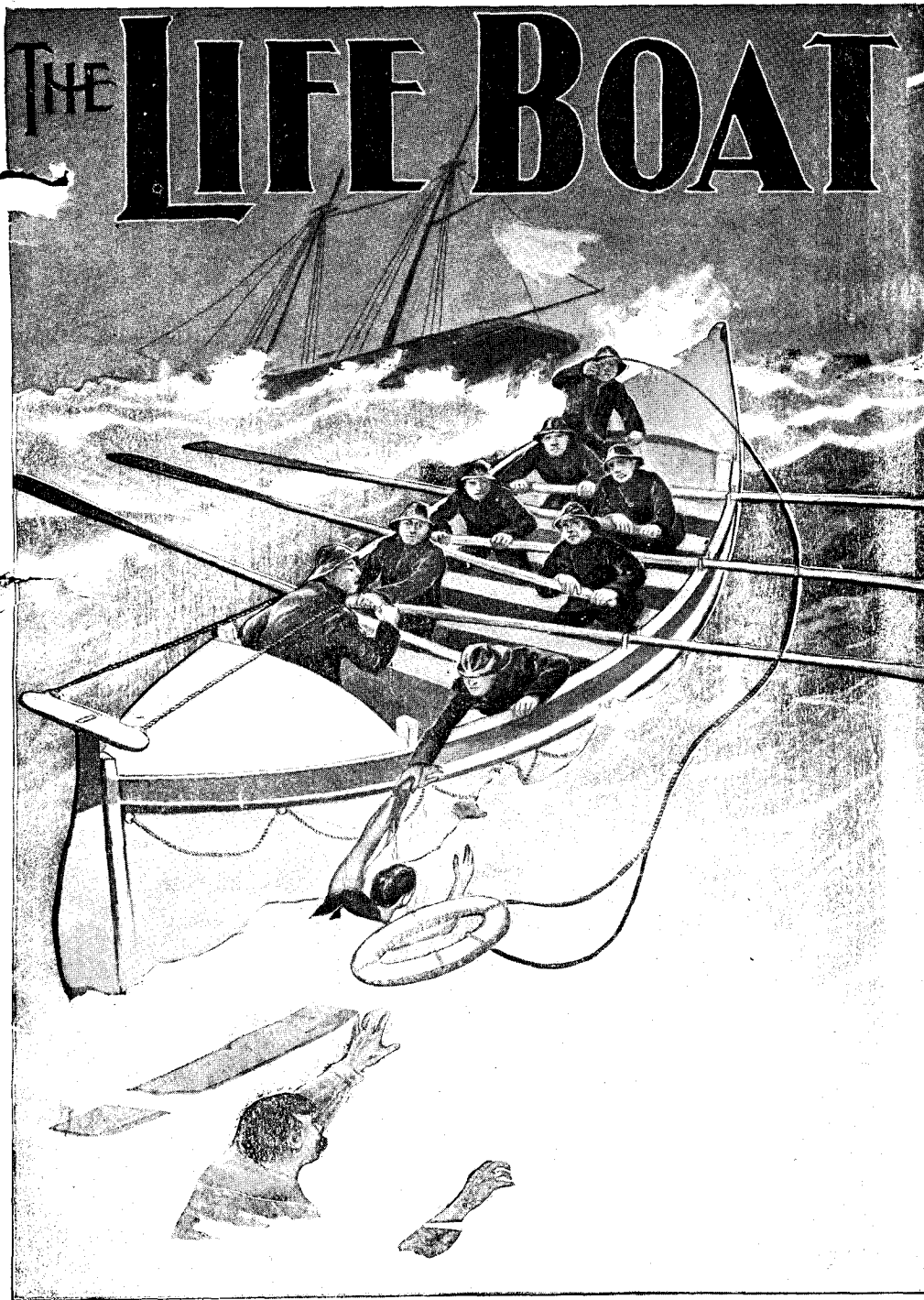


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Number One

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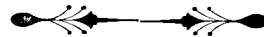
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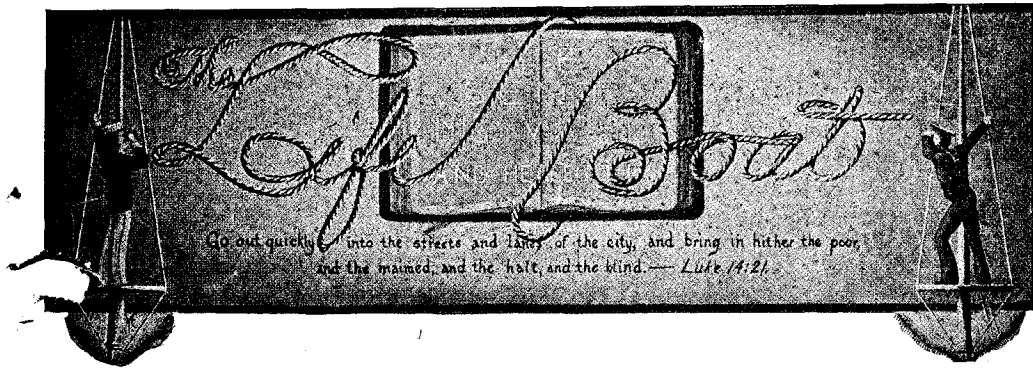
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Volume 5

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1902

Number 1

Memorial Heaps in Memory's Halls.

W. S. SADLER.

THE Lord instructed the children of Israel to bring together piles of stone, at various points in their experience while journeying from Egypt to Canaan. These piles of stones were designed to produce questions on the part of future generations, and thus lead to a repetition of the story of the Hebrew exodus and the many remarkable Providential deliverances connected with their pilgrim life. Likewise, there are many memorial heaps erected in the writer's memory which serve to repeat the story of the mercy and faithfulness of God in connection with the Chicago work. In this short article it will be impossible to tell again in full the unmistakable providences which have shown themselves in connection with the many phases of this work.

One of the great lessons I have learned in connection with this work is the frequency, surety, and ease with which God brings victory out of apparent defeat. Again and again the Chicago Medical Mission has apparently come to the Red Sea; mountainous difficulties hedged up the way on either side, apparently insurmountable obstacles, blocked the way of advance; but in each and every instance the Lord has opened the way for the work to go on, and has turned our seeming sure defeat into glorious triumph and victory. Time and again it would appear that some branch of the work must be discontinued, for lack of means with which to carry it forward. And in times of crisis the workers would engage in united prayer, and every time the hand of God brought relief. Oft-times sums of money have come in

this way as a direct answer to prayer, and these times of God's watchful care have inspired the workers to persevere in the midst of difficulties.

The Chicago Medical Mission and its many branches of work were all begun under conditions more or less adverse. Self-denial and self-sacrifice have characterized the many noble workers who have led out in this enterprise, from the early days in which Drs. Rand and Kress, and Brother Simmons and Sister Louise Burkhardt, and others, laid the foundations of what has since developed into a great city mission.

When Dr. Kellogg told me the way had been opened for me to connect with the work in Chicago which had just then fairly begun, words could not express the joy that thrilled my heart. Was I indeed to be permitted to realize the long-cherished hope of my heart—that of spending my life in active service for the Master? Words cannot express the thoughts that passed through my mind while on the train going to Chicago—thoughts of gratitude for the privilege of having a part in this work for humanity; thoughts first of fear and dread of failure; then of faith in God and confidence of success, by his grace. The years spent in different lines of work in connection with the Chicago Medical Mission will always be regarded as the happiest, and most profitable of my life. Difficulties were not few; perplexities and obstacles were many; but the God of heaven was in the work. I would not exchange a single year of my experience in Chicago for four years' course in any ordinary educational institution, and this is said with-

out any thought of depreciating the value of schools, for indeed, it is to the Chicago Bible Institute—the “Moody Institute”—that I owe a debt of gratitude for many practical helps and much profitable instruction, secured during the two years that I spent at the Moody Institute at the beginning of my labors in Chicago.

In the providence of God, one by one the different institutions sprang into existence. First, the Workingmen's Home at 42 Custom House place was dedicated, and there many workers who have since proved true and faithful gained their first experience in actual soul-saving work. And it was there, in the little evening meetings, that I gained the precious experience of pleading with sinners for the salvation of their souls, and learned how to engage in the hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart struggle for the soul of my fallen brother.

Then we come to another landmark, the dedication of the Training School at 1026 Wabash Avenue, and the earnest words spoken by the late Mrs. S. M. I. Henry concerning the future of the work. And although the Training-School like the Workingmen's Home, has since been moved to new quarters, the work still lives. For years, this was the center of the varied lines of our medical missionary work carried on throughout the city. The power of God was present in the class rooms, and the Holy Spirit witnessed to the teaching of truth; and many young workers received here the initial impetus in their experience as active Christian workers.

Then came the dedication of the Life Boat Mission, which has been an efficient and powerful factor in the Chicago work; and as I write I can but praise God from the depths of my heart for the way in which my own soul has oft been watered in the Life Boat Mission. As I sought to feed the hungry souls of lost men and women, my own soul has been abundantly fed, and refreshed with the dews of heaven. Never did I go to the Life Boat Mission but I saw new evidences of God's power to save the soul and transform fallen humanity; and I myself came from the place with a new blessing and a new inspiration to battle on in the good fight of faith. The Life Boat Mission was begun and planned in prayer, and has become one of the most efficient of soul-saving agencies.

Shortly after this, the publication of the LIFE BOAT was begun, now almost four years

ago. We little dreamed of the future before this paper, and little appreciated the vast sphere of usefulness which was open for a publication of this kind; and like other phases of the work the LIFE BOAT was begun with many difficulties in the way. We secured a donation of some type, the gift of a very small press, and afterwards the partial gift of a larger one; then we borrowed a hundred dollars of a friend; and with this equipment the LIFE BOAT was launched. The blessing of God rested upon the paper. Souls were brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ by the simple message that it bore. The subscription list grew rapidly, and from month to month the simple story of saving grace has been borne to the prison cell, the humble home, and even to many a mansion, to point the darkened mind and heavy heart to the source of all peace and light and life. And may God put it into the hearts of thousands of others to assist in the work of placing THE LIFE BOAT behind the prison bars and in the homes of discouraged and disheartened humanity.

It would be impossible to write even a brief sketch of my experience in the Chicago work without mentioning the Star of Hope Mission. It was in this little mission at 33 West Madison street, that I had so often the privilege of pointing many wandering souls to the Lamb of God. It was also here that I first met Brother T. F. Mackey, with whom I have since labored both in Chicago and elsewhere.

