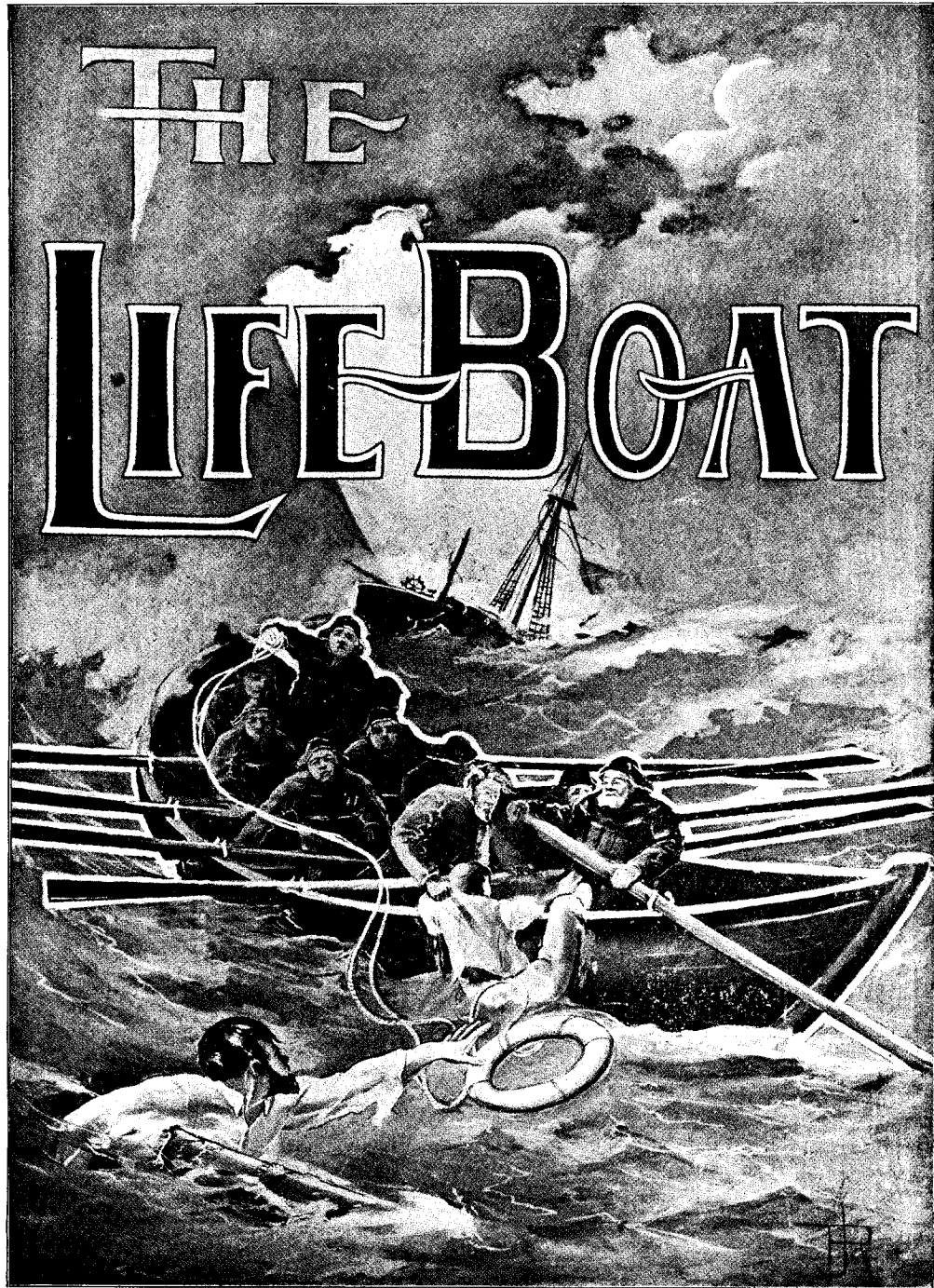


CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION NUMBER

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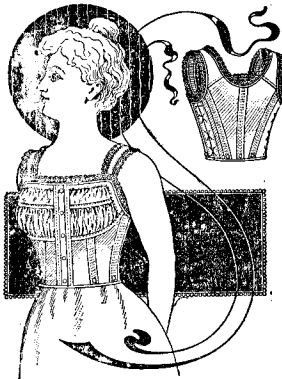
Volume Four
Number Ten

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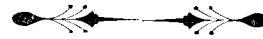
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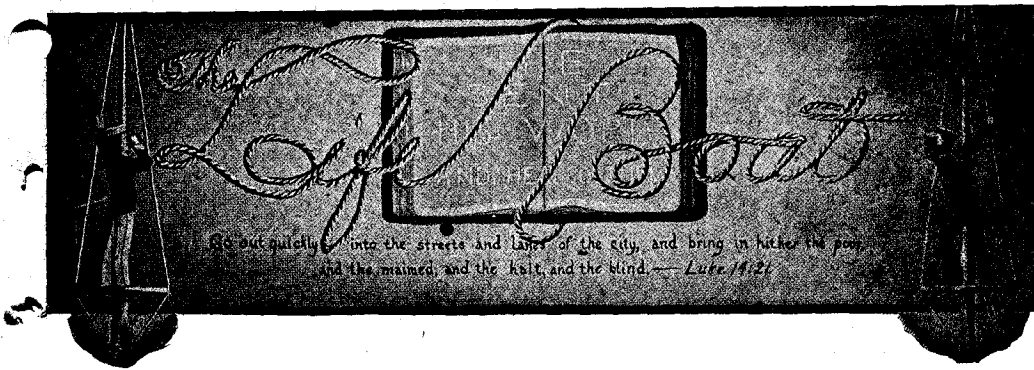
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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Volume 4

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1901

Number 10

The Beginning.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

FOR some months prior to the spring of 1893, the year of the World's Fair, the writer felt greatly burdened and exercised concerning the opening of a medical mission in Chicago, as the beginning of a similar work to be undertaken in other cities. The Training-School for missionary nurses connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium was annually turning out some scores of young men and women well prepared for service, but no organized work had as yet been begun, and methods and plans were altogether a thing of the future.

