

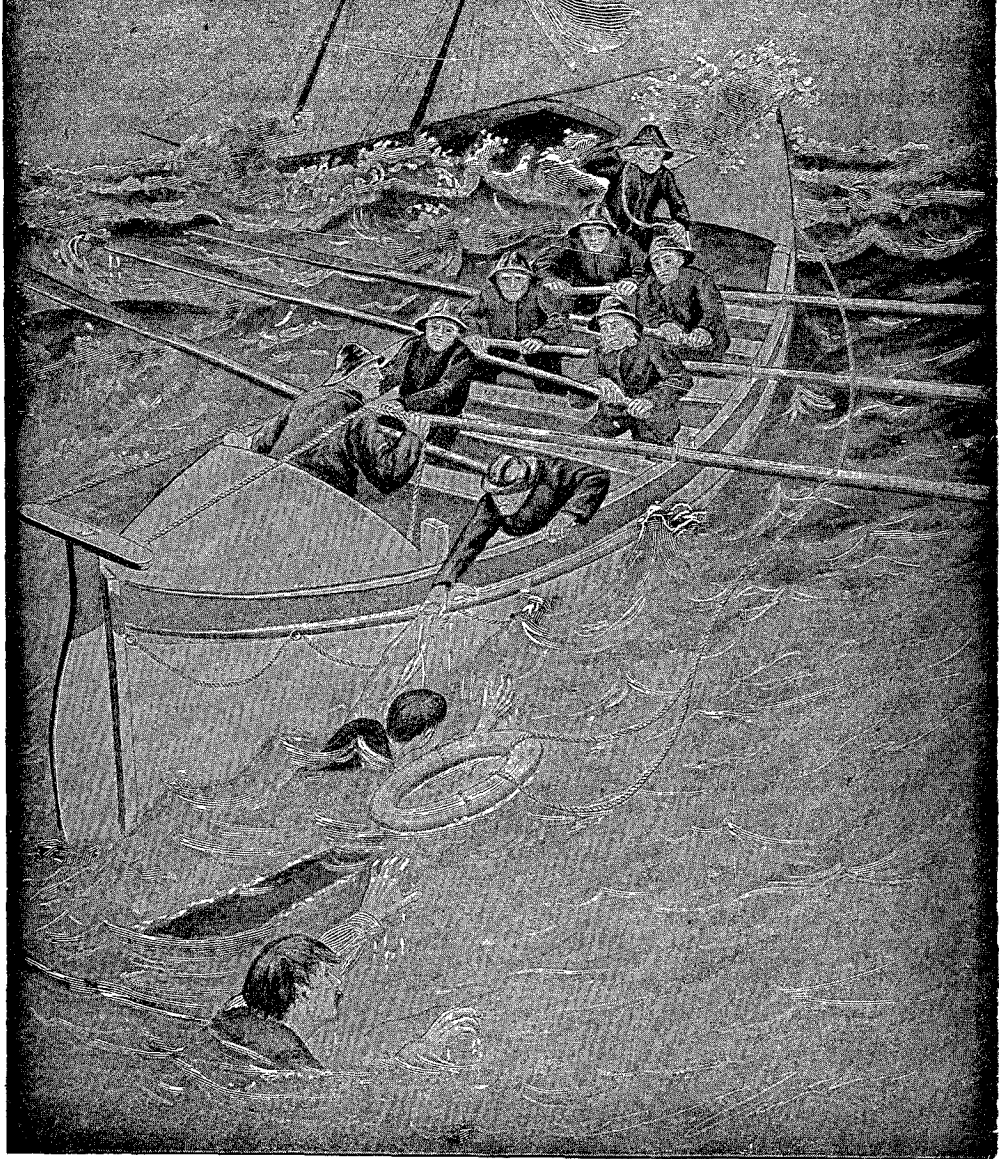
"Throw Out the Life Line."

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THE LIFE BOAT



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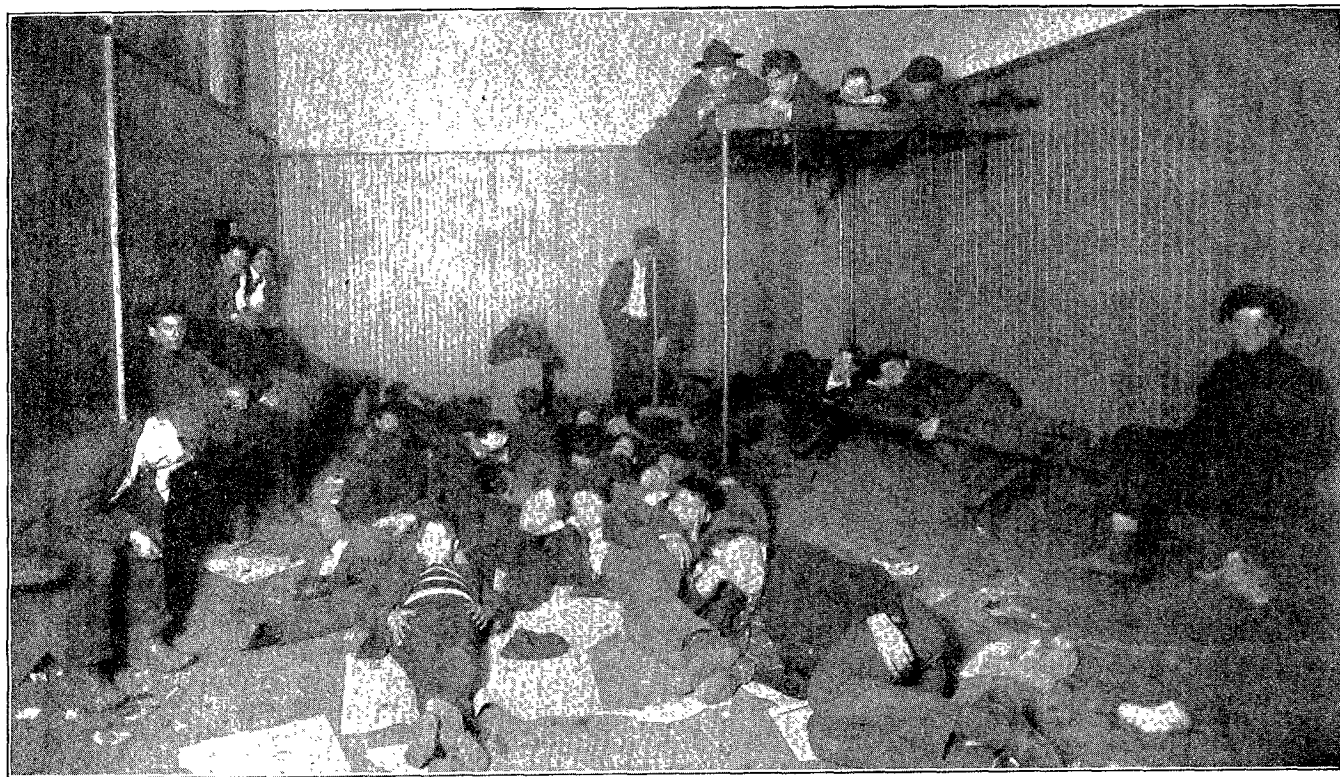
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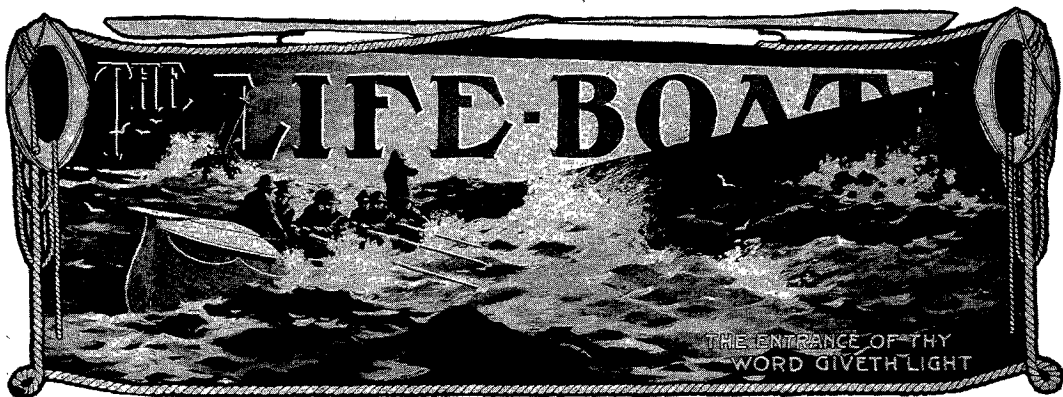
City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago.

7

Hand to Some Friend when Read.



A SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING OF A NIGHTLY RENDEZVOUS OF CHICAGO STREET WAIFS. SEE ARTICLE, "DARKEST CHICAGO AND HER WAIFS."



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

Applied for Entry at the Post Office at Hinsdale, Ill., as second-class matter.

Volume VIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JULY, 1905

Number 7

ANOTHER SAD CURSE.

KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

This morning a small crowd of people I passed,
And I wondered why papers were selling
so fast,

"'Tis about the great murder," I heard them
cry,

And I turned away with a heavy sigh.

With others I thought of the great, awful
sum

Of crimes perpetrated by tobacco and rum.
But down in the prison, in sadness and gloom,
Sits a young man awaiting his doom;
His face is yet youthful, but we can discern
The marks of the curse, as his story we
learn.

His eyes speak of sorrow, with tears they are
wet,

As he tells how he smoked his first cigarette.
"O, had I not yielded, I would not have been
here,

That's just what began this dreadful career.
Had I not yielded, O, what might I be,—
Light-hearted and strong, glad, happy and
free,

A help in this world instead of a curse,
But now—it is awful, it couldn't be worse."
O, merciful God, look down from above,
And pity and save in Thy infinite love.

He's somebody's darling, and some hearts will
bleed

As they see the results of that one little seed.
O, mothers, as daylight creeps slowly away,

Where are *your* boys? Are they in from
their play?

And sisters, your brothers? O, where do they
go

To spend all their evenings away from you so?
Be watchful, be patient, and bear with their
noise,

And bind them with love to your hearts, the
dear boys;

Make home so pleasant they'll keep off from
the street,

And ask the dear Father to guide straying
feet.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

It is better to be wronged than to do wrong.

"The sermon that comes out of the life gets
into lives."

People read *us* far deeper than they read
our words.

"It is much better to make a life than to
make a living."

"Search thy friend for his virtues, thyself
for thy faults."

Make Christ the center of every sermon,
every effort, every truth.

Let us draw the bow of effort; God will
guide the arrow of truth.

If you use the one talent you have, you will very soon develop another.

The strongest evidence we can present for the truth is the truth itself.

Every Christian should establish a quarantine against the plague of sin.

Activity is the law of life; and so a growing Christian is a working Christian.

It is not what we say that counts so much as the spirit in which we say it.

Your home should be a mission station just the same as if it were in far-off Africa.

"Christians are not the salt of the earth unless they are brought in contact with the lost."

It is more important to improve the climate inside the body than the climate on the outside.

Nothing reveals the character of a man more than the way in which he meets difficulties.

Remember God did not forsake Adam, the sinner; it was Adam who hid himself away and forsook God.

In soul-winning work as in everything else, we learn best by doing, not by planning.

God is no respecter of either persons, clothes, or circumstances; neither should His followers be.

Surround the children with a good moral atmosphere. Teach them to avoid the malaria of bad books and bad companions.

Do not rest satisfied with simply pointing sinners to Christ, but take them by the hand and lead them to Jesus.

Don't be deceived by the sentiment and feeling of a false conversion; get the genuine thing with its faith and assurance.

Trouble is an effectual remedy after everything else has failed, and sometimes the Lord has to apply this remedy in order to save us.

When you help people physically you earn an opportunity to minister to them spiritually.

"Good luck" is often heaven's opportunity to go forward; and what we call "bad luck" may be the kind and merciful correction of an all-wise Providence.

Remember it is the goodness of God that leads men to repentance; not your condemnation, exhortation, nor your wise sayings or sharp arguments.

The Lord is giving us just the experience that will best fit us for that which the future will bring. Let us accept and make the best of what he sends us.

Pig iron is worth only a few dollars a ton, but when transformed into hairsprings it is worth ten million dollars a ton. That represents what education and training may do for you.

Do not look upon the church as the only suitable place for personal work; remember the home, the workshop, the field, and the market. Be instant in season and out.

When tempted to find fault with Providence because of your lot in life, just remember there is a vast difference between the needs of your soul and the notions of your mind.

It is written of Daniel that "he had an excellent spirit." May we not conclude that there was some connection between his excellent spirit and the "excellent food" that he ate, to the exclusion of the dainties of the royal board?

Continued stories usually stop at the most interesting point—would it not be well for Christian workers to leave off when the interest is the highest?

