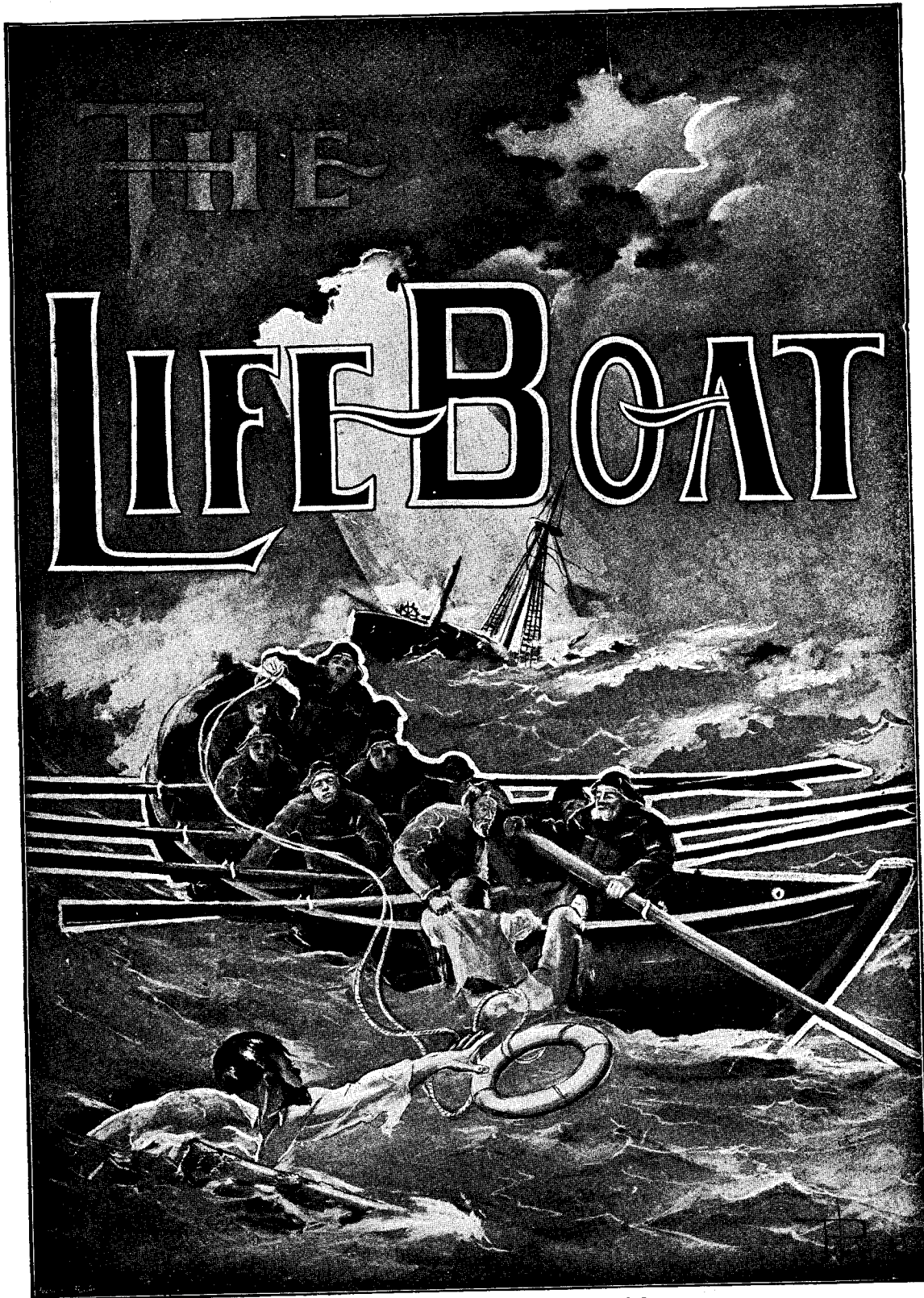


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## SPECIAL ARTICLES

Beginning with the next issue of *THE LIFE BOAT*, January 1901, the publication of a series of special articles will be begun. These articles are by the editors, and will cover the whole ground of the causes, cure, and treatment, of intemperance and the drug habits. The matter will be presented from a scientific, statistical, and spiritual standpoint. Now is the time to send *THE LIFE BOAT* to your friends. These articles will do them good, and above all, you cannot afford to let your subscription expire now. Following is an outline of the subjects that will be considered in these special articles:

### The Causes, Results, and Deliverance from Intemperance and Drug Habits

#### CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE

1. Influence of Heredity.
2. Drugging in Infancy.
3. Dietetic Errors.
  - (a) Flesh foods—uric acid.
  - (b) Condiments and spices.
  - (c) Bad cookery.
  - (d) Confections and sweet-meats.
  - (e) Pastries and rich desserts.
  - (f) Improper food combinations.
  - (g) Disordered digestion.
  - (h) Thirst that water cannot quench.
4. Small Tippling.
  - (a) Tea and coffee.
  - (b) Ginger-ale and so-called soft drinks.
  - (c) The sweet-cider delusion.
5. Relation of Tobacco Using to Intemperance.
6. Nourishment vs. Stimulation, or Impoverished Nutrition.
7. The Medicinal Use of Liquor.
8. Disappointment and Sorrow.
  - (a) Domestic trouble.
  - (b) Financial Disaster.
  - (c) Blasted ambition.
  - (d) Enforced idleness.
  - (e) A temporary substitute for spiritual influence.
9. Unsanitary Surroundings.
10. Sedentary Life—Deficient Physical Exercise.
11. Moral Depression.
12. Reaction Following Unnatural and Intense Excitement in either Business or Pleasure.
13. Modern Social Life, Clubs, Societies, etc.

#### MENTAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE

1. General Effects of the Use of Alcohol.
  - (a) Poverty.
  - (b) What the liquor traffic costs.
  - (c) Relation of intemperance to frightful disasters.
  - (d) Effects on posterity.
2. Effects on the Body.
  - (a) Digestion—retards rather than promotes.
  - (b) Nervous system.
  - (c) Muscular strength.
  - (d) Delusive effect on bodily heat.
  - (e) Alcohol and longevity.
  - (f) Interferes with normal elimination.
3. Effects on the Mind.
  - (a) Significance of temporary exhilaration.
  - (b) Alcohol and insanity.
  - (c) Defectives and degenerates.
  - (d) Judgment and reason first to suffer.
4. Effects on Spirituality and Morals.
  - (a) A destroyer of natural affections.
  - (b) Benumbs the finer sensibilities.
  - (c) Alcohol and crime.
    1. Direct influence.
    2. Indirect influence.

3. Dishonesty.
  4. Disregard for life.
  5. How stimulants assist the criminal in the performance of desperate deeds.
5. Saloon v. The Home.

#### PERIODICAL INEBRIETY

1. The Universal Law of Rhythm.
  - (a) As observed in nature.
  - (b) As observed in man.
  - (c) As observed in disease and other abnormal conditions.
2. Periodical Inebriety an Illustration of the Law of Rhythm.
3. The Necessity of Recognizing this Law of Periodicity in all Reformatory Efforts.
4. Periodical Backsliding.
5. Symptoms of Periodical Backsliding and Inebriety.
6. Treatment and Management.
  - (a) Mental.
  - (b) Moral.
  - (c) Physical.

#### CURE OF INTEMPERANCE

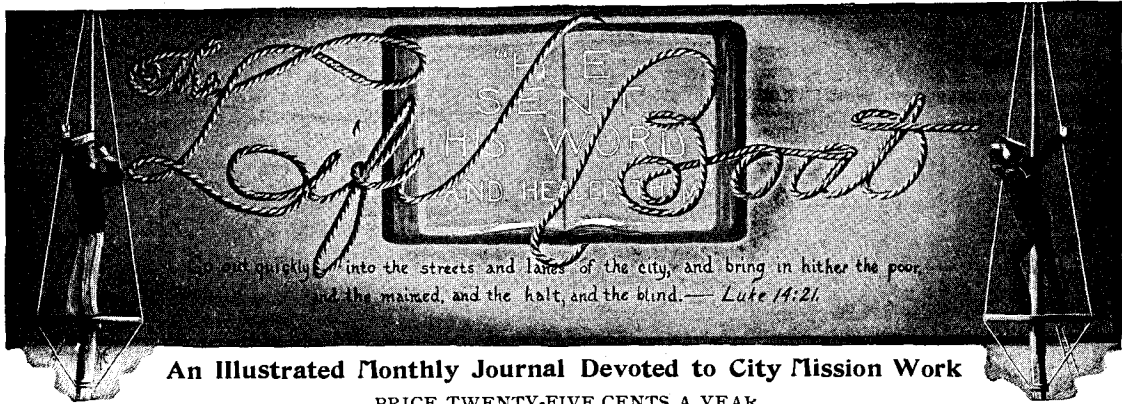
1. Spiritual Remedies.
  - (a) Wholesome influence.
  - (b) Good associations.
  - (c) Progressive spiritual growth.
2. Physical Remedies.
  - (a) Dietetic.
  - (b) Hydratic.
  - (c) Exercise.
  - (d) Change of environment.

#### TOBACCO

1. Increase of Tobacco Habit.
2. Striking Effect of Tobacco.
3. Relation to other forms of Intemperance.
4. Rational Cure of the Tobacco Habit.
  - (a) Tapering off Method.
  - (b) Substitution.

#### DRUG HABITS

1. How Drug Habits are contracted.
  - (a) The demand for unearned good feeling.
  - (b) Determination to escape deserved pain and ill feeling.
  - (c) To smother the voice of conscience.
2. Habit-Producing Drugs.
  - (a) Opium and morphine.
  - (b) Cocaine.
  - (c) Choral.
  - (d) Why cocaine and morphine so frequently go together.
3. Invariable Tendency to Increase the Dose.
4. The Baneful Result of these Habit-Producing Drugs.
  - (a) Effect on physical health.
  - (b) Effect on mind—cocaine shortest route to insane asylum.
  - (c) Effect on mind and morals.
    1. Untruthfulness.
    2. Unreliability.
    3. Paralyzes the will.
5. Unsuccessful Methods of Treating Drug Habits.
  - (a) Substitution delusion.
  - (b) Tapering off process.
  - (c) Adhering to one drug while discontinuing another.
6. Rational and successful method.
  - (a) Physiological substitute for the drug.
  - (b) Necessity for securing deliverance from all drug habits at once.
  - (c) Recognition of the Divine Mastership instead of drug mastership.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

Volume 3

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1900

Number 10

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**ANOTHER SPECIAL PRISONERS'  
 NUMBER**  
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Again we call upon our readers and friends to help us in getting out another special Prisoners' Number of **The Life Boat**. The favor with which the two previous special issues were received and the great amount of good which they accomplished have led us to plan for **The Third Annual Prisoners' Number**.

