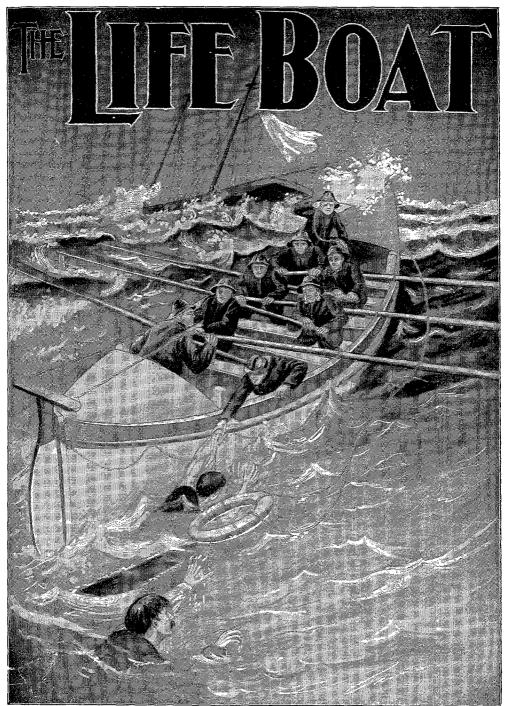
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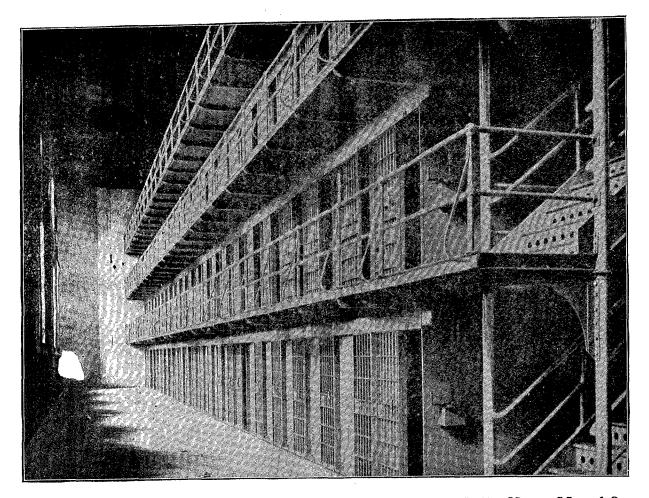
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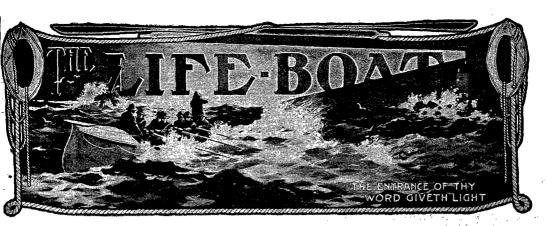
Volume Ten Humber Four

Binsdale, 111. City Meadquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago Apríl, 1907

How Many Life Boats Will You Send Your State Prison Next Month?



How Many Life Boats Will You Send to Prison Cells Next Month?



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

Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: APRIL, 1907

Number 4

"HE CARETH FOR YOU." PEARL WAGGONER. "Nobody cares," art saying, When, weary with the strife. In vain seems even praying, And all looks dark in life? When 'round thee in their gladness Thou see'st the thoughtless throng, When days are filled with sadness And nights are oh, so long?

Nobody cares?—One careth, The One who cares for all— Who all earth's sorrows beareth, And notes each sparrow's fall. He knows, and He is caring Although thou see Him not, And through thy lone wayfaring By Him thou 'rt ne'er forgot.

O weary one, look upward— Behold thy Saviour nigh! He waits thy soul to gladden And fully satisfy. Where shalt thou find another So kind, so true as He? For closer than a brother This Friend abides with thee.

So long as thou art living, So long as heart shall beat, 'Tis proof that God is giving His breath and life so sweet; And can His life e'er pulsate Without His presence there? Then fear not-drift thou canst not Beyond thy Father's care.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD NURSE. DR. JEAN VERNIER.

[We recently heard Dr. Vernier relate the following interesting incident which came under her observation when she had charge of the Halsted Street Dispensary work. We are sure it will help all who read it to be more contented with their own lot.—ED.]

On a cold November day I was called two

blocks from our dispensary, and in a basement I rapped upon the door. There was no response. I rapped again and again and finally opened the door and walked into a room so dark I could not see one object before me. Finally I discovered in the corner a bed and seemingly a patient in it; so I came up to the bedside and there I found a mother and two little children. The mother was unconscious; the other child was in a semi-conscious state. And I stood and wondered if that was all. But I heard off in the distance a sound, a cough; so I found my way to a little dark room, with no light, and there I found two children a little older. A little girl about ten years of age, I think, was giving directions to a little boy under two years of age. This baby under two was the only child on foot. It was a cold enough day, and there was no heat about the house. The child had a single wrap on, and cotton I believe, at that. Its little feet were not dressed, and its head was filled with cold. But the little girl gave directions to the little two-year-old to go out into the back part of the house and bring in a piece of ice. So I watched the little fellow climb down the steps into the darkness below, and I waited until he came back with this piece of ice. He threw it up the steps, and it fell up the steps it seemed to me by accident; then he climbed up the steps after it, picked it up again, got to the basin that stood at his mother's bedside, and there he placed that piece of ice.

The mother, in her conscious state, had been placing compresses upon her own head; but now the child, not realizing the mother's condition, was still supplying the ice. Then without a word from anyone,—I was only observing all this in silence for it struck me with such awe that it seemed I could not move, the little fellow went back into the dark room, came in, climbed up the steps again, climbed



Little Joe as he looked after he had been fitted up with clothing at the Dispensary.

up the foot of his mother's bed and up to her head, and he had in his hand a tiny piece of ice, and what do you think he did? He took and placed this ice in the mother's mouth to reduce the temperature.

I don't suppose the child understood he was reducing temperature. Without a word from anyone he carried this piece of ice, with every possible difficulty before him, and placed it between his mother's lips, and I said surely God was with him. This little child certainly was a messenger in that home, and was carrying out messages that came from Someone above and not from the child himself.

To make the story short, we sent the family

into the hospital, took the little boy, little Joe, to the dispensary, cleaned him up, dressed him up, and kept him for six weeks, and called him our dispensary Joe. That is just one experience in our visiting nurses' work.

INTERESTING PRISON EXPERIENCES.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

Galesburg, Ill.

We are having a great interest in our Bible studies at the jail and are trying to secure Bibles for the prisoners, as they only have one and several of them try to use it at^{*} once. It does seem too bad that they are not supplied with Bibles in such a place, where they have so much time for thought and study. I have never seen such an interest there as at the present time. It is an inspiration to anyone to even see it. God will certainly bless them and all who labor for the Master.

The other Sunday afternoon we were pleased to have an evangelist with us, who gave them an earnest talk, also relating his own experience while a convict and telling of the happiness he has found since he began to serve the Master. He said he could at times not believe it was the very same man who once was a hardened criminal.

We then had the pleasure of listening to a young man from Moody's Bible Institute. As I saw his pure, consecrated countenance I thought, "What a different life you are leading from some of these who are behind the bars." But I was greatly surprised when, as he began. to address the prisoners, he told them how he was accustomed to these places and how he for hours used to stand in this way (he stationed himself taking hold of the bars). It had only been a few months since he had served a term in prison. He told how he had been in the solitary, in the dungeon, and lived on bread and water for days, as a punishment for his wickedness, but how the Lord found him and had made a new man of him so that he now loved what he once hated and hated what used to be his delight only a short time ago. His talk impressed us all deeply.

Then his wife spoke to them and corroborated the story of her husband, thanking God for saving her husband so completely and telling the prisoners that when God could so wonderfully transform him He certainly could them. We were six workers there at the time, all of whom took some part in the exercises, and I know the precious experience will long be remembered by those who were there.

Before the service two of the prisoners asked me to kindly remain a moment after the service as they wished to speak to me. One of them related a very pitiful story. He had a wife and two very dear little children. He was heartbroken as his wife had called and told him that she intended to part from him. He begged me to go and see her and persuade her not to. He said that this trial had taught him a lesson and that he could not part with his family. I said, "I am sorry but I cannot go today and don't believe I can go tomorrow." He said, "Tomorrow will be too late." He pleaded with me with tears that I might go to her then. I could not refuse and I said, "I will go but you must pray for me." "Oh, I will, I will." He did not have her exact address, as they do not make this city their home, so I went to seven places before I found the one where she was stopping. Everyone was so kind and anxious to help me as I told them my mission.

I found her gone when I finally reached the house, but I wrote a letter praying silently as I did so that God might lead me to write the words that would impress her favorably. The letter had the effect desired for instead of applying for a separation she went to see him, and they were united once more. The next time I came there he said he was the happiest man on earth and that he did not know how he could thank me for what I had done for them. I learned that the wife also was very happy. I told him that he must give God the praise as I was only an instrument in His hands and that also, without his own prayers my efforts might have been all in vain. It made me feel so happy over the success.

There is always the little personal work that must be done for some of them. It often seems a burden but after the task is done and results appear such a joy and peace fills one's soul that it more than pays for the humble effort put forth in His name.

We brought our children with us one day to sing to the prisoners. They were pleased with their singing and spoke of their sweet childish voices. We desire that our children

shall grow up to have a love for missionary work and that they shall be the ones "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," and to guide their feet into the way of peace. (Luke 1:79.)

GOD'S SUNSHINE.

PAULINE HANSON.

There are times in every life when everything looks dark; things have gone wrong; matters trouble the mind; sorrows descend upon us; the heart aches, and the scalding tear cannot be checked. But how they are to be pitied, who seem to think that they can bear no longer, when "grace sufficient" has already been promised! Who think that if the burden grows the least bit heavier, they must surrender; who cannot comprehend that strength sufficient to bear will be given to the confident petitioner, and that the burden will not be beyond that which we are able to bear; who are sure that tomorrow is going to be as dark as today, if not darker,--which is pitiful pessimism and deadening despair.

We do not know that tomorrow is going to be darker than today,—in fact, there is a likelihood that circumstances may transpire such a way in one's life as to make tomorrow brighter than many a day past; we do not positively know anything to the contrary, and therefore are totally unjustified in expecting the worst. We remember times, years back in our lives, when we were so ensnared with sorrow that it seemed the state of affairs never would and never could be better, but somehow it passed; we almost forgot it before very long, and looked back upon it in after years as a sort of unpleasant dream.