Do you want to be a soul-winner? The knowledge of Christ as your personal Saviour is enough to begin with. The fact that your

sins are forgiven constitutes the divine credentials that you are to tell others that their sins can be forgiven through the same gospel.

On moving day the things that are not worth moving are burned up. There will be a great moving day some day, and we should see to it we do not have some things in our character that are only worth burning up. Let us fill our character with things worth moving over to the other shore.

THE POWER OF GOSPEL SONG. II.

BY REV. E. S. UFFORD.

Author of "Throw Out the Life Line."

When God made me the pencil in His hand to write my song, "Throw Out the Life Line," I was not conscious that I was giving to the world a masterpiece. The verses fell so easily from my pen, and the melody wedded itself with so little mental effort, that their power did not at first dawn upon me. But as I began to sing it, I noted its effect upon my hearers. I saw the eyes moisten with tears. I recall one night in Holyoke when I was throwing upon the canvas with my stereopticon the colored pictures depicting the scenes in the heroic work of some men in a life boat who were rescuing imperiled seamen on a spar, how a young ex-sailor in the congregation was deeply moved. He dated his conversion from that hour. Soon he was heard in gospel services. He married one of the girls in the church and has since been a familiar witness to the power of gospel song. He is now throwing the life line to others.

Here let me say that there is no better place in which to find a help-meet for life than in the church of God, or the gathering of the righteous. Do not go to the theater to select a wife. Godless unions are today the cause of family strifes and divorces. Stop singing rag-time music and tune your voice to the sweet gospel hymns of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Several years ago I was seized with a desire to make a singing tour around the world. I believed that it could be accomplished along the path of gospel service and that God would supply every need. With a folding organ and some life-saving apparatus I set forth to sing my way. I had two Government life lines which had seen actual service in res-

cuing the lives of twenty-three sailors from wrecked vessels on the New England coast.

I found a welcome everywhere. In the Y. M. C. A. men's meetings of the large cities as I crossed the continent hearts were melted and souls won for Christ. On the Pacific coast many precious incidents occurred in out door meetings and church audiences. One mother in Portland handed me the photograph of her wandering boy in the hope that I might meet him in my travels and prevail upon him to return to a praying and loving mother.

It was a beautiful day when I sailed out of San Francisco harbor. I took my megaphone



(used by the United States life savers) and sang my hymn through it to those on the wharf, whose faces were fading across the chasm of separation. In Honolulu I spoke through interpreters and sang in churches, prisons and hospitals during my nine days' sojourn. Then Japan was visited, China and the Malacca Straits. On board our ships at sea and in the sailor missions of the ports of the far East, I was heard in my self-appointed task. At last I reached England and there was used of God to reach men in the breakers of sin and the billows of dissipation.

I never shall forget the Sunday I spent in John Wesley's old church in London. In the old pulpit where he stood so often to impart the word of life, I had the joy of singing my song to those present.

After one year and three weeks I returned to my home in Springfield, Mass. I had been able to test all the precious promises of God, and not one thing had I lacked. My cup had overflowed. My expenses had all been met. "As I went," the way along my path was provided. How glorious! Yes, God let me follow in the wake of my song for 25,000 miles, where I heard it sung to me in tongues which I could not speak.

On my return I was one day walking along the street when a poor fellow crossed my path who was on an awful debauch. I followed him and taking his arm said, "Don't you want to come with me? I will help you over this." He began to cry, saying, "My wife has left me and I have lost my situation." Bruises marred a once manly face. I led him to the city mission. We knelt together in prayer with Superintendent Cummings. He prayed for a sinner's heart to be changed and the power of the tempter to be broken. That petition was answered. We arose, and laying his hand on my arm he said, "You have saved my life, sir. I was just on my way to buy the poison to end it all when you spoke to me." He was kept a few days in the hospitable mission, which was truly a life boat to that storm-swept soul, and salvation came to him. His wife rejoined him, and now, hand in hand, they are walking the upward road that leads to the gates of eternal day.

DARKEST CHICAGO AND HER WAIFS.

J. P. ATKINSON,
Superintendent Chicago Boys' Club.

[Several years ago Mr. Atkinson felt a call to arouse the citizens of Chicago to a sense of the great needs of its neglected waifs. The Lord has helped him; he is now Superintendent of the Boys' Club, located at 264 State St., where thousands of boys are now being given their first ideals of the fundamental essentials of Christian manhood.—Ed.]

We are here to demonstrate that the Lord reigneth. I once engaged in commercial work, then later on went into philanthropic work, but it was in high-toned, make-believe, organized charity, whose officers kept saying to me, "Oh, you mustn't say anything about religion or temperance or any of those things to the public, or you can't get their financial support. You must remember we are dealing with the general public, who are not re-

ligious." Then I said, "If that is so I would rather go back behind the counter and go to selling goods and make money," so then and there I said, "I am going to demonstrate the fallacy of that argument"; and that is what we are doing.

Since January 1st, in five and one-half months we have had an aggregate attendance of 12,581 boys; and our friendly visitors have made 1,916 calls and distributed 6,573 articles of clothing; they have given 696 free baths, and our nurse has rendered medical aid to 472 cases.

ONE ILLUSTRATIVE CASE.

About eighteen months ago I heard a rap on my office door, and one of our friendly



Group of boys sleeping on the sidewalk on a winter night by a basement hot air ventilator.

visitors brought in to me a boy, ragged, dirty, filthy and covered with vermin from head to heels, and he was positively repulsive in his personal appearance. He was seated and I learned his history. The friendly visitor had found him sleeping in an old box on Water street, where he had picked up some coffee sacks and burlap and made a bed of them. When I asked him how he got here he could not very well explain that, but said he was floating around and finally drifted into Chicago. I asked him how long he had been here and he said about two years.

We put him into our emergency dormitory. We don't keep a lodging house or a newsboys' home or anything of that kind, but a fellow who has slept out last night or night before, or for the past month, we put in there till we can look into his case. We took him

there and then gave him a bath and went out and got him a position.

From the very first time he opened his mouth I was surprised at the language he used, because he said he had never been to school. It soon developed that he was an intellectual prodigy, and that he was a pretty good hand to feed a press, and finally we got him into the Methodist Book Concern to feed a Gordon press. About the only complaint I got from the people was that they had to pull him together every little while. He would run along nicely for a few days and then he would seem to go to pieces.

One day I said to him: "George, I have spent all the money, time and energy on you I am going to. I have spent more time with you than any other boy we ever had. If you want to go to the alley, go." That was just what he needed. It stirred him up and he straightened up and looked at me and said: "Well, I'm not going to be lifted up only to fall down." He went out and got a position for himself. Sleeping and living here in this religious atmosphere, and working here, he got under conviction. Then he said: "I have been lying to you folks right along, all the way through. My mother lives right out here on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, 100 miles." He said he got to pilfering a little with two other boys and he became alarmed and ran away and came to Chicago, where we finally found him in the old box.

Then he just made a clean, open confession of the whole business and told us he had been under conviction and was sorry he had lied to us, and so forth. "Now," he said, "I am going back to the Book Concern and own up." He went there and told his story. He wrote to his mother, whom he had not seen for about two years and did not know whether she was dead or alive, and who did not know whether she had a boy or not, and was a widow. After he left her she had married and moved to Michigan. Correspondence resulted in our restoring the boy to his mother, and he began writing. His articles soon were in demand in this city. Now he is in college and has issued a neat little volume of his own poetry, which he is selling to earn his way.

WHAT WE DO.

We teach shoe cobbling, carpentry, free-hand drawing, mechanical drawing, basket weaving, printing. We have baths, gymna-

sium, game rooms and a reading room.

We have a Young Citizens' Club. The boy who is the president of it lost his father five or six years ago (he was a saloonkeeper), which left his mother with seven boys to support. He, the oldest, was fourteen. His mother went behind the bar and conducted the saloon business to support the family. The other day this boy came in and wanted a job. We said, "You ought to go to school and continue your studies." But he insisted that he wanted a position. Finally, when pressed, he made this explanation: "Now I don't like to see *mother's* name over a saloon door, and I want a job to go to work and get her out of it." We asked him where he got such ideas as that, and he replied, "In the Young Citizens' Club." To-day he is working on Washington street.

THE KEY TO THE BOYS' PROBLEM.

We are certain that the key to unlock the street boys' problem is industrial training under Christian auspices. I say to all our teachers and helpers, and we have about twenty-five in the day and night force, "All these things that we do are simply a means to an end."

Some people think we ought to have an altar service, and some one in ministerial attire getting after these fellows. And people ask,



"Nobody cares for us."

"Don't you have religious meetings?" And I say that *all* our meetings are religious meetings. They are simply a means of finding a point of social contact with the boy, and I say to all our teachers, "Don't miss an opportunity to inject the gospel into your boy." Take "Gentle," a boy who has been in the John Worthy School repeatedly, who is an old-timer in the juvenile court, and who will fight every boy that crosses his path. We

got him here and put him in the manual training room, and instead of pommeling the other fellows' heads he got to driving nails, and he is the most industrious fellow here. That was simply a means of getting at the fellow.

There is something wrong with our public school system when we have to stand at the door and turn them away in delegations; they are clamoring and fighting to get into our industrial department. Yet this city is full of truant officers and probation officers who are making their rounds and holding clubs over the boys' heads to get them into public school, and yet we can't keep a boy like "Gentile" out of here.

OUR NEEDS.

Our crying need is, of course, a building of our own, but a secondary need would be the means to enlarge our industrial department. We accommodate less than fifty per cent of the boys who come to our Boys' Club in our industrial department, yet this industrial department is the key that is to unlock the whole problem. They will come around and say, "Can't I get into the carpenter class?" "No," we tell them, "there isn't room." But they insist and then we invite them in to see that the room is running over. And they go to one department after another, and they are all full, so they can't be taken in.

PEACE AND JOY.

JESSIE F. WAGGONER.

"Peace on earth!" the battle's over,
Clouds of blackness rolled away,
Groans and cries of anguish ended,
Ushered in a glad, new day.

"Joy in heaven!" a soul's surrendered,
Yielded to the King of kings,
Son once lost, has sought his Father,
Hark! the King of glory sings!

A FEW WORDS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST WALKER.

GEORGE H. ALLEN,
Gloucester, England.

[Some years ago Mr. Allen walked without a stop from Leicester, England, to London, a distance of ninety-seven and three-fourths miles, in twenty hours, twenty-two minutes, and twenty-five seconds, which was undoubtedly the greatest walk on record.

Recently he walked from Land's End across England to John O'Groat's, a distance of 909½ miles, in sixteen days, twenty-one hours and thirty-three minutes. The reader will bear in mind that neither of these records was made on a ready-made track but on

ordinary country roads. A noted flesh-eating athlete had just walked the same distance in twenty-four days and four hours, and to demonstrate that flesh foods were utterly unnecessary for such a remarkable feat of endurance was the principal reason for Mr. Allen's undertaking, and the result was that he beat the flesh eater's record by seven and one-fourth days.

Mr. Allen began to have epileptic seizures at the age of eight, and they became more frequent until he had as high as thirty-two in one day. At the age of sixteen he was not expected to recover. Then he went in for a careful system of diet, exercise, and cold baths. After that he had only slight attacks and never had one from the age of sixteen. He has taken no medicine since he was sixteen years of age. He has won over a hundred prizes in long distance running. He lost no weight during his nearly thousand-mile walk, and four days after he had finished it he felt as fresh as he did at the commencement.

We believe our readers are not only anxious to become all that is possible for them physically, but also to come off more than conquerors in the great race that is set before them, so we invited Mr. Allen to write out his experience, which he very kindly consented to do.—Ed.]

The editor of THE LIFE BOAT has asked me to write out my experience for the benefit of its readers. This I willingly do, because I am convinced that there is no other journal in which my deepest convictions can be expressed so well as in this one.

In my childhood days I knew little or nothing of happiness. Born an epileptic, I was up to sixteen years of age a martyr to this complaint. The medical men who attended me in my various illnesses seemed at a loss as to what ought to be done. Medicine was prescribed in rather large quantities, but they all seemed ignorant of the importance of having a proper dietary.

At last, in despair, I decided to take the matter of my health into my own hands; I studied various physiological works, and then drew certain deductions, which may be briefly stated under the following heads:

That to be healthy I must:

Eat proper food.

Have proper exercise.

Keep the body clean.

Have all the fresh air possible.

At sixteen I set to work in earnest. I dropped out several undesirable foods from

my list, took regular baths, went in for athletic exercise, but was not at that time a vegetarian, although I was a lifelong total abstainer and non-smoker.

Gradually, by strenuous effort, I grew stronger; then, seven years ago, I became a vegetarian.

Now it may surprise many of those who have only known of me as an athlete to learn that I came to choose this better way of dietary not from a health point at all, but from a Christian standpoint; and "thereby hangs a tale."