The list of regular correspondents in prison now numbers several hundred, while scores of prisoners count the date of their conversion from the time when the Prisoners' Number of **The Life Boat** fell into their hands. We trust our friends, one and all, will come to our help with liberal assistance.

Shall we not try to issue at least fifty thousand copies of this special number? One dollar will send one hundred **Life Boats** into prison; five dollars will send five hundred; while ten dollars will pay for the printing and mailing of one thousand copies of the Prisoners' Number. In the last Great Day, Jesus says to those on the right hand, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me." We now have an opportunity of sending a message of good cheer and comfort, through the pages of **The Life Boat**, to these thousands of benighted souls for whom Christ died. Your contribution will be used to send **The Life Boat** into the prisons and reformatories of your own State, or where they may be most needed, just as the donor may designate. Let us hear from you at once.  
 EDITORS.

**How the Lord Brought Husband and Wife Together**

T. F. MACKEY.

**A** FEW weeks ago a man and woman living in Milwaukee had a few unpleasant words. Although they had lived very happily together for a number of years, they did not straighten this matter out and it grew worse and worse, and the man took to drinking. At last she decided that it was impossible to live with him. They had more words, and finally he left her and came to Chicago. Where he was, nobody knew. He covered up his tracks so completely that even his own people knew nothing of his whereabouts. A few days ago the sorrowing wife sold their earthly possessions, and took her four-year-old child in her arms, and started for Chicago. She had a ten-dollar bill (that was all she got for the household goods she sold); yet she and the child were comfortably clothed. She applied for admission to an institution on the West side but they were unable to take her in. Finally, we gave her a note to the Children's Christian Home and there she left her baby. She seemed much impressed with the people she met, and said she felt we were her friends, although she was a Catholic and did not at first seem to feel very kindly towards us. We invited her to the Mission that evening, and she finally consented to go. We told her that there we hoped she might meet a certain young lady who would probably be able to secure her work for a few hours each day, waiting at table in a restaurant.

She went to the Mission, and seemed very cheerful throughout the service. At the close of the meeting while the workers were doing personal work, in different parts of the room, something seemed to suddenly attract her attention, and she said to one of the workers, pointing out a certain man, "There is my husband over there;" and sure enough so it proved to be. In the afternoon we had prayed for this woman, that she might have a forgiving spirit toward her husband, and that the Lord would save him. When she saw her husband, it almost frightened her. I think she really thought the Lord had answered our prayer. She was going to try to get out of the room, but the workers got around her and persuaded her to stay. Then I went to the man, who thus far had not discovered his wife, and said:

"Brother, why did you leave your wife?"

He looked up in utter astonishment, and said: "What do you know about my wife?"

I said: "I know a good deal. She told me a good many things to-day."

He said: "Have you been to Milwaukee?"

I said: "Why, my brother, you would not even make a successful crooked man; you are too honest; you gave yourself away at once. Now I want to be a friend to you; I saw your wife to-day"—here he stopped me, and, with tears in his eyes, asked, "Where?"

I pointed to the other end of the Mission, and said, "There she is."

The sisters persuaded the woman to go down, and meet her husband, and in a few moments they were together. They shook hands, and sat there and talked. By and by they got up and walked away.

Next morning she came to see us, and said she had secured work, and that as soon as possible they were going to housekeeping; also, that her husband was in the Life Boat Mission the day before, when someone had given him a testament; and that he came the second night.

This is but a remarkable instance that shows how the Lord persists in calling after people, seeking to win them to Himself. We trust the readers of THE LIFE BOAT will pray that heaven's blessing may rest upon this man and woman, and that their home will in the future be one where God is loved and served.

### Channels of Light

ERNESTINE HOAGLAN

IT is certainly a blessing to be a missionary nurse. While caring for the sick physically we are able to help them spiritually. We often go into homes where sunlight and fresh air are scarcely known, and while showing these people the way to live in order to be healthy, we can tell them how we are made happy by receiving the joy and peace from above, and how the love of Jesus has come into our lives. We can also tell them that they may have this love, for He says: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" and "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." One who has not had such experiences cannot realize how much they mean to our souls. We should daily live to work for Jesus—to be used as channels of light through which Christ can communicate His love and righteousness to erring humanity. Christ is the fountain of life, and as we are channels through which His power is manifested to the world, how necessary it is that we should ever be in close communion with the Life Giver, in order to show forth His good works that all men may glorify Him. And being used as channels to give to others what God has given us, we ourselves are refreshed and receive a great blessing.

### What We Do With Old Clothes

MRS. H. N. GARTHOFNER

AS winter is here the calls for help from the destitute in this city come very frequently. Many have been able, by hard work, to keep from starving during the summer months, but when the cold weather necessitates the purchase of fuel and clothing they are compelled to seek aid. Thinking that the readers of THE LIFE BOAT would be interested in knowing what is being done in this line, we will here mention a few interesting cases.

Mrs. M——, a sickly-looking little woman, called one day to get some clothing. She said her husband

was sick and they were very destitute. In this case as in all others that come to us for aid, her address was procured, and a visiting nurse called on her a few days later. She found the family living in the loft of a barn in a most wretched condition, having scarcely any furniture whatever. We did what we could for her, although we were unable to supply her with some clothing for her children which she greatly needed.

Mrs. M——, another frail little woman who lives on the West Side with her three little ones whom she supports by selling matches, etc., needed clothing. We were happy to be able to supply her present needs. She is working hard to support herself and the children and has quite a struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

Mrs. W——'s experience during the past year has been a most bitter one. Her husband who was a temperate man had a steady position as night watchman, but was poisoned by someone who, it would seem, was trying to get his position. He did not die, however, but was taken sick and has been gradually sinking the past eight or nine months. They had a family of six children. The oldest girl was fourteen, earning a little by working in a milliner's shop. The poor mother was not in a condition to work, but did what she could to support the family. Several weeks ago another little son was added to their number and the poor woman had absolutely no one to wait upon her, having to act the part of physician and nurse to herself and infant. She soon went to work however, but being thinly clad took a severe cold which settled in her eyes, causing them to become very sore.

The rent was due and when the collector came she begged him to wait just a few days and she would pay it, but that evening when she came home she found all her possessions thrown into the street and several articles had been taken. Upon being asked how she could endure such trials she said that the Lord gave her strength. Ah, if it were not for the strength the Lord imparts, many a poor despairing one would have given up the struggle long ago.

As these calls come from day to day, our hearts ache because we cannot help them all, because of nought to help them with. Will the kind friends who may chance to read these words and who feel in their hearts a desire to relieve suffering humanity cast about and see what they can do to help us in the work? In the past a great many articles have been sent which we could not use. Kindly bear in mind that it is impossible for the workers at the Training-School to repair old clothing, so we would request that all the clothing sent be as clean as possible and ready for use. If we were going to present Jesus with a garment we would be careful to have it just as neat and clean as possible; but let us remember that He counts any act of kindness to any of His creatures as performed unto Him. We may never know whom we have clothed or fed but He knows and will not forget. Who is willing to sacrifice something in order to share the blessing of helping others?

### Field Work

In addition to the winter's campaign in Chicago, field-work has been planned for the territory adjacent to the city. Mr. and Mrs. Sadler have gone out with a company of students, who will engage in the work of spreading the gospel of grace and of health. Mr. and Mrs. S. will spend part of the time with the students in the field. We trust our readers will pray for God's abundant blessing to rest upon this effort which is being put forth in the cities around Chicago.



### His Saving Love and Keeping Power

**T**HE outdoor song service attracted an unusually large audience, which listened very attentively. On this evening there was also a large number of students from the Training-School, mission converts, and others present. Four or five songs were sung, and then an invitation was extended to those assembled to enter the Mission, where the services would be continued.

The meeting was opened by singing hymn No. 2, "Throw Out the Life Line."

Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave,  
There is a brother whom some one should save;  
Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will dare  
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong;  
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?  
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day  
And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, away!

Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,  
Sinking in anguish where you've never been;  
Winds of temptation and billows of woe  
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,  
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,  
But throw out the Life-Line, and save them to-day.

This was followed by Nos. 40 and 41. Then a little thirteen-year-old girl, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, sang a solo, "Only a Flower," holding in her hand a beautiful rose. Brother Bly read the Scripture lesson from the fourteenth chapter of John, the first eleven verses:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest: and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me. If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him. Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, shew us the Father? Believeest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself but the Father that dwelleth in Me. He doeth the works. Believe Me that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me: or else believe Me for the very works' sake."

The Scripture lesson was followed by the singing of No. 284, "Jerusalem my Happy Home." After prayer a duet was sung by Sisters Snyder and Talford. After the congregation had joined in singing another hymn, Brother W. S. Sadler introduced the speaker of the evening in the following words: "Every now and then the Life Boat Mission has the privilege of enjoying a rare treat, and so this evening I am glad to tell you that Brother S. H. Hadley, superintendent of the Old Jerry McCauley Mission in New York City, has consented to come and talk to us. I dare say that if the exact facts were known it would be discovered that Brother Hadley has had the privilege of seeing more broken-down drunkards, criminals, and outcasts, rescued and restored to society than any other man. I am sure you all join with me in extending a hearty welcome to Brother Hadley to the Life Boat Mission. May God bless His message."

Brother Hadley then arose, but before speaking he sang the hymn, the words of which follow:

Can it be that Jesus bought me,  
And on the hallowed cross atoned for me;  
Loved me, chose me, ere I knew Him?  
O what a precious, precious friend is He.

Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful;  
All His love so rich and free;  
Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,  
All His love and grace to me.

Praise His name, He sought and found me,  
Saved me from wandering and brought me near;  
Freely now His grace bestowing,  
Jesus is growing unto me more dear.

It was once He had been waiting,  
Waiting the dawning of the precious hour,  
When I should at last be yielding  
Yielding to Jesus every ransomed power.

#### TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE

He spoke as follows: "What is the most wonderful thing in the world? Some think it is wireless telegraphy; some may think that it is our great Brooklyn Bridge—there are different opinions—but I will tell you what the greatest thing in the world is: it is to see a drunken, lousy, dying, tramp come staggering into a gospel mission and fall down and cry to God for help, and get up a sober man. ("Amen," from all over the house.) To see a good-for-nothing bum come to the mission, filthy, filled with liquor, and see him transformed into a Christian man—an honest man—one that can be trusted by both God and his fellowmen. To see a thief with scarcely an honest hair in his head, one who has not made an honest cent for years, come up and kneel down and cry to Jesus for help, and then get up an honest man. That, my dear friends, is the most wonderful thing in the

world. You may look until you are blind, and you can't see how it is done. You have to go through it before you know it. Do you believe it? Do you think it is true? Then let every one in the house who believes it, sing it.

Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful;  
All His love so rich and free;  
Oh, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,  
All His love and grace to me.

"I read in the 8th chapter of Hebrews and the 12th verse, "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." God says, "I will be merciful to your unrighteousness, and I will forget your sins." Now, that is just what people do not do in this world. They are merciful to our righteousness and insist on remembering our sins; but, my dear friends, if it was not for the fact that God is merciful to our unrighteousness, I would not be here to-night. If any man can say, "Jesus sought me when a stranger," it is I. My blessed Lord found me in a saloon in New York city, a helpless, dying drunkard. He sought me and found me and saved me when I was looking for whisky; dying, as I thought, for a drink. Oh, what a night that was! After the Son of God spoke peace to my guilty soul in that saloon, I went to the Jerry McCauley Mission. I wonder if anybody in this place has been in that mission? (Almost a dozen hands were raised.) God bless you boys; I hope to see you there again.

It may be low-down work in the eyes of man, for we bid for the worst men in the world, and you may be sure we get them. I have never had any trouble in persuading this kind of men that they are sinners. The question with them is, "What must I do to be saved?" The great trouble with so many of them is they think they are hopeless; they think they are lost—beyond redemption. The devil tells these poor men that they can't be saved, but, dear friends, if we can only get a man to believe, then his case is not hopeless. A great many of these poor men don't know how to believe; they have lost faith in God, in man, and in themselves. Many of these poor fellows have to be helped first: it will take a warm breakfast, a night's lodging, or something to soften them up. I am a great believer in reaching a man's soul through his stomach.

Sometimes these men make lots of trouble for us before they are converted. You all know how that is; you have had it here. I remember one man who used to bother me almost beyond endurance. He was known as old Rube Johnson. He was a printer, and had worked at his trade until about fifty years old, and then he quit and went to drinking whisky for a living. Some people wonder how a man can make a living at it, but somehow men do. He used to come to the mission about every night, and every night he was there he would come forward for prayers, and as soon as he got off his knees he would "strike" every person within reach for a nickel or a dime, and then go out and get drunk. Sometimes he would almost spoil my meeting.

I remember one night he was nudging a fellow and making a general disturbance, when I went down and led him out of the mission. Then he shouted louder than ever, and after I had got him out in the street, he was back in the mission before I was. He always wore a summer duster in the winter and a heavy overcoat in the summer. He came down to the mission one hot July night with a monster overcoat on fastened with a nail. I expect some of you here to-night know just how that is done. That night an old lady came to the mission. She had never been in Water street, and did not know the ropes, and she was full of pity for this poor old man. He came up and knelt down and cried; why, it seemed to me that old man

could cry by the yard. He sat down at the close of the meeting, watching for a chance to get money out of somebody. The good old sister came up to me, and said, "Mr. Hadley, why don't that man take off his coat?" I said, "Ask him." So she went and asked him, and he says, "I am afraid it would walk off." She came back blushing crimson, and said, "I guess I won't ask any more questions in Water street." Now, that man came to the mission almost every night for four years. We prayed for him, and prayed for him, and prayed for him. One night he came in just as I was giving the invitation. That evening a young worker labored with him and got him down on his knees, and this time he seemed to be in earnest. Oh, how different—trembling, weeping, crying for help! And that night, dear friends, old Rube Johnson sought God in earnest, and got up off his knees a saved man. ("Praise the Lord.") That was ten years ago the thirteenth day of this month. He was then in his seventieth year; he is now in his eighty-first year, and he has stood like a rock ever since ("Amen")—a monument of the wonderful saving power of Jesus Christ.

I can't help but think of the night I was saved. What a wonderful night that was! It stands out like a star in my memory. I had been drinking for twenty-two years, growing worse and worse—that kind of life always gets worse. Finally I lost my position, lost my character, lost my home—my wife had to leave me—and I was on the street a dying drunkard. But that night Jesus came for me. How do I know He came for me? Well, I wish I knew everything as well as I know that. I saw my sins in letters of fire around on the saloon wall that night. I got off the whisky barrel I was sitting on, and went up to the bar and said, "Men, listen to me! I am dying, but I will die in the street before I will take another drink," and as I said it God helped me. I went and had the police lock me up to keep me sober for a while, and when I was released I went to the Jerry McCauley Mission (that was eighteen years, four months, and nine days ago to-night), and there I saw that ex-convict, ex-river-pirate, Jerry McCauley, and I heard his testimony. He said he was saved from whisky and tobacco and from everything that was wicked and bad, and I believed it as he stood there and told the story. And then I wondered if He could save me like that, too. Jerry gave the invitation, and I raised my hand, and I thank God I had the courage to lift my hand. Jesus helped me do it. I had not slept in a bed for I don't know how long; I had not eaten at a table for months; but I went forward and knelt down, and Jerry prayed: "Dear Jesus, these men have got into an awful hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord, for Jesus' sake. Amen." Then Jerry went around and had each of us pray for ourselves. Finally he came to me, and said, "You pray." The devil said, "You can't pray, and you dare not any way—you don't know how." The devil knows that if he can keep you from praying he has done all that he started out to do. But Jerry said, "You must pray." I said, "Somebody pray for me." He said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you, if you don't pray for yourself." And then I prayed, "Dear Jesus, can you help me?" And God answered that prayer. The night of my soul passed away forever. From that moment to this I have never known what it was to want a drink of rum; the appetite for it was taken away from me instantly. I used to swear terribly, and lie (of course you know every drunkard is a liar); but the Lord helped me to confess to my wife the lies I had told her. And, oh, how different everything was! That night I had not a cent or a friend on the face of the earth, but I found Jesus, and it has all been well with me ever since. I commenced at once to tell the story of Jesus' love for perishing sinners, and, by His grace, I expect to keep at it as long

as I am alive and anyone will listen, and then I expect to tell it on the shining streets of heaven. Ten thousand years from now I will point to the Son of God, and tell the angels, "There He is. It was He who came that night and spoke to me. It was He who sought me in a saloon and found me. It was He who saved me, a dying sinner, and set me free. Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I never see a drunkard but I want to take hold of him. I want to tell him how willing Jesus is to save him."

The Christian Workers' Convention was in session in the city, and a number of those in attendance at the Convention were at the Mission. One of these, Brother Francis Ward, of the Sunshine Mission, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, spoke in a very earnest and inspiring manner of how the Lord had called him into mission work, telling of the first man he dealt with; a poor old drunkard who was led to the foot of the cross and afterwards died in the triumphs of faith.

After the singing of hymn No. 365, Brother Van Dorn said: "Now, we give the meeting over to you (referring to the audience). Who will be the first to tell the story of how and where Jesus found you and spoke peace to your soul?"

#### TESTIMONY MEETING

The first to speak said: "I praise God to-night that I am saved from a drunkard's life. Last Friday I gave my heart to God. I have lived a life that I am almost ashamed to tell. My wife in Missouri was dying of consumption. My friends sent me money to come home with, but I spent it all for drink. A few weeks later they again sent me money, and that went in the same way. I tried to straighten up last spring, and on the 28th of April I wrote to my wife, and asked her what I could do for her; but I got to drinking again, and down I went. On the following Monday afternoon I received a telegram saying, 'Laura very much worse,' but I only went on trying to drown my troublesome thoughts with more drink. Next day, while under the influence of liquor, I forged a note, and that night I got a telegram saying, 'Laura died last night,' but still I could not help myself. I went on and on. In a few days I received a letter telling me my wife's last wishes. Then I went and took some laudanum and morphine; I was very sick, and I thought it was the Lord's work that I was spared, and I praise His name to-night that He has spoken peace to my soul. He has given me grace to go to the parties whose name I forged, and I have made that all right, and God has forgiven me since, and is giving me power from day to day to stand in His grace. Pray for me."

After the singing of "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," a young woman on the rostrum said, "If ever I had reason to thank God, it is to-night. I am so thankful that Jesus once came into the world to save sinners. I am going on my way rejoicing day by day."

A middle-aged father arose and bore this testimony: "After twenty-two years spent on the wrong side of the question, I have at last found relief. My besetting sin was drink. It is, now little more than five months since I found this Saviour of my soul. I praise God to-night that my pathway is clear, and that I have confidence in this personal Saviour. I know that He has power to take away this appetite for drink if we will only trust Him. I want the prayers of all that I may hold out."

Then a very nicely dressed young man, one evidently well-educated, arose and spoke as follows: "I thank God to-night that I have given my heart to Jesus. When quite young my ambitions began to mount high, and I kept on in my educational work

until I got five diplomas, and then I went to destruction. One of the most harmful places for a young man to go to in these days is into modern educational institutions. Many of them are called religious institutions, but I have found from experience that there is not much of Christ there. Drink is not the worst sin after all. There are secret sins that are not seen, and these to God are as bad as any; but I was led to call on God and confess my sins, and I thank Him that He saved me."

A sister from the platform spoke as follows: "I have never been a drunkard and I have never been out on the street, but Jesus had to save me from the little sins, sneaking sins—faultfindings, being irritable, etc. I praise God that He has helped me overcome these." This testimony was followed by that of a young man who said: "I thank God to-night that I am a miracle of His saving grace. He received me, and I know that He is able to save all who come to Him."

Then we heard from a sister who spoke as though she felt the responsibility of the opportunity. She gave this testimony: "I want to praise the Lord to-night for saving a sinner like me. My mother on her death-bed pled with me to do different, but I told her 'no.' I did not believe there was a God, although she had taught me to believe in Him. I drifted away. First I went to balls and theaters and card parties. I sought rest in the world, but could not find it. And so I drifted on down and down. I found the world hard and cold. I will never forget the night I got down and prayed, saying, 'God help me.' But even after that I did not want to give up, but God kept following me. At last I yielded my all to Him, and, dear friends, I have never regretted that step. My life has been entirely different since that day, and I hope I may continue to go on and upward. If there is a man in this room to-night who will surrender to God, stop right where he is, he will find the help he is looking for." (At this point a man who was considerably under the influence of liquor arose and expressed a desire to lead a different life. He was dealt with after the meeting.)