If earthly matters cause one's life to seem dark, is not God's sunshine present? Have we not felt it sometimes, slowly, gradually and patiently warming our temporal bodies (so that we could feel that comforting tingling in our veins) at the same time attempting to warm our chilled souls; or, in a time of depression, have we never been attracted by its cheerful beams, which would tend to lift us out of this moroseness and dispel the gloom, to some extent, at least?

Likewise, if all else is dreary, God's sunshine is left, whose rays will bring back to life the barrenness of despair. Let it shed its healing rays into the sore heart. In times of trouble, let us lift our eyes in search of God's sunshine, to cheer our temporal hearts, which, though much in itself, is emblematic and but a gleam, compared with the flood of spiritual sunshine He would fain pour into our souls.

"YOU NEED JESUS."*

MRS. EVA M. WHITTEMORE.

Door of Hope Mission, New York City.

In a very marvelous manner I was impressed to give up my life for the girls on the street, so I promised the Lord that if He



would answer my prayer in regard to saving my body, I would do it. If God intro duces us to ourselves we can not escape from ourselves. I had nothing to do with bringing this wickedness into the

world, but he showed me that if I would not give my life for the salvation of the girls on the streets I would lose my Christian experience entirely. The Door of Hope Home was opened about fifteen years ago in answer to prayer. One night a letter came. The letter said, "I must confess with shame that our work is not with the sinners' sins, but with the sinners' Saviour." There is a tendency now-a-days to satisfy curiosity by too much inquiry into the sinner's past.

I was in a meeting one time when I saw a girl come in, and the thought came to me, 'There is a desperate piece of humanity, perhaps you can get her.' I walked down from the platform in a hurry-may God take the hurry out of us and then the steps we take will not have to be retraced. I went to that girl and said, "Look here, girl, you are a wicked, wicked girl, you are." She looked at me as though she would slap me. I pictured to her what I supposed hell would be. She was partly intoxicated, but she gave me such a whack right on my funny bone. That pain was very sweet and precious, for it lasted a long while, and in the stillness God spoke to me. The girl said, "It is not the likes of you telling me about sin. I can tell you more in a minute than you can tell in five hours." She got up closer to me and said, "I am in h——I now."

I will not shock you with her story. She came to the Door of Hope and was saved. She said her mother was a drunkard and her father died when she was a little girl. She had wandered around among those she had never known and there was nothing in sin but what she had been introduced to.

Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15. I am so glad that "every creature" is in that text, for it takes in the girl on the The blood of Jesus is sufficient for street. this form of sin and that form of sin. This girl told me of how she gave her mother all the liquor she wanted to drink. Finally one day she found her mother reeling around the streets like an old drunkard. She said, "A few days after, I heard of some one in the mission who knew what to do with drunkards. I went down there and asked him what he could do for my mother. He said he could help her.

"Then he turned to me and said, 'You are a sinner, you need a Saviour.' It seemed as if I would go crazy." She said, "I will tell you. I have snatched many a pure, innocent girl from the fireside and pressed the wine cup to their lips. I have brought them down and down until they have gone to destruction. Oh, no, Mother Whittemore, God can not save such a girl as that!" I said, "Lydia, just to tell the honest truth, I do not see how God could forgive such awful sin as that, but listen, it is not surprising that you do not see how it is done. It is not surprising that I do not see how it is done, but the Bible says that His word can not return unto Him void, and through the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ, He said, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

I just took that girl by main force and dragged her down to the floor; my dear matron knelt on one side of her and I on the other, and we worked together to get her to pray. After a few minutes she said, "What shall I say? What shall I say?" I said, "The prayer of the publican." Then clasping her hands she began to pray, until the angels caught the strain and all heaven was ringing with rejoicing. She rose from her knees sob-

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bing as if her heart would break. Our tears flowed with hers. She left the room and went into the sewing room and said, "Girls, girls, the Lord has just saved me. If God has saved me He can save you, if you will let Him." I thank God for giving me the love of such a soul.

Not long after, two girls came down, and seeing the door open they entered and said, "Mother Whittemore, what is the matter with Lydia? What has happened?" They said, "We just saw her and there was a strange look on her face." I said, "God has come into Lydia's heart and He has branded her face." She has been following on to know Him ever since.

The next day she came down stairs and said, "Oh, I am so wicked and so miserable." I said, "What is the matter?" She said, "Mother Whittemore, I must do it, I must do it." I asked her to tell me what it was. She said, "There is something in my heart I can not ask God's blessing upon." Then she told me of an unholy love she had in her heart. We knelt together. The struggle was intense, but she gave up the dearest idol of her heart.

Two or three days later we received a letter from this one that Lydia had so gladly and so willingly laid aside for Christ's sake. In the letter he said, "I am getting so restless I don't know what to do." Another letter came saying, "I must give up and go home." A third letter came and we invited him to come to us.

Before he left us he was able to say, "Mrs. Whittemore, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one life to live," and he said, "that life is in God." He went to his mother, buried his face in his mother's lap and poured out all the awfulness of his horrible life. What did his mother do? She said, "John, John, my boy, you need Jesus. You need Jesus, my boy." That is the best method of dealing with your boy! My boy, my girl, you need Jesus.

We had a wonderful time at the wedding. The minister came and married them. We got around the big table and there knelt down and poured out our praise to God. That wedding had the very flavor of heaven about it.

They went to a southern town to live. From there she wrote me a letter saying, "Pray that I may find my mother. My husband has consented to having her in our home." The love of God was such that she was willing to find her mother and make a home for her. After several weeks she wrote that she had found her mother, but she was in a dreadful condition. In three weeks I had a letter from the mother herself which read like this: "I have seen Christ in Lydia's life day by day, and I have given my life to Christ and let the King of Glory come in."

I have traveled miles out of my way to get a peep at that girl's face. Her home is always open to many poor girls who have gone astray. She has accepted the invitation of the great Jehovah and is doing His will.

 $^{\ast} Abstract$ of talk given to Hinsdale Sanitarium family.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The following letter was received from a prisoner in Leavenworth, Kan.:

"I thank God for the mighty work He is doing in this prison. Now there are over one hundred people sending up prayers for the souls away from Christ, and we are winning more from time to time. May we have the prayers of the outside people to help us, is my prayer. I want to thank the sisters and brothers for the love they have shown my dear ones in my absence. Here is what my wife wrote to me:

"'I was in need. I would not tell you for I knew it would grieve you and cause you trouble. I had spent the last dollar you left me for something to live on this winter and did not know where I was going to get clothes for the children and myself, when, to my surprise, I received a box filled with so many nice things. Thank God, when anyone prays in earnest He will answer their prayers. There were three dollars, and we were so glad that we thanked God, for we did not know who else to thank. I can live through this winter now all right. Please tell me who was so kind and so good as to send me these things, if you know. May God bless them, which I know He will, for I prayed for them.'

"So, you see, how can a man deny the power of God when he sees His power every day? May God bless the ones who sent the box to my dear wife and children when they were so much in need. I will pray for them not only once a day, but continually, that God may bless them."

SEED SPRINGING UP.

The following letter was recently written us from Pennsylvania:

"I have been converted from an awful life of sin, as I was a gambler, thief and ex-convict, and I feel I can do a good work for God by letting others know of His wonderful mercy and power in my life. But I realize I need some knowledge as to the Bible, and so write you in the hope that you will let me know what books I most need. I wish to secure an up-to-date illustrated Bible, also any books that would be a help for a missionary or evangelist.

"I suppose you will not recognize me, for it has been quite a long time since I wrote you last. That was while I was serving my time in the Utah prison. I was released on Christmas day and soon was as bad as ever until I drifted into Buffalo, N. Y., where I was given a helping hand by an officer in the Salvation Army.

Soon I secured the knowledge of Christ's pardon, and so I feel that I must go and tell others of what God has done for me. In the two places I have given a sketch of my life it was the means of two precious souls seeking pardon. The big auditorium was crowded, and I was given to understand by many of the business men that with God's help they would give any boy a chance who came out and wanted to do the square thing, as their eyes had been opened to the great wrong they are doing by not giving the ex-convict a chance."

HAPPY DAYS IN PRISON.

• The following lines come to hand from the Indiana State Prison:

"You can't begin to think how much joy it gives me to receive a letter when in a place like this. It makes one feel as though he was not quite forgotten. I am trying to do the right thing and by the help of God I will keep on and never turn back. You can't begin to think how much joy and peace I find in the good way of living. The happiest days in my life I have seen in this prison. When I get in my little cell I have all the time to myself.

"I read my testament and try to do as near as it says. You know the Bible says that the wages of sin is death, and I truly know it is so, for when one gets in a place of this kind he is dead to the world. All I want is health and strength and I will start life over again. Pray for me that I may live for my Saviour the rest of my days and never turn back in this sinful world."

THE MOST IMPORTANT GIFT IN MIS-SION WORK.

E. B. VAN DORN.

There are many interesting incidents in connection with our work. The men we come in contact with have lost everything,—their



friends, their money, their character. The devil tempts them after they have gotten in this condition to think there is no hope for them. and so they endeavor to bury themselves in the use of intoxicants and drugs. But I am glad that the power

of God that is able to raise men even from the dead is also ready to help those who are dead in trespasses and sin, and to set them before the world as monuments of grace.

Such men get to the place where they think they have no friend on earth, that there are no good men on earth, and no one that cares for their soul. So they say, "I am going to get the most out of it and force a living by deceit or some other way." To help such people we must go among them and live the Christ-life.

"For though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." 1 Cor. 13:1.

In this connection I think of a man down in Vermont who was well-to-do, had a good home, and had everything prosperous about him, when two men came along and wanted him to take them with his team across the country. He did so, then left them there and returned home. That night the bank was robbed and they arrested this innocent man, he was imprisoned and was sent to the State Penitentiary in Sing Sing for a number of years, and his family spent all they had that they might liberate him. Then when he came out the officers watched him and he became discouraged and gave up all, plunged into a life of crime and served long terms in the prisons.

This man wandered one night into the Life Boat Mission and heard the simple story of how men had been saved, and after the service was over we went up together into the little room upstairs, talked matters all over, and he gave his heart to God. He has since stated that of all the oratory he has ever heard he has never heard anything so sweet as that story that night of Jesus and His love. Charity is a cold thing, not amounting to very much if it is summed up in dollars and cents. Love is not; it is a gift of God.

