

Volume I

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1898

Number 4

THE LIFE BOAT

Published monthly by the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association, at 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PRICE 25 CENTS A YEAR

Entered at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, . . . maimed, . . . halt, and . . . blind."

Rock of Ages

When the perils of life all surround me,
 And my soul by the tempest is tossed;
 When the waves of temptation come sweeping,
 And all hope and comfort seems lost;
 Ah! then, through the mists and the darkness,
 Away from temptation and pain,
 I look to the Rock of the Ages,
 And haste its blest shelter to gain.

O Rock! in the shade of Thy casting
 No peril or sorrow can come;
 I abide there in perfect contentment;
 Help me ne'er from Thy shelter to roam.
 Not my wish to sit idle and helpless
 And ask Thee to shield me from sin,
 But follow my path and protect me,
 As I seek some poor wand'rer to win.

All around me are souls in the tempest
 Who struggle and strive to be free,
 But the waves of temptation o'ercome them,
 And never the Rock can they see.
 Oh! how sorely they need a kind helper
 To point to the Rock, and to show
 How 'tis given to them, that in tempest
 A Haven of Rest they may know.

My Jesus, Thou Rock of my hiding,
 O, help! give me wisdom and power
 To go out in the midst of the darkness,
 And point them to Thee, *my* strong tower;
 To gently and tenderly lead them
 The path that, through ages, have come
 The patriarch, prophet, and sinner;
 For no other way there is known.

My Jesus, I love and adore Thee!
 Thou Rock of my refuge, my power,
 My complete and eternal salvation,
 My all and in all, my strong tower.
 O! help me to tell the blest story,
 How the Rock of the Ages was riven;
 And with them through Eternity's ages
 I'll praise Thee forever in Heaven.

LILLIAN SNYDER.

Our Dispensary

SINCE our last report both the men's and women's wards have been constantly filled. The beds of those who are discharged cured are immediately taken by others. The patients receive the same medical care as is given in a first-class hospital.

The work of ministering is not confined to physical ailments. Besides personal work with individuals, regular morning worship is conducted in the ward. A short time ago while making a change in our corps of nurses, the singing was omitted for a few days. Several inquired, "Why don't you have them sing to us some more?" Immediately arrangements were made for regular music in the ward, and they take great comfort in listening to the songs.

It is certainly very cheering to hear the hearty "good morning" from the ten or twelve patients, and to notice their faces brighten as new life and vigor arise in their souls. One poor man especially, seems to be very happy. His operation was a serious one, and he made a slow recovery. For a time we despaired of his life. He was very patient through it all. Gradually he began to mend,—was able to sit

up and finally to walk. It is encouraging to note the gladness depicted on his countenance, while he takes his exercise. The poor man has neither money nor friends. He has been ill much of his life. He now rejoices at the prospect of health and strength. This man has been in the ward longer than any other patient we have.

I wish it were possible for all the readers of THE LIFE BOAT to see the happiness which has come to a lady who has been here just a few weeks. When she came to us she was so weak she could not talk; she had been sick for many months, had three small children, and her husband was out of work. This lady improved rapidly until she was strong enough to undergo a much needed surgical operation. From this she made a good recovery. Meanwhile her husband secured employment, and was thus enabled to support his family. Now they are all exceedingly happy as they are reunited at home. They rejoice in the good principles they have learned in regard to the proper care of their bodies, and also in a better knowledge of God and His love. This loving, happy family truly appreciate the restoration of health as the key-stone of their home. Well do I remember the first visit made to this family. The mother was so low that I seriously doubted whether she could ever recover. It looked to be a hopeless case; but as I have

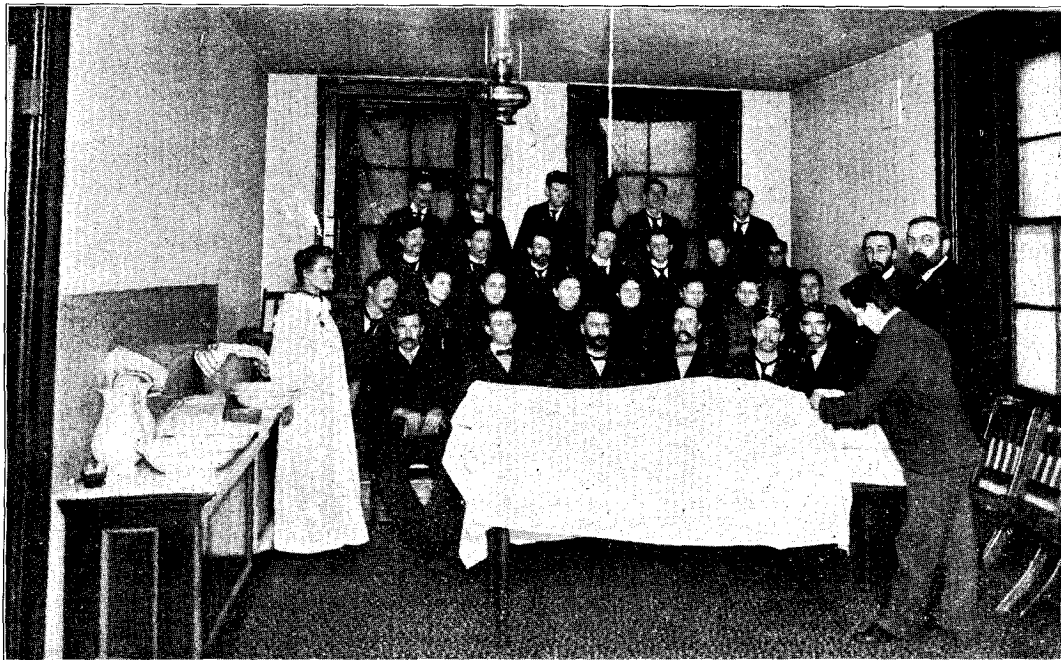
woman and a Christian. Though the prospect looks very dark, still she is uncomplaining. Some of her friends are aiding her as much as they can.

Dr. Bayard Holmes, one of the foremost surgeons of Chicago, is freely giving his time five hours a week all summer to the dispensary. He is deeply interested in the work. His kindly manner, together with his ability, inspires perfect confidence on the part of all the patients.

Several of the freshman medical class have been spending their vacation in looking after the details of the ward and the comfort of the patients. It is a most admirable way to improve a vacation. They receive no salary; some are even paying their own board.

There is a constant expense in maintaining this work. All patients who have money pay the cost of board and room. But many, and indeed almost all of them, have absolutely not a cent wherewith to defray expenses. Yet they are sick and need help. Some of these cases are most pitiful. Poor, sick, homeless, friendless, and without God! Shall we cast them off? It is the privilege of each of you, dear readers, to ask this question. Shall we not minister to our Lord in the person of these unfortunate ones?

It will require from ten to twenty dollars each



THE DISPENSARY OPERATING ROOM

seen how the Lord has blessed her since coming here, I have often been led to rejoice that we were able to help her.