A stranger who was visiting in the city, and who on his way to the depot had dropped into the Mission, said: "I am waiting for the train to go to Iowa, but I heard the singing from the Mission, and I followed the crowd and came in here. Forty-two years ago I began to serve God, and every time I have an opportunity to acknowledge my Saviour I feel it is my duty to do so. Pray for me that I may meet you over on the other shore." The next witness had been a Christian for just half the number of years the preceding speaker had.

Here a minister who happened to be passing through Chicago said: "I feel almost like an intruder, but I am glad this evening for the opportunity I have enjoyed of listening to these experiences. It is a wonderful thing! This gospel of Jesus Christ reaches the worst men and women in the world—it is the strongest power in the world. I asked a boy once if he wanted to be a Christian. He said: 'Not if pa is one.' I asked him why not? He said: 'Because pa is so *growly*.' And this is the trouble now-a-days with a great many. It is disheartening to sinners; they have seen so many professed Christians who seem to be so 'growly' and to have so little of heaven's sunshine in their soul that they have almost despaired of finding in Christ the help they so much need."

In closing the meeting Brother Sadler said: "Let us ask for the hands of all those who are here to-night whom Christ has saved, and who would say a word for Christ if we could prolong the meeting? (A

large number of hands were raised.) There are men here to-night who have stood up and testified to the love of God and His saving power, and to many of these men the first step in the Christian life was raising their hand in request for prayer. The same power that could go down and take my Brother Hadley in the saloon is here to-night—the power of the Lord is here to save. Now, as we unite in the closing prayer, let me ask if there is a man here who will raise his hand and say, 'Pray for me'; any man who is tired of sin, one who is looking for the power of Christ to save him from it; and remember, men, every time a signal of distress is raised, the Lord Jesus Christ is there to help. Remember, every time a sinner cries to God for help, Jesus Christ is there to save him. (One by one seven hands were raised.) Is there a backslider here to-night, one who is growing cold, one who has begun to drift away from God? (One hand was raised.) All the prayers in the world and all the power in the world can't save you, my dear men, unless you are in earnest and come to Jesus yourself. Is there not one more who will say, pray for me? (Another hand raised.) And now to those who have raised their hands, as our brother prays, you pray. As you kneel there at your seat—right where you are—you can get the help you are looking for. Jesus Christ is by your side, dear men; His Spirit will speak forgiveness to your soul. (Two more hands were raised.) Now let every man lay hold of the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Christ says, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

Brother Van Dorn led the meeting in prayer, after which all arose and sang No. 268:

We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

And then another service at the Mission was ended, another effort to save sinners was finished, and then the personal work of the evening was begun. Here and there all over the Mission, as the workers and converts were speaking and praying with discouraged souls, as one by one they could be seen falling upon their knees and be heard crying to God for help, the joy bells of heaven rang.

### The Cry of a Yearning Heart

H. W. ROSE

One frequently sees and hears very affecting scenes and words at the Life Boat Mission. There had been a really good testimony meeting, during the evening, and a good number were on their feet, after having raised their hands for prayer. The last man to rise, immediately before the closing prayer, was a six-foot high and broad-chested individual. He wore spectacles and was plainly a well-educated man. Pulling himself together, and with some effort, he spoke slowly and deliberately, as if realising that a great deal depended upon what he was about to do. He said: "I am in a terrible condition. I have listened while you have all been talking and telling about everything that has been done for you. I don't know where I am, or what I am, or where I am going. I have been in twenty-eight different kinds of business,

and have not made a success of anything. I don't want money. I have had barrels of money, but have not made a success of a thing. I don't know where to go or what to do. I want to make a success of something. And if it is in this meeting or any other meeting, and if there is power in God to make a man out of me, I want everybody to do something for me if they can. I spent a hundred and sixty-five dollars in twenty-four hours down in this section of the city amongst bums. I don't want money, but I want somebody to put me on the way to success. If I can get it from this meeting, or from God, I want to do it. Pray for me, all you Christian people, that I may be successful in life, that I may be a useful man, somewhere. I don't care where."

Earnest prayer was offered by the leader, at the close of the service, that this man might find his way to the Saviour. Personal work was done with him, and he was led to the foot of the cross, where all burdens may be laid down, at the feet of the One who alone can help a human being to make a success of life. May God bless this dear man, and help him to yet be a happy Christian, and a successful one.

### The Winter Campaign

The winter campaign of missionary work in the city is well under way. The evangelistic work in connection with our various institutions, together with the work of the missionary nurses, etc., goes on throughout the year. The different seasons carry with them special opportunities for various kinds of missionary work. The visiting nurses are meeting with excellent success. Special efforts are being made to reach two classes of society—the rich and the very poor. The work among both classes is well organized and progressing favorably. The South side of the city is divided into three districts, each in charge of a corps of workers.

### Don't Miss It!

Don't fail to send fifty cents for ten copies of the mid-winter number of *Good Health*, and either sell or give a copy to each of your neighbors. It is full of good things from center to circumference. It contains striking truths told in the most telling manner; also colored pictures which are instructive to the eye and equally instructive to the mind.

### Important Announcement in Reference to Chicago Training-School

As the time of beginning the Medical Missionary Training School classes at the Battle Creek Sanitarium has been changed from November first to January first, the same change will be made in the Chicago Training-School, so that the students' first year's work will end so as to make it convenient to begin the second year's work at the Sanitarium. There is room for a few more active, consecrated, young men and women at the Chicago Training-School. Such persons can be received at any time between now and January first. Send at once for application blanks and further particulars. Address all correspondence to the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.





**"Call Unto Me and I Will Answer Thee"**

FANNIE EMMEL

NOT long ago, late at night, a poor woman with face black and blue, produced by a drunken husband, was brought to the door of the Life Boat Rest for Girls, by one of our workers. We were asked to take her in and we did so. As we had quite a number staying with us, who had been with us a considerable time, we felt anxious to find employment for one or more of them, so that we would have room for other needy ones. As usual, we took the matter to the throne of grace and laid our case before our heavenly Father. The same day on which we prayed, a lady called on us and inquired if it were true that we frequently wished to find places for girls who were staying at the Rest. We saw the kind hand of God in this visitor, and gladly told her that it was so. We felt impressed at the same time that this lady would like to take into her employ the poor woman above mentioned. We called her downstairs, and the lady, after seeing her, agreed to take her into her home, and give her reasonable wages. This woman said to us after the lady had gone, "I have never been so well satisfied, or felt so good, before I came here, not even in my own home." We praise the Lord for His continued blessings to us, and are confident that as long as we are faithful we shall have our wants supplied.

**She Came of Her Own Accord**

MRS. W. S. SADLER

A FEW months ago two workers from the Life Boat Rest walked down South Clark street with a bundle of LIFE BOATS under their arms. Entering saloons and houses of ill repute, they placed them in the hands of girls and others who seemed to be interested. In one of these houses a young woman stepped forward and said to them, "I am sick and tired of this life; I want to get out and to be a better girl." After talking with her and encouraging her to come to the Life Boat Rest, they bade her good-by, as she, like many others, said "Not to-night." The evening was filled with interesting experiences and at a late hour these workers returned home. It so happened that they did not meet this young woman in their subsequent visits with THE LIFE BOAT. They did not see her; but our tender, loving Father who neither slumbers nor sleeps knew where she was. He was keeping her heart beating moment by moment. Oh! great is the mercy and compassion of our God! After six weeks of waiting, this sin-sick sister came of her own accord to the Life Boat Rest and said to Sister Emmel: "I have watched for you six weeks but every time you people came I did not have an opportunity to see you; but I got to thinking about you so much, I couldn't sleep. I lost the card that you gave me but I inquired of some of the girls where you lived, and they told me, so I have come. I do not want to live like this any more. I want to get out of this kind of life and so I thought I would leave the house before the lady got up. I am sick, and away from my friends. They live in Germany. I have no money, and no one to help me, but I can't live like this any more. Can you do anything for me?"

With a heart full of sympathy our sister Emmel placed her arm around her and said, "Yes my dear, you come and stay with us until you get well; we have nurses and physicians who will take care of you and then when you are well I will find you work in a good home."

Are you surprised, dear reader, that this poor girl laid her head on Sister Emmel's shoulder and wept like a child?

It was the same old story of the cross that the dear girl listened to as she lay in the snow-white bed in the little upper chamber, where she learned of One who came and died for her; Him who had so lovingly said to one like herself, many years before, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

God graced that little upper chamber with His presence. During her stay of three weeks, her hope and courage grew strong and she soon recovered. In a short time she felt strong enough to work. A place was secured for her and she was to meet a lady at a certain station in Chicago and go with her to her suburban home. The appointed hour was 2:45 P. M. Through some mistake she reached the station fifteen minutes late and the lady had gone. The disappointment was bitter. She had based her hopes on meeting her and this was the first difficulty or disappointment she had met in the New Way. She refused to be comforted. All the way home her companion was praying, and on reaching the door, her face lighted up with joy as she said to Sister Emmel: "Well, little sister I guess this will come out all right." The answer was: "We know that *all things* work together for good."

They sat down and wrote the lady all about it; but before the letter had time to reach her, she had written one to them, enclosing a ticket with a request that they would come out to her home that afternoon. This difficulty which she met and passed over in the strength of Christ is one in which many of these poor girls who make an effort to rise, fall. Many of them shrink at the first difficulty they meet and go back to the old life of sin; very often at the first disappointment they become discouraged, but this girl, in this trying moment, put her trust in God and everything came out all right.

Eight months have passed since she bade good-by to the old life. During a recent visit to the Life Boat Rest Sister Emmel handed me the following letter:

DEAR MISS EMMEL:—I enclose ticket and time-card for you to come out next Sunday. Be sure and come to dinner. We have dinner at 12:30. Yours with love, \* \* \*

Dear reader, think a moment. Eight months before, she was a poor, heart-broken, sin-sick soul, seeking for the light. Now she is happy. She has the love and favor of the woman she is living with; so much so, that she may invite friends to take dinner with her. We feel that if she was the only soul who had been reached, the time and little money expended at the Life Boat Rest have been a good investment.

