

Volume I

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**THE LIFE BOAT**

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

**In the Highways**

"To the highways and the hedges---  
Compel them to come in!"  
Rings out the royal mandate  
Above the city's din.

Twice hath a message summoned  
The guests to banquet hall,  
But none who first were bidden  
Accept the gracious call.

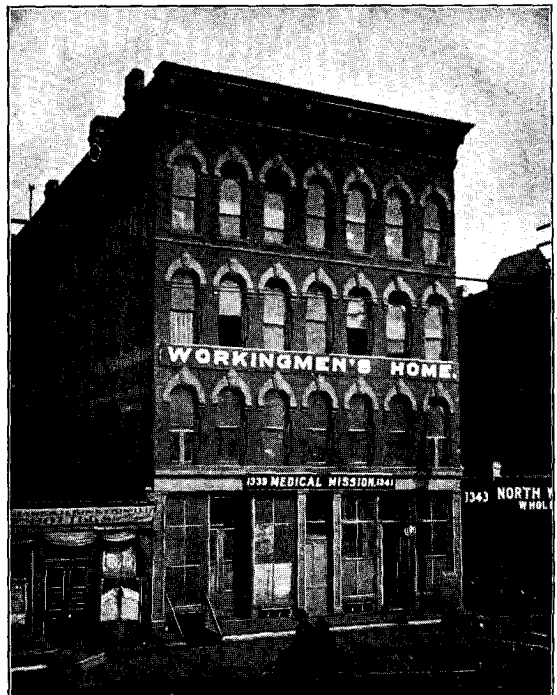
Now from earth's poor and lowly,  
By no excuse delayed,  
The feast with guests is furnished  
In wedding garb arrayed.

Then swiftly speed the message,  
Nor let one moment waste;  
Not long the Bridegroom tarries---  
The King demandeth haste.

WORTHIE H. HOLDEN.

an idea of the new building in which the work is now being carried on.

Entering the building at the right-hand entrance (where you observe the electric lamp above the door



**The New Quarters of the Workingmen's Home**

**A**S noted in the last issue of **THE LIFE BOAT**, the Workingmen's Home had been removed from its old location at 42 Custom House Place to new and commodious quarters at 1341 State street.

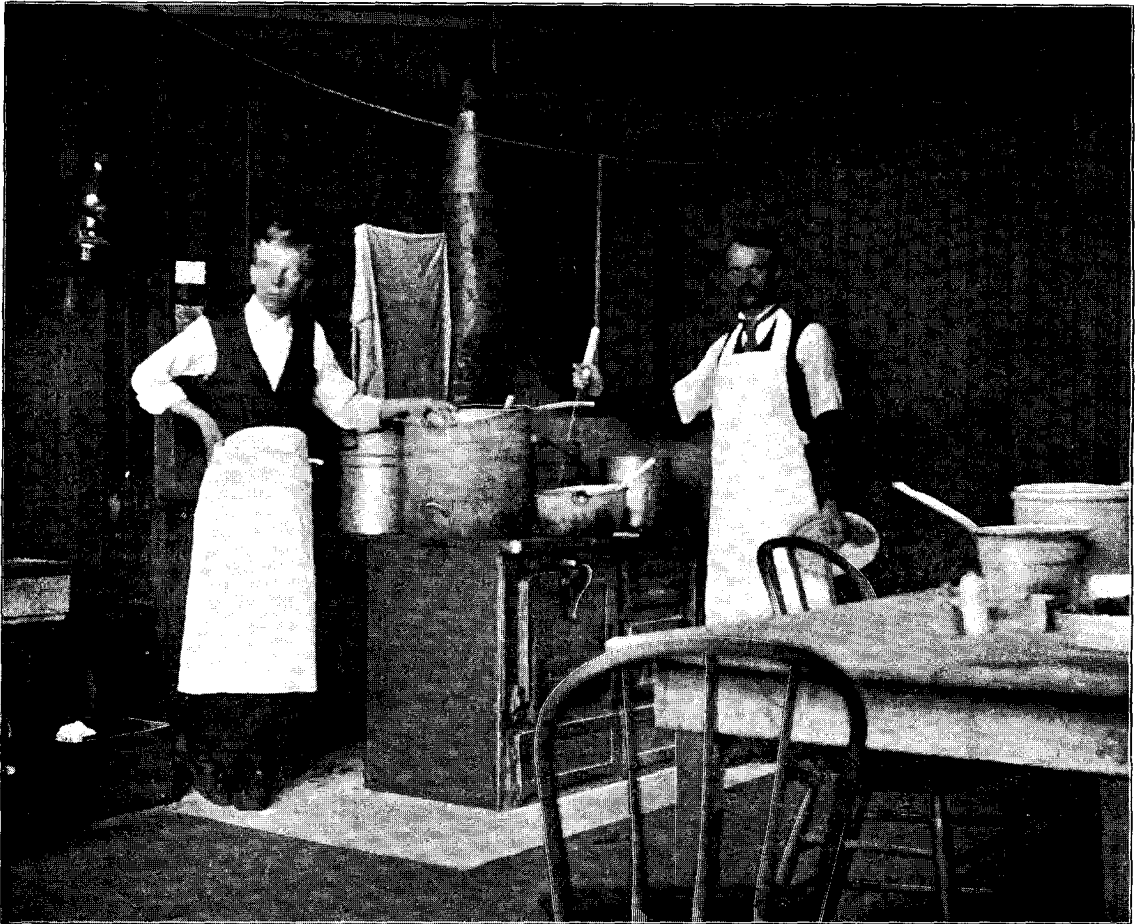
Here in the new home, every facility has been greatly improved and every department of the work placed on a much more satisfactory basis than it has been heretofore. The accompanying illustration will give the readers of **THE LIFE BOAT** something of

in the picture) you step at once into the office, a large, well-lighted room where the tickets are issued for both lodging and lunch, where the books are kept, and where the general business of the institution is conducted.

#### LUNCH-ROOM

A few steps farther on, and you find yourself in the dining-hall, or lunch-room. The visitor is at once impressed with the neat and orderly arrangement of things, and also with the clean appearance of everything connected with the service. Meals are served on the penny-a-dish plan, from six in the morning until seven at night. Revolving stools are arranged around the counter, a few feet apart. This

the laundry. As our readers are more or less familiar with this work, it will not be necessary to explain in detail how every man is required to take a bath and thoroughly clean himself before he can go up-stairs to his bed for the night. This is a very busy department after seven in the evening. The men, after receiving a bath, are given a clean robe in which to retire. While they are at rest in comfortable beds in the upper story, their clothes, which are not infrequently inhabited by vermin, are exposed to the fumes of burning sulphur. This feature of the work is most rigorously carried on, as it is by this means alone that the institution can be kept free from these intruders.



