trust that enough friends will rally to furnish them an abundant supply of the Special Prisoners' Number.—Ed.]

The Volunteer Prison League of the Illinois State Penitentiary in Joliet has a present enrolment of 580 members, and our Volunteer Woman's League has fifty-four members. All of them have promised that they would endeavor through daily Bible reading and prayer for God's help, to set a good example to others by faithfully observing the prison rules and discipline, by abstaining from all unkind and improper language and conduct and from all intoxicating drink and harmful drugs; and they promise to encourage each other in well-doing and right living according to the golden rule.

The leagues meet one Sunday of every month for a devotional meeting in which all are encouraged to take part. Many respond to the invitation. Four hundred and ninety-two were present at the Men's League meeting March 7th. We expect about forty-five women to be present at their League meeting the third Sunday of each month.

Our men's Sunday school has an enrolment of 389 with an average attendance of 310.



THE ILLINOIS STATE PENITENTIARY.

A dollar and a half will send five Life Boats one entire year to the Chaplain of your State prison to distribute among the prisoners. Two dollars will send one hundred of the May Special Prisoners' Number. Will you risk that much of an investment in this needy field? The Lord will reward you both in this world and in the next. The average prisoner has found out by sad experience that the way of the transgressor is hard. He needs now how to learn to become free in Christ. Will you help him to receive this knowledge?

The teachers are from the active church workers in Joliet. The congregational singing is of a high order. Many of the men show by their lives that they are in earnest in their profession of Christian faith.

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

AS A PRISON CHAPLAIN SEES IT.

The following letter from the Chaplain of the Ohio State Penitentiary is such an earnest appeal for an interest in the prisoners' spiritual welfare that we publish it here, trusting that it will influence a host of readers to assist in placing the next number of *THE LIFE BOAT* in the hands of the prison population of this country:

My Dear Brother:

The life and life work of a prison chaplain separate him unto association with the shut-ins who fill a prison, and tend to bring him into sympathy with that sense of loneliness, which Christ seems always to have felt when laboring to save a world of outcasts. It is not probable that anyone this side of heaven comprehended it, or could enter fully into sympathy with the Saviour's work.

During the nine years that I have been chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, with its population ranging from 2,000 to 1,600 inmates, I have longed for helpers in my interesting and yet painfully difficult work. When even a Bible or song book is sent me to give to a prisoner my heart is made lighter.

When the fleet of *LIFE BOATS* which you send comes sailing in, I welcome their coming as President Roosevelt welcomed the home coming of the Naval Fleet at Norfolk. There is music in the air, both for me and the prisoners. We are looking forward to the coming of the Prisoners' Number of *THE LIFE BOAT*, which you always send to us in May, if you can get funds enough to enable you to do so.

If the friends of the friendless understood the situation as I do, and could see it as I see it, I think they would send you donations that might provide 1,000 copies for the 1,652 inmates in the Ohio Penitentiary, and for the thousands of others in other prisons. We shall need *THE LIFE BOAT* the more this year, because *The Prison Evangel*, which Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Haines used to send us, ceased to be published when these good people had used up all their funds in the benevolent work. Wishing that the people will give your

publication support and that God will continue His blessing upon you and your work,
I am,

Sincerely your brother,
DAVID JUDSON STARR,
Chaplain.

EXPERIENCES AMONG THE MOUNTAIN WHITES.

B. N. MULFORD,
Fountain Head, Tenn.

It is not to advertise our work at Fountain Head that I have written this article, but that others in reading of what has been done might catch the spirit and undertake a similar work.

I think that it is quite generally known that the educational condition of the South is poor as compared with that of the North. While we have in the South many good schools and colleges for the higher class of students, and in some sections good public schools, we find great sections of the country where school advantages are very limited.

We find the better schools in the low country where the land is fertile and more valuable. But in the "hill country," where land is cheap, the school tax is very low and the result is few schools and these far from the standard.

To give an illustration of the educational condition in some of these places, I shall tell you of two or three experiences which I have had.

EXAMPLES OF HILL COUNTRY EDUCATION.

A man who formerly lived in Ohio and who has a very good education, received some papers which should be signed by himself and two witnesses. He took them to the country store where he found fifteen men; but there was not a man present who could put his signature to the papers.

When I asked a man one day if he had ever been in school, he said, "Yes, seer, I've had edjuration 'nough ta make me a moighty foine lawyer." Upon asking him to write his name I found that he was unable to do so.

A woman once said to me, "Yes, seer, my gal thar has got a moighty fine schoolin'. She haint been ta school morn three months salid nall her life and she kin read and write fastern her hands kin go."

I asked a boy, apparently sixteen years of

age, where he went to school. His answer was, "I haint never been ta no school." I asked, can you read? "No seer, I kaint read none but I knowed some uve of my letters once."

Realizing to some extent the few advantages which these people have, I was aroused to do something for them: It was early in September, 1907, that I went to Northern Wisconsin where I presented the matter to some of my friends. One lady became interested to that extent that she gave several hundred dollars for purchasing land upon which a school might be established. I returned the following month and, in company with Mr. F. F. West, who was interested in the same work, started out in search of a location.

We went by train about twenty-five miles north of Nashville and then got a horse and buggy and drove up into the hills. After quite a long search we found a place so located that we felt a good school could be established.