"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

A man down in an Eastern State two years ago, one hard winter's night when the snow was flying, was going along the street to a banquet. He passed a little newsgirl on the street and she stepped up to him and begged him to buy a paper so she could buy some bread, as she was hungry. But he pushed her aside because he was hurrying to a great charity ball and banquet. He had a great time there. And the next morning the papers came out, saying, "Mr. ---- gave five thousand dollars toward this charity." And down in another corner in small type, unnoticed, was the record that a little newsgirl was found frozen to death. This man had given of his great wealth because it would be heralded before the world as a great act, but there at his side he passed by this girl because there were no laurels to be cast at his feet for helping her.

Education and learning have their place in life, but how much more important is that spirit of love that never fails. A girl was at the Mission last night who started seven times from a life of sin before she was finally anchored. Suppose we had said, "It is a hopeless case," and given up! But the *seventh* time that the kind word was spoken to her it lasted.

I want more of this wonderful gift of love that endures and hopes all things, and even though things do not seem to go right can hope for a better day. There is a time coming when we shall meet the height of our ambition, when we shall see Him who loved us with never-failing love, who did not condemn Judas, who said to the woman who had sinned so many times, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." May it guide us and finally give us an abundant entrance into the city of God.

ARE YOU LIVING RIGHT?

An inmate in the Southern Illinois State prison writes:

"I received your kind and encouraging letter and your magazine and was so glad to get them; it is just the paper for a prisoner for it fills one's soul with gladness. When I do not get it I feel like someone lost. Sometimes I have the blues. When I can't get a letter from my so-called friends, if I have one of your magazines I get it and read it and instead of having the blues I rejoice, and forget my troubles. It is a blessing to many a poor soul.

"Putting a man in prison will not reform him unless he puts on the new man, and we can do so here in prison just as we could on the outside, for the Lord will hear our prayers. It makes no difference where we are. He is the same Jesus and can and will save us if we let Him. What we want is more Christian people to point out the way to Christ and encourage one if he should get in prison and before getting there.

"My mother did not raise me. If she had I would have known the love of a mother and may never have been behind the bars or gone astray. Yet I thank God I am saved by the blood of Jesus. My treasure is laid up in heaven so the rest of my life shall be for Jesus.

"I want to ask all readers, Are you living right? If not, now is the time to get right. For myself I am trying to be true to my God. Sometimes I find it very hard to overcome temptation, but as I take it all to the Lord in prayer I can say I am still leaning on the promises of my Saviour, and I never will get tired of waiting on and trusting in Him."

COURT WEEK.

WASHINGTON MORSE, Canada.

[Father Morse, although ninety-one years old has secured a large number of new subscriptions for this magazine the last few years and is an earnest and energetic soul-winner. He took an active part in what is known as "The 1844 Movement."

In the following article he writes of some of



the impressions that those remarkable times and experiences have left upon his mind.

Like Moses, whose eyes were not dim nor his natural force abated, so Father Morse writes in a steady, firm hand without the use of glasses.—Ep.]

Do you know that this is court week in heaven? According to Dan. 7:9, 10, the court

opened years ago. Seventy years ago the warning began to go to the world that the court was about to be set.

The warning was given by such men as William Miller, of the State of New York; W. E. Davis, of South Carolina; Joseph Wolff, who labored in various parts of Asia; Edward Irving, of England; Archibald Mason, of Scotland; Hentzepeter, of The Hague, Holland; Laucunza, of Spain; Rau, of Bavaria, and Kelber, of Germany.

An English writer, Mourant Brock, said of the extent of this work: "It is not merely in Great Britain that the warning voice is heard; but also in America about three hundred ministers are preaching this Gospel of the Kingdom, while in this country about seven hundred of the Church of England are raising the same cry." Elder Miller said in September, 1844, that he had the names and addresses of three thousand ministers in various parts of the world who were proclaiming, "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

The cases docketed in this court are numerous. They are the cases of all the righteous dead from the time of Adam, and also the cases of all who will be translated when Christ' comes the second time. From Rev. 20:12; 11:18, it will be seen that many are judged while they are dead. See also 1 Peter 4:5, 6.

The judgment takes place in heaven (Matt. 10:32, 33) before the Father; Christ says, "Before My Father and before His angels." Rev. 3:5. The witnesses that appear in this court are the books of record which men make in this short life. The records are kept by the angels, and are presented by them when they are summoned to appear in court, Dan. 7:10. The judgment closes when Michael stands up, Dan. 11:45; 12:1, 2.

Speaking of this time, Christ said, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." "Take ye heed, watch and pray."

THE FIRST STEPS IN A MURDERER'S CAREER.

DR. C. W. HEALD,

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7. If I should ask you how you know that you are not being deceived in your daily experience I wonder if you could

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give a definite answer without a shadow of doubt.

It is very easy when a machine is set up and kept oiled to keep it going the same way. So it is with some people: they get into a rut. It is natural for things to go that way, for after we have lived a number of years and formed habits something *unnatural* must happen to us to break up the fixed habits of life.

So we ought to examine our lives to see if we have formed habits that are injurious to us. If so, it is time that something unnatural should happen in our experience, and that unnatural thing as the world calls it, is the acceptance of Jesus Christ. Now the Lord is able to do that for us. We have all met people whom the Lord has done this thing for.

You remember Cain and Abel were brothers. When they were small boys there was a little jealousy arose between them. Later you remember the Lord asked them to bring an offering to Him. You know it is natural to think the work that we have charge of is the best in the world,—so it was with Cain. He thought his offering was just as good as Abel's, but there was no attention paid to it by the God of heaven and earth because he did not obey the Lord. So there arose in his heart a bitter feeling against his brother.

I do not suppose when Cain started in with that thing that he ever expected to take the life of his brother. So in our lives: we may start in with a habit which is very small but we never know where it is going to lead us. It is not safe to say, "This is only a little thing. I can do it this time." Just remember how a little thing led Cain to take his brother's life. Never allow anything that is wrong to look so small that you will allow it in your life.

COULD NOT STOP PRAYING.

An ex-prisoner writes: "I am bound to give you the praise because you have saved my soul. A lady was in the penitentiary last spring and brought one of your little magazines with her, which I saw. I read it, and saw there an article about the coming of Christ. This was right after the earthquake in San Francisco. I could not keep from reading that book. I was nothing but a gambler; that was my trade. But I have changed, and am now a Christian and a preacher. The Father has sent me to carry the word and I am the happiest soul you ever saw. To save my life, I could not keep from reading the book. Finally I went to praying. I got to the place where I could not stop praying, and I am glad that I could not stop. God be with you till we meet in Heaven."

HEALING BROKEN HEARTS. MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

The days come and go; the weeks flit by on wings of time with rapid pace, yet each contain golden moments, filled with opportunities for saving poor, perishing souls who now are without hope and with no one to cheer them along life's rough pathway. A few of these cases we wish to tell you about.

A few weeks ago, while holding a Gospel service in one of the police stations of our great cities, we were caused to stop for a moment and listen,-yes, and lift our hearts to God in prayer for one of the tempest-tossed souls behind those prison bars who was kneeling on that cold stone floor, clinging to the bars with face and eyes looking heavenward, pleading in an audible voice to God for Christ's sake to forgive his sins. Like Jacob of old, he wrestled until his face was filled with the light of heaven. We believe that the angels of heaven rejoice over such repentant ones. When a worker said, "God bless you, brother." he said, "It is all right now. I know my sins are forgiven."

In another corridor was another seeking soul, who, like the publican, said, "God be merciful to me a sinner, and for Christ's sake forgive my sins." As soon as he was free in Christ he asked us to visit his wife, which we did; and the Lord blessed us. She was just about to give a lawyer twenty-five dollars to help her, but we told her that God could do more than all the lawyers. We had prayer with her and as we rose to go she took us by the hand and said. "I know God sent you here, and I will take your advice." The next day when his trial came up the judge told him not to let this happen again, and set him free. Their hearts were made to rejoice for what God had done for them.

Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered by all who were at the police station. The Gospel was given by song and testimony in a clear yet powerful manner, which went home to the hearts of those behind iron bars, and many with tears sought God for the first time in their lives for forgiveness of their past sins. It was a beautiful sight to see both youth and old age seeking for that which they did not have.

In the prison annex was a very sad picture. Young girls were there, around whom the enemy had woven his web of sin until the very outlines of their faces revealed the awful effects of the struggle within. As we sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," we could see the enemy begin to retreat, and before we had finished "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," the picture began to change, hearts were made tender, tears began to flow, and two testimonies were given in a clear, simple way of how God had saved and kept them. Then we sang, "There Is a Stranger at the Door, Let Him in." Nearly every girl broke down and wept, some aloud. We asked how many wanted this power in their lives to help them to grow up to be good, true, useful women, and every hand was raised for prayer. With broken hearts we knelt and talked with Jesus.

The good Word tells us, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." We trust-the seed sown will grow and bring forth an abundant harvest for the heavenly garner. We also trust we shall have your prayers and support in this great work of snatching brands from the burning.

PRISON WORK IN ALBANY. mrs. e. grosjean.

During the past year we have sent 1,920 copies of THE LIFE BOAT to the Albany Penitentiary, also several hundred copies to Sing Sing, Auburn and other institutions. The several hundred copies of this magazine that we have been able to send to these institutions we can only compare to the "five barley loaves" among the multitude. But it is written in the scripture that Jesus took the five barley loaves and fed the people with them.

We have been encouraged in the work, knowing that hungry souls have been spiritually fed through reading the pages of this magazine. We are also encouraged to know that it is much appreciated and that it has been a means in the Lord's hands of showing men and women the way to Christ. There is rejoicing in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

WHERE MEN ARE MADE OVER NEW. CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

"I am in hot water. I have done everything that is wicked. I am a stranger here, but I am not a stranger to Christianity. I



was a Christian for eight years and preached the Gos-I have come pel. here tonight after three years of backsliding. I ask you for God's sake to try and help me out. I have been a man of education; I have been a man among men, but it is all gone now. I am in hot water. I want

you to help me out."

Such was a testimony given in The Life Boat Mission on the evening of its ninth anniversary, March fifteenth. Converts and workers had assembled and filled the little mission hall to the doors, yet here and there through the audience could be readily observed some poor man whom Satan had caught in his snares, so while the converts were telling how they had been lifted out of the mire of despair the Lord used their experiences to send home the Gospel to those who need it so badly.