We were glad to be able to give treatment for one week to a young lady who is engaged in house to house work among the very poor. She is a Volunteer of America, and the great amount of work she had been doing prostrated her. When she left, she returned to her chosen labor.

Mrs. M —, a middle-aged widow lady with one child, is a source of much anxiety on our part. We are doing all we can for her, and hope the Lord will see fit to turn the disease. She is a very patient

week to make up the deficiency in the actual cost of room and board for these patients. Besides this the nurses and attendants ought to have their board. Remember that we have from twelve to fifteen ward patients all the time. In addition there are many who come in just for treatment. It requires some five or six faithful, consecrated persons to care for the sick.

We need fifty dollars to enlarge and furnish our ward for women. Old beds and bedding will not do for a surgical ward; the beds must be of iron, and everything surgically clean.

Who would like to invest immediately fifty dollars

in surgical supplies in order to enable us to do more and better work in the dispensary? Surgical dressings are expensive and our supplies must be replenished or many a wound remain undressed. Consider our needs:

1. \$10.00 to \$20.00 each week for food;
2. \$50.00 at once for women's ward;
3. \$50.00 at once for dispensary supplies;
4. Your prayers continually for God's blessing.

W. B. HOLDEN, M. D.

Dispensary Items

A cook from a restaurant came to have some bad sores on his leg treated; the treatment greatly improved his condition. He was glad to talk about Christ and His service, and mourned over the wasted years of his life. He now desires to live for Christ and labor for man.

People who have been in all classes and positions of life come to us for assistance and medical attention. Reverses and discouragements have overtaken them, causing them to drift out into the world to battle with every known temptation, and too often to find themselves plunged into such depths of sin and vice that they despair of ever being able to escape from its meshes.

A few days ago I was sent by Dr. Holden to visit a poor family, where a boy was very sick with the "grippe." Rational treatment soon brought about a complete restoration. The baby was likewise cured of a severe sickness. This prepared the way to freely talk with the parents about the Christian life, and their spiritual condition. The mother has accepted the glorious gospel, and is rejoicing in the light that has been brought to her.

A short time ago a man came to the dispensary with a necrotic elbow joint. He has been a justice of the peace, clerk of a county court in Iowa, and a deputy in the quartermaster's office in Washington, D. C. An operation was performed upon the diseased joint, and he is improving nicely. His courage in the Lord is good, he is leaning and depending upon Him day by day for needed strength, and he says the Christian way grows brighter and brighter.

A very interesting case in our ward is that of a colored man suffering from the use of morphine. Twenty years ago he began to use this drug, and he was a slave to it when he came here. On various of parts his body were large abscesses, especially on his limbs,—a most pitiful sight to behold. They were caused by infection while using the hypodermic needle. He was put on proper diet and rational treatment, and is now making a good recovery. The appetite for morphine has disappeared. He has given himself to the Lord, and is daily growing in grace.

An interesting case is that of a young man who has just left the ward, where he stopped about ten days. He came to us in a terrible condition; he had not been able to work for months, and unless something could be done for him, he was physically ruined for life. An operation was performed, and with careful treatment he made a rapid recovery. He is now at work,—a happy man—happy, not only because of his physical condition, but also because of his trust

in the Lord. He found the Lord here in the surgical ward. We will keep track of him, and make every effort to upbuild him in the gospel truth.

Some weeks ago a man came into the Star of Hope Mission—drunk. He gave himself to the Lord, praying the publican's prayer, and before he left the Mission he was sober. Another instance of God's power to save men, soul and body. He was given some simple treatment, and in a few days the effects of the alcohol seemed to have disappeared. He went home; but his wife would not listen to his statement that he had commenced to serve the Lord, and did all she could to ridicule the idea! We found work for him and some clothing, for he was very destitute, and we now wait to see what the first results of his conversion will be upon his family.

It rejoices our hearts to find so many who come to the dispensary ready to accept the gospel just as it is presented. It was only last week that a man came in with broken ribs, feeling that the accident that had caused his injury was permitted to cause him to stop and think about his past life, and where his present condition would surely end. While he was waiting for the surgeon, I had a good opportunity to talk with him. He said: "I have been rebellious and have rejected Christ as my Savior, but now I see God's goodness to me in still sparing my life. He has called me not only by this accident but by His Spirit. I will no longer reject Jesus. I accept Him as my Savior, I will walk in the truth as He shows it to me." This man went away rejoicing in the Savior.

One of our most promising cases is that of a man whom we found on the border of delirium tremens; he had not been sober for months. He staggered into the Star of Hope Mission so drunk that he could scarcely talk. The message went to his heart, and at the close of the meeting he got down on his knees and gave himself to the Lord. He was taken to the Medical Mission and given treatment. The next day he asked to be prayed for that his desire for whisky might be taken away. He took hold of the Lord by faith, and the desire for both whisky and tobacco was removed. He did not experience any of the usual nervous effects, and was soon up,—a changed man physically and spiritually. At the missions he gives stirring testimonies concerning the wonderful change which has come into his life.

I was so situated that I could know just what he was doing when he was at the Mission. Every morning he was up before five o'clock studying his Bible until breakfast. He grew rapidly in grace, because he fed much on God's Word.

Among his old associates he bore a straight testimony for God, and was used to bring some of them to Christ. He often told them how they "boiled" the whisky out of him at the Mission. He was often accosted by the bartender or his former associates, and invited to come in and drink; but he told them, No, that he was serving the Lord. Then he would exhort them to turn from their sins to God.

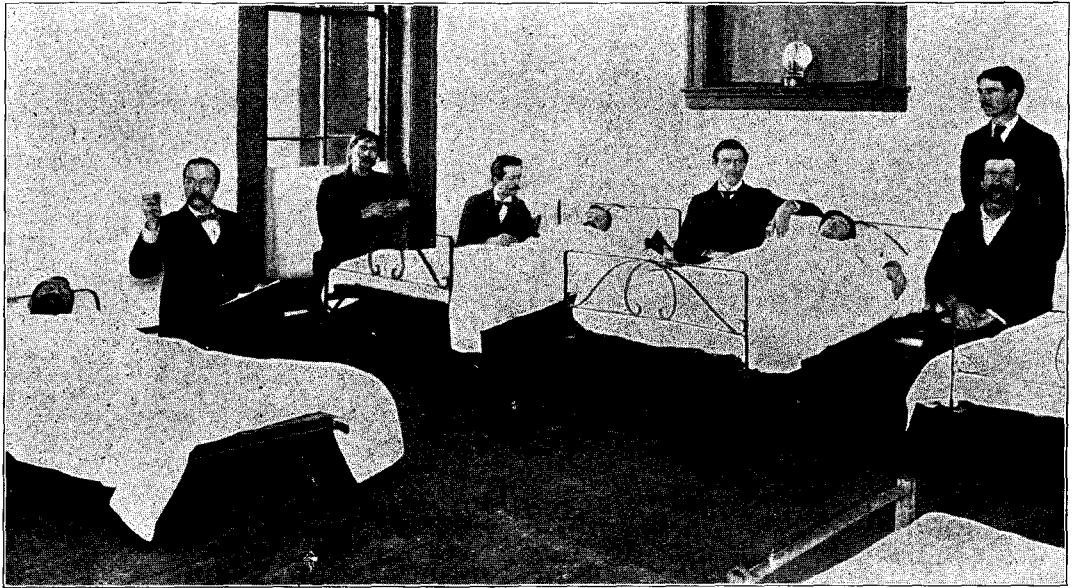
He was always on the lookout for new truth, and you had but to show it to him in the Bible, and he would begin to walk in it.