When the matter was being considered and discussed, a Providential circumstance opened the way for a beginning. A wealthy gentleman of this city, a banker, whose daughter had at one time been a patient at the Sanitarium and who had died after returning home as the result of a critical surgical operation, applied to the writer for a nurse to engage in visiting nurses' work, stating that his daughter, upon her death-bed, had exacted from him the promise that he would employ and support for the benefit of the poor of Chicago a nurse trained in the methods of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, having herself experienced the great advantages of the methods and principles there followed; and she desired that provision should be made whereby at least a few of the very poorest of the multitudes of poor toiling men in Chicago could enjoy the same advantages.

Arrangements were made with this gentleman, and the nurse was set at work in the Clark street district, in which work of this sort had

never previously been undertaken. After a few weeks a second nurse was sent to assist Miss Emily, the pioneer in this work, and the writer began to make visits to the city to study the situation, and find a location for a headquarters.

The plan of work, as formulated at this time, was to open a place where facilities would be afforded for baths and laundry, and where those in need of such could receive the competent attention of physicians and nurses. Several visits were made to the city for the purpose of finding a location, but without result. Every nook and corner in the submerged district of the city was occupied or engaged, and used either as a saloon, eating-house, or an establishment of some sort in preparation for the World's Fair.

After several unsuccessful visits, I was one day standing on Van Buren street, after having spent several hours in a vain search for a suitable place, and almost in despair I stood on the curbstone looking down into the gutter, thinking that I must in a few minutes take the train without having accomplished anything. On raising my head my eyes fell on a sign across the street "Rooms to Rent." Stepping across and going into the office of the building I met the cheerful face of Harry Monroe, the evangelist and manager of the Pacific Garden Mission, and outlining to him my plans, I received most cordial offers of assistance. I arranged for a large basement room on Custom House place, which was soon fitted up with baths, laundry tubs, and simple dispensary facilities, and within a couple of weeks the Chicago mission was launched.

The beginning was humble enough, a low basement beneath the level of the sidewalk, plain board partitions, and the humblest of appointments; but I had the good fortune to secure the services of two of the most loyal and efficient workers the sun ever shown upon, my friends and colleagues, Dr. D. H. Kress, now engaged in the Lord's work in Australia, and Dr. H. F. Rand, a member of the medical staff of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. These faithful men stood steadily at their posts from early morn until late at night during the whole hot summer of 1893, and the Judgment Day alone will reveal the vast amount of good accomplished through the sowing of gospel seed in the hearts and minds of the many thousands that passed through their hands.

Within two weeks after the baths opened, the number of daily visitants was from 140 upwards. The accommodation of baths, laundry, and medical care was a new sort of gospel bait, and there may be heard in the Life Boat Mission to-day testimonies of men who were so thoroughly saved by the practical gospel which was practised as well as preached in the Custom House place basement that they have been able to live sober, Christian lives ever since.

I spent each Sunday in the Mission, examining patients, talking and praying with sinners, and usually addressed a noon-day meeting.

In the early fall the panic came, and in a short time there were on the streets of Chicago more than twenty thousand unemployed, starving men. A large number of those who came to the dispensary were suffering from hunger more than any other physical ill. We decided to open a penny lunch, and arranged with the Pacific Garden Mission to use their large hall opening on Van Buren street for the purpose of serving lunch once a day. The lunch consisted of rich bean soup and bread. In a short time the house, which would hold 700, was daily filled to its utmost capacity by twelve o'clock, serving hour. A little later it was thus twice filled in immediate succession before the hungry, waiting multitude could all be fed.

The simple bean soup and bread lunch developed into a lunch counter with a more extended bill of fare, and the vegetarian lunch counter has been a prominent feature of our work ever since. After carrying on the work in this place for a year or two, an opportunity offered for renting a large adjacent World's Fair lodging house, which had a capacity for lodging 200 or 300 men. A room for meet-

ings was also fitted up, and a regular gospel mission opened. Later the lodging house was moved to 1341 State street; and a nice hall was hired at 436 State street for the gospel meetings, and the Life Boat Mission was opened, and has been carried on ever since with great success.

A contribution of \$40,000 from the brothers Henry and Francis Wessels, of South Africa, made possible the equipment of a Sanitarium building at 28 Thirty-third place, at which location a splendid medical work has since been carried on, all the accruing profits being devoted to the missionary work of the city.

This work and that of the mission formed a nucleus which led six years ago to the establishing of the American Medical Missionary College, the opening of which required the hiring of the large building at 2 and 4 Thirty-third place. The College and Training-School connected with it was afterwards moved to 1920 Wabash avenue, and more recently has been returned to its first location.

The most recent development of the Chicago Medical Missionary work is the Halsted Street Missionary Dispensary, where a settlement of medical students and nurses reside, and with the assistance of the physicians of the Sanitarium several eminent Chicago surgeons, and the classes of the Medical Missionary College, a very successful missionary dispensary is conducted. Dr. and Mrs. Evans of California, have general supervision of the settlement and the carrying out of each day's program of clinics, mothers' meetings, classes in hydrotherapy, schools of health, etc. Visiting nurses' work, under the supervision of Sister Madge Rogers, is carried on in connection with the dispensary. Clinics are held daily; Drs. Holmes, Walls, Paulson, and Holden attending to the wants of the multitudes of invalids who throng in for help.

It is hoped to make this mission a center for the field training of nurses. We expect to soon open similar mission dispensaries in New York City and Philadelphia; arrangements have already been made for the expenditure of ten thousand dollars in each place for this purpose.

As an outgrowth of the Chicago Mission, missions on a similar plan have been opened and successfully conducted in many other cities, and many more will doubtless be organized within the next few years, as fast as men and women are properly trained to establish and carry forward the work.