The man who stood up in the rear of the room and gave the above testimony was certainly a sorry-looking specimen. His face was horribly disfigured with great red blotches; his hair, which was rather long, carried its share of filth and vermin; his clothing was ragged and dirty. For some time he had been drinking clear alcohol mixed with a little water to satisfy his uncontrollable thirst. Only the fragments of a once useful life remained, yet he called himself a young man.

This man came forward and found forgiveness at the Master's feet where so many stormtossed souls have found shelter, and after an earnest prayer he took a seat near the platform.

Just then Samuel Coombs, the man for whom God had done so much, gave his testimony. He said, "Perhaps some of you as you look at this fellow here might wonder if God can save him. I know He can. This man is not in any worse condition than I was, and I doubt if he is in as bad a condition, but I know this, that on the twenty-first day of May, in the fifth year of the Life Boat Mission's existence, I was born into the Kingdom.

"That night as I came down State Street there were a few workers standing outside the Mission, singing. I stopped and listened. I can see them tonight. Their faces have been imprinted on my memory and always will be. All that day I had sat around in an old dilapidated beer garden, without a friend, without hope, without anything in the world. But the Life Line was thrown out to me that night.

"I came in by invitation and sat down in the last row of seats and began to sleep, yet I could understand once in a while what was going on. But I did not seem to appreciate that there was anyone in the room but myself, and I thought Brother Van Dorn was preaching right at *me* all the time.

"Something said for me to pray. I could not pray as much as the publican, but I said, "Lord help me.' I believe that right at that moment the burden rolled off. A wonderful change came in and I began to feel as if I could become something again. The men were asked to hold up their hands for prayer and I raised mine and prayed earnestly.

"When the meeting dismissed, I started for the door. I did not have a place to sleep or lay my head. Something said to me, 'If you say anything to those people they will think that is what you are after.' I said, 'I will take Jesus as my helper and if He wants me to walk the street tonight, I will do it.'

"I took my pipe and tobacco and threw them into the gutter, and said, 'There, that is where you belong.' The Coombs that came up this street that night, died that night, and there was a new man born in his place."*

Many others present added words of appreciation for what God had done for them through the Life Boat Mission. Dr. Sadler gave a brief history of the founding of the Mission. He told of how he and Tom Mackey held the first meeting before the room was entirely fitted up, and how one man was converted that night who has remained faithful up to the present time.

During the nine years of its existence the Life Boat Mission has been a power for good. Many a lost sheep has been found, many a mother's heart made happy, and there has been many a song of rejoicing in heaven, because its doors were swung wide open on the fifteenth of March, 1898, and the Life Line held out every one of the three thousand, two hundred and eighty-five evenings which have passed by since that time.

*The interesting story of Brother Coombs' conversion and subsequent experience appeared in THE LIFE BOAT a few months ago. It has since been republished in tract form and can be secured at one cent a copy. Order a couple of dozen to give to your friends. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

BY THY LOVE. BENJAMIN KEECH, Randolph, N. Y.

By Thy love let us live And shape the words we say. By Thy love let us give More love, from day to day.

By Thy love help us do Each duty and each deed. By Thy love keep us true To sow the goodly seed.

By Thy love let us fare The dim, dark, future ways. By Thy love let us care To seek love's guiding rays.

By Thy love help us pray; In Thy love let us dwell; In Thy love let us stay, Thy love to praise and tell.

THE WORK IN THE SUBMERGED DISTRICT.

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

888 Thirty-fifth Place, Chicago.

I am glad to report that the spiritual work here at the Medical Missionary College Dispensary is going hand in hand with the physical work.

The message of true health reform is an entering wedge, and in our present time when sickness and disease prevail on every hand, the evangelist, physician and nurse should all work together.

- In my experience I find the people who are the most skeptical and biased, willing and anxious to hear the Gospel after their sick ones have been raised to health and their homes blessed by a few visits from a missionary nurse. Not only the immediate family, but the whole neighborhood are, as it were, anxious to touch the hem of your garment.

We have co-operated with a few of the South Side church workers in establishing neighborhood cottage Gospel and health meetings, and the Lord is wonderfully blessing and leading out in the work.

Our plan is to hold as many meetings in the homes of the people as we can get workers to handle, and on Sunday night call them all together here at the Dispensary chapel and have a short Bible lesson and testimony meeting, thus meeting many of the people twice each week.

At our first Sunday evening meeting there were twelve present, all of whom received a blessing. One young lady came back to "Father's house" after an absence of about five years. There are many anxious seekers in our other services, which I shall report later.

We have a great demand for periodicals of recent date—Signs, LIFE BOATS and health literature being needed most.

STILL READING LAST PRISONERS' NUMBER.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Indiana State Prison:

"My DEAR FRIEND: I know that you are a friend although you are a stranger, and it gives me the utmost joy to pen you these few lines to show you that I highly appreciate your kindness in sending us the prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT. It has given me so much pleasure to read it! I have read and re-read it and it has touched my heart more and more every line I have read. I never knew before that there was a living soul who really cared for us after being so bad as to fall into prison. I know that you are good, kind Christian people from your kind acts to us, the poor and needy. It is the kind acts alone that touch the hardest heart, and if God will be merciful enough to spare me until I get out of this place once more I am going to try to make up for the bad life I have lived.

"I will be delighted to get a letter from you for I scarcely receive any letters from anybody."

THE GOSPEL TO THE FACTORY AND WORKSHOP.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Superintendent of the Life Boat Mission.

The last three or four months have been of great interest to us, as we have helped to carry the Gospel of peace to the workmen of this great city. But few of these men ever attend any kind of religious meeting. They work hard during long hours, and when their day's work is done and they arrive home, which is often several miles away, and have

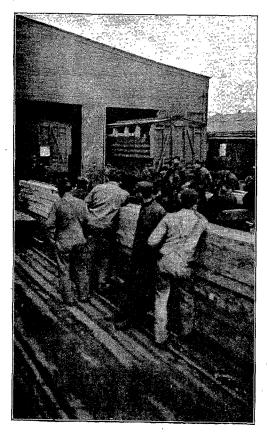


Getting ready for the noonday service.

eaten their suppers and attended to the necessary duties that await them, they do not feel like taking the trouble to clean up, change their clothes, and go to some church.

I with other members of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. have been visiting these men at their noon hour and have held Gospel services for them while they have been eating their dinners. I endeavor to play a familiar tune on my cornet. The men gather around, and often a song is sung, then one of us steps out and tells them the story of God's love, and what it has done and is doing for those who believe it. They have shown the best of respect for the workers and for the message we have taken to them. They have often said they wished we came every day instead of but once a week.

On one occasion at one of the railroad shops when we did not get there the men came together, chose a leader, and held a meeting by



Men listening to the Gospel during noon hour in the railway shops.

themselves. The foremen have shown a good interest in the work by their presence, and have expressed their appreciation by repeatedly thanking us for the help we have been to them.

There have been a number of these meetings held this winter, but there are hundreds of places not yet entered. As the men are met in this way their homes are opened and our workers can go there and meet the family and hold cottage meetings, while some of the neighbors are brought in and the way is thus opened for other meetings. Thus the work started in this way may become a great movement for the spread of the everlasting Gospel, and for the salvation of souls.

We distribute copies of the Gospel of John to the men. Nearly all accept them and we believe they are read.

AT THE FRONT.

The following extracts are culled from personal letters to Brother Van Dorn from Mr. Evan R. Evans, who was converted in The Life Boat Mission from an awful drunkard's career about three years ago and is now doing a great work for God in the Cumberland mountains of Kentucky:

"It will be three years in May that I started to live a Christian life, and during those three years God has certainly done wonderful things for me, for which I praise His precious name daily. The Lord willing, I am going to try to be with you at the old Mission on the 17th of the coming month of May.

"I am at the front here in the Cumberlands doing at least a little, with God's help, for dear Jesus, who has done so much for us all. As you know, I have several preaching points, and while at one of them the other night conducting a meeting, five young men, all mountaineers, said that from that night on they were going to try to live, with God's help, as He would like to have them live.

"Last night I preached at Jackson and the chapel was nearly full. To-morrow night I am going to hold, God willing, and with His help, a meeting at Ransville, three miles away. I held two services there last week. I praise God for an opportunity to work for Him; pray for me that I may do all that I do to His honor and glory alone.

"Let us continue to remember each other at the throne of grace, and, if it be the Lord's will, may we see each other soon. In the meantime, dear brother, yet us be constant in season and out of season and do all that we can to get others to accept our wonderful Saviour as their Saviour, too, so that they, with us, may have in the sweet by and by the blessed privilege of walking up and down the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

SCENES ON THE BROAD WAY. PEARL WAGGONER.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 16:25. So said the wise man, and the truth of the statement none, perhaps, can realize more fully than those who have come in contact with the ones behind the bars. It may be but one step in the downward path which has brought them there, yet to what lengths that first step has led, and how bitter is the fall!

While some may take *many* steps in the broad way before meeting with serious obstacles, yet others at the very beginning of the way are led to realize the deceitfulness of the pleasures it offers. The only safety lies in avoiding the first step. No man who has never taken a first glass has ever become a drunkard—none a thief who has never taken his first lesson in stealing.

Such were the thoughts in the minds of some of the workers assembled to hold the regular Sunday service at the Harrison street police station March 17. Three of us had started from the Mission after a brief but earnest prayer for God's blessing on the morning's work, and though but few in number, yet, like Daniel's companions of old, we felt with us the presence of a Fourth—even of the Son of God.

Upon reaching the police station we were joined by other workers, and after the huge iron gate had closed behind us and we had again knelt in prayer, we made our way to the women's corridor. Here we found five inmates. The one in the first cell lay sobbing on the hard bench with her face covered, giving no sign of having heard when first spoken to.

Hymn books were distributed and the service opened by the song, "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," after which one of the girls asked for the hymn to be sung, "Jesus Will Help You." Following another well-known piece, Mrs. Odell read the 21st Psalm, dwelling upon the thought, "My help cometh from the Lord." The intelligent answers of the girls as they responded to many of her questions showed they were well versed in the Scriptures. But *this* alone did not save them from the prison cell; Christ Himself—the living Word—must be accepted into the heart ere we can be kept from falling.

