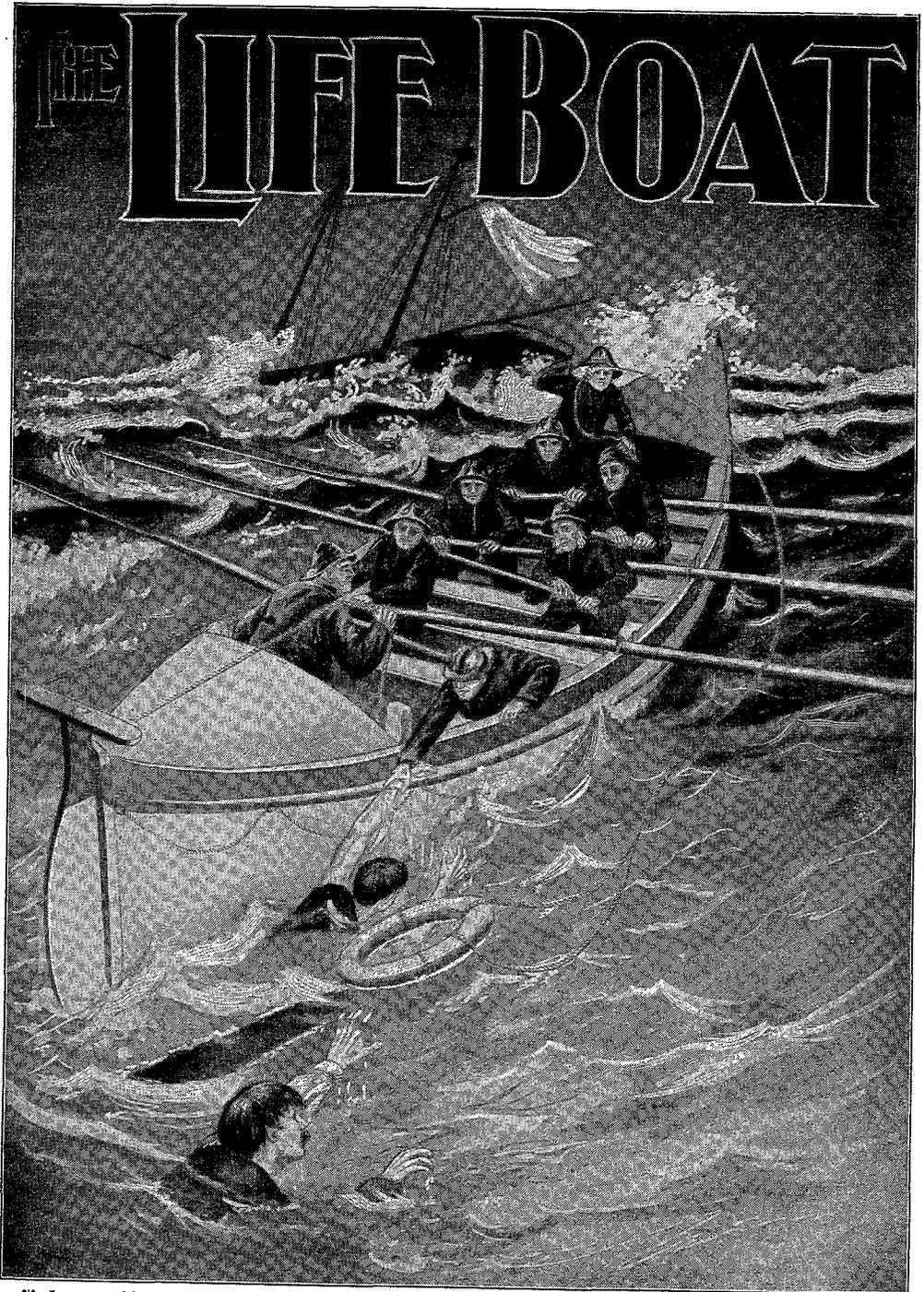


"I was sick, and ye visited me."

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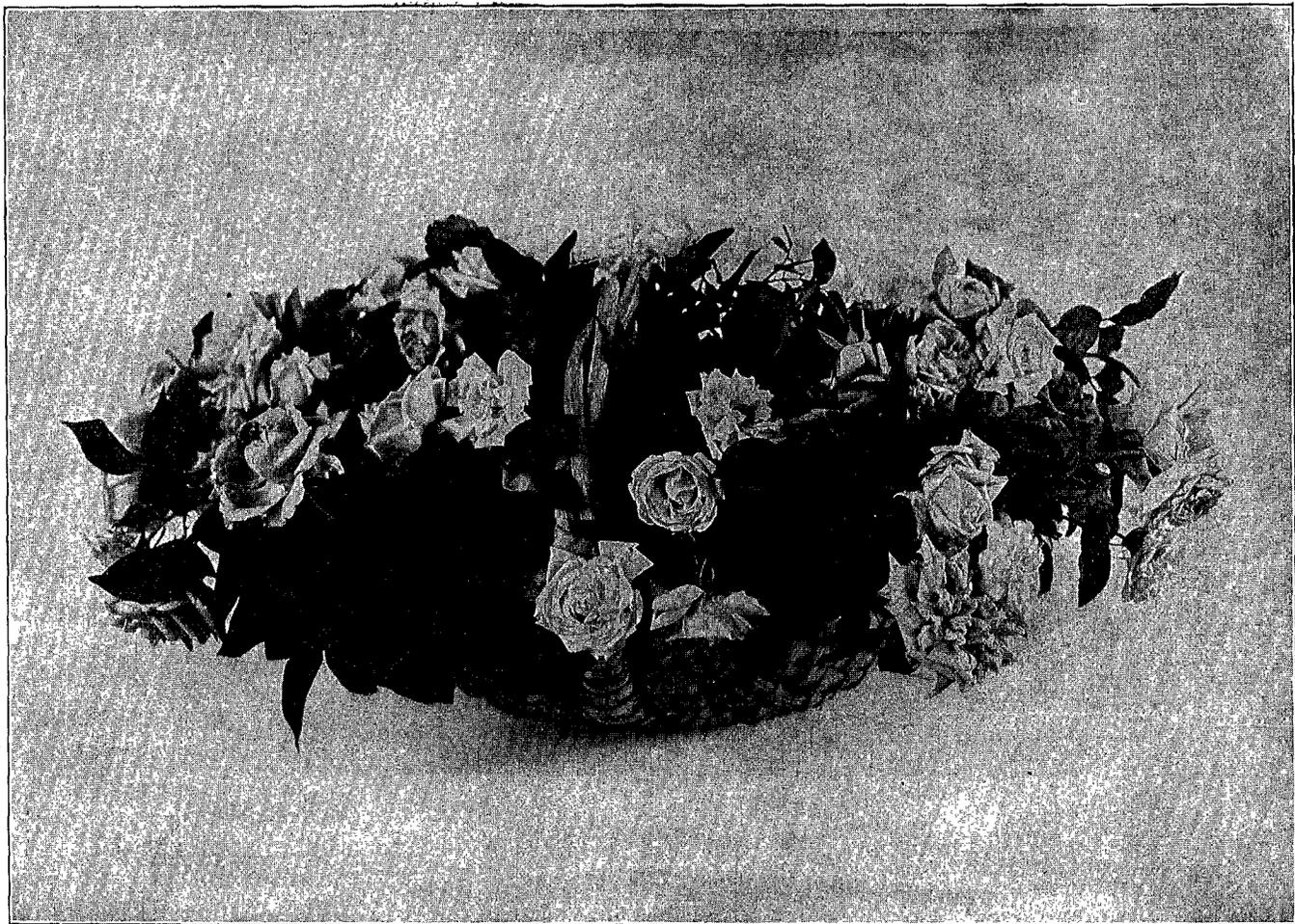
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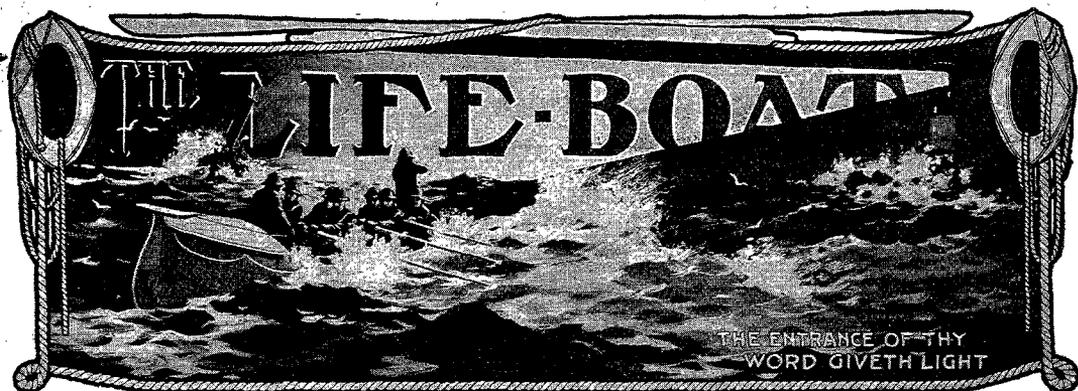
City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago.

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."



A basket of roses grown at the experimental station, Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba.

See article on page 293.



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

HINSDALE, ILL. :: OCTOBER, 1905

Number 10

AN EVANGELIST'S TESTIMONY.

Fannie Bolton.

I was once a poor wanderer far from the fold,
So hungry and wretched and ragged and cold,
Despairing and guilty, I sought but to die,
And thought that no friend in the wide world had I,
When a kind hand reached out some hot soup in a
bowl,
And sought for a way to replenish my soul.

That same kindly hand led me up to a tub,
Supplied me with soap and induced me to rub;
Then fed, cleansed and clothed, I came forth from
the room,
And life had a look that was not wholly gloom;
And the flower of it burst in a new made creation,
When a worker who loved showed me God's great
salvation.

O praise to the Lord for His wonderful plan
Of feeding and cleansing and saving lost man!
Soup, soap and the Gospel did wonders for me,
And I'll sing of the love that is given so free,
And offer to others the same glorious ration:
For miracles follow soup, soap and salvation.

So sneer if you like at this strange combination—
It wrought for my body and soul full salvation;
And as long as I live I'll rejoice in the hour
That brought me in touch with their meaning and
power.
So help me proclaim to each kindred and nation
The power of all that pertains to salvation.

"IS IT TRUE?"

[The following letter, which we received from a prisoner in the Concord Junction (Mass.) State Prison, gives a glimpse of human experience that ought to make most of us feel that, after all, our lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places. This man has spent so much time in prison and has so thoroughly acquired the characteristic prison vernacular that it became necessary for us to translate a large share of this letter into ordinary every-day language in order to make it intelligible to the majority of our readers,

otherwise we have printed it just as it was received. It must be evident to all that even down in this human heart, crushed by the tempter,

"Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, awakened by
kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more."

May we not ask our readers to pray that this poor man may be delivered from the bondage of sin and become another trophy of grace, fitted for an existence by and by in the world where there shall be no clanging of prison bars and where none of its inhabitants shall say, "I am sick"?—ED.]

"Your kind letter received; thank you. That is the first and only time in my life that I ever received a letter like that, and there is not space on this paper for me to tell all the good it has done. I have read the article in that cheering little book, relating to 'dope fiends.' Well, previous to my coming here I was a confirmed opium smoker. I also contracted while 'doing time' (for this, unfortunately, is not my first; rather is it the sixth time) an awful morphine habit. In short, I have been addicted to the use of narcotics for over nine years. My condition was such last December, when I was brought here, that I was immediately sent to the hospital. The doctor on seeing me at once advised me to see the spiritual adviser, for he said I was in a serious condition.

"Well, last Christmas afternoon I promised God (for I thought I was going to die) that

if I only once could get back my health I would be a better man. My idea of a better man at that time was to go to work, instead of stealing, and only to get drunk on Saturday nights.

"Since that time I have changed my mind, for I have been reading books that heretofore I would not dream of ever opening. I have just finished Merle's 'History of the Reformation.' I have also while here read many other religious histories, but, wonder of wonders, I have been reading the Bible, and I now say this: If I am going 'to square' it I'll square it right or not at all. If I am going to be a Christian I am going to be an out and out, whole-hearted one or else I'll make no attempt at it. 'For except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"But this is the point: All my life I have lived in sin and among sinful people. Born and raised in the slums of Boston, I have been a pickpocket for almost as long as I can remember. I have traveled some and I am no stranger to Chicago and other Western cities. I have been in prison, as I have said before, not once, but six times, for terms varying from two months to two years. I have no education except what I have been able to pick up in prison.