THE LIFE BOAT, and the various missions of which it is the organ, represent an earnest and, we believe, a practical effort in behalf of the most needy and neglected class. It is the aim of this movement to be a practical application of the spirit of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." This is a work which reaches out a helping hand to all who are distressed, physically, mentally, morally, the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, the outcasts, the disappointed, the forsaken, the hopeless; there are none so weak that they will not receive the offer of a helping hand if they show evidence of a desire to reform; none so greatly despised that they will not be received and tenderly cared for if sick, and offered an open door to a better life.

The present corps of workers consists of Dr. David Paulson, superintendent of the Branch Sanitarium, Dr. Mary Paulson, Dr. W. B. Holden, Dr. Elmer Otis, Dr. Lydia Kynett, W. E. Williamson, manager of the Workingmen's Home, E. B. Van Dorn, superintendent of the Life Boat Mission, and Sister Emmel, superintendent of the Life Boat Rest and Rescue work for Women, and a large corps of nurses and other helpers who are carrying on the work in a most able and efficient manner.

Within the last few months it has been decided to raise \$100,000, which would give the Medical College work a permanent location and wider facilities, which it greatly needs. About \$10,000 in cash has been raised toward this sum, a wealthy gentleman has donated lots to the value of \$10,000, and there is an excellent prospect that a sufficient amount will be secured, as subscriptions are coming at a rate which gives us reason to believe that the erection of the building may be begun in time to be ready for the fall of 1902.

We hope the time is not far distant when gospel enterprises like the Life Boat Mission, and its associated institutions, will be in active operation in every large city in the United States, and also in other countries.

He Knoweth Best.

MADGE ROGERS.

SEPTEMBER 1895 it was decided that I should come to Chicago and join a number of other workers in what was then known as the Medical Missionary College Settlement work, on Forty-seventh street. At first I was delighted with the idea but when the work

grew hard and we had to be out in all kinds of weather, I began to think some mistake had been made.

Six years have passed and I can truly say that if there is any one experience in my life work more than another that I praise God for, it is my Chicago experience. Many times during those six years have I been made to realize that it was not Dr. Kellogg or any committee that sent me, but He who knew my future work, He who knows just where each plant will grow best. Shall we not trust Him to send us where we can do the most good? It matters little to me whether I am on the mountain side or in some great city, if I can only know that I am where God would have me.

:o:

My First Experience in the Chicago Medical Mission.

H. H. KRESS, M. D.

(Cooranbong, N. S. W., Australia.)

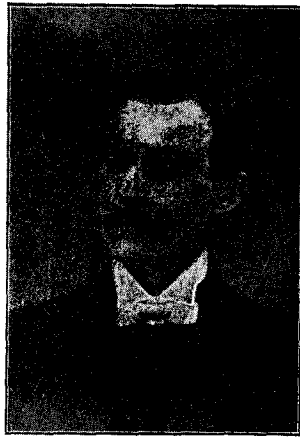
Eight or nine years ago the Lord in a providential manner opened the way for our work on Custom House place in the rear of the Pacific Garden Mission. Those who led out in the effort recognized that something needed to be done to better the physical condition of these men who were trying to get a new start in life. Many of them were in such a filthy condition, and their clothing so poor, that even after their conversion it was almost impossible for them to secure employment; in fact, it was dangerous to come in contact with them. In order to remove this obstacle, and give these men an opportunity for outward as well as inward cleansing, the place was opened as a bath room, free laundry, and dispensary. Here men were able to bathe themselves and wash their clothing, so that they could go out and earn an honest living.

Among the first who volunteered to go to Chicago were **The Early Workers.** Dr. Rand, Dr. Caro, and myself,

When we offered ourselves for this work we knew very little of what needed to be done. I shall never forget the time I first entered the little basement where our medical missionary and rescue work began. I had never before witnessed anything like it. The air was impure and the ventilation defective, but we workers realized that we were surrounded by an atmosphere of grace that bore healing

on its wings. I firmly believe that God in a special manner protects his workers when in the path of duty, providing they are careful to observe his laws.

We prayed constantly, never daring to open a day without making a complete surrender to God, and asking for divine aid and wisdom. We felt we must have help every moment. We knew that it was impossible for two or three inexperienced young men to control these men, many of whom were considered the worst characters in the city. There was certainly a subduing influence about the work that was recognized not only by the workers, but by everyone who came in contact with it. Some of the greatest criminals approached the place with a feeling of reverence. The laborers went about their work quietly; in fact, they often spoke scarcely above a whisper. Even the policemen about the place recognized that



D. H. KRESS, M. D.

a change had taken place in the neighborhood, and felt surprised that we did not have more trouble with the men.

Never have I engaged in work that I enjoyed more, because every effort put forth to help these men was appreciated by them. Many of the most hardened criminals after receiving treatment, would leave with a "God bless you" on their lips.

On my way home one evening I saw a wounded man in front of a saloon. My first intention was to pass him by, but I felt condemned at the thought of leaving a man in his helpless condition. I approached him and said,

"I know you are in need of help, and I have come to help you." The man partially opened his eyes, and said, "Who are you?" I replied, "Never mind who I am, I have come to help you. If you will come with me I will clean you up, and help you to get on your feet again." He lifted his eyes again, and said, "Too much kindness, too much kindness." After several repetitions of this I finally persuaded him that someone *was interested* in him, and he consented to accompany me to the dispensary rooms. After having removed his clothes, I took soap and began cleaning him up. This was followed by a hot spray, and then at the close I gave him a cold spray. When he came from the bath he said in the most appreciative voice: "Doctor, you have wrought a miracle. I am a sober man." I then supplied him with some clean clothes. When he left the room he remarked, "I am going up to the gospel meeting. I am going to testify of what the Lord has done for me." He felt like a new creature—he was certainly a changed man. He realized that God had done something for him, and he was anxious to relate it to others. This is only one of the many cases to whom we were able to extend a helping hand, and with God's blessing send them on their way rejoicing.