After further singing Brother Van Dorn gave a talk on the "bruised reed" mentioned in Isa. 42:3. If a plant that is valuable to us gets broken we do not break it down entirely. but put splints on it to help it grow, and so the Master does when He finds us half broken. Just because a man or woman has their arm broken we do not cast them aside, but take them to a physician. Then he said: "Let Jesus set that broken heart and bind it with His cords of love. Let Him knit the broken life to His, and His life will cover the scar and make it perfectly whole." As he then led in prayer every hand was raised, asking that we remember each of them before the throne of grace.

On our way out the woman who had previously shown no interest, but who toward the last had been eagerly listening, stretched her hand through the bars and with tears of gratitude in her eyes thanked us over and over for the good she had received.

The criminals' corridors were the next to be visited. Here also many tender and oldtime melodies were joined in by the men behind the bars, and the utmost silence prevailed as Miss King sang the solo, "He Loves You So." Talks were given by Brother Van Dorn and Brother MacBride, followed by an earnest invitation to each one to accept Jesus Christ. While we were there two or three of the men were taken from the cells, but of the remaining fourteen each one raised his hand for prayer, which was offered by Brother Erickson.

During this service two young boys were brought down by an officer, one apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age and the other not more than twelve. As they stood there at the desk to be questioned and have their pockets searched the elder one endeavored to put on a bold front, but his sorrow

was too real to be thus concealed and his The other little fellow, eyes were wet. frightened and crying, presented such a pathetic scene that as we gazed on the little boyish figure the eyes of more than one worker filled with tears. How early he had begun his lessons of the street, and how early he had been made to realize that the way of the transgressor is hard! They were led to a lone cell, we heard the bars close in front of them, and then could hear only sounds of subdued but heart-broken sobbing. Yet it is of such that the Master says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Untaught and uncared for, is there no one who will volunteer to show them the way?

We next made our way to the drunkards' corridor, where six of the eight inmates listened most attentively, following in the singing. The eyes of two in particular were riveted on Brother Van Dorn as he spoke of the power of God in keeping the stars in place and showed how He was the same God who had power to let prisoners go free—that He was saying to them as to the man who had been bound for thirty-eight years, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

He then recounted the story of a brass molder who found a piece of brass in the dirt where it had been trampled upon for years. He picked it up, cleaned and fashioned it, and it finally became the bell of a great church, where it was used to call people to the services of God. And he went on to say to the down-trodden ones there: "God can make you as useful as that bell in calling men to Jesus."

Long before his recital closed one boy was pacing back and forth in his cell, and it was evident by his expression that the words were not lost on him. The other occupant of the same cell also seemed deeply affected, and his face showed a new gleam of hope as he raised his head at the close. Five raised their hands for prayer, among them a respectable looking middle aged business man, apparently. One tall young fellow in the cell just opposite our organ stood against the bars with his head on his hands, showing signs of deepest interest, but would not raise his hand. But when asked again if he did not wish to be prayed for tears came to his eyes and he nodded. Then each of them knelt with us on the cold

and dirty stone floor, as prayer was offered in their behalf.

In the girls' annex we found nine occupants, seated at a table behind a cage-like netting. All gladly welcomed us and suggested their favorite hymns, taking part most heartily in the singing. As we each in turn addressed them and noted their eager, attentive eyes fixed on us, and their sweet, girlish faces, it was with a prayer that God would enable us to say the word most needed by them and that would make them stronger to discern and choose the right. The little service closed with the song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

So ended one morning. But who can say that the work, too, ended there? We may never again see the same company; some will go out from those barred doors into the greater gloom of the penitentiary, some to the reformatory, some to begin life anew in the world; but the seed has been sown and God has said that His Word shall not return to Him void. Many others are yet behind the prison bars, and many though on the outside are yet bound by the fetters of sin, all alike feeling that no man cares for their soul. Is this not an unlimited field for soul-winning work, and a call for the servants of the Master to be up and doing? Who will answer, "Here am I; send me?"

ONLY BELIEVE.

MARY E. KING.

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Have we really proved in our lives that "with God all things are possible"? The following incidents in the life of the writer have proved beyond a doubt that nothing is too hard for God:

Some time ago I went to a Southern State to take charge of a home for girls, trusting God to supply my needs. I remained in this work about a year when it closed for various reasons. I was at once offered a position as organist of a mission; the salary was small but I knew I could trust God for the rest, so I took my two little children and moved into two furnished rooms. As I began to arrange them I discovered I had no sort of a table and wondered what we were going to do for a dining table. I had no money to buy one and none was furnished me, but I recalled the promise, "My God shall supply all your need," and I asked God to give me a table. No one else knew the need, as I told no one.

All that day I kept working and praying. Hours passed—no table. Supper time came and still no table, but I was not dismayed. I prepared my supper and just at the instant I needed the table a knock was heard at the door and there it was, a new one direct from the furnishing house. God often keeps us waiting, but He is bound to keep His word, and at the moment of actual need He will supply it if we will not be "faithless, but believing."

That night at our meeting I felt that I must praise and glorify God publicly for such answer to prayer. After telling what God had done, while we were singing, those rough men who had come to spend an hour with us before going back to their mountain homes, came one by one with dimes and nickles and quarters till we remonstrated with them, thinking they misunderstood the object of the testimony, but another lesson was learned that it was the willing and the obedient that shall eat the good of the land. (Isa. 1:19.)

At another time we found ourselves without food and money, and what mission worker does not know what this means? That night I laid my needs before God in childlike faith and trust; early in the morning, on opening the door, there was a large basket of all kinds of provisions fresh from the market. And so through all these years I have learned that "the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen," to all who believe.

Don't mortgage your character to win earthly honors.

* * *

Push onward and the strife behind will not bother you.

* * *

Our good intentions do no good unless we do good with them.

There is a lot of difference between the rule of gold and the golden rule.

* * *

The true value of any word or deed depends upon how much of our heart we put into it.

GOSPEL WORK IN THE TOMBS.

MRS. KERSHAW.

1018 E. 156th street, New York City.

[Mrs. Kershaw, Mrs. Calvert and Miss Rasmusson are doing a splendid work in visiting the prisons and helping and befriending the needy, carrying the Gospel to many of New York City's outcasts. God has in a special manner blessed them in their work.—Ep.]

I enjoy the work at the Tombs. Last Monday it seemed the Lord came nearer to me than at any time since I have been working there. Some of those men stood holding on to the bars with the tears flowing down their faces as we talked to them of the wonderful love of Jesus.

One man who had been a Christian worker, but for some reason had fallen, covered his face and wept so hard that our tears flowed with his. The keeper came near and stood and looked on. Oh, I believe that time is shorter than we even think it is and that every soul that will be saved has the heart open to receive His word.

There is a man who has been doing missionary work in the Tombs ever since I have been going there. He came to me and asked if I would not go up to cell 723. I said, "Yes, I will go." Then he came again and asked me not to forget. He said no one could do anything with the man there, but he thought I could. The Lord willing, and if he is there, I will see him Monday. I have been praying for the right words to say.

One man, when I first went to him, was so discouraged he looked as though he cared for nothing. I talked with him about his soul and gave him a paper, then the next week I called at his cell again. This time he seemed brighter. Then he told me his trouble. He had no money, but he had a friend. He did not know his street address, but marked out the way, and we started out. Surely God directed, and we soon found it. The man came down and put up the money for a lawyer. When I next saw him he said he had thought of me all the time. Of course, I told him it was Jesus he wanted to think about, but he said the other people never took any pains to give a word of comfort or to cheer them up or tell them of Jesus' love and he could not understand the difference when they professed to be Christians. I simply said I did not know what others had done, but I was there to do whatever the

Lord had for me to do. He said, with his face beaming, "I am glad I am here, it will be the turning point in my life." He is a man that has traveled all over the world, but he said he never knew what it meant to be a Christian until now. He said that if he lived to get out he intended to come up and see me. I believe this man is there to get the truth, and with God's help I shall do all I can for him.

We are still receiving donations for our work. No one has ever turned us away empty handed. The dear Lord has been very good. I get enough donations to keep the work going. Most have pledged themselves for a donation every month. Oh, when I see how God works I sometimes have to close my eyes; it is getting more real all the time.

THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON, Matron of Suburban Home.

Dear readers, come with me a while and visit the Life Boat Suburban Home. I have told you before of our over-crowded condition. I will take you to a room where three mothers and three babies sleep every night; not a very large room, I can assure you, but it is the best we can do under the circumstances. Each of the other small rooms are occupied by two. We are badly in need of more room. Most of you have heard about the addition we expect to build soon. It will cost about \$1,500 or \$2,000. We will have to get this through the readers of THE LIFE BOAT and by soliciting. We are very much encouraged as nearly every day the past month has brought us something for the "Building fund." Mothers, I believe that if you could see those little babies here in the Home and see with what love and devotion their mothers care for them, you would feel impressed to send something to help enlarge our quarters.

We encourage the girls to keep their babies. We want to help them take care of them; we want to have an up-to-date nursery where mothers can board their babies and where they can receive the best of treatment.

Just to-day one of our workers telephoned me to know if it was possible for me to take a little boy baby to board, since its mother had taken up stenography and could no longer care for him herself, as she had been doing up to this time. I said yes, we might help this girl in this way as we perhaps could in no other. We have many opportunities of this kind.

I think I can truthfully say I never saw so good a spirit in the Home as at the present time, or such devotion, one for the other. If one member is ailing or in trouble the whole family seems to want to help her bear her There is absolutely no friction burdens. whatever. We want to start some kind of industrial work, where we can employ the girls right here in the Home. We will need carpets and curtains, etc. To those of you who would care to give in that way we will be very grateful. The Lord says He will give us the desire of our hearts. My desire is that we may have the means to enable us to have a larger and better equipped Home.

Readers. don't vou want a part in this?

HOW ONE GIRL CAME TO THE SU-BURBAN HOME.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

A poor girl, in a small city not far away, fell in sin and was about to be pushed out of the only home she had. She did not have a loving mother to counsel with; her home was simply a place where she might stay if no other place offered itself.

Something had to be done at once or this poor soul would be turned into the street. A neighbor who became acquainted with the girl's needy condition resolved to do something for her.

One day, while busily engaged reading some proofs for this magazine in the rest room of a large department store in Chicago, I was attracted by a conversation which was being carried on between some ladies near by. They were evidently looking for a Home for girls. They told of some unfortunate girl whom they were interested in. How my heart was made glad as I was able to tell them of the Suburban Home for Girls and that this girl could be taken in.