**A Word from a Friend of the Life Boat Rest**

MRS. ABRAMS

A SHORT time ago I visited the home of my childhood once more to see my mother. While at home I sold THE LIFE BOAT, and was also able to be a witness for my Saviour. Some of my school-mates were among those to whom I told the old, old story of love. With the Lord's help I presented the needs of our work, and they were much interested in it. During my visit I felt that it was perhaps my last visit to the place, and I did desire that at the last the Master may say of me "She hath done what she could."

[Mrs. Abrams collected eleven dollars and seventy-five cents for the Life Boat Rest. Her communication reached us just as the paper was closing up; hence only this brief note.]

### The Home of an Italian Street Sweeper

WE go up a dirty stairway leading directly off the street to a dark hall-way on the second floor, and after stumbling over wash-tubs and numerous other obstructions we find our way to the entrance of this home. We knock at the door, and soon it is opened by a cheery-faced Italian woman who says her name is Rosa—just Rosa. It is evident from the pail of soap-suds standing in the middle of the floor, that we have reached this home on a scrubbing day, and therefore we find things somewhat cleaner than usual. Before we sit down to have a chat with this Italian housewife let us take a general survey of the little room, about seven feet square, which we have just entered. To our left is the rickety cook-stove on which some vegetables are simmering away; shelves reach from floor to ceiling on which are packed most of the household belongings—space must be economised, for this little room must serve as dining-room, kitchen, wash-room, and in fact everything but bed-room and sewing-room. The smell on first entering is very disagreeable, but, of course, the olfactory nerves become accustomed to this, and after we have been in the house a few moments the odors do not seem quite so unpleasant or disagreeable. In the next room, which is

While these thoughts are going through our minds, we glance upward toward the ceiling and observe evidences of a leaky roof, and inpouring water after every rain. We naturally wonder how much rent our Italian friends have to pay for this hovel, and so we ask:

"How much rent do you pay for this place?"

"Seven dollars a month," is the answer.

Seven dollars a month for such a hovel; no work three-fourths of the year for the husband; no sunshine or fresh air for the children; can we wonder such homes do not have for their off-spring, purity, righteousness, industry, or thrift? Seven dollars a month would rent a nice house and a garden spot almost the size of a small farm in many portions of this great country.

"Can you read and write?" we ask.

"No," she answers, "no read, no write."

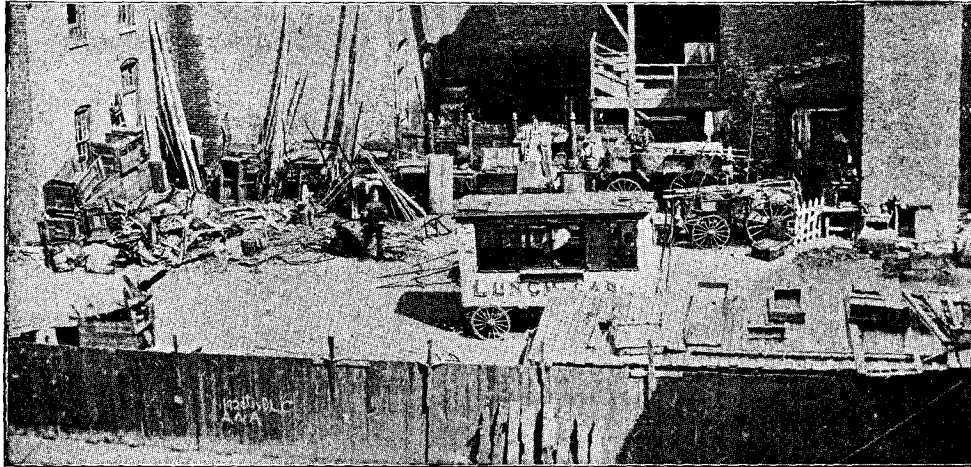
She does not speak English very well, and we venture another question.

"Do you read and write Italian?"

The answer comes back as before, "No read and write Italian."

Before leaving we invite our friend to call and see us. She smiles and tells us she very seldom goes out of the building. We will now leave her to resume her house-cleaning, while we call upon the people who live across the hall.

W. S. S.



A TYPICAL SLUM SCENE

a little larger, we discover the luxury of an iron bedstead; and, almost to our surprise, after viewing the disordered condition of the room we first entered, we find the bed nicely made, some sort of gaily figured calico being used for a bed-spread. A small boy a little over a year old greets the visitor with waving hands, and now we are prepared to sit down and have a chat with our Italian housewife.

"What does your husband do?"

"My husband is a street sweeper," is the answer we get.

"How much wages does he get?"

"One dollar and a half a day, when he works."

"Does he have very steady work?"

"Oh, no. He work very little all winter. Have very hard time."

"Is he at work now?"

"Yes. The alderman have promised everybody work before election, and now he works a little while. May be not last very long."

We pause for a moment to think how easily promises are made, and how seldom kept, not by politicians alone, and it is not surprising that foreigners soon lose confidence in their American neighbors.

### From House to House

ERNESTINE HOAGLAN

THE Lord is wonderfully blessing in the Visiting Nurses' work. We commenced to work in our new district working South. We visit very family and tell them our errand, which is to get acquainted with them and to tell them about the gospel. Frequently we speak to them about how the Lord is working at the Mission, for men who have lived lives of sin, and have come there to hear the simple gospel. In this way we show them how much it means to be a Christian and have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. Sometimes we give health talks and teach them that it is as much our duty to care for our bodies as for our souls. "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's." Many times we find some member of the family sick and we are then able to give some treatment, or advice and it usually is much appreciated. Upon leaving we hear the hearty "God bless you, come again," and God does bless us, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

## The Life Boat

MRS. L. M. OGDEN

THE Life Boat is launched on the troubled sea  
Of sin and death and crime,  
But the steady course of its onward march  
Points to a better clime.

'Tis a rescue craft to gather up  
Poor stranded sons of men,  
And help them stand forth noble and free  
In their God-given manhood again.

The crew of this boat is fearless and brave,  
Made so by the power from on high,  
And for love of Him who has rescued them  
They are ready to do or die.

How nobly they work both in sunshine and storm  
To gather the wanderers in,  
And lead them to Christ, the fountain of love,  
From the broadways of sorrow and sin.

Then let the prayers of each ransomed one  
Ascend to our Father above,  
That His blessing may rest on both worker and work  
In this arduous labor of love.

And let us be free with our means to sustain  
A cause that's so noble and grand,  
Till with the redeemed in the mansions above  
We may all be permitted to stand.

## Result of a Cottage-Meeting

E. B. VAN DORN

AS at this time of the year the nights are long and many are thinking of starting cottage-meetings, I thought it might interest readers of THE LIFE BOAT to know the result of one cottage-meeting. Three years ago a company of us came from Battle Creek to Chicago. Soon after arriving we were told of the different lines of work that lay before us, one of which was cottage-meetings. Considerable stress was laid upon this feature of the work. We were very busy, and thought it was impossible for us to go out in this work after working all day. That is the way the devil always does when the Lord shows us a work to do. Finally one of the brothers and myself went out. It was not long before a meeting was arranged, the hour was set, and the neighbors were invited. The day appointed came and finally the hour. Some of those who had promised to help could not go. We were sure God led us in securing the appointment, and we were determined not to fail because of disappointment.

There was the wife of a drunkard, mother of two boys, in a miserable hovel, but Jesus met with us there, and watered the seed sown. The meeting was conducted, and we were asked to come again. I was called to other work, and the young man who was with us followed up the work during the winter. Spring came and the meetings were dropped, and the hovel, family, and all, had been forgotten and lost track of. A few evenings ago, a lady came to the Mission. She seemed to enter heartily into the service, and when opportunity was given for testimony, she was among the first to give her experience, telling us that when her last hope seemed to have gone, two young men came to her home and asked to conduct a short gospel service; and as a result her husband had been converted, and was now studying for the ministry, and many other things that I shall not stop to mention here. Her heart seemed to be overflowing in praise to God for His goodness. I met her at the close of the service and she invited me to her home.

My wife and I have just been to see her. We found her comfortably situated with all her needs supplied. Her husband works from 6 A. M. till noon, and studies the rest of the time. The wife works part of her time, so that he can apply himself to his studies. She often attends a five o'clock prayer-meeting, and is superintendent of a Sunday-school. She had a son who was sick and received treatment from physicians from the Training-School. He discarded the use of tea and coffee and swine's flesh. He was a faithful advocate of health principles till the day of his death. Such is the history of one cottage-meeting. Let us not be weary in well-doing. "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded." (2 Chron. 15:7.)

## Drink Dragged Me Down—Christ Raised Me Up

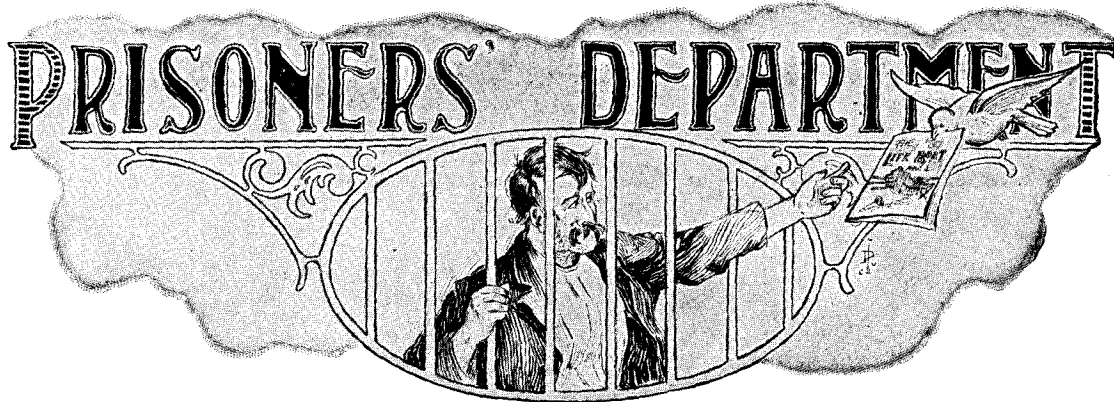
FRED WERKENTHIEN

I WAS born and raised in Hamburg, Germany. When I was five years old my mother died, leaving no one to take care of me. My father had to go to work, and my two brothers left school a few years after mother's death. I soon got in the company of bad boys, and was only twelve when for the first time I was arrested for taking two bottles of beer, and was sent to jail for seven days, where I got worse instead of better. I became a sailor, but at last being so disgusted with life I came to the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was to make an end of it. Life was a burden to me. But the very moment I raised the bottle to my lips God Almighty sent somebody along who knocked it out of my hand. He would not let me go that way. Glory to His name. He showed me there was a better way to live, that I could have a little heaven right here on earth; and I got converted to the living Christ, who saves not only from drink but from all sin. When eighteen years old I tramped the streets of Hamburg homeless (father died when I was sixteen), with an intense desire for liquor; and in a short time I had to face a jury, charged with stealing. Iron bars and the law were able to punish me, but could not make me better. Shortly after this, I stood before a jury again, and was again sent to prison. How I suffered. Spring arrived, everything became new, and there were flowers and sunshine. I could hear the happy laughter of innocent children while in my lonely cell, and where was I? A voice within me said: "It is your own fault." Oh parents, take care of your children, and don't send them to the saloon to buy liquor, as my father used to do. It was my downfall, and will be the downfall of many others. My father started with a glass once in a while, and although we never went hungry or ragged, he died of alcoholism just the same.