We purchased 137 acres for \$1,200. It is thirty-five miles northeast of Nashville. Our families joined us a few weeks later and we began our work.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

As the farm is the source of our support, we first turned our attention to that, putting

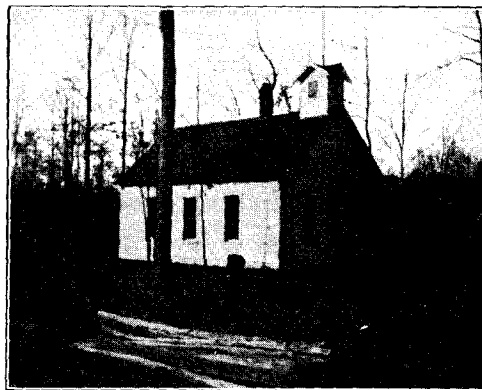


Learning the Science of Work.

out such crops as potatoes, tomatoes, peanuts, strawberries, cowpeas and corn. The yellow clay soil is hard to work and to some of us it was a new experience. But the Lord

was good in giving a harvest sufficient to feed us until another crop could be grown.

During the summer we became acquainted with our neighbors and told them something of our plans. They were interested at once and asked that they might send their children



The New School House.

to us when school began. We began school the middle of October.

There were already two families living in the one house, but one room was fitted up with blackboard and seats. Mrs. Mulford and Miss Mable West acted as teachers. The first picture accompanying this article shows the school as it was before Christmas in the old plantation house. The number increased until we found it necessary to erect a school building. The next picture shows the school house which was finished only a few weeks ago. School was begun in the new building January 25 and at present there is an enrolment of twenty-six.

WHAT IS TAUGHT.

In planning the program for the school we have had in mind the training of the hands as well as the mind. We feel that each student should have a knowledge of practical things. We have therefore set aside a portion of each day for industrial work.

The forenoon is used for the regular studies. After dinner we have a Bible class of thirty minutes, after which the entire school takes up industrial work. Sewing, cooking, bread-baking and general housework has been taken up with the girls, while the boys have been given some experience in carpentry, meas-

uring lumber and forestry. The industrial classes are made as helpful as possible and each student manifests a live interest in that part of the school.

We shall soon take up the study of fruit-growing. While we shall study the science of fruit culture in the class room, the real work will be done outside, where the student will be directed in the pruning of an apple tree or grape vine, where he is taught how to properly prepare the soil for a strawberry bed and with his own hands place the plant in the ground and care for it.

We hope by teaching these practical things in connection with the literary training given in the school, to establish within the heart of every student a love for the home on the farm and in this way hold him in the country, the God-given place for man, thus freeing him from those evil influences of city life which are today wrecking so many thousands of our young men and young women.

Our work is only begun. Only a few steps have been taken. But I hope that what has been done may inspire others to join hands with us in pushing this work forward.

I shall be glad to hear from anyone who is interested in this line of work.

HELPING THE HEART-BROKEN.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

I was recently asked to accompany Mrs. Swanson, matron of the Life Boat Rescue Home, on a very sad errand. A young woman



had come to her who was in trouble. She had not confided in her parents and felt that she could not, and so as time went on her mental as well as physical suffering became intense. She had planned to take her life when she could hide her disgrace no longer. By chance (so the world might say, but we be-

lieve the Lord was in it) she got a copy of the Life Boat Rescue Home circular. She came to us at once, told her story, unburdened her heart and asked for help.

She agreed with us that the first thing to be done was to go and tell her parents. This was a sorrowful errand. We prayed the Lord to prepare the hearts of these people for our coming. We found them with hearts already burdened with sickness and death which had come into their home. I shall never forget the look on that poor father's face when we told him that his own daughter was in trouble and had come to us for help. All he could say was, "My daughter? Do you mean my daughter?"

The sorrow of both father and mother was too deep for expression. They had confidence in their daughter. The family were well respected in the community and now this terrible disgrace has come upon them. But these parents were Christian parents and said they would share the burden with their daughter. Their hearts ached as we told them of the suffering which their daughter had endured because she did not have the courage to tell her mother.

This is not a pleasant story, either for the writer or the reader, and would not be given here but for the hope that some other daughter may be saved a similar experience and some other mother may be saved the sorrow and regret that this mother must experience.

I wish I could tell every mother in the land in words of fire, "Be your daughter's confidant." Listen to her story, be it ever so unimportant to your mind. Let her know that she can in a confidential way come to you with all her little troubles. Take an interest in her love affairs, drop a word of advice founded on principle and then carefully explain the reason.

It is a mistake for a mother and daughter to ever allow themselves to drift apart. A praying, Christian mother is as an anchor to her daughter, who must necessarily be more or less tossed about on the sea of life.

THE NEW RESCUE HOME TO BE DEDICATED IN JUNE.

The dedication of the new Life Boat Rescue Home will be held June 15. We hope to have pleasant weather at that time so all the friends of this work can attend who desire to do so. God has in a marvelous way gone out before us in founding this shelter for unfortunate girls and women.

A WORD FROM THE RESCUE HOME FOR GIRLS.

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

About eight years ago when the Lord showed me Bible truths in advance of what I had before known, He called me to do some-



thing more definite than I had been doing for Him. The verses in Luke 14: 12-23 came to me so forcibly that I could not get away from them, "Go out into the highways and hedges."