Other important steps in the development of the work were the dedication of the Children's Home, and the opening of the Life Boat Rest, the latter at 481½ South Clark street, now located at No. 442 on the same street. For weeks and weeks we had looked up and down the streets searching for a place, for we felt that the time had come to establish a center of light in this dark and sin-cursed section of the city. At last a place was found. the bar fixtures were still there; the place was dirty; but willing hands of many volunteers soon made it clean; and Sisters Emmel and Wilson, by their faith and earnest work, secured paper for the walls, carpets for the floors, and other furnishings, and shortly after, the Life Boat Rest was opened, where souls tired and weary of sin, might come and find rest for the body, yes, and rest for the soul.

But I must stop. The story is too long to undertake to tell it all. The impressions upon

my heart are too numerous to attempt their description. The good that has come to my own soul from this work is too great to tell. The good results of this work upon humanity are too vast to comprehend. Only the day of God will reveal them. But could the reader see the many re-united families, the transformed drunkards and criminals, made honest by the grace of God; the outcasts redeemed by His infinite love; yea, could we but behold all the influences, direct and indirect, of this work, we would truly exclaim, "See what God hath wrought!"

Does this work pay? Yes; over and over again; it does pay. Is it profitable work? Has anything been accomplished? Most assuredly. For knowing what I do, of this work, had I these years to live over again, I would surely ask for no greater privilege, and no greater blessing, than to spend again these years in connection with the Chicago Medical Mission. May heaven's richest blessing continue with this Good Samaritan work, is my constant prayer.

—:O:—

An Encouraging Experience.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

LAST winter one of our prominent business men spent several months at our Chicago Branch Sanitarium. On account of his determination to carry on his business interests, he apparently received but little physical benefit. While he manifested sufficient respect for the religious spirit of the institution to attend, with reasonable regularity, morning worship and other devotional meetings that are held in the house, yet he did not seem to possess any special relish for spiritual things, and it was difficult for us to secure any opportunity to engage in any definite religious conversation with him, so when he left us, I feared that his coming to us had been more or less of a failure from every point of view.

But a few days ago, having occasion to call at his office on a matter of business, he drew me aside into a quiet corner and after we were both seated on a couch he said, "I want to have a talk with you. I came to your institution, an avowed skeptic. Somehow I had always succeeded in reading the Bible in such a way as to twist me all up. My childhood and youth were spent among associates and in environments that were unfavorable to the development of

Christian character. After I attained to maturity, for business reasons and for the sake of common decency, I have lived what might be termed a moral life; but I have never been satisfied or contented. As I mingled with your workers at the Branch Sanitarium, I observed that they were human like myself, but that they possessed a power to which I was a stranger, which enabled them to subdue and hold in check evil tendencies. At morning worship and prayer meetings, the Bible was unfolded to me from a standpoint that was helpful and fascinating. The earnest efforts that your boys put forth to help me without the least murmur or complaint touched my heart, and by and by, I began to pray in my own way to the Lord that he would forgive my sins at some *future* time. I did not dare to ask for *immediate* forgiveness; it seemed to me that it would be too much for the Lord to do; but after a time the conviction stole over me that my sins had actually been forgiven, and a sense of satisfaction took possession of me which I had never experienced before. I may not recover my health entirely, and so may not secure much more of this life, but that is only a small matter to me now as I anticipate having a part in the life to come, which is, after all, the *real* life."

This, in substance, was what this man told me, and his earnest and animated expression testified to the sincerity of his words.

The experience of this man impressed me deeply that if we only faithfully maintain in our lives, the principles of the Master, and hold ourselves always in readiness to speak a word in season to those who are weary; that, although we may not see immediate fruit, from our labor, yet we may be certain that "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

—:O:—

From a Bushel of Corn.

"From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at \$16.80. The farmer gets 25 cents. The United States government gets \$4.40. The railroad company gets \$1. The manufacturer gets \$4. The drayman gets 15 cents. The retailer gets \$7. The customer gets drunk. The wife gets hunger. The children get rags. The politician gets office."

The Blue Button Army.

All Creeds—No Politics.

COL. H. H. HADLEY,

What is the Inter-State Blue Button Army?
Is it the "New School of Temperance?"
What is "The New School of Temperance?"
In part, it is the "Win-One" Idea.
What is the "Win-One" idea?

Ah! Now we are at the foundation of the movement. As its name implies, the "Win-One" idea is to win one person to wear the Blue Button.

What is the Blue Button, and why should anybody wear it?

The Blue Button is the emblem of the National Christian Abstainers' Union, now in its ninth year, and it is worn by many Christians to signify that they believe in total abstinence for Christ's sake.

All right, I will wear the Blue Button. How long a time have I to "win one" other person to wear it?

An entire year; but, please remember that you can win a thousand in a week to wear this beautiful badge of blue with its tiny white cross that glints like a diamond in the light, simply because it is beautiful, but to win one to wear it from proper motives, In His Name, and for His sake, so that they in turn may also win one a year to wear it for a like reason—that is *winning one*. To show where it will lead, I might state that the Christian Abstainer's Union began this quiet and fascinating plan of work eight years ago the twelfth day of last October, and now it has over 200,000 badge wearers.

Is that all they do, just wear the badge?

No, it opens up the way for other work along the line of temperance and rescue, if you want to do it. Our motto is, "Abstain and Rescue."

Well, this is the way the Blue Button Army does it. A man or woman who is imbued with the principles, sends to Northwestern Headquarters for a blank, or "muster roll," with places for ten names. Upon receiving it he or she writes his or her name upon the top line as "captain" of the company, and then gets nine others who are willing to co-operate, to sign on the remaining blank lines as "lieutenants" and "sergeants"—making ten in all.

Then they send this signed "muster roll" back to headquarters, 1118 Temple Building, corner La Salle and Monroe streets, Chicago, Ill., and receive the "commissions of appointment," and are ready for work.

Well, what work do they do?

I was just going to tell you that they each try to win one other person during the year to wear the badge intelligently, for the purpose named, as a witness for total abstinence from a Christian standpoint on all public occasions; and besides this the *whole company* try to win *one* drinking person away from the saloon, to Christ and the church.

What church?

To the church of his choice. Plant him (or her) in the soil where he will grow the best.

Let me add, that during the eight years work of the C. A. U. more than 50,000 drinking men and women have asked our army of badge wearers for total abstinence pledges, and over 5,000 of them are known to have united with various churches.

You see the trouble usually is, "How shall I approach those whom I wish to rescue?"

By wearing the badge conscientiously, and being on the lookout, they approach you by questions and you have an opportunity to win them while answering their questions. It is beautiful and fruitful work. Besides winning, and rescuing much seed is scattered on good soil.

"How can I procure a badge?"

When the muster roll with its ten or more names reaches Headquarters, blue button badges are sent to the Captain for each of the Company. (Pins for the ladies and buttons for the gentlemen.)

Shall I tell you how the "win one" movement first started? It was at Intervale, New Hampshire, twelve years ago last summer, while up in the mountains. Dr. Cullis had a convention there of "Holiness" people and I was asked to come up. They asked me to relate my personal testimony from drink. Well, I was full of my subject and could not refuse to testify, but there were no drinking people present to be helped, and so it occurred to me while speaking to ask the Christians and Evangelists present to pledge themselves to each try to win one drunkard to Christ by the time the convention met the following year. To my great joy fiftyfour of those good people gave me their names, and we all knelt at the altar and asked God to show us how. One of our number on his knees, sang in a low sweet voice:

I would win one soul to Jesus,
He for me hath shed His blood,
One mistaken, one forsaken,
I would win him back to God.

Lord, I cannot work without Thee,
Do not leave me, nor forget;
Standing on the sea-shore, Jesus,
Show me where to cast the net.

Well, the next year came, and the "win one" report was the feature of the Intervale Park convention.

One minister brought twelve saved drunkards with him, and said that while he only won a single man, that man won eleven others, and were they were, shouting, and happy over the new life. Almost every one of the fifty-four had a story of success to tell and a song of victory to sing. It was the start of what we called "The Rescue-One volunteers." They increased in a very few years to 20,000. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth started the American Volunteers and the two names being so similar that our work became confused and we turned our new movement over as the "Win-One" chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons, and the chapter increased to 150,000.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, who is the President of the King's Daughters, is one of the national committee of the Inter-state Blue Button Army.

Now, we are organizing the great multitude of badge wearers into an army. As fast as "company A" is formed of adults if they think best they recruit a company of boys and call them "company B" and perhaps a company of girls to be known as "company G;" and if there are a lot of good people in the community who sympathize with the movement but do not wish to be active, just enroll them as cash contributors of ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar per month, and call them company C, as C stands for cash. Then you have a brigade and you are only required to hold a public meeting once in three months, though the officers of "company A," who are the executive committee, may call special meetings as often as they like. The company can organize with ten signers though it may increase to one hundred. But if company A is formed of ten members we will tell them how to do the rest and help them do it.

There is another principle in the "new school" of temperance which refers to the right mode of living as to food, so that parents may learn what to feed their children and what to eat themselves, so as not to start little distilleries in their stomachs by wrong combinations of food. I was nearly wrecked by not knowing what things to eat and what to let alone. But thank God, I know now, and my youth is being renewed. Send stamp for a souvenir badge and prospectus of the Blue Button Army to me at No. 1118 Temple Building, Chicago.

Our First Medical Missionary Work in Darkest Chicago.

(Concluded.)

H. F. RAND, M. D.

WHEN Dr. Kress, who did such noble and faithful work came to Chicago, the repulsive aspect of the work almost discouraged him, and he thought he could never engage in it. I knew that if he would only stay a day or two and see what God was helping us to do for these men, his attitude would change and he would look at the work from a different standpoint. Every morning we opened with reading the scriptures, and prayer. Dr. Kress put on his working clothes and went to work. Three days later, he told me it had been one of the grandest days he had ever spent. What had made this wonderful change? It was the same place to all outward appearances as it was the day he came. Suffering humanity had touched his heart, and he had been an instrument in relieving and helping these depressing conditions and it filled his soul with joy and rejoicing. Every day, from that time forth, as he looked upon similar scenes his heart would go up in gratitude to God that he had been privileged to witness an occasion of this kind.

One day a man who had been robbed and nearly killed was brought to us by the police. He was suffering from a large scalp wound which was very angry. It was wonderful that such a case should recover under such unfavorable circumstances, but the wound was helped by the simple use of hot and cold sprays, and the patient was kept on a simple non-stimulating diet. He recovered his health and then commenced to bring in other poor individuals who were afflicted. Dr. Kress said afterwards he little realized at the time how much that hour's work for that man meant in opening up ways of reaching suffering humanity. Thus it was we had a chance every day, and during this time when the doctor was with me we were treating more than one hundred and fifty persons daily.

At the same time, Sister Louise Burkhart was using the rooms three days in the week for a large number of women and children who came for treatment. The remainder of the time was spent in going to their homes and caring for them. I remember seeing the children flock about her, clutching her dress and holding her hands—in fact they called her "mother" all through that part of the city.