A SCENE IN THE KITCHEN

enables the diner to sit while eating. This is another improvement over the old arrangement, as we were formerly so cramped for room that the men had to stand while eating. A competent cook from the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, has been furnished, and a man with but a few pennies is served with a hygienically prepared meal, which is both palatable and nutritious. Four or five cents is the average cost of what the men denominate a "square meal." The bill of fare consists of ten or twelve different dishes, so that the men have a great variety to select from.

#### BATH-ROOM AND LAUNDRY

From here we will go to the basement, where we will find the bath and fumigating departments, also

The use of the laundry is free; but of course every person must do his own washing and ironing. Soap and water are provided, and it is indeed interesting to see men bending over the tubs, washing their shirts, trousers etc. Some are perhaps executing their first attempts in laundry work. While some of the men are disinclined to patronize the bath and laundry facilities, the majority are exceedingly grateful for this opportunity to take a good bath, and to wash their wearing apparel. Not long ago a rather shabbily dressed man applied for assistance. We gave him some work to do, and then sent him to the Workingmen's Home; he returned in a few hours, and informed us that if he stayed there, he would

have to take a bath, and this he positively refused to do. This man represents only a small class among the friendless and homeless men; on the other hand, the greater portion are not only willing, but anxious to avail themselves of every opportunity which is offered them to improve their condition.

#### SLEEPING-ROOMS

We will now go up-stairs to the sleeping apartments. We pass through the reading-room into a hallway which extends the entire length of the building, and on either side are the sleeping-rooms. Every man has a room by himself. This is the arrangement on the second and third floors, while the fourth floor is occupied by two large dormitories. The brother whom we have just followed up-stairs has perhaps

noble work. We are thus enabled to help these men in their efforts to rise from sin and degradation, and assist them to a higher level, where they may breathe a purer atmosphere.

We will leave our brother for the night; the key is turned in the door, and he is alone with his guardian angel. In the morning he is up for breakfast at six o'clock. What a difference! He sits down and partakes of a nourishing and unstimulating meal, while perhaps the morning before he dined on some Bologna sausage, together with other stimulating and inferior articles of food, obtained at a free-lunch counter in some saloon. At the close of the breakfast hour he goes to the chapel, where morning worship is conducted, and the day is opened amid scenes



MEN AT WORK IN THE CARPET DEPARTMENT

been converted this very evening at either the Life Boat or the Star of Hope Mission, and the mission workers, desiring to get him away from his old associates, have brought him to the Home, where he will have the benefit of Christian surroundings and the daily Bible classes. We observe him as he goes into his little room. Though there are no pictures on the walls and no unnecessary ornaments, yet he finds a little cot with snowy white sheets, and with clean bedding,—perhaps it is the first inviting bed he has seen for a long time. But look! it is still more strange to see him fall upon his knees, clasp his hands, and lift his heart to God in prayer. Yes, he is changed physically, mentally, morally. He has begun a new life. He has begun to sow a different kind of seed, and soon, very soon, we shall see him reaping a different kind of harvest. For "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:8.)

As workers, we thank God every day for having put into the hearts of men and women the desire to furnish the means to inaugurate and support this

and sentiments which are calculated to inspire him with courage and reverence.

#### INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS

After the morning service, the men scatter. Some of them will come to THE LIFE BOAT printing-office, where they will turn the press which prints this paper; others fold tracts; others go to the rug and carpet department (you will see them in the picture raveling the carpet and in other ways preparing it for the loom, where these "rags" are made into beautiful and durable rugs); others are employed in keeping the Home clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and from the basement to the upper floors you will see things as clean as in the homes of any of THE LIFE BOAT readers.

#### READING-ROOM

The reading-room is located on the second floor, facing the street, and as you see from the picture, it is a light and comfortable room. Here you will find no



THE READING-ROOM

profanity or smoking. The best of order is maintained, and it is not at all uncommon to see a half dozen men with their Bibles open, studying the Word of God, and as "newborn babes," eagerly consuming and appropriating it.

The various departments of the Home are largely conducted and managed by converted men,—men who have been rescued through its instrumentalities, and who, with grateful hearts and willing hands, are doing what they can, in a practical way, to show their gratitude for the assistance which they have received. Brother W. E. Williamson, whose experience is given elsewhere in *THE LIFE BOAT*, has faithfully stood by the work since his conversion, and is in immediate charge of the Home since it has been removed to its new quarters.

The converts' class, or the evening Bible study, is held every day at 6:30 P.M. Brother W. F. Brown conducts the study. A good interest is being manifested in this class. This effort, in connection with the converts' meetings at the Life Boat and Star of Hope Missions, and the personal efforts which are being daily put forth, constitute a systematic endeavor to lead the converts on step by step and assist them in their growth in grace. No evangelistic services are held here at night, as the Life Boat Mission is but a few blocks north.

The Workingmen's Home has been greatly blessed of God in the past. It has been the means, in God's hands, of raising hundreds of men out of the miry pit, and placing them in positions of usefulness, where they will no longer be a burden to society.

Next winter the Workingmen's Home will be much better prepared to meet the many demands which are made upon it in the work of assisting the homeless and friendless, than it has been heretofore. We feel sure that the many friends of the work will continue to give the Home their hearty support and sympathy, as well as their daily prayers for God's blessing to attend the workers.

W. S. S.

#### Now in the Master's Service

**H**AVING now been connected with the Workingmen's Home for nearly two years, and having been for three years previously manager of the cheap lodging house at 42 Custom House Place, which was converted into the Workingmen's Home, I thought perhaps a bit of my personal experience would be of interest to the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT*.

Situated, as the location was, in one of the toughest portions of Chicago, I was constantly in touch with the lowest possible element to be found in the city. I became steeped and hardened in sin, and was always ready to give the devil a hand in most any job he would hold out to me. I was known as a tough character on our corner. I never drank, so was always conscious that I was a sinner—a wilful sinner, for all my life before I had been under Christian influences and knew, as I believe thousands of others do, what was right and what was wrong.