About that time a copy of THE LIFE BOAT fell

into my hands. I read the experiences of the visiting nurses and it seemed to me that they had opportunities to go out into the highways. So I decided to take a nurse's training so as to fit me for similar work.

When the Lord finally led me into the rescue work I did not have the love for these girls and women that I ought to have and so did not want to take up this work. But I prayed about it and God gave me instantly the love for them that I have needed so much; for we can accomplish but little in this work unless we can put into it both love and compassion.

One of the encouraging features of this work is the Bible studies that we have had with the girls, getting them firmly established upon the

foundation of Bible truth, and as a result many of them go out and fill useful positions and are interested in the salvation of others.

Heart-broken appeals are coming to us from different parts of the country. Some of these girls do not have a penny to their names. We want to take in all such and give them a chance.

Seven babies are now in the Home, all of whom have been born in the last few weeks. The work of caring for their mothers during this trying time, helping to carry their babies through the various illnesses that are likely to befall them, makes trying work, but we know that the Master adds His blessing to the work done for these little ones. We ask our readers everywhere to remember to assist us in the running expenses of this Home.

If you do not find heaven on the way you do not know the way to heaven.



Picture of one of the first babies born in our former Rescue Home. Grace is now a sweet curly-haired child of five years and has a home with her mother, who is now married.

TO MY SISTERS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

A helping hand is held out to any young woman who is in need of a friend. If you have made a mistake, if you need the advice of a Christian friend I shall be glad to correspond with you. Through God we have been able to reach out a hand of rescue to many a young woman and help her to start life anew. If you need a friend address the writer, Hinsdale, Illinois.

HOW GOD CHANGED A DRUNKEN WOMAN.

CARRIE A. GALOWAY,
Pleasantville, N. Y.

I was converted just one year ago in January and I can say this past year has been the best year of all my life. By the grace of God I am going to make the next year better by living nearer to my Saviour. I am glad today that I am one of God's children. It pays to serve Jesus.

I was thinking over last night some of the days gone by and thinking where the people were that used to come to my house to drink and play cards. One woman is in a brothel today, another one is in the grave, and one man is in the Sing Sing prison serving a life sentence for killing his brother while drunk; another is a drunkard still. I was in jail once but today I am serving God the best I know how.

I have a work before me to do and must lose no time for we know not the day nor hour when all will be over, and when God calls we must obey. Since May 31, last year, we have been holding meetings from house to house until the houses would not hold the people. Then we got a hall to hold them in. Now God has opened up the way so we have a mission called the Pleasantville Rescue Mission.

Since last May there have been about forty souls won for Christ as a result of these services which are held three times a week. The people of this town are helping this work along by giving money for the rent, etc. There are many souls here that are going down to ruin, so we have all got a work to do. Some of the worst drunkards in this village have been converted to Christ through these meet-

ings. It does my heart good to see them saved. I know more of that kind of life than of anything else—I have spent many years in sin. I was as low as any one ought to be but Jesus took me in. If God can save me and keep me He can and will save the lowest in this place.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Recently the Freshman class of the American Medical Missionary College visited the new Rescue Home in Hinsdale. They became so interested in the work that they raised the sum of fifty-five dollars among them to purchase a bookcase for the parlor. The other parlor furniture has not been provided for as yet. Perhaps someone would like to help purchase this furniture.

In living your life do not become so absorbed in the quality of the vase that you miss the perfume of the flower.

WHERE PRISONERS COME FROM.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY,
Santa Ana, Cal.

I have in mind a face with pale, thin, careworn eyes, no gleam of joy in them,—the face of an old man, yet set upon the shoulders of a boy ten years of age. He went daily deep down into a cold mine, way down in the bowels of the earth, toiling day by day. No wonder he was old in looks, in form, in motion. Was it any wonder that by and by he committed a crime? And now the sunlight is gone again for he is behind the bars.

I have seen the face of another boy, skin sallow and sickly, eyes big and blue and hungry, telling of soul hunger and of bitterness, tears and suffering,—the face of an old man though the boy was only fourteen. He had a hollow chest, a hacking cough. He was a cotton mill boy, laboring twelve hours daily in the close atmosphere of the big mill for three and one-half cents an hour. He had poor food at home and a miserable cot to sleep on. No wonder he got desperate by and by and went wrong, and alas, he too looks out from behind the bars!

Another boy's face: He was a slum boy. His home was the street. Like a rat, he found a sleeping place in any hole that would hide him from human eyes. His eyes spoke of a haunted, hunted spirit. He lived in the cellar atmosphere, the Arab section of the city. All his friends like himself steal, lie and cheat, and by and by another face peers out from behind the bars.

Now turn to a brighter scene. It is the face of a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, dimpled chin, roguish baby boy. He grows up almost in mother's arms. I hear that mother teach her boy his evening prayer. The boy grows on,—school life, college, then business success, then the first glass, the first downward step, bad company, a temptation, a yielding, a fall,—and another boy is behind the bars. Who can



THE BOY.

account for this last case? Poor, weak, yielding, erring human nature and the devil's traps!

FIND THE SOFT SPOT.

Reader, I am going to tell you that in spite of all each one of these boys has a soft spot

in his heart; get at it and you have captured the boy. You have planted new aspirations, new determinations, new manhood and salvation under the blood.