To-day I am an honest and sober man, not by force of law and iron bars, but by the grace of God. The blood of Jesus is able to make the vilest clean. Praise Him for ever. Christianity is able to make a slave of drink a sober man; and a dishonest man an honest one. Glory be to Jesus. I praise Him for the victory in my soul.

x

ARITHMETIC OF THE CIGARETTE.—"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers; I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."—*The American Boy*.



### "The Life Boat in Prison"

FRANK J. SIEBOLD

LIFE BOAT, dear old LIFE BOAT,  
How we love the dear old sheet,  
How we long to meet and greet you  
As you come from week to week.

LIFE BOAT, dear old LIFE BOAT,  
Sold upon the busy street,  
Telling of a risen Saviour  
Who indeed makes us complete.

LIFE BOAT, dear old LIFE BOAT  
In a cell you may be found,  
Bringing tidings of salvation  
To the prisoners all around.

LIFE BOAT, dear old LIFE BOAT  
May you ever stand for right,  
Testifying for the Master  
Be it daylight, be it night.

LIFE BOAT, dear old LIFE BOAT  
May the dear old sheet be blessed,  
Till it gathers all the lost ones  
From the East and from the West.

Haskell Orphans' Home. One man who was spending the last days of a twenty-year term, received a Bible, and as he clasped it tightly he exclaimed: "I shall keep it as long as I live."

When asked how many came there through one of these three evils: drink, bad temper, and bad company, every hand went up. These prisoners work for a company who feed, clothe, and guard them. A missionary is also provided for by the company. Those who serve faithfully are called "trusties" and are sent out without guards, but they always wear the stripes no matter where they go. The "trusties" are glad to hold their positions. Those prisoners who run away are almost certain to be captured by bloodhounds and lose all hope of ever becoming a "trusty." The company must pay one hundred dollars for every prisoner who escapes and the guard whose duty it was to watch him loses twenty-five dollars. After a prisoner has done his task he can earn money for himself. Some earn money every day for the support of their families.

The streets of Birmingham are worked by men under guards, some of them wearing shackles. Soon these men will have served their time, but let us pray that the seed so hastily scattered will find good ground and bring forth fruit and that laborers may be sent to this part of the vineyard.

### Prison Work in the South

ABBIE E. COOPER

I WAS recently invited by a pioneer in prison missionary work, to visit two prisons near Birmingham. We went to Coalberg to see the night-school. Mr. Bilheimer, who has since died, was mission worker there. He was ill, but his wife and daughter were doing the work. Instead of listening to the classes we were asked to speak to them. As I took time that should have been given to arithmetic we spent a few minutes learning the prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." We were shown through the women's ward and hospital. They all take a bath on returning from work. The physician at Coalberg has succeeded in having the men in the sunshine all Sunday.

The two prison camps at Pratt's City are a mile apart. Teams await the Sunday school teachers who go from Birmingham on the electric cars and take papers and books sent by those who wish to help this work. As the prisoners have nothing to do on Sunday this literature is a great help to them and they are so glad to get it. I had the privilege of passing to them THE LIFE BOAT, Bibles, and other literature, some of which was collected by the children of the

### Extracts from Prison Correspondence

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind letter. Please excuse me for not writing sooner to you, but the fact is I have been writing to the party I told you about. I find the meeting very good; that is the verbatim report of the Mission meeting in THE LIFE BOAT. It does me good to read in THE LIFE BOAT. I am very glad to know that there are men and women on the outside who take an interest in us.

I am receiving THE LIFE BOAT right along and it is a blessing to me and to others as well. The boys I sent THE LIFE BOAT to said they liked it very much. I hope and trust that you are in good health and that our heavenly Father is blessing you in the good work you are doing for mankind. It gives me great joy to read in THE LIFE BOAT what influence Christ has over sinners. The life of a Christian is the noblest and truest, and I regret that I did not become a Christian long before I did. Verily the life of the transgressor is hard. I am drawing nearer to God as the days go by and am relying more and more on His precious word for guidance and consolation. "God bless you" is my sincere and earnest prayer. I am, yours truly. JOHN JOHNSON.

DEAR MR. SADLER:—I received your most welcome letter and was very glad to hear from you, and am waiting patiently to hear

from you about my parole. I am satisfied you are doing all you can for me, and I trust you will strain every effort to get me released.

I have fully made up my mind to do what is right, and stay on the right road. Oh! you can't tell how much I have prayed for God to give me strength to bear the trouble. May He also help you in your noble work. You cannot imagine how hard it is to be here, and after I am paroled must still remain here. I beg and pray you to help me. And I assure you that should you help me I will never give you occasion to regret what you have done for me. I am not particular what kind of work it is. All I want is freedom. May God help you. I will close, awaiting your favorable reply. I remain, your obedient servant,

JOHN MILLER.

[What reader of THE LIFE BOAT living in Illinois would like to give this brother a helping hand? Write to us.]

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have your letter before me and will try to answer in these lines. I am glad to hear from you. Dear Brother, I am trying day by day to live and do more and more as the Lord would have me to do. I am sorry for the way I have lived in the past, and I can say this with all my heart, that the Lord has forgiven my sins, and my desire is to go forth in the world and begin anew.

I will pray for you every night and for the Mission; that God will give you strength. I can say as David wrote: "I am not afraid of God for He is my strength, my song, and my salvation" and if any man is afraid he won't hold out it is our place to give in for God will hold us up and will continue to keep us. The Lord will turn our captivity and lead us out of the darkness into the light. As I read in THE LIFE BOAT I believe since I came to Christ there is a heaven here to go to heaven in and I believe it is better to fight the good fight of faith with the Lord Jesus on our side than fight the fight of unbelief with the world on our side but without the Lord.

So I will close for this time and trusting to hear from you again and that you will pray for me, I am your brother in Christ.  
J. LANDSER.

DEAR BROTHER:—You say you often pray for me (God bless you), and I know your prayers are answered, for His sustaining grace is keeping me from day to day and I feel myself growing stronger each day in my new profession. And you may be sure every day of my life I remember both you and your wife and your noble work in my prayers, and I am not alone. There are other men in here who remember you also, for the "boys" all know that it is in no patronizing sense that the little booklet is placed in their cells, but simply the outflow of kind hearts that could not run in any better direction. God bless you, and while you are breaking the Bread of Life to others may your own soul be fed.  
JOHN KELLY.

THE PRISONERS' FUND

E. C. Clark .....	2 50	Edgar Nelton .....	25
Jennie C. Kennedy.....	10	E. M. Darton.....	5 00
Birdie Watson.....	31	Ralph C. Bowers.....	10
Cephy Guthrie .....	25	Mrs. D. Miramontez .....	25
Nebraska Tract Society. 1 00		Mary E. Mericle.....	25
Mrs. V. O. Crass.....	25	H. Pantion .....	25
Otsego S. S. ....	80	F. G. Keuan.....	25
Millbank Church, S. D....	5 00	Mrs. Emma Dortcha.....	25
A. H. Jessup.....	25	A Friend.....	20
Miss Cooper.....	25	Mrs. Mary Cannon.....	05
Bertha Spear.....	1 00	Chas. Steadman.....	1 00
C. L. Getz.....	25	A. N. Helligso.....	25
Amanda S. Rinehart .....	25	Selina Laroache.....	50
J. O. Van Norman.....	2 50	Mrs. Emma Cox.....	30
Total.....			\$23 61

Are You Sorry for the Crime or for its Punishment?

WHEN securely behind the bars of a penal institution, with plenty of time to reflect on the past and forecast the future, there often sweeps over the prisoner a sense of deep regret for his wrong course of life. He begins to formulate a long series of resolutions to do different when he gets on the outside again. Reader, if you are a prisoner, has this been your experience? If it has, think of this question: "Are you sorry for the crime, sorry for the state of mind and heart which led to these misdeeds, or does your sorrow merely pertain to the penalty of crime—to the consequences of having been caught?" Repentance that goes no deeper in its sorrow than to regret the effects of crime, can hardly be said to be genuine. It is the cause of wrongdoing, rather than its effects, that should receive our attention first. The disposition to wrong our fellow-men, the desires of selfishness, the modern tendency to get money without earning it—these and other similar influences are directly and indirectly responsible for a great deal of crime; and the criminal who would cease to be such must mark well the slippery places in his experience wherein he has fallen in time past; and with a sincere purpose, and full confidence in God, instead of himself, it is possible for complete success to crown his efforts.

W. S. S.

Loving Labor

ADDIE S. BOWEN

AT the James White Memorial Home for old people, Battle Creek, Mich., is a sister, who having been paralyzed when a child has been many years unable to stand or walk and suffers with serious spinal trouble. Many, in her crippled condition and confined to a wheel-chair, would be perfectly miserable, and would make all around them miserable too, but this sister is cheerful and daily doing something to help someone. This is because the love of God is in her heart. Here is a copy of a nicely-written letter she has just received:

DEAR MISS MASON:—We the undersigned boys of Parker County Jail, Texas, wish to express to you our personal thanks for the little pamphlet (LIFE BOAT) which was sent us by your kindness. We certainly do appreciate your kindness. It is certain that none of us are Christians, but I am also certain that the little pamphlet, THE LIFE BOAT and your kindness have touched the hearts and minds of every one confined in this jail. As a body of wayward boys we want to ask you to pray for each one of us. Again let us thank you for THE LIFE BOAT.  
Very lovingly your friends.

[The above letter was signed by five inmates of the above-named jail.]

Who can tell how much good has been done by such missionary work? Let the work be done with faith and in love for the unsaved, for without the right spirit and motive all our efforts will come short of reaching hearts made hard by sin. Never send a cold formal letter. Pray for the love of Christ; then souls will be won from serving Satan, to love and praise God.