"Until these last few months I knew absolutely nothing about religion; lately I have learned a lot. Now, what I want to know is this: *Is it true?* That's just it; can it be possible that I can become like one of those calm, happy-faced people that I have so often noticed in going through life? Experience has taught me not to jump at conclusions, but this much I say earnestly and sincerely, that if Christ is willing to save me and to make an honest, upright man of me, why I certainly am willing to let Him do so, if I have anything to do about it.

"But then I am so full of doubts and misgivings; I look at the past and say, 'Oh, what's the use?' But while I was reading that which you recommended to me I came across this verse, which is doubtless familiar to you, and which has been of great help to me, Gen. 46:3: 'And He said, I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee

a great nation.' Oh, for faith to trust Him!

"Please write me again; indeed I'll appreciate it. THE LIFE BOAT I would like to subscribe for, but I haven't the price. Still I hope that you will continue to write me letters like the one you wrote me."

A DEADLY TRIO.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The reason so many of our most prominent men die prematurely from apoplexy, heart failure or Bright's disease is because this trio of common disorders are closely related and have common causes.

Our modern high tension life, prolonged nervous strain, with increased mental activity and decreased physical activity, earning bread by the sweat of the brain instead of the sweat of the brow, all this with the common dietetic errors produces a gradual contraction of the smaller blood vessels. So the heart pounds away trying to force the necessary amount of blood through these contracted blood vessels; this increases the blood pressure.

As corroding cares, worry and emotion and the high living continues, the contraction of the blood vessels and the blood tension increases. *The heart thumps harder at its ever increasing load.* When lo, one ill-fated day, the pressure becomes too great for some weakened artery in the brain and it bursts; that means a stroke of apoplexy with a paralysis on one side of the body or perhaps almost instant death. But if the blood vessels are stronger than the heart then some day when such a man forgets himself and runs to catch a street car or makes some other unusual exertion, thus making an extra demand on the heart, then its weakened walls suddenly stretch, and instead of the strong blows which before could be felt against the chest wall there is now only a flutter, the lips are blue, the man gasps for breath and more than likely his days will soon be numbered.

But instead of this, however, the strength of the heart may be as great as the demands made upon it, and then as the pressure increases the already crippled kidneys begin to allow the albumen of the blood to pass through and the doctor pronounces the ominous verdict, "Bright's disease." In either case the man is now dangerously near the "scrap heap stage."

Proper treatment may even now in some cases accomplish marvelous results for such a man, but it is only a tithe of what might have been done a few years before when there were absolutely no signs of the present trouble except a suspicious rise of the blood pressure. Formerly this important fact was hard to determine, but, thanks to modern inventive genius, an instrument has now been perfected by which we can determine the blood pressure as accurately as we can the temperature of

It has been found that smoking of a single cigar may raise the blood pressure for nearly an hour. Dr. Cook, who has perfected a blood pressure instrument that bears his name, and one of the greatest authorities in the United States on this subject, says that a meat diet seems to have a very strong and direct influence in establishing and maintaining a rise in blood pressure. The man who is predisposed to these troubles, by leaving out the flesh foods and an excess of other proteids



TILLING THE SOIL.

Active physical work increases the circulation of the blood through the muscles, relieving the internal congestion; burns up the poisons in the system, increases digestive activity, which means better blood and better tissues. The above shows a group of sanitarium patients and helpers out on a corner of the grounds endeavoring to work out their physical salvation.

the body, and an average normal has been agreed upon for men, women and children, and any excess of this should be regarded as a red lantern danger signal to the man, warning him that apoplexy, Bright's disease or heart failure are the next stops a little further down the track unless he switches off on to a safer road. Now it is the golden time for him to heed, not only spiritually but also physically, the admonition to "keep the heart with all diligence."

from his dietary is thereby lessening his chances many fold of ever dying from either one of these three deadly diseases.

When we are engaged in sedentary work two-thirds of the blood is in the abdomen, chest and brain. When engaged in active physical work the conditions are reversed and two-thirds of the blood is out circulating freely in the dilated blood vessels of the muscles and skin.

Cold mitten friction or any short cold

treatment followed by a vigorous friction to produce a good reaction, increases the activity of the blood vessels and so takes work off the heart. These various cold applications, whenever there is any danger of chilling, should be preceded by some short hot application, which will bring the blood thoroughly to the surface.

Alcohol paralyzes the blood vessels, causing them to dilate and so temporarily bringing down the blood pressure, thereby offsetting for the time being the effects of the waste products in juicy beef steaks, condiments and spices as well as tobacco, which raise the blood pressure; and so on the saloon free lunch counter we need not expect to see cream toast, poached eggs and daintily prepared cereals, but instead mustard, pepper and highly seasoned beef steaks. The liquor keepers practice more physiology than those mothers who feed the same kind of foods to their boys and then wonder what drives them to drink. When a man gets the *cause* for drink inside of him it is almost as natural for him to drink as it is for the consumptive to cough.

Family trouble, mental worry, spiritual condemnation likewise raise the blood pressure. Many a man has burst a blood vessel in a fit of anger on account of the rise of blood pressure which such a state of mind produces.

In our Chicago work we have often found that if a reclaimed drunkard gets into some deep trouble, thereby producing high tension, he is in the greatest danger of becoming intoxicated. The high blood pressure that is produced by wrong diet, by tobacco or other physical causes is generally improved when the error is corrected, but he who has a high tension due to anxious cares, worry or fretting or discouragement needs to be introduced to that beautiful invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Lord Kelvin, the famous English scientist, recognized this when he said to a company of physicians: "Your patients can not get well on splints and drugs alone; they must have spiritual consolation."

MADE HAPPY ALTHOUGH IN PRISON.

A correspondent from the prison at Walla Walla, Wash., writes:

"I received THE LIFE BOAT and I thank you

from the bottom of my heart; words can not express how happy I am. I read my Bible three times a day and THE LIFE BOAT I read about a dozen times or so and pass it on to the other boys; they all enjoy reading it.

"I am left alone in the world since I wrote you last. I found out where my mother had lived, but she died before I could write. I want you to pray for me. I love the Lord and will always be true and faithful to His cause, for I want to meet my dear mother in heaven. There is no doubt I am a Christian; I will never turn back, but always forward."

THE DETRIMENT OF UNWHOLE-SOME SONG.

A friend on the Pacific Coast writes:

"In reading the article, 'The Power of Gospel Song,' in the July LIFE BOAT, I was impressed to suggest to you that you tell in one of your valuable articles in THE LIFE BOAT what a detriment it is and how harmful it is to listen to some of the worldly 'street music.'

"The other day I visited some neighbors who have a large family of children and who try their very best to bring them up in the right way, being faithful Christians. But the oldest boy had what they called a real funny talking machine and honored us by rehearsing all the pieces he had for us. We listened, although I did not care to, but hoped that it might be better than some I had heard. The language used, however, was such as these dear country children would never have heard until they had grown up and were compelled to go to a city in the service of the Master, when they would be better prepared to resist the influence. The music was such that one would be glad to get rid of, but once heard it stayed with me much longer than I liked to retain it.

"Now many such dear people are not aware of the danger of this to their children, but if they read something about it in our dear LIFE BOAT it would certainly have the effect to arouse a sense of its harm."

It certainly is deplorable that some of the latest inventions, instead of being extensively used to advance God's kingdom, are used so largely to sow seeds of immorality, frivolity and other forms of wickedness in the minds of the rising generation.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES
IN CUBA.LURA COLLINS MOORE,
Havana; Cuba.

[Mrs. Moore and her husband were formerly faithful medical missionaries in the heart of darkest Chicago. They left this work to establish medical missionary work in Cuba. The Lord has blessed them and we are glad to present to all of our readers the following encouraging words from them.—Ed.]

Dear Life Boat Friends: I am sending "a basket of roses"* from a rose garden in Cuba. I have no picture that will better represent this land of "sunshine and flowers," and what could I send that would be more appropriate, more appreciated anywhere by the sick or well, the children or the old people, the tired mother or the father worried with business cares? Where is there one who does not appreciate a basket of roses, fresh from the garden, with the morning dew still sparkling on the petals?

Our first year and a half in Cuba has not been all sunshine, but as we always find the thorns with the roses, so there are always little things coming in to mar our happiness. Perhaps it is not for that purpose; it may be to cause us to look more closely at the beautiful Rose of Sharon. It makes me more thankful each day that we have a loving Saviour who is ever watching over us when I think of the many times He has led me to places at just the time when I could be of the most service.

One Sabbath morning last winter I was starting to see a sick woman, a clerk in a store, whom I had been told was sick. I had gone only a little way when I met a neighbor sending her husband to telephone for the doctor. I asked her what the trouble was and she told me the woman in the next house was having a very bad chill. I asked to see her and at once went to work to give her some treatment. She was not accustomed to securing relief by hyriac application, and it was with some difficulty that we managed to wrap her in the hot blanket pack. She began to get better immediately. This was followed by other treatment and in a few days she was as well as usual. She could not express to us her appreciation for what little we had done for her.

*See inside of front cover.

One day a poor old woman living near us came in, asking for some one to go to see her son, who had been sick only a short time and who had a very high fever. Mr. Moore went with her to the home of her son. He found a house made of old boards, without any floor. It could better be called a shed than a house, and the furnishings corresponded with it. The man was lying on the bed with a good supply of blankets and other bedding over him. They had evidently been trying to make him perspire, but instead the fever was up to 105 degrees Fahrenheit. Mr. Moore removed the heavy coverings, gave him some simple treatment and had the temperature reduced in a very short time and the patient was soon asleep. The temperature did not rise again, and the second day he was about his work as usual.

As a general rule the people here are afraid of a hot bath of any kind, because they fear taking cold afterward, as they do not understand about following the hot treatment with some short cold to bring on a reaction. They seem to appreciate nature's remedies when they are taught to use them properly. Sea bathing is practiced a great deal by these people. It is very beneficial to the health as well as being a favorite pastime. However, they are by no means entirely ignorant of the use of water. One bath house has been in operation for twenty years, but has recently been closed. It had a fine swimming pool, Turkish and Russian baths, hot and cold sprays, hot and cold water and sulphur baths. This building was rented to the Young Men's Christian Association this year and has, therefore, been closed for public use. But there is another one, well equipped with the exception of the swimming pool and the Turkish and Russian baths. Different classes of business men are organized into societies or clubs, and by paying a small monthly fee a small hospital or sanitarium is conducted for the use of the members and their families. By this means any member of the family may receive medical attention without extra expense. I know of one of these sanitariums that is supplied with nearly all modern conveniences.

In my work I have met a number of people who are vegetarians, either from choice or because their physicians had for-

bidden the use of meat. To one who does not use flesh foods it seems very unnecessary, as we have fresh fruits and vegetables all the year. There is a doctor here who teaches all his patients to adopt a non-flesh dietary, with the best of results.

DELIA.

MRS. W. S. SADLER.

During the past year there appeared in *THE LIFE BOAT* a report of an address given by Mrs. E. M. Whittemore of the Door of Hope Mission, New York. This well-known rescue worker related the interesting story of her conversion and the incidents which led up to it. Recalling a portion of what Mrs. Whittemore said in her address at the Mission we see that it was her own little son that struck conviction home to her heart as she stood before her mirror, just previous to going out to a fashionable function, admiring the elegant costume which adorned her body. She went to the entertainment, but the words of the child went too.

Out of curiosity Mrs. Whittemore in company with her husband went down to the Jerry McAuley Mission, and when once inside the Spirit of God again spoke loudly to their souls. Her husband was first to yield, but she quickly followed, and they two went forward and there they knelt—these wealthy and well dressed ones, together with drunkards, thieves and women from the streets. They, too, prayed the sinner's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He was merciful, and, says Mrs. Whittemore, "Something was settled for time and eternity. He came into our hearts and crowded out the selfish love for the world and gave us in place of it a hunger for souls. As time went on He called me to work for the street girls. I can not tell you of the love and joy that has filled my heart while speaking to thousands of fallen women in different parts of the land."

Mrs. Whittemore is a good illustration of what the grace of God can do for a society devotee, and how God can use such a person when converted for His glory and the up-building of His kingdom in the earth.