All my life I had been searching for *something* to make life worth living. Early I learned that were earth life lived for self alone it was not worth having. Through childhood and early manhood I was conscious of a *void* in my life.

One night as I sat in my chair at home alone I had such a revelation of Christ within as I shall never forget. I had laughed when any one talked of sudden conversions, but I finally had such an experience myself.

The next morning when I came to the breakfast table I saw, instead of my excellent rasher of bacon, the part of a corpse of a dead pig. From that day I have never eaten fish, flesh nor fowl. To me vegetarianism came as a spiritual awakening.

Some little time before this I had given up active participation in athletic contests, but now the strength which I had been building up by years of steady and persistent effort was increased fifty per cent by having a spiritual impetus added to it.

Here I would like to impress upon my readers that I do not look upon the development of the physical side of our nature as of any use in itself. If we are merely to make men and women strong animals, our work will be of very little use.

I am convinced that every good and perfect thing that we possess comes from our Father. Our bodies, food, and all we have, are gifts from Him. Everything we get from Him is a blessing from His great heart, and just as we feel thankful to Him, and just as we use His gifts, in such measure shall we receive great blessings to ourselves.

Food is a medium by which He is able to transmit His strength to us. This medium must be good and clean if it is to carry God's

blessing in all its fulness; therefore I advocate the abandonment of all foods that are produced by slaughter, and cling to those which are given to us in a more pure form.

The great point is to follow the light that lighteth our way. If we only quietly ask for such light to be given us it will be given in the measure that we are at that time prepared to receive. When any one is convinced that the eating of flesh is wrong, that person is ready for the giving up of its use, and if he or she then fails to do so, such must expect to suffer.

In conclusion let me say that our object in this life should not be to build up strong bodies, nor to break athletic records, nor to make a name, but we should strive to leave a record behind us that will *never* be erased through the long eternity—a record of strenuous effort toward the grand ideal, Jesus of Nazareth.

Our progress may be slow and our feet may be cut and bleeding because of the thorns and stones of life, but if when we fail we look once more to the Christ that dwells within us we shall again be lifted up and sent on our way. And by being thankful for all our Father has given to us we try to return it, as it were, better than we received it.

If we have a weak body at the outset, instead of mourning that we have been badly treated we should strive to do all we can by making the best use of what we have. We must use it to the utmost of our ability, and if we do this we shall build up a character that will be a blessing to those around us.

ALCOHOL AS A FOOD.

It is unquestionably true that a small quantity of alcohol can be burned up in the body, but in the light of Professor Kraepelin's experiments already mentioned it is evident that even this small amount injures the body to a far greater degree than it can be benefited by its small food value.

Gunpowder could burn in a stove, but at the same time its explosion would ruin the stove; in the same way while a little alcohol is burning in the body it is ruining the body. Even if it were not for all the mischief that alcohol does to the body it would require one-half a pint of whiskey to furnish as much heat as two ounces of fat produces.

GOD'S GREAT OUTDOORS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

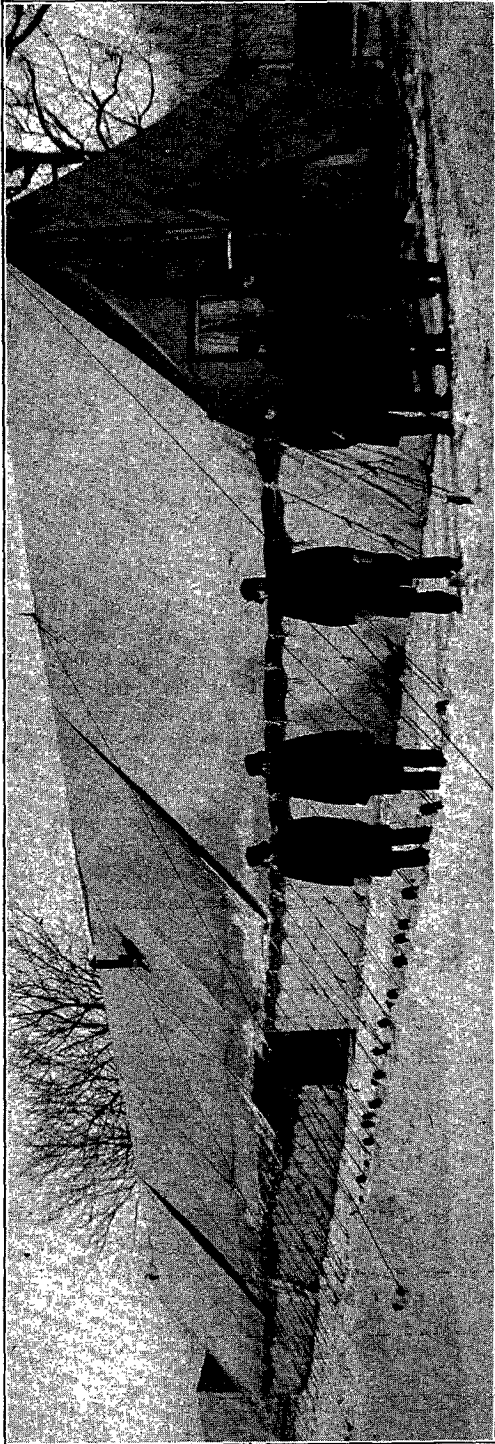
About three years ago the managers of one of the New York insane asylums began the unique experiment of putting their tubercular insane patients out in tents during the summer. When the winter came on the patients seemed so anxious to remain outdoors that it was decided to continue, if possible, the experiment during the winter. Large stoves were provided and the superintendent reports that a more equable temperature was maintained and with less discomfort to the tent patients than to those who remained in the hospital wards.

Not only the patients, but also the nurses, were almost entirely free from any form of lung disease. During the three years that this experiment has been carried on there has not developed a single case of pneumonia among the eighty patients, while it has caused one hundred and thirty-one deaths in the hospital in the same length of time.

In his report Dr. MacDonald says: "The common colds so frequent among their fellows living in the wards or in the Attendants' Home have been unknown among the tent dwellers." Drs. Wright and Haviland, of the same institution, said that the greatest benefit which these patients received resulted not from the medicinal treatment, but from the constant bathing in the pure air and from the hygienic surroundings, which in themselves promote assimilation and enable the system in many cases to successfully combat the invading bacillus.

Almost invariably a marked decrease of patient's fever was observed, while night sweats were notable by their absence. Dr. Haviland asks the question, "What better can there be to augment the natural resistive powers of the body than for the individual to live an outdoor life, the natural life, such as we have been giving our patients during the past year?"

After a large proportion of the eighty tubercular patients who were at first put out into tents had practically made a complete recovery and had made marked improvement mentally, it was decided to try the same treatment upon a class of twenty mental patients who were so insane that they actually ignored the needs of the body so that, except for the



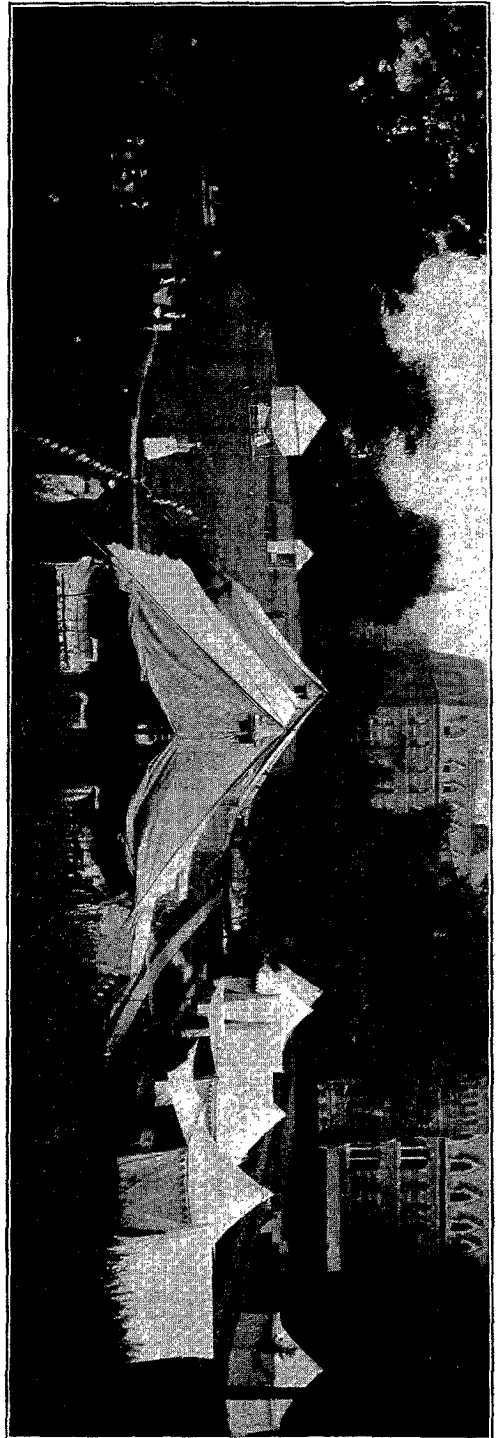
Tubercular insane patients' winter camp.

watchfulness of the attendants, they were filthy. More than half of these were entirely bedridden. They were so absolutely stupid that they took only the slightest interest in their surroundings. After living in tents for three months every one of them had gained in weight, the highest gaining fifty pounds and the least six pounds. One of the worst of these patients, who was so filthy in his habits that it was almost impossible to keep him clean, and who also allowed his saliva to dribble over his clothes, gained twenty pounds and made such improvement that he was able to intelligently visit with his family when they came to see him.

The case that gained fifty pounds made an almost equally remarkable gain mentally; he became clean in habits and made such a recovery that he was discharged as cured from the institution. At the end of three months there were only three patients who could at all be considered filthy in habits, and even these had shown marked improvement. All became eager for meal time, showing increased appetite. An epileptic boy gained sixteen pounds, his attacks became less frequent, and he became brighter and made an improvement in every way.

Dr. Wright, in reporting this class of patients, in conclusion states that the camp treatment for this class of patients was a success entirely. It was also found as a general principle when these patients were sent back to the wards they began to lose mentally and physically, and when they again were transferred to the tents with few exceptions they soon began to improve again. The outdoor life gave them increased ability to assimilate food and so vitality to combat disease.

The reader will, of course, readily come to this conclusion: What can have such an almost miraculous effect on the mental condition of insane patients would as certainly have *prevented* the disease. This is a conclusive argument in favor of the outdoor life for patients who have either inherited a tendency to insanity or for other reasons are especially liable to it. When we remember that insanity is increasing three times faster than the population, and that in New York insane asylums alone there are twenty-six thousand inmates, surely it is evident that this suggestion is not one to be treated lightly.



Summer quarters.

We cannot all move outdoors, but we can bring a great deal more of the outdoors indoors. To have fresh air in our houses the coming winter, will require more fuel, but the cost will come back to us in what will be saved in funeral expenses. Could the truth be told, we should be amazed at the number of tombstones upon which might truthfully be inscribed, "Died from the Plague of House Air," "Killed by Bedroom Climate," "Gradually Smothered to Death in a Tenement Flat."

Those who are afraid of taking cold at night if they should open wide their windows, can wrap up their heads just as they do when they go out driving in the daytime. Those who will do this will find, in the majority of instances, instead of waking in the morning with a brown taste in the mouth, a congested feeling in the lungs, and a sensation in the head as if they had recited mental arithmetic all night, that they will wake refreshed, thankful to be alive to enjoy one more day.

SOUL-WINNING WORK IN BOSTON.

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY.

Anna Hastings is helping me in the work here. Saturday nights she and I devote to rescue work. Last Saturday night she met a young woman who, upon hearing of our home of refuge, said, "I will go with you." We took her with us to the Florence Crittenton Home. She seemed earnest in her desire to live a better life. We learned that this poor child, when only fifteen, had been betrayed into marrying a man who already had two wives living. A year later he put her in a house of shame; after that when she would not loan him money he would beat her. She had never learned of Christ. I believe this girl can be saved, and I trust you will pray for her.

We need a Mission here, and I have faith to believe that if the Lord wants us to have one He will open the way. People often stop me on the street, asking all about the work and purchase papers without being solicited. It is God's work and those who want to serve Him see that it is.

I shall visit the Sherborn (Mass.) Woman's Prison soon, and perhaps have interesting experiences.

WHY DID THE DOOR SWING?*

LUCY PAGE GASTON,

Founder Chicago Anti-Cigarette League, Vice-President National League.

Last night as I passed a saloon on a prominent downtown corner my eye was attracted to the inner swinging doors. They were of shining crystal of the most attractive and expensive kind. There seemed to be no one passing through, but the brilliant effects of the swinging doors caught the eye far up the street and the suggestion was not hard to understand. Is this one



more device, subtle and powerful, to lure men and women to destruction? was the query in my mind as I hurried to catch my train.

I had just spent a little time at the Pacific Garden Mission, where good Mrs. Clark and Harry Monroe, with their consecrated workers, night after night gather in the human drift.