The success we had in the **The Success of the Work.** work was due to the atmosphere of grace that accompanied the workers.

God has wonderfully prospered this work. The small seed planted eight years ago has grown into a mighty tree. Instead of three workers there are about seventy-five in Chicago alone engaged in the rescue of men, women, and children from the snares and traps of city life.

God designed that this tree should send forth its branches to the uttermost parts of the earth—that a similar work should be done in other large cities. The field is white for the harvest, but the laborers are few; pray ye the Lord of the harvest that laborers may be raised up who have compassion for the erring, and those who are out of the way; who are willing to begin work on a small scale, working to help the people, not to build up an institution. Such a work God will bless anywhere, and no matter how small the beginning it will prosper and become great.

—:o:—

The individual who becomes best acquainted with God will necessarily manifest most faith in him.

Our First Medical Missionary Work in Darkest Chicago.

H. F. RAND, M. D.

I WELL remember the day Dr. Kellogg sent for me and asked me if I was ready to go to Chicago and engage in mission work there. I remember the thoughts that surged through my mind. I could not understand why I had been asked to go when there seemed to be so many others much better qualified for the responsibilities of the work. The medical missionary work was then only beginning and it seemed to be too great a responsibility for me to think of assuming at the time; but I replied that if it was right that I should go, I was willing to do so. He told me to think and pray over the matter. I counseled with others whom I thought could help me but I found they had had no experience in these lines, so I was left to seek counsel from the Lord and his Word. I thought of how Abraham must have felt when he was told to go to a place that the Lord would show him, and there abide. I slept none that night and the next day I went to Chicago. All the way on the train I was continually thinking of Abraham and his experience.

When I arrived in Chicago I was taken down Van Buren street. Here we found things in anything but a promising condition. The two windows of that basement room were completely covered with the rubbish which had been accumulating for half a century and which now entirely shut out the daylight. If one had looked simply at the external appearance of things at this time he certainly would have wished himself back where everything was nice and comfortable; but I was glad to know that I had had sufficient evidence in studying God's dealings with his servants to know that in some way he would bring this out right.

My initiation into city mission work was to put on a pair of overalls and rubber boots and help to clean out the rubbish and dirt. At last we succeeded in uncovering the windows so that a little of the light of heaven could shine in, a thing which probably had not occurred before for years! When we had done what we could to make the place presentable, we had the opening. Dr. Kellogg, Sister Whitney, Sister Louise Burkhardt the pioneer in visiting prisoners' work, and others who were there, were gathered together in the Pacific Garden Mission. As I listened to the words of different

ones in regard to what was expected and then thought of how inadequate were our facilities and how inexperienced the workers, it seemed that it was all an impossible dream. However, it was but a short time before it became a vivid reality as the work opened up before us. Our first cases were a few people that Sister Burkhardt already knew and brought to us.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

The first patient brought in through my efforts was a little bootblack and newsboy. He had been robbed of his papers and the little money he had. He was weeping when I found him. This is a very rare thing with a newsboy for they have been schooled to endure suffering and exposure and to do it without a murmur. I sat down by him and placed my arm about him and tried to find out the cause of his grief. He would not tell me at the time but I finally told him I had something for him to eat and would give him some clothes if he would come with me. He seemed astonished that I should make a statement of this kind to him but he consented to go. I took him down into the basement, cleaned him up, and gave him a bowl of bean soup and some zwieback. I well remember how the poor little fellow took hold of that bowl of soup when it came in. His eyes sparkled and his whole face lighted up with joy and thankfulness. After he had eaten this he seemed much more cheerful. I then gave him a bath, and from the clothing that had been gathered in, gave him a pair of pants, a jacket, and a little shirt—something he had not had for a long time. This unexpected fortune seemed to loose his tongue, for he came to me and, taking hold of my hands, told me that he had been crying because what he had saved that day was to buy his mother some food; and now his money was gone and he had no way of doing this. I got a little pail and gave him some soup and bread to take to his mother and asked him if I could not go with him. He did not seem to desire this, but after he had gone I followed him down into one of the alleys between Clark and Van Buren, and finally saw him go up a flight of stairs. I followed him into a dark passage-way and found the room he went into. The little fellow seemed much embarrassed when I entered. There was one little pane of glass in the door which admitted a little light from an old jet burning in the end of the hall. No other light could enter the room. In one corner, on what had once been a mattress, with only a few rags for covers, lay a woman

who was badly emaciated, starving for the lack of food. It is a scene I can never forget; the mother looking down upon her child in his changed raiment and tasting with famished lips the food he had brought her. That simple bean soup was eaten with a relish which only extreme hunger could create. It seemed to revive her and give her a new lease on life. She told me that she had committed this boy who was all she had, into God's care, knowing that through his efforts alone she could be kept alive.

This was very touching to me, as it was a case of suffering such as I had never met before. Although I had seen a great deal of suffering from injuries, wrecks, etc., this was the strongest appeal to me of anything that could have been made. Pen could not picture nor could words describe the scene as it really was as I came in contact with it. Certainly if there is any of the spirit of the Master in the heart, such experiences will reveal and develop it.

One of our visiting nurses went to this poor woman and gave her the needed attention, making things neat and clean so that the little corner looked a little more homelike. The little boy was given a sufficient sum to start him in business again and he went to work with new zeal. He used to report to me daily, stating the amount of work he had done. It was astonishing that he could earn enough to support his mother but he managed to do so. Through him were brought in a great many of our first patients, from the call boys, boot-blacks, and others who were suffering. He was acquainted with every nook and corner from 12th street to Madison street, and from the Lake to the River.

From that day forth, phases and conditions of human life which we had never thought of before were revealed to us daily. God seemed to lead us step by step as we were prepared to meet these things.

I remember one day a gentleman visiting us and seeing the class of people who came to us for help, asked if an officer stayed in the building to protect us. He whose work it was, and who was ever present, watched over the work and guarded the workers, and we never had any occasion for help from the police.