Up to the time he went to a home, we were giving him board and room at the Mission. Oh, that we had more means! that we might help all that come along but we cannot for the lack of room and money to pay for food, etc. Are we to be thus hindered in our work always? We await the answer God would have you make.

A few evenings ago a man was directed here to have his head dressed. He was on the way to his home in Pennsylvania. He had been waylaid by highwaymen and robbed of all the money he had—about forty dollars. His wounds were dressed, and when afterward questioned in regard to his soul, he said he had given the subject almost no thought whatever and the name of Christ was a strange name to him. He said he believed "there was a God, and had heard it said that there was a hereafter," but had a very vague idea of what it meant, and asked to have it explained. After listening attentively for a few moments, he said: "Friend, you have taken me so by surprise that I don't know what to think." After talking further with him, he asked me my name and address, and said he would write me when

all these things he was so nervous from his past debauches, that his whole body trembled like a leaf, and he seemed to be again on the very verge of delirium tremens.

While dressing his wounds and bathing him we took occasion to speak to him about his terrible condition and his soul's peril, and when we had finished the treatment he was perfectly willing to kneel and pray with us for the forgiveness of his sins, and the removal of his depraved appetite: desiring, as he put it, "to make a clean job of it this time." God most wonderfully answered his prayer. Notwithstanding the physical suffering which he has experienced since his conversion, he says now that they were the most peaceful days of his life. His old appetites are so



A ROOM IN THE DISPENSARY SURGICAL WARD

he got home to let me know how his wounds were, and especially concerning his soul's salvation. He very gladly and willingly knelt with me in a few words of prayer before leaving. F. W. BROWN.

Another Dispensary Case

FIVE days ago a man came here who had gone almost as low as sin could take him. For eight weeks he had been drinking almost constantly. He had been in the county hospital three weeks before for the delirium tremens; but as soon as he was out, he again started on his mad career of drink, worse, if possible, than before. All the time he was working with his old companions who made their living at the footpad's trade. The amount of cheap whisky he could consume was something appalling, reaching often as high as two or two and a half quarts a day, to say nothing of the beer which he daily consumed in almost unlimited quantities. Besides this he was a heavy user of tobacco; the last joints of both thumbs and of both index fingers being stained to almost brown with nicotine.

The day before coming here, in a drunken row, he had received an ugly cut on one hand and a deep and very painful stab in the elbow. In addition to

far removed that instead of craving the things he loved a short time ago, he has no desire for them, and says they would sicken him. The prospects for his complete recovery are good, and we look forward to the time when he will be a useful man in God's work.

In all probability if this man had been met at the door, when he came, with a purely religious effort, he would have turned away in disgust to his old haunts and to a drunkard's grave. But the cup of cold water, as it were, in His name, so softened his heart that he was ready to yield up all to God.

S. YARNELL.

From Prisoners

THE following letters received by brother Callahan will give the reader of *THE LIFE BOAT* something of an idea of some of the cases to be dealt with in prison work. One man who is faithfully serving the Lord to the best of his ability, writes from the Minnesota Penitentiary at Stillwater, as follows:

"*Dear Brother*: I received your kind and welcome letter a few days ago, and will answer it to-day. You tell me that you had no time to write. I knew you were very busy, by reading the *Mission Bulletin*.

I noticed you were away from home doing good work for the Master. Oh, Brother John, I only hope I can do one quarter the good you have done since you gave yourself to Him, who is Lord of all. Yes, I am glad to say I am still climbing step by step, and I shall not be satisfied until I reach the top round of the ladder. I can frankly tell you I have never been so happy in all my past days, because I know there is a brighter future ahead of me; yes, I have a few months before me before I will be free; the time does not seem long to me; still I would gladly see my time drawing to a close, so that I can go home and see my dear old mother and tell her of the joy that is in store for her, that her boy was lost and is found again. I am the oldest of nine children, John, and also the black sheep, but no more in the future. Thank God that I was saved before it was too late.

"We had a beautiful text preached to us by the chaplain to-day, taken from the nineteenth chapter of John and the thirtieth verse. The words are, 'It is finished.' Brother Pedran sent me some good books to read. The following are the names of them: 'Temperance,' 'Sowing and Reaping,' 'Secret of Guidance,' and 'Nobody Loves Me.' That will be all for this time, hoping that you will remember me in your prayers. I forgive you freely for not writing sooner. From your brother."

Here is another letter received from a young man in the Cook County Jail. He writes:

"Dear Brother: I take great pleasure in answering your most kind letter of the sixteenth instant. It greatly delighted me to hear from you so soon; yes, it's just awful the way the devil does, but this trouble has brought me back to my right senses once more, and I believe that it was God's will that this should happen, as my heart was getting hard and perhaps would never have thought of God again. So in one sense I am glad that it happened, as I want to be a man. But of course I would like my freedom once more, and believe, me I will be an out and out man for Him; I praise His Holy name. Visiting days are Tuesdays and Fridays; you can see me both morning and noon; in fact you can call any day you like from ten o'clock until three. I trust this will find you well and enjoying God's blessing. Faithfully yours."

Young Prisoners

IT would surprise the readers of THE LIFE BOAT to know of the great number of youthful prisoners who are constantly being placed under confinement in the various jails and police stations of this city. Many of these boys develop the traits of the hardened criminal at the age of seven or eight years.

Some of these boys are very desperate, while others have been led into mischief by their associates. Following is a copy of a letter written by a boy about eight years old, who was in prison, we believe, for trying to steal a horse and buggy:

"Please mother, take me out and I will be a good boy and I will mind stay in the house all the time and mind the baby and do all the work in the house if you will please take me out, and when court is you be there and try and get me out. I know I was arest. I see that I will never go with the bums any more and tell papa and alice to come and get me out will you, and dont send me out to the reform school, and please answer this letter as soon as you can. I was crying."

This little fellow well knew that unless his parents were on hand at his trial to intercede for him, he would be sent to the State Reform School, hence his

urgent request for their presence in court. Evil associates had led this boy on step by step until he committed daring acts of robbery without scarcely stopping to think what he was doing. Are not such youthful desperadoes deserving of all the help we can give them?
W. S. S.

