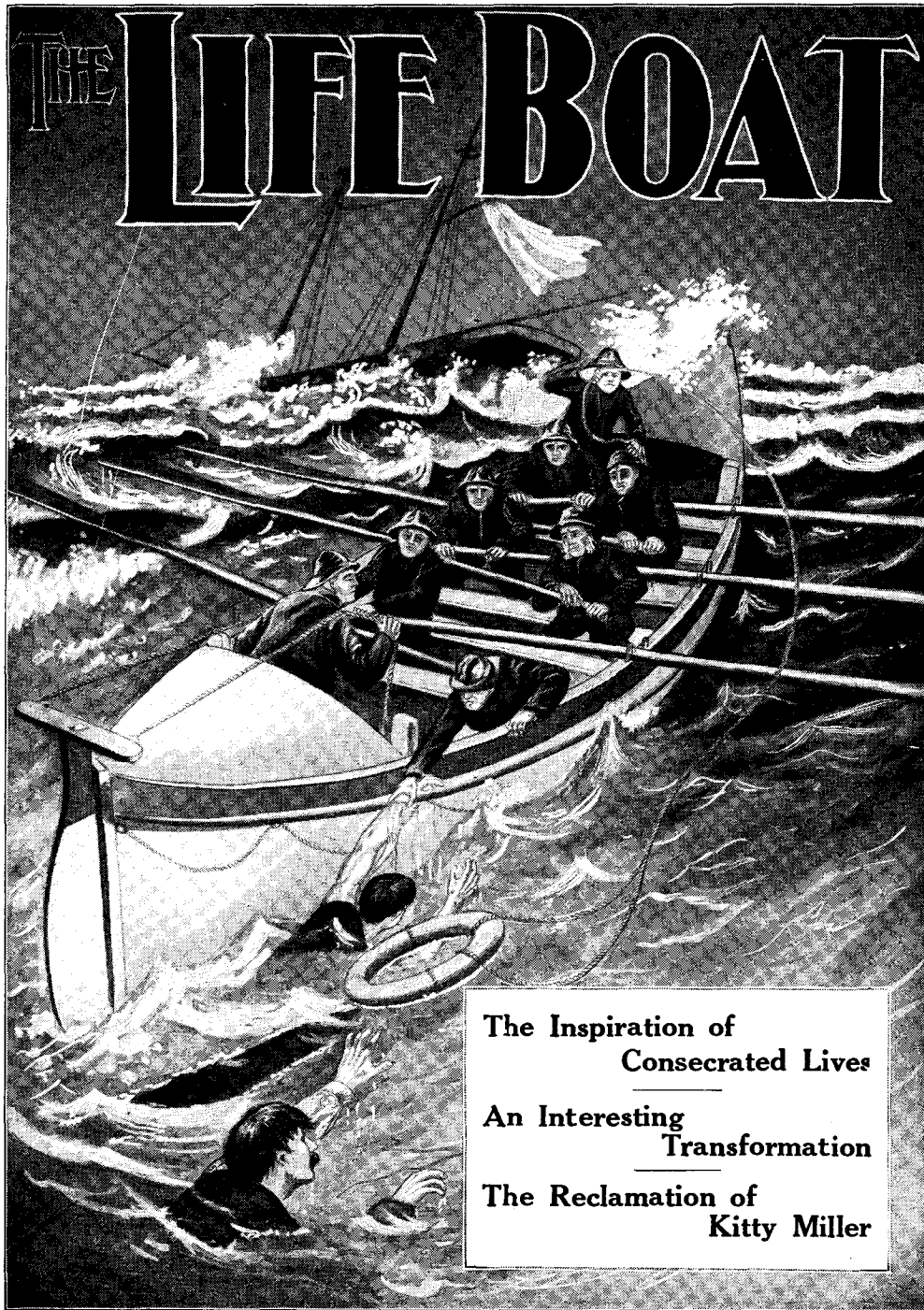


"Behold Now Is the Day of Salvation"

50 Cents a Year

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**The Inspiration of
Consecrated Lives**

**An Interesting
Transformation**

**The Reclamation of
Kitty Miller**

**Volume Thirteen
Number Seven**

Hinsdale, Ill.

July, 1910

Are You a Soul-Winner Even in Warm Weather?

What Is Success?

PEARL WAGGONER

What is it brings success? I looked around,
If haply there the answer might be found:
And as I gazed my eye soon rested where
A mighty tower rose midway in the air.
Majestic was its form, and greatly skilled
The architect, such monument to build!
And brick by brick still steadily it grew
Till in the clouds the top was lost to view.

But unfinished, it turned to Babel,
And naught now marks the spot;
Its very name has a sound of shame,
And its builders are forgot.

Again the question came: What is success?
I turned to where in shimmering, jeweled dress
A woman stood amid admiring throng,
Where myriad lights were seen, where laughter, song,
And sparkling wit were heard. Both near and far
Her name was known,—a brilliant social star.
O surely she had reached the zenith quite
Of earthly fame!—Then fell the shades of night,

And her beauty could no more serve her,
Nor riches bring success;
For the jewels of earth, her only worth,
In heaven are nothingness.

What is it makes for greatness? Then again
Mine eyes beheld upon the world's vast plain
Where lo, a ladder thro' the ages stood,
The which, to reach the things most great and good,
All men must climb. Each round bore such a name
As Pleasure, Work, Wealth, Eloquence, or Fame.
But 'neath some few who reached the topmost round
A trail of crushed and broken lives was found.

And the misery left behind them,
And groanings, far outweighed
The hollow praise which had filled their days,
And the laurels they had made.

And then it was I saw an eager band
Of busy workers rising through the land.
The poor they helped, for sufferers they cared;
No ease of sickness found them unprepared,
But oft it chanced, the heart it was that bled,
The soul that starved,—and these were left unled.
And so, although they filled a crying need,
When hearts still ached,—was it success indeed?

For 'tis not what the world may call us,
Nor what our lives appear,
Which spells success, but the hearts we bless,
And the goal for which we steer.

All work is great, yet but a stepping stone
To what may greater be; and work *alone*
Is simply as was Babel,—emptiness
Of all that makes for lasting, true success,
When we regard the "seen" alone as real
And lose the guiding spur of Heaven's ideal,
'Tis but confusion just to that extent.
No higher aim, no love, is with it lent.
And 'tis not the *amount* of labor
Which counts at set of sun,
But *how* we toiled, and the evil foiled,
And the kindnesses we've done.

And then it chanced, as still I mused and gazed,
Another army to my view was raised;
Although from time to time its numbers grew,
Yet scattered was it,—here and there a few.
Where'er they went no banners were unfurled:
Each simply filled *his* corner in the world.
They wore no badge, bore no high-sounding name,
And scarce a one was ever known to fame.
But whene'er they passed a mourner
Whose heart was heavy, sore,—
With Gilead's balm they left peace and calm
Where it ne'er was known before.

And so they spent their lives, and day by day
Toiled silent on, nor did they work for pay,
But that some suffering soul might find relief
Through just their ministry. And pain and grief
Were changed to health and gladness as they passed.
And, like a pebble in the waters cast
Will send its ripples to the farther shore,
So each small act lived on for evermore.
For all love, and its glad expression,
Each kindly thought, in sooth,
Will last as long as the angels' song,—
As immortal as God's truth.

'Tis true, discouragement would oft assail
And some would think their work of no avail,
And some would faint at times, and some would fall;
But still there brightly shone above it all
God's guiding star, which glows with steady light.
And tho' one fall, can it be failure quite
If he shall rise again? So on they pressed,
And many lives with heavenly comfort blessed.
And although their place was humble
They aimed in lowliness
Hearts glad to make, for the Master's sake,—
And in this is life's success.



**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
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Volume XIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JULY, 1910

Number 7

The Inspiration of Consecrated Lives*

David Paulson, M. D.

THE life that has been consecrated to some noble purpose possesses a power over other lives that is *almost* irresistible. It is not too much to say that if you will dedicate your life to genuine medical missionary work, and be sure that your inmost soul rings *true* to that purpose, you may often change in others in a single hour the ideals of an entire lifetime.

I remember an instance of this kind when Dr. Kate Bushnell returned from her great all-around-the-world missionary trip. Before she left the homeland vague rumors had reached her of an indescribable white slave traffic being maintained and carried on in the heart of the great lumber districts of Wisconsin. As she began to investigate the truthfulness of these rumors they were promptly denied, but the cry of her wronged sisters had reached her ear and their appeal had reached her heart. She went personally and investigated the situation and with a soul wrung with the wrongs that she beheld she aroused the nation, and an enraged sentiment rose up and promptly filled up this awful moral swamp.

She invited to her room one evening in

the old sanitarium a dozen or fifteen table waiters and chambermaids and other girls with whom she had come in contact. Among them was the young woman who afterwards became my wife. They sat in a semi-circle about her feet and there she told them of the *possibilities* of a consecrated life. My wife was one of those whose soul was then and there set on fire with a purpose to make this world better because she lived in it. She entered that room an ordinary college student without any definite aim or purpose in life; she left it a young woman with an inspiration kindled in her soul that I thank God has never gone out, and many a storm-tossed soul has been enabled to rekindle their taper from that same altar.

The poet has well said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

I want to first of all call your attention to a few inspiring examples of those who have dedicated and consecrated their lives so that their fellow men might reap the benefits of the medical discoveries that modern times have made possible.

*Abstract of graduating address of the American Medical Missionary College, June 14, 1910.

THE FATHER OF PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

At the head of this list I place Louis Pasteur, the father of modern scientific medicine. In his youth he prayed that God might grant that by his persevering labors something might be added to our knowledge of the deep mysteries of life and death. He said later in life that he did not believe there were any idle prayers, and the result of his work is a brilliant testimony of that fact.

All through his great life he bowed before a Power that was greater than human power saying, "Blessed is he who carries within himself a God and an ideal and who obeys it." He felt that this was the *spring* of great thoughts and great actions, that one who was in this attitude reflected light from the infinite.

At the age of forty-six, when in the very midst of his most brilliant discoveries, he had a stroke of paralysis and afterwards repeated strokes. Yet for twenty-seven years with this great physical handicap he developed and made plain the cause of puerperal fever, he banished pus from every up-to-date hospital, he robbed hydrophobia of its terror, and the inspiration of his great work led the civilized world to arise and by generous gifts rear the great Pasteur Institute.

When its doors were flung open amid the applause of the world's greatest men Pasteur was too feeble to read his own address. In it were these pathetic words of a man who had fought a good fight, who had kept his faith, and who had finished his course:

"Alas! mine is the bitter grief that I enter it, a man 'vanquished by Time,' deprived of my masters, even of my companions in the struggle, but I have at least the consolation of believing that all that we struggled for together will not perish. The pupils here share our scientific faith."

