

Volume 1

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THE LIFE BOAT

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

Homeless

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen  
 To that patter of tiny feet!  
 Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,  
 Who whines in the bleak cold street?  
 Is it one of your silken spaniels  
 Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,  
 Safe from the darkness and snow;  
 All the beasts in our Christian England  
 Find pity wherever they go —  
 (Those are only the homeless children  
 Who are wandering to and fro.)

Look out in the gusty darkness,—  
 I have seen it again and again,  
 That shadow, that flits so slowly  
 Up and down past the window-pane,—  
 It is surely some criminal lurking  
 Out there in the frozen rain.

Nay, our criminals are all sheltered,  
 They are pitied and taught and fed:  
 That is only a sister-woman  
 That has got neither food nor bed,—  
 And the Night cries, "Sin to be living,"  
 And the River cries, "Sin to be dead."

Look out at that farthest corner  
 Where the wall stands blank and bare,  
 Can that be a pack which a pedler  
 Has left and forgotten there?  
 His goods lying out unsheltered  
 Will be spoilt by the damp night air.

Nay, goods in our thrifty England  
 Are not left to lie and grow rotten.  
 For each man knows the market value

Of silk or woolen or cotton.—  
 But in counting the riches of England  
 I think our poor are forgotten.

Our beasts and our thieves and our chattels  
 Have weight for good or for ill:  
 But the poor are only His image,  
 His presence, His word, His will:—  
 And so Lazarus lies at our door-step  
 And Dives neglects him still.

—Adelaide Procter.

The Gospel Wagon

THE readers of THE LIFE BOAT will no doubt be pleased to hear about the work which is being done in this city by the Star of Hope Gospel Wagon and its corps of energetic workers. The Gospel Wagon, as seen in the illustration, is just ready to leave the Star of Hope Mission for its usual rounds in the business portion of the city on Sunday afternoon.

Brother T. F. Mackey is in charge of the wagon, and is ably assisted by Christian workers from the Star of Hope Mission and The Medical Missionary Training-School. The wagon is appropriately painted, and is so constructed that a small organ can be placed in it near the center. Music is one of the most prominent features of the work of the Gospel Wagon.

Before starting out upon this soul-winning expedition the workers are all gathered together in the Mission for a season of prayer. This work of preaching the gospel to lost and perishing humanity is both an important and a solemn one. A good supply of New Testaments, Gospels by John, LIFE BOATS, Life

Boat Series of Tracts, etc., are placed upon the wagon, and after a short meeting, perhaps, in front of the Mission, the Gospel Wagon is started on its afternoon mission.

Hundreds of curious eyes are turned upon this unusual vehicle as it traverses the busy thoroughfares of the down-town district. "Star of Hope Gospel Wagon" is the message read upon either side. Many people out for an afternoon stroll are led to follow the wagon. Their curiosity is aroused and they must ascertain the purpose of the appearance of this singular vehicle upon the streets.