In two weeks from the time we opened, the work had increased so that we were unable to accommodate all who came to have their wounds dressed and to be cleaned and fed. Sometimes as many as thirty-five men would

be washing their clothes in the laundry at one time. Some of the men who came were so badly afflicted that they were hardly able to wash their own clothes, and then the others would lend a helping hand. There was never a man who lost an article of raiment nor one who would take an article that belonged to another person, and there was no one watching these men either. They were simply kept under the influence of the great power that controlled in this place. And yet, those who frequented our place were of that class of men who are considered by the police as needing to be constantly watched and guarded for the safety of others.

When these men would enter, they would spit out their quids of tobacco and throw away their old cigar stubs and old pipes before coming in. I have heard the remark many times, made by those who had been there before to some who were coming for the first time, "You must leave all those things outside," etc. And it was very touching to notice that these men who were accustomed to use language that was not proper, were very careful not to allow an oath or coarse word to escape their lips while with us.

THE DISCOVERY OF A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST

A seemingly hopeless case was that of a man who was brought to us by Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission. The poor fellow was simply covered with filth and vermin. Rags were tied around his wrists to represent a shirt; his hair was one mat of filth and looked as though it had not been combed for weeks. On his feet were a pair of rubbers with rags around his ankles in place of stockings. He wore a pair of overalls, so ragged that they could scarcely be designated as such. I remember that Mr. Monroe said as he brought this poor fellow into the basement, "If it is possible that anything can be done for this remnant of humanity, please do it." We told him we would gladly do what we could. We took the man into the back room, took off his filthy rags, put him under one of the sprays with a generous application of soap, and if you could have seen the amount of filth which was removed from that man's body it would have been an astonishment to you. We then gave him a shirt, a pair of pants, stockings, shoes, etc., and took him up to the mission. It was but a few days when this same individual was returned to us in as bad a condition as before. This was repeated for a number of weeks before the man

seemed to be in a condition to be conscious of what was being done for him. I remember one Sunday Dr. Kellogg was visiting us and as he talked to a company of these men this poor man's heart seemed to be touched. Lunch was then served and he wanted a bowl of soup but had no money with which to pay for it. The doctor then asked if there was not some one present who had an extra penny and would pay for a bowl of soup for him. One or two poor fellows offered a penny and the man was freed. From that time on, he seemed to have reached a condition where he was conscious of what God was doing for him; and to see how this life was changed from darkness to light was a marvel.

I remember in the mission one evening, another poor fellow was telling what had been done for him and how he had been delivered from the bondage of sin, and this testimony seemed to bring an inspiration to the heart of the poor fellow and he said, "If God could do that for that man, he can help me." There was a poor colored man beside him who had been praying for him, and God used him to give this man just the portion of truth he could comprehend. He was led to Christ, and today he is a well known evangelist, preaching to others this same deliverance from sin. He is "able to comfort them which are in trouble" with the same comfort wherewith he was comforted of God.

(Concluded in next number.)

Five Years' Connection With the Workingmen's Home.

W. E. WILLIAMSON.

WITH the passing of November end the fifth year of my labors in the Workingmen's Home. Many and varied have been the experiences; many cases that have brought sorrow and sadness to my heart, and others (not a few) that have caused joy and gladness.

I have seen men surrounded by opportunities deliberately throw themselves away, with the dawn of a better day just before them. I have seen men drinking the bitter dregs of a misspent life, "snatched as a brand from the burning," restored to lives of usefulness to themselves and their fellowmen.

I believe the experiences of the past five years have served to benefit me spiritually. Brought daily in contact with sin and iniquity in all its repulsiveness, I have been led to cling closer to God and the cross for deliverance.

The work among men who have become hardened in sin and vice is one that requires patient and prayerful consideration. They are full of deceitfulness, and often when you think to do them good it results in harm to their souls. Bringing men to the penitent seat by the kindly offer of temporary assistance is wrong; I have seen many instances which prove beyond a doubt the disastrous results of such a practice. The greatest good comes through helping them to help themselves, and, above all, to look to God and trust him for those things they stand in need of.

The Workingmen's Home has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated this season; and its facilities extended and improved, especially by the addition of a complete dispensary for the care of the sick poor, and others who desire to keep well. Our bath and laundry facilities are being extended so as to meet the demands of our patrons, and will be the most complete laundry for men in the country.

The summary for the year just ended is as follows:

Total number of men using laundry.....	44,622
Total number of penny lunch tickets issued	323,081
Total number of lodgings provided.....	75,732

What a Song May Do.

LOUISE PAULSON.

WHILE I was connected with the Children's Christian Home, two little children came to us for a short time and we taught them some gospel songs. Shortly afterward the mother took them back to their home which was a house of shame and sin, but in spite of these unfortunate surroundings, in a place where the name of Christ was unknown, these little children would sing the songs we had taught them, and tears from softened hearts would steal down the cheeks of those who would gather around to listen. Who knows the good these gospel songs may accomplish? Is it not worth while to drop the seeds of truth, even on soil which is apparently barren?

One Yearly Subscription to THE LIFE BOAT would be a Valuable Christmas Gift to some of Your Friends.

✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

Saved by a Song.*

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

She sat in the dreary prison
Barred out from the scenes of life,
Barred in with her soul's deep yearning
To banish its woe and strife.
Penniless, homeless, forsaken;
Not even a comrade in sin
Came near as of yore to release her,—
Alone with her sorrow,—barred in.

Then arose sweet voices singing
A sinner's humble cry,—
"While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by!"
And the echo oft repeating
Calmed her bitter grief;
He, the friend of chiefest sinners.
He could bring relief.

Wafted through the iron grating
Which to her were gates ajar
Came the "peace, good will" from heaven;—
There arose her Bethlehem star.
Guided on she found Messiah,
Found her Saviour very nigh,
Who to e'en the faintest calling
Never, *never* will pass by.