His prophecy proved true, for the Pasteur Institute has become a center from which scientific missionaries have gone forth to grapple with diseases in every clime. It was a band of these health missionaries who first plunged into the interior of Africa to untangle if possible the mysteries of the sleeping sickness.

THE YELLOW FEVER CONQUERED.

More recently our own country has produced a similar inspiring figure. I refer to

Dr. Walter Reid. For twenty years before his great discovery he constantly prayed that he might live to accomplish some great good for humanity, and by the way, my friends, God is still in the business of answering *that kind* of prayers.

His great conquest of yellow fever is too recent to need to be spoken of here, but I will quote what Dr. Howard Kelly wrote concerning this heroic man:

"The inspiration of Reid's life lies to me in the fact that, though a man of war, he ravaged no distant lands, he destroyed no tens of thousands to make his reputation, but by quiet methods, when there was no strife, he saved countless lives and swept away a hideous plague, which from time immemorial had periodically visited our shores, devastated our fair land, and too often snatched from the years of peace and plenty all their blessings."

I can not further forbear in this same connection to speak of Dr. Ricketts, who recently died in Mexico. There was something peculiarly charming about this brilliant young man. I never had the privilege that some of our men have had of sitting in his classes, but merely to hear him read a paper or give a lecture was in itself an inspiration, probably because of the consciousness that it was the result of *genuine* effort.

Instead of spending his vacations in ease and comfort at some summer resort he would be off in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains studying the mountain fever at its sources. This spring he became impressed to study the deadly typhus fever of Mexico, and while in the most ardent pursuit of the cause of this disease, when he seemed to have almost traced this deadly enemy to its lair, it struck back at him with its poisonous fangs and he himself contracted this virulent disease. Worn down by incessant labor he was unable to resist its inroads, and so in a strange land and amid strangers he laid down his life, a martyr to the advancement of modern medical science.

One other medical man that I want to call your attention to is Dr. Trudeau. A quarter of a century ago when an attack of consumption virtually meant a death sentence, he had just emerged from medical school and found himself a victim of this disease. At

the advice of Dr. Loomis he dragged himself into the mountain region surrounding Saranac Lake, N. Y. He spent the summer there and then amidst the loneliness of the forest solitude he built himself a little cabin and determined to stay there the long winter. By spring he was much improved.

Other sufferers, hearing of his improvement in health, followed his example. He became a sort of medical leader to them and they also built cabins. Little by little by patient, persevering, scientific effort he laid the foundation in this country for the modern treatment of tuberculosis. When his work was fairly well established his little humble laboratory was burned to the ground, but refusing to be crushed by this loss he patiently set to work, repaired the damage and began anew. Today his work has grown into a veritable tubercular city. The idea has spread to the remotest hamlet of the land and Dr. Trudeau has been spared all these many years to see thousands of lives snatched from untimely graves as a result of his work.

MODERN HEROES.

Some one said to Phillip Brooks, "How I wish I had lived in *your time* so that I might have had a chance to do some heroic thing," and the old man answered with something of the fire of his youth, "Young man, you are living in my time and God's time. There never was such a chance to do heroic things as *now*."

I believe that God is not only willing but anxious to *add* a few chapters to the book of Acts; but if *your* life is to be written up in this modern supplement you will have to catch something of the spirit of Luke, the

first Christian physician, who wrote the book of Acts. Dr. Osler recommends every physician to provide himself with a saints' communion library. He suggests that the last half hour of each day be spent in communion with the saints of humanity. He emphasizes the fact that there are great lessons to be learned from Job, from David, from Isaiah and from St. Paul.

I know of no better moral tonic than spending some of my spare time *living with* the apostle Paul. See that man fling his princely wealth of intellect at the foot of the cross, see him matching logic with logic, oratory with oratory in ancient Athens, coping with the commercial spirit of Corinth and the mob at Philippi, and supporting himself in the tent factory of Aquila and Priscilla so that no one should be tempted to feel that he was preaching because it was a good financial investment. See the wealth of Christian manhood shine out in him until it even thawed out the ignorant and degraded soul of the soldier of the imperial guard that was chained to his arm in the prison in Rome.

When the stability of your principles is strained to the breaking point, as it often will be, I want you to think of Daniel who had the courage to stand by the ideals of his childhood in the face of all human authority. Then I want you to see that man climb up step by step until he stands on the very pinnacle of human fame, the prime minister of the greatest kingdom the sun ever shone upon—a magnificent example of the fact that greatness of position and greatness of principles can exist together.

(Concluded next month.)

GOD'S HEROES.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Not the wise of earth God chooseth,
Not the great or good,
But the humble ones and willing,
With His power embued.

They alone are truly victors,
They alone are great,
Who though weak, yet armed in God's
night,
Learn to conquer fate.

An Interesting Transformation

Samuel Coombs

[Mr. Coombs, who was converted in the LIFE BOAT mission nine years ago, spent a few days in Hinsdale recently while on his way to the West Indies where he goes to engage in self-supporting medical missionary work among the natives. Mr. Coombs was with Lord Wolseley in his famous expedition into Egypt to relieve General Gordon, but afterward through drink and other evil habits was reduced to the condition he describes in this article which is a report of talk given before the sanitarium family.—Ed.]

NINE years ago last May 21, I belonged to the "Down and Out Club," but I belong to a different club today.

Right back of Jake Alder's saloon on Clark street was an old summer garden. It is dilapidated now. I had been on a debauch for two or three weeks and had gotten to the place where my money was gone, my health was going, and I had nothing. The three weeks before I came into the LIFE BOAT mission I had not been in a bed nor had my clothes off nor sat down to a table to eat. I did not feel hungry, but I was in a terrible condition from the effects of alcohol and drinking. I did not care to go out in the day time.

That night I walked down Clark street to Van Buren, walked up Van Buren to State street and turned south on State street. When I came to the corner of Polk and State I heard singing. I looked up the street and saw a few people out on the sidewalk singing gospel songs. I stopped on the curb in front of them. Something seemed to impell me to look into each of their faces. I have a picture of those faces in my mind today and will never lose it. It seemed to me that every one was looking at me and speaking to me, that those people were interested in me. They sang several songs and then invited us to come inside.

I walked in and took a back seat. Brother Van Dorn conducted the meeting that night. I was tired, weary, nervous and sinsick and did not pay much attention at first to what was being said, but during the service an accident occurred on the outside and Brother Van Dorn referred to it in his talk. Every few minutes he would say something that would pierce my heart like a dagger and I

thought he was talking to no one but me. I dosed off to sleep every once in a while, but woke up in time to hear him say: "Possibly tonight is the last chance you will have of accepting Jesus Christ." I could not get away from that. It seemed that it was said directly to me. Something told me it was my last chance. My heart was touched and God's Spirit began to work on me.

A STRUGGLE WITH TOBACCO.

I was a victim to drink, but I was a worse victim to tobacco. Just as I was planning to accept the invitation of the Spirit of God a voice came to me and said, "You can not be a Christian and use tobacco." I knew that was true. Often had I been convicted of tobacco before. I always thought tobacco was a filthy habit. For a moment I was at a standstill, I did not know what to do. Finally a still smaller voice said, "Pray." I said, "Lord, help me." Immediately I got help and I said, "All right, Lord, I will give it up." Just as soon as I said that light broke in and I went forward and was saved that night, gloriously saved.

I did not say anything to any one. As I stepped out Brother Van Dorn shook my hand and said, "Let us talk with you a little further." I went back but did not say much. I felt the peace in my heart and wanted to get away. I did not begin by asking for a night's lodging or anything of the kind. I wanted to get out because I had something in my pocket that I wanted to get rid of. I walked out and took my pipe and threw it into the gutter and as I did so I said, "There is where *you* belong and by God's help I will never touch *you* again."

I went down the street and found a man who was preaching on the corner and I stood and listened to him until one o'clock. He had Testaments to give away so I raised my hand and got one. I knew I had no place to go so I went back to the old summer garden and lay down on the old bench again. I looked up into the sky and felt very happy and peaceful.

THE PROBLEM OF SUPPORT.

In the morning I got up and asked God to

help me that day to find work where I could make a few honest pennies. I started out to the north side and walked until noon. I came to a little park. I was getting discouraged. While sitting there resting I thought of the New Testament the man had given me the night before. I pulled it out of my pocket and it opened at the verse, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." I thought God had sent that to me. I said I would continue to trust Him, took new courage, and started off again and got out to Lincoln park. I passed a man with a load of coal who said, "Are you looking for work?" I said, "Yes, I am."

Turkish bath in that cellar and it helped to eliminate the poisons that were in my body.

After I had finished the work I received \$1.65 pay, took a car and went down to the Workingmen's home. There I had a good bath, had something to eat and went to bed. I was too tired to go to the mission that night.

I had to pass through very hard experiences for several days because of my previous mode of living.

For twenty years I had been living a wrong life. My body was full of poisons, my nerves were in a terrible state and my brain was all muddled. The second day that awful re-



Mr. and Mrs. Coombs.

"All right," he said, "come with me; I want help to get this coal down in the cellar."

The cellar was under the sidewalk and about nine tons of coal had to be trimmed back to make room for all to go in. I thought that was an awful job for me in the condition I was, but I said, "I will tackle it."

I got down in that cellar and pushed the coal back as he shoveled it in. Talk about perspiring! I could not keep the sweat out of my eyes and my clothes were soon wringing wet. I did not understand for months afterwards why the Lord gave me that experience. After I got to the sanitarium and studied hydrotherapy I found I really had a good

action came upon me from the effects of the poison. The only thing I could do was to get out on the streets and walk. I was glad when night came so I could get to the mission and listen to the testimonies and songs.

One evening I came up Polk street and Satan whispered to me, "Go over to the drug store and get something that will make you feel better immediately," but another voice said, "No, don't go." I listened to the voice of God. I kept exercising and walking and in that way my nerves became quiet.

Every day I did not know what was coming, but each day I got enough work to support myself. I went to addressing envelopes. The men there were seated at a big table with

chairs on each side and they smoked and chewed all the time. I had to get between them, but God helped me to refrain from using tobacco.

Shortly after that I saw an ad in the *News* for a position out in Iowa. I received a position as timekeeper on the Milwaukee railroad, where I worked until fall, when I came back to Chicago.

TRAINING FOR MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK.

I came back to the mission again and Brother Van Dorn and Sister Odell did not know what to do with me. They felt very anxious about my future and wanted to get me somewhere so I could be under better influences than I was.

They came to me one morning and said they had been praying for me and decided that I should go up to the sanitarium and take the nurses' course. I thought it was strange that they should have such an interest in me, but I went up and saw Dr. Paulson. He did not seem to feel free to take me into that work. I got no encouragement that day, but the next day I felt impressed to walk up there again.