The necessary arrangements were soon made and the girl was brought to the Home. She now has a beautiful baby girl about three months old and feels very grateful for what has been done for her there. This Home has been a "city of refuge" for about seventy girls during the last two and one-half years and today it is more than comfortably filled, three young mothers with their three infants being obliged to room together in one small room. In spite of their crowded condition, there is no friction or fault-finding among the girls; they seem of good courage and are loyal toward one another and the Home.

An eight-room addition to the Home will soon be begun. Funds have been coming in for this purpose, but more are needed.

A GOOD WORK.

We quote the following from a letter received from R. A. Lee, Home Evangelist for the Tinley Rescue Christian Home, Omaha, Neb.:

"This letter leaves us with twenty-three inmates in the home. I am glad to say quite a few are grandly saved, for which we give Him thanks who said unto the woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' What a wonderful work we have to do as we look around and see to what extent sin is abroad in our land dragging so many of our precious girls to a life of sin and shame, and see what little efforts are being made to prevent it! May God inspire our hearts to say as the poet,

'Oh let us go and find them-In paths of death they roam. At close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say, We have brought some lost ones home!'

"Our family worship is a time when the Spirit of God talks to souls."

THE SIMPLE STORY.

A recent letter from the Indiana State Prison reads as follows:

"A copy of the January LIFE BOAT fell fortunately into my hands today. I read from the first to the last page with much heartfelt interest, receiving a deeper inspiration of God's providential, over-ruling interest in the children of Adam through His servants' practical rescue work. It is always best to tell the story simply, 'as to a little child.' We have an over-abundance of metaphysical hair-splitting in too many of our pulpits. It appears to be such an easy subterfuge for salvation truth to tell the world what the Gospel is not instead of what it *is*, namely, 'being born again.'

"A man once entered the Water Street Mission. He had been guilty. He confessed to every crime on the calendar except murder, and even this he had premeditated committing. He was one of the worst looking specimens of wrecked humanity that they had ever looked upon. He was eventually washed in the blood of the Lamb. When asked how he felt after Divine assurance became his possession, he hesitated, seeking mentally for a fitting illustration, and finally blurted out, 'My heart became softer than a boiled carrot.' What a homely metaphor! But just think a moment. A carrot, the hardest brittle thing in the vegetable kingdom, becomes the softest when boiled. In this sentence we have the marrow of the Gospel of Christ.

"It is just this simplicity in THE LIFE BOAT that reaches minds and hearts, educated and uneducated, in the philosophy of the plan of Divine salvation. Two things dominate my mind every time I read the Divine Word: 'What a sinner I am, and what a Saviour I have.' Two facts are uppermost in my mind when I read this magazine: 'What an awful crowd of lost ones to save, and what an opportunity to rescue them.'"

A BUSINESS WITH GOOD RETURNS. M. A. WINCHELL.

1341 State Street.

We have clearly demonstrated that a workingmen's Home can be maintained on a selfsupporting basis and still show a spirit of mercy for those who are not able to meet expenses.

I have had some opportunities to know how men are treated at the ordinary lodging houses. I have been informed that if a man goes to a lodging house with only nine cents and asks for a ten-cent bed he can not get it. It is not so at our house; if a man has only one cent he gets a bed just as freely as the man with ten cents if we are satisfied that he can not do any better.

Of course, people say that business can not be carried on that way, but we have demonstrated that it can. It causes a great deal of perplexity sometimes. Some men, if they thought they could get a ten-cent bed for one cent, would try to do it. I am glad to say God has helped us out and we have been able to maintain that spirit in our work. It has also been true that kind treatment of the class of men we have to do with is more effective than a policeman's club. We do not deal harshly with them. Sometimes we have to tell them in a kind way to "go out." The men are hardly prepared to receive that kind of treatment.

These are some of the things that have appealed to me, showing the real importance of our work. It is one reason why this work should be carried forward.

In regard to what is needed: Our first and greatest need is men. I mean men who can help carry on this work as the Lord wants it done-men who can show forth the Spirit of Christ in their dealings with the patrons. That is one essential thing that will make our work more than the ordinary lodging house. We need that more than anything else. I find I can not treat men kindly unless there is something in my heart that is not there naturally. With the Spirit of Christ it would make no difference if we had the poorest old shell in town and nothing to do with to speak of.-we would have a splendid work. If we had the best house that money could make without that kind of influence our work would be a failure. Now, how shall we find men that are thus in touch with God?

One thing we need is better facilities for helping those who can not help themselves. Of course there are a good many men who take advantage of charity, but there are plenty of needy men. Sometimes men are out of money through no fault of their own. Another class of people who need help are the men who are unable to cope with the situation of earning a living in a great city like this. I believe we ought to provide some way whereby we could maintain a home where these men could have a good influence thrown around them.

We feed the men good, wholesome, vegetarian food. A man can get a meal for five cents if he has no more. I have known of men in the winter time who have gotten something warm to eat for only two or three cents. For five cents they can get a good meal; however, our lunch counter at such prices is not self-supporting unless we have a large patronage.

If a man pays for a bed he gets a bath free. We have bath rooms in our basement. We charge five cents for fumigating the men's clothes and five cents buys the privilege of washing their own clothes. There are from twenty-five to seventy-five men a day who come in and wash their clothes and dry them and take a good bath who do not stay with us. They are glad to get this chance. They value this feature very highly and say they would not know what to do if it were not for our work.

SIMPLE TREATMENTS IN VISITING NURSES' WORK.

CHARLOTTE E. DANCEY.

[The following from Miss Dancey, who was formerly head nurse at the Johns Hopkins hospital, sets before us the possibility for good in visiting nursing. Why should there not be hundreds of splendid young women preparing themselves for doing this work in our large cities? It is not enough to proclaim the Gospel within the walls of splendid churches; it must be carried in a practical way into the hovels of the poor where disease and suffering have laid low their already distressed occupants.

We will be glad to correspond with those who feel a burden to begin a course of training which will fit them for such a large field of usefulness in the Master's work. Chicago furnishes an unlimited field for just such work.—ED.]

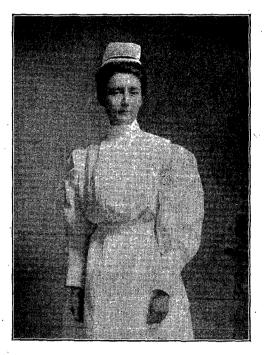
I spent seven years in Johns Hopkins hospital and had the best nurses' training that could be given from an ordinary standpoint. Then I took up visiting nurses' work. I had not been in this work long before I was impressed how helpless the ordinary nurse was without a doctor and, second, how helpless a doctor was in the families of the poor.

About this time I became ill and went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where I received a start toward health, and I also learned some valuable things regarding the simple treatments of ordinary disorders. So I determined when I went back to begin nursing from a different point of view, and I had some interesting experiences.

A large class of cases that the visiting nurses meet are too sick to work and yet not sick enough to go to a hospital, or perhaps they have been to a hospital, but are still too sick to work. What can be done for such? Medicine does not reach their cases. They have no money to go to the mountains or seashore, where the rich people go to recuperate, and the average nurse knows practically nothing about water treatments.

One little girl represents a type that we all

meet in this work. She was kept out of school with chorea, or St. Vitus dance. The doctor had given her arsenic and iron and advised sunshine, fresh air and plenty of pure food. She was one of a family of five and they all lived in one room in a cellar. The father was dead. The children were all under twelve, the mother partially an invalid. What was the hope for that little child? She



had been under my care for several months without any benefit; but after I had been to Battle Creek I went back, took up her case again and went there daily and gave her wet hand rubs and other hydriatic treatments which caused her to improve some. Then I got a friend to let me have enough money to get her a hammock, and I put it out on a back stoop, got her out in the sunshine and fresh air, and soon she was back to school again.

Another case was a boy who had been under my care for years with a chronic disease of his eyes. But after returning I took him again to an eye specialist, who said to me: "What is the use of bothering with that child? He has had this thing for years and it is going to last for ever and a day and may be a little longer."

I began with simple water treatments which toned him up. I told him all about it and what it would do for him and he entered into it with great enthusiasm, which encouraged me a good deal; and I taught him how to chew his food properly. At first he could not breathe through his nose at all; it was a part of the same chronic congestion. But the treatments brought him out. Pretty soon he was back in school and his teachers reported that he was doing wonderfully well. Before I had him under treatment for three months he began to grow the first eve lashes he had had since he was a little fellow.

It is marvelous what these simple things will do for the people right in their own homes and it is so easy to do. The nurse carries a hand bag anyway; it is but little additional trouble to put in a fomentation cloth, some soap and a mitten for a cold mitten friction. It takes no longer to give a cold mitten friction than it does to sit around and wonder what to do or to take a child to the dispensary every day to take some drugs.

I had a lot of cases with chronic ulcers on their legs so I tried hot foot baths followed by cold applications and they healed up much more quickly than they had done with all the medicines I had applied and all the strapping I used to do. When the poor have some acute disease they can be sent to the hospital, but every hospital I have ever had anything to do with refuses the chronic diseases. Yet a sick poor person is as helpless when ill with a chronic disease as if they had an acute disease The rich chronic invalid can go to a sanitarium, but where is the free sanitarium for the chronic sick poor? The visiting nurse who understands simple treatments comes nearer meeting that want than anything else I have met.

Sunshine is never sullied by falling on filth. *

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The biggest snowstorm always begins with the smallest flakes. So the most ruinous sins usually begin with small temptations and yieldings. The street-corner jest, the half hour in bad company, the sip of liquor, flake by flake, little by little, the overwhelming sin comes on

LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE.

The following are extracts of letters received from a prisoner in Michigan City, Indiana:

"It gives me the greatest of pleasure to pen you a few lines once more and to know that I have Christian friends like you to write to. I want you to know that I think of you every day and pray God to help you in your great work.

"I am doing all I can toward THE LIFE BOAT. I think you will get a new subscription this month. You see it is against the rules to talk in here or I could do more. I enjoy it so much that I would like to have one every day if it was possible. I can send them to any one I want to on my range by the officer in charge. There are thirty-eight cells on this range and part of them are double, so you see that gives me access to a good number of men. They all work in the shop with me.

"This is the first time I ever got into trouble and I have served eight years. I had a parole once and went back where I was sent from to take a position with a house-furnishing company and have charge of one of their wagons; but I got discouraged to think of coming in contact with everybody I knew so I left and went up in the country sixty miles and took another position without the permission of the prison officials. They heard where I was and came and took me back to prison again and I have been back now nearly six years. I am sorry I didn't stay there and face the humiliation.