Every boy can be won unless he is clearly a degenerate. You can just love a boy into anything. Give him comradeship, kindly treat-



A Kentucky Scene Near Where Lincoln Was Born.

ment, showing the little fellow that you trust him just because he is a boy and has a soul. We must get down to the highway and hedges and work; then there will be less faces behind the bars.

Crimes among boys and young men are on the increase. Look at our prisons, our jails, hospitals, poor-houses, insane asylums, etc,—what an ocean of wrecked, ruined, besotted, sin-marked, sin-cursed humanity! And on the outside multitudes of wrecks on every hand,—good boy material going to the bad,—all a sad verdict of the scripture, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" for there is no difference, every man is lost, in prison or out, high or low, rich or poor.

THE REMEDY.

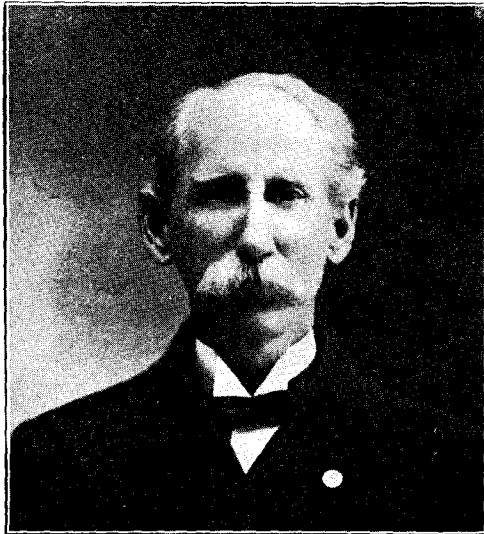
Over against this sad verdict is this simple and blessed truth: "The Son of man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*." The man behind the bars is not lost simply because he is in the prison cell. He is lost because like the people on the outside he has sinned and come short of the glory of God.

When that prisoner comes forth again a free man there will be no one to meet him, no loving hand-grasp, no cheering voice of welcome, and so this man in the hour of his greatest need will find no one to greet him at the prison gate. He must go out alone into a cold, selfish, suspicious world. He can-

not help but come to feel that he is regarded as a jail bird and no good, one to be shunned.

The church should provide a pleasant, quiet home with wide open doors where these men may come in contact with warm-hearted Christian men and women, where efforts should be made to help them forget the past and take new courage and where they may be given a chance to recover themselves. Some honest employment should be provided until a permanent place could be found.

The feet of the man now within the prison will some day step out upon the green grass of earth again,—those wayward feet,—yet the



REV. KINGSBURY.

same feet as when they belonged to the tiny boy and the mother put the little stockings upon them. The face may now be scarred, yet for that mother's sake let us forget the stripes and give the man a chance to become a man.

When such a man is born again he will fill a place in this life and wear a crown in the life hereafter.

It does seem as if such a place should be open to every man who comes out from behind the bars. Here indeed is a responsibility and the measure of it is upon every Christian, there is no escaping it. Brother, look out for these men, extend them a friendly hand.

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM'S FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

On March 4, 1904, the first steps were taken toward the founding of the Hinsdale sanitarium, when Dr. and Mrs. Paulson moved out from Chicago and took possession of one of the cottages on the grounds. The fifth anniversary of that event was celebrated this year in the sanitarium gymnasium with a large company of workers, guests and visitors present.

The Lord's special blessing and care has attended this work from the very beginning. By the time the main building was ready for dedication in September, 1905, it was practically filled with patients.

The following spring it became necessary to build an addition to accommodate the sick who were coming from all parts of the country. By another summer the patronage outgrew the accommodations and several summer cottages had to be erected. This year the institution has been taxed to its uttermost capacity to care for those who have knocked on its doors. The plans are now completed for a large three-story addition containing new spacious parlors, dining rooms, business offices and about fifty more guests' rooms.

This institution was started in faith, born in prayer, and has experienced a marvelous growth in the last five years. The motto for the evening was, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," which was a very fitting one.

STARTING A NEW DEPARTMENT.

The thing that perhaps lent interest to this fifth anniversary more than anything else was the launching of a new work for the sick poor. It has been the purpose of the Board of Managers ever since its organization to establish a place where the sick poor can receive sanitarium treatment at a price suited to their limited means. This work is now to be started under the name of the

GOOD SAMARITAN INN.

The poor mothers all over this land who are enduring untold suffering every day of their lives and at the same time hanging on to life for the sake of their children whom they are caring for, will find in this Good Samaritan Inn a bargain counter of health.

One poor woman who came to see the doc-

tor for consultation was advised to take a few weeks of sanitarium treatment. When she learned that the lowest price was fifteen dollars a week she replied, "What is a poor woman going to do when she has no fifteen dollars?" That question is going to be answered in Hinsdale this coming summer by the help of God.

It is planned to have a building cheaply constructed where rooms can be rented as low as one dollar a week. Connected with this will be a treatment room where simple, inexpensive treatments can be given at a low price; and a dining room where good, wholesome hygienic meals will be served in a simple and inexpensive manner. The facilities for regaining health will be offered at bargain prices, which will be within the reach of the most meager purse.

Interesting talks were given by Dr. Paulson, H. E. Hoyt, N. W. Paulson and Elder William Covert. Mention will be made of these talks elsewhere. This new project met with so much interest and enthusiasm on the part of the large company present that it was thought best to call for pledges, and more than three hundred dollars were promised for the Good Samaritan Inn.