Just as I got inside the door Dr. Paulson came down the stairs and said to his assistant, "Why, here is the man you want to go on with that case." Dr. Miller, who is now in China, took me over to the hospital and put me in charge of a poor drunkard that had been brought in with delirium tremens. Afterwards I was admitted into the class. I am so thankful that the Lord ever brought me to such a place. I did not know how to take care of my own body. I took the nurses' course and God helped me and blessed me in many ways.

It is an awful thing to get down in sin. I do not want any of you to have the experience I had before my conversion.

I want to say to you young people who are called here to this work, it is a very dangerous thing to get away from a work that God has called you to. Many of you will have wonderful privileges and you must take advantage of them. As you come across people who need your help tell them of some of the things they have to give up, but impress upon their minds that God has something better than the old things. I want to thank God for the beautiful truth He has brought into

my life and I trust He will help me to use it right.

A PITIFUL SUPERSTITION.

W. C. DUNSCOMBE, M. D.

Japan.

One day as we were traveling through the mountains forty or fifty miles north of Tokio, we came to a village, called Kusatsu, where there are famous sulphur baths. The streams impregnated with sulphur, as they flow out from the mountains are so hot that one can not bear to hold the hand in the water.

A short distance from the village is a river which is regarded with great veneration by many Japanese. It emerges from the base of a mountain seeming to come out of the heart of the earth. In the bed of this river are two separate streams, one yellow with sulphur and the other green from the large quantity of copper it contains. It is called "The River of Souls," for the Japanese believe that this river comes from the land of the departed spirits.

We noticed all along the banks of the river piles of stones and found that they had been piled up by women who had lost children. The superstition is that there is an evil goddess in the form of an old hag who sets the spirits of the departed little ones at the endless task of piling up stones. The mothers believe that by piling up these stones themselves they will be able to take part of the burden from their suffering children.

What a contrast between this pitiful superstition and the gracious invitation of our Saviour, who says, "Come unto Me, all we that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How thankful we should be that we have a Saviour who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities and who wept over suffering when here on earth.

Shall we not work more earnestly that this gospel may be carried to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and that we may point them to Him of whom David wrote, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

A smile is a light in the windows of the face, by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting. A face that can not smile is like a bud that can not blossom and dries up on the stalk.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Reclamation of Kitty Miller*

Dr. W. B. Holden

Portland, Oregon.

I REMEMBER the first time I ever saw Kitty Miller. We were having a gospel meeting in the Workingmen's home. She came in and asked for a drink. She was dressed in such a manner that no one knew if she was a man or woman. Her hair was short and standing up in every direction, and on her head was a dirty, torn straw hat which she had evidently picked up in some back alley. She had on a flannel undershirt, a ragged filthy skirt, a dirty rag about her neck and a pair of men's shoes on her feet. Her voice was coarse and rough.

She was so drunk she did not know where she was. One of the nurses took her out and gave her a bath the first thing, and the women folks scurried around, some giving her one thing and some another until they finally got enough clothes on her so we could take her home with us. We were afraid to get on the middle of the car (an open car) for fear they would not take us on, so we got her in on the end platform.

She became thoroughly converted; as evidence, she would work at whatever you set her at, but in a short time she went back into sin worse than before. A band of workers searched for her and soon found her. Again she was cleaned up and clothed but in a short time she left again. Again the workers went after her, found her and brought her back.

Later the young woman who did as much

for her as anybody got discouraged in the Christian experience, and this Kitty Miller was the one who encouraged her—the one who had reformed her.

After she was converted she got burdened for her friends. She had been brought up a Catholic but did not have enough religion to keep her from getting drunk. She went over to her relatives in Indiana, began to read the Bible with them and started the greatest revival that had ever taken place in that neighborhood. It changed the whole aspect of that community.

They sold out all the Bibles in town, there was such a demand for them, before she had been there ten days. Even little children would come to the house and ask, "Are you the lady from Chicago?" When she would say, "Yes," they would say, "Can my mamma take the good Book you brought?" She said she did not have her Bible to herself three hours while she was there.

If nothing else had ever happened in the Chicago work it would have been well worth all the effort ever put into it to have reclaimed that woman. She later went to California and lived a Christian life, and died a devoted Christian.

*Report of a talk given before the Hinsdale Sanitarium family while on a recent visit. The experience related occurred in Chicago in the early experience of the LIFE BOAT work about twelve years ago. At that time Dr. Holden was connected with the Chicago medical mission.

GETTING GOOD OUT OF PRISON LIFE.

An inmate of the Wisconsin State Prison writes:

"I can not do so much for THE LIFE BOAT this year as I have in the past, but I do not forget what good it has done for me and for a good many others. I did not get out on parole,—it was not the Lord's will, so I have now just eleven and one-half more months to serve. It is all for my own good, and it is the Lord's will, so that it may be an example and a warning to other people. I have been about all through the first grade, and I think

God wants me to go through the second grade, too. I can tell you more about it when I get through with it.

"But I would like to ask you if you can not send me THE LIFE BOAT free until I get out, as I earn no money whatever this year; but as I have told you before, I will make good in return.

"Now, may the Lord's blessing be upon you and all the Life Boat workers. The time is drawing nearer every day for the second coming of Christ, and all I want to know is that I am ready for Him when He comes."

A PATHETIC LETTER FROM A HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

I received a letter from a girl the other day which I want you to read. I think you will agree with me that this girl belongs to the class that some one should help, and she is only one of many of the same kind. She writes:

"Dear Mrs. Swanson: In reading THE LIFE BOAT I bought of a little boy some time ago I find how willing you are to help girls who are in trouble; I read of how many you have helped and I think surely you will help me. I am in so much trouble. I have made a sad mistake, one that has ruined my life and has made me the most unhappy girl that ever lived. You must not think I am a fast girl or a forward girl. I am one that loved too well but not wisely. I trusted a man as I would an angel from heaven. I thought all he did and said was right. I was lost in the great whirlpool of love, but he has deceived and left me all alone

without hope. If you can't help me I must die. I have no place to go. I know scarcely any one in this town. I board with a very nice lady, but if she knew my condition she would turn me out of her house.

"My mother died when I was nine years old and at the age of fifteen I was compelled to leave home on account of a drunken father. I lived in Kentucky until I was eighteen, then came to this town, where I met the man who

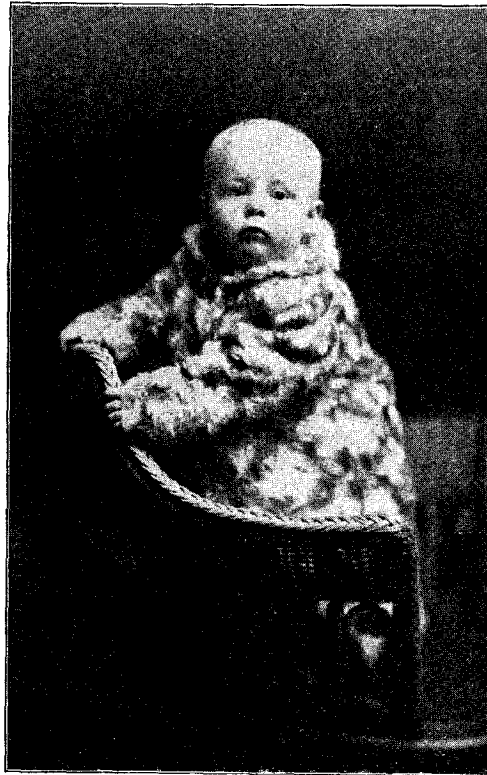
has ruined my life. If he had been true I would have been married and in a home of my own now.

"I can't pay you anything right away if I come, but when I get to my work again I will never forget to send money to the rescue home. You must let me come. I have no one I can go to, no money to pay my way and no friends I can trust to whom to tell my secret. I never did think such a thing would happen to me. I am crying and

grieving my life away. I am writing this letter in tears and sobs. No one knows how I feel. I know the Lord sent that little boy to me with that LIFE BOAT. What would I have done if I had not bought it? I never would have known about you all. I want to hear from you at once. I must know what the future means for me.

"I will close. From a heart-broken girl."

I need not tell you I wrote her at once telling her to come. How glad we are that we can offer such a girl a home in this sad and dark hour of her life. More than one girl has been saved from a suicide's grave through this open



A Sweet Little Youngster Who Has Been Adopted Into a Good Christian Home.

door.

The majority of the girls come to us through reading THE LIFE BOAT as this girl did. Most of the money we receive that has made it possible to keep this home open we also get through readers of THE LIFE BOAT. Our finances have run behind the past two months. We can't do this very many months as you can plainly see we must not get in debt. I have only received about half enough

for screening our porch so we may be able to keep the flies and mosquitoes away from our babies. I have given the carpenter orders to go on and fix it, believing that I would have the money when he got through. I want you to help me get this money.

I asked God very earnestly the other night to send me some one to help me bear some of the responsibilities here. The very next evening a young lady came who had been reading about the work and had become very much interested in it. I asked her what her plans were and she said she would love to help me if I thought she could. She is with me now and I believe will be an influence for good. If I did not believe this work to be a part of the closing work for this world I would not be in it. I believe that Jesus the Bridegroom is soon coming and I want to have on the wedding garment.

I am especially anxious that the young women who come to this home may receive such a training in the things of God that they, too, may be prepared with the wedding garments when our Lord shall come.

they will do with Jesus. It is true some of them turn Him away with a rebuff but other hearts are made tender and yield to the impressions of God's Spirit.

It is a touching sight to see a dozen or two young men who perhaps have broken their mothers' hearts, brought sorrow into their homes only to find themselves behind the bars with blasted hopes, ask for the song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and then with tears in their eyes join in singing the chorus or perhaps sing it alone. If the heart-

broken mothers could see their wayward boys as we see them they would not give them up for there is good in every one of them and they are worth saving.

One woman appealed to us as we came into the corridor to hold our little service. She asked for our prayers and as we prayed with her she prayed the prayer of the penitent publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." She confessed that she had done wrong but she longed for a different experience, so we promised to appear with her before the judge the next day.



This Child is with its Own Mother and is Doing Well.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN POLICE STATION WORK.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Our readers will be glad to hear once more from the old Harrison street police station, the place where many a battle has been fought between Christ and the powers of darkness over human souls. Every Sunday morning we witness to the power of God to save in this dreary prison. Souls are brought to the foot of the cross and are led to decide what

Her record was a bad one; she had even shamefully mistreated the police matron while under the influence of liquor. This was her second arrest since her release from the Bridewell prison only three days before. She deserved to be sent back to the prison but the judge was kind enough to give her another trial and we brought her to our Life Boat Home in Chicago. We prayed together that God would keep her and make a useful worker out of her, and she was just as anxious as

we were that this should be so, but the flesh is weak and she sought the old life again. Our prayers have gone with her and we trust the Spirit of God will some day bring her back. It is easier to fall back than it is to hold on. The old habits are strong and Satan takes advantage of them. We as soul winners must never give up a soul, and God will reward us in time.