It was a revelation to me to see how the sympathies of these people had gone out to her because of the real help she had brought to their homes.

STARVING CHILDREN RESCUED.

There used to be a coal yard on 12th street belonging to a man who had the name of being the meanest man in all Chicago. One cold day I was out with one of our nurses visiting several homes in that part of the city, and in passing I noticed a little hovel with the door nailed up. I stopped and looked at the place, but had passed on when I noticed that the nurse was looking back. I asked her what special place she had in mind, and she pointed to the place I had noticed. I then told her the impressions I had had that we should go there. There did not seem to be a sign of life about it, but we went back and rapped at the door, receiving no response. I rapped again, and a feeble voice said, "Come in." We entered and found a woman with an old blanket about her shoulders, sitting by a little stove in which were smouldering a few coals. On the stove was cooking a little rice. In the opposite corner were two children about eight and ten years of age, lying in a stupefied condition on an old mattress with a few shreds of quilts for an excuse for covering. The woman said that the children had been in that stupefied condition for about a day. I tried to arouse them but they seemed to be thoroughly chilled. The woman told us that she had expected to eat that little rice, the only food she had, and then lie down by them and die. She said that she had just been praying that God would lay them to rest if it was his will; if not, that deliverance would come. She was praying at the time we rapped at the door. I waited no longer but went across the street to the office of the man I have mentioned and simply asked him if he would come with me for a few moments as I had something to show him. Without any excuse—and there were several waiting to see him—he picked up his hat and came with me. We exchanged no words, but I took him directly to the place, opened the door and simply let him look in on the scene. He took me back to his office and to my surprise asked me what was needed. I told him fuel, food, and raiment. He said, "Whatever you want in this line just let me know." So I did, and it came at once. People had warned us that this man could not be touched with any appeal for suffering human-

ity that was brought to him. They had told him of cases of need or had written letters to him, but this appeal came in God's own way, and touched this man as nothing else could have done. He gave us food, clothing and fuel, not only for this family, but for our mission and for other families. It is not necessary to say that this poor mother and her children were in a short time praising the Master for deliverance in their hour of need, when one night more would have been the last for that household if help had not come.

"HOW COULD I DO THIS?"

Another touching incident shows how the Spirit of God controlled the men who came to us. One day just before a man was leaving after I had dressed his wound, I suspected from his nervous manner and evident haste that something was wrong. With a prayer for guidance to Him who knows all things, I placed my hand on his shoulder and asked him why he was using the institution as he was after receiving the kindnesses that had been shown him. That was all that I said to him. I remember how he looked at me in astonishment, and then tears came to his eyes and he exclaimed, "I am a thief and robber." He drew from his coat tail pocket a bottle containing alcohol that we used in our dispensary. While I had been in the back room, this man had taken the bottle from the cupboard where it was kept and locked the cupboard again. The poor fellow requested that he might go back and replace this bottle before the men who had seen him take it. No sermon ever so eloquently preached could have made so vivid an impression on their minds as did this practical expression of repentance. The man replaced the bottle and with tears streaming from his eyes uttered these words, "How could I do this?" He went out and expected, of course, that the city officials would take him. I told him he had done his part, he had seen the error of his ways and had corrected them, and now to go and do so no more. What a burden was lifted from his mind! This was probably the first time in his life that he had been mercifully dealt with. I met this man once or twice afterwards. He had completely changed his course of life. Later I met him in another country where he was engaged in city mission work and he told me that that one little act of mercy had changed his whole life, and from that time he had been trying to do what he could to help others to live upright lives.

All grades and conditions of people—people who could not control themselves, seemed to come under the restraining influence of the Spirit of God. It was a practical demonstration of the truth "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." Probably I should never have understood this as I do if I had not had this blessed opportunity of seeing daily the practical working of the power of God. Our surroundings, if we had simply looked at these, would have caused our hearts to sink within us; but when we had this opportunity of seeing God at work in man we were encouraged and strengthened and enabled to persevere day by day.

This work grew and developed so rapidly that we could hardly realize or comprehend it. The seven months spent at this place were seven of the best months of my life. I had never met anything of this character in this way before. These experiences can never be effaced from my memory. That dark basement has always been a sacred spot to me. Whenever I go through that city of darkness, many streets and alleys in which I have seen so much wretchedness, that little corner where all this work started has always been a blessed spot to me, a place that has always caused great rejoicing to come to my heart, knowing that the presence of the great Healer was there and always guided and protected it. Think of the great work that has developed in this city and spread to other cities. It is remarkable to think about. Of the thousands who have thus been brought to a knowledge of the way of life, no one but God himself has a record; but if we could see these records, and some day I hope we shall, we can bring to our mind each individual with the little incidents that caused them to be led to Him.

—:o:—

What the Gospel Did for a Thief.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A FEW days ago, we received the following letter confessing a crime which was committed in our Training School office more than a year ago, and this, of course, is the first intimation that we had of this theft:

"Dear Sirs:—I went to Chicago with others during the World's Fair craze to get work, hoping to be one of the lucky ones to find a steady

job afterwards. In two years we were so low for means my wife had to take in washing, and I did anything I could get to do to support my family. In 1899, my eldest son, an idiot, died, mostly from lack of proper food and medicine, so I took to liquor to drown my sorrow. Last fall, my wife was taken sick and was cared for and fed by one of your LIFE BOAT workers who found her sick, moneyless, breadless, with a drunkard husband's home-coming to dread and four starving children to pacify. After coming several days with food and clothing for the family and to care for and doctor my wife, this worker left a note for me to take to you for you to help me get work. I called at your building one Wednesday morning, but while the office girl went to find you. I saw some one slip some bills into an envelope, then seal it and put with some other letters on a table. As soon as she went away, I seized that letter and slipped it in my pocket. In a minute the girl returned and said you were all out. I used that money to take my family to Dayton, Ohio; the letter that was with it I kept, as on returning I found the girl to whom it belonged there doctoring my wife. I had never been at home before while she was there. On leaving, she gave my wife a Bible and made me promise to quit drinking. I promised myself I would pay that money back, but ever since that day, we have lived from hand to mouth, as my family have been sickly and everything was taken for doctor bills. Last week, my wife found the letter, so I told her all. She says I must send it back to you for your God is angry because I took it and it makes me unlucky and my family sick until I send back the letter and pay you the money. I go to the mines in the Indian Territory to find work tomorrow, and will send you the letter and the money as soon as I can earn it, for I lost my job here tonight as typewriter and general jobber. My wife reads your folks' Bible and it has made her kinder; so I will read it too as soon as I can get time; also will send the money soon if you do not send the police after me. Yours Respectfully,

—"

It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the very girl whose money was stolen was the one who, a little later, by her loving ministry to the wife, was instrumental in bringing her to the foot of the cross, and thus indirectly was the means of bringing the husband to a realization of the wrong he had committed.

✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

An Inspiring Experience Related at the Life Boat Mission.

WE are apt to consider that those persons alone are in bondage who are behind prison bars. I thank God to-night that I am a free man, not from prison, but from a worse bondage. Let me illustrate:

I knew a poor man this summer who was not always so poor a man. I used to see him many times a day as he would go diagonally across the street with a beer pail in his hand, carrying beer to an alley gang, who furnished him with the means to purchase it. He was a wretched, ragged, forlorn specimen of humanity.

A few years ago he commanded five dollars a day as a blacksmith, but now his hand had lost its cunning, and he was only free at such times as the police picked him up, and locked him in the Bridewell for different terms of service.

I was in similar bondage. I recall how I, with others, sat in the alley nearly opposite here between State and Wabash and schemed all manner of schemes to procure the wherewithal to "rush the can." We were not free of our own just right. We were in bondage, and could not help ourselves, but, thank God! relief came. I was in such bondage that I could not help myself; appetite was my master.

I remember one Sunday night I was over on the West Side looking for a drink—looking for some acquaintance who might furnish me with the price of a drink. It seemed I could find no person whom I knew, and I never begged.

It was a cold, bitter December night. The ice and snow were frozen on the sidewalk. I went to a second-hand store, took off my shoes, and sold them for thirty cents. I then walked out on the icy sidewalk in my bare feet. I had made up my mind that ten cents of this sum should go for a bed, that ten cents should go for food, and that the balance should buy me two drinks of "sheeny booze." All of it went for whisky, and with the thermometer down to zero I slept that night in a laundry wagon.

Passing along Randolph street I saw a hallway that had been turned into a cobbler's shop. The old cobbler had tacked to a board in front

a number of mis-mated shoes. I tore two from their fastenings and put them on my feet. One was a number five lady's shoe, fair leather and light buttons, the other was a great, large black leather shoe. I had those shoes on the first night I came into this Mission.

It was Christmas eve. I had a little money, and I was going north on State street from one barrel-house to another with the purpose of becoming intoxicated as soon as possible, that unconscious I might know nothing whatever of the joys or festivities of that night or of the happy days long gone by. While going from one saloon to another I was arrested by the power of God, and led to this Mission.

I had never been in here before; I had never gone to missions or attended church, and when I crossed the street that night I had no idea of coming here. However, I walked in and sat down. So unpromising was my appearance with my rags and unkempt hair that the man sitting next me got up and moved his seat.

My attention was attracted by the testimonies I heard here that night from men in a similar situation to myself. I went out under conviction. Though I had not made any manifestation of a desire for prayers, I did not go back to the saloon, but went to a lodging-house and to bed; but I could not remain in bed, but spent most of the night in prayer.

The next day was Christmas. It was the most miserable of all my life's history, I think. The physical reaction from my prolonged drinking was such as to drive me almost frantic. By sheer will-power I managed to fight through the day without drink. That night I came back to the Mission, and when an invitation was given for hands to be raised mine went up, and at ten minutes past eleven o'clock that Christmas night God, for Christ's sake, set me free.

I want to say right here, my dear brothers, that God is no respecter of persons. What He did for me that cold winter's night, without clothing, without food, without home, without friends, brought me into this Mission, convicted me, and then gave me liberty and freedom, he will do for you, if you but ask him. All that God requires is a broken spirit and a contrite heart, and the willingness to come to him, through Jesus Christ my Saviour.

How I was Led to Become a Life Boat Mission Worker.

E. B. VAN DORN.

I EARLY left my home to "seek my fortune", as so many young men are inclined to do when they should be working for the glory of God and the good of humanity, and was in California when I met a Christian worker, who earnestly advised me to take the Medical Missionary Nurses' course. Until that time I had entertained no serious intentions of devoting myself to missionary work; but after considering the matter for some time I decided to act upon the advice given me, and accordingly, I went to the St. Helena Sanitarium where I began my course of training. The first duties that were assigned to me were washing dishes, sweeping, mopping, etc. I was often somewhat discouraged but I determined to persevere. After a time I was transferred to the kitchen to assist the cook, and I was employed in paring potatoes and performing similar duties. This occupation was not altogether agreeable to me, but I saw an opportunity to prepare myself for something else. Often I arose as early as three o'clock in the morning in order that I might finish my allotted task and be ready to help the cook in more responsible work. In this way I acquired in nine months a sufficient knowledge of the science of cooking so that I was often given charge of the work for brief intervals.