"I feel as though I could face the whole world now. I haven't the words to explain what I have suffered. I sometimes liken myself to a little bird in its cage as it sits there all day long year in and year out warbling its plaintive notes to its prosecutor to no avail, and it seems to me that all the sweet words in the world married to melody could not express what its few plaintive notes say of flowery dale, of brooklet and woodland free. It is only the human heart like mine, that has been in a cage for eight long years, that can interpret these little captives' plaintive notes and my heart sings its silent plaintive notes the same as those little bird captives. Oh, I would be the happiest man in the world if the

people that had these little bird creatures caged up would set them free some warm summer day and smash the cage into atoms so it would never hold another."

DOES NOT PAY.

From an inmate of the Michigan Reformatory:

"I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am still trusting in the Lord, my Saviour. I received your kind and very welcome letter; it gave me new courage to still press on and upward. I want to say right here it does not pay to serve the evil one. There is no joy in serving him—it is all sorrow; but praise the Lord, I am on His side and am going to stay there no matter what comes.

"I want you all to pray for me that I may ever be found faithful to His work. I could hardly wait till this magazine came last month; I like to read it so well. I am trying to get money enough to renew my subscription before it runs out, so as to keep the paper coming right along. I am all out for Jesus and always will be, for He will never leave me. Though earth friends be few. He is always a friend to the sinner no matter how deep down in sin."

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC LEGALIZED.

H. H. FRANKLIN.

Twin Falls, Idaho.

The liquor traffic makes drunkards, paupers, beggars. It excites riot, robbery, bloodshed. It diminishes comforts, increases expenses and shortens life. It multiplies fatal accidents and incurable diseases. It thwarts and dwarfs the intellect, it deprives of reason, of character and of all peace. It makes fathers fiends, wives widows, and children orphans, and everyone who continues to patronize it poor. It makes infidels, causes dissipation, ignorance, lewdness and every other vice. It will corrupt even ministers of the gospel, it will aim to obstruct the gospel and defile church members. It will cause temporal and eternal death.

This nefarious business pays the saloonkeeper well and supports him and his family in luxury, while the patronizer swallows down houses and lands and loses reputation as a respectable citizen, and character as a man. This traffic is legalized by our government and encouraged by the public; it must exist to destroy and damn human souls. This nefarious business is a legalized murderer, and the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," and that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

The liquor traffic gathers the wages of iniquity and fattens off the ruin of souls. It endangers the safety of the State and nation by increasing sensuality, ignorance and crime. It destroys purity and intellectual growth. It keeps up pawn shops, poorhouses, police courts, jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, lunatic asylums, erects gallows and electric chairs, where many of its victims go.

Twin Falls has now three drink hells where unfortunate men will drink up one and two and three months' wages and even six months' hard earned money in one or two nights' sprees. Between these dens of iniquity and a place beyond the railroad track, called the "Red Lights," or harlots' den, the poor, unfortunate wageearner will spend most if not all of one or two months' wage.

WORKING FOR LOST SOULS. MRS. MARY TUTTLE. Lawrence, Kas.

We are wonderfully blest in our work in the prison here. The Lord was with us in power Sunday. Four inmates went out at once, all being made better for their stay in the jail. They were under conviction, and I believe God will yet bring them to Him. I got a letter from a boy in Olathe, Kansas, Jail. He is considered a terrible fellow. As soon as I heard of him my heart went out after him in pity and sympathy, so I sat down and wrote a letter to him and received a good letter in reply. He said that I was the first one to give him any sympathy since he had the misfortune to be confined in the jail and he wanted me to write soon to him. I trust that God will use me as an instrument to bring him to Christ.

This work grows dearer to me all the time. My heart is ever in this work. Time and money and all that I have is for God and lost souls. My prayer is that this year may be one of the most fruitful in souls turning to God. I am praying constantly for that.

There is a redemption for all if they will

just be child-like enough to believe the simple truth that Jesus saves. "Whosoever will" may come and be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. What a wonderful plan of redemption for our poor fallen race! The converts in the Lansing jail are doing well and are happy and willing to be content with their lot till the blessed day of liberty comes, and then they expect to go out and tell of thisgreat salvation, for their hearts are just aching to tell the precious story of Jesus and Hislove. They know the power of God to save poor, lost and forsaken souls and are glad and rejoicing because they can now tell it to others. I have received some precious letters from them and they are made to cry out,. "O, where would I have been if I had not been made to see the better way?" They thank and praise their God with all their hearts and that makes me rejoice.

Praise God for prisons, for they have been the means of bringing many to a halt and have caused them to see a new and better life.

FIELD MISSIONARIES.

Last October Mrs. Kedler and Miss Sweet started out on a self-supporting soul-winning trip. They defray their expenses from their sales of this magazine. Since they left they have sent in orders for nearly thirty thousand copies. Providence has gone out before them. While they have at times met perplexing experiences, yet they feel they have had a blessed time placing the Gospel in the hands of so many thousands of people.

Mrs. Kedler writes from Dayton, Ohio:

"While working with this magazine along one of the poorer streets of Hamilton, I accidently came across a very poor family, consisting of a deserted wife with three little ones, aged three months, two years, and four years, besides her old mother. Her mother stayed at home and took care of the babies while she went to work in a factory near by. The husband had left them three months before the last baby was born.

"I reported the case to some Christian people who had befriended us while there. One man, who is a baker, together with his wife took a special interest in the family and said that they would supply them with bakery goods, also help them with clothes.

"The poor mother was very thankful. The



Mrs. Kedler and Miss Sweet.

grandmother said, 'She has to buy everything.' They were all living in one room, and the lease of that was up, so they could stay there no longer. The young mother was out looking for another room. I am sure this brother and the other members of the church will not let them suffer.

"Several saloon-keepers at Hamilton bought papers for themselves and also for their customers. Some would give them to the men, and others would tell me to leave them on the table."

Miss Sweet, writing from the same place, says:

"Yesterday I had the most pleasant day's work I have had for some time, although it rained most of the day. Everyone seemed to have a kind word for me. This gave me fresh courage.

"One place I visited was a milliner's store.

The lady in charge was busy visiting with a friend, but when I showed her the paper she immediately paid for it. The other lady took one, too, and then asked several questions. She seemed heartily in favor of such work.

"One lady I canvassed made all kinds of excuses, such as hard times, too busy, etc., and finally said, 'I have a sick boy to take care of and can not buy.' Perhaps what she said was all true, but I know that she would not have wished to had she been able. Just as I was about to turn, the very feeble voice of a young man called from the room adjoining, saying, 'Buy one, mother, and give it to me.' She said she would take the book and see if he cared for it. When she returned she brought the nickle with her and placed it in my hand, saying, in a defeated tone, 'I did not know that he was interested in anything of the sort.'

"Something in his voice revealed what his lips had never expressed—a hope that is born of despair. I did hope so much that that poor soul, sinking beneath its burden of disease, might find in the little LIFE BOAT, which cost him but five cents, a treasure which money can not buy."

A CO-LABORER WITH GOD.

TILLIE STILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

Since coming to St. Louis in the summer of 1903 I spent most of my time in the congested portion of the city, doing general missionary work. Ever since I have been in this city I have desired to see a mission opened here, but lack of finances has thus far prevented it. So I did what seemed to be the next best thing: I rented a room, and by God's help shall spend what time I have, aside from the time consumed in laboring to meet expenses, to lead the perishing souls to the loving Saviour by distributing literature, etc.

I located on the same street and not far from where the Life Boat Home was located during the Fair in 1904. At first I thought I would locate in another part of the city, but just before starting out to look for a room I went to God in prayer and asked where He wanted me to go, and was directed to return to this community. When I came here I found that all the missions in this locality (there were three or four) had closed, thus I could see the need of returning here.

I hope God will in some way open the way soon for a mission in this part of this city. Those who roomed at the Home during the World's Fair here will doubtless realize the great need of work being done, and I ask all readers to pray that God will open the way for greater work here, and that speedily.

SEED SOWING. MAUD ESKRIDGE

[Are there not many of our readers who will be led to spend a few spare minutes each week in a manner similar to the one described?—Ep.]

"Give, and it shall be given unto you." Luke 6:38. "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" 1 Cor. 4:7. There are many avenues through which we can be a help and blessing to others. The Lord has provided each with some talent not to be consumed upon himself.

For some time I have read this paper with great interest and recently I thought much of how this interest might become intensified by making it possible for others to share it with me; so I decided upon the old plan of house to house work. I took several copies and went on the streets near by, explaining the mission of this little magazine and asking permission to bring it to the homes each month for as long as they desired to read it. I was successful beyond my greatest expectations, and in a few afternoons I had a large number who were willing to give the paper a trial, and in most instances a very generous one.

Several were acquainted with the work through travel and expressed themselves as being very favorably impressed with its mission. Others had had their attention arrested at the World's Fair, so this witnessing for Jesus is sure to leave its imprint on someone's memory.

To some this soliciting might seem much unnecessary labor, but through the promise to take the papers regularly I gained an entrance to many homes that otherwise would not have been opened to me. This paved the way for greater opportunities, for since this little exertion on my part I have taken several yearly subscriptions from these same people and have left through other mediums the truths of the gospel message for this time in many of the homes. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11:6.

After reading them several passed their papers on to others, so this seed sowing will be blessed of the Lord and can not fail to do its work. Who can estimate the result of even so small an effort? I also sold several hundred single copies throughout the city and in this the children had a part; often they were willing to give their pennies that no doubt had been saved for some cherished object.

In all this I am sure my purpose was accomplished—that of interesting others and creating a greater interest in my own heart in the things of the Lord. "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. It any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." 1 Pet. 4:10, 11.

A TRANSFORMED WOMAN.

"I was lost, and Jesus found me. Two years ago last month, Satan put me behind prison bars, and while there, our Heavenly Father sent some of His faithful workers into the prison to tell me of Jesus and His love. They told me if I would confess my sins, He was faithful and just to forgive my sins and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness. So I confessed my sins to my Father, and He, for Jesus' sake, forgave me. How I thank God for good Christian friends, who are willing to extend a helping hand to the fallen girl and the fallen man. I praise God that I can go past the saloons and other places of sin and not go into these places, because I have the love of Jesus in my heart, and He gives me something better to live for. Once I was a drunken woman, drinking out of a can on the street, but Jesus has saved me, and taken

away all the desire for drink, cigarettes, and cocaine out of my life.—[Heard in the Mission.]