Another woman for whom we have labored and prayed, whom we met first in the Harrison police station and later took from the Bridewell prison at the expiration of her term, was a faithful worker in the home for some months and then when she allowed herself to get into a dissatisfied state of mind wandered back to the old haunts. When she came to her senses she begged the money for car fare and came back to our home. She is now happy and rejoicing in the love of God to her.

So the work goes on and we who have a part in it are doubly blessed as we try to lead others up to the One who has died that they might live. We trust THE LIFE BOAT readers will remember this work in their prayers and when Sunday morning rolls around send up a prayer that God may use the humble instruments for the salvation of souls in this needy field.

OPPORTUNITIES IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

MRS. LEOLA STONE,
Atwater, Cal.

Not very many hours pass after THE LIFE BOAT gets to our home every month before my husband and I both have read it through and are ready to pass it on to some one else. We take several other papers that are lessons and all on the love of God, but I must say there is no other paper we get that warms up our hearts so and causes that warm feeling in the heart for dear souls who need our sympathy, kind words and prayers. As we read the pleadings from poor discouraged souls, friendless or who feel so because they know not God, our hearts both yearn to be more Christ-like, more loving, and a bright light to lead others.

As I am about my work washing dishes, cooking or working in the garden, I often

think of those who have no friends, and I wish they could see and know as I know how great God's love is for them. Nothing is so healing as His power, for sorrow, trouble, discouragements and so on. I must say while I feel sure I do know a great deal of how great God's love is for us, yet as I think of it I don't know if we can realize just how great His love is. But I do know He will help all who wish to follow Him.

I am glad, more glad than words can tell, that I surrendered myself to Him. Once in a while storms arise, perhaps new trials and experiences come up that at the time we think hard to bear. Yet we are in the hands of the Master Workman and have to be trimmed and twisted this way and that so as to fit us for the purpose God has in view for us.

I have noticed that those who have had sorrows, sickness and quite severe trials have warm hearts and a helping hand that is ready and willing to reach out to those who need it. And those who have not had such experiences we see unconcerned about other people's sorrows.

As I see the difference in people it gives me such encouragement to try harder every day to live a better and better Christian. While my afflictions have not been as bad as many people's I can say I am glad now for them all. I would not want to go over my past life without what afflictions I have had, for it has all brought me nearer Him who loves me. I have found that the more I try to comfort, help and encourage others, the more my health keeps improving.

While the Lord is giving me desires to do for Him every day in different ways, perhaps some ways in my own family, perhaps opportunities with friends or neighbors, I want to improve the talent He has given me and not bury it. I am glad that with His help I do more every year for Him.

Last year I sent away by mail three hundred and seventy-two papers, over two hundred of which were LIFE BOATS; tracts three hundred. Wrote one hundred missionary letters. Most of these were to prisoners with whom I correspond. Bible readings sent, fifteen. Besides I help keep a free reading rack in our little town supplied with clean reading, temperance readings also.

Many mothers do not think they have time to do any such things. I used to think so, but oh, how sad it will be, dear mothers and fathers, too, to come face to face with God in that great day not having done anything to pick up a soul who has been down in the gutter almost at our very doors. What can we say, dear friends, when the Lord asks us what we have done with the talent He gave us? If we sow sparingly we shall reap sparingly. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

If we endeavor to lead others to Christ the Lord will teach us how to fish for souls. One of the best ways I have found is to look at the expressions upon the different faces you meet. Often perhaps, when you go to town, you will see some careworn faces, some wearing a very troubled and sorrowful look, others looking as though nothing ever bothered them. But when I see one with a troubled expression I try to speak a kind word to that one, send some good encouraging reading to him, fix up some little desserts if it is an old man or woman who is living a life alone. There are various ways to comfort and encourage others and never offend.

An old man who once had a home and loved ones of his own, came into our neighborhood last year. He is an intelligent-looking man but wears a very troubled expression. After meeting him a time or two I said to my husband one day, "There is a man I am sure has had trouble and is grieving much now over it." So I began thinking and planning how to comfort him and make him more happy. He lives alone. One morning he came to our place to apologize for not getting to the W. C. T. U. temperance meeting we had recently held in our little town. I had sent him a written invitation because he drinks and I thought it would do him good, but he failed to get the word in time. While we were talking of drink and such things he told me then many of his troubles. As we talked and he poured out his troubles to me I am not ashamed to say I wept, and he wept—I for sorrow and he because he felt he was a lost man.

He said, "Do you really think there is hope for me to ever be saved? I want to do right, I don't want to die in this condition." And he went so far as to say, "I just feel like

ending my life sometimes when I get to thinking over my troubles."

I realized from his talk that he was in earnest, and I pointed him to the many beautiful promises the Lord has given us all—how He is ever ready to pick up and lift up; although our sins be as scarlet He will make them white as snow, and He came to save the lost. He left feeling much better.

I got a few people to accompany us one evening and we spent the evening with him, sang hymns, had a season of prayer, and took him some little desserts. He was more than pleased to have us come. He said he was once converted but fell, but did rejoice in songs of praise and prayer to the Lord any time. We are planning on going again soon to visit him and sing if he wishes.

As I said before, we should watch ever about us to comfort and to do all we can for any one and every one. I care not what nationality they are or in what condition they may seem to the eyes of the people of the world, if they are criticised or talked about let us take all the more heed to such and do as we think Christ would do. He is no respecter of persons. He will confound the wise with the weak. I pray the Lord may bless and guide all in His work everywhere.

ANOTHER SNATCH STATION.

We have received word that Eld. S. A. Howell of Newport News, Va., is about to open up a rescue home for unfortunate women. We quote the following from a recent letter:

"These are very perilous times, and the salvation of our girls and boys depends greatly upon the efforts we put forth to keep them from going astray. I believe, however, that we should attempt to save them, it makes no difference how far they have gone in sin; but the old adage which says that the bird with the broken wing never soars so high again, I feel to be true, so I think an ounce of prevention in a case of this kind is worth pounds of cure. Pray for the success of this proposed rescue home for fallen girls."

We are glad to know that he is stirred up to help save the girls and boys of our nation. Every one who professes the name of Christ should say; "I *am* my brother's keeper," and then go ahead and *do*.

Missionary Nursing in Darkest Chicago

Eva L. Borden

[Miss Borden is a nurse who has spent a couple of years trying to bring blessings and sunshine into darkened lives and homes. The Lord has now moved upon her heart to connect with our new Life Boat Home where her past experience will be very useful in helping the young women who shall come there as students to come in personal contact with the needs of the sick poor in their own homes.

Those who want to fit themselves for this work should remember that the first course of training begins July 10.—Ed.]

OUR Sunday night meeting at the dispensary took my mind back to the days when, as matron of the institution, I came in close, personal touch with many a life tragedy.

As we stood in the open air in front of the building and sang the sweet gospel songs and told the old yet ever new story, I saw the changes that time had produced on many a familiar face.

There was little Matthew, the eldest of four children, whose mother, a poor widow, toils early and late that she may keep her little family together and give them a good education—not an easy thing to do when the money has to be earned from working over the wash-tub ten and twelve hours daily. Yet cleaner, better mannered children are seldom met, and often I have found these mere babies scrubbing the kitchen floor and getting supper ready for their mother when she should come home from her day's work.

But one sad day Matthew was brought to us a very sick boy. An operation was neces-

sary, and when he became convalescent we discovered that he could not possibly regain his strength in the low, dark rooms at home where his only door yard was the street and an ash heap flanked by broken bottles and tin cans. So we made arrangements to send the whole family for a few weeks to the country, and though the mother was nearly broken down from overwork she worried all during

her rest for fear she would lose some of her places to work. Such is the eternal problem of the poor. We have arranged for the charities to pay the rent part of the time, so this devoted mother still has her little family with her.

On the outskirts of the crowd at our meeting stood "Big John." One day a message came to the dispensary for a nurse to call to make a surgical dressing. At that time I had charge of the dispensary visiting nurses' work, and personally answered the call. I found the number to be what

appeared an ordinary dwelling house, but the inside was fitted up for a regular den of vice.

"Big John" was the owner and manager, and having taken a drop too much from "Soapy Joe's" tin pail he had proceeded to get into a first-class fight, which ended in his getting his head badly bruised and which resulted in my call. We fixed up the fellow's head and since then "Big John" has been one of our staunch friends.

"Soapy Joe" earned his name by being never seen on the street without his pail of "suds."



Miss Borden

His clothes are indescribably filthy, his face stained with tobacco juice, and altogether a more disreputable looking creature would be hard to find. Morning, noon and night he may be seen with his inevitable can of beer. No matter how tight the "lid" may be screwed on nothing can prevent him from "rushing it."

Yet this dirty, filthy, wretched creature is always surrounded by a mob of admiring children who fight to hold his hand, climb into his arms and even kiss his poor besotted face.



Familiar Scenery that Constantly Greets the Eyes of the Children of the Slums.

While to finite minds this poor wretch seems wholly bad, yet the searching eye of the Master may discover a good, pure spot in the heart of poor "Soapy Joe."

Little Mary is a beautiful child to whom our hearts go out in pity. In all her seven years of life she seldom has had enough to eat. The explanation is that both her father and her mother are confirmed drunkards. She sleeps in a dry goods box back of the kitchen stove, and eats scraps or anything else eat-

able. Whenever her mother thinks to feed the child she dumps the food on a cracked plate and puts it on the floor, Mary eating with her fingers and enjoying it none the less because the meal is shared with the sore-eyed cat.

After working so long among these people in the stock yards district I really enjoyed the opportunity of taking charge of the Good Samaritan Inn last summer, where our patients could live under hygienic conditions and enjoy the bright sunshine and pure air of God's out-of-doors.

I had hoped to stay there indefinitely, but again the call from dark Chicago has reached me, this time to connect with our work in



Imbibing Purity of Character from the Daisies.

our new Life Boat Home. It is truly a privilege to engage in this work and I know God will go before us in our efforts to win souls for Him.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

We shall be glad to correspond with any young woman who needs a friend. Address Dr. Mary W. Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

Difficulties are God's errands, and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence, as a compliment from God.

A Short Course for City Missionary Nurses

David Paulson, M. D.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that we have at last reached what we have aimed toward so many years: the establishment of a brief, but practical training school to fit, train and equip consecrated mature women to be missionary nurses to those who can not afford the services of the regular graduate nurse.

We have leased the old branch sanitarium at 528 Thirty-third place, just off Cottage Grove, for five years, and have spent a thousand dollars putting it in better shape than we have ever seen it. Here will be given a six-months' course in gospel and medical training to fit consecrated mature women to engage in self-supporting missionary nursing among people of moderate circumstances.

The Illinois conference at their recent annual session passed a resolution of sympathy and active co-operation, and at a joint meeting of their committee and our board it was decided that there should be stationed in this training school one of the Bible workers to lead out in Bible instruction and Bible work; also to have a minister begin a series of weekly lessons for the students and for those in the community who would wish to attend.