As the swinging doors seemed to beckon the passers-by, I thought, while the Mission is saving one here and there in darkest Chicago such haunts of vice as this are ruining hundreds and thousands.

A friend is having her first experience as a slum worker, and her tender heart and unseared conscience are appalled by the conditions which she finds to exist in our world-famed city. In talking over the awful conditions under which the childhood of this city is being reared, I said to her, "Such work as you are doing is noble and is worth while, but the little time and strength which are mine I must spend in the main in an effort to help drain the cesspools of the city which are poisoning the moral atmosphere and are helping create such thoroughly unwholesome and immoral conditions. Enough of the slums come to me for help to keep my heart breaking, and I have many opportunities to part with my own lunch money to help feed those in absolute destitution in this city of wealth and luxury. I have no heart to go where I can not help. I must work in such a way as to help people to help themselves. I feel that in our Anti-Cigarette League we have

*Miss Gaston will write an article for next LIFE BOAT on the subject of "Trials and Triumphs of the Anti-Cigarette Movement."

already rescued thousands upon thousands of the youth of our city and nation from becoming weaklings or degenerates or both. My mission is to help arouse the people who have it in their power to change the calamitous moral conditions under which Chicago and every other city is laboring."

Whether the swinging doors were but an accident, used only to suggest this line of thought to a chance passer-by, or were an automatic arrangement with malice aforethought, I will allow the reader to help determine, but the fact remains that everything possible is being done to help along the business of wrecking human kind, which is the worst sort of race suicide.

"Two weeks of downtown experience will spoil any boy," is the way a practical business man who employs boys put the matter to me recently. One knowing the constant suggestions for evil which meet the youth on every side can not but wonder that there are any who grow up uncontaminated by the evils which abound.

As Chicago's dirty streets and smoky atmosphere have the attention of the well disposed, why not give attention also to the moral uncleanness that abounds? Better sanitary conditions help, but do not insure purity of life and rectitude of action. The slums are not alone in producing moral lepers.

Judge Bonney, of World's Fair fame and honor, once said to me, "There are evils here, but they are not entrenched as they are in older cities and they can be driven out."

A recent study of conditions in Boston and other cities leads me to believe that he was right, and it is hoped that before another twelve months pass by a well organized and thoroughly practical effort, with sane but vigorous leadership, may be secured.

Chicago may well make for itself an enviable reputation if the forces of righteousness can be lined up in an effective way. The public officials of a city like this need sympathy and help instead of censure. Beginning in a conservative way and keeping clear of hot-headed and impractical measures and leaders, an illustrious and great work is possible and should be begun without delay.

Chicago does not lack right thinking people who are living pure and noble lives, but,

unfortunately, they are not the positive force in most communities where the evil-minded and avaricious are allowed to prey upon the weak and unwary. The result of this condition is the debauchery of the youth upon whom the hope of our nation depends.

FEELS BETTER THAN EVER.

The following is an extract from a letter sent by a prisoner in the Indiana State prison:

"I am still a Christian and so happy; I am still holding to God and I am reading His Word every day and am doing His bidding as near as I can, if I am in prison. I get THE LIFE BOAT every month and I let others have it. I have one year and eight months, yet I feel better now than I ever did in my life, and it was through THE LIFE BOAT. I want to win some one for the Lord. I do praise God that He has saved me from my sins, and I expect to be whole-hearted in this as I was in the service of the devil. I hope you will remember me in your prayers. I wish you would get some good Christian to write to me, and I hope to hear from you soon."

DARK AND DREARY DAYS.

A prisoner writes from Canon City, Colo.:

"For months I have been thinking of penning you some of my thoughts, for I feel you sympathize with those that are in distress, friendless, and homeless, for such is my case. I read THE LIFE BOAT monthly and find it a banner of sunshine to my soul. For weeks gone by my conscience seemed to dictate to me that in you I would find a true friend, a spiritual adviser, and a helping hand that will direct me to higher and nobler things.

"I am still a young man, only twenty-one years of age, and therefore feel there is a great chance and future before me, and what I feel I am in great need of is some friendly encouragement; for some days do seem so dark and dreary, and Oh, my! how I do get the blues when I see others about me reading their letters from their friends and dear ones. It seems I can see their faces fill with sunshine and the great word *hope* written in their very eyes. But they say, 'Into every life some rain must fall; some days must be dark and dreary,' and such is my case, I believe. I do

hope you will allow me to drop you a few lines now and then, and above all, may it be my pleasure to hear from you in the near future."



A group of Dr. Barnardo's orphans.

DR. BARNARDO'S WORK FOR ORPHANS.

Dr. Barnardo, whose great work was described in *THE LIFE BOAT* two years ago, has lately sent from his London homes to Canada a party of 366 boys from eight to eighteen years of age. In all he has sent out 10,526 children.

This large army of juveniles has been gathered from the streets and slums of London and taken into Dr. Barnardo's homes, where they have received all the culture, training and elevating influences possible in any Christian home, and they go forth not as a band of criminals or outlaws, but as peaceful, industrious, God-fearing citizens. We trust the God of all grace will bless Dr. Barnardo and his work.

THE CONSECRATION PLEDGE.

A mother writes: "The Consecration Pledge is fine. We shall all sign it and wish to join your 'crew,' but I wish the children to give special attention to its meaning for a few days, examining each his own conduct to learn what soul-destroying habit he or she may have. We are likely to discover some such insects as fretfulness, carelessness, selfishness, rudeness, which, though not liquor or tobacco, are surely destructive. There are so many busy destroyers in this world one must 'take heed' constantly."

Lord Kelvin, the great English scientist, in a recent address to a body of physicians, said, "Every practitioner in surgery and medicine has to administer spiritual consolation to his patients. Many a poor fellow laid up with a broken leg in a splint looks for the moment of the weary twenty-four hours when the physician gives him a kindly word, although only in passing. As men can not live on bread alone, patients can not get cured on drugs and splints alone."

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE ONES.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

One of the most faithful and also the most interested pupils in the Mission Sunday school was little six-year-old Mattie May Davis. No matter how stormy or cold the day, or how great the attraction elsewhere, little Mattie was always present at the Sunday school.

Sometimes the children became very unruly, for they are composed of unwashed, unkempt and uneducated street urchins* from the slum district; but our little friend always came with a clean face and listened attentively to the lesson. She said she belonged to "Brother Van Dorn's church." It seemed to be her delight to "go to meet'n," and when ever she could she came to the evening service.

On Friday evening, June 9th, Mattie called and asked for "Brother Van Dorn." As he was not there she went away. Later in the evening she was struck and run over by a street car. The car had to be lifted off her body, but she lived long enough to reach home,

where she, realizing she would soon breathe her last, gave directions in regard to her funeral. The two songs, "Throw Out the Lifeline" and "At the Cross," which had always been her favorites, were not forgotten now, and she wanted Brother Van Dorn to come and talk at her funeral and sing those songs.

Monday morning at ten o'clock the rooms in that humble home were crowded with friends and playmates, who had come to pay their last respects to Mattie.

The sermon was a simple story of the cross and an exhortation to a better life.

and we trust some will find in the Saviour a new joy and peace.

Viewed from the standpoint of a gospel of health missionary the whole world is a missionary field, for everywhere are those who are needing the gospel of health. Modern civilization seems to be the wilderness in which the lost sheep of chronic invalidism have gone astray, and it needs faithful gospel of health shepherds who will go after them and bring them back to the Father's fold of spiritual light and physical blessing.



A corner of Dr. Barnardo's girls' village located near London.

Nearly every one present, with tears in their eyes, raised their hand, thereby stating their desire to live a Godly life. A band of little girls, with tear-stained faces, carrying a bunch of flowers, marched in solemn procession after the casket as it was taken from the house.

While we shall miss the bright, cheery face of Mattie in our Sunday school, yet we feel that God knows best, and we know that by her death many hearts have been made tender

Mrs. William Artibee, Delata, Colo., writes:

"I inclose ten cents from my little girl, six years old, for the children's fund. She earned her pennies by denying herself of her evening lunch, for she wanted some pennies of her own to 'send the poor little orphans.' It was her own suggestion.

"I enjoy THE LIFE BOAT very much; it is so full of good spiritual food. May God abundantly bless the work and workers in dark Chicago is my prayer."

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

THE PROPHETIC HISTORY OF THE WORLD. No. 3.

(Nebuchadnezzar's Dream: The Interpretation.—Continued.)

W. S. SADLER.

(d) The iron legs of the great image represented the empire of Rome.

And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron; forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things, and as iron that breaketh all these shall it break in pieces and bruise.—Dan. 2:40.

It was the armies of Rome that overcame divided Greece, and in the days of Christ Rome held universal sway and had power to decree and enforce the taxation of all the world.

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.—Luke 2:1.

Becoming a world power in 168 B. C., the student of history is familiar with the rise and growth of the world's first republic and its subsequent decline and fall; then how the Roman republic was followed by imperial Rome; then by monarchy; Rome's war against Christianity; the great apostasy of Christendom; the consequent Dark Ages; the union of church and state; but before all this could be accomplished the ruin of Rome was written in large letters on the page of history, and as a universal empire it had passed off the stage of action.

In history Rome was known as the "Iron Empire." But Rome, like her predecessors, was not to endure, and, like them, she must come to an end, which she did, in the early centuries of the Christian era, crushed by the force of her internal weakness and the relentless attacks of the savage hordes encircling her frontier borders.

(e) The ten toes of iron and clay symbolized the ruin of Rome and the division of the "Iron Kingdom."

And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potter's clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay.—Dan. 2:41-43.

And as prophecy decreed, so history subsequently records, how Rome was torn asunder by savage invasion and divided into just ten divisions. This process of empire splitting occurred approximately during the years from A. D. 351 to 489. The ten tribes that partitioned Rome and succeeded in effectually and permanently establishing themselves within its borders as kingdoms, and which continued as kingdoms, occupying the territory of the Roman empire, are as follows, together with the time, ranging from their first invasion to the complete and final establishment of their national identity:

1. The Alemanni 300-455 A. D.
2. Franks, 351-455 A. D.
3. Burgundians, 406-476 A. D.
4. Suevi, 409-466 A. D.
5. Vandals, 408-466 A. D.
6. Visigoths, 408-466 A. D.
7. Angles and Saxons, 449 A. D.
8. Ostrogoths, 451-489 A. D.
9. Lombards, 451-453 A. D.
10. Heruli, 451-475 A. D.

This mixture of iron and clay in the feet and toes of the great image and its interpretation by the prophet positively and forever forbids the appearance of another universal European empire. Napoleon was the last to try to form such a united kingdom, and when he failed to do it by arms he attempted to accomplish his purpose, as previously shown in the prophecy, by the intermarriage of the royal families (see Dan. 12:43), so that to-day every royal family of Europe is in some way related to every other; and yet, like iron and clay, they refuse to mix. To-day they

are armed to the teeth and each one regards every other with grave suspicion.

And so the prophecy declares that divided Rome shall continue to exist until the end of earth kingdoms, and the establishment of the universal empire of the just and righteous God.

(f) The great stone of Nebuchadnezzar's dream symbolized the universal kingdom of Christ which is to be established in the days of the kings of divided Rome.

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.—Dan. 2:44, 45.

Thus we have the history of world empire from the days of golden Babylon down through the succession of kingdoms to their final termination, and the establishment of the rule of righteousness, in eight short verses of inspired history. What a testimony to show the inspiration of the Bible! What human historian could portray so much in so few words?

11. This setting up of Christ's universal kingdom will take place at His second advent; that is, at the time commonly known as "the end of the world."

When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—Matt. 25:31-34.
(See also 2 Tim. 4:1.)

12. Since all earthly kingdoms are destroyed when Christ sets up His kingdom, they are evidently not to be converted, to become a part of His government. They rather belong to the reign and rule of Satan.

Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.—John 18:36.

And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that

is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I give it.—Luke 4:5, 6.
(See also Rev. 19:11-21.)

13. Thus the prophecy of the great metallic image focuses its teaching upon the "glorious appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ" and the establishment of His Everlasting Kingdom.

And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him.—Dan. 7:27.
(See also Luke 1:21-33; Rev. 21:1-5.)

A CELL PRAYER MEETING.

From the Indiana Reformatory a prisoner writes:

"I am still trying to be a Christian and I shall always try to be. I have a new roommate now and I have got him to kneel down and pray with me. At first he declined to do so; but about two weeks afterward when he came in one night, he said to me: 'I have been thinking about kneeling and praying with you,' and I told him I wished he would. So we did, and there has not been a night or morning since but what we have said our prayers. Is not that a blessed experience? I know that God will open the way no matter how dark it may be, if we trust in Him, and I want you all to pray for us that we may succeed in trying to be Christians."

HOW THE LORD RAISED UP A MISSIONARY FOR PANAMA.