Among the many hundreds of women that have been led to leave their lives of sin and shame there was one whose conversion was one of the most remarkable transformations

ever wrought in human character, by the grace of God. It was Delia, formerly known as "The Bluebird of Mulberry Bend." Just look at the accompanying picture, see those lines of sin and crime on the face which was taken three months after rescue, and then behold the lovely face in the larger one. We are led to exclaim at once, "What a miracle God has wrought!"

This Delia was not born and reared among the slums of New York, as one might think; oh no, far from it. She was the darling babe of a faithful, devoted young mother whose early death caused Delia to be placed in a convent. Here she remained until she reached the age of seventeen, at which time she was placed in a city boarding house. She was bright, pretty and very attractive. It was at this place that a dark hour came into her experience, and crushed and heart-broken she fled to a distant village to hide herself away among strangers.

This poor little motherless girl, with her heart yearning for sympathy, love and protection, seemed to have been utterly forsaken. Everybody and everything seemed to be against her and so, friendless and penniless, after roaming about until becoming utterly reckless, she listened to the voice of evil ones and attempted to drown her troubles with drink. Within a few months it would have been almost impossible to recognize that once lovely faced girl in the haggard, half frightened creature hastening from place to place for fear of arrest. Three times this child of the slums was behind prison bars for crimes she had committed.

But now let us turn away from the dark side of her history to the brighter and more joyous part—her conversion. She was found in a low sub-cellar on Mulberry street, in May, 1891, on one of Mrs. Whittemore's visits to this submerged district. She was taken to the Door of Hope Mission. Mrs. Whittemore describes the reception as follows:

"The matron and myself knelt by her side, placing our arms around her, and we were both so overcome ourselves that in silence we waited upon the Lord in thankfulness for answered prayer. After a few sentences aloud, God gave me the following prayer: 'Dear Lord, all this poor girl needs is a little love; now help us both to so love her that we will love her into loving Thee.' This poor, bruised



The work of grace upon a human face within a year.

DELIA,

Formerly known as the Blue Bird of Mulberry Bend, New York. *

child was so overcome she exclaimed, 'Oh, I never heard anyone talk to God that way; you speak as if you thought He was real.' After assuring her that He was real she prayed: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus' sake.'

From that moment she began to think of her former associates and longed to tell them of the Jesus she had found. The following day, when she was asked why she wished to go to "The Tombs" to see a friend, she exclaimed: "Oh, I want to tell Dan that if Christ saved me and He knows what a wretch I was, He could save him; that's why."

She did visit the Tombs and Dan was her first convert. Again and again in company with Mrs. Whittemore this transformed woman visited the sub-cellar whence she came, telling them of the Christ she had found. Prison after prison was visited, not as a convict, but a free woman in Christ. From Auburn she wrote: "I am to have the service Easter Sunday at Auburn prison, to read and speak before thirteen or fifteen hundred men. Oh, Jesus! how good He is to me, isn't He? Glory to His name! I never did give a sermon as a minister does, but pray, pray for me; you well know what it means to me. My heart is full; may I never prove ungrateful to Him. If I had a dozen lives or tongues they should all be His. I love Him better than all else besides. These are not idle words. No one can or will stand in my way toward serving Him. Come what may, I will be true to God."

We quote the following as related by Mrs. Whittemore: "As the day approached her first anniversary, just one year saved, she had a longing desire to gather together the people of the slums somewhere and plead with them to come to Christ. Through the kindness of the pastor at Five Points Mission Chapel, consent was given to use that building, and about five hundred men and a few women were fed that night.

"Shortly after this experience Delia was stricken down. While she was confined to her room many of her former companions in sin visited her. She spent her last strength in earnestly pleading with them to leave the sinful life for Jesus. She joyously exclaimed one day, 'Oh, I can't go to sinners, but He sends sinners to me.'

"The life of this child who was snatched from the hands of the enemy was about to end. Numbers of degraded men and women who visited her sick room went away with lighter hearts, rejoicing because they had found Jesus. The life went out very quietly. Numbers gave themselves to God at the time of her burial."

Dear reader, it may be entirely out of the question for you to go as did Mrs. Whittemore to the submerged districts of our great cities to search for these wronged sisters of ours. You may be detained at home to care for your own sons and daughters and to so surround them with holy influences that they will never know the depths of sin, shame and misery as did our sister Delia.

There exist just such submerged districts in Chicago, and there are found each week girls who have wandered far, far away from truth and purity. It is a blessed experience for both worker and reclaimed one.

We wish it were possible to take each one of you who read these lines to our rescue Home in the suburbs of Chicago, a neat cottage snugly shielded from the outside world by a grove of trees, and have you meet our girls and see our sweet babies. Olga is about six months old; Arthur is ten weeks old, and baby Eugene is only twelve days old. Our babies are just as dear to us as are your own to you.

Winter is knocking at our doors. We will need food and fuel to keep these wee ones warm as well as our sisters who have been reclaimed. What can you do, dear reader? As you read these lines ask God to tell you what you can send us, and may His blessed Spirit guide us all.

*Tract may be secured from Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, 773 St. Nicholas avenue, New York; price thirty cents each.

IF THOSE ON THE OUTSIDE KNEW.

Tom Mackey recently spoke in the Nebraska State Prison. We sent him some LIFE BOATS to distribute to the prisoners and he wrote: "I want to thank you for the fifty copies of THE LIFE BOAT. If the friends on the outside could see the way THE LIFE BOAT is received on the inside they would send more of them. I have had a wonderful time. I do not know but this will be my work from now on, visiting the prisons and helping the helpless to

help themselves. God has wonderfully used us in every prison and if He wants me to continue in this work I am ready to go."

A PET KITTEN IN PRISON.

A. A. ROBIE,
Middletown, N. Y.

Just five years ago we left Vancouver on the steamer Aorangi for Australia. They have certainly been very eventful years. During that time we visited Australia, Africa, Ireland, England and various islands in many oceans, and I am sure we have done some little good and brightened some few lives, and that is, after all, really all there is to live for in this world.

We recently went to the prison here to sing for the prisoners at a religious meeting and met some rather interesting cases. I took along with me some LIFE BOATS. I was asked to speak to the prisoners, which I did with considerable freedom. I pointed them to the One who alone could save them and told them that He came to save sinners, people who were wicked and knew they were wicked, and not those who thought they had no need of a Saviour.

They gave good attention and after the service accepted greedily all THE LIFE BOATS I had brought.

Being allowed to go into the women's ward, I gave a LIFE BOAT in through the grating to a young girl who could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen. I was pleased to see that she had a small kitten with her in the cell. I promised to come again and bring some more papers.

One boy who was there wrote to Mrs. Robie a day or two afterward, and the letter was quite touching. Here are some selections from the letter:

"Dear Friend: Having received your address from one of my fellow prisoners, I am writing to ask if you will pray for me and ask God to help me now in the hour of trouble. I was very glad to see you down here and hope you will be here again. The meeting to-day was fine and it touched my heart. I was brought up by a Christian mother and always professed to be a Christian myself till I committed the deed that placed me here. My parents are both living, also a brother and two sisters, all of whom are

Christians. Pray for me that God will help me by His helping hand. I am only fifteen years old, but still I am here, charged with a crime of which I am guilty. Hoping to hear from you and see you again, I remain, yours sincerely."

We have written to the young man, visited him once or twice, taking helpful reading matter, and next week hope to see him again and take him some LIFE BOATS. He has not yet been tried, but I suppose there is no doubt but he will be sentenced for a term in some prison or reformatory.

GLIMPSES OF SOUL-WINNING WORK.

E. B. VAN DORN,
Superintendent Life Boat Mission.

We have been having the usual interesting times at 472 State street, Chicago, the last few weeks, and our meetings there have been good. Of course, the warm weather has been somewhat unfavorable to the services, but nevertheless the audiences have been of fair size. Some of the testimonies we have heard have been very interesting, and could you have heard them for yourselves you would have seen the speakers were sincere and that what they told us had really been so. We heard one evening from a young man who was one time in prison, and there he had a LIFE BOAT given him. He showed it to another man, and the latter was much impressed by seeing a picture in the paper. It gave him courage and helped him to see that the gospel is for everybody, without distinction.

Brother Vanlandingham and his wife bring their little boy, four years old, to the Mission quite often, and in addition to the father and mother giving their witness for God the little fellow also speaks. He stands on a chair and says a text, like "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is a touching sight to see a child beginning life in this way, and his example is a good one to follow by older ones.

One evening the following was told us by a frequent attendant, to show the power of prayer for others: "There is a young man I know who has been in the habit of drinking, in fact nearly died from it. He had to undergo an operation in a hospital. We brought him to the Life Boat Mission and he

asked that we would pray for him. His mother knows what the Lord has done for me, and she, too, wanted us to pray that her son might be helped also. So we prayed for this young man, and I praise God that as the result of our prayers and the prayers of the Mission people he has been kept from drinking, and the past six months not a drop has passed his lips." Certainly this was encouraging, and we feel we ought to pray for our weaker brothers and sisters perhaps more than we do.

Another one said: "I thank God I can testify to His power. I was hopelessly lost; my family left me. I had been taught since childhood that man could forgive sins, and I knew of no other way, but I have found out that men can not save anybody, and that God alone can forgive sins, and I know He took mine all away and cast them into the sea of forgetfulness."

Then we sing, "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus," and the next person to speak tells us that after being a sinner a good many years his eyes were opened and he is pressing on in the life of a Christian. Another said he had been saved three weeks before, and told us this: "I was wandering around in sin, not knowing what to do nor where to go; then I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to give my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and turn over a new leaf and begin a new life in Christ. And I did it. For nearly thirty years the devil bound me hand and foot, but when I gave myself to Christ I found a new life, peace, joy and comfort. Before I was converted if I wanted money I used to ask people for it, but now when I need money I go out and earn it." We often hear that when men got converted their ideas about work were changed at the same time. The gospel does that for people.

A young man made a start one evening after saying the following: "I did as Cain did—left mother and wandered around—but before I left she said to me, the last thing: 'Follow Jesus.' But I have not followed Him and I have been a black sheep. After hearing the brother speak about Cain running away I thought it was about time to go back. I want you all to pray for me."

And these are the sort of things that happen night after night. We ask all our kind friends to pray for help and wisdom in carrying on our work.

ECHOES FROM HOSPITAL WORK.

"That little LIFE BOAT has the gospel in it. Bring it along often."

"I find the reading of THE LIFE BOAT by our patients leads them to the reading of their Bibles."

How many of our readers have actually visited any of the thousands of sick in our hospitals?

"When are you coming again with that little paper? It is the best thing that comes to us in reading matter."

A friend writes: "I find that the patients are eager to get THE LIFE BOAT. There is no paper its equal to take to the hospitals, to those away from home and friends."

"After you leave that paper with a patient they talk less of their aches and pains and disappointments and more of the goodness of God in giving them as many blessings as they do enjoy."

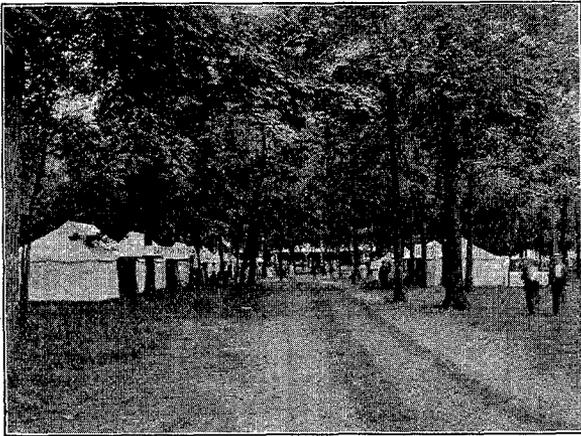
"The patients are not only interested in reading of the work done along soul-winning lines, but they are also inspired to desire to do similar work when they recover and go home. I am sure the reading of this little paper must bring them into closer touch with Christ."

"The best time in the world to reach human souls and impress them for good is when they are suffering affliction. THE LIFE BOAT has been used for this purpose and is greatly appreciated by the sick." Said one sufferer: "The hours are so long and full of pain, but I don't mind it so much when I have a LIFE BOAT. It makes me believe more in God's power to help me."

"I know about your work. As I have watched you going from ward to ward and from bed to bed I have thought, 'How I wish more could dispense sunshine and leave comfort, cheer and hope behind them as you do as you pass along giving out those papers with a hearty handclasp and an encouraging text!' We need just this sort of work everywhere and especially in the large wicked cities."