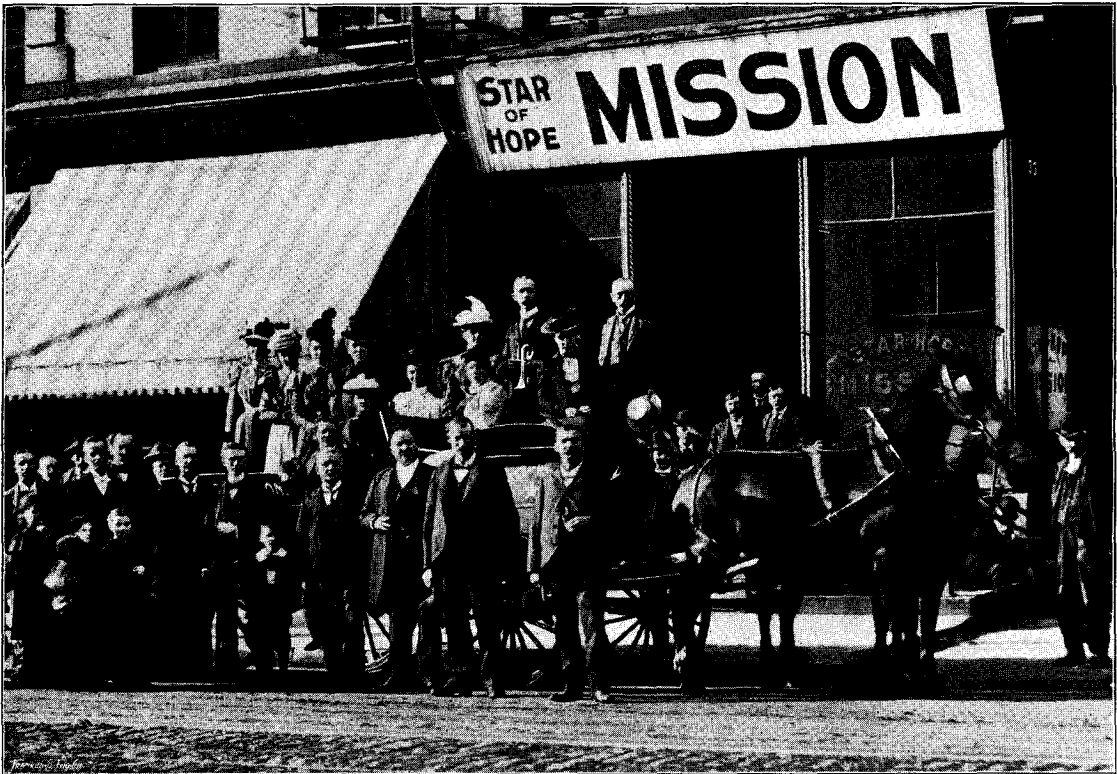
#### THE FIRST STOP

Is made on State street between Monroe and Adams. A constant stream of humanity is flowing in either direction. Thousands of people pass this point every hour. What an excellent opportunity to

#### THE PRAYER

About this time the leader announces to those assembled the object of their appearance upon the streets. He tells them that the Star of Hope Gospel Wagon has not come out on a begging expedition. The people are invited to remain to the short service which is immediately to follow, and they are also kindly requested to remove their hats while prayer is being offered. It is not an uncommon sight to see hundreds of heads uncovered and bowed during the prayer. What an impressive scene! Men and women who have not attended religious services for years, men and women from every walk of life are here assembled. Their hearts cannot help but be influenced to some extent by the associations and sentiments of this occasion.

Next on the program is a cornet solo. This is a most successful means of drawing people from



STAR OF HOPE GOSPEL WAGON

tell the old, old story! This first service is opened by a familiar and stirring hymn sung by the workers on the wagon. A crowd begins to gather around the wagon, and by the close of the first hymn a vast audience has assembled and is in quiet waiting to observe and to hear what is to follow. This first hymn is perhaps followed by a touching gospel song by the Chaminade Quartette. This quartette is composed of four sisters whose consecrated voices are often heard in the Star of Hope Mission. While they are well-known singers and might command an excellent price for singing elsewhere, their ideas of Christian propriety do not forbid their coming out upon the Gospel Wagon for the purpose of giving the gospel of song to those who may assemble upon the street corners.

the other side of the street, and even from the next block.

#### THE GOSPEL ADDRESS

The speaker on the particular afternoon of which we are writing happened to be Brother Mackey. He spoke from John 14. As the result of the singing a crowd of some five or six hundred people had assembled. Every eye was turned upon the wagon. Every heart was waiting in anxiety. Without any preliminaries Brother Mackey went immediately into his subject. He presented the simple gospel story - the story of Jesus and the cross. The Holy Spirit witnessed in great power to the message which was delivered. There was perfect attention on the part of one and all. The great audience hardly stirred

while the speaker was delivering the gospel message. The preaching that is done upon a gospel wagon must be right to the point. It must be simple and direct. The very first sentence must be such as will strike right into the hearts of the people. Great care must be taken to avoid the use of theological terms or other expressions which are not likely to be understood by a street audience.