HENRY W. HEFELE.

Panama.

["A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time." A couple of months ago while Mr. Hefeles was going on in a worldly career in which God had no place or thought, the Lord called him, as he tells in the following words.—Ed.]

Two nights previous to my conversion I was being strongly impressed by some unknown and unseen power to be a man, but I mistook it for merely a worldly inclination and so only tried to do better in my own strength instead of laying hold of the divine power that was reaching out for me. But when Satan once gets a hold on your will power nothing short of God's power can counteract it. Groping along in the dark and trying to do as I determined, I "by chance" fell upon a stray

copy of this magazine, and it at once opened to my mind the fact that I had forgotten my God and Saviour. Then and there I resolved to lean on God, and started to learn how to walk for Christ.

[A few days later he accepted a government position to go to Panama as a railroad man, so that he might have an opportunity after work hours to do missionary work in that needy field. We spent as much time as we could with him instructing him more fully in the way of the Lord, but as the boat was about to leave from New York he could only remain a few days. The following extracts are from a letter written after he got aboard the ship.—Ed.]

Others on board are going on the broad road and I can imagine their end now; that cursed drink has done it all. Of course, some of the men hold themselves aloof from me on account of my way of thinking, but I care not. I am only waiting to get to my station so that I may work systematically under God's direction. I am growing stronger every day and I believe God is speaking through me. Nevertheless, I know Satan is on my track and trying his best to get a hold upon me; but I hold tight to that hand which is only too willing to guide me.

Several of the passengers have come to me in regard to my mode of living and I have answered them as God gave me utterance. It may not have any effect at present, still I saw that the words made an impression, and perhaps in some silent moments those words will be remembered. One thing I regret: I sat down to a simple game of cards, not with any intention of evil; but I know it left an unfavorable impression, and I will not do it again. I want to set a right example; I find my path is constantly being watched by others.

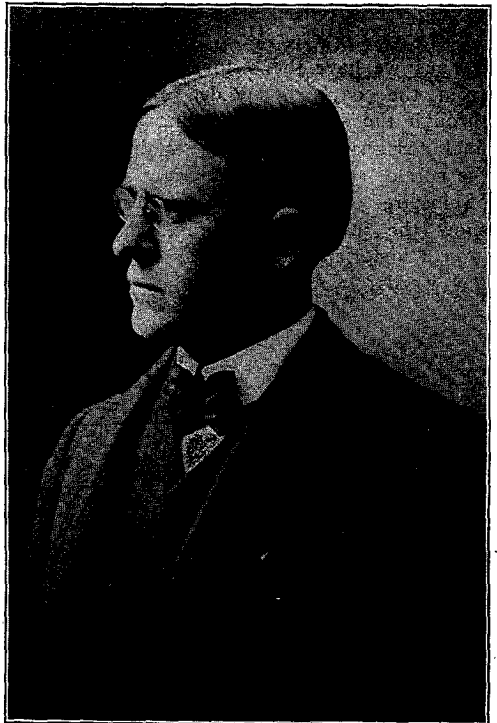
* * *

I arrived safe and sound at Colon and was glad to get ashore. The very first thing I noted was the large number of saloons upon the most important street. I am writing in a little hut which is covered with palm leaves, and the breeze is fine. I am studying my situation well, and when I find out the most needy places where I can do the most good I will start in with vigor. Of course, my time is limited to night work, but never a day passes but what I try to do some good somewhere. The sights one sees are dread-

ful. And to think how our men simply wallow in sin!

There are great opportunities here for good Christian male nurses. Last Sunday there were eighteen funerals. How sad! It brings to my mind that those who try to save their life shall lose it; for the majority of the men who come down here come down for the dollar, and never once think of thanking God for a solitary thing. And when they get their money, instead of using it for good deeds and for God, they use it in such a way as to get in return the worst kind of diseases. *

* * * To-day is Sunday and I have made my regular visit to the hospital, and as usual the patients were glad to see me. They are willing to read almost any kind of literature,



and possibly some grains may fall on good ground.

Yesterday morning I visited the white families here, which number about eight. Generally I can get into all the houses I go to, and am invited to call again. So far I am perfectly well satisfied with life here and it seems to agree with me.

It is the most sacred blessing a man has to go to his Father and ask forgiveness and be sure to receive it. I often just long to get by myself and converse with my God and my Saviour, and I grow stronger every day. But just as soon as I don't watch myself, and let go of God's hand, I make a bad stumble. But, thank God, I don't fall so as not to be able to re-grasp His hand again.

Since I wrote the last letter I have still been devoting my energies to God's word. I have held meetings at the jail and was wonderfully blessed; and I am glad to say that every one was very attentive and some eagerly asked if I had small Bibles I could give to them. They would gladly accept them if I only had them to give. I dispose of everything in the line of good literature that I can spare, but you know what resources I have. I feel as if so much good could be done if I only had enough to give out. In their quiet moments a little reading of the right sort seems to touch their hearts more than anything else. I am glad to report that some of the boys are co-operating with me. I have made arrangements to have a Sunday school class next Sunday.

It is impossible to cover all the territory personally, as I have so few hours of leisure; therefore by distributing Bibles and papers discreetly a good work can be done. An Englishman asked if I could spare a few papers for his town, and after giving him a few he invited me to visit his folks.

A resident engineer spoke to me about wishing to start something on the order of a Y. M. C. A. I told him what I represented and that I was with him in that line. I wrote to him that evening and submitted a plan.

I am the only one who visits the jail. It seems too bad. I think just a word to those poor unfortunates does not go amiss. I never had such a feeling in my life until I spoke to those poor and hungry souls. This much I know, I will do my part, and if my efforts are rejected I know their blood will not cry against me at the judgment day.

I have read through the New Testament and am now going through the Old Testament, and shall then be more capable of following up a certain subject than if I wasn't acquainted with God's word. I hope to be an ever-ready soldier, obedient to His command, even though death stares me in the

face. I know that God is with me, and should death overtake me I know that it is by God's permission and that my work is done. I hope and desire to so live the rest of my life, that when I close my eyes in death I shall die with a contented heart.

* * *

I am now stationed at Panama. There are so many gambling dens and saloons. It is simply dreadful, to say the least, and so much filth everywhere. So far as I know I am the only one doing missionary work here. I am now living where at last I can get a good substantial vegetarian diet, cooked just right and very clean; rice and fruit is my chief diet. It seems a more evident fact to me every day that a man's diet has much to do with his disposition. Since I have been eating substantial and digestible food I have felt better than I ever did in my life, and have gained two pounds in weight, and in Christ I am growing stronger every day. Best of all, I am glad I came down here under God's care. You can't imagine how Satan tempts me, but he can do nothing with me as long as I have Christ with me.

The Bible grows more interesting the further I go. In a short time I hope to take up a systematic course of subjects, and as I learn I will impart such knowledge as God wants me to.

HOSPITAL WORK IN NEW YORK CITY

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW.

After leaving Chicago and settling in New York City, I was anxious to get started in some line of missionary work. The only thing that seemed to open up to me was the hospital work, and by the eye of faith I accepted it. We can rejoice when we know that His footprints are always just before.

At first I would get very weak at the mere thought of going to the hospital, for it is a very large place; but I had started out to do my Master's will, and oh, how thankful I am that I have the opportunity to visit that hospital and minister to Jesus in the person of His suffering ones. If you could see their faces light up and how they put out their hands! And sometimes I have to force myself away. I always carry my Bible. One patient wanted me to read to her, and as I had permission I did so; she cried and asked me to pray for

her. Another, when she went away, asked me to correspond with her, which I consented to do, and enjoy writing to her.

There are about four hundred here in this one hospital. My own heart has been blessed since I have taken up this work. The superintendent was very kind to me and said the little LIFE BOAT was very nice. On visiting days outsiders are not allowed on the elevators, but when I left the office, where I had been talking to the superintendent, he went with me and took me to the elevator and gave the boy instructions to take me where I wished to go. Oh, how good God is to us all! Now I never have to walk upstairs. I need your prayers in this work.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

A prisoner writes from Fort Madison, Iowa: "I am a lonely man and am cut off from all I hold dear by my own acts, yet I know from experience that a man who has gone all wrong still retains the capacity to suffer. *'It might have been'* rings in my soul day and night. I believe the loving Father has forgiven my past life and I am at peace, and yet I can not forget my terrible loss. It is this sense of isolation that at times overwhelms me. Pray for me, please, and write me at your convenience."

CONVERTED IN PRISON.

A prisoner in the Maine State Prison writes:

"I am trying to live a good life, and as one of your little books came into my hand I thought I would write to you that it has helped me to trust in God. When I first came into this prison I did not think I had a friend in the world; but now I know that I have a Friend, and am glad that I was sent to the prison, for it has let me see the way that I was living. I am a new man in Christ Jesus and hope, with His help, that I can encourage some fellow man who is living the same life that I was living. I know that a great change has come into my life, for I don't feel like the same man that I was eight months ago, and I ask you to pray for me that I will always trust in Him.

"I know that God will help me to be a man; I have been a sinner all my life, but if some one in years gone by had spoken one kind word to me I would have been a good

Christian before now. Now I know that I am a Christian, and that the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, and that He loves me. I know that He will help any one who will ask Him. While at my work I think of Him and of these few lines: 'This is my story, this is my song, praising my Saviour all the day long,' and oh, it makes me as happy as can be.

"I will close, hoping that from these few lines some prisoners will know that there is help for them if they *are* in prison."

WORK FOR RAILROAD MEN.

W. D. EASTMAN,

Secretary Chicago Railroad Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association revealed its adaptability and its appreciation of the need of the railroad men of this country when, something over thirty years ago, in Cleveland, Ohio, it inaugurated a special department to care for the *special* needs of this distinct class of men.

They found that there were special conditions existing in connection with the lives of railroad men that made it necessary to specialize in meeting their peculiar needs. They are much away from home and home influences that count so much in the making and keeping of man. Then, again, their lives are filled with irregularities, sleeping and eating when and wherever they can, which tends to destroy system in a man's life. Then, again, there is an element of danger connected with their lives that tends to make them reckless and more or less careless. These were the conditions that faced the Y. M. C. A. thirty years ago and still face it as far as actual needs are concerned.

Now let me describe in as few words as possible how these needs are being met. At 206 great division points on the leading railroad systems of the United States, Railroad Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized. These buildings are intended to be the homes of the men when they are away from home, and, therefore, have many features that city associations do not feel the need of. When the railroad man leaves his train, tired, dirty and hungry, the doors of the association are open to him to come just as he is. He goes to the bathrooms and either in the baths or under the shower baths refreshes himself, then to the dining room and

lunchroom of the association, where he enjoys meals cooked "as mother cooked them," after which, if he has just come in from a long run, he probably goes to bed in a room where he is charged the nominal sum of ten cents for a sleep. When he gets up refreshed and has a little leisure time on his hands he does not have to leave the building to seek amusement, for there is the social parlor, with its innocent games; there are the frequent socials and entertainments where he does not have to appear in "full dress"; there is the intercourse with men of his own class. In this way has the association tried to meet the physical and social needs of the railroad men.

While other clubs and other associations have tried to do all this, we have felt that the Y. M. C. A. must meet the still greater spiritual needs of the men, and that is being done in several different ways. In the first place, Christian men have dedicated their lives to the various branches of this work with whom Christian railroad officials are associated together on committees, giving much time to the personal direction and planning of the work. Religious meetings, evangelistic and devotional, are held at regular intervals. Bible classes are held weekly for the instruction of the men, but in view of the irregularity of the coming and going of the men, personal work on the part of the Christian worker is the most successful method of reaching the men.

The educational needs of the railroad men are being partially met by the reading rooms which are connected with every association. Practical talks and educational lectures by railroad experts on railroad topics are regularly given. Classes in telegraphy, first aid to the injured, air brakes and common branches are held, so that the man who is ambitious is stimulated by these various opportunities to fit himself for advancement.

This, without going into detail, is what the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association is doing for the railroad men. One hundred and thirty of these associations occupy buildings valued at two million dollars, planned and built for that special purpose. Seventy thousand one hundred and ten members use the buildings, besides many thousand men who are not members. The railroad companies appropriate large sums of money annually to

this work, not as charity gifts, but because they consider it a good business investment, bringing them better service, increased safety, etc.

In closing I will quote the following words from William A. Patton, assistant to President Cassatt, when he said:

"After a thorough test the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association has demonstrated its usefulness and adaptability in meeting the special needs of railroad men in all branches of service, and it is because of this that the company has given such liberal financial assistance in the establishment and maintenance of the number of associations on its lines as a good business policy. Indeed, my personal observation has led me to regard the association as superior to any agency thus far discovered for helping railroad men to help themselves along physical, intellectual and moral lines."

HOW TO LIVE TWICE AS LONG AND TWICE AS WELL.*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

(Concluded.)