Next, I was given work in the treatment rooms. Here I tried diligently to improve my opportunities, not waiting to be told to do the things I knew ought to be done, and that "which I knew not, I searched out." In due time our class finished the regular course of training. I began work and soon had all that I could do. After a year's work I went to Battle Creek, Michigan, to attend the Medical Missionary summer school. At the close of the session a call was made for volunteers to go to Chicago to engage in self-supporting missionary work. I was one of those who responded to the call and came to Chicago. Smoke, dirt, and noise was the reception that greeted us. My old companions, the broom and the scrub brush, awaited me here and I went to work with a will, doing anything I saw ought to be done and helping any one I could.

After a time I was given charge of the Training School kitchen and here I remained for a

year, working from early morning till night for my board and room and going to the Mission in the evening. At the end of the year I went to the country for a few days vacation and rest. When I returned I began canvassing for Good Health. In this work the Lord gave me many precious opportunities to speak words of cheer to weary hearts. Every evening I went to the Life Boat Mission, and after a time I was asked to take care of the Mission, keep the room in order, open it for the evening meetings, close it when the services were over, etc. Here was the same round of sweeping and scrubbing and dusting again. I did not understand what it meant but I felt that I ought to do what I could and I tried to do faithfully what my hands found to do. I studied to become acquainted with the conditions and surroundings of those for whom we labored and to make myself useful in personal work with the men who came to the Mission. In this the Lord helped me and gave me some of the most blessed experiences of my life.

One by one, the older workers of the Mission were called to other fields and I endeavored to take up the work that was left to be done. The Lord blessed the work and with every effort made I gained strength for the next opportunity that was presented. I can scarcely realize that God has been so good to me, but I know that it was his hand that led me all the way.

Somewhere, I read in years gone by, that the opportunities of life are talents given us to improve, for which we must render an account in the Judgment. I resolved that I would do with a willing mind whatever the Lord gave me to do, not despising "the day of small things." (Zech. 4:10.)

The way is open for every one to place himself in the hands of God to be used as he sees fit, but the way is always the way of the cross. There are no upholstered cars to ride in and the end of the journey is not reached in a single day, but nevertheless there are places where earth and heaven meet and we can look back in our experience and say like Jacob of old, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." The apparently little things, faithfully done, may bring about the greatest results. Just the place each one is, is the place to *begin* missionary work. In the house, on the street, in public or private, let your light so shine that men may "see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

How the Lord Sent us a Missionary.

[J. Edgar Colloran who is now taking the last of his four years course in our Medical Missionary College, and who during his spare moments has labored faithfully in connection with the Chicago Medical Mission and its various branches writes the following concerning the way in which God brought him into this work.—EDITORS.]

I noticed the sign "Medical Mission" at the corner of Van Buren street and Custom House place as I passed one day during the early summer of 1895, but thought but little about it. The following July I suffered intensely with gastro-intestinal trouble and was obliged to give up my position; I became very much discouraged, and hardly knew what to do. My earnings were nearly exhausted and I saw no prospect of relief. I wondered what would become of me, a stranger and sick in a great city. Then I remembered the sign I had seen at the corner of Van Buren street and Custom House place. I really did not have much faith in it, but it was my last resort.

A brief history of my life before entering the mission will enable the readers to readily appreciate my feelings and what transpired later. My parents were Catholics and at five years of age I was placed in a private Catholic school. My father was a working man and it was an effort for him to meet my expenses, but my mother was anxious that I should become a priest, so except for a short time in the high school, I remained at the Catholic school until I ran away.

The year of the Columbian Exposition I had been working in Boston, but I was seized with a desire to see Chicago, and giving my employer twenty-four hours notice I hurried away to the Exposition. Arriving in Chicago, alone and without friends, was no cheerful prospect, but a young man of sixteen "knows it all" I tried to see everything in Chicago, and the result was that I broke down physically. But the pace that I set for myself at the World's Fair I continued until the day I entered the Medical Mission.

During this time I had been an agnostic and a great admirer of Colonel Ingersoll's writings, and as I entered the Medical Mission and saw it was a religious institution, I felt I would have a great opportunity to argue against my Creator. After receiving a medical examination I was turned over to a nurse, a big, power-

ful, New Zealand Prince, who has since finished a medical course and now holds a government position among his people. He took me to the bath room and began applying his "hot cloths," and almost immediately relief came. He never preached to me, but simply said 'trust in Jesus.' That took all argument out of me and kept ringing in my ears wherever I went. I came back again, for I felt he must not go on in darkness so I began to show him how unreasonable God was to keep a mother burning forever, while her son enjoyed the glories of heaven. After I had said all I cared to say he replied that he would like to give me a little Bible on that subject. From the Bible he showed me that "God is love," and that he *destroys* sinners (Rom. 6:23), consequently there could be no eternal hell. It was a revelation to me, and then I wanted the same God to love me.

Well, that day I gave my heart to God and have never regretted it. I was a confirmed cigarette fiend, often using sixty a day, besides a number of cigars. While I was in Boston I had tried a cure for it, but when I gave up the treatment I went back to the habit. Could this Saviour save me? He did, and I am saved to-day. Praise His name.

"That was in 1895. The Chicago Medical Mission was then occupying a small, poorly lighted basement room, but the Lord prospered it. Since then it has been my privilege to be connected with the Chicago work, or one of its main branches, and watch its growth. To-day, it is one of the greatest medical missions in the United States, with its three well equipped free dispensaries, Life Boat Mission, Workingmen's Home, Life Boat Rest (for girls), Social Settlement, Hospital, Sanitarium, Missionary Nurses' Training-School, and Medical College. It is a good work. Through it hundreds have been helped to a better life, and I feel thankful to God that he ever permitted the Chicago Medical Mission to be established.

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A successful business man demands a good lawyer, a bright preacher, a competent book-keeper, and a well trained stenographer; but any ignorant girl is competent to act in the capacity of cook, if she can so flavor the food material that it tastes good as it slips over the four inches of taste surface, even if it has to be a source of irritation to the other thirty feet of the alimentary canal.

Fifteen Months in the Chicago Work.

MRS. M. S. FOY.

IT was my privilege to be connected with the Chicago work for about fifteen months, beginning with January, 1898; and while I have been engaged in the medical missionary work for many years, I can truly say that no part of my work has given me more real joy and satisfaction than my experience in Chicago.

My work kept me quite closely at the Training-School, yet there was no lack of opportunities for meeting and helping those who were in need. Daily, and almost hourly, some poor soul would call at our door asking for employment in order to secure food and clothing or treatment. Sometimes a young mother who, with a babe in her arms, had walked the streets until tired and hungry seeking for employment but unable to find a place where she could work and have her little one with her, could be cheered by a kind word, a warm meal, and a comfortable bed until rested, after which she was glad to do a few hours' work in return. Sometimes we would persuade her to leave her little one in our children's department, and secure employment for herself where she could support herself and child.

We depended on men from the Working-men's Home who were out of employment, to do the scrubbing and cleaning of our home. These were generally men who had lived sinful lives, but had recently found the Lord and were anxious to obtain employment, removed as far as possible from the scenes of their former temptations. It often required a great amount of patience to depend upon this kind of help to do our work, for some of these apparently had never seen a mop or broom before; but when we would see them trying so earnestly to do well it was certainly a privilege to give them a word of encouragement to help them in their new life. I shall never forget their looks of appreciation and pleasure, when after their day's work we would furnish them with some needed clothing. One of the most encouraging features was to see these men who had been helping us during the week, come to our little chapel on Sabbath morning in time for Sabbath School and the morning services; and it would certainly cheer the saddest heart to listen to their testimonies of faith and trust in God and his keeping power.

A work of this kind has many perplexities, but it is after all a real satisfaction when we can feel that we are doing a work that others are leaving undone.

After spending fifteen months in Chicago, I was called to the Battle Creek Sanitarium where I had been previously engaged. I have always felt very thankful to the Lord that he gave me the privilege of spending some time in Chicago, for there is nothing like experience to make us understand the nature and needs of a work; and I can look back upon this period and truly say that it was one of the most blessed experiences of my life. It is my prayer that the Lord's blessing may continue with the work in Chicago.

:o:

Where is my Boy or Girl To-night?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A FEW weeks ago, a fellow worker and myself, while travelling in a western state, met a young girl who appeared to be particularly indifferent to the claims of the gospel. We labored earnestly to help her but without obtaining any evidence that a definite impression was being made upon her mind. Finally, after considerable resistance upon her part, the Spirit of God convicted her of her real condition and she broke down and sobbed like a child. She then told us in broken accents that, entirely unknown to her parents who were church members in good and regular standing, she had not only used whisky for two years but was also addicted to the cigarette habit, and in addition had occasionally used morphine. She fully gave her heart to God, and determined to yield up all for the Master.

These parents were proud of their beautiful daughter, and although they felt a slight uneasiness in regard to her spiritual condition, yet they undoubtedly congratulated themselves on the careful training they had given her, and that they had so thoroughly succeeded in preserving her from the snares of the enemy that they knew were entangling the feet of so many other young people.

Parents, are you daily sending up earnest appeals to God that you may have enough divine wisdom imparted to you to enable you to co-operate with heavenly influences in the salvation of your children?

One Yearly Subscription to THE LIFE BOAT would be a Valuable Gift to some of Your Friends.

The Infancy of the Chicago Medical Mission.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

I THANK the Lord that he has given me the precious privilege of working for souls in dark Chicago. When I first began work in connection with our Mission, it was located in a little dark basement on Custom House place. The work had been going on for several months and now the little basement was too small to accommodate the many who came for assistance. Thus it became necessary to secure more commodious quarters.

Next door was an old building which had once been used for a church. The sacredness of the place, however, had long since been forgotten and now it was used as a low, cheap lodging house. Upon making inquiry, we learned that this place could be obtained and we accordingly secured it. The dirt and filth of every kind which had been accumulating in the basement and on the floors and windows for many years past was so dense and thick that it kept several men busy for some days carting off the dirt. It seemed at first sight that the cleansing of such a place was an impossibility, but by steady and persevering efforts, the place was rendered respectable and clean.

This building was fitted up as the first Workmen's Home. The men who had frequented this place before were robbers and criminals of the lowest type. When we opened it for lodgers, we anticipated some difficulty with these characters, but God's loving care was over all and his protection was all sufficient.

The efforts put forth in that dark corner were not without results. I know several strong Christian men, converted as a result of this work, who, to-day, are doing good work for the Lord. One of these men was the manager of the former lodging house.