The gospel talk will probably last from twelve to fifteen minutes, and after being brought to a suitable climax, should be closed with a most earnest and fervent appeal for lost souls to accept Jesus as their Saviour. Here is the critical point of the meeting.

#### THE INVITATION

At the close of the gospel address the workers, and there should be at least a dozen, who accompany the gospel wagon to its field of operation, should begin active work in the crowd. Well supplied with tracts and Testaments, they should scatter to all parts of the audience and immediately begin the work of shaking hands with the people and inquiring into their soul's welfare. As the invitation is given for those to raise their hands who desire to be prayed for at the close of the service, these workers should carefully take notice of those whose hands are raised. They should quickly make their way to the side of these men or women, as the case may be, and at once begin the work of pointing the sinner to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29.) Be sure that some book or tract is placed in their hand which will give them the address of your permanent meeting place. Tell them who you are. Ascertain their name and address, and leave nothing undone that will enable you successfully to follow up the work.

On this Sunday afternoon of which we are writing there were thirty hands raised for prayer, fifty New Testaments given away; 3000 tracts distributed. It was then about 4.30 P. M. This first meeting has consumed about three-quarters of an hour. The wagon was driven on to another busy street corner some half dozen blocks away, and, with more or less variation, the foregoing program was repeated.

Those who have rendered special assistance in the gospel-wagon work in the recent past are Brother Harvey Sedgwick, Sister Emma Albertson, The Chaminade Quartette, Brother and Sister Mackey, Evangelists Card and Louthain, and Miss Edith Jophyes, as well as a dozen or more of the Star of Hope Mission converts who engage in the work of distributing cards, and are ready to give their testimony on a moment's call.

We are sure that if those who contributed to the equipment of the Gospel Wagon could be here for a single afternoon and observe the work accomplished by it, they would feel amply repaid, and realize that a magnificent dividend was being paid upon their investment.

#### THE RESULTS

Perhaps no more striking illustration of the results of the gospel wagon work could be cited than the following testimony heard in the Star of Hope Mission during the converts' meeting Sunday morning: "Two weeks ago to-day I came down State street discouraged and disheartened. I had no friends; in fact I was a wanderer. I ran up against the Star of Hope Gospel Wagon on State Street, at the corner of Frank Bros., and there I paused for a moment and heard the glorious gospel as it was preached from that wagon. I was convicted of my sins, and I there made up my mind to lead a different life. I now thank the Lord that he has kept me for these past two weeks, and that they have been different from any in my past experience. I

praise the Lord that the Gospel Wagon was on the street that afternoon."

Not infrequently some earnest seeker will uncover his head, and while standing on the street near the Gospel Wagon, will seek the Lord for forgiveness of sin, and surrender his will to the keeping of His power. Others are led to the Mission where they learn the way of the Lord more fully.

#### A FEW CASES

The following testimony heard in the Mission will witness as to the results of the gospel wagon work:

"I haven't been in a church for many years. To-day I heard the gospel and followed the crowd, and now I am going home redeemed, and to tell the story to others. Pray for me."

While standing on State street within hearing distance of the wagon a man was given a Gospel by John and invited to come to Jesus. That man did not come to the Mission until the following Tuesday, when he heard more of the glorious gospel, and gave his heart to God.

While working on Jefferson street three weeks ago with the Gospel Wagon, a man who was standing near by said: "You preach well and also pray well, but I have had nothing to eat for two days, and if your God supplies your needs will you not ask God for me?" Brother Mackey said, "Will you kneel and ask for yourself?" The man said, "Yes," and the two men knelt on the street and prayed, and when they arose a worker said, "Come, Brother!" and he took the man to a restaurant, got him something to eat, and had a visit with him. That evening the man came to the Mission and gave himself to the Lord. He was sent to the Workingmen's Home, and although he had drunk for years and was a physical wreck, he has each day done some work to pay for his board and room.

At another stop a woman, young, handsome, cultured, well dressed, and of good education, held up her hand for prayer; after prayer, she came to the wagon for gospel tracts, helps for young workers, etc. She left with a shining face. She had found Jesus on the streets of Chicago.