SUPPLY ALL OUR NEEDS.

Miss Luella Rasmusson gave up a business position in Chicago to assist Mrs. Kershaw in her soul-winning work in New York city and is now taking some special preparation in a Bible training school. She writes: "I am training a young lady to take up this work here. She is doing nicely. The first night she went out with this magazine she sold fifty copies.

"I get excuses from my school work to carry on the work in the Tombs prison one day each week. Today 1 am going with Mrs. Kershaw to the court house in behalf of one of the prisoners. I am of the best courage in the Lord. He is so good to me.

"Last Sabbath I received a letter from a lady way down in Louisiana containing one dollar. She was a total stranger to me, but it came just in time to help me in my work. I did not have money enough left to put anything in the collection at the church when this letter was handed to me. How true the Lord's word is that He will supply all our needs!"

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

If you have been led on from one sin to another until you begin to see the awful results, remember there is One who is watching your footsteps who loves you even though you may have wandered from the path of right.

We are corresponding with many discouraged girls all over this country and have been able to put hope and sunshine into many a sad heart. If you have a desire for better things and have no one in whom you can confide your troubles, or do not care to do so, address the writer of this article and your letter will be held strictly confidential. Address, Hinsdale, Ill.

A bicycle and a religious experience are alike in at least one respect. Both are intended to carry people, but the man who rides either one must keep going or he will fall off.





DO YOU HEAR THE SIGHING OF THE PRISONER?

EDITOR

The Psalmist says that the Lord hears the sighing of the prisoner. (Ps. 79:11.) So will His children.

The Christian people of America have almost left the prisoners out of their reckoning. Moody shortly before his death declared that our prisons were our very best missionary fields. Mrs. Ballington Booth and a few others have appreciated the same fact.

During the last eight years we have issued annually Special Prisoners' Numbers and have had them distributed to almost the entire prison population of this country.

The entire good that has been done eternity only can fully reveal, but we have seen enough practical results to amply justify us in issuing next month another Special Prisoners' Number. This requires a large expense and we ask our readers everywhere, old and young, to assist us in this labor of love.

Encourage the children to save some of the money they would otherwise spend for candy and other trifling things to amuse themselves with, and instead use it to shed light into some dark prison cell.

Do not say that the prisoners are not worth giving the Gospel to. Are YOU worthy of all the blessings that you are daily receiving?

There are plenty of men in prison who have found out that the way of the transgressor is hard and they gladly welcome the message of salvation that is contained in this magazine. Let us hear from you.

SEE YOURSELF IN THE OTHER FEL-LOW.

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." Heb. 13:3. Do we all recognize the tie that binds each one of us individually to every other member of the great human family?

When we see one "bound" by the fetters of sin, chained by some wretched habit, we are apt to say in the words of another, "I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are." But how different the thought suggested in the verse just read: "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them."

I care not to what depths of sin one may have gone nor how securely bound one may be, it is for you and me to see in that one ourselves, except by the grace of God. Please remember, too, the pit from which you were digged. Again, remember "them which (Isa. 51:1.) suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." What body? Why, in the body of them which suffer adversity, of course. In other words, Put yourself in the very place, as far as your power of imagination will permit you, of the person who is bound or suffering adversity.

The good Lord has not asked us to love our neighbor better than ourselves. The command is. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." If we can really see ourselves in the other fellow, the man that is down, the man who has everything going against him, how much we will do to make the lot of such a one easy, the burden light, the path smooth! Let us pray that God may help us do it.

THE INFLUENCE OF A CHRISTIAN LETTER.

A prisoner writes from Michigan City, Ind.: "It is a pleasure to read your letters; they are good for instruction and for encouragement. I think that Christians who write personal letters to the sorrowing and suffering and to those who are in trouble give encouragement and instil hope in the hopeless, will in some instances recall to their minds the teachings of a long since dead mother, or a Sunday-school lesson.

How many there are in penal institutions who do not write or get letters! Yet they

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recall many who could do so. They lose all faith in mankind, all hope is lost, and the bitter cry is, 'No cares for my soul; why should I care?' They think not of God's care nor His goodness. A letter is such a little thing, yet it has a mighty power for good or evil. Those who are writing Christian letters will never know all the good they are doing until the last day.

"I can only wonder at God's blessing to me, who was His chief enemy, in guiding me into the truth. My prayer has often been, 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law. I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.'—Ps. 118: 18, 59. I did this because everything else had failed to satisfy the longing I had for twenty years, for I started young. I roamed the old and new world over seeking for that which no human power could give nor the many hundreds of dollars I spent could buy. But 'great peace have they which love Thy law.'—Ps. 119: 165.

"I hunger and thirst for more of His Word. I wish to go on unto perfection. It must be by His power, for I am weak. I am always thankful to speak a word for Jesus; it is all I can do now and I will do so at every opportunity. The lessons He teaches me are not for self but to teach others. I shall continue to study and pray for more light; the time may come when I can use it with more force than I can now.'

APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

From Michigan City, Indiana, one of our prison correspondents writes:

"Your thoughtfulness in sending me this magazine and your kind letter command my warmest gratitude. The heart to heart talks through its printed pages to the man in the shadows of disgrace, lift up the bowed head to do right and banish the heartaches. The only kind of social redemption that is worth anything is real, personal, hand to hand, face to face salvation through Jesus Christ. By it a man's heart becomes the humble abode of love and he becomes a good neighbor and a worthy citizen.

"A few years ago I picked up quite accidently two sheets of paper I found wet with the salt water on the sandy beach of Ocean Grove, N. J. They were leaves from a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I read with considerable interest an article on the training of the child by Dr. Kellogg. Pinned to the sheet was a photo of 'Huldah's Kid,' which the good doctor used as an illustration of his subject. I have told that story in over two hundred churches,—how the nurses had to bathe that child in kerosene oil in order to rid it of its vermin.

"My Bible is my daily looking-glass where I look for the image of God's countenance being reflected in me. It is the noblest ambition of my life to get intoxicated with the Word of God. To change the metaphor, it is the Christian's sword and trowel."

IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

Nome, Alaska, Dec. 24, 1906. "I am in receipt of your letter of October 12, 1906, and wish to state that this station has received two copies of THE LIFE BOAT edition of October. I was thankful for receiving the same. After the crew of station hands have read them we pass them around among the boys on the creeks. The weather here at this time is very cold. The thermometer registers from zero to 40 below, at times blowing a strong gale of north wind. The sea here is solid with ice for fifty miles out to sea, which makes it very hazardous for the persons traveling. I will say that the crew and myself will be glad at all times to receive THE LIFE BOAT.

"Enclosed find stamps for LIFE BOAT copies. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," Тномаs A. Ross, Keeper of Life Saving Station.

A friend in California in sending ten dollars donation for the new addition to the Suburban Home and for the Mission, writes: "I will tell you how I happened to have it. My wife needed some warm winter clothing, so I drew ten dollars of my salary for that purpose, but just at that time she received a letter from her son, making her a present of the necessary amount, so I send it for your good work instead."

The greatest wisdom a man can display is to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified.

ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Enclosed find my subscription to this highly-prized magazine for another year. I should greatly miss its monthly visits. I always pass it on to others after I have read it."

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"The March LIFE BOAT is so full of good things that I want to get a few copies so that others may have some of the help and encouragement that is derived from its pages. Enclosed find twenty-five cents. May God bless you more and more in your work for humanity, is the wish of a Kansas reader."

*

"Please find herewith fifty cents to pay for the continuance of subscription for one year, hence, as I do not want to miss one issue. This is the fifth year in succession that I have subscribed for it, and of the forty-eight copies, I have read forty-seven and a half of them from cover to cover."

* *

"I have found a little book, THE LIFE BOAT. I want to subscribe for it if it is to be had. I have found it so good and wish every one could find one and like it as I do. The bood is partly torn so I don't know as this is the right address, since a part was torn off. Send me the price as I think I shall sell some."

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"I have been reading THE LIFE BOAT as it comes from the press each month. I know from experience that the Life Boat work is of the Lord. There is no other work I enjoy so much as this work and I have been especially impressed to take it up again. Find enclosed money order for one hundred copies to start with."

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The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor. WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D., 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.

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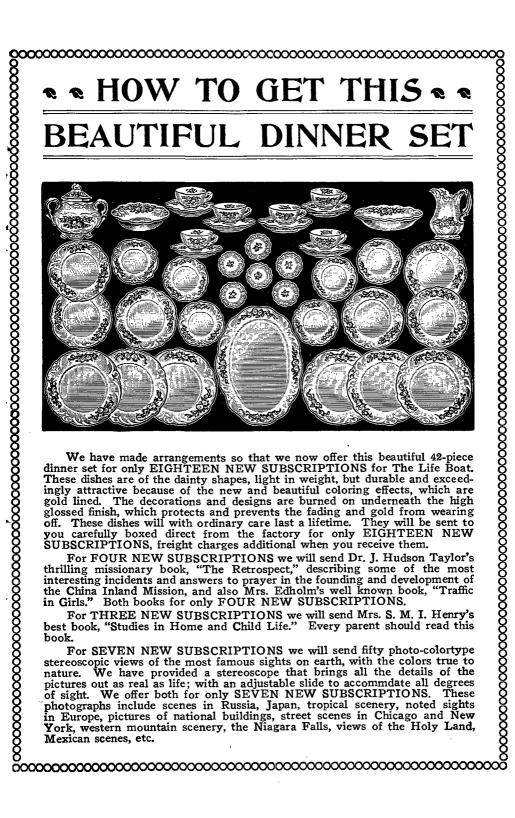
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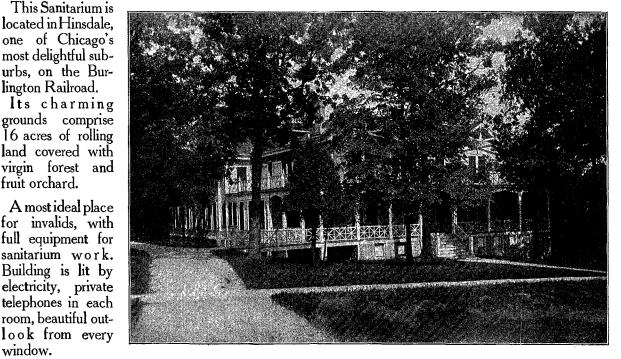
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