Another writes: "I wish to renew my own subscription and then send one to the military hospital in San Francisco. Thirty-four of the boys were eager to read it and would lay down a novel any time for a LIFE BOAT. They are more anxious to get THE LIFE BOAT than any other literature. The one distributing the papers here sells enough copies to create the fund each month for what he uses in the hospital."

Mrs. C. Willeford, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have distributed copies of THE LIFE BOAT through the barracks, guardhouse and hospital. The officers gave me a cordial welcome, thanked me for THE LIFE BOATS and gave



Back to Nature at the Rockford Chautauqua.



View of Beautiful Rock River adjoining Rockford Chautauqua Grounds.

me a pass that admits me any time that I wish to go. There are thirty-five men sick. It cheers my soul to give the papers to sick soldiers who are far away from home and friends. They thank me and say, 'I am glad you take such an interest in me.'"

Nellie Lockwood writes: "I called, as I do each month, at a hospital this morning with LIFE BOATS, and as I entered one of the rooms a lady said, 'Oh, THE LIFE BOAT! I am so glad to see it.' She went on to say: 'I used to get them every month in my old home and always looked forward to the time when the young lady who sold them should call with them; she used to call every week and we always talked along religious lines that did me so much good. I have wished to visit the Life Boat and other Missions ever since I came to the city, but have not done so yet, though I hope to do so soon.'"

E. S. Ufford, the author of "Throw Out the Life Line," writes: "The September LIFE BOAT is at hand and I am very much delighted with it. It is up to all the others; I know it will do much good. I pray that it may prosper."

CHAUTAUQUA GOSPEL OF HEALTH WORK.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It is a delightful experience for a physician to steal away for a few days from those who have morbid minds and diseased bodies and meet the wholesome and healthy people who are the real backbone of the nation.

This summer we have had an opportunity to unfold the gospel of health at the following Chautauquas: Pontiac, Ill., Madison, Wis., Bay View, Mich., Rockford and Lincoln, Ill.

the Lord to teach the science of mental, moral and physical health before the Girls' Outlook Club, the Mothers' Congress, as well as to the general audiences in the large auditorium.

At the Lincoln, Ill., Chautauqua Miss Cooper gave instruction in healthful cookery at nine o'clock each morning. Almost all the ladies on the grounds were in attendance at these classes. We gave health studies each forenoon during an entire week. We have never before met such an intense interest.



The Hall in which the Hygienic Cooking School was held at the Madison Chautauqua.

The Bay View Assembly is one of the oldest in this country, being organized thirty years ago. Bay View, Petoskey and Harbor Springs, which are in close proximity, are delightful summer resorts for thousands of people from all over the country.

At this place the people were so interested in the subjects of right living that almost every waking moment while we were on the grounds was taken up in answering questions and explaining further in a personal way to the people the various subjects that had been presented in public. It is a blessed pleasure to feed truth to people who seem so hungry for it, and we trust the Lord will water the seed sown that much good may be accomplished.

The Rockford Chautauqua was held in a very delightful locality and was attended by great crowds. We endeavored by the help of

The Lord moved on the hearts of hundreds of people to step up onto a higher plane of living. One lady said as she left the ground: "What a struggle I will have to put in practice in my home the health principles I have learned here! But my conscience will never allow me to go home and live as I did before." The people seemed to feel that when light was shed on their pathway it was not to be rejected, not even to be rolled under their tongue like a sweet morsel but to be adopted and put into practical use.

A lady eighty-two years of age writes in renewing her subscription: "I think it is a very nice magazine, one that is doing great work in uplifting humanity. May the good work go on until thousands may be brought into the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE WORK.

T. D. CROTHERS, M. D.
Hartford, Conn.

Editor Journal of Inebriety.

We are glad to be able to present this month the following from the pen of Dr. Crothers, the secretary of the American Medical Temperance Association and one of the greatest living authorities on the subject of inebriety. It calls our attention to the important fact that there are a host of drunkards who become so almost as innocently as others contract colds, and in such cases their unfortunate condition must be regarded more in the light of a physical disorder than a wilful sin.—Ed.

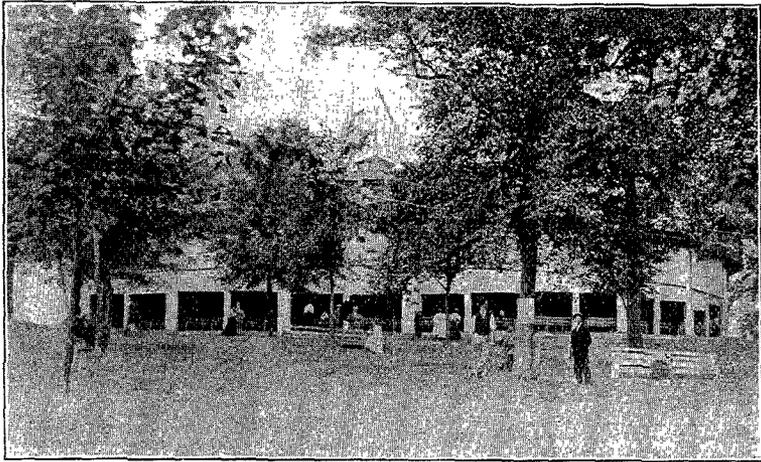
At the close of a lecture a sad, weary looking woman asked me if I would tell her what to do. We sat down in a corner of the hall, and she related this story to me:

Her only son, James, was an engineer, who had been a most exemplary temperance man, and honest and faithful in his work. On returning one day from his usual run he

no attention. The superintendent of the road had noticed his changed appearance, heard of his visits to the saloons at night, and warned him of an immediate discharge. That night he had returned earlier than usual, and had gone to bed stupidly intoxicated, and the mother knew that he would be discharged next morning and in despair continue to drink himself to death. In the most imploring manner she begged of me to suggest some way or means of helping her.

I went with her to a neat little cottage, where I found a stalwart man profoundly intoxicated. One of his companions was watching him, who said that unless James sobered up at once, he would be laid off, and never get his job back again.

I directed his mother to send for some medicine which would make him vomit freely then give him a warm bath, some hot broth and keep him in bed for a time. A neigh-



Large Auditorium at the Madison, Wis., Chautauqua in which the people assembled each afternoon at four o'clock for lectures on the gospel of health.

found his wife and child dead from a lightning stroke, and his cottage and its contents burned up, and he left homeless.

He went to live with his mother, but from that time he began to drink, evidently to overcome the depression. His mother tried to make the home cheerful by doing everything possible, but every night on returning from his run he came home partially intoxicated. He grew more silent and while listening to his mother's remonstrance paid

boring doctor was called in, and I advised him what to do, and particularly to impress on the patient's mind the danger of becoming insane if he continued the use of spirits.

Nearly two years later I was in that town again, and saw the physician who gave me this account: After severe vomiting James became frightened and believed he would die; the doctor encouraged this belief, and gave him treatment to build up his nervous system, and kept him in bed for a week.

The superintendent gave him a leave of absence on the doctor's certificate, and two weeks later he went out on his train again, and from that time on he has been a most rigid abstainer and active temperance man. His whole character is changed, and he is living most happily with his mother.

This little incident is worthy of record as showing what a little thing will sometimes change the whole course in one's life. Had James slept off his drunken stupor that night, and gone out next morning taking beer or spirits to brace him up for the day's work, he might have come back without notice, but he would have drunk again that night and exposure and discharge would have been certain; then in his bewildered condition he would have drunk more and more and at last filled a drunkard's grave.

His mother would not have thought of calling a physician, and the doctor would have thought his condition insignificant and hardly worth the effort to relieve.

This is only one of the many opportunities where medical advice and common-sense measures could have restored and saved men who would otherwise have been lost.

The salvation of a drunkard is far more certain by continuous appeals, and sharp measures directed to the physical man, together with all moral and spiritual forces which can be applied. It is the combination of all these means and measures that will lift many men out of misery into happiness.

HAVE YOU HAD THIS EXPERIENCE?

MRS LILLIAN MARDEN,
Albany, N. Y.

For months I have wanted to go out and work with THE LIFE BOAT, but whenever I tried I failed after hours of work, and I thought I was mistaken and the Lord had enough for me to do at home. Others told me my work was at home and I got no encouragement, yet I was never satisfied.

Alberta Wiest stopped with me on her travel through the State early in August and inspired me afresh, telling me her methods and experiences, and I bought one hundred and thirty-seven of her. Yet I still doubted that I ought to do it, and they lay in the house one month before I dared to go out. Finally I could bear it no longer. I knelt down and asked God to prove me for the work, with

success if it was His will, and give me failure if He wanted me to stay at home and do nothing but care for my family. I was tired and worn out mentally talking over the matter with others, and found no help and relief by it.

I went out, so sheepishly, but prayed for courage, and when I got to the place my mind seemed to lead to, from 8:30 a. m. to 11 o'clock, I sold sixty copies—all I had with me. Did I have my answer? I came home and have been so happy I could not get my mind on anything else. I hope to sell two hundred or more every month and still not neglect my family.

Sister Wiest was sent to me to show me, I feel sure, for I loved the work and have not been happy until to-day. God is merciful to use me in this work. I praise His name for His goodness. I sold forty yesterday in three hours, and would have consumed less time had I not stopped to talk to several who were discouraged. I received encouragement myself from many, so I got a blessing at once. I feel as if God were fulfilling His promise of not being slack in His blessing.

I feel as if I would like to tell other sisters of this work, for many more might be in it, I am sure, if they could be induced to start out and give it a trial. The time is short, and if we wait for courage we will never get it, as was my experience. But if they would start out they would find, as I did, that the Lord was with them. When I think of how many ways He has opened for me, and I kept back waiting for courage and encouragement, and how I had all the strength I needed after I started, I feel like singing, as David did, songs of praise to His honor and glory. Who is like our God? I have more joy in serving Him than I ever thought could exist when I served the world.

"GOT BEYOND THE STORMS."

One of our prison correspondents writes from Fort Madison, Iowa:

"Your letter came at a time when it seemed to me that I needed it the most, and I am truly grateful to you for the kindly things you wrote me. I have never questioned the justice of my punishment and if I could only suffer alone how much better I could bear it! But when I think of what a legacy I am

leaving to my children it does seem as though I could not stand it.

"My physical life here is not a hard one and I have nothing to complain of. I try to do my duty and obey the rules, hence I have no trouble. I am not pining for liberty, as that will come in due time, but to be of some use, of some good in the world during my later years is now my anxiety, and I am trying to prepare myself to this end.

"The copy of THE LIFE BOAT I enjoyed very much, and thank you for sending the same. The Father has given me peace and I feel that at last I have got beyond the storms that seemed to engulf and destroy. I shall ever be glad to receive your kindly letters."

BE WHAT MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE.

Whilst walking down a crowded street the other day I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say: "Say, Chimmy, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am."
My friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star,
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—Will S. Adkins.

THE "FATHER OF NOBODY'S CHILDREN" IS NO MORE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The majority of our readers have already read the newspaper accounts of Dr. Barnardo's death which took place in London September 19, after a short illness.

Years ago W. T. Stead named Dr. Barnardo "the Father of Nobody's Children," and he has certainly earned the title. During the last thirty years he has rescued more than fifty-five thousand destitute and homeless street waifs from lives of sin, vice, and degradation. At the time of his death there were seven thousand children in his various homes.

The amount contributed by friends for the maintenance of this work amounts at present to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. In reference to results Dr. Barnardo said:

"My boys and girls have done well in the world. Some of my girls have married persons of very superior ranks of life. I have boys who are clergymen, ministers, lawyers, doctors. One has reached parliament. The rank and file of my boys are mechanics

and laborers; of carpenters, blacksmiths, printers, matmakers, tinsmiths and other trades I have an immense number. And, would you believe it, *less than three per cent of all the boys and girls of mine have gone to the bad?*"

According to the *Chicago Tribune* there are today twenty thousand industrious, law-abiding; God-fearing men and women in the United States and Canada who were once inmates of Dr. Barnardo's homes who will know that the world is poorer because the "Father of Nobody's Children" has been taken out of it. In reference to one of the most unique features of Dr. Barnardo's work he says himself:

"Most orphanages have certain rules for the admission of candidates. Ours is only that a child must be destitute. We search them out; we don't wait for them to come to us, our idea being that in every great center of population there should be a door open at which the feeblest little knock or cry of a waif can be heard. None are ever refused if destitute. They come to me deaf, dumb, blind, crippled, maimed for life, with their features horribly distorted, at times often with the hand of death upon them, so that I know they can be with us but a short time. Our doors are never closed against any little children."