Through the means of the Gospel Wagon thousands of people hear the gospel every month and scores are led to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. One man who was converted at one of the stopping places of the wagon, thanked the Lord in prayer the following evening at the Mission, that we did not beg for money on the street. He said if we had been begging he was sure he would not have stopped to investigate.

It is certainly wonderful to see the genuine interest which people are manifesting in the gospel. It is truly inspiring to see an audience numbering several hundred standing upon a busy street corner and attentively listening to the old, old story. It is not only the lower and middle classes that are reached in these meetings, but wealthy men and fashionable ladies also come under the influence of the gospel wagon work. Even teams and vehicles are stopped near by,—a cab or a hack—and their occupants listen with rapt attention to the gospel as it is told by these redeemed men and women speaking from the wagon.

W. S. S.

#### Two Lives Saved

**A** DRUNKEN and discouraged man came into the Star of Hope Mission a few nights ago. For eighteen days he had been sober and peaceful,—the first in ten years. The Lord had kept him

those days, but that morning in an unguarded moment a friend (?) took him into a saloon and being so accustomed to stand at the bar, he drank three glasses before he realized what he had done. Then such a remorse came over him as he had never before experienced, but Satan, urging that it was too late to stop, drove him on farther. Though he came to the Mission he was unwilling to let Christ in, or to even hear about him. "What good will it do me? I'm going to the saloon!" he said, as he broke away and rushed outside.

A few moments later he came back and said: "I believe I will let you read to me a little out of the Bible." After a time he was prevailed upon to tell the Lord in prayer about his fall and his temptations. It was a mighty struggle, but the Spirit of the Lord reached him. His heart was softened and he wept like a child. When he arose from his knees his countenance was changed and he said: "Those hard feelings against my fellow men are gone. I intended to rob and kill a man to-night, likely I would have been caught, but", he continued, "I don't see why I cried, I can't understand it. I never have been afraid of any man. I used to knock their brains out, and it took three policemen to arrest me, and here I've cried, but I felt so bad about my sins I could not help it." Not only was his soul restored to peace, but very likely another man's life was saved.

Two lives saved in this world, and at least one on the road to eternal life! Of course it pays.

W. B. HOLDEN, M. D.

### Will You Try Him?

**I** WANT to say a few words to those who have not yet come to the Saviour, and received forgiveness of sins. Jesus is calling you now. For years you have put Him off; still He is patiently calling. He hasn't given you up. Men may have done so; they may say of you, "He isn't good for anything;" but God, who created you in His own image to show forth His glory, does not regard you in that light. He has thoughts of love and tenderness toward you; His great, generous heart yearns after His children. He longs to set you free from the bondage of sin and make you truly happy.

Will you let Him do so? Will you open the door, and let the Saviour come in? Will you permit Him to take away your sins and your sinful desires, and clothe you with the righteousness of His own Son? In other words, Will you try Him?

"Oh taste," says the Psalmist, "and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard Him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

M. E. O.

### What Does Mission Work Mean?

**V**ERY often, when out of Chicago, after speaking in some church, a brother or sister will come to me and say: "I would like to come and help you in your mission work, but I don't know how to work." Well, thank God we have a Training-School in Chicago where you can be taught how to work! Again, some one says: What is this mission work? We have a big job upon our hands when we undertake to answer this question, but I will tell you of an experience that will give you an insight into real mission work.

During the Christian Endeavor Convention in Chicago last summer, I was appointed by a committee to have charge of Gospel Wagon No. 3, and was assigned to work on the corner of State and Quincy streets from 9.30 p. m. until midnight. In the wagon with me were a number of Christian workers, besides about fifty Christian Endeavors, wearing badges, in waiting at the appointed place, and who were ready to be called upon to sing, testify, or speak, as required.