A Gospel Story

AT the time of this writing I know that I have a personal Savior. My sins are forgiven, and in Jesus my title to eternal life is clear. It is a blessed thought. Perhaps you may ask, what was I saved from? It is not an easy matter to relate; there is considerable that lies between God and myself, which I have laid before Him and which He has already washed away with His blood. Praise His dear name.

When I was at the age of three years, my parents died. I was left, as it were, to struggle through life alone, with no one, as I have since thought, to care for me but God. I was placed under the care of a man, who to the best of his ability, tried to bring me up in the right way. I was inclined to be headstrong, determined to have my own way, until finally he was compelled to turn me over to my aunt, who kept me until I became fourteen years of age, when she had to let me go.

I had just graduated from High School, and naturally felt capable of taking care of myself. The following day, suffering slightly from the effects of the night's revelry, I went over from Newark, where I was born, to New York City with some of my companions, and while passing a large building, I stepped up to a gentleman standing in the doorway, and asked for a job. After looking me over from head to foot, he gave me a pick and shovel and sent me with some other men to work. At the close of that day we were sent back to the station, which proved to be the Central Edison of New York city, and I was paid off for the afternoon's work.

The following morning I determined, if possible, to settle down to steady work. I went down town again to the place where I had worked the day before. After telling of my condition, they decided to engage me, providing I would sign apprenticeship papers for five years. I did so, and was engaged for the small sum of a dollar and a half a week, at ten hours a day and seven days in the week. I managed to get along on this for six months when my salary was increased.

I worked during the day, and attended the classes at Cooper Institute and the Y. M. C. A., during the evening, taking my diplomas from both in my eighteenth year. My salary had steadily increased, until when my apprenticeship was served, I was receiving three dollars and twenty-eight cents a day. About this time, I was called upon to take out my license papers, and was transferred, with others, to Philadelphia, to equip a central station there.

During the four following years I was gradually pushed forward until I had reached within one step of the highest position offered,—that of an engineer-in-chief. My work brought me in contact with public officials, and it was not long before I was appointed to the city electrical bureau and also to the fire department, handling all three positions to the best of my ability, and drawing a salary of from forty-five to seventy dollars a week.

During my stay in Philadelphia, the Lord mercifully brought me through a number of serious accidents, in which no less than forty-eight of my companions were killed; some died cursing God for what they were responsible for themselves. Finally, in July

last, in another accident twenty-three of my comrades met death, and myself and another man were taken to the hospital, seriously injured. God again saw fit to bring me out all right, but forgetting to thank Him for it, I left that hospital, so filled with whisky and brandy that had been prescribed by my physician that it was impossible to resist the awful craving to drink habitually.

Only those who have experienced the struggle can realize what it means. Friends and relatives, men whom I had worked among for years, besought me to leave the awful curse alone; but I could not. I tore myself away from them, and picking up other companions, went on day and night adding fuel to the fire already kindled. I traveled east and west, north and south, to the West Indies and back again, until finally, deserted by every living relative and by most of my old friends, I began to realize my real condition. The morning following New Year's day I received notice from my employers that I was suspended indefinitely, which fact so discouraged me that I went farther into sin than ever before. But the conviction of sin in my mind grew deeper and deeper, until my life seemed unbearable, and I determined to tear myself away from my companions, and come west and try to live down the past.

I left New York city on Monday, March fourteenth, and arrived in Chicago the following day, an entire stranger. I was suffering considerably from the effects of my past life, and all the old appetites were still clinging to me. After walking about the city for a few hours, I became discouraged and entered a saloon on State street, where I thought to satisfy that awful craving for liquor.

But oh! the strong desire for something better, the thoughts of the dear ones at home, those that I had thrown aside to serve the devil, lingered with me. Soon I heard the sound of voices singing praises to an unknown Savior. I realized anew that my cup of misery had indeed been drained to the very dregs, and guided by an unseen power, I arose and started immediately across the street to the Life Boat Mission. The Mission had just been opened, and this was the first song of the first service. It was here that I learned of One that was able to save *me*. At the close of the meeting, the invitation was given for those desiring prayer to raise their hands. I realized the time had come; it was now or never, and with a "God help me," my hand went up, and even though the devil began right away to tell me that I was a fool, I knew that I had received help from above. Upon being dealt with and offering prayer to God for forgiveness, a peace and joy seemed to settle over me, and others beside myself bear witness that I was able to join in singing the closing hymn, knowing that the past was under the blood. Glory to God! I went from that Mission trusting in God, and although work opened up for me with the Western Union Company, I decided to enter the Medical Missionary Training-School. I cannot describe the blessings I daily receive as I feed upon the Word of God, and labor to help fallen humanity.

J. W. CROWELL.

"Awfully Hard to get Up Again"

A FEW weeks ago the writer was speaking with a small group of unemployed men who were sitting on a lumber pile, and waiting for the freight train. As the Christian's hope was pointed out, and they were urged to mend their ways and lead a better life, these men listened with earnest attention; they seemed eager to start, yet something was in the way. Presently one of them said in such a sad,

hopeless tone that it would have touched the hardest heart: "When a man once gets down in this world, it's awfully hard to get up again."

The poor man spoke from experience. He had known what it was to have friends, he had felt the smile of the world and had basked in its sunshine for a time; but then there came reverses, dark shadows were thrown over his pathway, his friends forsook him, he took to drink, and that did the rest. There he was without any one that cared for him, with not a penny in his pocket, living in continual dread lest he should be taken up by a policeman and sent to the workhouse. Yes, it is only too true that it is hard to get up again in the world when once you have been down. Men are slow to forgive and forget one another's faults. In the eager rush after wealth, honor, and fame, the man who is unfortunate enough to fall, is ruthlessly trampled under foot. The good Samaritan comes along a little later in the form of the gospel worker, and finds him stripped, wounded, bleeding. He dresses the poor man's wounds, pours in the wine and oil of God's grace, and brings him to the inn (some city mission), where he is tenderly cared for, and finds rest and peace.

But while the world is cruel, God is tender, loving, kind, and gentle. "His tender mercies are over all His works." He is exceedingly good to His obedient children, and because they submit themselves wholly to Him, and gratefully receive all the blessings offered them, He can do the most for these; but He is also "kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

Not only is our heavenly Father willing to forgive, but He is anxious to do it. He wants to write "pardon" opposite the name of the worst sinner that lives. He will take the men whom nobody else wants. He was never known to turn anybody away. In fact He has left us assurance of this fact in the familiar words: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Sinner, He stands at the door of your heart and knocks. Will you open and let Him in? Don't say that you are too great a sinner. He tells you in His Word: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Only submit yourself to-day, accept the gracious offer of mercy, and realize full and free salvation.

It doesn't take the Lord long to lift a man up: Paul was a wicked persecutor one week; the next week he was preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. You may be a hopeless, godless drunkard, frequenting the worst dives in Chicago; you may be despised and loathed of your fellow men; but Jesus Christ loves you, and if you will but come to Him, *you can be gloriously saved to-day*. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Do you think you can never amount to anything? God doesn't look at it that way. Here is His promise: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." M. E. O.