Mr. Chamberlain, in speaking of Dr. Barnardo, said: "He called himself 'a humble servant of the Lord,' and he practiced all his preaching. He was neither hollow-cheeked, whiskered, nor patriarchal-looking. His manners were agreeable and his personality attractive, and yet, night and day, he spent his entire time gathering up the human driftwood of the slums, and from this material carving men and women. He was without cant. He talked as little as possible of his work. He did things."

Dr. Barnardo studied medicine to prepare himself to go to China as a medical missionary. While a student he used two evenings of the week and Sundays in teaching in a ragged school in the London slums, and there the resolution was born in his heart to do something for the poor, homeless street waif. In order to carry on this work Dr. Barnardo met with the greatest opposition; even so-called Christian societies frequently opposed him. He was even compelled to go into

court to defend himself. Speaking of some of these experiences he said:

"I have been time and again hunted like a mad dog down the streets of East London. Although I escaped with my life, it was not without bruises, and occasionally a broken bone. Sometimes in the midst of a street

ago to receive from you your interesting LIFE BOAT. I rejoice to think that such an excellent, wholesome and Christian periodical is being circulated so widely, and carrying its message for this life and for that which is to come, to such a numerous clientele. May God more and more abundantly bless



DR. BARNARDO.

address I would be overwhelmed by an avalanche of slops, emptied from an upstairs window over my head."

One of the most inspiring days of our life was the one spent in visiting and studying Dr. Barnardo's great work in London. In a personal letter Dr. Barnardo paid the following kind tribute to THE LIFE BOAT:

"It was a great pleasure to me some weeks

your seed-sowing. . . . This Christmas-tide I have over seven thousand boys and girls under my charge, and we are admitting eleven others every day from destruction, evil surroundings, or ill-usage."

As you read of what God enabled this one man to do ask yourself if it is not possible that He is willing to help you to do some more good in the world.

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. S A D L E R.

THE RAM AND THE GOAT.

1. In prophecy, God often represents one kingdom by a number of different symbols.

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.—Isa. 28:10

2. Just before the downfall of Babylon, the prophet Daniel had a second empire revelation.

In the third year of the reign of King Belshazzar, a vision appeared unto me, even unto me, Daniel, after that which appeared unto me at the first. And I saw in a vision; and it came to pass, when I saw that I was at Shushan in the palace, which is in the province of Elam; and I saw in a vision, and I was by the river or Ulai.—Dan. 8:1, 2.

3. Daniel first saw the ram with two horns, representing Medo-Persia (the same as the bear of the first revelation).

Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns; and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last. I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was there any that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great.—Dan. 8:3, 4.

Babylon was just ready to pass off the stage of action, and probably for this reason Daniel's second revelation begins with the Medo-Persian empire,—Babylon's successor. The two horns no doubt indicate the two divisions of the empire, Media-Persia. In the former vision, this fact was symbolized by the bear rising first on one side, then on the other.

4. The ram is overcome by the "he goat," with a "notable horn," undoubtedly representing Grecia.

And as I was considering, behold, an he-goat came from the west, on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground; and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes. And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power. And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns; and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him: and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand.—Dan. 8:5-7.

As seen in a former lesson, the armies of Greece, under the leadership of Alexander, overcame Meda-Persia in B. C. 331.

5. This "notable horn," Alexander the Great, is broken at the height of its greatness, and four less notable horns take its place.

Therefore the he-goat waxed very great: and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven.—Dan. 8:8.

In the prophecy of the four beasts, this "quartering" of Greece after the death of Alexander, was symbolized by the four heads of the leopard. In this prophecy the whole transaction is made still clearer. There is first the one notable horn, representing Alexander. It is broken. There rise in its place, four others, toward the four winds of the heaven, indicating the division of Greece into the northern, southern, eastern and western divisions respectively, under the rule of Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Seleucus and Cassander.

6. It was after the division of the Grecian empire, that the prophet saw the "little horn" (Macedonia) arise out of one of the four horns.

And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land.—Dan. 8:9.

7. This little horn (a union of Church and State) was to be a persecuting power.

And it waxed great, even to the host of heaven; and it cast down some of the host, and of the stars to the ground, and stamped upon them.—Dan. 8:10.

This little horn is the same unique power observed by the prophet in his first vision, as arising among the ten horns of the fourth beast after having subdued three, and was quite fully discussed in the consideration of that prophecy some months ago.

8. It was also a blasphemous power.

Yea, he magnified himself even to the prince of the host.—Dan. 8:11.

9. This "little horn" was to destroy the "daily" or "daily sacrifice" (Paganism), and

so it was this union of Church and State in the early centuries of the Christian era that made Christianity the State religion of Rome, and resulted in the overthrow of Paganism which had formerly enjoyed such favor.

10. This little horn was to bear sway 1,260 years.

And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise, and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of times.—Dan. 7:24, 25.

As shown in a former lesson, this religious-political power became established in A. D. 538, and as each day is a year in prophecy (Ezek. 4:6) 1,260 days would equal 1,260 years. Was this prophecy fulfilled? Exactly; as shown in the study of the four beasts, this power came to an end in A. D. 1798, just 1,260 years from the date of its establishment. (For details of this the reader is referred to the study of the four beasts in *THE LIFE BOAT* for September.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOSPITAL WORK.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

You ask how to start Life Boat hospital work. First ask the Lord before you go to open the way. Arriving at the hospital with a number of LIFE BOATS, ask to see the superintendent, house physician, matron or whoever has charge. Show them the paper and tell them what it has done in other places, relating some of the experiences you have read in them and, if possible, some of your own. Ask them if they would not like to have their patients have the same pleasure.

Pass about from bed to bed in a quiet, cheerful way, first asking the nurse in charge of the floor if there are any patients too ill to receive the paper. If so, leave a copy with the nurse, telling her, of course, that you have the permission of the superintendent.

Don't talk much, nor preach any. Hand out the papers with a smile and kind word, not letting them talk of their troubles. Be ready with some fitting, helpful text. If they seem interested or there is any reason why you should be especially interested in them, express a desire to continue the acquaintance

and take their address. Bible work can usually be taken up with these patients in their homes.

Never get in the way of the physicians and nurses. Never argue on religious or any other topics. Never talk doctrine.

If your reception at first should not be so cordial as you would have desired, don't be discouraged. Pray much. Look up sick people who are not in hospitals and help them in every way you can.

Interest the children of your place and form Hospital Bands. These children can help in many ways. In winter they can sing for the patients and take cards with Scripture texts or LIFE BOATS. In summer they can take flowers.

Interest the children especially in visiting the sick who are not in a hospital. They can render little helpful acts, and it cultivates in them a true missionary spirit, leading them to be always watching for opportunities to help some one else. There need be no red tape about these hospital bands. Just interest the children, appoint a leader, send names of leaders and members of bands to me, direct their work and let the Lord do the rest. Children are impressionable and their presence always brings sunshine.

The money to pay for the papers can be secured by individuals, churches or societies. It is best to use the yearly subscription plan, but when this can not be done use the monthly, that is, order as many copies as you can use each month. Get your work on a permanent financial basis just as early as possible. Stick to the work and don't worry about results. God has promised to take care of them.

UTTERLY FRIENDLESS.

A prisoner in Ionia, Mich., writes:

"I call upon you as one who is, so to speak, utterly friendless, and this is almost true, for I have only a few friends, such as I have made here in prison. I am thirty-nine years of age, with a family of two boys.

"Nearly six years ago I was sent here to prison for a term of twenty years, and since I came here my wife has deserted me. Perhaps she thinks she had just reason for so doing. I am not a Christian man, but I have served six years successfully with a

good, clear record, commanding the respect of every official in connection with the institution whom I have come in contact with.

"For a number of years before coming here I sold liquor. It was in this way that I supported my family. I am anxious to get out and start life over, and think I have had enough of the liquor business. Since I have been here I have learned the machinist trade, and now have charge of some work."

CHRISTIAN MARINER.

Mariner, haste! there's a threatening gale,
In the darkness, list! there's a faint sad wail.
Keep out the life boat till day is o'er;
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste! for the tide waits not;
Tear from its moorings thy fragile bark;
Hoist every sail, for the breakers roar—
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

Seekest thou peace, where the storms come not?
Home where sorrows are all forgot?
Friends that will love thee, and change no more?
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste! there is no time to sleep;
Push out thy boat where the dark waters leap.
Toil bravely on though the wild breakers roar—
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

—Selected.

A STRANDED AND WRECKED
MARINER.

We quote the following from a letter received from the Illinois State Prison:

"I trust you will pardon me, a perfect stranger, in writing to you in this manner. I happened to run across a LIFE BOAT in here and read it and was very much interested in it, I assure you, especially one little paragraph: "Write to us if you are in trouble and lonely." So I take this opportunity to do so. I have nobody to write to me, as I have no friends.

"I am a sailor and have seen a great deal of hardship in my lifetime. I have been shipwrecked several times and can speak from experience, and I am only thirty-three now. I am in this place fourteen months and am to stay here till next May. It was liquor that caused me to be in here, and with the help of God I will not let it get me in trouble again, as I have made up my mind to never touch it any more. I see all the misery it has caused in here and this period has given me a very good chance to think of my past life and to hope for a better future.

"THE LIFE BOAT is a very interesting little paper, and I am very glad that I had the loan of it; it is the first one, but I hope it will not be the last. I wish you would get some good person to write to me, as I never receive a letter from any one, and I would be cheered up a great deal, I assure you, for my cellmate feels very good when he receives a letter from home. This is the first time I was ever in a place of this kind, and I will try, with the Lord's help, to make it the last. I have tried to be a Christian while I have been here; I find a great deal of help in prayer when about to fall into temptation, but I know the real fight will come when I go to the outside world, so I am trying to prepare myself.

"The little LIFE BOAT is a lifebuoy to a stranded and wrecked mariner, which fits my case very well. I am very thankful that I happened to get hold of it and hope that I may run across many more of them. Loneliness is a terrible feeling. I would not feel so bad if I had somebody to write to, but I have not, so I took this opportunity to write to you. It is hard when you have not got a friend. But the Lord is good, so I will trust Him."

A prisoner writes from the County Jail in Tuscola, Ill.:

"I am in great trouble and do not know what to do. I have no mother or father and no one I can tell my troubles to, so I ask you kindly to please help me out. I am almost broken-hearted; I do not know what to do. A few days ago I received a copy of THE LIFE BOAT from a lady, and after reading it it held my attention. I would like very much to receive another copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I would be pleased to receive cheering, comforting letters from good Christians, as I desire to live a different life from this day. I will appreciate anything to help me from this weary life to a better one."

George E. Brewer, chaplain of convicts for Alabama, writes: "I believe my LIFE BOAT subscriptions for the Alabama prison are about out. Please continue to send them. We shall want more next year than this year."

A VISIT TO JACKSON, MICH., STATE PRISON.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

As the prisoners filed in, the prison choir sang "Rock of Ages"; a brief word of prayer was then offered by the chaplain, when "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was sung as sweetly as I ever heard it by this band of trained voices. The chaplain read the fifty-first psalm of David's repentance, then a song and scripture reading and a solo was effectively rendered by a member of the choir.

The chaplain took the text for his remarks from the incident of the leper who came to Christ saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Matt. 8:2. The following are a few of the many helpful lessons that he gathered from this incident:

"Of all that I saw in Palestine the one that will linger in my memory when other things shall have faded was a group of miserable lepers that I saw at the gate of Gethsemane putting out stumps of limbs that were being rotted off by that loathsome disease, leprosy. It was just such a one that came to Christ and said, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.'

"It is a great thing when the thought comes into the heart of man that he can become better than he is. When Mary Magdalene met Christ there went out from her soul a yearning to become pure like Christ. It was an awakening in the soul of the possibilities of love. Blind Bartimæus with no light shining into his soul somehow grasped the thought that the strange Galilean could help him, and so cried out, 'Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.'

"Zacchæus, a man who lived a lifetime of selfish grasping, realized that there was after all something else in life than acquiring money, and so somehow there came into his mind the hope of the possibility that he might become like this man.