We should keep our minds reined up day by day, trying to improve ourselves, mentally, morally, and physically.

It is not what we say, but how we say it, that does most good.

<b>THE LIFE BOAT</b>	
W. S. SADLER DAVID PAULSON, M. D.	} EDITORS
<i>SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS</i>	
E. B. VAN DORN FANNIE EMMEL THEKLA BLACK	MRS. W. S. SADLER JULIA A. WHITE, M. D. LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

**Special Feature  
of the Next  
Life Boat**

In the next issue of THE LIFE BOAT, a series of articles will begin, entitled "The Cause, Results, and Deliverance from Intemperance and Drug Habits." Intemperance is increasing on every hand, and the use of morphine, opium and cocaine is becoming more and more prevalent. Every one should be in possession of information concerning these terrible and growing evils. This series of articles will be just what you want in this respect, outlining the causes, direct and indirect, as well as carefully telling how the victims of intemperance and drug habits should be handled both from a physical and a spiritual standpoint.

**"World's Outlook" Number of "The Signs  
of the Times"**

There are many extremely perplexing problems spread out before the world for consideration at the present time. Many are troubled, and others are anxious, when they consider the outlook of the opening of the twentieth century. In view of this widespread inquiry upon the subject the "World's Outlook," *The Signs of the Times*, Oakland, Cal., issued during November a special number of their paper, dealing with these questions. This double number of thirty-six pages, entitled the "World's Outlook Number," very ably deals with such important themes as the

Gospel Outlook,	Church and State Out-
American Outlook,	look,
A Century Review,	Missions Outlook,
European Outlook,	Christian's Outlook.

Single copies, ten cents, twenty-five or more copies at the rate of four cents a copy. If you have not seen it, send for a copy. Address, *Signs of the Times*, Oakland, Cal.

**Can the Health of a Healthy Man be  
Improved?**

ALL are more or less accustomed to seeing invalids recover their lost health, but there are many to whom it has never occurred that there is room for the average healthy man to still further improve his condition. If a man was submerged ten feet below the surface of the water, and he should be drawn up until his head was just above the water he would of course feel quite comfortable, but it would only require a slight pressure to again submerge him. This represents the actual physical condition of many so-called healthy people. They are barely above the pain line, and they do not possess a store of reserve energy which would be available for some great

physical emergency, and, therefore, some slight indiscretion or physical blunder on their part is all that is necessary to precipitate upon them serious diseases which frequently end their life.

If it is worth while for a Corbett or Fitzsimmons to spend a certain length of time each day for months in cultivating such a degree of health that it becomes practically impossible for some one else to pound their lives out of them, should not Christian workers spend enough time daily to secure such a fund of reserve vitality and physical endurance that the devil cannot succeed in knocking them out in the first round by simply tempting them to make some slight mistake—such as forgetting to put on their rubbers on a rainy day, or by bringing around such a train of circumstances that there is a slight additional strain on their vitality. The premature death of so many promising young men and women is a sad object lesson of the folly of being content to camp just a trifle above the pain line. The same thorough-going cultivation of health that yields such a prolific harvest to the invalid would yield still greater results to the average healthy person if he would cultivate it as enthusiastically as the invalid does. There is as much chance for a healthy person to get better than he is as there is room for a tree to keep growing up toward heaven.

Let every one bear in mind that the eating of pure food favors the production of pure blood; that vigorous outdoor exercise will send the blood bounding to every part of the body at an increased rate and with greater force; that the daily taking of cold baths in some form will arouse a perfect tornado of healthy impulses within every organ of the body; that persistent and persevering efforts to cultivate health will always be rewarded, for it is God's wish that we should prosper and be in health (3 John 2), and it would certainly be mockery for God to wish us this condition unless He was willing to add His blessing to every seed sown for health. D. P.

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

Treatments given.....	754
Examinations.....	75
Prescriptions.....	18
Office treatments.....	100
Surgical operations.....	8
Admitted to the surgical ward.....	6
In Children's Christian Home and Branches	53
Days nursing.....	341.6
Meals served (penny lunches).....	23,831
Lodgings given.....	5,748
Using free laundry.....	2,530
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	5,425
Testimonies.....	815
Gospel meetings held.....	62
Bible classes conducted.....	33
Testaments and Bibles given away.....	110
Pages of other literature distributed.....	34,600
Requests for prayer.....	176

x

If soldiers in battle are willing to risk so much in order to kill people, ought not Christians to be willing to risk everything to save people?

### Practical Thoughts for Working Christians

**EXCITEMENT, NOISE, ETC.**—We often meet those who seem like a flashing meteor in the sky of Christian work. They talk fluently and seem to be actuated by a spirit apparently active and earnest, and yet the lights so suddenly kindled by this class of workers are observed to soon go out in darkness, often leaving those for whom they labored in far worse condition than when they found them. Sensation and excitement should be left out of our work, if we would have it bear the impress of the divine. A religious interest created in either private or public by the relation of anecdotes will be found to be of a transient nature, and when the peculiarities that called it forth are withdrawn the interest itself will soon disappear.

**CHRISTIAN REFINEMENT.**—While the Christian does not seek for worldly culture, false mannerisms, etc., nevertheless he should carefully avoid either the retention or cultivation in his character of anything pertaining to coarseness or roughness. True courtesy, genuine politeness, and Christian refinement, must be cherished, cultivated, and practiced by those who would be successful Christian workers. Unguarded words and abrupt manners often destroy the opportunity of influencing a soul to accept light and obey truth. We should endeavor not to unnecessarily offend or antagonize any. Bluntness or carelessness of speech or manner are peculiarities of speech that should not be regarded with favor by one who would win souls for the Master.

**BE PROMPT AND DECISIVE.**—Many a battle in the cause of right has been lost by the slowness and indecision of those who fought it. The warfare between right and wrong, light and darkness, is real and continuous. The Christian worker is often compelled to render prompt decision and take decisive stands, and in order to be able to do this safely it is necessary for him to work in perfect harmony with heavenly intelligences. Very often in dealing with wave-beaten and tempest-tossed souls, a moment's delay may be fatal. There are times of peril and hours of danger when the Christian must think with lightning-like rapidity and act with corresponding promptness. We can be deliberate and yet prompt. We can be careful and yet decisive. We can be right and yet act quickly.

**PUT YOUR WHOLE BEING INTO THE WORK.**—The entire energies of mind and body and soul must be summoned to the work if we would succeed in suitably impressing sinners with their need of salvation and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. A half-hearted and unfeeling manner of presenting truth will result in arousing but few to forsake their idols and turn to the living God. Christ was infinitely humble, and yet He was intensely earnest and active. As workers together with Christ, we should work as He worked: speak as He spoke; and present truth as He presented it. Between the anvil of experience and the hammer of the word, truth should be forged link by link and presented with the spirit which will enable all to recognize its divine origin, and have confidence in its power to transform the hearts and lives of those who will in faith accept it into their hearts, and yield obedience.

W. S. S.



The study that we engage in with a definite object is worth twice as much as the study we take up without any fixed purpose

God causes our hearts to beat; then let us have faith enough to believe that He can keep us until the next heart-beat.

### Should Active Missionaries Ignore the Question of Proper Ventilation?

**O**F all persons in the world the Christian worker should be thoroughly awake to the importance of proper ventilation. There is no other requirement of the body half as imperative as the demand for air. An individual may live for weeks entirely deprived of food, and for days without even a drop of water, but life ceases in a few minutes when air is absolutely excluded from the human system. Every muscular contraction, and even every thought, produces waste matter in the system, a large portion of which must be thrown out by the lungs, and when they are obstructed for a few moments the purplish blue face and other striking indications of suffering, plainly reveal that inspiration and expiration are bodily functions that may not be carelessly tampered with.

If an individual eliminates enough poison through the lungs every few minutes to destroy his life, unless relieved of it, is it not *equally* dangerous for any person in a poorly ventilated room to be compelled to inhale a large percentage of this same poison-laden air?

Consumption, the great white plague, seizes in its cruel grasp about one-fourth of all the adult population, and hurries them to untimely graves. The day of God alone will reveal how many victims this dread disease has claimed simply because it found an easy foothold in lungs which were already crippled by constantly breathing contaminated air. During the last few years multitudes of consumptives have been making fair recoveries by discarding health-destroying habits and learning to live practically out of doors. This is certainly a strong suggestion that it was living too much *in-doors*, breathing too much impure air, which produced the susceptibility to the disease.

**AMOUNT NECESSARY.**—The average individual throws off enough poison at each breath to contaminate a half-barrelful of air to such a degree that it ought not to be breathed again. Therefore, a proper system of ventilation should provide an inlet and outlet for three thousand cubic feet of air each hour for each person in the room. Although food is expensive, the majority of humanity will succeed in securing enough for their bodily needs every twenty-four hours, yet at the same time they persist in depriving their systems of the *free* air of heaven to such an extent that many of them are camping upon the very edge of their own graves.

**WINTER VENTILATION.**—The question of ventilation is not an important one during the summer, because then the members of the family spend much of their time in the open air, and the various entrances into the house are generally left more or less open; but as the chilly blasts of winter approach many begin to compete with their neighbors in thoroughly stopping up every crack and crevice to keep out the pure air of heaven, just as though it was a dangerous enemy. The trifling amount of money which is thus saved in fuel has in many cases to be expended in patent medicines, doctor bills, and funeral expenses.

**WHY COLDS ARE CONTRACTED FROM WINDOW VENTILATION.**—Nearly all modern institutions have elaborate systems of ventilation, but unfortunately these cannot very well be adopted in the average home. Therefore, the window is generally selected as the principal method of ventilating the average dwelling room. Colds are so frequently contracted from window ventilation because, first, the windows are generally left closed until the air has become so contaminated that the unfortunate occupants are nearly poisoned or chloroformed as it were; then when a current of cold air is admitted the body does not

possess the power necessary to react against it, and consequently unpleasant effects result. The second reason is, that ordinary window ventilation is always radically wrong. As the window is lowered from the top, the cold air drops at once to the floor, like a waterfall, chilling the feet, and thus interfering with the circulation of the blood, and yet allowing a large quantity of the impure air to circulate around the head—the very place where the fresh air is needed that it may reach the lungs.