There are several experiences of those early days which I think I can never forget. The utter wretchedness and misery of humanity in some districts of a great city was revealed to me as I could never have conceived it. I can never forget the first time I accompanied the visiting nurse, Miss Louise Burkhardt. She took me down Clark street and we first went into a sub-basement where God's sunlight had never shone. We groped our way through the long dark passage and finally reached one dark room, lighted only by a small candle. The only occupant of this room was a woman in bed. I

shall never forget how her face lighted up when she saw the visiting nurse. Next we went upstairs to see a woman who had been sick. She grasped the visiting nurse's hand and said, "Dear Louise, we are so glad to see you. You have done so much for us. We love you." Tears trickled down her face when she spoke of "dear Louise." I was reminded of the words of the poet:

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

One night a call came for a physician to come at once to a certain place. Upon reaching the place designated, I found in a dark basement a poor woman who needed immediate attention. As we looked about we could find nothing to light up the place and were obliged to borrow from the neighbors the one flickering lamp procurable. This revealed to us that there was nothing in the house but some dirty rags with which to care for this poor creature. Our lamp did not give very good light, so we were obliged to care for the poor woman in that trying hour, in the dark. It was with great difficulty that we found sufficient rags to wrap around the little babe to protect it from the cold. It gave us pleasure to return the next day with clothing for the poor woman, leaving things in a more comfortable and cleanly condition, even though we had been obliged, after we came home the night before, to remove every article of the clothing we had worn and place it in boiling water to free it from the vermin that had gathered while we were there. God only knows the result of such a work, but the time that we spend in cheering some sad and lone heart is not time wasted.

While travelling in one of the western states this summer, I met a lady who told me she would like to open a rescue home for girls, so that she could do something to "make a big show for the Lord." Work of this kind cannot be successfully done from any such motive. Only those who have burning within their hearts a real desire to help humanity in whatever way the help is most needed can hope to succeed. It is doubtful whether the true spirit of helpfulness has really taken possession of our souls if our first efforts are put forth in trying to establish some society or institutional effort. What humanity needs among both rich and poor, is heart to heart ministry; and, dear fellow worker,

allow me to suggest that you will never make a strong worker for the Lord until you have learned how to come in personal touch with human souls. Let the institution be an outgrowth of the home visiting work and then it will have the right foundation.

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Recollections of Our College Settlement Work.

S. M. BAKER.

IT was my privilege to be connected with the Chicago Medical Mission for nearly two years, in its early history, and I look back to that experience as one of the special opportunities of my life. Few of the people among whom we lived had ever heard of health principles, had ever attended parents' meetings, or really knew much of the genuine gospel of Christ, although some were church going people.

Very few seemed to realize that they owed any other duty to their children than to feed, clothe, and send them to school. But they loved their children and as they came to the mothers' meetings week after week, their expression of appreciation for what they were learning made our hearts glad.

Such expressions as these were common: "Oh, if I had only known these things years ago!" "Oh, I wish every mother in the neighborhood could be here!" and, "My little girl said so and so, and if I had not remembered what you told us at mothers' meetings I would not have known how to answer her. But I had a good talk with her which I would not have known how to have but for what I had learned at these meetings." Another said, "My boy has stopped smoking cigarettes since he heard the doctor's talk the other evening."

One fourteen year old boy who had been arrested again and again for theft was respectful and well behaved when with those who had proved themselves his friends at the Settlement.

On the removal of the Settlement to another location, a woman with tears in her eyes said: "If the people at the Battle Creek Sanitarium knew how much it means to us to have the influence and the help of the Settlement, they would not take the workers away." This expression shows what a hold the workers had upon the hearts of the people.

We were much encouraged and we felt that a knowledge of the principles of truth had been imparted and in the Lord's own time would bring forth fruit.

Alone for Thee—A Song.

SARAH HAGGARD.

If your friends forsake you and
You seem to be alone,
Seem a stranger in the land,
Can call no place your home;
Think that none will ever miss
Your face as on you roam;
You can just remember this—
The dear Lord had no home.
Christ the dear Saviour walked alone
The sea of Galilee;
Never a spot could he call his own:
Alone for you and me.

If you seem to pray alone
And fear that God don't hear;
Fear He's left you all alone,
With Satan very near;
Humbly bow your sinful head,
In penitential shame.
Think if you have ever read
Of One who did the same
Christ the dear Saviour prayed alone,
In Gethsemane;
Sweat drops of blood and prayed alone,
Drained the cup for thee.

Are you bearing now a cross
Too heavy, and a crown
On your head with cruel thorns?
Are you bending down
Neath the load He's given you,
With none to help, not one?
Just remember Jesus too
Bore cross and crown alone.
Christ with the crown bore the cross alone
Up to Calvary;
Weary and trembling he bore it alone,
Bore it for you and for me.

Are you dying lone and sad,
At your journey's end;
Always mournful, never glad,
Not a face to bend
O'er you as the breath comes slow,
And smooth your dying brow?
This will comfort if you know
You're like your Saviour now.
Yes, the dear Saviour died alone
On the cruel tree,
Suff'ring and dying seemed all alone—
Alone, to set you free.

—:o:—

"I began a life of sin at the age of eleven being a circus performer at that time and losing two days from being drunk. This grew on me and I continued to serve the devil until I was forty. I heard the message at the Mission and now for five years I have been a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He has blessed and kept me every day of the time and the way grows brighter and brighter."

(Told by one of the workers at the Life Boat Mission.)

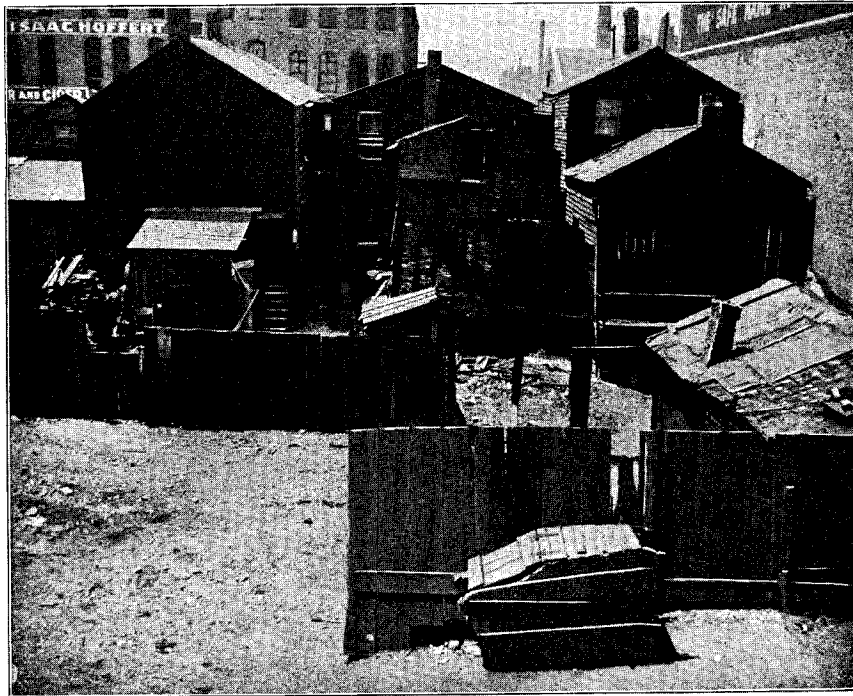
When Our Visiting Nurses' Work was in its Infancy.

LOUISE BURKHARDT.

WHILE in Chicago a short time ago, my memory carried me back to the day when our first Medical Mission was opened in the little basement at 42 Custom House place, eight years ago.

Although the place was small, the workers few, and there were not many conveniences,

part with the many valuable lessons I learned in Chicago, and my experience there has been of great help to me ever since. I learned to look at life very differently. Listening again and again to the sad stories of the wanderings of those who were in the depths of sin, and witnessing their desperate struggles for freedom from Satan's chains I learned to have more sympathy for the erring; and then when I have seen them reclaimed from the depths of sin into which they were plunged and changed



THE VISITING NURSES' FIELD.

yet the blessing of the Lord attended the efforts made. It was the beginning of a glorious work—a work which the Lord had committed to his children; and now as I think of the numerous branches of this work, my heart is filled with gratitude to God for what he has wrought in Chicago through human instrumentality.

I shall never cease being thankful that I have been permitted to have a part in this portion of the Master's vineyard, for I could not afford to

into new creatures in Christ Jesus, I have learned to see with greater clearness God's plan for fallen humanity. I am so glad there is healing for all!

And now, my dear reader, if you belong to the number who have been swept into the great abyss of sin and shame, do not give up the struggle, but arise with the help of the Lord to a new life; for he is ever ready to receive, and is still calling us "out of darkness into his marvelous light."

"None of Our Business."

MADGE ROGERS.

STARTING out one morning, I turned to listen to a tune being ground out of an old hand organ, and there sitting by the instrument was a young man perhaps twenty years of age. One arm and one leg were gone and the other arm was so badly mutilated that he could scarcely turn the crank, yet fate compelled him to sit there day after day while every muscle in his face, the saddest face I ever saw, told how he abhorred such a life. The weather was cold and he was poorly clad, and yet I saw scores and scores of people pass by without so much as a kind word. I was so pained by this manifestation of the hardness of men's hearts that involuntarily the words came to my lips, "Oh Lord, how long?"

I then went up four flights of stairs to a dark room in which lay a sick woman. The only furniture in this room was an old table and two chairs, not even a bed or stove. I did what I could for this poor woman who had spent almost her last cent for drugs.

Often it has been necessary for me to go to the worst portions of the city at two or three o'clock in the morning to visit a dying child or a sick woman, but I am not afraid; for the same God that protected Daniel in the lions' den goes with me.

Dear reader, if you could only go with us on our daily rounds and see the want and misery, you would willingly give to the Chicago mission work. A man, on being told how some poor people live, said, "That's none of my business." This man, like many others, failed to realize that there was a day coming when it would be his "business." Every hungry person, every case of need that we have "passed by" when it was our privilege to help must be met at the judgment bar of God. Some are giving their lives to the work in Chicago. Will you, dear readers, each give a dollar to help carry on this work?

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A Glimpse at the Workingmen's Home.

When one steps into the laundry and bath room department of the Workingmen's Home he sees a sight that he will not soon forget. Here are dozens of men industriously at work at the tubs, washing a part of their clothing, which they have removed. They then dry them on the hot air drier; then

put on these clean clothes and wash the others and hang them up; thus doing their laundry on the instalment plan. From ninety to a hundred men visit this department daily. The poor man is just as anxious to keep clean as is the rich man, if he only has an equal chance.

The wholesome foods that are served at a penny a dish are much appreciated. The gospel of salvation that is proclaimed by Brothers Mackey and Van Dorn to the large number of men that assemble in the waiting room each evening is conquering human hearts. From one half dozen to a dozen men raise their hands for prayers each evening, and begin to take their first steps toward the Kingdom.