"Over in the old country was a little Irishman who was a thief, and drunkard and a tough, and one night after a drunken debauch he lay down in the field to sleep off its influences. One of his old classmates chanced by with a Bible under his arm on the way to a missionary meeting and said, 'Harry, what are you doing here?'

"In a little while he went down to the spring to drink and saw reflected in the water the

black and blue spots on his face and saw his filthy clothes, and then thought of the difference between himself and that honored and respected young man who used to be his schoolmate, and there came to him a consciousness of a better and respected life. That was the man whom Dwight L. Moody said taught him how to preach. He preached so effectively as to hold great congregations spell-bound with the fire of John 3:16. Jesus came into his life.

"Some say, 'I can not be a Christian, situated as I am; I can not do right under the present circumstances.' Anywhere, wherever there is consciousness of need, is a good place to call upon God, for not all even of those who heard Christ yielded themselves to the spell of His influence.

"But there were then, and there are now, those in every walk of life who enjoyed the inspiration of His life and who grasped the truth, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?' They realized the glory and grandeur of a human soul."

At the conclusion of the chaplain's remarks the choir sang beautifully, "Jesus Will Help You," and then we were called upon to make a few remarks to this great company of assembled men. We endeavored to show how the Lord would help them to secure within themselves the glorious consciousness of liberty and freedom from sin, to banish from their hearts envy, jealousy and the corroding influences of hatred and revenge and have in its place the sweet and subduing influence of a Christian life.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED OR IN TROUBLE?

It has been our privilege to help a large number of discouraged and heart-broken girls. There is power in God to lift up every discouraged soul. There are always ways of escape for every soul who is in despair. Possibly you are in deep trouble and can not see the way out. If so, we would be glad to correspond with you and possibly we can find a way out for you, as we have for many others. Address Mrs. David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

A DEFINITE EXPERIENCE.

A prisoner in Michigan City, Ind., sends the following:

"I don't think I ever felt closer to Jesus than I am to-day. 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' I have found it so. I am reading a Christian book out of the library and in this book is a verse I wish I could have learned when I was young. I am going to send it to you; it may do some soul good.

"In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 E'er age arrives, and trembling waits
 Its summons to the tomb,
 Remember thy Creator, God;
 For Him thy hours employ;
 Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy,—
 He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blest eternity."

"I got THE LIFE BOATS you sent me. I want to thank you for your kindness to me; I read them and passed them to others. One man that I gave it to said: 'That is a splendid book.' He said he read it clear through. I asked him what he thought about the testimonies he read of others who had been saved, my case for one. He said he was no Christian. I told him how I became one and asked him if he did not think it would be better for him. I told him to try it and he said that he would study about it. I am going to try to help him."



A PRISON SCENE.

The lock-step, waiting for the signal to start.

NOTHING IN DOING WRONG BUT TROUBLE.

The following letter comes to us from the Southern Illinois Penitentiary:

"I thought I would write you a few lines

to let you know I am still trying to keep straight. I am still trusting and serving my God; it does pay to have such a friend as the Lord.

"I was thinking of the years gone by, from 1893, when I started out to get rich quick. If I had put those years in hard work I might have been worth something, but as boys who are brought up as I was, with no parents, it does not take much to lead them astray. There is nothing in doing wrong but trouble. I know I have had all I want, and I know I am a Christian man, and THE LIFE BOAT and the encouraging letters you write me have brought a new hope into my life. I ask you and all of God's children to pray for me that I may keep straight and trust God until the end. I know if THE LIFE BOAT can help me it can help others, and I do pray to God to give you all means you need in carrying on this good work. Please answer soon with some encouraging words."

A DAY IN JAIL.

E. B. VAN DORN.

This has been a good day in the jail service. We rose early in the morning and started for the city to see if there were not some one in trouble or despair whom we could help. A few of us gathered at the Mission and on bended knees asked God to go with us and help us to say something to help those who were wounded, bruised, and in prison.

By 9:30 we were admitted to the cell corridors, where we could hear the cry of the prisoner and could see many of them peering through the cold iron bars wondering if someone had come to help them out of their trouble. We gathered in a quiet place and knelt by our little organ and asked God to help us say or do something for these poor souls. God heard our prayer.

We then went into the women's corridor, opened our organ and passed the song books to the inmates, asking them to join with us in song. It seems queer to sing in such a place, but it brings sunshine to many broken hearts. There were three inmates this morning in this apartment, and we sang the good old songs, "More About Jesus," "Whiter than the Snow," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Afterward one of the workers read

Isa. 53; this morning there was perfect order and attention. Then someone sang a solo, "How I Love Him." As we knelt in prayer those women who had spent years in rebellion and sin knelt there with us and asked God to pardon all their sin, and who can say that He did not?

Some of the workers remained there to get better acquainted and do some personal work for them, and others went to the drunkards' corridor. This was nearly full of young men; our hearts seemed to melt at the sight. There was cursing, swearing and smoking, but as Sister Emmel stepped up and told them we were going to hold a little meeting there and that she desired their attention, nearly all removed their hats, took a book, and joined with us in the singing. Brother McBride gave a very interesting account of his experience since his conversion, and pleaded for them to give their hearts to God.

While he was there I had found my way to another corridor on the same floor, where I had an opportunity to talk to each one personally. They admitted they were wrong and in the current that had swept them away. They were there in spite of entreaties of friends and pastor, brother and sister, father and mother. They had thought they were a little wiser than their counsellors. None of them had done very much but it did not take much to get them into trouble.

Finally the hour came to speak and sing for those in that row. Someone asked for the song, "Throw Out the Life Line," and everybody seemed to enjoy it. Then we sang, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." The speaker then said that the morning's experience reminded him of a man in a row boat on the Niagara River. The sun shone brightly, the boat was a good one, it had ridden the wave many a time, the oars had never failed. The man was strong and boasted in his strength. But he was drifting with the current; there were those walking along the shore who saw his danger and called to him. He waved his hat and pointed to his mighty arm, and drifted on. Those on the shore became more concerned as the current grew more and more swift, but he laughed them to scorn. Finally he rose in his boat, exhibited his muscles, and made an effort to start for shore when one of the oars

broke in two. It had never failed before, but now it was too late.

The lesson was applied to the scene before us; will power (their oar) was gone, entreaties of friends spurned on the supposition that they were strong and could withstand the final pressure and wrench themselves from the grasp of the adversary. But alas, the oar had failed; they had rushed on to ruin.

Out of forty-four inmates in this department thirty-one raised their hands for prayer and then knelt with us on the hard stone floor and asked God for pardon of their sins and for deliverance from the power of the things that made them what they were and put them in prison. We had to part with these and pass on, but we believe God heard the cry of these needy ones as he did the prayer of the Philippian jailor in the days of Paul and Silas.

From this department we went to what is called the Annex, where the young girls and children are kept. It was a pitiable sight to see there some from every walk of life. They ranged from twelve to eighteen years, the time when they might have been some help to mother. But instead, thorns and thistles had been strewn along their path and now they were torn by their own folly from the tenderest ties.

They grouped in a circle and we all sang together, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and one of our company sang "Why Not Come to Jesus Now?" The workers all told in brief their experience in the things of God, then Sister Emmel told of the experiences of many who had been in similar circumstances and whom the Lord had helped, and expressed her confidence that God would do the same for them.

Brother McBride told of his condition when he came to the Lord, and the change that had come into his heart and life, how he had been separated from home and loved ones and had often planned to go home but never succeeded until after his conversion. He also told of the friends he had since then, of being home twice, and many other interesting items, then said to these poor girls, "Don't you want this change to come into your life?" There were ten young girls there

and every one of them raised their hands and asked the Christians to pray for them. Then they all knelt and prayed with Sister Emmel the Lord's prayer. Some of them seemed to be broken-hearted, and fully repented of their sin.

Some of these dear ones have been befriended and placed in Christian homes; others have to pay the penalty of their sin and are sent to the State Reformatory, but God has helped us to plant here and there some seeds of truth that have made them free.

"STILL HOLDING THE FORT."

We quote extracts from a letter received from the Indiana State Prison:

"I am still holding the fort. I also received THE LIFE BOAT. I just think it is one of the very best books ever published and I enjoy reading it and then send it to someone else. I gave the August number to a man whom I did not think would read it, but to my surprise he told me that he liked to read it and got lots of good out of it. It pleased me to hear him say so.

"I appreciate the kind words you have given and I shall keep them just as long as life lasts. When I go out I will no doubt have a hard road to travel, as I go out right in the dead of winter with no home or no place to go. I am compelled to have employment of some kind, but I will get myself a job if I have to go all over this world in finding it.

"I will not get discouraged, for I have hope, and I know God is my refuge and strength and will help me in time of trouble. I trust in Him alone for strength, as I am very much in need and I realize that without Him I can do nothing, for Christ is all the world to me. I pray that His light may still shine in my heart, for no matter how dark the day may seem the sun is shining just the same. I trust to Him for all things. There is nothing impossible with God, but all is possible to them who will come to Him with a praying heart. Prayer is a virtue that prevails against all temptations. That God may help me to live by it and walk in righteousness with the One who is able to save and keep us unto the end, is my prayer."

"LIKE A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE."

From the Eddyville, Ky., Penitentiary, a prisoner writes:

"Words can not express how much I appreciated reading a copy of your LIFE BOAT and I feel that I would be benefited by receiving it regularly each month, but I have no means to secure it. Oh, how much cheer it brought to my heart! Truly, a few words to a man in prison are like a gleam of sunshine. I would be very happy to receive a letter from anyone 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.

"I would like to hear from you; this is the first time I have tried to reform and to live a Christian life, and I have put my trust in God, whose power is supreme. My earthly friends are few, but I have a friend in Jesus who will not forsake me. My time will expire in sixteen months, and my determination is stronger than ever before. I have enjoyed the songs and kind words of our chaplain and some of the Christian workers of this place for the last year or so, and they have been a great help to me. I beg an interest in your prayers that I may leave this place a reformed man. I am unable to offer an eloquent prayer, but it is said that the weakest prayer shall be heard if prayed with faith. Hoping this will be the means of securing me the prayers and sympathy of you all, I am yours faithfully in Christ."

From the Wisconsin State Prison:

"I take great pleasure in answering your kind and welcome letter, which came to hand some time ago; I was more than pleased to hear from you. I have no one to write to, so it will be a pleasure for me to write to you. I want to get a Bible; I don't care how much it costs so long as I get a good one. I want to study it thoroughly. I don't get THE LIFE BOAT and have not seen one in a long time; I should be glad to get it sometimes; it is very interesting reading."

Order a regular number of Life Boats each month to sell to your neighbors. Write us an account of your interesting experiences.

SOUL WINNERS' BIBLE STUDY

THE BIBLE.

E. B. VAN DORN.

1. Search It.

Search the scriptures, for in them, ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me.—John 5:39.

2. Obey It.

Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.—1 Sam. 15:22.

3. Teach It.

These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.—Deut. 6:6, 7.

4. Trust It.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.—Isa. 26:3.

5. It is your Lantern in Darkness.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. . . . The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Psa. 119:105, 130.

6. It is a Means of Defence.

Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.—Eph. 6:17.

7. It is your Cleansing.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.—Psa. 119:9.

8. It is the Truth.

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.—John 17:17.

9. It offers Freedom.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8:32.

10. It proclaims Pardon.

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.

11. It assures Strength.

Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress.—Isa. 25:4.

12. It offers Rest.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

The moment the sinner believes in Christ he stands in the sight of God uncondemned, for the righteousness of Christ is his; Christ's perfect obedience is imputed to him.

Christ feels the woes of every sufferer. When evil spirits rend a human frame, Christ feels the curse. When fever is burning up the life current, He feels the agony.

Christ never forces His company upon any one. He interests Himself in those who need Him. Gladly will He enter the humblest home, and cheer the lowliest heart.

The lips that are willing to speak, though unclean, will be touched with the living coals and purified. They will be enabled to speak words that will burn their way to the soul.

Christ will never abandon the soul for whom He has died. The soul may leave Him, and be overwhelmed with temptation; but Christ can never turn from one for whom He has paid the ransom of His life.

As a faithful physician, the world's Redeemer has His finger upon the pulse of the soul. He marks every beat; takes note of every throb. Not an emotion thrills it, not a sorrow shades it, not a sin stains it, not a thought or purpose passes through it, with which He is not acquainted.