We trust that the readers of THE LIFE BOAT will pray for this new undertaking and that the Lord may touch hearts to help build up this needy work as He has helped so marvelously in founding the new Rescue Home.

NOTICE.

W. T. Dawson, 971 Joseph Place, Memphis, Tenn., would like to have new copies of THE LIFE BOAT for use in missionary work in the South. Is there not some friend who would be glad to subscribe for a certain number each month to be sent for this purpose? Five copies a month for one year to one address costs but a dollar and a half.

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

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

On the evening of April first the second class of nurses will graduate from the Hinsdale Sanitarium Training School. A class of six young women who have spent three years in training will be graduated as medical missionary nurses, to go out and bless humanity with the training they have received.

This school is recognized by the New York State Board of Regents. It is high-class in every particular and furnishes one of the best opportunities in this country for consecrated young men and women to receive not only an education in the nurses' profession, but also in city rescue work, mission work, jail work, visiting nurses' work and all lines of soul-winning endeavor.

Write for information. Address, Dr. Mary Wild Paulson, Secretary, Hinsdale, Ill.

EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY NURSE.

R. B. CRAIG,
Decatur, Ill.

[The following paper was read before the Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Society, Feb. 19. Mr. Craig, after several years as a missionary in South Africa and in this country, became convinced that a nurse's training would double his usefulness as a soul-winner. He accordingly secured the necessary training and has since planted medical missionary centers in several leading cities of Illinois, where soul-sick and body-sick humanity, whether rich or poor, have been blessed.

If there are any young men or women, who, after reading this inspiring article, feel impressed to give their lives to bless humanity in this double sense, they may write us for further particulars.—Ed.]

Some years ago my work called me to various cities of our land. In many homes where we called to leave the Gospel we found the sick and suffering. In many places we were asked to pray for the sick when we knew that some thorough treatment should *precede* the prayer. Just as the Lord was stirring us up to know what to do to be better fitted to work for suffering humanity, a call came from the Battle Creek Sanitarium for those who were engaged in missionary work and felt the need of a better preparation to

enter a course of training especially suited to their needs.

We have thanked the Lord many times that we left our field work long enough to get this training. Calls came from two or three places for our help before we were ready to fill them.

We were impressed to go to Peoria, Ill., where we began our work by organizing two schools of health. We found the Young Men's Christian Association, the ministers, doctors and many of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union ready to welcome us and these have been true and warm friends of our principles ever since.

We have many times been thanked by able physicians for the help we have given their patients. It is true we should educate the people away from mere dependence on drugs, improper dress, and a wrong dietary, etc., but it must be done in a way to avoid prejudice so we can teach them spiritual truth while we help them physically.

Our work must be done so as to interest and benefit all classes of society. I may illustrate this, by a few practical experiences. A poor family called on us for help. The only daughter was critically ill with typhoid fever. As the disease advanced all hope of saving her life was gone. The father was called from his work to aid the mother and friends in the battle for the life of the girl.

At this point I mentioned their condition to one of the wealthy patients when he came in for treatment. He became very much interested in the case and the following day he, with his wife, called to see the family. After visiting with them for a few minutes he gave them some good advice and a check for twenty dollars. This was simply following the example of Job who said, "The cause which I knew not I searched out." This wealthy family inquired faithfully about the girl until she became well. They were glad to have a part in this work and we surely needed their help.

Frequently at Thanksgiving and Christmas time we mention the matter of food and clothing for the poor, when treating our wealthy patients. Often they give us clothing and money with which to buy food.

It has been said that if we would elevate

the standard of morality in any community we must begin by correcting their physical habits. While we teach people to give up injurious articles of food, drugs, etc., we must give them something better to take their place.

We must teach those who come to us how to cook, to make proper combinations and also how to masticate thoroughly. One man who had been sick for some time came to us for help. He said, "I will eat shavings or fast if you can only cure me." He was faithful on his part and after some months was able to engage again in business, but had made an entire reformation in his habits of life in many ways.

Not long ago I met him after an absence of a year or more. His first expression was, "Brother Craig, I shall never forget what you did for me if I live a thousand years."

Faith and prayer will bring help from the courts above. How inspiring is our work when we remember that we are fitting souls for an eternity of bliss in the soon-coming kingdom!

A few weeks ago a lady called me to treat her son who had been very sick for several days. After talking with the family physician he said, "If you can do anything for him, do it, for he will not get well anyway." There was a steady improvement and in three weeks the boy returned to his position as clerk in a store.

A man who had diabetes in a severe form, who lived in an adjoining town, came on the Sabbath day for treatment. He said he knew that was not a day for business but he was suffering and wanted to see me anyway whether I gave him a treatment or not. I told him we only gave treatments on the Sabbath in cases of suffering and necessity. I gave him his treatment and all the while talked to him of spiritual things. He told me his peace was made with God, he was sure his sins were all forgiven.

In a few days he died. His wife told me that that last treatment and visit was a joy and comfort to him to the very last.

The Lord has blessed us beyond words to tell. We can truly say the Lord has a care for all who will go out in self-supporting work if they will be guided by His spirit. These are times that will test the faith of all

but the Lord has called us to this work and has promised to be with us always, even to the end.

THE UNION GOSPEL MISSION.