The students will be charged while in training about three dollars a week for board and room. There will be no charge for tuition. Plans are being laid so that while the students are taking their training they may be able to support themselves.

This school will open July 10. We shall connect with the work from the first consecrated graduate nurses who can take these new workers right out with them in actual practical work, in addition to the regular theoretical instruction, so that they will learn by *personal* contact the conditions that will confront them as city missionary workers.

We believe that God wants something like this done in all of our largest cities. He has led out in a marvelous way to make possible the establishment of this training school and we believe that His special blessing will be added to it. The following curriculum of studies will be given:

CURRICULUM OF SIX MONTHS NURSES' COURSE.
Beginning July 10, 1910.

Two hours' class work per day, five days per week.

First Term of Eight Weeks:

Bible instruction. Forty hours. One hour per day. Including missionary methods, soul-winning and personal work, Bible readings, cottage meetings, missionary heroes, foreign missions and foreigners with special reference to work among them in our large cities, etc.

Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, Sanitation. Sixteen hours. Two hours per week.

Practical and Theoretical Hydrotherapy and Home Nursing. Twenty-four hours. Three hours per week.

Second Term of Eight Weeks.

Bible instruction. Forty hours. One hour per day. Same as first term.

Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, Sanitation. Sixteen hours. Two hours per week.

Practical and Theoretical Hydrotherapy and Home Nursing. Twenty-four hours. Three hours per week.

Third Term of Eight Weeks.

Bible instruction. Forty hours. One hour per day. Same as first and second terms.

General Diseases, including Children's Contagious, Fevers, Chronic, Mental, etc., how to give treatment and care. Fifteen hours, three hours per week.

Dietetics, Nutritive Value of Foods, Dishes for the Sick, etc. Nine hours. Three hours per week.

Accidents and Emergencies, Bandaging, Surgical Nursing, etc. Eight hours. Two hours per week.

Obstetrics and Gynecology. Eight hours. Two hours per week.

These nurses will not be taught to consider themselves as eligible for registration, nor will they represent themselves in any wise as graduate nurses. They will be given this brief course of training so as to enable them to go into the homes of these people whose means do not permit the employment of the regular graduate nurse.

Those who feel a call of God to undertake such a work should write at once for further particulars, giving references and stating previous experience in Christian work.

INTERESTING OTHERS IN THE WORK.

Mary D. Hall, whom the Lord has used in a large way to help open up the new Life Boat Home in Chicago has been spending several weeks in the east and while there has endeavored to awaken an interest in the work among leading influential people. We quote the following from her letters:

"THE LIFE BOAT has just reached me and I am sending away some of them now. This June number holds so many helpful, fine articles. The one, 'Will you try this plan' is splendid to work with. Somehow I always sort of love the people who do things for me,

from the man or woman who opens my mind to better thoughts down to poor o'd "Uncle," as we call him who cares for our garbage cans. He can not speak English but we always have a splendid greeting when we meet. He looks upon the garbage pail as a sort of a grab bag or lottery. I was thinking before I came away I would have him find more surprises in it.

"In the editorial department the article, "If

the Lord moves out the devil will move in" and the one below it, each are so helpful. Am sending marked copies to some friends.

"I met Jacob Riis yesterday for just a few minutes. Found him a delight. He impressed me as so clean through and through. I am going to try and see Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., if he is in the city. Our work is a work to endure and it will be worth the support of influential people."

The New Life Boat Mission

Caroline Louise Clough

THAT part of Chicago commonly called the stock yards district in the vicinity of the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary, 828 West Thirty-fifth place, is fairly teeming with humanity. Here we find families who are striving under the greatest difficulties to live, and live respectably and honorably. Here can be found poverty in its most pitiable forms—widowed mothers with large families, toiling unceasingly to feed, clothe and house their broods; parents who perhaps are helpless invalids and the older children struggling to keep the home together. In many homes the demon drink is largely responsible for the poverty and suffering.

Through all these conditions there runs a vein of respectability and honesty that is not so prevalent in the old levee district where the Life Boat Mission operated for so many years.

Since the mission on State street closed its doors Brother Van Dorn has been holding Sunday evening services in the large class room of the dispensary. Last evening we took our song books and went out into the street, formed a circle and began singing such songs as "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." The children began to gather around us from all quarters until we could easily count a hundred. As we sang on the older people came, mothers with their babies, young men and even a saloonkeeper in the neighborhood was noticed in the crowd.

Brother Van Dorn told them of Christ who had come to save to the uttermost. He called on a man who was present who had been converted from a drunkard's career, to tell his

experience. This man said that for many a long year he had lived a drunkard's life, was sick and tired of sin, had tried to stop drinking, had promised his mother that he would, but could not until he found salvation at the foot of the cross and Christ took the appetite for drink away.

Before he was converted he said he was dressed in rags and had no place to go, but since that time he has a splendid position and says that life to him is heaven below every day in the week.

Dr. Paulson then told of a man that had come to him for treatment with softening of the brain, who had done something very much out of the way to bring on that condition. He told the children that above all things they must take good care of their bodies and not smoke cigarettes, as that would burn out their brains. That hit a number of the boys and I noticed they started to leave the audience, but they soon came back to hear the rest.

Prayer was offered for those in the audience who had aching hearts and thirsty souls. Then an invitation was given to come inside and so many followed as Brother Van Dorn led the way that the room soon filled up, the window sills were occupied and crowds gathered outside the windows. The audience was composed largely of children but they were very attentive and drank in the good thoughts that were expressed by the different speakers.

Dr. Paulson told them that we were all living in this world merely to get ready for the next. They must take good care of their bodies by breathing plenty of fresh air, chew-

ing their food well, not eating between meals, etc. When the doctor asked them how many wanted to amount to something later in life every hand was raised.

Many inspiring things were told by the different speakers, which the children drank in. After the service one boy came up with his anti-cigarette button on and said, "Doctor, I want to know your name so I can tell my Sunday school teacher." He looked like a clean, wholesome boy and I thought how much good could come from just one such service like that in the hearts and lives of such boys and girls.

This work is only the beginning of a great work which we trust will follow in this neighborhood. Not only these children but their parents need the gospel and they need to know the simple laws of life and health and how to care for their homes. We trust our readers will pray that this effort may result in gathering in a large harvest of souls.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

We wrote Bro. J. C. Harris, of Ottawa, Ill., something concerning the new Life Boat home in Chicago, and in response we received the following encouraging letter:

"Your letter received and read with deep interest. I am sure we may look for great things from the Lord, and I believe He is opening a way for the gospel to be given to the people of Chicago. I know that it is going to require something out of the ordinary to ever reach the people of the cities, and your plan certainly looks like a good one. I am also glad that the Lord is rolling the burden of souls on to your heart. I only wish there were thousands where there are only a few who feel as you do regarding the work. It does seem that every one who believes that Jesus is coming in *this* generation would be stirred to the depths of their souls and would begin to lay some plans to help give this last call quickly to a dying world.

"My heart is deeply stirred as I think of the work that is before us, and the light God has given us; and yet, how indifferent we are to the souls that are going down to destruction, and we who have the water of life are withholding it from the people.

"Oh, that the spirit of Jesus may get hold

of all our hearts, that we may begin to lay some plans that will roll back the reproach from the church, that God may clothe us with power from on high,—that He may be glorified in doing, through His people, a mighty work, a work that will lift this glorious message to the place in the earth that it should occupy."

APPRECIATIVE WORDS FROM PRISON OFFICIALS.

We have received some very encouraging responses to our special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT. For the benefit of our readers and those who assisted us in making this large gift possible we publish a few extracts from these letters which have been received:

"We consider THE LIFE BOAT a very interesting and wholesome publication and I am glad to have it to circulate among our prisoners."

JOHN E. HOYLE,

Warden State Prison, San Quentin, Calif.

"THE LIFE BOAT is a welcome visitor, and, as some doctors say that 'children cry for their medicine,' so our men do not exactly cry but earnestly inquire after THE LIFE BOAT. Every copy is out among the men except one which I myself have retained to read. Thanks in the name of my people for your very great kindness."

I. VILLARS,

Chaplain Illinois State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill.

"We thank you for the donation of LIFE BOATS and feel sure it will do great good."

W. N. RUTLEDGE,

Chaplain South Illinois Penitentiary, Menard, Ill.

"I have always enjoyed your papers myself and I assure you that our boys do. I thank you for the kindly interest you have taken in supplying us with reading matter."

E. M. LAWSON,

Superintendent Industrial School, Lansing, Mich.

"The prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT came duly to hand and will be distributed among the prisoners. The number is replete

with good reading, and no doubt with the blessing of God will not only interest but deeply impress and lead many to see the error of their way and under deep conviction for sin and through faith in the promises of the gospel become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Many thanks for your help in the Christly work of saving men and women behind the bars. Wishing you a long life of health and strength in the Master's work."

GEO. C. MADDOCK,
Chaplain State Prison, Trenton, N. J.

"I wish to say that we thank you most sincerely for your contribution to our circulation literature, and assure you that the periodical is greatly appreciated by the inmates."

CORDELLO HERRICK,
Chaplain Auburn Prison, N. Y.

"I thank you for the seventy-five copies sent for distribution among the boys. I believe heartily in the good work you are doing. In the last analysis it is Christ in the heart that reforms the life." E. P. WENTWORTH,
Superintendent State School, Portland, Maine.

"I received the fifty copies of LIFE BOAT and put them in the prison; I wish to say the prisoners were very well pleased with them and we sincerely thank you. I only wish my means would allow me to purchase one hundred copies a month for the prisoners."

A. W. FORD,
Chaplain Vermont State Prison, Windsor, Vt.

"I received the several packages of May LIFE BOAT in due season, for which I am grateful, and the boys here appreciate them greatly. THE LIFE BOAT is indeed an interesting magazine and carries within its covers good cheer, sympathy and help, and those essentials mean much to the boys incarcerated behind prison walls.

"We thank you indeed for your kindly thought of us here, and for the cheering presence of THE LIFE BOAT. Success to THE LIFE BOAT and your loving efforts to help the needy, to impress the willingness of Christ to help those who are down and out."

JOHN LE CORNU,
Chaplain State Penitentiary, Walla Walla, Wash.

The following letter from the Auckland, New Zealand, Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society was written to a worker in New Zealand:

"A lady at Pakekohe has for some years past sent me about twelve LIFE BOATS every month. The paper is very good and suitable for prisoners, and if you can send me a number of copies I shall be glad, as we could use fifty monthly quite easily. At present when one has read a copy he passes it on to a neighbor. We average nearly 300 prisoners in Auckland alone, and seventy or eighty at the camps near Rotorna. THE LIFE BOAT is the best paper by far that we have to distribute and the men and women often ask for it when I am visiting."

REV. E. C. BUDD.