In May, 1896, the Lord required the property I was using as the devil's workshop. The place was to be occupied by the Workingmen's Home and Medical Mission. The transformation of the place was complete; instead of souls being decoyed to destruction, they were now to be redeemed for the Master. A few months later I carelessly drifted into the Mission one evening during the gospel meeting. I became interested, and remained through the service. I came the next night, and the next. Recollections of the past were brought to my mind, and I was convicted of my sinful condition, but the devil urged me to "take more time." I tried to keep away from the Mission, resorted to every possible excuse as a drowning man grabs a straw, but I could not stay away.

In deep despair, and in the agony of my soul, I threw myself on the tender mercies of God, and right there and then, the light as I had never seen it before illumined my pathway, and it has grown brighter and brighter to this day. And while sometimes I regret those three years of sinful influence among my associates at 42 Custom House Place, I sometimes think the Lord's hand was upon me all the time. The experiences I had among those men, in seeing their habits, their failings, makes me better fitted to deal with them from a Christian standpoint.

One of my old associates in sin said to me a few days ago: "Bill, I thought at first you were shamming, but you have held out so long I believe there is something in your life after all." I replied: "Jack, there is a reality in the life I now live, and you can have the same experience if you will only give yourself entirely to God." He said: "If I only could!" He has promised to see me again. The Lord is working with the man, and I hope to see him very soon a shining light among men. Every day the Lord has these beautiful lessons for me, and I praise His name that I have had an experience among these men, so that I can now sympathize with and help them, and that by His grace I have obeyed the Master's call: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing."

W. E. WILLIAMSON.

### The Beginning

THE Chicago Medical Mission began its existence five years ago, and the work has certainly experienced a phenomenal growth. Thinking that it might interest the readers of THE LIFE BOAT to see the beginning and the present development of the work compared, we will present a few items of interest, together with some statistics which will show the great progress of the work. We are very grateful to God for the continuous prosperity which the work has enjoyed. It is a source of inspiration to the workers as they look at the work five years ago, and then to view the many institutions and departments in existence at present.

| THEN                                                                            | NOW                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Mission had, at the opening, three or four workers                          | Over two hundred workers                                           |
| One small building                                                              | Three large, four-story buildings                                  |
|                                                                                 | Two gospel missions                                                |
|                                                                                 | A lodging department with accommodations for three hundred         |
|                                                                                 | Free laundry and bath-rooms                                        |
|                                                                                 | A rescue home                                                      |
| One small treatment and bath room                                               | Free dispensary                                                    |
|                                                                                 | A medical college                                                  |
|                                                                                 | A surgical ward for both men and women                             |
|                                                                                 | A well-equipped printing-office                                    |
| One small room for religious meetings                                           | Three meeting halls                                                |
|                                                                                 | An industrial department                                           |
|                                                                                 | Visiting nurses' department                                        |
|                                                                                 | A kindergarten                                                     |
|                                                                                 | A nursery                                                          |
|                                                                                 | The Maternity                                                      |
|                                                                                 | Jail and prison department                                         |
| The total expense of carrying on the work was about one hundred dollars a month | The total expense for carrying on this work is over \$2000 a month |

Just a few years ago the Mission was opened at 42 Custom House Place, where baths and medical attention were administered by the nurses and physicians. This effort was largely for men. Very soon afterward it was so arranged that women and children could also receive help along these lines. This led to the opening of the College Settlement on West Forty-seventh street.

About two years ago this Mission was moved a few doors south into much better quarters, where many facilities were added. Here the work grew and, as stated elsewhere in these columns, it has been recently moved into still better quarters, where it has developed into a model institution of its kind. The Workingmen's Home is known over all the United States as a home for friendless and penniless men, where they may receive assistance to rise from the depths into which they have fallen.

Another branch started about this time was the Rescue Home. All of the different departments grew so rapidly that it was found necessary to obtain larger quarters, where the different departments could all be accommodated and new departments added. Accordingly, the building formerly occupied by the Home for the Friendless, located at Wabash avenue and Twentieth street, was obtained in the month of September, 1897. This opened the way for the beginning of the work of the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School. The Medical College was also moved into a portion of this building. It is not the purpose of any department of the Medical Mission to harbor the lower classes, and thus encourage them in their idleness. This may be readily seen by the several industrial departments connected with the work. Considerable em-

ployment has been afforded by the rug and carpet department.

One of the last branches of the work which has been opened is the Life Boat Mission at 436 State street. This Mission, as well as the Star of Hope Mission, which has been in operation for some time, is proving to be wonderfully successful in the work of reclaiming the fallen.

The last addition to the Medical Mission is a paper called THE LIFE BOAT, which is issued each month, and contains full accounts of the progress and developments of the work. This work is a wonderful illustration of how God's blessing rests upon every effort put forth to uplift fallen humanity, and alleviate suffering and woe. Dear reader, may we not have your support in every way as we press forward in our efforts to keep pace with the openings of God's providence?  
A. P. GROHENS.

### Jesus Saved Me

**I**F this short sketch of my life—how God saved me and has kept me day by day, for which I thank Him—should reach some one who is discouraged, who has by a life of sin and shame estranged all his friends, who has wandered far from home, who feels that he is all alone, let me especially plead with you, my comrade.

I have experienced what it means to be homeless and friendless, when it seems that everybody is against you, no one to give you a helping hand or to speak a cheering word. I know from the most bitter experience that "homeless" and "friendless" are the most awful words that pen ever wrote or lips ever spoke; I mean by that that the realization of the meaning of these words has power to make a man's heart stand still as no other words have. All alone in this world, without a home, without a friend, without God—can you imagine a more deplorable condition than this? I think not; but from all this God saved me. It matters not what your surroundings may be, or what your condition, there is no cause for discouragement and despair; God bids you live, and hope, and grow better.

The Lord offers you help if you will but come and accept. Come just as you are, right now, bring your burden of sin to the feet of Jesus in prayer, and you will find rest and peace. Jesus, who is your Friend—yes, your very best Friend—will help you to live right. He promised to hear you; He says in His holy Word: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." (Ps. 34:6.) Again, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.) "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28.) That means you, dear reader, does it not? Will you come and accept these promises? Will you prove them for yourself, as I have done? May the great God, our common Father, our greatest Friend, help you to decide for the right and accept Jesus as your personal Saviour, is my earnest prayer.

Come, all ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you tarry 'til you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous, but the sinners  
Jesus came to call.

I was born in England, came to America in early childhood; in early manhood commenced my sinful career, my first step being to run away from home.