**SUGGESTIVE METHODS.**—The ordinary-sized window needs to be lowered one inch for each individual that occupies the room; then have the tinsmith construct a box which will just fit into this opening, and so arranged that it will project several feet toward the center of the room; at the same time slanting upward toward the ceiling. By this device the current of cold air will be directed upward and descend gradually, thus avoiding all unpleasant draughts. In stormy weather it will not be necessary to have the window open so much as has been suggested, for then the air comes in much more rapidly.

For the foul air outlet, if a chimney is to be built, have it constructed in two parts, one to serve as an exit for the smoke and the other for the foul air. The smoke passing through one compartment will heat the other sufficiently to create a constant upward draught. There should be a register in this foul air compartment near the floor where the impure air can be drawn in. Unfortunately very few chimneys are constructed with this useful object in view, therefore a very fair substitute is to build a wooden box along one side of the chimney, extending up through the roof of the house, placing a metal cap above it so as to prevent the rain coming in. The heat, passing through the bricks into this compartment, will ordinarily be sufficient to create an upward draught.

A still more simple and almost as efficient method is merely to fit an ordinary T into that portion of the stove-pipe which just enters the chimney, and allow it to extend down to within a few inches of the floor. This will draw a large amount of foul air through the chimney. While not large enough for the average family, it is a great deal better than nothing at all. Care should be taken to have underneath this pipe a metal dish to protect the floor from any cinders that may drop down.

The prevailing spirit of the age is a demand for labor-saving devices. Why should we not be as anxious to introduce *life-saving* devices, and do all in our power to add to our comforts on this sin-cursed earth by promoting and cultivating health? D. P.

### Recent Occurrences

EDITH CARPENTER has returned to the Chicago work.

A. E. Bates has connected with the Workingmen's Home.

Miss Mary Watson has connected with the Training-School.

A number of electric lights are being installed in the Training-School.

Lizzie Ingraham, of Oklahoma, has connected with the Training-School.

Brother and Sister Myers sang very acceptably at the Mission one evening.

A much larger attendance of women at the Mission has been noticed lately.

Traveling evangelist W. R. Morris was the speaker one evening at the Mission.

Mary Hunter and Mary Buford arrived from Battle Creek to continue their training.

Daisy and Eva Wheeler have gone to their home in Kansas, for a vacation.

Grace Richmond has returned to Battle Creek, after a stay of some time in Chicago.

Elder Reeser, president of the Upper Columbia Conference, spoke one night at the Mission.

Mrs. Capman has associated herself with our work and will be joined by her husband shortly.

Mr. P. B. Ruggles was a visitor to our several branch institutions and much enjoyed his sojourn with us.

Dr. Loper, of the College View Sanitarium, Nebraska, passed through the city and called on us for a short time.

Sister Steel, of Chattanooga, Tenn., gave a very interesting talk to the Training-School family one morning.

Mr. Allen, business manager of the College View Sanitarium, spent a Sabbath with us, and attended the Mission.

The number of patients at the Branch is steadily increasing, and the prospects of the institution are most encouraging.

Brother Mackey has taken charge of several services at the Mission and much blessing has been poured upon his efforts.

Brother Kahlstrom from Washington, D. C., spent two days with us, with a view to learning and observing all he could of our work.

Every Sunday evening Brother W. S. Sadler gives a lecture on some Bible character. These addresses will continue throughout the winter.

R. B. Craig, one of the first workers in the Chicago Medical Mission gave an interesting account of the work now prospering in Peoria, Ill.

Five orphans from Mrs. Steel's Home at Chattanooga, Tenn., sang several pieces which gave great pleasure to the Training-School audience.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg spent two or three days in Chicago, visiting the Branch Sanitarium and the Training-School. He gave an address at each place.

On a Tuesday evening Dr. W. B. Holden gave a temperance talk to the Mission audience. This will probably be a regular feature during the winter months.

The chapel at the Workingmen's Home is now on the ground floor, where the rug and carpet factory formerly was. The attendance is considerable, and grows nightly.

Elder A. G. Daniels, of Australia, addressed the Training-School congregation on a recent Sabbath morning. He also spoke at the Life Boat Mission the previous evening.

W. M. Emery, of the Imanuel Baptist Mission, was with us at the Mission one evening and sang some solos which were much appreciated. He also gave an address on another evening.

A memorial service was held at the Mission in memory of Brother Harry Walker, a convert of the Star of Hope Mission. The Mission was well filled, and a large number of Star of Hope converts gave testimonies of what God has done for them.

Some improvements to the appearance of the Mission have been made which are appreciated by the visitors. One is the comfortable look the windows now have, being draped with curtains on handsome curtain-rods, and give a very inviting appearance. Another addition is the new pulpit desk, which has been purchased for the Mission. It is quite a nice-looking one, and answers its purpose admirably.

The children at the Children's Christian Home, 2408 South Park avenue, are looking forward to Christmas with great anticipation, in hopes of getting some toys with which to enjoy themselves when they are obliged to play in doors. We do not want to see them disappointed, and trust that our kind readers will consider it a privilege to do their share, in adding to the happiness of our "little people". Old toys and picture books would be very acceptable.



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If you are receiving THE LIFE BOAT without having ordered it you may know that it is sent to you by some friend. You need have no fears that you will be asked to pay for it.

Address all communications for this paper to THE LIFE BOAT 1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

x x

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A Friend .....	50	E. F. Henry.....	1 00
J. A. Guenther .....	5 00	J. O. Van Norman.....	2 50
Mr. Herrington.....	6 00	Helga Rudberg.....	1 00
John T. Luyster.....	50		
		Total.....	\$16 50

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

Birmingham Church, Iowa.....\$2 93

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Ravenswood S. S.....	5 20	Mr. Cheadle.....	67
Mrs. B. H. Lane.....	2 00	Villageleuck Church, Ia.	1 93
Children, Kankakee C.M.	2 25	Elgin, Ill., S. S.....	1 55
Friends at Grand Ledge.	50		
		Total.....	\$14 10

Mrs. B. Lake, Wood Lake, Neb., two quilts; Brethren, Stockton Church, Ill., barrel canned fruit; Mrs. L. Hutchens, Tennessee, Mich., fruit.

WORKINGMEN'S HOME RELIEF FUND

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Geo. F. Meyrick.....	1 00		
		Total.....	\$13 50

THE LIFE BOAT REST

D. W. Nichols.....	2 00	Kansas Tract Society ...	75
S. I. Cornish.....	33	Mrs. D. Miramontez.....	50
Unknown, St. Louis.....	20 00	Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Avery	2 00
A Friend .....	1 00	Tillie Houck .....	5 00
Friends, North Liberty..	9 00	J. O. Van Norman.....	2 50
Mr. Arthur Rice.....	3 00	Mr. Francis Beidler.....	10 00
Emma Wolenshlager....	2 00	Mr. Gergensen.....	1 00

A Friend .....	1 00	Mrs. Hattie Vandivort ...	1 00
Miss Butterfield.....	2 00	Mrs. Sullivan.....	1 00
Mrs. Abrams .....	75	Mrs. Lillian Connerly...	50
Mr. Lou C.....	50	Mr. Gise.....	50
A Friend .....	25	Miss Lennie.....	25
Miss Anne.....	25	Girls from the Fashion..	75
W. Stout.....	50	Miss Annie Romigh.....	20
Training-School S. S.....	6 35	Miss Millie.....	25
Miss Anna.....	25	Friend from Mendots ..	50

Total.....\$26 54

THE LIFE BOAT REST

From merchants on South Water street: One crate and twenty heads cabbage, two crates canteloupes, one and a half bushels potatoes, one bushel turnips, one basket tomatoes, two crates cauliflowers, one and a half bushels onions, two crates celery, three and a half bushels apples, one box and one bunch bananas, sixteen baskets grapes, ten squashes, three pumpkins, one peck quinces, one and a half bushels and two baskets beans, one and a half bushels beets, three bushels melons, one and a half bushels corn, twelve baskets peaches, also radishes and water-cress. From friends at various places: D. R. Devereans, barrel of canned fruit; Mrs. Daniel Hazen, four quarts cherries, two quarts strawberries, one lady's coat, one sofa pillow; Marcella Sperra, one quart pop-corn, four quarts tomatoes, one comforter; Mrs. Jessie Furb, one quart tomatoes; Mrs. Rachel Wood, two quarts peach butter, four quarts dried corn, one comforter, one sofa pillow; Mrs. Rachel Rice, three quarts grape juice, one quart pears, two cans of plums and one of corn; Mr. L. I. Rickard, handsome jardiniere; Heath & Milligan, three gallons paint; F. W. Devoe & Co., three gallons paint; Mr. Steel, two elegant palms; A friend, three pounds prunes and one quart apple butter; Miss Sarah A. Hoile, box clothing; Mrs. Williamson, box containing complete baby's outfit; Mrs. Metzger, lady's dress skirt; Brunt Pottery, 246 pieces of dishware, beautiful jardiniere; James De Vinney, swinging rocker. Miss Walker, one bundle of clothing; A friend, one bundle of clothing.

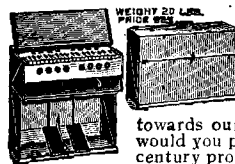
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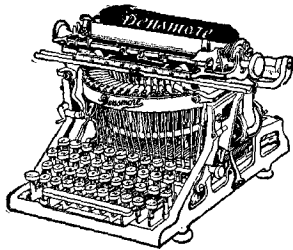
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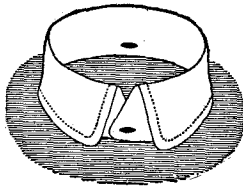
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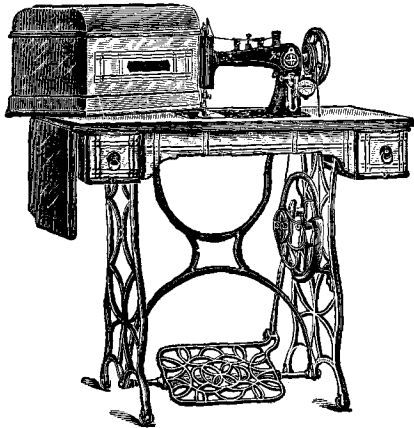
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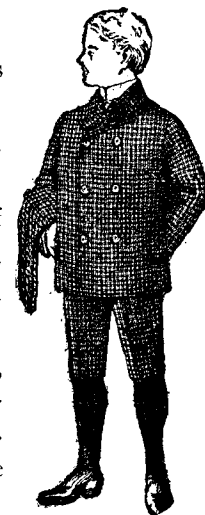
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