A Modern Miracle

THE world says: "Show us a modern miracle. Show us one such as Jesus was supposed to have performed, and we will then believe there is something in Christianity." We read in the fifth chapter of John of an impotent man, for thirty-eight

years held down by his infirmities. But by obeying the words of Jesus, he was able to take up his bed and walk. He was made completely whole.

The skeptics, agnostics, and unbelievers in general, say: "Show us one of these miracles." In John 14:12, Jesus says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to my Father." He says in this verse, "Greater works than these shall he do." Peter and John preached and performed these greater works after the power came down from above; for we read in the third chapter of Acts, as they were going up into the temple to pray, they found a lame man sitting at the gate. This man must have been in great need of help, for he was begging. As Peter and John passed by he looked up and asked alms of them. Peter fastening his eyes on him said: "Look on us," and "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Reaching out his hand he lifted the lame man up, and immediately he was made whole. The miraculous power that lifted that man up and gave him a new life was the power of the Holy Ghost.

Now we come along down to this present age. We will not go back any farther than 1894, and the miracle we are going to relate was performed right here in Chicago. It is the story of saving grace, and keeping power. Jesus did it for me; He touched *me* and made me whole.

I was almost forty years of age, when, after a mis-spent life,—drinking and gambling, leading the most sinful career a man could lead,—one night under the influence of liquor I staggered into the Pacific Garden Mission, and there heard the same gospel that Jesus preached to Peter and John and the rest of His disciples. I not only heard the gospel, but saw with my eyes and heard with my ears, the witnesses as they testified to the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. After listening to this wonderful narrative of salvation, I could only do as the skeptics of old did. The Word says: "And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it."

The simple gospel was presented to me, and just the same marvelous power, that attended the preaching of Peter and John after Pentecost, attended the Gospel message that evening, as I sat there in the Mission listening to the story. My life came up before me as a panorama. I looked back twenty years to the time when I had faithful, loving friends, a good home, and all the advantages necessary for a prosperous and happy life. But my besetting sin, which was gambling, led me into intemperance. Just a few years previous to this time, I had to leave my native city at night, taking an assumed name, and disregarding the marriage tie which I had promised to obey, to leave my loved ones and come to Chicago. Here in this wicked city I launched out into the very depths of sin, and was at this time reaping a harvest of woe and misery that human tongue cannot describe.

This was my true condition as I sat there in the Mission and listened to the invitation which was extended to sinners to accept Jesus. I looked back upon all my lost opportunities and wondered if it were possible for me to accept that simple gospel, and enjoy the freedom and peace which they talked about. About this time the leader of the meeting invited all who would like to be better men, and who would like to be remembered to God in prayer, to hold up their hands. With very little faith, and with but a spark of hope in my heart, I raised my hand. When I held up my hand, many laughed and scoffed because when the hand was raised, the ragged sleeve fell down. Many said, "'Curly' is going to play the

mission dodge; 'Curly' is trying to work them for a bed."

But God knew "Curly's" heart that night. He knew that he saw himself a sinner, and this little spark of hope was fanned into a flame of faith, and by faith, he took God at His word. God said: "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9.) I couldn't see how God was going to take away my appetite for whisky which had clung to me for thirty years, and the tobacco habit which had held me in one form for thirty years, and in another for twenty-five years. I did not know how He was going



T. F. MACKEY

to take a lying tongue from me; neither did I know how He was going to make a new creature out of me; but I believed what Jesus said: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.)

I came to Jesus just as I was, and God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. Reader, is this not one of those miracles just such as Jesus said would here be performed,— "greater works than these shall ye do?"

The world says: "What's the use of saving these poor men?" When I came to God that night I was not able to buy a penny bowl of soup. I had a wife and child, but could not support them, could not even support myself. But God forgave my sins. He put a desire into my heart to tell others what God had done for me; so it was not long until the Lord had opened the way to start a little mission. This mission was started in a very humble way, but was a beacon of light to thousands of men like myself when I was in the old life.

In the first five or six months of this mission 6,978 men without a place to sleep took advantage of the floor and chairs to stay over night; homeless and friendless just as I was myself at one time. From that mission another was opened which God has wonderfully blessed, and the doors have been open to this day. From this still another was started which

is doing a great work for the Master. Later Mrs. Mackey and myself opened the "Star of Hope Rescue Home" for the care of unfortunate girls who, from force of circumstances which nobody but God and themselves knew about, were forced out into the streets. The Lord's blessing richly rested upon this undertaking, and many souls were led to the Master. And yet another mission was opened—The Star of Hope, at 33 West Madison street.

As stated before, the world says: "What's the use of saving these men?" I praise the Lord that He is no respecter of persons. Thousands have heard my testimony for Christ, and the Lord has kept me for four years and five months. Jesus has saved me, and night after night, as long as He gives me strength, I mean to stand up for Him. God has done everything for me. Glory to Jesus! T. F. MACKEY.

(to be continued)

Picked Up

JESUS said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

One morning as Dr. Dryden and myself were on our way to visit a sick woman, and as we were passing by a saloon in one of the worst portions of the city, we heard a commotion and the sound of angry voices. We turned around just in time to see a young man ejected from the saloon with blows and curses. Asking the doctor to wait for me, I turned back to the young man, and putting my arm around him spoke to him in the Master's name. Before leaving him I gave him my address, and invited him to call on me that afternoon.

Although he was drunk and even then suffering from delirium tremens, God's Spirit had begun His work. He did not wait until the afternoon, but started at once for the Training-School. When he reached the institution, the workers gave him some treatment and placed him in bed. Not only was vigorous treatment administered to the body, but the Word of the Lord was given to his hungry soul. We had the joy of seeing him make a complete surrender to the Master.

The following day I went to his former lodging-place, and there learned that the young man's father and brother had been in the city searching for him, but they found no trace of him, as he had been on a debauch for seventeen days. Just previous to this, he had been admitted to the Washingtonian Home, but just as soon as he left the Institution he got drunk again.

Now he seemed to realize that no power or influence on earth could help him, and he was willing to surrender his will, and trust the wonderful power of God. In faith, he claimed the promises, and by faith the blessing was made his own.

It was a truly touching scene when the aged father and son met. The son buried his face in the pillow as he lay on the bed, and cried out, as did the prodigal of old, that he was unworthy of his father's love. But the father was overjoyed that he had found his son. That afternoon arrangements were made for the father and son to return to their country home; the lad to rejoice in Him who is able to keep him from falling; the father to rejoice that his son who was dead is alive, was lost and is found. Only one life saved from sin, but who can tell where the influence from that ransomed soul will end?

J. H. POMEROY.

Jesus Saves

I thank God that in Jesus there is life. I thank Him for saving me from death, for the wages of sin is death. How I praise His holy name! For five years I have been a drunkard, I have led a life of sin and shame. I thought God would not forgive me. I thought I was too bad to ever be saved.