In my wanderings I came in contact with all sorts of people, and contracted habits which I was unable to rid myself of during many a long and weary year, until God helped me.

My parents looked me up, and brought me home again. They did everything they could to lead me in the right road,—found a position for me, but I would not remain. I soon ran away again, became dishonest, and was sent to prison. While there I nursed all my bitter feelings, and vowed revenge on the man who had me arrested. On my release I revenged myself on him, and in consequence I was sent to prison the second time. When I had served my sentence, I drifted to Chicago, and into a life of sin and shame. When my money was all gone, I went to a friend and asked him for money. He gave me some, and said: "Here is a dollar. The best thing you can do is to get full and drop into the lake; for you are no good on earth."

Well, strange as it may seem, while under the influence of liquor, I went to the lake and dropped in. But God did not want me to end my miserable life in that way, so it happened that a man saw me. He pulled me out, saying: "Young man, I ought to turn you over to the police, but I believe that God has sent me here especially to save you. Here is my card, you are in no condition to be talked to now, but please come in and see me." I never thanked this gentleman, and never went near him. I wandered around in my wet clothing all day. I was in such a wretched condition both physically and mentally that a lady I met on the street said to her companion: "Good gracious, Anna, look at that man's face! He ought to be watched." Later in the evening I met a man who provided me with dry clothing, and gave me shelter for the night. Another instance of God's great kindness to me.

All went well for a time, but as I was depending on my own strength, I soon fell, and deeper than before; lost position after position, sank deeper and deeper into sin, was taken sick and deprived of my reason, raved in so violent a manner that the men who were watching me tied me to the bed with a rope. The people tell me that my condition was so desperate, the suffering I endured so awful, that the attending physician said, "I would not give a handful of dried beans for his life." But God restored me to health again; I returned to my old life, became an outcast. My friends and relatives would have nothing to do with me. I wandered about the city in a desperate condition, planning some great evil. But that night I passed the Life Boat Mission, and a lady worker spoke to me (God bless that lady! for if she had not spoken to me as she did, I should not be a free man this day). She said: "Won't you go in for a moment—just for a moment? We will try to do you good. You look so tired."

I went in, and the loving Father touched my heart. It seemed that my whole life passed before me, and it made me shudder to think of it, how I had deliberately tried to ruin my life, trample on the abilities with which God had endowed me, done as much harm as I could, and I was about to go out in despair, feeling that I was too bad, when it seemed that some one was speaking to me, saying: "Why not ask God to help you? Confess your sins. He will forgive you." I did, right there in my seat, offer a simple prayer, a short but earnest plea for forgiveness and help. I praise His holy name that He heard me. It seemed as if a load was taken from me; the people looked brighter to me, and all my bitter thoughts passed away.

My evil habits have all left me; I have no desire to drink or to use tobacco, and have been happy in

Christ Jesus ever since. My health has improved very much, and as I pray God each day for help and guidance, my prayers are answered. I feel myself growing stronger in faith day by day. I feel assured that with my own honest efforts and God's blessing I shall ever be found faithful; and when at last my work here is done, the last song sung, the last prayer uttered, I pray that He will find a place for me in heaven, where I shall praise His holy name for ever and ever.

L. M. CHANDOS.

### Testimonies of the Redeemed

**W**HILE a short converts' meeting was being held at the Workingmen's Home previous to the evening service at the Life Boat Mission, a tall, honest-looking man of middle age arose and gave this earnest testimony:

"I used to think if God undertook to wash away my sins, He would have a big contract on His hands, but in the last few weeks, since I have started to follow the Lord, I feel that I have a new record—a clean record. I hope I may keep in the straight way and keep the clean record God has given me. I ask the prayers of all the Christians."

A young man with foreign accent, who has been on the Lord's side about eight weeks, stood up and gave this testimony at the Life Boat Mission:

"Friends, I want to tell you what Christ has done for me. About seven weeks ago I was one of the worst looking and the most discouraged men in Chicago. I was as low down as I could be, an all-around wicked man, a barrel-house bum, but to-night, friends, do you see the difference? I am a new man. I have been washed clean by the blood of Jesus. I have trials and temptations, I am weak in my own strength, but I go to my best and truest Friend, Jesus Christ, and He gives me strength to overcome my old habits, He gives me strength to stand for Him. I want all the prayers of the Christian friends that I may continue to grow in the new life."

This stirring testimony was given by an elderly man who had very recently begun the Christian life. It impressed every one who heard it, and the brother who gave it seemed greatly blessed:

"The devil has been coaxing me to sit still and not testify for my Master; he does it every time. He keeps right after me, and has for nearly sixty years. But I just made up my mind I was going to serve a new Master. The devil is sure to pay you in bad coin; he pays you off by leaving you homeless, friendless, and penniless, and when you get so low that it seems there is no hope for you, he laughs at your plight. I came into the Star of Hope Mission and heard about Jesus. I knew I was a great sinner, but did not know how to leave off my bad habits, in fact I couldn't do it in my own strength. The leader said that night: 'If you will only confess your sins, He will freely forgive you.' Well, friends, I did confess my sins, and they were many, but praise God! they are all forgiven, they are all washed away by the blood of the Lamb."

This man, drifting away from friends, wife, and family, came to Chicago. Passing the Star of Hope Mission one night, discouraged and disheartened, he came in out of curiosity. Read what the Lord did for him. What a rejoicing there will be when this brother goes back to his little family and tells them the story!

"I have been a very bad man for many years. I have been estranged from my home and friends for a long time. I used to think they could help me, and that they hadn't done enough for me, but now I see that they did all they possibly could to help me into a better life. It was myself that was to blame. When I heard the leader say, that night I came into the Mission just out of curiosity, that all we had to do was to go to Jesus with all our sins and He would wash them away, and that He would remember no more the sins we had committed against Him, I thought it must be impossible. I came again, and decided to live a better life. I got down on my knees and confessed my sins, then Christ erased my black record, and has made my days happy."

A young brother who has been in the way only seven weeks arose and said:

"I am happy to-night that I have found salvation, that I have a personal Friend, a personal Saviour. He keeps me and gives me strength in proportion to my trials and temptations. I had no friends when I came to Him, but now I have scores of them. I am going to give my testimony wherever I go, that others may see what the Lord has done for me."

A stranger spoke as follows:

"A little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right."

"Friends, that's so. That song just suits me. In the next verse it says that

"A constant talk with Jesus *keeps* me right."

"If we neglect talking with Jesus one moment, in that moment we lose strength. Pray for me, friends, that I may ever be close to Him."