LOST HIS FRIENDS, BUT FOUND A BETTER ONE.

From an inmate of the Wisconsin State Penitentiary:

"Last September the Lord let me see my awful condition and convicted me of my sins. I cried unto Him for mercy and He came and delivered me from my sin. Glory be to our Saviour; to Him alone do I cling, and I love and trust Him each day. My whole desire is to walk in the ways of the Lord and lead a holy life free from all sin. My life was once very sinful, and through my evil ways it caused me to lose my last friend on earth; so I am left alone as far as earthly friends are concerned.

"My sentence to this prison was for a term of three years. Every day of prison life seems to me like a week. If I did not have THE LIFE BOAT to cheer me in my weary hours I would hardly know what to do. It is real food to my soul and helps me to pass many a lonely hour. It has been the means of drawing my heart closer to Jesus."

WANTS A POCKET BIBLE.

The following letter is received from a prisoner in Jefferson City, Mo.:

"I can not tell you how glad I was to get the LIFE BOAT magazine. It is surely the best magazine a person can or should get. I am in prison and I surely was glad to read such a good book. I have been passing it

along to the other fellows so that they may read it too. It certainly did do me some good to read about your good work you are doing, and I hope to get some more numbers before long. Since I have been in here I have read nothing that has given me a deeper faith in

"I am in prison, but today I ask God to bless those who are outside so they may not be placed in here. But I would be as well in prison with my soul saved by the love of God than to be a sinner on the outside. Thank God for His love to me.

"May the Lord bless every one who loves the magazine called *THE LIFE BOAT*. It shows me how to live. Won't you please send me a little pocket Bible, just a small one, so I can keep it the rest of my life?

"May God bless you all and be with you and your good work. Please pray for me."

A CHILD'S ANSWER TO PRAYER.

MRS. LAWSON.

When I was a little girl I went to Sunday school, and one time our teacher told us of the India mission and said that she was going to take up a collection for it next Sunday. When I went home I kept studying how to get some money for the mission, and that evening when I went down in the cellar I prayed that God would in some way help me to raise some money.

Well, the week went by, but on the last day I had a chance to sell some apple butter, for which the lady gave me ten cents. That Sunday I had to stay at home. It never struck me that that ten cents was an answer to my prayer and I bought a fan with the dime.

Months afterward I was ironing and the receiving of that dime came back to me; my thoughts wandered back until I thought of my prayer, and then it occurred to me that that dime was an answer to my prayer. Then I began to think I was no longer a child of God, because I had not used that money for the mission; but I prayed to be forgiven and also for God to show me that I was His child. I looked to see if any one would know I was not ironing and went into the sitting room; then, taking up a Bible my finger rested on the words, "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you." Mal. 3: 7. I was as happy as a millionaire. Just think of the goodness of God even to a child.

APPRECIATES IT.

Ewing, Mo.

"I received a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I don't know who sent it to me; one thing I know, I read it from beginning to end and appreciated it very much, because it contained the kind of reading that I enjoy. Being a humble servant of Jesus Christ I naturally read and meditate upon good, wholesome, clean literature."

SOUL WINNING IN SALT LAKE CITY.

MRS. TOM MACKEY.

We have been working in the west for the last year. We first went to Omaha to hold some meetings there and then on to Denver, a month in each place. We heard of what a needy field Salt Lake City was and of the opportunities there and it just seemed as if I



Mrs. Mackey

could not give up the thought of going there. We just had barely enough money for our railroad fare. We got there and found no mission—nothing but the Salvation Army, and they were doing a very small work.

We got the work started just one year ago, May twenty-third. From the very start, the first night, there were souls saved. On the twenty-ninth among others there were two

men came to the altar and were converted. One of them had a "crying jag"—just cried and went on while at the altar, and I must confess our faith was not very strong in his behalf. The next thing we saw he was going up and down the aisle laughing. His chum was quiet—has now gone to England—but this one has played the piano and little street organ at our mission every night since. He is a carpenter, works daytime at his trade and evenings helps in the work. He has done fine and is such a help.

From the twenty-third of May to the twenty-third of February there have been 1,235 at the altar—only forty-two women. The men we have there are not the old broken-down dissipated men you find in a slum district but nearly all bright young men. We have had either four or five who have graduated from some of the finest colleges in the country and who have papers to prove it. It is a mining district and a great many of the miners come in with their earnings of perhaps three or four months. We are right on a street where gambling is. They get in one of these places and the first thing we know their money is gone; it is not so much the drink as the gambling. Many of them have been saved and are doing nicely.

Then we are right near the fort, and have started a good work among the soldiers. There have been quite a number of them converted—nice boys who had left nice homes, but had become careless after leaving home. There have been quite a number of them saved.

We have had the help and co-operation of nearly every one of the ministers in the city, of nearly all denominations. We have had our pick of the very finest speakers of the city and some of the finest singers. One young lady sings for us two nights a week who gets ten dollars every Sunday for singing in the church, yet gives her time to us.

I needed a rest, was very tired, and Mr. Mackey thought I should go to California and rest; but instead I am going up to Minnesota in behalf of a woman in the state prison. I have a letter from the governor of Utah to the governor of Minnesota to help me out. This woman is a life prisoner; has been seven years in prison and of that seven has been

over five years a devoted Christian woman. She is only thirty-one years of age now. The prospects I think are very bright for getting her out. The warden seems very much in favor of it. I saw the chaplain last summer on his way from a convention and he said she was a very devoted Christian woman and there has never been a black mark against her name on the books, she has made such a good record.

I am making my expenses as I go along. Mr. Mackey told me to wire him if I got in a tight place and needed money, but I expect to make my expenses all right until I get back to Salt Lake City.

On my return I expect to start a home for boys and young men. There is not a bit of rescue work being done and there is considerable prejudice on account of indiscretion on the part of some enthusiastic workers. I intend to get a home started as quick as I can get around to it.

I like the west so much. Mr. Mackey has been four months in San Francisco, ten days now at San Jose at the Rose Carnival. He had the time of his life down there. Now he starts tomorrow in Sacramento for three weeks, over four Sundays, and then goes to Seattle.

We have been just about sixteen years in this work but have never seen anything like the work in Salt Lake City. It is just the grandest work. It is the young men with years of possibility before them who come to us. They have so many more advantages over the men that as a rule are converted in the missions of the east.

I have the best people in the city on my side now. One day I had a minister call on me and during the conversation he said that I had the confidence of every citizen in Salt Lake City. One man sent a check and said it was just for my determination. So many times we came right up to the time when we thought the doors would have to close and I would not let them. They would say, "It is too bad after all the work that has been done here if the doors have to close, and I would say, "Don't put that 'if' in; the doors are not going to close." Others give just because they see the men that have been helped, and all they think is of their leading sober lives.

THE "PARTING OF THE WAYS" HOME.

Rollo H. McBride was converted in the Life Boat Mission on the twenty-sixth day of February, six years ago. Since that time he has taken an active part in the gospel services held at the Harrison street police station, has had charge of the Tuesday evening meeting at the John Worthy Reform school, and in other ways has tried to help those who are down in the pit from which he was taken. We give you herewith, in his own words, a brief account of his conversion. He says:

"I was a railroad man for a good many years. I tried to climb to the top of the ladder in business life, but in climbing the ladder I also formed some bad habits. At first I was able to control them, but by the time I got nearly to the top of the ladder, and was receiving four hundred dollars a month salary, I went over and down the other side of the ladder, lower than I started from.

"I finally landed in Chicago on the great levee, homeless, friendless and penniless. I was able to exist about seven years in that way. Finally one night I was standing with a man in a saloon; he had thirty cents left, and I did not dare move in case he spent a nickel of that and I would not be in it. Finally he said, 'Let us go over into the mission.'

"The snow was about two feet deep, the twenty-sixth of February, 1904. I had scarcely any clothes. I thought the mission was another saloon. I opened the door and let him go in, and when I heard the organ and gospel music I pretty nigh broke up the service trying to get him out of there. It was not the kind of service I was in the habit of listening to. I think there were some chairs upset; but at the door was a Good Samaritan, who took me by the arm and said, 'It is all right, brother; it is all right,' and he took me up front.

"I heard such wonderful things in there that night, how men and women had been redeemed from lives of sin, and I wondered if God would do it for me. Then I heard the message from the platform: 'Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.' I knew that was me. I thought of my Christian father and mother, and the tears dropped down on my old dirty, greasy

clothes. They asked if any man in the room wanted to be remembered in prayer; I raised my hand. I did everything they asked me to do.

"When once outside the mission again, the question was, 'What are we going to do now?' I had no bed, no money, nothing to eat and nowhere to go except the open door of the saloon. On the other hand there was snow two feet deep,—I had no stockings, no underclothes, no vest, and my coat pinned at the neck with a large brass safety pin, my only jewel. I said, 'I never started to live a Christian life but once, and I have started tonight, and I will never go into another saloon; I shall walk the streets of Chicago if I am found dead in the morning.'

"The snow was coming down, but I traveled on. I was the happiest that night that I had ever been in my life. God came into my life and transformed it.

"I know what it is to serve God on one meal a day. There were eleven days that I



"Parting of the Ways" Home.

had but ten meals. I feel tonight that I have only just begun serving Jesus. It grows brighter farther on. Wherever I go, whatever I am called upon to do, I want to hold up the saving gospel and the One who can save to the uttermost."

Last November Mr. McBride took the management of a home for homeless men, called The "Parting of the Ways" Home. This work was founded by a number of Chicago's leading men, such as John L. Whitman, superintendent of the House of Correction; A. J. Harris, clerk of the Criminal court, and others,

primarily for the benefit of men released from the Bridewell prison.

We quote the following from Judge McKenzie Cleland, who is also one of the founders of this home, which gives in a brief way a description of this home, its aim, and what it has accomplished.

"Each day thirty-one men walk out of the House of Correction. Last year it received five thousand persons who had been there for from two to two hundred and ten times each. It must be apparent to every one that no matter how thoroughly a man is corrected, if he is compelled immediately to face the choice of crime or starvation he will ordinarily take the former because that will at least give him a chance to escape or the possibility of a 'hung' jury, but from the latter there is no escape, and no chance for a sympathetic jury to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"This situation led to the 'Parting of the Way' home, which opened for business on the ninth of last November. It is housed in a three-story brick building at the northeast corner of Twenty-second and Clark streets, and contains besides a dining room, kitchen, offices and reception room, sleeping accommodations for about thirty men.

"Here we receive each day from the House of Correction men who, having served their terms, are desirous of turning over a new leaf and making a fresh start, and here they find a refuge without money or without price until they obtain employment. During the three months ending February ninth, one hundred and sixty-two men were received, thirty-nine of whom obtained positions for themselves and one hundred and eight obtained positions through the efforts of the manager, Rollo H. McBride.