Shout for praise ye ransomed prisoners,
He hath burst thy bonds for thee;
Join with her in grateful tribute,
Christ alone hath power to free!
Sing, O toiler in the vineyard,
Sing of Jesus very nigh,
Sing beside the hedge and highway,
Sure 'twill reach some passer-by.

*Suggested by hearing Emma Brinkman's testimony at the Life Boat Mission, November 9.

:o:

An Impressive Anniversary Service.

THE meeting at the Life Boat Mission on the night of November 9th was intensely interesting, the occasion being the second anniversary of the conversion of Sister Emma Brinkman.

Almost every mission in the city had representatives there to listen to the story of the miracle of grace that has been so marvelously wrought in behalf of this sister.

After the usual song service a beautiful solo was rendered by Mr. Templeton, in which the question was asked, "How can you live with-

out Jesus?" Brother Mackey then read the Scripture lesson from Acts 16:19-33; Dr. Paulson offered prayer, and Miss Albertson sang a solo, "Paul and Silas."

Brother Mackey then gave several Scriptural incidents of "Prisons that could not keep God out," (Gen. 39:21, 2 Chron. 33:11, Jer. 33:1, Ex. 12:29, Acts 16:19-23). He closed by saying: "I would not only talk of a heaven that is coming *by and by*, but I praise God that he has made me happy in this world. To-night, our sister here is praising God from the depths of her soul, and thousands are praising God with her that the gospel went into the prison, and that there she heard and there she received; and by the grace of God she is here to tell the story of His redeeming love."

Sister Emma then told the story of her conversion in the following words:

"It is not a pleasant thing for a woman to stand thus before an audience and tear open the wounds of the past, but God says, 'Go and tell what great things the Lord has done for you,' and I thank Christ Jesus our Lord that he has permitted me to come out here to-night and be a living witness for him.

Paul tells what he was before he was converted. He was a blasphemer and a persecutor. He says that he was the chief of sinners. Two years ago to-night I thought I was the chief of sinners. I did not know a promise in this Book; I did not know that God lived; I was an outcast on the streets, forsaken by my own mother, father and brother; but that day, I took a step to do what is right, and I am here to thank God that the gospel was ever permitted to be preached in the prison. I do praise him that he ever put it into the hearts of Christian people to come to us who were in prison cells and tell us about the love of Christ.

One of the sisters sang a song which I shall never forget. It was,

'Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
Whilst on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.'

It seemed to me that the words were coming right out of my own heart. Bless His name, He did not pass me by!

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

I loved my home, but when I was only a young girl I got down into the depths of sin. I used morphine and opium, and was addicted to the cigarette habit. I had lived a sinful life for five years. I had been locked up often, but I always had friends (supposed friends),

grace I had brought upon my people. My mother was dear to me, and I loved my home and my people, but when Satan gets into the heart he will make one do almost anything.

My mother used to threaten to send me to the reform school, she was so anxious for me to live the right kind of a life. Once while I



Emma Brinkman

who would get me out. But this time I had to go for a ten dollar fine for twenty-three days. No one volunteered to get me out. If there is anyone here who has been addicted to the use of morphine and opium, you know what I suffered; but it was good for me that I got into a place like that, for I had time to think about my condition. I realized in my heart the dis-

was living here in Chicago I went home to see her. While I was at home she got an officer and was going to have me locked up. She told me she would have me sent away, but if I was good she would take me home again after awhile. If some one could only have been there then to have pointed me to this blessed Jesus! I was to stay away until I was of age,

but I begged so hard to stay at home! I said, 'Oh, mother, do take me home again! I will be good.' And she did take me home again, and I tried to do what was right, but the temptation for opium and morphine would come to me and I would leave home. Finally I went clear back again. I went down and down until at last I was again arrested and fined, and no one cared enough for me to pay ten dollars to keep me out of prison! But I thank God to-night that I was sent there, for it was there that I heard of the love of Jesus through a Christian worker.

It is two years ago to-day that I said to this sister that I wanted to live differently when I got out of prison, and asked her if she could find me a place to work. She told me she would do so. When I was released I was suffering intensely and was so weak I could hardly walk, but I started to see this sister. I don't know how I got on and off that car and how I reached the place. It seemed that I was in a dream I was so weak, but it was the Spirit of God that was leading me there. She was much surprised to see me, for I was the first one who ever came there voluntarily. They had before taken people out and helped them, but I was the first one to come to them.

HER FIRST BIBLE.

The first thing I asked her to do was to write to my mother and tell her I had started to do right. Somehow I was afraid to go home, for they had disowned me. I wanted to go to work, but this sister saw that I was too weak so she brought me to the Star of Hope Home. They cared for me and gave me a Bible. I remember Mr. Mackey said to me one day, 'Emma, here is a little Testament. When you come to a verse that impresses you just mark it.' I took it and began reading about the prodigal son, and I thought I would mark what I liked, but when I got started I just marked every verse it was so nice.

I wanted to do what was right, but I wanted to get over my suffering first and I wanted to be good first. I needed to be cleansed, and He alone can cleanse. He says, 'Come now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Then after we confess our sins, He says, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'

He does not even remember them against us any more.

I was suffering so much, and Satan would come to me and tempt me. He would say, 'How foolish you are, suffering as you do! Why don't you go and get some morphine and get relief?' One day I was sorely tempted to leave. It was a rainy, miserable day, and I thought I would go to Mrs. Mackey and tell her that I was going away; but the Spirit of God led me up stairs to my room. I was so weak then that I could not get on my knees to pray, but I threw myself down and cried to God, 'You know my heart; you know I want to do what is right, but I am suffering so much! Just for one hour relieve me of this awful pain.' Some of you here know what I suffered. I would walk the hall night after night almost crazed with pain; but when I asked God to help me, I went to bed that night, and that was the first night I found rest, and He has given me rest ever since, not only to my body, but to my soul. The pain was not taken away instantly, but He gave me the grace to endure it.