One of the converts who had been absent from the Star of Hope Mission for some time gave this testimony:

"Just eighteen months ago I came to Jesus and found salvation. I was a great sinner, but, true to His promise, He saved me. I thank Him for His promises. He's the best and only true Friend I have. I have many earthly friends, but none like Him."

Friends, when you are in your comfortable homes, enjoying prosperity and the Lord's blessing, pray for these dear souls, who have just begun to serve the Lord. Pray for those who are living lives of sin and shame in this wicked city. Pray for the personal workers as they try to lead these discouraged and friendless ones to a forgiving Saviour. Pray for those who accept this free salvation, that they may continue in the footsteps of Jesus. IVA M. SEWELL.

### Fifty-Seven Years a Gambler

**I** WAS born in Dumfries, Scotland, in 1823. My parents were members of the Presbyterian Church. I came to the United States with them when five years old, locating in Central New York, in the Mohawk Valley. At the age of fifteen I was sent to Clinton to attend school, where I remained until I was eighteen. I entered Union College, Schenectady, New York, graduating at the age of twenty-two. While at college I learned to play cards, and being of an excitable temperament and fond of amusement, I very soon became one of the leading players. My reckless disposition placed me in a position to control the betting, which was generally not very heavy. My father was well off, and furnished me with plenty of money, little thinking what a wicked use I was making of it.

Becoming infatuated with games of chance, after graduating, I took up the vocation of a professional gambler, and started out upon a life of sin which I am now very sorry for, and of which I am extremely ashamed.

My first point of venture was Albany, New York, where I remained about two months; thence to New York City, where I lived for two years. I then commenced my travels through the several States, visiting nearly every city in the Union. In 1850 I went to California, locating in Sacramento, and up to 1853 made regular visits to the several mining camps, plying my sinful and nefarious business as gambler. I then returned to New York, but remained there only one year, when I started on a tour of the world. I first went to Liverpool, thence to London, Paris, Madrid, and several other cities of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Austria. Returning to the United States in the year 1857, I again made a tour of the States, taking in the principal cities. In the autumn of 1859, I again went to London, where I remained until the Civil War broke out. The feeling of the English, a hatred for the North and great friendship for the South, made London unendurable to me, and I returned to New York.

Knowing that the soldiers would receive their pay regularly every two months, and that they were fond of games of chance and excitement, I resolved to enlist and make gambling more my business than fighting the enemy. I did so, serving in a New York regiment for three years. After serving my term and being mustered out of service, I commenced traveling from city to city, making Denver and Omaha my headquarters. In 1867 I again went to California and from there to New South Wales, Australia. From there I went to China and Japan. I next went through the Suez canal and around to London. I remained in London until 1871, when I came back to the United States. Arriving in New York, I stopped only four weeks, went to Boston, and made arrangements to remain one year. During the time from 1874 to 1890, I made several trips to the Old Country, visiting nearly every city of importance where there was a chance to ply gambling. In 1891 I again returned to Boston, and in the autumn I came to Chicago, and have been here ever since.

On arriving in the city, I soon found employment as dealer for a noted gambler, and opened up rooms on Stony Island avenue, where I remained during the World's Fair. After the Fair I was employed by several gamblers in different capacities until the fall of 1897, when I quit the business entirely, promising myself that no more would I play any game or touch cards knowingly. I have kept my promise. What induced me to make this stand I know not, but something seemed to tell me to do it. Perhaps it was the continual thinking of my dead mother and father and of the good advice which they gave me when young. Not a day passed for the last year but I have thought of them and remembered their advice. However, I think it was the working of God as a forerunner of my conversion. During all this time I found no peace of mind, no joy, no contentment nor pleasure, but on the contrary, all was sorrow and trouble; nor did I find peace and joy until I went into the Life Boat Mission on the evening of the tenth of May, 1898, when I accepted Christ and found in Him all that I desired.

Thus after a life of sin extending over a period of fifty years, I was, by the mercy of God and the love of Christ, brought out of darkness into light and saved. What anguish of soul I experience as I think of these many years of sin, no one can imagine. But the happiness I now have and will continue to have,

knowing that I am not lost but saved by the loving hand of Jesus, balances the account more than a thousand fold.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

## One Night on the Street in Front of the Life Boat Mission

**W**ORKING on the street in front of the Mission is one of the regular features of this life-saving station. It has its place, and without it the plan would be incomplete. Two or three workers are to be found on the outside, passing tracts and invitation cards to the busy, hurrying throng. Yes, hurrying on to destruction, realizing not their obligations to God and to their fellow-men, and realizing less the solemnity of the coming judgment day. Blessed privilege to have a part in warning them of the oncoming danger! to rescue them as they stand on the very brink of the precipice!

We can never tell the results of a card or tract prayerfully given away, or of a word spoken in the fear of the Lord. Often as the call, "Gospel meeting!" reaches their ears, they seem to awaken as from a dream. They suddenly stop for a moment; and what thoughts come to them! Ah! it is of that worthless life, and the question comes: "Is there something better?" The Spirit whispers: "Yes." They enter the Mission in search of it or else linger outside struggling with the enemy. Now comes the opportunity—now is the time to strike. By God's help the Word is opened up before them and its treasures displayed. They enter, resolved to obtain salvation. Hope is springing up in their hearts. They seek for God, and His mercy is found. I will briefly relate a few of these experiences in the work on the street:

As one man received a card from the hand of a lady worker, he made this remark: "There is no hope for me;" and added that he was going in the next door (a saloon) to pawn his coat to get enough money to get drunk on, and that the next morning he would commit suicide. Pained by the words, we pleaded earnestly with him, even using gentle force to stay his steps.

From the depths of his miserable being, he declared himself an outcast, a drunkard, and said there was nothing for him to live for. But his heart was touched. He seemed to discern a ray of hope and promised to come back the next night. But praise Lord! His Spirit worked so mightily that he came back within half an hour, gave himself to the Lord, and left rejoicing with new hopes and higher ambitions.

Another worker relates the following incident: A man who had started before, but had lately yielded to Satan's temptations, came with his Bible carefully wrapped in a sheet of paper, and with tears in his eyes handed it to me, saying that he could keep it no longer. He felt that all hope had fled. After he walked away to a lodging house, prayer on the part of the workers prevailed, and he came back. A few more words from some worker brought him into the Mission, where he again accepted Christ, and went away happy, with his Bible in his hand.