"Nineteen men renewed their church membership and practically all of the men thus helped have thus far made good. Many are occupying responsible positions, several are working for railroads at salaries of \$75.00 or more per month. The average per capita cost to the home of saving these men from crime and giving them a new hope of life was \$6.25."

Notice our valuable premium offers in this number.

OUR ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

NELLIE JEFFERS.

(The following paper was read at the graduation of the third class of nurses from the Hinsdale Sanitarium, June first. This class goes forth from the school with a life's mission, a noble purpose to spend and be spent for sick humanity.—Ed.)

As we look forward tonight to the life career we have chosen our minds are naturally turned to the trials, difficulties and hardships which we shall experience as well as the joys and pleasures which shall be ours.

Some people think the life of a nurse is a difficult one, and so it is, but what life spent in the service of humanity is not difficult? No one is compelled to attend so closely to her duties as the nurse. Her hours for work are long, often extending over most of the twenty-four of the day. She may not join a union which will decide on a certain number of hours for her to work and give her freedom the remainder of the day, if she is true to her profession. Her patient requires attention all the time and can not be neglected or put off as can many other forms of work.

Her hours for sleep are most uncertain and many times entirely insufficient for the work she must do. She must obtain what sleep she can while the patient is resting and then be wide awake to what is required of her. Her days off are few and far apart. Her plans for personal pleasures are broken many times and self denial is a trait of character she must acquire early in her career.

The times for her meals are as irregular as are her hours for sleep. "Duty first" must be her motto in all cases and let self be satisfied when it is convenient to do so. If her meals are regular, well and good, but if not, they must be taken at such time as it is convenient, and the best be made of the situation. The food may be cold and poorly prepared, but so as not to overburden the already greatly taxed household she smilingly partakes of what is set before her and says nothing.

One of the greatest trials which she has to meet is in coming in contact with contagious diseases, to which she is continuously exposed. Many times her life itself is in danger, but duty demands that regardless of her own safety she must go. Others may flee

but the nurse who is true to her profession never slights duty under any circumstances.

Perhaps you are thinking by this time, "Why do they choose a work having so many hardships, dangers and disadvantages?"

THE MISSIONARY NURSE'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Who can come into closer contact with the storm tossed soul than she who ministers to the daily needs of the sufferer? No one, not even the nearest relative, is in closer companionship with the sick ones day after day than the nurse who watches over them and cares for them as a mother cares for her child. In fact it is the nurse who takes mother's place in times of sickness and cares for the tender and bleeding plant until health and strength are restored to the little body.

She may be a teacher wherever she goes, instructing the people in many things about health, how to keep it and how to regain it after it has been lost. Mothers can be taught how best to care for the tender infant entrusted to their care. Most people are wide awake and ready to learn all they can in regard to health and healthful living, and it is the nurse rather than the physician who has the opportunity of instructing them daily by her example as well as otherwise, and they may be able to learn much more readily for having seen these health truths put into everyday practice.

How many opportunities she has of implanting some precious seeds of truth into the heart, which, like those taught to Nicodemus of old, may not be lost completely but by and by may spring forth and accomplish much for other sufferers.

The reward we receive for our labor can not all be paid with cold silver or gold, nor do we labor for that alone. No other work deals so directly with the human soul as does that of a nurse. By her carelessness and neglect some precious life may be hurled into eternity: but on the other hand she may be the instrument used to preserve that loved one to the sorrowing parent, sister, brother or children. It would be a glorious thing could we raise the dead as did the lowly One of Galilee, but is it not glorious to prevent them from going through that experience? It often lies within the power of the faithful nurse to accomplish just such a work.

The nurse in bringing cheer, courage and

happiness to her patient implants in her own soul that same sweet Christ-like spirit that unconsciously affects those that she comes in contact with and brings out the love that this cold world so much needs.

Not only may the nurse minister to the physical needs of her patient but she has the best of opportunities for ministering to her spiritual needs. The minister may talk to his audience for years and not convert a single soul, but let the Christian nurse visit a home which has been stricken with sickness and the messages of hope and courage which she may be able to give open the way for her to teach them something of the love of the Saviour which she has found to be so helpful in her work. The heart of the sick one, though stern and hard before, is now softened and ready to receive the messages of truth she may be able to give.

As Christ went about healing the sick of Israel in such a way as had not been witnessed before, so may the nurse who has Him in her soul do today. Christ is ever ready to help us now, and with Him as our guide we go forth to minister to those who need us most. Our reward here may be small but there is a deeper satisfaction obtained from work of this kind than can ever be obtained in any other form of work.

We would all be anxious to minister to the wants of our Saviour were He here, and would do it purely for the love we have for Him, but He has told us, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Let us then do it for Christ's sake, regardless of the hardships, dangers and trials that may assail us, for we shall obtain our reward by and by from the great Physician in addition to the sweetness that comes to our own souls while here laboring for those whom He came to save.

POINTERS ON HEALTH.

Underfeeding is bad; overfeeding is worse.

* * *

Good health is the best form of life insurance.

* * *

Your mode of living determines your length of life.

Eat and drink moderately today in order that you may do so tomorrow.

* * *

Your lungs can't be washed but they can be aired.

* * *

You wouldn't offend your stomach with dirty water; then why offend your lungs with dirty air?

* * *

Open windows close the door to consumption.

* * *

Many a man feels "put out" because of what he takes in.

* * *

Many eyes have been closed prematurely by "eye openers."

* * *

When you give health for money you exchange wealth for trash.

* * *

Cheerfulness and a sluggish liver are total strangers.

* * *

Summer—the time to shun meats and take to vegetables.

* * *

A flood of sunshine in the home may fade carpets but it puts the bloom of health upon your cheeks. Take your choice.

* * *

Regular bathing prolongs life; underbathing causes overwork for kidneys and liver.

* * *

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," but it takes many godly people a long time to get next to that truth.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.

(Written by an inmate of the Missouri State Penitentiary.)

THE LIFE BOAT is absolutely the most popular periodical of any kind with the boys. It would do your heart good to see how eagerly the boys borrowed my LIFE BOAT, and how they thanked me for lending it. It seems to get hold of the boys and reminds them of what they have missed, and, what is better, of the great things that they may do for God and humanity.

The other evening my cellmate and I were

studying our Bibles, and I received such a blessing from a certain portion of the 19th verse of the 55th Psalm that I determined to pass it on to the "family." It is, "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God"; or as the R. V. has it: "The men who have no changes." The study of this phrase, in the light of the Psalm, reveals to us the curse of having our way and of being always prosperous.

The enemies of David prospered in all that they did. In war they seem to have had their way, financially, politically, etc.; they seemed unhindered by any one or anything. It seemed as if God had said, "The world is before you; use it as you please; ask me for nothing; everything to which your hands are applied will prosper." And it seemed so to them. But were they really prosperous? It depends upon what we call prosperity. Let us see what this sort of life led to.

It led them to forget their one true friend and benefactor (see verse 12); and is not this the result of being prosperous with many? They are so taken up with their riches that they forget the Giver. They were unmindful of the needy which surrounded their palaces. (See 9, 10.) How often there are souls starving right under the shadows of wealthy mansions! This may be applied to spiritual food as well. The gourmand is so taken up with his appetite that he cares not if his next door neighbor is dying of starvation. So with this people into whose life there came no changes.

Their lives were spent in seeking honors at the cost of virtue.

Their politics were corrupt, and consequently vice and lawlessness reigned in their capital and on the streets. Is not this a dreadful but true picture of the prosperous (as the world calls it) nation? Read history and you will find that whenever a nation has enjoyed continual prosperity, it has become rotten and degraded; and of course God was forgotten in its lawmaking bodies.

They slandered the honest people who were endeavoring to do what *they* had neglected—good. Instead of lending the philanthropist a hand they slandered him and hindered his work. (See verse 3.) God's people were reviled and oppressed, and instead of wel-

coming their good influence they were bent upon annihilating them.

They became slaves to their base passions and appetites, until their bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, became masses of putridity and were dragged down to untimely graves, not living out half their days (verse 23). Their lives had been lived in selfish gratification and deceit, and of course they failed to hear the warning voice of God and were forced to leave behind only tarnished names.

This study could be prolonged, but I think enough has been revealed to show the curse of the life without disappointment and affliction, and to teach the mission of these blessings in disguise.

Now the question is: What practical lesson do I derive from these facts? It is this, that if God did not chastise me, it would prove that He did not love me (Rev. 3:19); that I was not His son (Prov. 3:11, 12); that He did not want me to be holy and righteous (Heb. 12:6-12); that He wished to leave me in my ignorance of what is right and true (Psalm 94:12), and that I should never have the privilege of experiencing rest or peace of heart and conscience (Ps. 94:13).

In the light of these facts who can wonder that the Psalmist cried, "It is *good* for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." And as if he was studying with us, he adds, "The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver" (Ps. 119:71, 72). God trains us through affliction.

THIRTEEN CENTS SACREDLY INVESTED.

The following letter which we received from a little boy in Kansas deeply touched our hearts. The money that he sent seems almost sacred to the touch. We ask our readers to join us in prayer that this lad may have the missionary spirit grow deeper and deeper into his heart. It ought to inspire many other children to begin to look about for missionary opportunities.

"I am a little boy twelve years old, and I want to do some missionary work. I like your LIFE BOAT very much. I have heard it read, and here is thirteen cents for it. I

want to increase it, then I will send it for that work. Will you please send me all the LIFE BOATS you can for it?

"I lost my dear papa one year ago last Sabbath, and my mamma has left the truth, and I am living with my auntie here. This money was in papa's pocket when he died, and one penny of it was in my papa's father's pocket, who died six months before my papa did. The penny was given to me, and I want to increase it, then send it to the missionary workers far away to do all the good it can. So please send me all the LIFE BOATS you can for it. I hear you have a prisoner's number in May, so please send some of them if you will."

GOOD EXPERIENCES.

The following letter is from students in the Foreign Mission Seminary, Washington, D. C., who are spending their spare time selling this magazine:

"We have had good experiences with the LIFE BOATS, which we have been able to sell, and would like to have some more to be here by the time all of these are sold. There are two of us in this work, and we went out on Sundays the last two weeks, among the poorer classes of the city.

"Kindly send another four hundred copies along, and we will send the post office order later."

Later we received the following letter:

"The LIFE BOATS got here all right and I have sold some of them. They seem to go pretty well. Kindly send four hundred of the April number. Enclosed please find eight-dollar money order for the same."

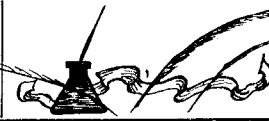
JUST THE BOOK FOR SOUL-WINNERS.

Christian personal workers and soul-winners should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure a copy of Dr. Sadler's new book, "Soul-Winning Texts," for only TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Life Boat; or morocco binding, stamped in gold, for THREE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Texts which have been singularly blessed of God in winning souls are given here in full. Just the book for soul-winners!