The case to be recorded is that of a man thirty-eight years of age. He was a graduate of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a man of great intelligence, but sin had destroyed him. He was born in Chicago, his parents were well-to-do, but by his sinful life he had separated himself from all his friends. There he stood this night, alone in this world, on the street corner. It seemed that all the testimonies were from redeemed drinking men and they reached the heart of this unfortunate. Why say unfortunate?—Look! there he stands, clothed in rags and so covered with vermin that they are crawling upon the outside of his clothing. He is cold, hungry, and alone. Why always alone?—Because of his condition. If he came into the Mission, he had three chairs to himself,—the one he sat in and the one on either side. Man looks on the outward appearances, but, thank God, Jesus sees the heart!

After the testimonies were given, an invitation was extended for all who wanted to come to Jesus to raise their hands, and up went this poor man's hand; also many others. As we went to prayer, this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of his troubles. We asked him where he was stopping. He said: "God help me! I am stopping no place and yet every place—the lake front, in the alleys, and most any place. No one will let me in because of my condition." I said: "Brother, if you will be as honest with God as you have been with this people, God will provide for you. The condition is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' not your own righteousness; for 'we all like sheep have gone astray.' And yet God says, 'Come now and let us reason together: . . . Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" (Isa. 1:18.)

This man was honest, and asked God to forgive him. A very prominent man, a banker, I was told, saw the work on the street corner and became interested in this particular case. He was the one that knelt in prayer with this man. If ever we thanked God for anything, it was for the Workingmen's Home that night, that its doors were opened to such as this man. We sent this man with the worker to the Home, which was only a short distance. This banker that prayed with the man said he wanted more experience in this kind of work, so he asked permission to go along. He saw the medical missionary nurse take the man and undress him and carefully put his clothing in the furnace, then take him to the bath-room, handling him just like a poor sick baby overcome with the heat and unable to help itself. After taking care of the man and putting him in a clean bed and seeing him fall into a sound sleep, the banker thought of himself, and discovered that he needed attention. He had contracted the vermin. He had his clothing fumigated while he took a bath. Before going to his hotel he said: "I will call to-morrow morning."

The man that was rescued awoke in the morning with a dreadful thirst for drink, but also with a God-given desire not to drink. Here comes the fight, but thank God! he did not fight alone: he called upon God to help him, also upon one of God's chosen servants—the nurse of the night before. The man

prayed and fought; he fought and won. He went back to bed and slept along into the afternoon, then he awoke and sent for the nurse and said: "I am going to die, I know I am." He told a great many of his experiences and after much listening to God's Word and more prayer, he lay down again to awake no more in this life. Thus a life which knew only defeat, closed in victory! This is one phase of mission work. Many are willing to preach on the street corners or any where else, but the true mission worker must work the works of God—works of love and mercy, as well as preach the words of God.

T. F. MACKEY.

### On the Streets at Midnight

**A**BOUT eight months ago while two of the rescue workers were out on the streets in midnight work, they found a middle-aged woman who was under the influence of liquor. In talking with her they ascertained that she was the mother of three children, girls, who were then in an orphan asylum, the oldest girl being fourteen years of age. The workers brought this intoxicated sister to the Medical Missionary Training-School, and after giving her a bath and some other treatment, she was put to bed. She slept most of the time during the next day, and the following morning at family worship she came forward, and kneeling down, asked God to forgive her sins. Of course God forgave her, and she proved to be a faithful and trusty worker about the institution.

She became very anxious about her three daughters. She desired to have them with her that they might be taught the pure and simple gospel. The Lord answered her prayers and ere long her three daughters were with her at the Training-School. But the time came when she and her daughters must go out into Christian homes and make room for others. One of the children accompanied the mother to Iowa, while the other two were sent to homes in Western Illinois.