The prayer of the sincere heart offered in faith will be heard in heaven. It may not be grammatical, but if the heart is in it, it will ascend to the sanctuary where Jesus ministers, and He will present it to the Father with the fragrant incense of His own perfection, without one awkward, stammering word, graceful and perfect through His merits; for His righteousness refines and ennobles it, and makes it acceptable before the Father.

RESCUE WORK.

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY,
Boston, Mass.

Believing that the time is short in which to work and that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived," we are trying by our Rescue Service to snatch some like brands from the burning. God is giving us some results for our labor. Several young women have reformed and are on the road to respectability and Christian living, and the same is true of young men. Among the many who do not want to be rescued we find some who may be considered among the sweepings of so-

ciety, some whom even rescue workers pass by, yet when gathered from the mire little glints of gold appear and we discover the startling fact that a piece of real precious material was lost, but, thank God, has been found. And "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

In going out after these souls among the fag ends of society the angels in heaven have rejoiced with us, have accompanied and strengthened us, and are now ministering to those who have also become heirs of salvation. In some of the places we visit we find those who have fallen from a high pedestal of worldly honor, showing us how vain and insecure are the things of this world, as well as how unable to keep one in the path of right.

Some have thought and said to us, "You are wasting your time; you have ability for other lines of work and should not waste your strength in this work." But when I see these poor souls who have had Christian mothers losing their way on the shoals of destruction I am prompted to run up the signal of danger and if possible be the means of answering a mother's prayer. Could I use any ability the Lord has given me in a better way than to earnestly throw out the life-line to those who have strayed? If not, then it must be thrown out to all who will grasp it.

DO LIKEWISE.

Evangelist N. Kingsbury writes from Berea, Ky.: "Your good letter reached me back in the mountains of Kentucky while engaged in evangelistic work. Your words did me good. I expect soon to spend about a month in the North, where I hope to bestir many people to take an interest in our exceedingly important missionary work among the people here in the mountains. I shall have a stock of LIFE BOATS on hand and will press it upon the attention of the people at the close of my services each night, and will sell all I can, get others to do the same and get as many subscriptions as I can.

"I became interested in THE LIFE BOAT by reading a copy that accidentally fell into my hands. That was enough. I know the gospel

ring wherever it may sound. THE LIFE BOAT has the ring. God will use it more and more to His glory. The dear Lord has given me some wonderful experiences down here."

HOSPITAL NOTES.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Zech. 4:10. The funds to supply

one hospital with papers are secured by an invalid patient in another hospital who talks with her friends about the hospital work instead of dwelling only on her own trouble and afflictions.



And so the work goes on: here a little, there a little; our Father only knows the aggregate.

○

A young man lay on one of the beds, and as the sound of a footfall caused him to turn slightly the cast of feature and the peculiar black eyes indicated his nationality. With a prayer that I might be able to say something that should lead him to see Christ, I handed him a LIFE BOAT. Soon the opportunity came to tell him of the new birth, which was as new to him as to Nicodemus generations ago. Trusting that the same "Teacher come from God" may, through the Holy Spirit, press the truth home to his heart, I had to leave him, promising to call upon him if possible and become acquainted with his mother.

○

A woman full of aches and pains, and with fearful forebodings constantly asserting themselves, due to her nervous temperament and physical condition, declared herself greatly helped after a few minutes' conversation. I had led her to see, for the time at least, that many of our ills may be alleviated by changing our habits of thought and action, and that, instead of allowing our minds to dwell upon self and the things concerning self, if we will think of others, count our blessings, plan little ways to help them or frame cheerful words to say to them, we will

find so much to do that we will have no time left for thinking of our "light afflictions," which, after all, are only to lead us to see the Father's love for us, and which will surely work out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

A striking example of how this change has been wrought in one whom I have now known for about two years is in my mind now. Rarely do we hear her speak of her bad feelings. She is constantly planning how to help others or how to secure the funds necessary to keep up the Home where she stays. She writes letters to her friends, and with results, too, so great is her interest and burden. She mends, tends and picks the flowers, does nearly everything for herself in her own room, is ever ready with a helpful text, does light sweeping and washes dishes occasionally. If such a one, who for years has had this dreadful habit fixed upon her, can recover, surely there is hope for all. "The great Physician now is near."

A call came to visit a woman who was dying slowly, but surely, with an incurable disease. Fannie Emmel and I answered the call. The district was one where it was difficult to find the address given us, and among others we inquired of a woman who, fortunately, could direct us.

Months later, as I was passing from bed to bed, away at the farther end of one of the large wards a woman, resting on her elbow, whose face had a familiar look, but whom I was unable to recall as having met, watched eagerly as I came nearer and nearer to her bedside. With a hearty hand clasp she said, "I am so glad to see you and to get another LIFE BOAT. I read every word in the one you left that day." She soon opened her heart to me, and I found that she had no place to go when she left the hospital in about a week. Promising to do all I could to find some place where she might go, I went my way. To-day she is a member of the Home family.

This is how the work of caring for those who otherwise would be literally homeless pressed into my life. It is a needed adjunct to the visiting hospital work, a work that rounds out the usefulness of visiting hospital

work, a work in which there is just as much of "knee drill," a work where the message of truth can be not only talked once a month but lived every day in the month, a work just as manifestly of the Father's planting and sustaining as the visiting hospital work. Won't you help by your prayers? And in places where practicable "Go thou and do likewise," and thus "taste and see that the Lord is good" in a very practical sense.

Seven are now enjoying these quiet and healthful surroundings. Gathering in the morning in the parlor for a portion of the Word for the day's need, we feel each day like thanking Him who is the giver of every good and every perfect gift.

"Oh, we shall have our service to-day. I hear her voice. Listen now. They'll begin to sing soon. I don't want to lose a word."

The air quivers with the heat. Physicians and nurses are exhausted. Everyone is trying to do as little as possible and to find the coolest places. Those who are too ill to move about in search of comfort turn wearily on their beds hoping vainly for a new cool spot in which to find momentary relief. The sound of a sweet, full, clear voice sounds from the corridor; the strains of a guitar blend with the voice as the words, "Count your many blessings," are distinctly heard. At the close of each stanza one exclaims, "Oh, it is just like heaven, isn't it?" For the rest of the day existence is made more endurable. The Father's loving care is seen where before only bitter re-pining voiced the feeling that even He had forgotten them or no longer loved them.

Does hospital work pay? Not in the currency of this world do we expect our reward, but in the treasury of heaven will be laid up many a coin, gems polished and fit for use on the new earth.

FROM AN EX-PRISONER.

Your welcome letter received. I am now out on parole. I have steady work and am doing all in my power to live a straightforward life. I thank you for your many kind words and encouragement to me and I sincerely hope to always command your confidence and respect.

A CONVERT'S HOME EXPERIENCES.

Rollo McBride, about a year and a half ago, dropped into the Mission, an apparently hopeless and utterly disheartened and forsaken drunkard, and was then and there converted. Since then he has been a faithful helper in leading other souls to the Master, and he recently visited his old home in Dundee, Mich. We quote the following extracts from a letter written to E. B. Van Dorn:

Every night when the clock gets around to 9:30 p. m. then my mind is carried back to the Mission, for I know that then some sin-sick sinner is being born anew in Christ Jesus.

Yesterday I talked in the new Congregational church to the largest congregation they have had. In the evening the Congregational church gave up their services and the minister invited his people to join him in going to the Methodist Episcopal church to hear Brother McBride, of Chicago, and at that service there was not standing room.

Oh, I never talked as I did this time. I know it was not me, but the Spirit through me, that was talking. They usually hold about a thirty minutes' talk, but I went fifty minutes and it must have taken me that much longer to get out of the church after the service. I felt the prayers of my Christian friends and that they were being answered. I did not forget to thank God for this help. To-night I am to talk at the St. Paul Club; all men.

I know you will be more than pleased to know how your labors on one of God's unfortunate ones have been prospered, and that he has been used in the great vineyard where so much is to be done and there are so few to do it.

But even as I have been used here it is not with the satisfaction to me it would have been if I could have been with that little band of Christian workers at the Life Boat Mission nightly or with those very, very few, a mere handful, that wind their way down to the Harrison Street Police Station. At the very hour they were kneeling in the basement of the station around the little box organ, I closed my eyes in prayer for them, and it did seem to me that I could see each one bowed in prayer for help, and know they were given the needed help for the trying ordeals they were to pass through. Daily and every night I remember you and the

work, and I have asked others to remember the work, which they have promised to do. There is not a night at 9:30 p. m. but what I close my eyes, asking God to help you to snatch some poor soul from the paths of sin.

A young man at the Mission one evening spoke as follows:

"Something has been said about Cain being sorry for the punishment of his sin rather than for the sin itself. I am thankful to God that I was sorry for my sin. I did not ask God to take me from behind the prison bars, but to save me and forgive me for what I was in there for, and I asked Him to bless the wife and sister of the man I had trouble with. I believe this religion I have got is the old-time religion, and I do pray every night and every day; even at my work I pray sometimes. I caught myself going through the shop the other day saying the Lord's prayer.

"How many times I heard my mother, when I was a child, ask Christian people to pray for her children! Let us give our mothers no more trouble and pain."

I WAS IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME.

BERTHA E. RUGG.
Campbell, Cal.

One week ago Sunday I went to the jail meeting and unexpectedly was called to sing to the prisoners that good song, "Wonderful Peace"; all was very quiet as we sang, and I believe an impression was made. We all had the chance to testify and tell an experience in the good things of God, and before we left we gave them some LIFE BOATS, tracts, and other reading matter which they seemed to appreciate.

We then went upstairs where were five young women, two only girls in their teens. We spoke to them and asked if they would like us to sing. They answered, "Yes," so we sang, "Anywhere with Jesus," and "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling," and God helped us to sing it with a feeling of earnestness as we never had before. Then we talked with them, and I trust and believe God touched

the hearts of those women and girls. One of the girls broke down and cried bitterly when Brother Hafford talked with her. There was one girl we did not see, though at times we heard her screams and groans; she was so crazed by the curse, drink, that they had had to strap her on the bed the night before—a girl in the power of the demon, of drink. My burden for my sisters in sin grows as I see their misery by personal knowledge of these plain and awful facts.

I have worked somewhat with *THE LIFE BOAT* during spare moments, though the greater part of my time has been spent in treating and helping the sick, in which God has wonderfully blessed me. I shall visit the County Hospital and others which are in need of this Gospel.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.

From an inmate of the Indiana State Prison we receive the following:

"It has been quite a while since I received a word of cheer and encouragement. We poor prisoners need a few kind words of encouragement from good, kind Christian friends to drive away the blues; it helps to drive away sorrow and despair. I am always glad to get letters from *THE LIFE BOAT*. I still put my trust in God, and by the help of kind Christian people like you I always will. Please remember me in your prayers."

SOME HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

LEON W. COBB,
Syracuse, N. Y.

We are using some original ways to reach those in the hospitals, jails and prisons. We sell the papers from house to house, then, while doing so, or after we are through, we ask the wealthy to pay for copies to be put in these places. Thus we are accomplishing a double work.

Of late I have begun working for funds to pay the yearly subscription to these places, so that I could have a lasting result of the work, and I am accomplishing this in the same way by asking my wealthy purchasers to pay for five or ten papers to be resold for subscription money or given out. Some are asked to pay the subscription and let the paper come for the work.

I never realized the work that can be and is to be accomplished in this line of work, and I would not take anything for the experience that this work is giving me. Especially do I appreciate the personal interviews and talks with the superintendents of the different large institutions, and the knowledge of this work that is gained by conversation with these educated, thinking persons.

LONESOME IN THE CELLS.

An inmate of the prison at Hutchinson, Kans., says:

"As I have been reading that little book they call *THE LIFE BOAT* it has helped me a great deal to be a better boy. I have been in this place one year nine days to-day and *THE LIFE BOAT* has been a great comfort to me. I have been wanting to wait until I got out and then send for a subscription, but as it is so lonesome in these little cells I wish you would send me *THE LIFE BOAT* until I can get out, and I solemnly promise to give whatever is right. I hope God will bless you in your work."

CARRY SOME GOSPEL IN YOUR POCKETS.

C. H. CONGER,
Menominee, Mich.

I have been selling quite a number of *LIFE BOATS* lately and I am giving them away to the prisoners and will soon visit the County and City Poorhouse.