Securing splendid health does not come accidentally any more than the building up of a good business is an accident. You never knew of a stupid, ignorant workman becoming a great engineer while sleeping over night. Neither will you see a broken-down wreck of humanity, addicted to all sorts of miserable habits, go to bed one night and wake up in the morning with a clear head, clear eyes, splendid skin, and a fine athlete, though still clinging to his wrong habits.

It is true some are born with twice as much physical capacity as others, but in the last analysis the responsibility largely rests upon us and it is generally in the simplest things of life.

Railroad men generally have too little time for their meals so do not take time to masticate their food properly. More people dig their graves with their teeth, or rather by not using their teeth, than we imagine.

If a man chews his food enough he only needs to eat about half as much. Most people eat to-day in such a manner that much of their food, instead of digesting, ferments and decays, and then patent medicines are taken

*Abstract of lecture given at the Chicago Railroad Young Men's Christian Association.

to poison the nerves so that they will not feel the awful headache. If you pay twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes and then discover later that it is only worth ten dollars, you would feel that you had been cheated, but if you eat food in such a way that you only get twenty per cent of its nourishment, is it not sheer lunacy? Chew your food as long as it will remain in the mouth. It will pass back off the tongue as soon as it is masticated enough.

After twenty years of almost superhuman effort to discover a cure for tuberculosis it has been found that living out doors day and night is almost a positive cure in the early stages. This is not because the fresh air gets in the lungs, but it gets into the blood, and then this blood heals the diseased lungs; but it will heal just as readily a diseased stomach, ruined nerves, bad liver, as it will the lungs. Yet many people coop themselves up so closely in rooms at night that the air becomes so thick you could almost cleave it with a sword.

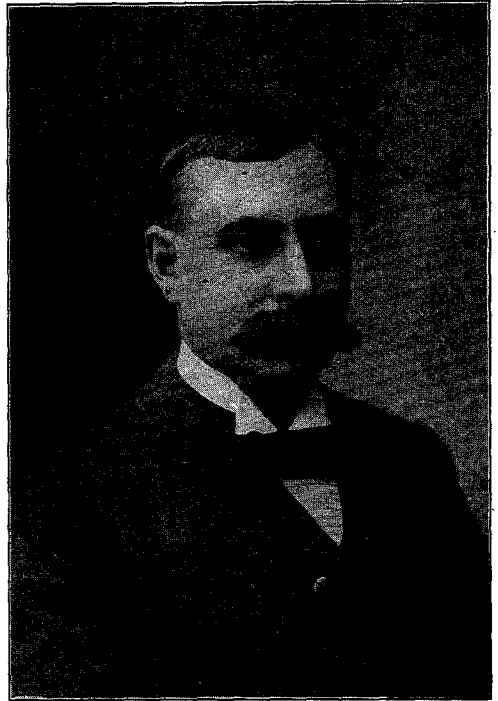
The ordinary bedroom climate becomes so full of poisons that if it could be seen no one would think of enduring it. Suppose half a dozen persons should wipe the perspiration off their faces with a sponge and then wring it out in the water tank, you would not think of drinking it; but the poisons that are thrown off from the lungs are likely to be more serious than those from the skin.

Impure air often lays the foundation for tuberculosis, and remember what will cure tuberculosis will also prevent it. If you don't want to live out doors bring all you can of out doors into your room.

It is important to have the right climate in your stomach, and that depends largely upon what you eat. Most people would not think of feeding a pet animal on what they feed themselves and their children. I have seen men take juicy beefsteak and put upon it more mustard than I find it necessary to use for a mustard plaster. They evidently forget that the inside of the stomach is as delicate as the inside of the eyelid. This creates a thirst that some men can only have quenched at the saloon. The modern cook is the best friend of the saloon keeper. . . . When a man has a fiery thirst there is just as reasonable a cause for it as there is for the tubercular patient's cough.

TWO MODERN MIRACLES.

A few nights ago was the third anniversary of Mr. Abrams' conversion and the seventh of Mrs. Abrams' conversion. Mr. Abrams was formerly a shrewd and successful gambler. To-day he is an honored and respected member of society and at the head of Harrison Street police station work, the Mission, and elsewhere. The efforts of his wife to rescue her fallen sisters have been signally blessed of God. Almost every week she can be found talking the gospel to some of



D. K. Abrams.

her sisters in some of the very cells that she herself once occupied in her life of sin.

Mr. Abrams said in part at his anniversary: "I spent nearly thirty years around the gambling table, and it is a wonder that I am alive. I used to lay awake nights planning how I could beat people out of their money in such a way that they would not think I had robbed them.

Sometimes I had tried to quit and I would tell my wife, "Now I have done," but I would soon get back to the old business again.

I used to think I had a great deal of will power, but I could not quit this life until I came to the Lord three years ago. I was absolutely controlled by evil habits. When the Lord arrested me in my downward career I was just starting out as a railroad confidence man, for I had been unusually successful in the confidence business.

I learned to steal when small and did not learn to work, but when I was converted I was willing to begin to do hard work on something that did not bring more than a dollar or two a week. I thank God for the success He has given me. I have had things to discourage me in the Christian life, but I thank God that I am willing to-night to celebrate this anniversary and thank Him for health, strength and prosperity."

Immediately following him Mrs. Abrams said: "There is not enough money in this world to hire me to stand here and give my testimony to-night if I did not believe it would be the means in the hands of God for saving souls, for I tell you it is a cross to me, but I know that without crosses there is no crown. I want to honor and glorify my Saviour, the One altogether lovely who has done so much for me and my husband."

I learned to steal when a mere child and the disposition grew on me until finally I would take large sums of money. Money and dress were my gods and they almost cost me my life. Finally I came to Chicago to plunge still deeper into sin, and here I met Mr. Abrams, and I was glad to get acquainted with a man who was a gambler, and in a short time we were married.

There was nothing too despicable or mean for us to do to get money, but seven years ago while on our way to the theater we passed the Mission when it was down on Custom House place. The door happened to swing open as they were singing that beautiful song, "Oh, It is Wonderful, Very, Very Wonderful," and the spirit of that song touched my heart and it seemed I never heard anything so beautiful in all my life; and I persuaded my husband to go in.

It seemed as though every word spoken and every song sung just hit me and the Spirit of the Lord was there to convict of sin. As I heard the testimonies of those who had been behind prison bars as I had, I said to my husband, 'Let us give our hearts to the Lord,'

but he said 'No, not to-night.' I said, 'I am sick of this old life.' He said, 'All right, if you feel that way, go ahead; I will not oppose you.' I thought that was a pretty good stand for a gambler to take. That night I got down on my knees and God forgave me.

I knew God saved me for a purpose and so I began to pray and work for my husband. I went out in this wicked city into the houses of ill-fame and pleaded with the girls to give their hearts to God, and I wrote up a story of my life in tract form and put it in the hands of many a mother's daughter, and I tell you God blessed the work. He was with me. I have seen many a girl kneel and pray and give her heart to the Lord.



Mrs. D. K. Abrams.

Then I went to the home of my childhood, for I knew a good many in that place who were lost, and I longed to tell them about Jesus and what he had done for me. But after I got there Satan came to me as never before and said to me: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You can not go out here where you have lived such a wicked life and everybody knows you, and talk to the people." You know I was weak. I had only been converted a short time, but one night I was awakened out of my sleep and a voice said to me: "Go and tell others what the Lord has done for you." Yet I felt as though I never could do it. I spent nearly half the night in prayer, and the next morning I said: "Lord, here am I. If you will touch the hearts of the people I will go out and work for souls." And it was the happiest visit in my life. Hearts were touched and I

had the privilege of praying with many souls. The Lord blessed me wonderfully in the sale of papers. I gave the proceeds to the rescue work to help my sisters in sin.

One day I got on my knees and asked the Lord what place I should visit that afternoon, and I felt impressed to call on a lady who was a church member. I spoke to her about going to see a certain woman who had a bad reputation, and this Christian woman said to me: "It is no use. I have been over and told her what people were saying about her, and how she ought to be ashamed of herself and is disgracing herself, her family and everybody else." But I said to her: "It will never do any good to go out and tell people how bad they are; most of them know that already; what they need to know is the way out of this life." I then asked her to get down on her knees and help me to find the way to this woman's heart. When I went away she said, "The Lord bless you in your work!" When I went to see that other poor soul we talked and read to her from the Bible and had a season of prayer with her, and a week from that time I had the privilege of seeing her give her heart to the Lord.

I went to another church member's door and said: "I have come to tell you something of what the Lord has done for me." She said: "Go away; I do not believe a word you say, and do not want to hear anything about it." I replied, as I left that door, "God bless you, my sister," but could not help thinking what a change had come into my life. A few years before I would have turned upon her and told her what I thought of her; and the passage of Scripture came into my mind, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Three years ago the Lord spoke peace to my husband, and now we are working together for the salvation of human souls, and I thank God for the privilege of working for prisoners, visiting the sick in the hospitals and distributing gospel papers. When I was behind the prison bars no one came to me and said, 'Give your heart to Jesus'; instead of that they came and said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' and all that sort of thing. I was ashamed of myself; they need not have told me that; but I knew of no way of being better.

There are many of my sisters in sin who have honest hearts and are longing to live better lives, as I did. We must love people into loving Jesus. I want to say to the babes in Christ: Be faithful, read your Bible, don't forget that there is a power in prayer to keep you. I would not be where I am to-night if it were not for prayer and faith in God. I have had severe trials, but they have been all for my good. I was a rough stone when I came to the Lord, but I needed these things for polishing, purifying and refining; so hold fast the good and let no one take your crown.

I want to say to the unsaved, if you want peace, joy and happiness, which the world can not give nor take away, give God your heart. There is no case too hopeless for Him. May God encourage the Christian workers to be more earnest, faithful and loyal, and touch the hearts of men of means that they will help to carry forward this noble and grand work!

It pays to serve Jesus. I was miserable and discontented, but now I have a peace, joy and happiness that passeth all understanding.

A CALL FROM CHINA.

MYRTLE B. HUDSON.

"Come over and help us!"

One who heard the call answered, from her inmost soul: "Here am I, send me," and went forth to tell to those sitting in darkness the good news of salvation and of a soon-coming Saviour.

For a year and a half she labored for the women and children of China, and then at the age of twenty-four she lay down to sleep. But first she pleaded that more workers be sent to China and most earnestly requested her husband—Dr. H. Miller—to remain there and still to labor on.

I could wish that every atom of that precious dust lying beneath that mound in far-off China might be given a voice, and then that those myriads of voices would speak; speak for the millions of China, and say: "Come over and help us!"

I wish that this call might echo and re-echo in the ears of those sitting comparatively at ease in Zion and in the ears of those who may be doing a good work now yet whose present work would pale into insignificance

beside that which they might do in that heathen country.

It was the privilege of the writer to be intimately associated with Dr. Maude Thompson-Miller during the latter's freshman year in the American Medical Missionary College—the school from which she afterwards graduated. She was so young, yet so attentive to her studies, so earnest, so faithful, that she endeared herself to both teachers and students.

The following quotations are from a letter written some time before her death:

"My constant prayer is to be where I can do the most and be of the most service." "Pray for us that we may do the special work that God wants us to do for this special time, the closing work, for His coming is nigh." "Pray for us that we faint not among this heathen people." "My constant prayer is that if we are not permitted to meet on this earth, we may meet around the great white throne." "I wish we might have more workers in the field to help us in the work, but God knows best and if all these millions of people must hear the gospel from the few who are here, the Lord will help us to do it."

God grant that some who read this may hear and heed the call—"Come over and help us!"

DARKEST EGYPT.

Egypt is almost the cradle of the race. Some of the oldest monuments and inscriptions in existence were found in this country, yet today it needs the light of the Gospel as much as almost any portion of this earth.

Dr. Keichline, a graduate of the American Medical Missionary College, went to Cairo as a missionary a couple of years ago. While in Chicago he took an active part in the various phases of our Life Boat work. He writes:

"After many discouraging experiences I am beginning to see light ahead and really believe a sanitarium is soon to be realized. I am giving massage treatments to some native gentlemen of high position, and am treating by diet, massage and hydrotherapy some fine, intelligent Europeans, one especially who is well known in Egypt. And when I shall have helped him into a happier physical condition he will do much for me. Tomorrow I have an appointment with our American diplomatic agent in regard to sanitarium work. Now

light is beginning to leak through the thick, black clouds and I am so happy.

This month has been my best month, and although I have to be servant, nurse, boarding-house landlord and doctor at the same time, I am being blessed and I must give praise to God for giving me the precious teaching that I received in the Medical Missionary College.

All things work together for good to those who love God, and He knows I love Him, our elder Brother, even though I am a very sinful and weak instrument, and I am happy and I care nothing for my past trials and difficulties nor for the future ones."