Recently, just as the meeting was closing, a man entered the Mission and said he had resolved to surrender himself to the Lord. I had the privilege of pointing him to Christ. We prayed together, and he arose rejoicing.

The above experiences are only the visible results of one night's work in front of the Life Boat Mission. As we remember how precious a single soul is in the



sight of Jesus, we rejoice and thank Him for these opportunities to labor for fallen humanity.

ALBERT H. ROSS.

### One Invitation Card

**A** MAN who raised his hand for prayer at the Life Boat Mission, gave in this testimony about ten minutes afterward:

"I am almost ashamed to face this audience; but what I am going to say is true. I have been a terrible drunkard; I am hardly sober now, and just to show you the power drink has over a man, I tell you this.

"I had just enough money for car-fare to my home on Seventy-third street, but instead of using it for that purpose, I spent it for drink. Just then an invitation to this Mission was handed me by one of these young men. Praise the Lord that He led me here! for I have found the One who can save me from this terrible habit. I will serve him from this time on."

Many a poor wanderer has been rescued by the simple means of an invitation card, which was handed him, with a prayer, by some consecrated worker. God uses very small, and often, to the human eye, very insignificant means to touch the hardened hearts of sinners, and bring them to Himself.

"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.) But we do know what the Lord says of His own Word: "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing where-to I sent it." (Isa. 55:11.) W. S. S.

### A Modern Miracle

(Continued)

**I**N the last number of THE LIFE BOAT I touched on our conversion and the opening of the first mission. And believing that our experience will be of assistance to others, I will give the readers of THE LIFE BOAT some data which will show God's hand in leading two babes in Christ.

It will be remembered that I gave my heart to God on January 4, 1894, by confessing my sins. God was faithful and just, so I was forgiven. He made me one of His little children. Then commenced the struggle of being led of the Spirit. Yes, the young convert will have many trials in the beginning of the new life, but, if willing and obedient, God will direct.

I was praying for employment day after day and looking for it, too, but God did not give me anything to do, because I was looking in the wrong direction. I was looking for carpenter work, because a Christian woman told me if I succeeded in finding work she would buy me the necessary tools. In my sinful life I had pawned or sold all of my tools to buy whisky. The dear Lord had something else for me besides carpenter work, but it took a long time for me to find this out, as I only went by sight and not by faith. I did not try the spirits, as commanded by the beloved John: "Try the spirits whether they are of God." (1 John 4:1.)

Shortly after my conversion, while attending the noon-day prayer-meeting at the W. C. T. U. Temple, I prayed for work. I had been asking God for work, but this day I prayed and asked for any kind of work:

"Lord, anywhere. Lord, not my will, but Thine be done." Then came the Lord's test to see if I would fulfil my promise, to see if my consecration was genuine. A man came in and asked the leader if there was a man by the name of Mackey in the hall. The leader pointed me out. The gentleman stepped up to me and said: "I have a job for you." I said: "Praise the Lord!" He said: "Not so loud," but I was like the man at the Beautiful Gate, I leaped and praised God for what He had done for me. The man was an agent for the *Ran's Horn*, a Christian newspaper, and he wanted me to carry a sign in the street. He said: "Perhaps when you hear what kind of work it is, you will not say, 'Praise the Lord!'" I said: "Yes, I will, for I know God has sent this to me, and I am willing to do anything for Jesus, now."

This man took me to his office and unfolded his plan. It was like this: He wanted me to get eight other men, and then we were each to have two poles on our shoulders sixteen feet long. On each pole was this lettering: "Ran's Horn." I was to be captain, and of course had to march ahead. We wore small red caps and looked peculiar, to say the least. The small boy and the idler on the streets had lots of fun at our expense, but with all that crying and hooting we marched on to victory, at a dollar a day.

Shortly after this I received word through Mrs. Colonel Clarke, that I could get a job as janitor on the West Side. I called on the gentleman, Reverend G. H. Gray, who was the founder of the "Forward Movement" in the Epworth House, a settlement for the uplifting of humanity. After a short talk with the doctor, I was engaged at twenty-five dollars a month, including my rent and fuel, and was to make myself a general utility man about the house. There was once a lunch counter in connection with the work, but it was closed at this time, and the room was idle. The management were figuring on what they would do with the room when the Lord put it into our hearts to get it for mission purposes.

Mrs. Mackey and myself prayed over the matter without telling any one a word concerning our desires. It was on Sunday night, December 2, 1894, when we asked the Lord for this room, and on Saturday night, December 8, 1894, the first meeting was held, just seven days after asking God for the room. The first meeting was very small, just twelve people present, but God set His seal upon the work, and a subsequent report showed that during the first five months 6978 homeless and friendless men found shelter from the storm and the cold. Of this number, 953 professed conversion.

The plan of the work, in brief, was this: In the evening, commencing at half past seven, a song service was held, then a *short* gospel talk, followed with a testimony service, then requests for prayers. We had a small room for the inquiry room, and all who raised their hands were invited to come in and have a short counsel. Here is where the work was done. Many a poor fellow broke down and cried for the first time in months and sometimes years, as he saw his sinful heart; but oh! the joy of his heart when he was released from the burden of sin. With a thankful heart he would go forth to do battle for the Lord.

The first service commenced at seven thirty and lasted until ten. After an intermission, we would hold a short prayer service at 11 P. M. At five o'clock in the morning we would ask God for guidance and mercy during the day, and many a poor fellow came back at night testifying that he had found work because God heard and answered his prayer. This would encourage others to ask and receive. We also had a noon-day meeting. Some will ask, Do these men stick to God? I cannot answer for all these

men, but I know that God *sticks to them*, and I have heard many a man say: "I want to thank you for praying for me in the Epworth-House Mission." I thank God for the privilege I had, as one of his children, of praying for and encouraging His wandering ones to come back to the Father above.

T. F. MACKAY.

(To be continued)

## We Need Your Help

**W**ITH this number, THE LIFE BOAT is visiting for the fifth time the homes of its friends. Cordial thanks are tendered those who have worked for its circulation. Some have sent in as many as twenty-five subscriptions. Still there remains much to do. This leads us to ask, Will not others take hold and help? We need some new recruits in our army of workers.

The receipts thus far come considerably short of meeting the expense of producing the paper. In fact they do not much more than pay for the stock upon which it is printed, leaving practically nothing with which to pay for the board, room, and clothes of the faithful men, women, and boys who set the type and run the presses.