It has been truly encouraging to see how willingly this sister accepted every ray of light that came across her pathway. In her last letter she writes as follows: "Dear Brother: I received your very welcome letter and was glad to hear from you. Since I left you I have been immersed, and at a large camp-meeting I gave my testimony before eight or nine hundred people. I did not forget to give God the glory for the help I had received. You will be glad to learn that I am with a Christian woman who is a Bible student. I meet some Spiritualists, and the clerk here at the hotel is an infidel. When we talk with him, the Lord helps us to quote passages of scripture to him and we believe it makes an impression upon him. We ask the Lord to fill our mouths with wisdom and He never fails us. I enclose you my daughter Maggie's last letter, which is about her conversion. Her sister Laretta is also converted. Please be kind enough to send a copy of THE LIFE BOAT and a few tracts; possibly I can do some good with them. I am living for God to the best of my ability, and ask the prayers of all students at the Training-School that I may be faithful and steadfast. From your most indebted and faithful friend and sister, Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_"

The letter from the older daughter which was enclosed, read in part as follows: "Dear Mother: I write you this letter to tell you the joyful tidings of my redemption and I know that you will be overjoyed to hear that I am converted. Mother, you don't know how happy I am in the Lord. I praise His holy name for showing me the light of truth! I love

the Lord and I want to serve Him to the end of my days. I can't express my joy at being able to say I have been baptized—buried in baptism with my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord I am a new creature! aren't you glad to hear that? I know you are. Dear mother, always look to the Lord for help, resist temptation, obey the Lord's commandments, and you will be happy. I am going to be a good girl now with the Lord's help. I ask you to pray for me. I will close now. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your daughter with oceans of love."

This letter is from the oldest daughter, who went to live in a Christian family in Western Illinois. The mother is converted, her children are converted, and they are all laboring faithfully to make an honest living and to do something for lost humanity.

What an illustration of the saving and keeping power of God! What a miracle of saving grace! What an instance of God's long suffering and tender mercy! Dear reader, if the Lord can do so much for this poor woman, can He not do something for you? Will you let Him? He says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me." (Rev. 3:20.) w. s. s.

### Saved by Grace

**I** WAS born in Canada. My father was a Quaker, my mother was a Baptist; all of my people were religious. I have had an appetite for whisky ever since I was a baby. I used to cry for it, calling it 'lee' before I could say whisky. I am an artist by profession. I was captain in the late war, and drank whisky all the way through, and ever since. I have tried everything to take the appetite away. I took the Keeley cure, but it did me no good. I have been locked up in jail, at my own request, that I might get sober; but in a few days I was again drunk. As I grew older the appetite increased.

But I have now found a cure and I wish to tell you about it. I gave myself to the Lord to do with me as He deemed best; I asked Him to take me as I was; in fact, I surrendered unconditionally to Jesus Christ.

I was under the influence of whisky at the time and had not been sober for over three months. From a saloon I heard singing across the street, and God led me over to the Star of Hope Mission. I thought Brother Mackey was preaching right at me. I gave myself to God, and the appetite went with my sins. I did not at that time think about my tobacco; the burden of my heart was against whisky, and the desire for tobacco went with the whisky. And now after two months I am a happy and a sober man. By His help I will serve Him all my days, and with all my heart. J. W. PALMER.

### A Modern Miracle

(Continued)

**L**AST month we closed our narrative by stating how the work at the Star of Hope Rescue Home (110 South Green Street) was started. "When a man's ways please the Lord He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right. A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." (Prov. 16:7-9.)

The Lord directed our steps to 110 South Green street, and there in the name of the Master the

farther away, have grown heedless. Come back my weary brother, sister; return and find rest for your soul.

J. HENRY MYERS.

### At the Missions

**M**ANY a man with a heart hardened by sin has been touched by some prayerful word spoken to him when on his way to the lake to end his miserable life; many a poor fellow without a cent, driven by hunger and despair to almost anything desperate, has been brought to the feet of Jesus by a consecrated effort; many a girl without friends, home, or mother, has been saved from a life of sin and shame to testify to the saving and keeping power of God. One man with an intelligent face, a man of education and large experience in worldly affairs, said that while on his way to the lake to commit his last wicked deed, a hand was outstretched to stop him, a Friend was there to save him. Taking this heavenly Friend has made a "new creature" of him, and from now on he is going to devote his life and all his energies to the work of the Lord.

A sister who was recently converted testified to the wonderful saving power of Jesus Christ. In her testimony she said: "I thank God for laying me low on a sick bed—my friends gave me up for dead; I, myself thought I should never rise again; but through affliction I found my Saviour and He healed me. I praise His name to-night and shall continue as long as I live to tell of his goodness. I will not refer to my old life, for it has passed under the blood, I am a new creature in Christ Jesus."