THE ONLY MEDICAL MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

STEPHEN SMITH, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

[At the commencement exercises of the American Medical Missionary College last year Dr. Smith, the State Commissioner of Charities in New York, and one of the most famous of American surgeons and medical educators, delivered the graduating address, from which we quote the following extracts. Those who are about to begin a course of preparation for a medical missionary career would do well to read these words carefully which come from one who has had such unusually large opportunities for observation.—Ed.]

It has been very emphatically and persistently alleged against such a medical school that it will lower the standard of medical education and become a resort of a class of students who are wholly unfit to enter upon the study of medicine. It is gratifying to find that these predictions have in no particular been realized in the American Medical Missionary College. On the contrary it has in many respects raised the standard of medical education as compared with even our most advanced schools.

But admirable as are the methods of teaching the more technical branches in this school, instruction in laboratory investigations of every kind which enter into a knowledge of the science and practice of medicine is conducted along lines best adapted to render that knowledge at all times and under all conditions available.

The location of the college in Chicago and at Battle Creek gives the students extraordinary facilities for clinical and laboratory

studies and work. In the large city actual missionary duties are performed at the dispensaries and hospitals, while the student is engaged in clinical studies; and this two-fold service teaches him practical lessons in organizing and managing such institutions in the mission field.

At the Battle Creek Sanitarium the course of study in the investigation of disease, with the aid of numerous laboratories, the practical analysis and preparation of foods, the opportunities for observing and treating all forms of surgical operations under the most approved antiseptic conditions—all conspire to furnish the intending medical missionary student with ample means for perfecting himself as a practitioner of medicine and as a missionary in foreign lands.

The American Medical Missionary College has before it a future of great possibilities. Standing alone as the pioneer institution devoted exclusively to the training of those who have been chosen to go "before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come," it inaugurates a new era in the efforts to evangelize the world. It is an answer to the pathetic appeal of the Master to His disciples, "Pray ye . . . the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

The diploma of the American Medical Missionary College has a higher significance and a nobler purpose than relieving the ills of the body. It endues these graduates with a mission which far transcends in its scope and character that of any other educational institution. That mission is clearly and forcibly expressed in the command of the Master, "Cure the sick and tell them the kingdom of God is at your door."—20th Cen. New Test.

INTERESTING AND ENCOURAGING EXPERIENCES.

MRS. FRED NELSON,

Galesburg, Ill.

We have had some wonderful experiences during the last seven months that we have held meetings in our jail. We meet there once every week. I believe there is more hope for some of these behind the iron bars than there is for those that profess religion, but are self-righteous. Those that are whole have no need

of a physician, but those that are sick do feel their need. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost.

A short time ago I was requested by one of the prisoners to go and see his wife for him. After praying about it and asking the advice of some of my friends, it seemed to me it was my duty to go. One of my neighbors said, "Blessed are the peacemakers." I had a very pleasant visit with her; I found that she was a good woman—that she had endured a great deal. I told her perhaps if she gave him one more trial he might reform, as he seemed very penitent. A few days after this he came to my house to thank me for what I had done; he said that through me he had been reunited with his family. He now seems to realize that of himself he can do nothing good, but with the Lord's help he is determined to do right. One that begins to live a Christian life is often like a little child that is learning to walk; he stumbles and falls until he is stronger. We must walk by faith.

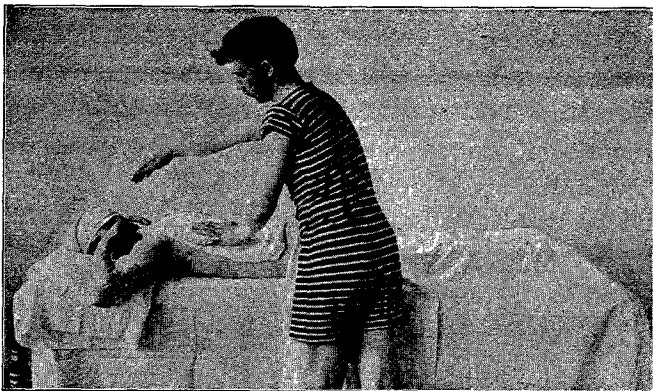
One of my dear friends the other day related an experience she had while doing missionary work in our city. She said she had some articles that she wished to give to the Lord. She prayed before she started out that the Lord would send her to the most needy family. She started out, not knowing where she was going; after walking a long way from her home she felt impressed to go into one house. As she neared the house she heard some one in the cellar imploring God in prayer to send food to them. My friend said she had never heard such a prayer of faith before as this; the one that was praying was even thanking the Lord for food she knew He would send her. As she rose from her prayer, my friend, who had been listening, although unknown to the poor woman, stepped down and said: "Your prayer is answered; here is food for you which the Lord has sent you." The woman was so overjoyed that she forgot to thank the one that had been the means in bringing it to her, but she praised God. This poor woman was left alone with three small children to care for; she had been washing as long as she was able to, but her strength had failed her and all she could do was to pray. The Lord hears prayers when they are offered in faith.

God is our help in every time of need if we put our trust in Him. If God is for us, who can be against us? May God help us to do our duty while life lasts; if we are faithful to the end we shall receive the crown of life.

SEA BATHING AT HOME.

At this time of the year a large number of our wealthy citizens crowd to various summer resorts along the sea shore to secure the tonic influence of bathing in the sea water, the beneficial effects of which are largely counteracted by the eating of highly seasoned and juicy beefsteaks, sausages, cheese, and rich cakes made from such complicated mixtures that it must puzzle the digestive organs to classify them, to say nothing of the pickles that are almost as indigestible as bullets, and spices and condiments in such abundance that they would raise blisters if applied to the skin.

If you must stay at home, how much more delightful time you can have if you will especially seek to make some one else happy; and then thoroughly masticate a proper quantity of good, wholesome, well prepared food; make a bedroom out of your veranda by putting up screens all about it, or else use the price of a summer excursion ticket to put an additional window in your bedroom, and then



Hot weather seems more endurable after a vigorous cold towel rub.



No artificial tonic can impart such a delightful feeling as a salt glow.

daily enjoy the blessed benefit of such a delightful salt glow as is shown in the accompanying cut. The salt from the old barrel is just as good as that which is in the ocean.

A daily towel rub, given with a vigorous friction over a towel which has been wrung out of water drawn from the bottom of the deep well, arouses almost as much vital activity as water from the ocean does. God is just as near you on your own doorstep as at the ocean beach. Make the best use of the opportunities you have on hand and you will be cultivating health as well as happiness.

W. S. Sadler begins this month a series of brief Bible studies for soul-winners. We would suggest to Christian workers that they make a thorough study of these, using them as a foundation for a more earnest and thorough study of the Bible.

We would be glad to correspond with anyone who is in deep trouble or distress. God may enable us to help them in some way. At all events, we shall be glad to write to them.

The following request comes from a prisoner in the Oahu prison, in far away Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands:

"I was glad to hear from you. I am still trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. I get THE LIFE BOATS very often and am very glad to receive them. There is one thing I would like to ask if you would do: Please send me an Old and New Testament. I know you have read where God says we must help one another."

From the Indiana State prison an inmate writes:

"I was glad to hear from you and get the kind and welcome letter you wrote to me in regard to the Bible. I have read it so often that the leaves are worn by the turning of them. When I get a little angry, then I take my Bible and read it, and where I am wrong I go and make it all right. THE LIFE BOAT is a great help to me; it is the best little paper that comes in this prison. I no more than get the little book before six or eight want to read it."

Have you shown The Life Boat to your friends and asked them to subscribe for it?

SOUL WINNERS' BIBLE STUDY

HOW TO COME TO CHRIST.

W. S. Sadler.

- 1.—**Seek the Saviour with the whole heart.**
Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart. Jer. 29:12, 13.
- 2.—**Come just as you are.**
In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. John 7:37.
Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John 6:37.
- 3.—**Have faith; believe God's Word.**
For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Eph. 2:8.
See also Acts 16:25-32, John 1:12.
- 4.—**Repent and forsake sin.**
Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Isa. 55:7.
See also Mark 1:14, 15; Acts 5:31.
- 5.—**Confess all known sin.**
He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not, He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light. Job 33:27, 28.
See also I John 1:9.
- 6.—**Come to Christ now, this very moment.**
Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Isa. 55:6.
See also Heb. 4:7; Luke 19:10.
- 7.—**God is both able and willing to keep those who come to Christ.**
Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7:25.

A prisoner in Boise City, Idaho, writes:

"I am only an apprentice in the Word of God, being born again about eight months ago, and I have missed a great deal; but I pray to God that He will let me live a long life all for Him and for what I can do for the ones that are lost like I was. The harvest is plenteous, but there are few to reap. My desire is to be a true servant of the Lord's to the end.

"I am always glad to get THE LIFE BOAT. I read it from cover to cover and I get so interested in it that I mark it all up with pencil and pass it on to others. I ask the prayers of all Christians; you all have mine. I am so well pleased with the life that I am now living I know it pays to be a Christian. Lost sinners, try it."



Editorial Department

DAVID PALSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



SPECIAL NOTICE.

The columns of *THE LIFE BOAT* are open to reports of interesting experiences and helpful items concerning charitable, philanthropic health and soul-winning work from any part of the world. It is the policy of *THE LIFE BOAT* to encourage and bid God-speed all those who are earnestly endeavoring to benefit humanity, wherever they are and under whatever circumstances and conditions they are laboring.

SMALL THINGS MAY BE GREAT THINGS.

Would you have liked to have been the lad who brought those loaves and fishes to the Master that were so wonderfully multiplied in His hands that they fed thousands of people? Perhaps there is some little thing that the Lord will help you to do in your community which when blessed by Him you will find when you get over on the other shore has produced just as remarkable results. You are only responsible for the little opportunities that lie in your pathway.

ARE YOU MISUNDERSTOOD?

God's providences are a court of last resort, and we can afford to leave our cases there and patiently wait its decision. The fact that we are misunderstood and unappreciated should be a source of gratification; the Scriptures say we should rejoice and be exceedingly glad when we are having such an experience. When everybody is complimenting us we are not in the best way of developing strength of character. When we see good people use wrong methods to secure right ends, instead of feeling bitter over it let us thank God for an additional inspiration to be what they are not.

The people who do wrong are more to be pitied than those who are wronged, for, for every such sowing there is a bitter reaping, and we must keep our hearts so tender, kind and sympathetic that when such people have

their reaping we can help them bear their burdens. This world is so full of sorrow that we can not afford to let the actions of others embitter our lives.

SETTLE IT.

It is not enough to settle it that your sins are forgiven, that God loves you, that you are a child of God—many have done this and the devil has unsettled it all the next day. What we must do is, first, settle these things, and then *settle* it in our minds that they *are settled*. And when we do this it will not be so easy for the devil to come around and unsettle the foundations of our hope and disturb our peace of mind. Settle it, reader, that you are saved by the grace of God, and then settle it that it *is* settled.

ARE YOU LOSING GROUND PHYSICALLY?

You may possess talent and capabilities that should enable you to achieve the highest success, but you will never succeed if you have a sinker about your neck in the form of ill-health and do not recognize in time the danger signals that nature is hanging out. You may smother these danger signals by doping with nerve-fooling drugs, but, unless the *cause* is removed, it will only burst out anew in some other part of the body. You can be absolutely certain of this no matter what others may say to the contrary.

Why not take up health culture and adopt correct principles, for then you can live with your head above the fog. The best evidence that the popular ideas and practices are wrong is the fact that there are about ten million in this country to-day who will die with tuberculosis; that the people are going insane at the rate of one to every 288 of our population, and that one-third of the children die before they are five years old. It is hard to understand why those who are able to demonstrate scientifically, as well as in their own experience, that there is a better way, should

be regarded as either cranks or fanatics, unless it is for the same reason that genuine truth has generally been regarded in a similar manner.

Take this earnestly to heart, for if you do not, some day when you are crippled and handicapped with a host of troubles, you may recall it and say, "Oh, that I had heeded some of those suggestions when I had such a beautiful chance." What earthly use are splendid business prospects with ill health? And health is not a commodity that can be bottled up and sold at so much an ounce; it is something that has to be cultivated and developed like any business. Under ordinary circumstances it does not come to us ready made; but has to be sown for; so be certain that you are sowing the right kind of seed.

How many promising young men there are who, by using a few doses of tonics or stimulants, succeed in tapping out a little more of their nerve energy, and thereby deceive themselves by thinking they are better, forgetting that stimulation is like mortgaging a property—it has to be paid back sooner or later, or there comes a foreclosure.

ARE YOU A SOUL-WINNER?

If not, what more important business have you on hand? If you do not know what to do for others, begin to earnestly ask God and He will certainly teach you. The first work that He will give you to do will probably be so simple and so apparently unimportant that you will be in danger of entirely overlooking it. "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." That means that a soul-winner will wonderfully increase his usefulness by working hand in hand with someone else.

A PARTIAL VICTORY.