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



HOT WEATHER EVANGELISM.

At this time of the year many of our churches close their doors for the summer vacation. But the devil not only manages to keep all of his cool weather places open but opens a few additional ones during the summer.

Christ was looking for souls at all seasons of the year. His genuine followers will do the same. That does not mean that they may not occasionally change their scene of labor and go off on what their neighbors will call a vacation, but if they are really soul winners they will endeavor to win souls for Christ wherever they are.

Let us ask God to pour out upon us a genuine burden for human souls so that we shall watch for every favorable opportunity in season and out of season, in hot weather and cold weather, anywhere and everywhere, to win lost souls for the Master.

DO YOU WISH A TRAINING FOR CITY MISSIONARY WORK?

An unusually favorable opportunity is now afforded for mature young women who may desire a six months' preparation for gospel medical missionary work among the sick and needy of our large cities. Such a course of training will be carried on in the new Life Boat Home beginning July 10. Will those who may desire such an opportunity correspond with us at once?

STUDYING NATURE VERSUS STUDYING THE BIBLE.

This is the time of the year when so many say, "It is getting too nice weather to go to church; I believe I will go out and get next to nature. I think I can learn just as much of God from nature as I can in studying my Bible."

But that is a delusion and a snare. Nature is not the gospel. It is simply an *advertise-*

ment of the gospel, and for the same reason you can't make a breakfast out of a bread advertisement, so you can not feed your soul by simply studying nature. The bread advertisement is a call for you to come to the bakery and buy bread. So the beauties and grandeur of nature advertise God, and after you have considered the lilies, *how they grow*, that should lead you to God so that you may also grow up as the lilies.

One reason why so many people backslide in summer is because they attempt to stock their soul with the advertisements about God instead of getting the real thing. Some of the most hard-hearted people I have ever known were gardeners. It simply shows that our souls need something more than there is in nature.

We are not merely to consider the lilies; we are to consider *how they grow*. They drink in the sunshine, secure nourishment out of the earth. If you want your souls to grow like the lily you must drink in spiritual rains, get spiritual inspirations from above and have your souls fertilized with God's truth.

You may say you do not have time to study your Bible. "What does it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Do not forget if you get time to feed your body two or three times a day and scarcely get time to feed your soul two or three times a week you will soon be suffering with spiritual anemia.

"The kingdom of heaven is assailed by force and the violent seize it." Matt. 11:12, Syriac version. If you ever enter the kingdom of God you will have to become dead in earnest over the matter. Why not get in earnest over it now?

SALTING THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Before God will entrust us to become the light of the world (Matt. 5:14) we must first be the *salt* of the earth (verse 13.) A light shines far and near, but the salt has to come in immediate contact with the thing that needs

to be salted. The salt that is in the vessel on the shelf is doing no good. It is only as it is *mingled* with that which it needs to preserve that it is of value.

It is sometimes easier to become enthusiastic about being a light to the heathen than it is to be salt in our home or in our neighborhood. Yet it is being salt at home that fits us to become lights abroad.

I was brought up on a farm. God caused the corn to grow but I had to pull weeds. I did not have to grow the potatoes. A mightier power than I had the oversight of that, but I had to pick potato bugs. If we wanted to have corn and potatoes in the fall we had to diligently and enthusiastically pull weeds and pick bugs. The farmer has to carry out literally the admonition to "not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The same is true in the moral domain. The fight against the devil's weeds and bugs has to be *unceasing*, while God grows the character. Fighting against moral weeds and bugs is our part and if we neglect it we shall have no crop. The kingdom of God is taken by violence, "and the violent take it by force." Matt. 11:12.

THE BEST ANTITOXIN.

When a child has diphtheria the doctor naturally thinks of injecting an antitoxin into the child's blood to neutralize the disease.

Sin is a spiritual infection just as diphtheria is a physical infection. Isa. 1:5, 6. The child does not get diphtheria until a few days after it has been exposed. So sin may not break out in its worst forms until some time after exposure, but it is working in the system just the same.

It is a very instructive fact that sometimes a very slight exposure to diphtheria may produce a very virulent attack. And so a very slight exposure to some sinful indulgence may result in the worst type of moral degradation.

Very often when a nurse is to be exposed to diphtheria the doctor gives her an injection of diphtheria antitoxin as a prophylactic or a preventive.

The Word of God serves the same purpose when we are in danger of exposure to sinful

infection. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I *might not* sin against Thee." Ps. 119:11. Faith in Christ's power to save is the real antitoxin; it kills sin at its roots.

If you are prepared to give the Word of God to others and teach them about Christ then you are a spiritual antitoxin station.

A NEW HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO.

When those who are interested in city mission work are passing through Chicago we would be pleased to have them take a Cottage Grove car and go south to Thirty-third place and less than half a block west of the car line, at 528 Thirty-third place, they will find our new Life Boat Home. We invite them to visit it and become thoroughly acquainted with the work that is carried on there in all its various branches. The editor and his wife will spend each Wednesday afternoon at this institution assisting in any line of work that providence may have for them, and will be glad to meet any one who may feel impressed to drop in.

FROM FAR AWAY AUSTRALIA.

A. W. Semmens, who is engaged in medical missionary work in Australia, writes us as follows:

"I will be pleased to become a regular subscriber to THE LIFE BOAT, for there is so much in it that can be used in our mission work here.

"We have much to be thankful for—for our Lord's care, and for His goodness and mercy in permitting such unworthy creatures as we to have a part in this glorious work. On every hand we see the signs fulfilling that foretell the coming of our blessed Lord and Master. When that day comes, it will be a glorious time, for the reign of sin and suffering will end.

"We have been passing through some trials of the last days here in Australia. One of the largest strikes that ever occurred in this country is just now concluding. But as fast as one subsides in one place, another crops up somewhere else. I notice that you are going through a similar experience in Philadelphia; in fact, it looks as though the whole of the

United States is going to be involved in the great strike. These are but omens that tell of the soon coming of the Lord. I trust the Lord will bless you in the work during these troublous times, and give you courage and faith in Him who never fails, and who is ever ready to lend us a helping hand."

A STATEMENT.

B. N. MULFORD.
Fountain Head, Tenn.

In the August number of *THE LIFE BOAT*, 1909, on page 229 there appeared under my name an article relative to some conditions which I have found in the south.

Knowing that some in our immediate neighborhood have taken offense at some things that were said in this article, and realizing that the tenor of the language is such that it gives room for such offense, knowing also the wide circulation of this periodical, and of the possible misrepresentation of the south in general to those at a distance, and that all may know my real intent and feeling toward the southern people, I wish to make the following explanation and apology:

First—I did not write this article, neither had I any part in the writing of it. All that I said was said to only a small company of friends, with no thought of publishing to the world those things which I have seen. Some one of the number took notes of what I said and afterward printed a part of same in the above mentioned issue of *THE LIFE BOAT*.

To substantiate this I quote from a letter written by the editor of *THE LIFE BOAT*: "Mr. Mulford never wrote anything for *THE LIFE BOAT* (meaning this issue). He gave a little talk here to a group of our workers and the stenographer made some notes of what was said. Mr. Mulford never saw it unless he happened to read one of the *LIFE BOATS*."

I quote the above, not to prove that all I said, even in this private way should have been said, but that all may know that it was not in any sense my intention to hold up to the public such conditions that would be the means of lowering the estimation of any as to the prosperity of the south in general. Further quoting from the same writer:

"I am sure that Mr. Mulford intended no reflection upon any one."

That there are statements in the article which ought not to have been written or spoken is true, and I am frank to admit that the terms used were exaggerated. For instance, I have never seen a home where one would really need a scoop shovel and cart in order to set things in proper condition. I have never seen a home that would altogether come under the heading of filthy. These terms ought not to have been used. They are altogether out of place and I am sorry indeed that they were stated.

Another thing I have noticed in the article is that all southern people are classed as a whole under these same broad terms. It was not my intention in talking, and I do not believe it was the intention of the one who wrote up the article to make such an impression. Any one who has visited the south knows that there can be found nowhere more beautiful homes, more tasty surroundings, or a more hospitable, congenial and cultured people than we find in our southern states.

There are, however, several millions of good people who occupy the mountain districts, who, not because of poor lineage but because of the very conditions into which they have been thrown are in need of every help that it is possible to give them. I do not mean that all who occupy these sections are in this condition, but many are. We need only to read our own southern journals and papers to know the real condition in a great many sections of the hill country.

As stated in the article of the August, 1909, number of *THE LIFE BOAT*, it is only with a desire to help those who have not had equal privileges with others that I am here. I am sorry for anything that has been said in the past which may appear as ridicule, for it has never been my thought to do anything of that nature. My only desire has been and is to help those who need it. And I shall state that there are those about us who will testify to this.

I am thankful to our southern neighbors for their hearty support and co-operation in the establishing of our little school, and I hope that, not only the school as a whole but that each individual connected with it, may prove worthy of such support in the future.



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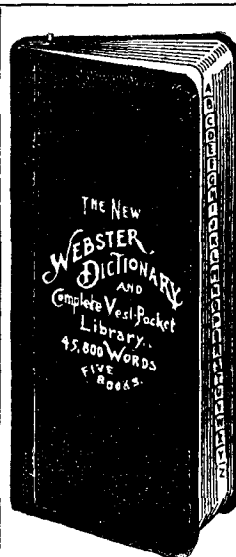
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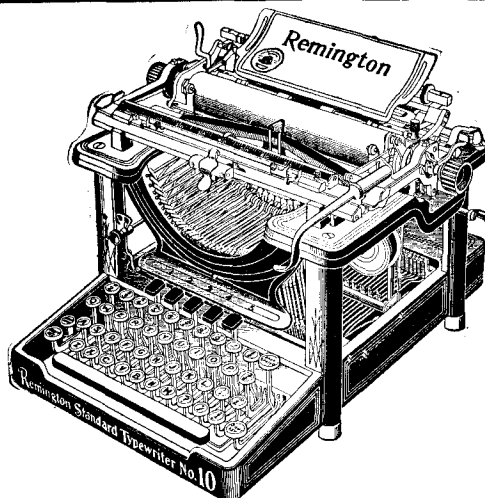
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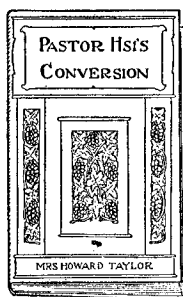
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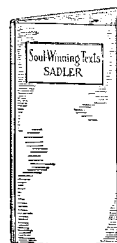
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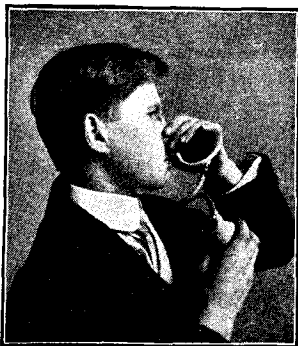
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