One night at the Star of Hope Mission after the invitation to come to Christ had been given, eleven hands responded. One brother arose and with a tremulous voice said: "I intend to do better than I have done; to-night I start on a new route; I am determined to quit the old ways and the old companions that I have been persuading myself were my friends. Pray for me."

A brother in the Life Boat Mission gave this testimony:

"I thank God for saving my soul, I am so glad that I came to Him. I have been serving Him since July 2, 1898, and He has kept me every day. I never get lost: He leads me all the way. The way is dark sometimes but I always see Christ ahead."

Another man arose and said:

"I have been serving the Master just four months to-night, and I know it has been the happiest four months of my life. Just an incident of what Christ will do—last night as I went home from the Mission (I stay at the Workingmen's Home, 1341 State Street), I was taken suddenly sick with such sharp pains that I thought I never could get home. When I got home they seemed to be more severe and I just had to get down on my knees and pray to the Lord to take them away. Did He do it? Yes, and I thank Him for it. I wish it were four years instead of four months, but God helping me I intend to serve Him faithfully until the end."

At the Star of Hope Mission this testimony was given:

"Three years ago the Lord touched my heart. I had been a saloon-keeper for thirty years. I always had plenty of money, but was never satisfied. I seemed to want something I hadn't got. I longed for something better and at last I found it in Jesus. I lived an awful life but God forgave my sins and made

me one of His children. Boys, it doesn't pay to serve the devil. See what he has brought you to. I know of what I am talking, for I have served both masters, and with all my soul I say, "Come sinner, come taste and see how good the Lord is."

A man converted only one week spoke as follows:

"Friends, I stand before you a free man, free for one week. I cannot tell you what a peace is in my heart to-night. I never felt the way I do now even when I had everything my heart wished for. I have many temptations to resist living in this neighborhood, but with Christ to guide and direct me, I know He will carry me through."

A backslider bore this testimony:

"I stood firm in the Lord for nearly a year, but I became self-reliant and trusted in my own strength—then I fell. I want to come back to the Lord. I am weak but determined that henceforth I will serve the Lord with my whole heart. I cannot express myself, but the Lord sees the heart." W. S. S.

### Visiting Nurses

**S**OME time ago I was sent out to visit a family in one of the poorer sections of the city. The mother was sick with typhoid fever. She had been receiving medical attention, but kept growing worse. Finally the doctor gave her up, and the case was brought to the notice of the visiting nurses. After carefully inquiring into her condition I left, very much discouraged. I did not think the woman would ever recover.

When the real facts of the case came to my notice, I could not feel that God had sent me there for her soul's sake. She was living a very sinful life. For about four weeks I did not see much to encourage me to think that she would ever lead a different life. Then she promised me that if she ever got well she would do differently. From that time on she improved very rapidly. She is getting quite strong, and I am glad to say that with her returning strength she does not forget her promise. But at the first opportunity she declared her intentions of leading a Christian life. She seems to be growing stronger and firmer every time I see her.

HATTIE BOGUE.

### The First Life Boat Crew

**I** HAVE been requested to tell the readers of THE LIFE BOAT something about the organization of Life Boat Crew No. 1, of which I have been an active member from the start. It came about in this way: Some months ago the Lord impressed me with the importance of getting an actual experience in gospel work. I talked the matter over with Brother Frank Gregg, and as he felt the same as I did, we concluded to invite some of our friends to meet with us the following Sabbath afternoon, and pray and talk matters over. Only three of those invited came; namely, L. E. Sufficool, T. Egan, and Frank Rochambeau. We five were all of one accord, and organized ourselves into a society, naming it the Sanitarium Band of Hope. We continued to work in this way for about three months, devoting our attention mainly to studying methods of gospel work.

About that time the Life Boat Crew was talked up, and we saw in it a broader field of usefulness than that in which we had been working. So after due deliberation, we re-organized, taking the name Life