B. H. EVERSON.

616 Kater St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There has been a Mission in this old building for about sixty years, but I have been connected with it for about four years, during the time of the present superintendent.

Mr. Richmond is an old soldier, gets around with a crutch and cane and spends his earnings in support of the Mission. He lives in Frankfort, a suburb of our city, and comes down every Sunday, rain or shine. He also comes down on Wednesday evening, no matter what the weather is.

Let me give you a sample Sunday. We convene at half-past three. We draw no color line, no clothes line, no line of any kind. Everybody is welcome and the seats are free.

After the devotional exercises we have a sermon from someone. Then follows the invitation: "Sinners to the front! Backsliders, too!" Testimony meeting continues until six. Then we have an hour for lunch. This brings in many a poor waif and stray from the street.

A poor man came in not long ago, gnawing on a dry crust of bread. He had had nothing to eat for three days. But he got more than he expected: he came forward and got salvation. He is now a Christian gentleman and in the Mission work.

Our service of song commences at seven and lasts one hour. Many have been saved during that hour. The invitation is always extended. It is understood anyone may come to the anxious seat or mourner's bench at any time.

The meeting is not run on any one plan. Soul-saving is the principal thing. Everything else is secondary. Then comes the evening preaching, followed by testimony. We try to break up at ten but it is hard work.

One of the most interesting cases is that of our janitress. For nearly thirty years she had taken care of the building and attended every service in her business capacity. But the meetings had no effect on her. She was very profane. She was a woman of the world, though outwardly moral. But during the present administration she has surrendered. She

said to a lady, "If God can convert a man like Mr. Richmond, He can convert anyone." And now, though nearly eighty years old, she is sweet and clean in her conversation.

A WORK OF TRANSFORMATION.

E. B. VAN DORN,

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

In the month of August, 1907, there came to the Mission one evening the most dilapidated looking man I had seen there for some time. His clothes were poor and besmeared with tobacco and filth, his face scarred and bruised from some fight he had, no doubt, been in. He seemed very restless throughout the meeting and was in and out several times. At the close of the meeting he requested prayer, and professed conversion.

In a few days there was a change in the man. He cleaned his clothes, washed his face, got on a white shirt and collar and went to work. For a number of months he did as well as could be expected from any man. He attended the mission meetings faithfully and nearly always took part.

He soon had a little place fixed up where he could do job carpenter work. Only a few days after this, one evening as I entered the Mission there was a message for me stating that our Brother McKenzie was dead and buried. There is an uncertainty as to the cause, for he was found on the railroad tracks with some bruises on his head and in an unconscious condition.

Only a few evenings before this he was in the Mission and expressed his gratitude to God for bringing him to the Mission where he heard of the power of God unto salvation.

He had been over fifty years on the wrong side, and had seen the worst of sin and its results. He exhorted young men not to go the way he had, but to give their hearts to God while in the strength of youth.

While our brother's work is done, and life and its opportunities are in the past for him, let us be thankful we are in the land of the living with time and opportunity to choose and work out our eternal destiny.

The same God that was long-suffering to this man through half a century of evil-doing and finally brought him to the fold of light, forgave him his sin and set him free,

has promised in his Word to those who sleep in Jesus, that at that last day when the trumpet of God shall sound, "the dead shall be raised incorruptible." "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Let this same Lord and Saviour lift you

out of the mire of sin, and the grave of dead works, into paths of righteousness and peace, to serve the true and the living God.

Let me entreat you who read this to come to Jesus in the strength of youth, and give Him your all—soul, body and spirit. Cast yourself into the furrow of the world's need and spend your strength in service for Him "who first loved us."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER NEXT MONTH.

For more than ten years we have issued an annual special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT. The Lord has moved on the hearts of our generous readers to make this possible and we believe that they will respond again to this, another special effort.

When Christ returns he will commend those who have extended a helping hand to the prisoners. (Matt. 25:36). There are many men in prison who committed their crime while under the influence of liquor. Others have committed their misdeeds when some surging passion caused them to almost lose all self-control.

How many of us have had no other excuse for what we did expect, "I lost my temper!" "I became so angry I could not help it!" The difference in God's sight may not be very much between what we did when we were angry and the still worse thing that the other man did when *he* was angry.

We offer no excuse for law-breaking, nor do we wish to shield the law-breaker from the consequences of his wrong-doing, but we do most earnestly plead with everyone who loves humanity and who loves the Gospel to assist us in giving the Gospel to this class of shut-ins. Remember, two dollars will send one hundred LIFE BOATS to your state prison or \$1.50 will send five copies one entire year to the chaplain to give to the men.

When the devil rings up the 'phone of our thoughts, let the line be "engaged" with better things.

HAND-PICKED FRUIT.

The best fruit is always hand picked. The best way to win human souls to Christ is by personal efforts. All great soul winners have been personal workers. In the home, on the train, in the public highway and any other place where we meet humanity we are all of us letting precious God-given opportunities for personal work go by. If we appreciate the value of a human soul and have a prayer in our hearts our eyes will be opened to recognize these opportunities.