We have two hundred and eighty beds in this home. The Workingmen's Home is a great mission field. We trust our readers will pray for this department of our work.

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A Wanderer Brought Back.

MINNIE THORNTON.

ALITTLE cottage meeting was held recently for the purpose of drawing nearer to the Lord. There were, perhaps not more than a dozen present. Most of these were professed Christians. We sang several songs in which all heartily joined. After asking the Lord's blessing on our little gathering, we had an informal talk, beginning with the subject of our influence upon those with whom we associate.

We spoke of the Lord wanting every one of us to talk and act at all times in such a way as to show forth Christ in all his loveliness. Then we spoke of the blessings which are sure to come in this present life, to those who seek to lift up Jesus to the world.

After we had talked of the many delightful privileges which will be ours to enjoy in the life to come, one of the young women present said that she was a backslider, and if she had known what kind of a meeting this was to be, she would not have come. But she said she knew that the Lord understood just how to bring her back to him, and that Jesus and heaven had never seemed so near to her before. She asked us to pray for her, and said that she wanted never again to forsake her Master.

After this testimony, a man who was present asked an interest in our prayers.

We rejoiced with the angels over the victory won that night. How little we know, when testifying for the Lord, what may be the blessed result of our words.

What the Chicago Medical Mission Did for Me.

H. W. R.

AN exile from home, I left Liverpool in April, 1898. I arrived at Quebec shortly after, and a week later I had reached the home of my uncle, a farmer living near Winnipeg. He and I could not get along very well, so after staying with him three weeks, I packed my satchel and started out on foot with very little money, to do whatever came along.

In England I had been reared in a comfortable home by religious parents. I had never been a drinker of intoxicants, nor smoked, nor chewed, nor been a gambler, nor profligate. But I did have one great weakness—I was the personification of conceit. I imagined and felt persuaded that I knew everything. I remember one time soberly and seriously telling some one that I thought I was destined to become one of the world's great men. In addition to being very conceited, I often made very unwise use of my tongue, which frequently got me into trouble and generally caused me to lose a position almost as soon as I had secured it.

After making my way as best I could in Canada, I went to Minneapolis, hoping there to make a fresh start. My experience during the three months which it took me to go from my uncle's farm to the city of Minneapolis was very different from what I had previously gone through. I was without means and consequently without friends. I went for weeks without a better place on which to rest my weary head than the floor of a box-car, and by the time I had been a wretched tramp for several weeks, the poorly furnished box-car had become one of my best friends. How did I live? By begging at doors and getting hand-outs. I generally succeeded in obtaining food, as I was willing to work for any food given me.

Arriving in Minneapolis, I went to a mission there and was given some clean and decent clothing and helped over a few days with meals, for which I sawed wood—as best I could, never having done hard work in my life before coming to America. I stayed in Minneapolis about a year, and during that time my condition had so much improved that I had obtained a situation as reporter on one of the daily papers, but as usual (for I had not yet learned

my lesson), I lost the position after a short time.

At length I left Minneapolis and gradually made my way to the city of Chicago. I fared much better on this trip than on the former one, although I had to walk most of the way. I never rode on trains without paying the fare as I was not agile enough to avail myself of the handy though dishonest mode of locomotion adopted by the average tramp.

I reached the pork-packing city in August, 1899, without money and friends, but not without hope. I went to one of the philanthropic institutions of Chicago, where I was provided with a night's lodging and given a meal or two. Fortune favored me for I became acquainted with a man on the street who became interested in me and helped me to procure employment in an insurance office. In my native country I had done considerable work as a stenographer, and had the ability to write short-hand at a good rate and to do typewriting fairly well, but that did not compensate for a tongue that did not know when to stop talking. So as usual I did not hold my position, and in another day or two was walking Chicago's busy streets, lonely in the great throng. What should I do? Where should I go? I had already, during my short experience as a tramp, served two terms in the work-house as a penalty of being a vagrant, and I did not relish the idea of going through that miserable experience again. So I determined to make further efforts to procure work.

I was walking along State street one evening when some one put a card into my hand. I read it and saw that it was an invitation to attend the gospel service held at the Life Boat Mission. I did not feel disposed to go in and so stayed away. Next day, however, a strange longing came over me and I resolved to go to the Mission, and to my delight, found somebody in the hall. Going in, I received a hearty welcome from the workers who were there and I told my story. Sympathy and love were shown me and I was directed to the Workingmen's Home at 1341 State street. I went there and by working a while earned some food and a bed to sleep in. The Workingmen's Home proved a boon and a blessing to me as it has for so many other poor homeless boys in this great city. While there I was invited by the chaplain to attend the gospel service held there every evening, and I said I would think about it. But I did not go, having no inclination to

do so. Later on, I was introduced to the secretary of the Training-School at 1926 Wabash avenue, who I was told might be able to find me work. I told him my circumstances and he told me there was an opening for a person competent to do stenographic work, and if I could and would do that for the institution I would be provided for, at least as regarded the necessities of life. I very gratefully accepted the offer. He tested my ability by dictating some letters to me, and as they gave satisfaction I was allowed to remain. So I took up the work assigned to me, and for a while I felt very elated at my good fortune in having somewhere to sleep and something to eat. The gentleman for whom I had undertaken to work took a real interest in me and helped me in many ways.

I soon found that I was in a place where the love of God was believed in and enjoyed. Before long the importance of keeping the commandments of God was brought to my notice, and having been reared by pious parents, I saw the force and correctness of the views presented to me. At first I did not take very kindly to the life of a Christian as I wished to enjoy myself, not, however in the way young men usually do, but according to my own sweet will. But by degrees I came to see myself a sinner needing the grace of God to put me right and *keep me* straight. Under the gentle influences of the place I was in, reinforced by the sweet and godly lives of those around me, I was gradually won to take my stand on the Lord's side. Frequently I attended the services at the Life Boat Mission, and the testimonies of saved men and women tended to encourage and strengthen me. Not very long after I first entered 1926 Wabash avenue I had taken my stand finally for God and resolved to work for him ever after.

The Chicago Medical Mission proved to be the long sought and much needed friend that could give me a helping hand and aid me in overcoming the weaknesses with which I was beset. I do thank God that my feet were ever directed towards the city of Chicago, and to the place called the Medical Missionary Training-School. I had always been accustomed to good living and a comfortable home, and I had never known the pinch of poverty until a year or so before reaching Chicago, and it had all been brought about by lack of self-control and because of weaknesses to which I was blind. But when my eyes were opened and the

love of God streamed in all its glory into my soul, I realized that without Him I could do nothing. I remained at the Training-School doing shorthand and typewriting work as the way was opened for me. Now, after more than two years spent in the service of God and humanity, my heart is filled to overflowing with a gratitude no human tongue can adequately express. I praise the Lord to-day for a *changed* life, and I owe it all to the sweet influences of the gospel of Jesus Christ. With the psalmist I can only say, "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

—:o:—

Can the Devil Raise the Dead?

W. S. SADLER.

MOST Christians would regard the sudden appearance of their dead friends as an evident Satanic delusion; but there are many who have reckoned their own carnal lives to be dead to sin (Rom. 6:11), and yet when the devil brings up before them a very life-like representation of their old wretched experience, they are not always *equally* ready to regard it as a spiritual ghost.

Instead of allowing our feelings and impressions thus to sway us, let us have more confidence in the reality of the spiritual death which may take place daily (1 Cor. 15:31), and have more absolute faith in the promise that the Lord will make *perfect* in his own way and manner that which concerns us. (Ps. 138:8.)

In order to prevent an actual resurrection of our old selves, it is necessary that there should be on our part continually "a willing mind." (2 Cor. 8:12.)

—:o:—

In connection with the Workingmen's Home, at Toronto, Canada, the Prisoners' Aid Association has decided to take up in a systematic way, the treatment of inebriates. The police magistrates will be asked to commit cases of inebriety to the association, on parole instead of committing them to jail. Inebriate prisoners will be received also after their discharge from prison. It is intended to combine medical treatment with religious instruction and to offer a helping hand in securing work and regaining lost self respect. A number have already received treatment. More than half of these are doing well.

How the Lord Helps Us in Rescue Work.

MARY F. SMITH.

WE are apt, when all is well with us, to forget God; but, when sickness and sorrow come and friends are faithless, then we think of him and we sigh for the comfort he alone can give. It is such experiences as these that bring the girls on South Clark street to us for help. They need a nurse; they send for a Christian one who will not forget to pray with them and tell them of the better way; and as these girls tell us of the loving mother and happy home lost to them through sin, we tell them of the loving Father and heavenly home he is preparing. Do you know, there is many an unfortunate girl who bows her head in prayer each night before she dares to sleep? "What if I should die to-night? I could not meet God like this," they say. The girls are not happy in that life; it is a living death. You ask, "Why do they stay in it then?" Why do you keep that little sin of yours that you hate so much? Satan holds them with the same strong hand. Do you know that your *little* sin will keep you out of heaven just the same as their sins will keep them out, if you do not come to the same God and Father and repent so thoroughly that God can help you never to do it again?

Many say to me, "I would be afraid to go into one of those places, and you could not hire me to stay there." Neither could any missionary be hired to do such work if it were not for the love of God that constrains them to go where they are most needed. When Christ is with us, then we can go into even the devil's den if He calls us there, for Christ is stronger than Satan and he has promised to go with us everywhere. If you, reader, cannot come here and show them the love of God, you can at least pray where you are for these dear girls and the workers; and perhaps God wants you to assist in supplying some of our needs or to open your home to one of these girls who is determined to do right and has no place to go.

WYOMING, Sept. 16, 1901.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Inclosed please find order for one dollar, donation to the Life Boat Rest. I am a reader of THE LIFE BOAT and I like it splendid. I like to read the testimonies in the Mission meetings and in fact all of it. It is all good. It is a grand work and I want to have a little part in it. Will send some more soon.
Your brother,

Health Educational Work at the Halsted Street Medical Missionary Dispensary.

Our new medical missionary center which was opened a couple of months ago on Halsted street, is already accomplishing a great amount of good. Here dozens of patients are daily finding blessed relief from their ills and aches, which they are too poor to secure from other sources.

The God-fearing doctors and nurses in attendance are seeking by the help of God to give them something besides their treatments. Our four free visiting nurses also have their headquarters in this building. One of these nurses has been faithfully caring for a number of severe cases of pneumonia, several of whom to all human appearances, would have lost their lives, had it not been for this timely help.

Evening educational efforts have also been begun. Dr. Paulson recently gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on the "Marvels of the Human Body," and illustrated the disastrous effects of liquor, tobacco and other evil habits. The room was crowded with men, women and children, who gave the closest attention. Immediate fruit from this effort was seen; for the next day when one of these boys was asked by his father to go to the saloon for a bucket of beer, he begged to be excused because he had been to the lecture and learned how much harm there was in the beer.