One evening, about six months ago, I went into the gospel meeting at the Workingmen's Home, and there two ladies talked to me about Jesus. I had been drinking hard for a week and had had the delirium tremens in the worst form; but they gave me a bath, and took me home with them, where they put me to bed. It was the first time in a week I had been in bed.

When I got well, I thought I could trust myself, but I failed and went back to my old habits; I became worse than ever before. I had the delirium tremens again, but the friends at the Sanitarium took me back and cleaned me up once more. I was ragged and filthy,—too filthy to be looked upon. In my delirium I saw myself drinking in a saloon, I thought I heard the band playing, I thought the devil himself was such a fine-looking fellow, but the drink he gave me was tar.

I did not sleep for six days and nights and I asked the doctor to give me some medicine that would make me sleep. They all told me to pray, but I thought it would be impossible to go to sleep without medicine.

Now, for the first time in my life, I asked the Lord to forgive my sins and to put me to sleep. Every time the enemy pressed around me, I remembered what the doctor said, and I kept on praying. I would ask the Lord to strengthen me and be merciful to me a poor sinner. Praise the Lord, I gained the victory. Jesus is the great Physician, He cured me of my physical and moral sin. I fell into a peaceful sleep. Instead of those awful delirium tremens, I dreamed I saw the angel of the Lord stand over me, hold his hand up, and say: "Your sins are forgiven."

Oh, what a happy moment! How good the Lord was to let me behold such a sight after battling with Satan all night!

I praise the Lord with my whole heart for His love to me. I am so happy to know that by His Holy Spirit we can overcome the power of sin. How glad I am that I have found Jesus and how I praise His name for saving a poor sinner like me! How happy I am that I was not cut off in my sin, for the wages of sin is death! I know that God can save to the uttermost. Praise His name! KITTIE MILLER.

Another Witness

"YE are my witnesses," saith the Lord, and for His honor and glory, I write this brief history of my life, hoping that some soul down in the depths of sin and misery may be encouraged to come to God, and accept of that power which will lift him out of the pit, and save him from the bondage of his evil habits.

It was in 1870, while at work on the Suez canal, then being built between Port Said and the Indian Ocean, that I contracted the opium habit. I was very ill with fever, and my physician prescribed camphor and opium. This led to the habit. It was not very long until I was a slave to morphine, whisky, tobacco, and cocaine. For the last ten years I have

sought deliverance from this bondage, going from one institution to another, taking all manner of so-called cures, but they did not help me. I grew steadily worse. I almost gave up in despair. In this condition I came to God, and asked Him, for Jesus' sake, to cleanse me. While all the other cures had failed, the blood cure was successful. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 Jno. 1:7.)

Well do I remember the day when I was bleary-eyed, besotted, a physical and mental wreck, dead in trespasses and sin, and one of God's co-workers lovingly pointed me to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (Jno. 1:29.)

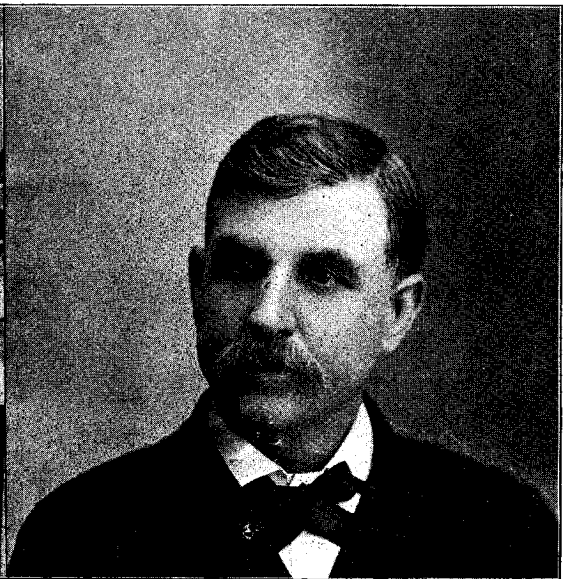
When Dr. Kellogg asked me to pray, I told him I would think the matter over. But, through the

power of the Holy Spirit, his words made such an impression upon me that I fully made up my mind and, determined that henceforth I would live for the Lord. The battle was not mine but the Lord's. I realized it was life against death; honor against infamy. I reviewed the past, thought upon my then weak condition, and realized that I was all weakness, — my manhood was gone. I knew nothing of the privilege nor of the power of prayer. I knew nothing about having faith in God, but as Dr. Kellogg knelt with me and prayed for me, a spark of hope was kindled in my heart. I took courage, and to the best of my ability I laid hold of God, and then came that peace — sweet peace.

fallen to me in pleasant places. Praise His name!
H. B. HANNA.



At the time of his conversion



Three weeks afterward

BROTHER H. B. HANNA

Truly Christ comes with the ministry of healing, so that the life of pain and suffering is ended, and the new experience is made bright by the precious revealing of His Holy Spirit.

Although I was a physical and moral wreck when I came to God, He did not reject me. He touched me and made me whole. God not only raised me from a spiritual grave, but He also gave me physical health just as soon as I placed myself in harmony with His laws.

There is more joy and happiness in one moment of

A Ray of Light

WHILE laboring for the Master in prison, I met a man who was serving a life sentence in solitary confinement. This prisoner was considered too vicious to be allowed to enjoy even the restricted freedom of the convict workshops; hence his close confinement.

In a small cell four and one half feet by six and one half feet, "Pete" had lived for about six years, never once being allowed outside. I was near his cell one morning when he attracted my attention. I turned and looked at him; he was on his hands and knees looking up through the rusty iron bars of his cell. His face was bright with joy. At first I did not understand his delight, but looking at him, I saw he was pointing to a ray of sunshine lingering on the dirty stone floor of his cell. "Pete" was on his knees trying to look to the source of this gentle visitor. I followed the line of sunshine from the prisoner's cell

News and Notes

to a small dirty window, high up in the prison wall. A piece of glass had broken from the sash, and lodged in such a way that the rays of our brilliant orb shown upon it, and were thus reflected through cob-webs, dust, and between rusty iron bars, away down into the cold cell of the prisoner.

God's gentle messenger did more in its brief visit than iron bars and granite walls could accomplish in many years,—it subdued the combative spirit of the man. He became as a little child. Before I left the prison, rays of light from the Son of Righteousness were shining into "Pete's" heart.

May we all live so that a ray of sunshine may be reflected from us into the lives of some unfortunate fellow-being. But let us remember we must be in His presence before we can reflect His love. In His presence we will reflect His tender sunshine.