What we need is an increase in the subscription list. There is no desire to make money on the paper; but it should be able to meet its expenses. It aims to keep the friends of the work informed with reference to the progress made, and enable them to share with the workers on the ground the encouragement of seeing souls brought to the Saviour, and of hearing their inspiring testimonies to the power of God.

As our readers probably know, much of the work of the paper is done by boys and young men who have been converted in the various missions. The brother in charge of the department, who gives these men and boys the needed instruction and superintends the work, donates his time, getting only a bare allowance for board. In view of this it seems right and proper to invite our kind readers to donate a little time at their end of the line. You cannot, to be sure, help set type on the paper, nor print it; but you can do a most valuable service in securing new subscribers.

Are there not many people in your vicinity who would like to take such a bright-looking little paper, gotten out in such a peculiar way? Take a late copy, go and call on these people at their homes, and show them some of the good things in THE LIFE BOAT. It is very unique in character. No other paper in the world is gotten out in the same way, representing so many interesting lines of practical city-mission work.

Another thing that makes the paper easy to work for, is that it is entirely undenominational. It appeals to every lover of humanity, whether he be Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, or whether he is without the circle of the churches. Yet, while this is true, the paper preaches Christ most effectively to the unsaved of all classes by presenting them every month with powerful testimonies to the truth of the Bible and the efficacy of the plan of redemption, given by those who were once the most abandoned sinners. So while the paper will not awaken prejudice, it will doubtless be the means of saving lost and perishing souls. We can hardly do better gospel work than by scattering it. Tract and missionary societies would do well to take some copies to use in their work. A dozen copies are needed

every month right in your county jail. Prisoners will read THE LIFE BOAT who would not look at ordinary religious reading.

Boys and girls can do much to spread THE LIFE BOAT. Some have already been very successful in securing subscriptions. Show the paper to your playmates, go and call on the neighbors, and leave a copy for them to look over; tell them all you know about the work. Write to THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash avenue, and we will send you a few extra copies to use in the work. We are not able to offer you a premium, but ask you to engage in the work for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of the boys and men who are, by means of the work it furnishes them, able to live an honest life.

Let us hear from you. We need your active cooperation in the work; we also need your earnest prayers. If we can have the united support of our readers, we shall be sure to make the work a success, and it will go easier in every way.

"Light is the task when many share the toil."

M. E. O.

## Our Little Ones

**L**ET us for a moment draw aside the green curtain and take a peep into the nursery. It is just bedtime; the little ones have had their evening bath and are looking sweet and attractive in their little beds. Do notice that little fellow with the bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks; just see how plump and healthy he is looking. That is Tommy. You should have seen him two months ago. Yes, indeed, quite a difference! Tommy's father is a drinking man, and his start in life was anything but bright, but by the grace of God we are now sowing the good seed in his young heart, and some day we expect to see it bear fruit to the honor and glory of our Master.

There is Willie. We were rather in doubt in regard to taking him in, and letting him mingle with the other children, as his body was full of little sores. However, frequent bathing, good food, exercise, etc., cured him quickly, and Willie is happy and contented with his new home. It seems quite a change for these little unfortunate ones to come here and at all times be treated with love and kindness, after having been knocked about, scolded, shaken, yelled at, or perhaps misused even worse, by unworthy mothers and fathers.

Here is little Arthur. We had quite a time getting him cleaned up. If you could have seen him the other day when his father brought him to us, you would surely have been in doubt as to whether he was white or black. After having an unusual cleaning from head to foot, Arthur looked like a different boy. Who would think that such pretty dimples were to be found on his dirty cheeks? Or would you believe, if you did not see it with your own eyes, that soap and water could make a black boy white? His skin is just as soft and white as can be, and more than that, Arthur is a good, teachable boy, and very happy in the company of his new playmates.

What a blessed privilege to labor for these homeless little ones. Those of you who have no children, try it! It will pay. It will take earnest effort, time, labor, and money, but then it will help us to overcome our worst enemy—Self. If we want true happiness we must seek it on the pathway of usefulness. We are all of good courage in this department, knowing that we are about our Father's business.

THEKLA BLACK.

## News and Notes

Five of our boys have been sent into good Christian homes during the past month.

A Sunday-school has been opened at the Life Boat Mission. The attendance is good.

Sister Fannie Bogue, the teacher at the jail school, is visiting friends in the East for a month.

We would call your attention to the little note on the last page concerning musical instruments.

Since the opening of the Life Boat Mission, March fifteenth, 1898, there have been over 400 conversions.

"If anyone wishes to increase their missionary zeal, they should read *THE LIFE BOAT*," so says a sister in New York.

Brother and sister Sadler and brother Mackey spent a week, recently, at a camp-meeting held in Sparta, Wisconsin.

Many encouraging cases have been received in the sisters' department the past month. The rescue work is prospering.

Brother Charles Andrews recently visited Terre Haute, Indiana, in the interests of mission work, and reports a very interesting time.

A daily physical-culture class is one of the recent additions to the Training-School class-work. The class is led by sisters Sadler and Black.

With the opening of the Summer School the corps of rescue workers has been greatly increased. We expect to see much fruit from these efforts.

Brother and sister A. G. Bodwell of Texas, are spending some time at the Training-School preparing themselves to engage in mission work on their return south.

No. 17 of *The Life Boat Series* of tracts is just out. It is entitled, "Not Hopeless." This is an excellent tract to give to people who are discouraged and dependent.

The students of the Training-School have appreciated very much the weekly talks given by Elder Alonza T. Jones. They have been along practical lines and have been very helpful to the workers.

Dr. Kellogg stopped at the Mission a few hours on his return from Mexico and the Pacific Coast. He gave a very encouraging report of the medical-missionary work in the many places which he visited.

Although the Summer School was not scheduled to begin until July first, the regular program and many classes started on Monday, June twentieth. An excellent interest is being shown by the students in their work.

Among the recent arrivals at the Training-School, we notice sister Rose James who is a very expert "whistler." She was at the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition at Omaha, but concluded to consecrate her talents to the Lord's work.

Brother Mackey has recently visited Galveston, Texas, where he held evangelistic meetings. He also stopped at Keene and other points in that State before returning to Chicago. We received excellent reports concerning the meetings.

A few evenings ago, there were twenty-one conversions at the Star of Hope Mission. This is certainly unmistakable evidence that the Spirit of God is working upon these men and women who are steeped in sin, and whose hearts are hardened by crime and vice.