:o:

Hints on Personal Work.

No. 5.

W. S. SADLER

A certain class of men, just on the verge of deciding, think that perhaps after all they are too bad for God ever to forgive them. With such souls you may profitably use Matt. 11:28. Persuade them, entreat them to come. Then be sure that when they come, they come to Christ, not to your idea of Christ, nor to a false standard, nor a false hope. Teach the man to come to Christ on this principle: if he has walked the streets a hundred nights when serving the devil, will he not be willing to walk them a thousand times with Christ as his companion and friend? That is the kind of principle we want born into the convert.

Another great class are the men who look away into the future and wonder if they will hold out. The devil tells the man it is no use,

for he has tried before and failed. To such seekers read 1 Peter 1:5, "Who are kept by the power of God." That is the first thing to settle. Ask the man a simple question: "What keeps this world going through space?" God. "What keeps your heart beating?" God. "Who breathes into your nostrils every time you breathe?" These questions will perhaps set him thinking, as he may never have given it any thought. Then ask him if the God who made him and this world, and can keep his heart beating, and the world going, is able to keep *him* going? Ask if there is any power greater than God's power; and if God's power is not able to keep anything and anybody? It is one thing to believe in a general way—almost everybody believes in God after that fashion—but it is a different thing altogether to believe so that we will take hold and receive what is believed. The seeking soul has got to believe so that he will take hold. Help this man to get into an attitude where the power of God becomes to him a thing that he recognizes as being able to keep him in Christ after he has once come to Christ. But don't leave him there. He may think that the power of God is all that is necessary.

There is something we have got to help everybody to see. Power is obtained through faith. Salvation is a union of God and man. Co-operation on man's part and on God's part is demanded at every step; and without both, failure will result. All man's resolution, concentrated at one point, without God's help, must fail; and all God's power concentrated at one point, without man's co-operation, must necessarily fail. If there be first a willing mind, we are told, it is all that God expects. (See 2 Cor. 8:12.) "Who are kept by the power of God through faith" means that God's power and man's faith will keep anyone unto salvation, and will keep them till Jesus comes. God furnishes the power, and we furnish the faith; thus we are kept all along the way. Jude 24 will help the man who says his bad habits will get the best of him, and that he will fall or stumble. Tell him that God is able to save and keep him, if he will mix faith with God's power to do it; and that that power, if only the necessary faith is provided by the man, is able to keep him from falling, and to present him faultless. Can he ask for anything more?

The Occupants of the Free Beds in Our Surgical Ward.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

THE Lord has sent to our surgical ward the past month several cases which have been greatly helped. One young lady came to us from a western state, having suffered intensely all her life until she felt that life was only a burden. She had a surgical operation and occupied a bed in our surgical ward for several weeks. She has recently returned home in good health, and writes us the following in regard to her present condition: "I can never show my gratitude to God and to you for what has been done for me. My operation has been a success."

Another case is that of a married woman, brought to the hospital by the workers in the Life Boat Rest. She occupied one of our free beds for about a month. This patient had been an invalid for years, and at the time she was brought to us, was suffering so intensely that nothing but morphine could relieve her. An operation was performed, and in a short time she was dismissed from the hospital entirely relieved from pain and feeling quite well and happy. We have reason to believe that her spiritual condition was also improved by her stay with us.

Another woman came to us from Wisconsin, her expenses being partially paid by subscriptions from the church to which she belonged. She was certainly a most pitiful sight when she reached the hospital, as she had been an invalid for years and had suffered so severely that her form was bowed with pain. Much to our surprise, this patient made a remarkable recovery.

Several other cases have been with us and most of them have received great benefit. One patient, who is still with us and is occupying a charity bed, is a young woman who was found in a most destitute condition by one of our visiting nurses. Her husband had deserted her, and she was in urgent need of clothing as well as medical aid when we found her. She has given birth to a sweet little boy, and although she has been very ill, she is now slowly recovering and we hope to be able to find a suitable place for her to work when she has sufficiently regained her strength.

Would You like to have a Free Copy of Dr. Kellogg's latest edition, "Home Hand Book," in leather binding. See page 24,

THE LIFE BOAT

W. S. SADLER
DAVID PAULSON, M. D. } EDITORS

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

E. B. VAN DORN MRS. W. S. SADLER
A. J. REED MRS. E. H. WHITNEY
E. J. HUBBARD JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

Why not Encourage Your Children to Sell Life Boats?

Thousands of parents are very backward in encouraging their children to do definite aggressive missionary work. Their excuse is that they do not like to put their children forward so much. And consequently the natural desire that every normal child has to do something for others is repressed and is gradually lost. Years afterwards some of these parents are compelled to shed bitter tears, and spend sleepless nights, when they discover altogether too late that the devil has taken possession of the identical soil in their children's hearts which they once refused to cultivate.

When your children beg for your permission to sell THE LIFE BOAT at school and to their friends, instead of discouraging that missionary impulse, why not encourage it and take such personal supervision of their work that nothing but good could possibly result from it?

Almost without exception, all of the great missionaries begin their noble careers in their childhood days. We wish that we had the necessary space to publish the inspiring letters we are constantly receiving from parents who have undertaken this work with zeal and determination.

THE LIFE BOAT can be supplied at two cents a copy, when ordered in quantities of a dozen or more at a time, and they sell readily at five cents per copy. Do not put off this work until next summer. Your family needs a present blessing that this kind of missionary work always brings.

—:o:—

The Next Number of The Life Boat.

"What can be done to save the boys from going to destruction," will be the leading feature in the February number of THE LIFE BOAT.

J. P. Atkinson, director of the Chicago Boys' Club Movement, will contribute a particularly valuable article upon this subject.

Dr. Kellogg will write an entirely practical article illustrating what can be actually done

for the street waifs, when they are given proper opportunities.

W. S. Sadler will write an article outlining some lessons which he learned while engaged in work for boys, under the direction of Rev. D. L. Moody.

—:o:—

How You Can Use the Life Boat.

1. In your county jail, in your city prison, or any other penal institution as well as the poor-house, etc. THE LIFE BOAT is the kind of literature that these people want. It presents the gospel in such a way as to be readily comprehensible by these unfortunate souls.

2. In reaching the intemperate, and drunken. Many a drunkard's home has been transformed into one of peace and happiness, and his scattered family reunited through the influence of THE LIFE BOAT.

3. In reaching your friends and neighbors who take no interest in ordinary religious reading. It will be an easy matter to interest them in THE LIFE BOAT and the practical Christian work which it represents.

4. Your children can sell THE LIFE BOAT, thus gaining a valuable missionary experience. At the same time, while they are placing the story of the gospel into the hands of the people, they will be earning for themselves some missionary money.

5. In your work in the saloons and other places of questionable resort, THE LIFE BOAT can be taken by competent, qualified workers who can go about their work two and two, and in this way the gospel can be brought to the notice of the saloon-keeper, the bar-tender, and the people that frequent these places.

6. Take THE LIFE BOAT with you when you are holding your cottage-meetings or otherwise engaged in house to house visitation work. It will prove to be a valuable card of introduction and will continue to exert an influence in the home while you are engaged in other work.

7. Take a club of THE LIFE BOAT to use in your missionary society. It is one of the least expensive periodicals to be had. Bear in mind that each paper is illustrated, and this lends to its usefulness for those who take little interest in ordinary religious reading.

8. The tramps and beggars will appreciate THE LIFE BOAT. When they call at your door and you have given them a morsel of food for the physical man, give them a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. More than one tramp has been guided in this way to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

w. s. s.

The Life Boat for 1902.

THE LIFE BOAT will continue to tell the simple story of the transformation that is wrought in men and women by the miracle—working power of divine grace.

Special Features.—During the coming year a series of special numbers will be issued upon the following topics:

- PRISON WORK; ANTI-CIGARETTE CRUSADE.
- THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT; SOCIAL PURITY AND RESCUE WORK; GOSPEL WORK IN LARGE CITIES; THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH IN MISSION WORK.

Writers of extensive and recognized experience will contribute their best thoughts for these special numbers.

Renew your subscriptions now, and with it send the subscriptions of several of your friends. They will appreciate it just as much as you do. Price, 25 cents per year.

—————:O:—————

In addition to the large number of persons who have been sending several subscriptions, the following persons have sent us the list of new subscribers set opposite their names. We hope we shall be able to extend this list very materially in our next issue:

Subscribers		Subscribers	
C. P. Kimbell.....	50	Mrs. T. Mulqueen.....	5
Pearl V. Hoyt.....	50	Mrs. W. R. Booth.....	5
Alma Moore.....	36	Mrs. Mary Hubbard.....	5
Mrs. Elin Myrberg.....	36	Ella Reith.....	5
Mrs. N. P. Hills.....	35	Miss Margaret Fisher.....	5
Mrs. A. J. Thompson.....	34	Mrs. S. A. England.....	5
Edna Cockrell.....	25	Birtie Gipple.....	5
Mrs. Kate Brink.....	25	O. W. Van Doran.....	5
J. C. Glasgow.....	25	Jennie Down.....	5
Mrs. Jane Le Fave.....	13	Martha Young.....	8
Mrs. Rhoda Sneeman.....	14	L. E. Johnson.....	5
Mrs. C. A. Smith.....	11	Anna C. Anderson.....	5
Charles E. Hall.....	10	Hughie Gipson.....	5
Delia Walker.....	10	Ada Crowe.....	5
Mrs. S. M. Bennett.....	10	Miss Jessie Boist.....	5
E. B. Hodgins.....	9	Amy Woodruff.....	5
Samuel F. Shafer.....	8	J. P. Yates.....	5
Mrs. C. Ellis.....	7	Lottie Leavitt.....	5
James Woolsey.....	6	Golden Covert.....	5
Sarah E. Bolte.....	6	E. R. Morrison.....	5
A. B. Jernegan.....	5	J. B. Weaver.....	5
Mrs. E. Coggsell.....	5	Mrs. Alvira L. White.....	5
Miss Violet Armitage.....	5	J. J. Blair.....	5
Jessie Bigelow.....	5	Susie C. Stevens.....	5
Mrs. Dan Hazen.....	5	Libbie M. Olmstead.....	5

The *Youths' Instructor* prospectus for 1902 is before us. Among many good things promised us are the following: "Indian Sketches," "Missionary War," "In Darkest Chicago," "What is Going on in the World," "At Home with Nature," "Bird Studies." To those of our readers who desire the weekly visits of a choice paper, we can most heartily recommend the *Youth's Instructor*. Price, seventy-five cents per year.

Our Advertising Department.