J. HENRY MYERS.

Prayer

MANY suppose that persistent and long prayers will change God in his purpose. This cannot be true, for God is unchangeable. He is the same today and forever. What then, asks one, can be the real object of true prayer—of prevailing prayer? In order to receive the manifold blessings of God, the recipient must be in an attitude of prayer, he must maintain a spirit of supplication. Prayer is to change man, not God. By praying to God, our hearts and minds are so changed that we can receive the Father's benefits and mercies and at the same time glorify His name. By constantly praying to God our hearts are made ready to receive that which He desires to give us, even before we pray for it. We often see this illustrated in our daily experience. For instance we will pray for something, and immediately receive it. Upon examining the circumstances surrounding the receiving of the answer, we learn that the real active agencies in producing it were at work long before we prayed, and that we simply yielded to the Spirit's impression when we prayed for the thing. Had we not prayed, when the blessing came, it might have been misappropriated, but having prayed definitely for such a blessing we received it with thankfulness, rejoicing to show our appreciation to the Giver.

When we pray for the conversion of some souls it is not to make God willing, for God is not willing that any should perish. The results of our praying will be evidenced by an increase of zeal and energy on our part to bring about the salvation of the one prayed for. Praying for the salvation of souls will be the means of keeping us in touch with God, and we will always be on the lookout for an opportunity to help, and to be used of God as a channel through which light may be communicated to the subject of our prayer; so we come to see that prayer is simply the evidence of man's willingness to receive that which God has in store for him, and that God shall have all the honor and glory in the use of the blessings which are about to be given.

We must accept the answer, to our expression of need as seen by the infinite eye of God. Every true and sincere prayer reaches God and is answered by Him. You may pray for one thing and receive another, but if you pray in faith, you receive the answer to your prayer, for surely you do not forget to do that which your Lord and Master was mindful to do,—that is, submit all to your Father. Jesus said: "Nevertheless, not My will but Thy will be done."

W. S. S.

There are about fifty police stations and other penal institutions in this city.

Nine conversions are reported at the Star of Hope mission in a single evening.

Doctors Rice and Leach of the Battle Creek Sanitarium are with us for a few days.

There are more than a dozen distinct foreign settlements within the city limits of Chicago.

The Cook County Poor House at Dunning, a suburb of Chicago, has at present over 1,300 inmates.

Brother Brown is conducting daily Bible classes at the Workingmen's Home, for the special benefit of the converts.

The facilities of our printing department have been greatly improved by the addition of new machinery and type.

Since the Star of Hope Mission was opened, November 14, 1896, there have been over five thousand professed conversions.

The Cook County Jail is one of the few penal institutions that maintains a regular, organized school for its juvenile prisoners.

The following nurses are now engaged in visiting nurses' work: Nellie Church, Edith Cilley, Hattie Bogue, Mabel Evans, Anna Nelson.

The Bridewell, which is the house of correction for the city of Chicago, has extensive facilities for mental training in the boys' department.

The rug and carpet department of the Workingmen's Home is greatly rushed at this time of the year. They are working full capacity.

Brother J. H. Pomeroy has been added to our corps of evangelistic workers. He is giving special attention to open-air meetings and saloon work.

We are getting work started for the benefit of the shop girls in the great department stores of the city. This field promises good results for the efforts which are being put forth.

The second section of the Summer School will begin July first. All who expect to attend should correspond with the proper parties at once if they have not already done so.

Dr. Kellogg spent a day with us, a short time ago, en route to Mexico. He will stop at Louisville, New Orleans, Galveston and other points in the interests of the Medical Missionary work.

Chicago has about twenty unsectarian Gospel Missions, where nightly efforts are put forth to reclaim the fallen. This does not include the Salvation Army or the Volunteers of America.

Brother J. W. Crowell has connected with the work at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. His many friends here were sorry to see him depart, and his services at the Life Boat Mission are greatly missed.

A special course of study is being pursued at the Training-School which will continue until July first. Brothers Brown, Sadler, Mackey, Drs. Holden and Brighthouse, and sister Foy are giving instruction.

Many sad girls in the police station have been cheered the past month by means of the numerous packages of beautiful flowers which Miss Bessie Kellogg and her friends, of Battle Creek, Michigan, have sent us.

The sisters' department has been removed from the Medical Missionary Training-School to the Star of Hope Mission Home, at 110 South Green street. Sister Mackey is in charge, with sister Lillian Snyder as assistant.

The work in the Maternity, of which sister Lizzie Aldridge has charge, has been enlarged by the addition of another building. The nursery department will be removed from the Training-School to the Maternity.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the Life Boat Series of tracts. These tracts are a presentation of gospel subjects in plain and simple language. They are receiving a wide circulation as fast as they are issued.

Among the witnesses for Christ at the Star of Hope Mission a few evenings ago, there were representatives of eight different nationalities. Another instance of the great opportunity here in Chicago, for preaching the gospel to all kindreds, tongues, and nations.

Brother Callahan, of the Life Boat Mission, and Miss Mary Johnson of Minneapolis, were recently married. They have returned to Chicago, and are actively engaged in the Mission work. Our entire family of workers are pleased to welcome them into our midst.

In Chicago there are over 350 incorporated and regularly organized charitable and benevolent institutions and associations. Their work ranges from the Emergency Hospital to the Home for Incurables, and from the Newsboy's Home to the Home for the Friendless and Aged.

Brother H. B. Hanna, who has been in charge of the Star of Hope Mission No. 3, at Battle Creek, Michigan, has come down to spend the summer with us. We appreciate this help very much. Brother Hanna took charge of the meetings at the Life Boat Mission during brother Callahan's recent absence.

Brother Williamson reports the Workingmen's Home nicely located in its new quarters. We had hoped to give our readers a picture of the institution this month, but there has been considerable delay in getting it into running order. We will give an extended account in the next issue.

The lunch counter at the Workingmen's Home is well patronized. New facilities have been added, and a much more elaborate bill of fare is served. The following is a sample bill of fare:

| | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Soups</i> | | |
| Potato with Onion Flavor | | |
| <i>Vegetables</i> | | |
| Baked Beans | | Stewed Tomatoes |
| | Potatoes Stewed with Nuttose | |
| <i>Breads</i> | | |
| Wheat Bread | | Graham Crackers |
| Whole Wheat Wafers | | Graham Sticks |
| | Graham Bread with Nut Butter | |
| | Nuttose Sandwiches | |
| | Boiled Eggs | |
| <i>Grains</i> | | |
| Granola | | Granose |
| <i>Fruits</i> | | |
| Raisin Sauce | Fresh Fruit | Prune Sauce |
| <i>Beverages</i> | | |
| Caramel Cereal | | |

How You can Help Us

We are in almost daily receipt of letters from our many friends expressing their sympathy and interest in the work of the Chicago Medical Mission and its various branches.

Now we would like to suggest one way in which you can help the entire work. You could do it by assisting us in our efforts to increase the circulation of THE LIFE BOAT. Each month this little sheet is brimful of stirring accounts of the wonderful conversions which are daily being made in the work here.

Could you not call upon your friends and enlist their co-operation in this work? You will not only assist directly in the matter of getting subscriptions for the paper, but your efforts will be the means of permanently introducing the work to their notice, and thus enlisting their sympathies and support.