The following is an extract from an obituary of a young lady who recently died at the Cook County Hospital: "She was a convert of the Star of Hope Mission, from which place she went to the Medical Missionary Training-School, 1926 Wabash avenue, remaining there until moved to the Hospital where she died. She so loved a copy of the Bible which she had received from the nurses of the Training-School that she continued reading it until her condition became so critical the doctor ordered it taken away from her."

### At the Star of Hope, West Madison Street

"TO the best of my knowledge, I never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life, yet I needed a Saviour as much as the greatest drunkard that ever lived.

"My early surroundings were Christian, and I grew up to a so-called moral life. In fact, I prided myself on the moral character of my life. When I found that certain teachings that my mother used to quote from the Bible were not according to my rule, I assumed that they were old fashioned, and that the whole story was a myth, suited for weak minds but hardly fitted for men of my intellectual ability.

"I wickedly and foolishly boasted that I needed no Saviour, while all the time I was walking on the very verge of an eternal hell, only protected by an outraged, yet merciful God.

"Wrapped in the filthy rags of my own righteousness, I would look down in Pharisaic pride and scorn on men who drank or otherwise openly sinned. I would smile in pity when I passed Christian men exhorting sinners on the street corners.

"One night I came in here to criticise the testimonies of the converts, and God, in infinite love and mercy, used the words of a redeemed drunkard to convict my soul of sin. I saw myself in all my hideous deformity. The icy barrier of pride that had surrounded me was melted in the presence of divine love. I saw my need of pardon. I appealed to God for forgiveness and in that hour found rest in Him."

*Ram's Horn.*

### Contributions to the Chicago Medical Mission

NO NAME.—Lloyd J. Caldwell, 2.00; J. Christian-sen, 5.00; L. E. Daw, 4.00; Mrs. E. H. Halford, .75; Emma Larsen, .50; J. D. McCoy, 3.55; Dr. A. B. Olsen, .90; Martha Osborn, .50; Howard Rand, 6.00; Anna Richmond, .25; George Walker, .25.

OHIO.—Zanesville, E. E. Dunmead, sewing machine.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Ramona, A. E. Devereaux, 2.00.

WISCONSIN.—Sparta, collection at public meeting, 16.10.

Total cash donations, \$41.80.

## THE LIFE BOAT

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M. E. OLSEN

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### THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

Established 1893

Under the supervision of the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association

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Luther Warren, Chaplain

W. S. Sadler, Secretary  
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Chicago headquarters 1926 Wabash avenue

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*Workingmen's Home*, 1341 State street; *Star of Hope Mission*, 33 West Madison street; *Life Boat Mission*, 436 State street; *The Chicago Maternity*; *American Medical Missionary College*, Chicago; *Chicago Medical Missionary Training School*, 1926 Wabash avenue; *Visiting Nurses' Settlement*, 1926 Wabash avenue; *Life Boat Rescue Service*; *Star of Hope Rescue Home*, 110 South Green Street.

### To Subscribers

Write names and addresses plainly.

Remit by P. O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft. Personal checks are not desired.

Make all Orders and Drafts payable to The Life Boat, not to the editors, or any other individual.

We will receive one-cent Postage Stamps in small quantities.

Address all communications for this paper to The Life Boat, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### To Those Sending Donations

Clothing, food, etc., should be forwarded by freight, prepaid, to the Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not fail to mark each box or package with the full name and address of the sender. Compliance with this suggestion will save much delay in acknowledging receipt of your donations.

Cash donations, remit by P. O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft on Chicago. If money is sent, the letter should be registered. Make all Orders or Drafts payable to the Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

ONE evening, a young man came into the Star of Hope Mission under the influence of liquor. After causing considerable disturbance he was removed from the room, whereupon a young brother arose and gave this testimony: "Two years ago I was in a condition no better than that of the poor fellow who just went out, but Christ has saved me from it. I was one of the worst characters in this part of the city, but God is keeping me right here on West Madison street, since I came to Him. By His grace I am a living witness to the saving and keeping power of God. I am continually brought in contact with my old associates, who are closely watching me, and while they laugh at me and scoff at my religion, I know in their hearts they respect me and the religion also. I want to live Christ every day, and pray that by so doing some of them will come and acknowledge Jesus also."

### Words of Encouragement

WE are glad to report that THE LIFE BOAT subscription list is rapidly growing. Over 100 subscriptions were received in one week. We greatly appre-

ciate the assistance which our friends are rendering in this work. Many encouraging words are coming in from our readers. A subscriber writes as follows:

"I wish to say a word for THE LIFE BOAT. I enjoy reading it so much, I shall try and get some subscribers for the paper. The rescue work is the work which lies nearest my heart."

Another letter tells of a very interesting conversion effected by the live, gospel testimonies printed in THE LIFE BOAT.

Thousands of people who cannot be induced to read ordinary religious literature can be interested in the contents of THE LIFE BOAT. Send the paper to your Christian friends. It will stir them up to put forth greater efforts in the highways and hedges. Send it to your unconverted friends. It will bring to their notice a "cloud of witnesses" each month.

### Musical Instruments

A cornet and a guitar are needed in the work at the Star of Hope and Life Boat Missions. Cannot some of the readers of THE LIFE BOAT help us in this matter? They should be forwarded to 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

### Gospel Tracts

The Life Boat Series of tracts are especially adapted to mission and rescue work. The following numbers are ready for delivery. A special discount from these prices will be made to tract societies, missions, and individuals who desire large quantities for free distribution.

| No.                                 | Price post paid<br>a hundred |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. What Must I Do to be Saved?      | .20                          |
| 2. Waiting for You                  | .10                          |
| 3. The Policeman's Conversion       | .20                          |
| 4. A Message of Love                | .10                          |
| 5. Personal Work                    | .20                          |
| 6. Some One Cares for Your Soul     | .20                          |
| 7. What Must I Do to Grow in Grace? | .20                          |
| 8. Whosoever Will                   | .10                          |
| 9. Look Up                          | .10                          |
| 10. Are You Willing?                | .10                          |
| 11. Prepare to Meet Thy God         | .10                          |
| 12. My Sister                       | .20                          |
| 13. Unexpected News                 | .20                          |
| 14. An Open Letter                  | .20                          |
| 15. The Holy Spirit                 | .20                          |
| 16. How One Sinner Was Saved        | .10                          |
| 17. Not Hopeless                    | .20                          |

(Numbers 6, 12, 13, and 14 were written especially for use in rescue work among fallen women.)

Address THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.