God answers a short prayer if it comes from the heart. There were two went up to the temple and prayed, the publican and the Pharisee. The Pharisee thanked God that he was not as other men were, but the publican simply smote himself on the breast and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' but he was the one who went home justified. So you see God does answer a short prayer if it comes from the heart. My prayer came from the heart.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER RE-UNITED.

When my mother received the letter that was written to her she came immediately. The Lord knew I was sincere, and he put it into my mother's heart to come. I shall never forget that meeting. We had not seen each other for a long time, and we just threw ourselves into each other's arms and wept. How much better it is with me now than in the years gone by! Now my mother knows where I am; I have a comfortable home of my own; and best of all, I have a blessed Saviour who watches over me every day. Only the power of God could have kept me from that other sinful life. The brother who disowned me invited me to his home to visit for a week or two, and I had a hard time getting away after I had stayed six weeks!

During the two years I have been serving the

Lord, he has opened up the way so that I can go into the prisons and jails and tell what he has done for me. I meet many of my old companions there. About two weeks ago I went to the Joliet Penitentiary to see a girl who was there serving an indefinite sentence. Many times have I walked past this Mission with her. We were often together and we have been arrested together. When I left her this poor girl broke down and sobbed, for she realized the difference in our conditions now. I would rather go into those prison cells and tell the prisoners of One who can free from sin than to go to any place of worldly amusement. I have not forgotten what I have been taken out of, and I want to help others who are down where I have been.

I want to say to you who are here to-night, study the Word of God. Feed upon it just like you feed your bodies upon food, because if you do not you will make a mistake.

I once went to work in an ungodly home where I could not have the time to read my Bible as I wished. When I had finished my work late in the evening I was so tired I would fall asleep while I was trying to read God's Word. I knew I was doing wrong when I went there to work, as I was not permitted to do other work that I felt the Lord wanted me to do. I thought I could still keep up my spirituality even though I could not go to the prisons to work as I felt it my duty to do, nor study my Bible as I knew I should. But the Lord showed me that I could not continue to be a Christian and still not do what I knew he wanted me to do.

I felt that if I left this lady it might hurt her feelings, but I went to God and asked him to open the way and he did, and to-night I am standing on the Solid Rock, and I feel that I am doing what he wants me to do, for I am permitted to tell the wonderful story of his redeeming love. I am glad to do this for his glory and to help others that they may be constrained to come to him too. It matters not what your condition is; if you earnestly desire to live a better life He will be all in all to you. There can be no one in a worse condition than I was. Everybody had forsaken me, but, 'When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up.' 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' That includes *everyone*. He invites you; He wants you to come. 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

Just call to-night and come to Him with an earnest heart."

Brother Mackey said: "Two years ago, when our sister came out of prison, the Divine Hand guided her to a human agency. She has not mentioned any names, but she has been telling you how Christian workers came into the prison and she was led to believe on Him through a song. Every Sunday morning a little band goes from the Life Boat Mission to the Harrison Street Police Station, and there they hold a little service. God is blessing their efforts.

The night I raised my hand for prayer and my old torn coat sleeve fell back, all that the people could see was a drunkard and a bum. We talk about the 'fallen women.' What about the fallen men? God pity poor fallen men! I was a poor fallen man. I was just as sinful as sin could make me, but Jesus pardoned me. The night I knelt at the cross, I was under the influence of liquor, a poor drunken thief, a bum. I knew nothing about heaven, nothing about eternity, knew nothing about prayer, never had a praying father or mother, never had a man, woman or child take me by the hand and tell me about the love of Jesus Christ that could cleanse me from sin. But that night, a poor, ignorant, unlettered colored man who knew Jesus, knelt by my side and said, 'Brother, if you confess your sins, God will forgive you.' Had that man undertaken to bring me around 'scientifically,' I would have got lost. Poor drunkard that I was, known as a thief, not permitted to look for an honest job, away down in sin, could not go to my home because I was a drunkard and there was no room for me there; but Jesus spoke peace to my soul and saved me on January 4, 1894. Heaven is not far away when Jesus is near. If God had wanted me there he could have taken me long ago, but he wants me in Chicago to tell this wonderful story of his redeeming love. God says, 'Taste and see that the Lord is good.' You don't want *religion*, you want *salvation*; you don't want to be saved from drink, but you want to be saved from sin. May the Lord help us to-night to just look away to Jesus. I am glad salvatoin is free."

After a prayer by the sister who had given her experience, Miss Albertson sang a beautiful and touching song, "Mother's Darling;" the first and last stanzas of which are given:

"Upon the streets at midnight, without a friend to cheer,

A mother's darling wandered, in cold and want and fear;
Her life [with sin all blighted, and every prospect crushed,
While e'en the hope of heaven within her heart is hushed.

CHORUS.

Then open wide the missions, and bring the wand'ers in;
To bring them back to Jesus who died to save from sin.

God bless the rescue missions, wide open day and night,
To bring the erring daughters from darkness into light,
To meet the love of Jesus, His cleansing grace to know;
Though sin has blackened deeply, He'll wash her white as snow "

Everyone in the room must have been conscious that the Spirit of God was present in a marked manner. Many related their own personal experiences in being delivered from lives of sin and degradation. A number responded to the gospel invitation, and then was closed a meeting long to be remembered by all who had the blessed privilege of attending it.

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Two Years and a half in Connection with the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

TWO years ago last spring Providence opened the way for Mrs. Paulson and myself to accompany forty-four young people, who had just entered the Training-School at Battle Creek, to Chicago to take up a course of training in connection with the Chicago Medical Mission. Chicago was almost as strange a place to us as it was to the majority of these students.

We felt that we needed special divine guidance to enable us to carry on a successful missionary enterprise and at the same time to make our work self-supporting. So almost the first thing that we did was to gather in the class room and have an earnest season of prayer, and then we considered the different avenues of support and the various openings for missionary work.