Dear reader, we call your attention to this matter as one way in which you can assist the work, and we leave it to you to answer as to what can you do.

A Card of thanks

Through the kindness of Mrs. G. S. Inghram, the parlors of the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School are greatly improved in appearance. We are pleased to acknowledge the donation to the institution of a fine Steinway piano, also several dressers, beds, chairs, pictures, etc.

These articles of furniture were greatly needed and are much appreciated by our family of workers. May the Lord bless those who make sacrifices, small and great, for the furtherance of His work.

Contributions to the Chicago Medical Mission

Donations of money, food, clothing, etc., to the Chicago Medical Mission during the last month, were as follows:

DAKOTA, SOUTH.—*Bryon*, R. S. Miller, box clothing; *Veblin*, Mr. Johnson, 2.00;

INDIANA.—*Lebanon*, Miss Lydia Bell, 5.00.

IOWA.—*Atlanta*, Mrs. C. C. Noggles, 1.30; *Brighton*, M. B. Garret, box clothing; *Reels*, L. P. Nelson, 4.50.

KANSAS.—*Fowler*, Alex. A. Mahieu, 6.48; *Garrison*, Mrs. Ed. Goodman, .50.

MICHIGAN.—*Benton Harbor*, church, per Jas. W. Erkenbeck, 1.75; *Durant*, two boxes clothing; *Ewart*, Henry Seath, 2.00; *Ithaca*, Mrs. S. W. Mack, box clothing; *Sagmon*, two boxes clothing; *West Olive*, Mrs. Ida Ingersoll, transportation for two persons, 5.00.

MINNESOTA.—*Moorhead*, Christian Help Band, per Caroline Feignen, 3.05; box clothing.

NEBRASKA.—*Atlanta*, Lonie Pederson, 1.00; *Lincoln*, by friends, per Dr. W. S. Butterbaugh, 2.35.

OHIO.—*W. Clarksfield*, Fairfield S.-D. A. Church, per G. E. Davis, box clothing; *Elgin*, Mrs. R. H. Frye, box clothing; *Veto*, C. E. Burford, 4.00.

OKLAHOMA.—*Concord*, Emma Myers, 2.20.

TEXAS.—*Lihron*, C. Mc Reynolds, box clothing.

WISCONSIN.—Friends in, per Misses Zipf and Ky-nett, 9.48; *Summer*, Mrs. Phebe Cash, 5.00.

Total cash donations, \$55.97.

THE LIFE BOAT

Editorial Committee

W. S. SADLER
M. E. OLSEN

LUTHER W. WARREN
MINA RUMERY

THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

Established 1893

Under the supervision of the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association

J. H. Kellogg, M.D., Superintendent
Luther Warren, Chaplain

W. S. Sadler, Secretary
A. P. Grohens, Treasurer

Resident Physicians

W. B. Holden, M.D.
H. E. Brighthouse, M. D.

Chicago headquarters 1926 Wabash avenue

Branches

Workingmen's Home, 1341 State street; *Star of Hope Mission*, 33 West Madison street; *Life Boat Mission*, 436 State street
The Chicago Maternity; *American Medical Missionary College*, Chicago; *Chicago Medical Missionary Training School*, 1926 Wabash avenue; *Visiting Nurses' Settlement*, 1926 Wabash avenue; *Life Boat Rescue Service*; *Star of Hope Rescue Home*, 110 South Green Street.

To Subscribers

Write names and addresses plainly.

Remit by P. O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft. Personal checks are not desired.

Make all Orders and Drafts payable to The Life Boat, not to the editors, or any other individual.

We will receive one-cent Postage Stamps in small quantities.

Address all communications for this paper to The Life Boat, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

To Those Sending Donations

Clothing, food, etc., should be forwarded by freight, prepaid, to the Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not fail to mark each box or package with the full name and address of the sender. Compliance with this suggestion will save much delay in acknowledging receipt of your donations.

Cash donations, remit by P. O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft on Chicago. If money is sent, the letter should be registered. Make all Orders or Drafts payable to the Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Many thanks to the following of our exchanges for their favorable notices of THE LIFE BOAT. We greatly appreciate the efforts which our friends are putting forth in behalf of THE LIFE BOAT.

Kansas Worker, Topeka, Kan.; *The Vineyard* North Deering, Me.; *The Oklahoma Gleaner*, Oklahoma City, O. T.; *The Missionary Visitor*, Portland, Ore.; *The Medical Missionary*, Battle Creek, Mich.; *The Trumpet of Truth*, Winnipeg, Man.; *The Montana Bivouac*, Helena, Mont.; *Keystone Gleaner*, Williamsport, Pa.; *The Illinois Recorder*, Chicago, Ill.

The Dispensary

In view of the fact that this branch of the work has not been extensively noticed in the former issues, we have given considerable attention to the free dispensary this month.

While we are all pleased to note the great amount of good which is being accomplished through the agency of the dispensary, it must be borne in mind

that the expense of maintaining this department is by no means small. We would call your attention to the dispensary's need as outlined in Dr. Holden's article; we are in immediate need of assistance for this department.

Donations should be directed to the treasurer, with a statement that they are intended for the dispensary. Donations will be gratefully received in any amount. What can you do, reader, to help maintain this branch of the work?

Transportation Fund

We are indeed grateful for the many Christian homes and farms which are being opened up for homeless and friendless men, women and children; but as some of these homes are in distant states, we are often unable to send anyone for lack of means to pay transportation. Many have done all they possibly could in opening up their homes. Are there not those who, while they cannot take one of these men, women, or children, will feel it a privilege to donate something for the purpose of creating a transportation fund, and thus enable us to send many out into good homes? We have a number constantly waiting at the missions who could go to a home at once, if we had the money to send them.

Donations to this fund should be addressed, Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash avenue.

Gospel Tracts

The Life Boat Series of tracts are especially adapted to mission and rescue work. The following numbers are ready for delivery. A special discount from these prices will be made to tract societies, missions, and individuals who desire large quantities for free distribution.

| No. | Price post paid a hundred |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. What Must I Do to be Saved? | .20 |
| 2. Waiting for You | .10 |
| 3. The Policeman's Conversion | .20 |
| 4. A Message of Love | .10 |
| 5. Personal Work | .20 |
| 6. Some One Cares for Your Soul | .20 |
| 7. What Must I Do to Grow in Grace? | .20 |
| 8. Whosoever Will | .10 |
| 9. Look Up | .10 |
| 10. Are You Willing? | .10 |
| 11. Prepare to Meet Thy God | .10 |
| 12. My Sister | .20 |
| 13. Unexpected News | .20 |
| 14. An Open Letter | .20 |
| 15. The Holy Spirit | .20 |
| 16. How One Sinner Was Saved | .10 |

(Numbers 6, 12, 13, and 14, were written especially for use in rescue work among fallen women.)

Address THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.