The best part of it is that when the Lord opens your eyes to an opportunity at the same time He prepares the heart of that individual to be spoken to, as the following incident shows, which was told by S. F. Brockman, national Y. M. C. A. secretary for China:

"I went to college from Georgia; I always used to be on the lookout for college men from there. I had been there two years, and one day I heard a man read out his name and state: 'Porter—Georgia.' After the lecture we soon became friends. Next Sunday I went to the Young Men's Christian Association afternoon class, and was glad to see him sitting a few seats ahead. I was glad when, some Sundays later, we were asked whether anybody wanted to become a Christian and wanted us to pray for him, and Porter held up his hand. Just then I got a knocking in my chest as I had never had before, saying, 'Speak to Porter. Speak to Porter.'

"But I hate to tell anybody of what I did. It might have turned out very much worse, but happily God did not let it. We took up our hats together for our usual walk. I spoke of everything else I could think of—the weather, the events of the day. 'I will speak to him when I get to that tree,' I thought, eyeing one some way off. We reached the tree. I did

not speak. 'I will do it at that one,' fixing another in my mind. I passed one and another. 'I will do it at this one.' My mouth opened. My tongue would not speak. No words would come. Presently we parted.

"The next Sunday he was at the meeting again. Again he held up his hand; again the thumping; again the walk; again I did not speak. Before the third Sunday I was becoming desperate. I was losing my sleep, and one evening found me at his doorstep. I knocked. He was not at home. How glad and relieved I was!

"I now began to find that he was getting colder towards me. He did not wish to be in my company. I could not get him out with me. It was some months after this that I heard he was getting in with a fast set—drinking and going out at night. I do not care to think of that time.

"At last a revival broke out. Porter professed himself a follower of Jesus Christ. The crowd was going out. I pushed aside the chairs, made my way to the front and soon was beside my friend. 'I am proud of you,' I said, as I warmly shook his hand. He didn't seem pleased. 'Wait a minute,' he said; 'I've got something to say to you. Let us take a walk.' And outside: 'You're the fellow that would have let me go to hell! Do you remember one Sunday afternoon last fall we were out here? I don't suppose you do. It was after class, and as soon as we were walking under these trees somehow the feeling came to me—I don't know how, and I've never felt like it about anybody else—but the words came to me, 'Brockman is going to ask you to become a Christian.' I was praying every step that you would do it, but you didn't. And for three Sundays you didn't do it.'

"He is now a great Christian worker, but I never hear his name or any of his great work without also hearing again: 'You're the fellow that would let me go to hell!' Is there not some friend you could speak to about Jesus Christ?"

HOW YOU MAY HELP THE PRISONERS NEXT MONTH.

Remember that two dollars will send a hundred LIFE BOATS to your State prison. Talk up the matter with your friends, ask the children to sacrifice something and give their pennies, and make up a little sum and send it to us. The Lord will bless you for doing it.

No man in America had a wider experience in soul-winning work than Mr. Moody. He said before his death that the prisons of America were the best missionary fields in the world. He knew what he was talking about. This is even more true now than it

was then. Take hold of this matter. You may never through this lifetime be able to trace the good that will result from this act of kindness, but God knows how to keep books and you will meet it in the next world. For "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

WILL YOU PROVIDE YOUR CITY AND COUNTY JAIL?

Order fifty cents or a dollar's worth of the May special LIFE BOAT and take them to your sheriff or jailer or get permission to distribute them yourself. This will be a good opportunity for you to get in touch with the inmates of your county jail.

JAIL WORK IN KANSAS CITY.

MRS. WILLIAM ALLEN,
444 Everett Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

I still take part in the services at the jail in this place. There seem to be quite a number of earnest souls confined there. Several profess to have found peace in a risen Saviour. One dear soul who has a life sentence seemed to be cheerful and of good courage in the Lord, and said that if he had to choose between the two conditions he would rather be in prison having Jesus than to be a free man outside without a Saviour. Many times the Lord permits sore trials to come upon us to draw us to Him.

Several have asked me for this magazine at the jail. One dear soul who expects to leave for the reformatory at Hutchinson, Kan., said he was trying to be a real Christian. He asked me to sing with him the song, "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour." There are other earnest souls that say they are tired of a sinful life.

Pray especially for the work here. Often I am left alone with only Jesus to stand by my side, while I hold two meetings in the jail. I have a burden for this work, yet how weak and unworthy I feel in doing such a grand work. I feel it is a glorious privilege to try to help the fallen for I know it is for just that class that Jesus died.

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

Hour Opportunity

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

HOW shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?

HOW shall they believe

in Him of whom they
have not heard?

HOW shall they hear with-
out a preacher?

HOW shall they preach
except they be *sent*?"

It is said of those who will
answer these questions: "How
beautiful are the feet of them
that preach the gospel of peace,
and bring glad tidings of good
things!"—*Rom. 10:13, 14, 15*

Now is your oppor-
tunity to send the gos-
pel to the men behind
the bars. The May
Life Boat will be a
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We want to place it in
the hands of every pris-
oner in this country
so that they can "call
upon the name of the
Lord" and be saved. Two dollars pays for one hundred
copies to your state prison. Five dollars pays for two
hundred and fifty. :- :- :- :- :-



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.

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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.

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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.