(The following letter was received from a young lady in an adjoining State.—Ed.):

I am a stranger to you all, but I thought I would write to you. One of your little papers was left at my door and I have read it all through and I liked it so well I put it away, and when I feel downhearted and discouraged I go and get it and read it over. I always get help from it.

Most of my time has been spent in the ball room and dance hall, but lately I have tried to do what is right. I went to the Salvation Army and there I felt that God saved me, but I have a terrible temper. I can not control it; it gets the better of me, and then I feel

like giving up, but I don't want to give up, for God is the only friend I have.

I have an invitation to a dance next Tuesday night, yet I don't want to go and am fighting against it, but my friends make fun of me. I feel that God will help me to do the right thing.

I am not well; I think that late hours and being up nights and not knowing how to secure or how to prepare the right food to eat, is the cause of it all. I ate all kinds of meat and drank strong tea, until I read your paper, but now I have stopped that. Flesh food now makes me so sick that I do not want it.

I never had a Christian home and no father and mother to tell me what was right. I have had to take care of myself and I am so nervous and worry over every little thing.

STRIVING FOR VICTORY.

The following letter was received from a prisoner in the State Prison, Auburn, N. Y.:

"Dear Sir and Kind Friend: I can not express to you the feeling of cheer which the perusal of your letter infused within me. When I wrote I expected merely to receive an *official* reply. My surprise was as complete as it was pleasing, to receive, instead of the cold, formal answer I expected, such a warm, friendly letter as that which I received from you.

"I feel deeply the kindness which prompted you to indite such a kind letter to an out-cast like myself, and you will not be to blame if I don't live an upright, God-fearing life hereafter. My efforts and prayers will be toward the redemption of my hitherto worthless life, and I hope in time to be able to say, 'I am living as our Saviour would have His children live, and your Christian spirit of kindness and friendship has aided me more in this effort than you can possibly imagine.'

"I have read *THE LIFE BOAT* very carefully, also Hudson Taylor's book, and I have found in both an inspiration which I hope, with God's help, will bear fruit. I thank you very sincerely for sending them to me.

"I should be very happy to get a letter from any one who would like to write to me. I have not a friend in this world who cares enough for me even to write me a few words of comfort once in a while. A few

words to a man in prison are like a gleam of sunshine.

"Praying that I may hear from you again, and that the Lord may continue to help you in your chosen labors in His vineyard, I remain, yours most respectfully."

We would be glad to correspond with those who are anxious to prepare themselves for medical missionary work.

A REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

[A woman in Bowling Green, Ky., County Jail wrote to Mrs. Paulson the following letter. We hope our readers will remember this poor soul in their prayers.—Ed.]

"A few weeks ago a good Christian lady left some papers at the jail and the jailer gave me one. I fell to reading it, and oh, how it comforted me! I found where you state if any sister is in trouble to write you; well, it surely applies to me.

"I will tell you as briefly as possible of my deep distress. I am in some serious trouble and have no one to help me. I thought it would be a good idea to write and ask you to pray for me. I have been in prison two months and have been praying to the Heavenly Father to forgive me, and am glad to say He heard my lonely prayer and answered it Tuesday morning, May 30th, and I feel that if I could get some one to pray for me I might be saved from the penitentiary. Oh, won't you pray that I may be released after my trial? It is set for September. The help of God and a loving prayer from some good Christian will help me. Won't you please publish my letter and pray that I may be saved from that awful place? If I get out of it I will be an honest worker for God. I am trusting in the Lord, and hope you will answer my letter."

In a later letter the same woman writes:

"Your dear, sweet letter at hand; it found me still serving my Saviour. I must say that I felt like some one had prayed with me when those words came; it seemed like they were just descending from heaven. I can not thank you enough, and it also gives me more than pleasure to answer such a helpful letter as that.

"Well, I would read that chapter you mention, but I have no Bible; if I had one I know

I would read every one you advise me to read. I am very glad I have one human friend and one divine Friend; oh, if any one beside the heavenly Father knew how much I loved Him! I pray every day and every night."

Some of our readers make it a practice to lend their Life Boats to others after they have read them. Have you tried this plan?

Many men outside of prison are horrible slaves to sinful habits, while many a man on the inside of a prison has laid hold of help that has made him a *free* man even though he is a prisoner. We want to see men set free from the power of sin and the devil whether they be poor, groveling outcasts in a Chicago gutter, or splendid, intelligent, yet unconverted men in some costly residence.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

It has been very gratifying to have the privilege of conversing with several people who have been engaged in hospital work in their communities. All speak of their cordial reception by the management of the hospitals and of the pleasure expressed by the patients when receiving their paper. The results of a work such as this is of course impossible to know now, or possibly here, but we are told to "sow beside all waters," and we know not which shall prosper, or whether all alike shall prosper.

One of the hospital bands organized nearly a year ago has been taking flowers to the only hospital in their town and to people ill in their own homes. We should like to have some of these experiences given by the children themselves. Won't you send these to me, that others may be encouraged to tell their past blessings in such work, and look for larger opportunities for service in future?

One earnest worker who has received great blessings both in selling papers and in handing them out in a hospital, said, her face all aglow with enthusiasm, "Oh, I am going where there are a great many hospitals." The experience she already has only gives her a hunger for more and larger opportunities.

At the annual Illinois camp-meeting held in Chicago many expressed a desire to visit some

of the Chicago hospitals with those having the work in charge here, and arrangements were made as far as possible to enable them to do so.

Those were red-letter days to the inmates of the Home mentioned in the June number, when they could get out to "the camp" for a day. One old sister who has not a relative in America, said on her way home, "Did you tell the minister about me?" thinking that perhaps it was why he took time to talk with her and showed such an interest in her.

THE NEED OF CITY MISSIONS.

R. H. MC BRIDE.

Shortly after my conversion, as I was taking a walk one morning, it really dawned on me for the first time the vast number of saloons and other places of sin that there are in a large city and the number of people who have time to frequent them, and then this thought came to me: What if every saloon and place of sin could be changed in the twinkling of an eye to missions, and the people going in and out were Christian people—what a great change would take place in this world; how much better everyone would be for this change! Missions! I never can get through thanking God for what they have done for me in my poor, wasted, sinful life. If only men of wealth would invest some of their surplus means in a few missions throughout our cities, what an immense amount of suffering could be prevented!

Men and women of the very worst type are common visitors of the city missions; in fact, ninety per cent of the audience present nightly are of this class, and out of them are daily miracles performed by God in this twentieth century; men and women give up one enslaving habit after another. Take a rapid trip through our city any night and you will find these men and women so recently converted, out upon our street corners trying to convert others by giving their testimonies of what Jesus Christ has done for them. Hundreds of these are nightly seen upon our streets, and Mission converts do this.

My daily prayer is that more missions may be established throughout all our large cities, whereby helpless men and women who are deep, so deep, in sin that they would not think of entering a church, may have on every

hand open missions to enter and listen to the words of our Saviour, which have salvation to all who believe, no matter how deep they are in sin.

GOSPEL WORK IN JACKSON, MICH.

[Some months ago a few of our readers in Jackson, Mich., organized themselves into a soul-winning crew and began to work for others as the Lord gave them opportunity. They already have had many blessed experiences. We quote the following extracts from a letter recently received from Edith Leightner, the secretary.—Ed.]

One of the girls we have worked for in the jail attempted to end her life. Her mother led a wrong life, so she had never known any other life. We have not as yet been able to touch the better side of her nature; nevertheless the dear Lord hath said, "My word shall not return unto me void."

Miss Dunham and I received the following letter from a girl we worked with in jail here before she was sentenced to the Detroit House of Correction:

"Dear Mrs. Leightner and Miss Dunham: I was very glad to receive your letters, as they have been the only ones I have received since I have been here. I keep them, and often when I am in my room I read them over and think how good and kind you both were to me. Oh, you do not know what a blessing freedom is. When I get my freedom I am going to be altogether changed. I am going home to my mother, for I know she is anxiously waiting for me. Do either of you know if my mother has heard about me? Oh, how I hope she does not know I am here, for I know it would kill her. Would either of you do me the favor of writing and telling my mother that you heard from me and tell her I am well? If you would only do this I would be much obliged.

"Dear friends, I am bound to do better after this. Oh, the life I have been leading is awful. I long to have a few kind words from yourself and Miss Dunham. I shall keep your letters so that I can read the texts that Miss Dunham wrote down for me, and I know they will help to keep me from sin if I live up to them. Now I want you both to pray for me and I am going to give you my promise to live a Christian life. I appreciate the little book very much."

We have worked against many odds, as so many are ready to discourage us in this work, but we are full of hope and courage and have plenty of faith. We need your prayers, for there are souls who are longing for a few kind words.

LIGHTING UP A PRISON CELL.

A lady in Massachusetts in sending a donation to supply papers for the Illinois State prison, writes: "A letter from a prisoner in the Illinois State Prison to you in the March issue touched my heart while reading it. He said he would be so glad to have 'one of those blessed papers,' so I feel impressed to send thirty-five cents for one year's subscription for him. Simply tell him that Jesus, our best Friend, put it into the heart of one of His children to send them to him, hoping that by reading them, next to the Bible, he may learn to know Jesus as his own personal Friend, who will raise up earthly friends for him."

We wrote this prisoner telling him what the Massachusetts lady had done and he wrote in reply:

"I received your letter and also the dear little paper, and was very much delighted in receiving it. I am very glad that the kind lady you spoke of was so good as to send me a year's subscription, and I am anxious to get them. Will you please give her my many thanks; while I can not thank her in words I can thank her in my heart, and that I have certainly done.

"You have no idea how I feel sometimes, and I am not capable of explaining it myself. But I can say this much: when I am reading this paper there is a feeling comes over me that I never shall forget; and to save my life I can not prevent the tears from coming in my eyes while reading some things it contains. I read every word. I thought that I was friendless. I find I am improving day by day. I have stopped using bad language and by the help of God when I get out of this place I shall be a better man. You must not think that I have forgotten, or ever shall forget, the kindness which you have shown me. I can get more out of one of those little papers than I can get or have got out of any novel I have ever read."

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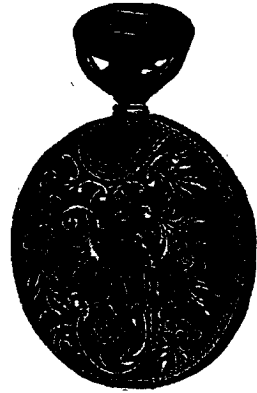
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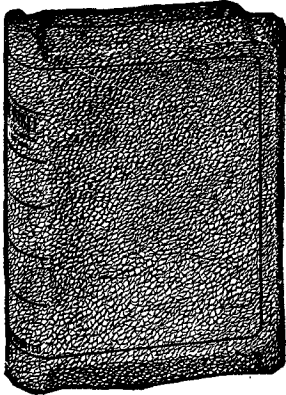
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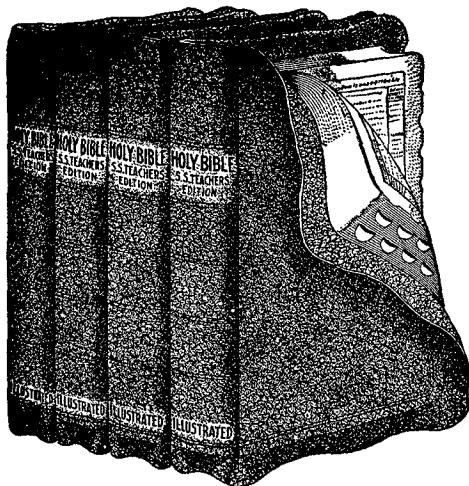
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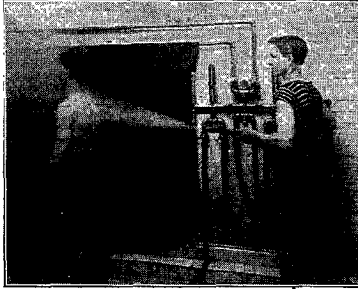
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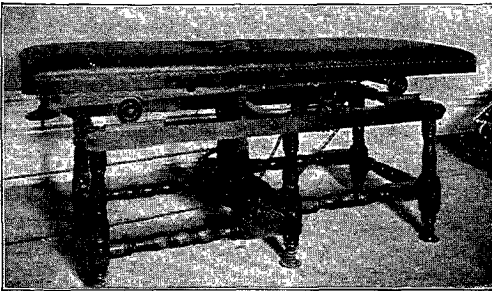
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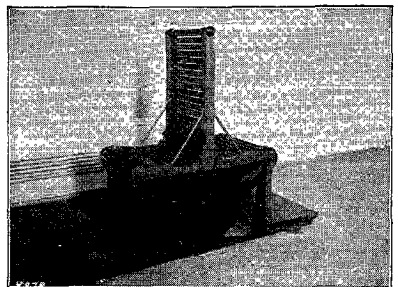
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