When I go about my business I nearly always have some tracts or *LIFE BOATS* in my pockets to sell or give away. I took two yearly subscriptions yesterday, and our little family sold quite a few copies of the August number.

I find *THE LIFE BOAT* is a winner and my heart is in full sympathy with that class of work. My wife and I are enthusiastic over the hope of doing something to help fallen men and women and to rear the standard of our Saviour.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also." Hab. 2:15.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way." Isa. 28:7.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

Are you desperately discouraged with your progress toward perfection? Remember that some have done great things for God who did not have a *consciousness* of entire salvation from sinful tendencies. Paul said, a short time before his death: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after." (Phil. 3:11, 12.) And he had such a vision of his shortcomings that he described himself as the "chief of sinners." At the same time we know that he was the *chief* of missionaries.

God does not ask you to analyze yourself. He does ask us to examine ourselves to see if we are in the *faith*, that is, to see if we have faith in a sin-cleansing and sin-pardoning Saviour.

Do not forget if there is first a *willing* mind it is accepted according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not. (2 Cor. 8:12.) And the Lord will perfect the rest. (Ps. 138:8.) God will finish the work He has begun in you. (Phil. 1:6.) He is not going to break His contract to finish this unless you deliberately drive Him away, so you may safely commit to Him the *keeping* of your soul (1 Pet. 4:19), and you may be sure He is *able* to keep it against that day. (2 Tim. 1:12.) Are you utterly dissatisfied with yourself? The chances are you never will be satisfied until you awake in His likeness. (Ps. 17:15.)

HAVE YOU SETTLED THIS?

Remember the Lord proposes to use you in a most wonderful manner; don't let any worldly ambition ever obscure that thing. At every turn of the road ask this question: Is it right? rather than, Will it pay? Do not decide on any given course of action because it seems desirable just now, but rather ask if it will seem desirable five years from now, when you look back on your decision.

Determine that you will have a whole souled missionary career, no matter how much you will have to sacrifice. Most people are set-

ting their decisions on a commercial basis today, but in the day of judgment they will regret it. When you stand on the other shore it is the souls that you have saved rather than any other achievements that you have attained to that will be worth something to you.

IS IT LEAVING THE EARTH?

A friend remarked to us recently, "Live, earnest Christianity is leaving the earth." Dear reader, is it evaporating from your heart? If so, seek the Lord earnestly for a fresh baptism of His Spirit for service. Do not drift along indifferent to the spiritual welfare of your own soul and the souls of your fellow beings.

Begin now to plan for active soul-winning work in your neighborhood whether you feel like it or not. The man who is freezing to death must bestir himself, so with the man who is growing cold spiritually. Remember that because iniquity abounds the love of many shall wax cold. If that is true of you, be alarmed about yourself.

PRISONERS SUBSCRIBE FOR IT.

We recently received one hundred and eighty-five paid subscriptions from the prisoners in Ionia, Mich. Many of these men have probably earned the required thirty-five cents by making trinkets, by working over time, or in various other ways; in many instances it was probably the only money they had on earth. This is a telling evidence of the fact that God is using this paper to shed light, courage and cheer into the hearts of men behind prison bars.

Dear reader, what use are you making of it? You are situated under much more favorable circumstances than these men. Are you taking any pains to induce your friends to subscribe? Work, for "the night cometh, when no man can work."

Won't those who visit hospitals everywhere, anywhere, write their experiences, give helpful suggestions, and thus encourage still others to take up this branch of Christian work?

SCATTER THE PRINTED PAGE.

During the last two months Alberta Weist has sold 6,450 LIFE BOATS in the State of New York. What this young woman has done fifty others might have been doing and thousands of discouraged and disheartened men and women might thereby have had the life line thrown out to them.

During the last two months Harold Andrews, who is only thirteen years old, has sold 2,550 LIFE BOATS in Denver, Colo.

During the same length of time hundreds of other boys have spent a good share of their time playing marbles or by amusing themselves in other trifling ways, but the full result of this boy's work will never be seen until he meets it on the other shore.

Let us hear from fifty other boys who want to take up this work before cold weather sets in.

If you want to gain a new experience just take a few Life Boats and visit the sick in your community or hand them out at the bedsides in your hospital if you have one. Find out what each one needs that you can supply, continue to visit them, showing interest and sympathy. This does not mean your friends and acquaintances only, but the stranger that is within thy gates.

IMPROVE YOUR SPARE MOMENTS.

Some people are getting a preparation for a life of great usefulness in the moments that others waste. A few nights ago at the Mission a converted man from the steel works stood up and gave a ringing testimony of how God had saved him from a life of dissipation and of his joy in the new-found life. He spends his spare moments while the steel is melting in storing his mind with God's truth. Such a man is not likely to backslide for the Word of God will be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life.

YOU MAY DO THE SAME.

J. N. Peterson, Burlington, N. D., enclosing a year's subscription to the Minot Hospital, writes:

"This was handed me by one of my neighbors, who became interested in THE LIFE BOAT, owing to having read a copy given her by my wife. A reckless young man said that

he never became interested in religious matters, adding 'but THE LIFE BOAT which you gave me touched my heart.'"

A NOTABLE OCCASION.

The dedication of the Hinsdale Sanitarium took place September 20. Ex-Congressman Childs acted as chairman. Hon. Orrin N. Carter, the well-known judge of Cook County Court, was the first speaker and he paid a glowing tribute to the sanitarium movement. He was followed by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, who spoke on the Sanitarium Idea. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, whose magnificent philanthropy has established forty-two colleges in different parts of the country, was detained at the bedside of his wife, who was very ill, but he sent by the chairman a tribute of appreciation for the work this institution represents.

Hastings H. Hart, formerly secretary of the National Association of Charities and Correction, but now superintendent of the Illinois Home and Aid Society, then gave a most helpful talk and he was followed by Dr. Homer M. Thomas, the noted Chicago physician.

Hon. Alonzo E. Wilson, of Wheaton, Ill., in a most able speech showed the great necessity for such a work as the Sanitarium represents, and he was followed by brief remarks from Dr. L. P. Haskell, of Hinsdale, Ill.

W. S. Sadler then gave a short talk on sanitarium work in the slums. He was followed by Dr. Paulson, who told of some of the providences that led out in the establishment of the work in Hinsdale, and he then briefly outlined the purposes of this institution.

Seven hundred people were in attendance. All were well pleased with the charming grounds and the splendid building so thoroughly equipped with modern medical appliances.

If you are in the darkness of deep discouragement this verse will put a rainbow of hope in your cloud of despair: "Who is among you that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God." Isa. 50:10.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

W. S. SADLER, Associate Editor.

N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 472 State street.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale Ill.

Yearly subscriptions, 35 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

Expirations.

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

Change of Address.

When writing to have the address of THE LIFE BOAT changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

Mistakes.

The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

Premiums.

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

Rates for Advertising.

Full page, single issue, \$40; three months, \$100.

Half page, \$25; three months, \$60.

One-inch, column width, one insertion, \$2.50; three months, \$6.

We want someone in each community to canvass for The Life Boat. If you can not do this yourself, send us the name and address of someone whom you think would do it if their attention were called to it.

Do not let your subscription expire. Renew NOW.

The Life Boat and Good Health one year for one dollar. Subscribe now.

A CORRECTION.

In Mrs. McKee's article in September by mistake she was made to say that \$5,000 was donated the Home. It should have read 5,000 booklets.

May Coker writes from San Francisco: "I have been out with THE LIFE BOAT some since I came here and found it easy to take up the work in my old territory. Three of my old customers are now church members all through the interest awakened by reading the paper."

OVER A THOUSAND A MONTH.

Mrs. A. M. Kedler, Chicago, writes: "I have been doing finely with THE LIFE BOATS. The number I have sold since April 5, 1905, has now reached 5,486. This is over 1,000 a month. Most everybody tells me THE LIFE BOAT is a very nice little paper and they enjoy reading it."

A lady in the East writes: "I saw a lady in blue with an anchor in front of her hat across the street. I knew I would have a call and asked God to lead me aright when the call came. I scanned the paper closely, thought it all right, gave the five cents, got the paper, and after reading it I am sure that a year's subscription will give me a feast of fat things in food for my soul. It is the first copy I have seen and I like it so much. May the Lord prosper the work of leading people to the great Physician!"

TAKE THEM ALONG WHEN YOU TRAVEL.

Sadie Taylor, Geary, Okla., writes: "I feel that I must write you how much good one of your LIFE BOATS has done me. God has blessed me and I am so glad that I got one of them. One day when I was on the train a lady who sat in the same seat with me had them and gave me one to read. I read it all through, and to-day I feel that I could read them all if I had them. I am so happy to-day to think that I got one to read."

The Signs of the Times is a religious weekly, which deals in a masterly way with the live topics which today vitally concern the minds of Christian people. Send for a sample copy. Address Pacific Press, Mountain View, Cal.

Those who are interested in medical missionary work should subscribe for *The Medical Missionary*. If you are not, subscribe any way, and you will become interested. Price, 50 cents a year. Address Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.

"SAVE THE BOYS."

By the blessings of the Lord and the co-operation of the reader, this journal will have sixteen pages and be illustrated with views from nature and art. Scenes from the noted Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, will first be presented. This feature alone will be worth more than the subscription price.

The November issue will be largely made up of the salient points presented in former numbers on the evils of rum and tobacco. This issue should be placed in the hands of every minister of every denomination, every temperance and Bible worker, every officer of every organization of whatever name, and every home where there are boys and girls to save.

Terms, 40 cents a year for single subscriptions. In clubs of ten or more to one address, 30 cents each. In quantities of 100 or more, 2½ cents per copy. Order at once so we may know how many to publish. Address, "Save the Boys," Washburn Park, Minneapolis, Minn.

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For those of our readers who can not have the privilege of traveling in different parts of the world, we have selected a series of fifty photo-colorotype stereoscopic views of the most famous sights on earth, with the colors true to nature. We have provided a stereoscope that brings all the details of the pictures out as real as life, with an adjustable slide to accommodate all degrees of sight. We offer both for only **Ten New Subscriptions**. These photographs include scenes in Russia, Japan, tropical scenery, noted sights in Europe, pictures of national buildings, street scenes in Chicago, New York, western mountain scenery, the Niagara Falls, views of the Holy Land, Mexican scenes, etc.

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All our young people should read Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, describing some of the most interesting incidents and most remarkable answers to prayer, in the founding and development of the China Inland Mission. We furnish this book for only **Four New Subscriptions** to "The Life-Boat." We have sent out over a thousand of these books.

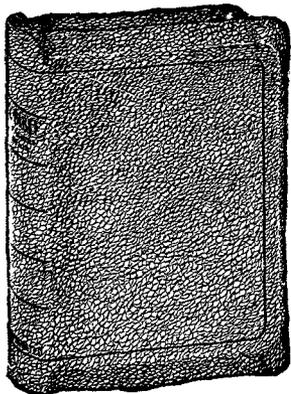
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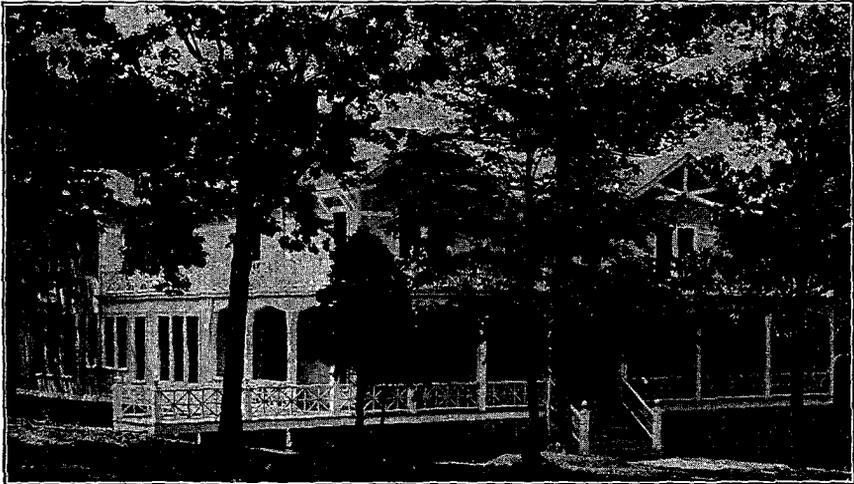
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¶ Its grounds comprise ten acres of rolling land covered with virgin forest and fruit orchard.

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