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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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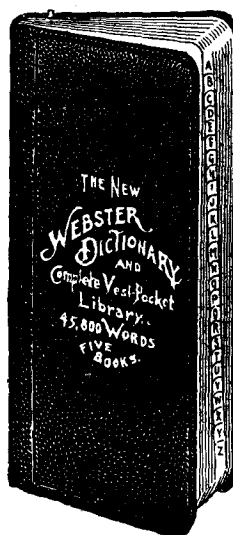
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YOGURT

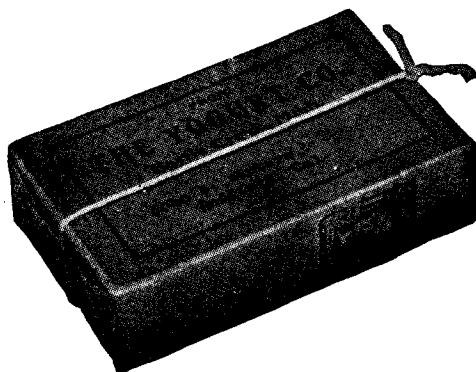
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The GOOD HEALTH COMPANY, in connection with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, secured from Professor Metchnikoff, in Paris, some of the original germs, which they are now cultivating in their own laboratories.

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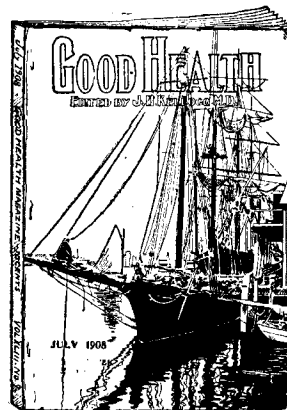
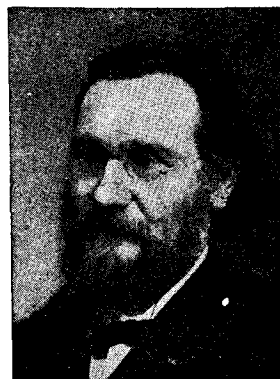
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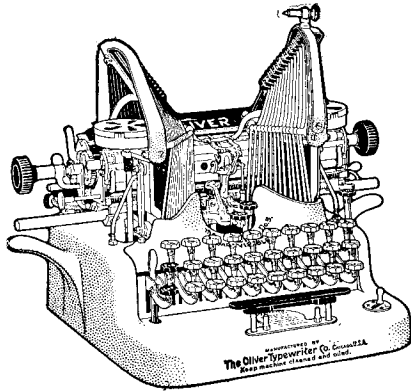
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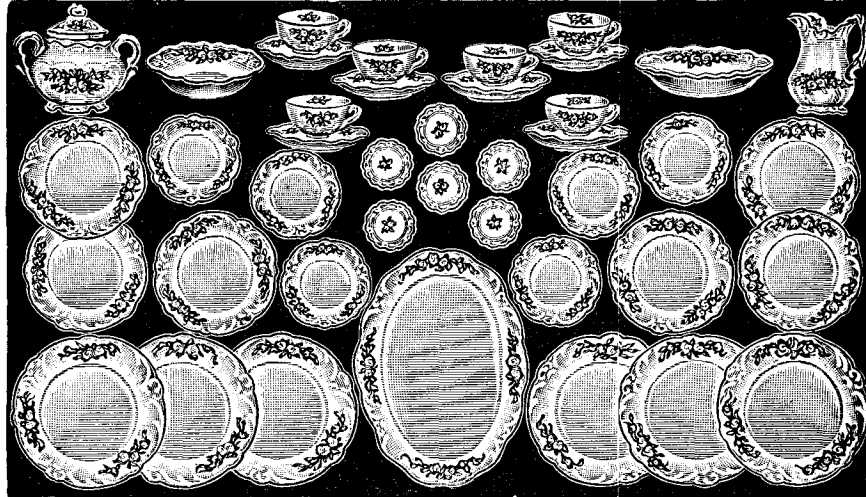
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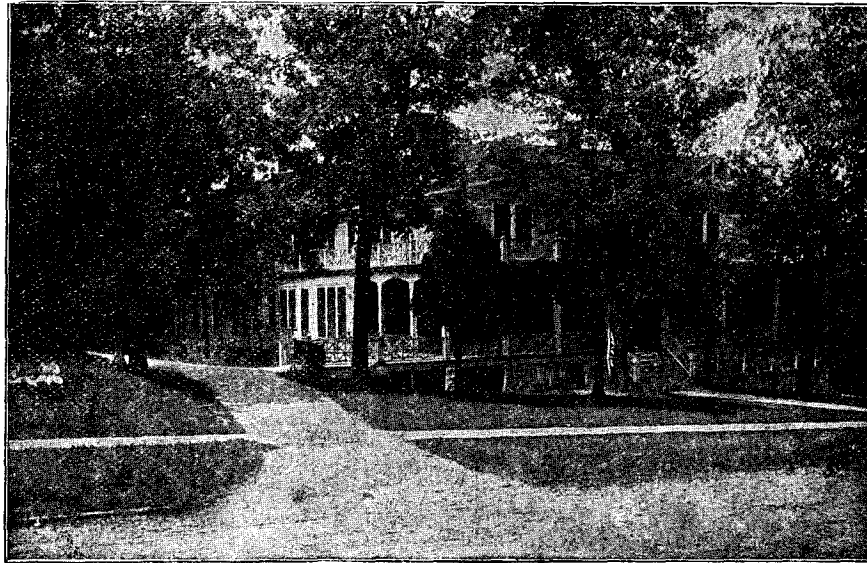
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