We have decided to enlarge our advertising department. It will be our aim to admit nothing to our advertising pages that we cannot cheerfully endorse. The money which is earned in this department assists in maintaining the expense of publishing the magazine. R. Eason has charge of THE LIFE BOAT advertising department. All applications for space and inquiries regarding any articles advertised in its columns should be addressed to him, care THE LIFE BOAT.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One full page, one month.....	\$15.00
" " three months.....	30.00
One-half page, one month.....	8.00
" " three months.....	16.00
One-fourth page, one month.....	5.00
" " three months.....	10.00

The above rates are for space in advertising pages only. For advertisements to be inserted on other pages, special rates will be quoted upon application.

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There is an excellent opportunity for a half dozen live, energetic workers to come to Chicago to spend a portion of each day in selling THE LIFE BOAT on the streets and from house to house, spending the rest of the time at the Life Boat Mission and other branches of our Chicago Medical Mission. Such workers could easily support themselves on the commission that would be secured on each paper. We should be glad to open correspondence with such workers at once.

Until the supply is exhausted we will supply the December number of THE LIFE BOAT at one cent a copy. This is an excellent number to hand to your friends. We can supply large orders for a time. Apply at once.

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Our Directory.

- American Medical Missionary College, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
- Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 33rd Place.
- Chicago Medical Mission, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
- Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
- Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.
- Life Boat Rest for girls, 442 S. Clark Street.
- American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
- Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5750 Drexel Ave.
- Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO HELPING HAND MISSION

641 Commercial Street

Established Feb. 27, 1898. Telephone Main 5793.

Under the supervision of the California Medical
Missionary and Benevolent Association.

J. A. DOLSON, Superintendent.

E. E. PARLIN, Secretary. G. B. DOUGLAS, Chaplain

R. A. BUCHANAN, M. D., Physician.

EVANGELICAL SERVICES

Gospel Meetings Every Night at 7.30.

Good Music. Short Talks. All Welcome.

HELPING HAND HOTEL

643 Commercial Street

A Temperance Home for Working Men and
Boys. Good Clean Beds, 10c. and 15c.

Free Baths. Free Laundry.

Free Employment Office.

HELPING HAND RESTAURANT

641 Commercial Street

MENU:

Bean soup.....	1 cent	Wheat mush.....	1 cent
Pea soup.....	1 "	Corn mush.....	1 "
Rice & tomato soup	1 "	Dish tomatoes.....	1 "
Cup coffee.....	1 "	Dish protose.....	2 "
Cup milk.....	1 "	Dish beans.....	1 "
Bowl rice.....	1 "	Dish cabbage.....	1 "
Bowl stew.....	1 "	Dish cauliflower.....	1 "
Nut roast.....	2 "	Dish peas.....	1 "
Dish macaroni.....	1 "	Dish pudding.....	1 "
Dish potatoes.....	1 "	Half pie.....	3 "
Dish fruit sauce.....	1 "	Dish nut butter.....	1 "
Dish sugar.....	1 "	Dish dairy butter.....	1 "
Plate of crackers.....	1 "	Plate zwieback.....	1 "
Plate bread.....	1 "	Plate granose.....	1 "
One bun or roll.....	1 "	One apple.....	1 "
One banana.....	2 "	One orange.....	1 "

Everything neat and clean.

Meals served on the European plan—pay for
what you get.

HELPING HAND FREE DISPENSARY AND TREAT- MENT ROOM

641 Commercial Street, Ground Floor

Physician's hour, 12 to 1 P. M.

Summary of Work Done in the San Francisco Helping Hand Mission during the Month of October.

Free Lodgings.....	414
Lodgings given.....	
Beds prev. pd.....	117
Penny dishes served.....	13,883
Free penny dishes.....	9,424
Pages literature distributed.....	880
Men furnished temporary employment.....	277
Men furnished positions.....	32
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	770
Suits fumigated.....	343
No. of men using free laundry.....	22
Free baths.....	452
Garments given away.....	1
Professed conversions.....	36
Requests for prayers.....	93
Coup. meals.....	794
Coup. beds.....	2
Bible class con.....	31
Attendance at Bible class.....	115

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Hunting for his Tools.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

OUR hearts were deeply touched by a particularly impressive testimony borne at the Life Boat Mission, the other night. A man stated that his wife, who had been a mission Sunday school teacher, sickened and died last October. In her dying hours she entreated him to seek the Lord for divine help to throw off the mastery of sin. But even such a death-bed scene was not sufficient to break the enchanted spell which the devil had thrown about him. A seventeen year old daughter was drifting away, but it did not arouse a particle of anxiety within his soul.

But through the providence of God, he was led to come to the Life Boat Mission, and there that gospel that is sharper than a two edged sword, entered his soul, and he gave his heart to God.

In his testimony, he said he was hunting the tools which he had pawned in the day of his discouragement, and he wished those present to ask the Lord to help him to find his tools and to get back the position he had lost when sin was ruling him.

God heard and answered that prayer. In a few days this man had recovered his tools and regained his lost position. He had found his daughter for whom he had been searching, and he was earnestly striving to become a blessing to others. In one instance, he divided his own meal with a hungry man, and directed him to the Mission where he himself had heard the gospel message.

News and Notes.

PROF. MAGAN recently spent two weeks at the Chicago Branch Sanitarium.

W. M. Crothers from Sydney, Australia, recently spent a day in Chicago.

Mrs. H. G. Garthofner recently spent a few days at her home in Borth, Wisconsin.

Howard Nott, of Minnesola, has recently joined the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School.

Mr. Andrus, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, has accepted the position of head cook at the Hygeia Restaurant.

Miss Erickson, one of the Battle Creek Sanitarium graduate nurses, has connected with the visiting nurses department.

Dr. Etta Kirby, of the Spokane Sanitarium, recently spent several days in Chicago, visiting our various institutions.

Tom Mackey, who has been suffering with a severe cold, has again taken up his regular work at the Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home.

Abbie Anderson who has spent a year and a half in the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School, has gone to Battle Creek to complete her course.

Susie Campbell, who took her first year's training in the Chicago Training-School, has completed her course at Battle Creek, and is now connected with the Chicago Branch Sanitarium.

J. E. Colloran, who was once a Chicago newsboy, but is now one of our senior medical students, is having some interesting experiences in his efforts to benefit the newsboys and waifs of Chicago.

J. A. Dolson, former superintendent of the Helping Hand Mission, San Francisco, resigned his position the last of September, to accept a position at Healdsburg College, where he has a class in painting, and is also pursuing a few studies in College.

Mother Wheaton who has been engaged in evangelistic work for prisoners for the past eighteen years in this country and in Europe, has been rendering valuable assistance in gospel lines in the Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home.

Monthly Summary of the Work of the Various Institutions and Departments of the Chicago Medical Mission

Treatments given.....	1187
Examinations.....	480
Outside calls.....	107
Office treatments.....	36
Surgical operations.....	64
Admitted to surgical ward.....	15
Garments given.....	205
Days nursing.....	225
Meals served (penny lunches).....	10,091
Lodgings given.....	6,325
Used free laundry.....	3,682
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	7,060
Gospel meetings held.....	68
Bible classes conducted.....	25
Testaments and Bibles given.....	100
Pages of other literature distributed....	1,538
Requests for prayer.....	315

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Donations to the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities.

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION.

Mrs. Caroline Atkins \$ 60	John Bulow.....\$ 50
F. J. Lung..... 5 00	Mr. Southard..... 50
H. D. Smith..... 2 00	Mahala J. Walker..... 75
Marcelia Walker.... 1 00	
	Total..... \$10 35

THE LIFE BOAT REST

Mrs. Abrams.....\$ 50	Mrs. Jane R. Bailey..\$ 25
Mrs. L. J. Dunn..... 1 00	Mrs. Carrie Dodge... 50
Mr. Donaldson..... 2 00	Mr. & Mrs. Endriss.. 50
J. W. Gossard..... 1 00	Mrs. B. M. Heald... 25
Mr. & Mrs. Hurd.... 2 00	Mrs. A. W. Hutton... 25
Mrs. C. Jacobson.... 50	Mrs. S. A. Orcutt... 15
Mrs. W. H. Parshall 25	Mr. Ransom Albert.. 1 00
Mrs. A. E. Raymond 25	Mrs. Swauk..... 50
Mrs. R. E. Valleau.. 1 00	M. H. Wilson..... 5 00
	Total..... \$16 90

THE PRISONERS' FUND.

Mrs. L. B. Godfrey..\$ 25	Earnest Fenner.....\$ 2 00
Battle Creek Sanitarium helpers.....10 00	Mrs. Harley Fecker.. 35
Mrs. Mary Mallernee 25	Peter Laurentsen... 2 00
Mrs. A. E. Rogers... 25	Indiana Tract Soc'y 3 00
Mrs. Toyne..... 25	J. D. Smith..... 25
Mrs. R. E. Valleau.. 1 00	San Francisco friends 75
	San Francisco friends 50
	Total..... \$20 85

CHILDREN'S HOME.

Bessie Ashwood....\$ 25	Forrest Ashwood....\$ 25
Mrs. Minnie Jordan.. 50	Indiana Tract Soc'y.. 4 00
Christian Help Band	Mrs. A. E. Rogers... 25
Ola, Mich..... 4 00	
	Total..... \$9 25

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Mrs. E. E. Dunmead \$ 75	Mr. & Mrs. Endriss..\$ 50
Indiana Tract Soc'y. 1 00	Mrs. R. E. Valleau.. 2 00
	Total..... \$4 25

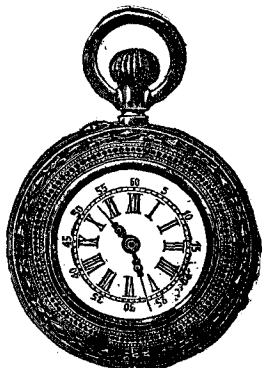
MATERNITY.

Mrs. Minnie Jordan..\$ 50	Mary H. Moore.....\$ 4 00
Indiana Tract Soc'y.. 3 00	
	Total..... \$7 50

Grand total.....\$69 10

PREMIUMS

Life Boat Subscriptions.



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For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Knives and Forks, retailed at \$2.50.

For 10 subscriptions, a set of Sterling Silver-Plated NutPicks and Nut-Cracker, retailed at \$1.00



For 5 subscriptions, one set Sterling Silver-Plated Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon.

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Granose Flakes

Nuttolene

Protose

Granola

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Granose Biscuits

Nut Butter

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Food Candy and Malt Honey Caramels

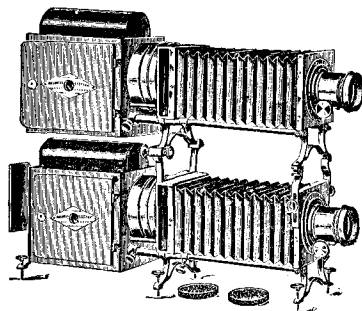
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