About a dozen decided to support themselves by selling LIFE BOATS. Each morning, after engaging in a special season of prayer, this company went out with armfuls of LIFE BOATS to different portions of the city, and disposed

of them at the regular price. Some of the most interesting occasions of my life were when these nurses would gather in the evening and relate the various experiences they had met during the day.

Sister Allison, with a small company of girls, engaged in house to house visiting, and thus the gospel was carried into many homes which otherwise would not have been reached.

About fifteen felt impressed that they should wait upon such sick persons as their limited experience enabled them to care for, and, remarkable as it may seem, a sufficient number of calls came in during the next few days for just this class of workers to give each of them an opportunity.

Whenever it was possible, they would attend the meetings at the Life Boat Mission in the evening, and assist in the singing and personal work. Although the work was hard and there were serious financial problems to be met, a more happy and contented company could scarcely be imagined. There are many memories connected with that effort which will never be effaced from the minds of those who had an opportunity to have a part in it.

Time passed quickly, and these workers completed their first year's experience in Chicago, and returned to Battle Creek to take up their second year's work, while others came to Chicago to take their places.

At one time since then our class here was quite small. We have gone through many vicissitudes, but the longer we remain here the more we become attached to the Chicago work. No earthly consideration could persuade us to leave it. The experiences which God has given us here have made it seem dearer to us than even the familiar scenes associated with our childhood days.

Our Training-School headquarters have been transferred from the large building at 1926 Wabash avenue to the building which we have recently leased on the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Thirty-third place. This has been thoroughly fitted up for hospital purposes, and a nice, comfortable home, which is heated by natural gas and has all modern conveniences, has been rented a few blocks away for our nurses.

We now have as nice a class of bright, earnest, and devoted young people in training here as one could desire to be associated with. It is indeed a pleasure to have the privilege of assisting in the training of such a promising corps of workers for the great field of usefulness which certainly awaits them.

The Outcasts and the Prisoners.

MRS. W. S. SADLER.

ON December 4, 1897, the Lord permitted me to connect with the work in Chicago.

This was before the days of the Life Boat Mission, now located at 436 State street. The gospel work was then conducted in the Star of Hope Mission, on West Madison street. It was in this little Mission that I began to enjoy the realization of the forgiveness of sin. I had been a Christian many years, but it was here that I first told with *boldness* of a Saviour who had redeemed my soul. No matter how tired the day's duties had made me, a visit to the Mission brought freshness and renewed vigor, thus causing me to forget my weariness.

Months before going to Chicago, I had a great burden to do something for the Mary Magdalenes of that wicked city, but when I found myself really there, among thousands of just such people, I was at a very great loss to know how to begin. However, I felt sure God would come to the rescue. The officers and matrons at the Harrison street police station most heartily welcomed us to work among the women detained there. For over a year we attended most of the court sessions, especially those in which women or young boys were concerned, endeavoring to drop a gospel seed here and there.

Through the kindness of Matron Litell, who was then court-room matron, we were allowed to converse freely with the young women, who otherwise we would not have seen. One young woman, about twenty years of age, was brought upstairs to the court-room and placed in a small room called the "pen," to await trial. We learned that her offence was grand larceny, and that perhaps she would be sent to the penitentiary at Joliet. We very much desired to see her. On making known our wish to the matron it was readily granted, and we were admitted to the "pen." I accompanied the girl to the judge, and as I turned to go, an officer stopped me, thinking that I too was a prisoner. Matron Litell at once said, "Oh, no, officer; you are mistaken; she is not a prisoner, but a missionary."

Many times in like instances we were allowed to interview women prisoners in the annex of the police station. Among those detained, were witnesses awaiting important trials; friendless and homeless women and children who were being temporarily cared for. The Lord helped us to find situations, homes, etc., for scores of women

who were "given another chance" by the judge; also for other homeless women, girls, and young boys. Mr. Sadler and myself took one little fellow into our own family, whose only home had been a coal box in an alley; and who had been arrested for vagrancy. We found him to be a most interesting and intelligent boy.

The midnight rescue work, which was conducted by middle-aged women and trained nurses, going two by two, had not been established on a permanent basis. We had no place where we could invite the girls for an hour's talk; or where we could give them practical help. So, after prayerfully and carefully considering the matter, it was decided to open a temporary home for these young women who desired to say good-by to old companions, and to start out anew on life's journey, in the path of purity and righteousness.

I remember that Mr. Sadler had said that God would open the way for such a place to be established when a suitable person arrived who could take charge of such a home. About this time sister Fannie Emmel came to the Training-School. She proved to be just the one whom God had chosen to take the burden of such an institution as we had hoped to see opened.

After much fruitless searching a half dozen of us, including Dr. and Mrs. Paulson, Miss Emmel, Mr. Sadler and myself walked over the levee district in search of the right place. The Lord knew just where it was, and he directed us to it. The old saloon was soon transformed into a cozy home-like place. As a number of the workers gathered to dedicate the place to Him who was leading in the work our hearts were made glad by his presence, which assured us that he was well pleased with the effort we had made.

At one time thirty of these unhappy women were assembled in this Christian home, to enjoy a dinner, prepared especially for them. How my own heart was made to rejoice while seeing them enjoy the food which reminded them so forcibly of mother, who had had no letter from her lost girl for many months,—perhaps years.

I must relate one incident which occurred when some twenty had gathered together on such an occasion. After the dinner they sat and listened to beautiful songs sung by a woman who had been wondrously redeemed from a drunkard's experience. There was not a dry eye in the room. Sobs and moans could be heard. Two of the company resolved to go

home and forever bid farewell to South Clark street and the sin and shame of such a life. God alone knows the good accomplished. We sowed the seed. That was all we could do; and many, many times it was watered by our tears over some thoughtless, reckless one; but I am persuaded that there will be a harvest of souls gathered as the result of this home started and maintained by faith in God. We might add that not a dollar was spent for furnishings. Everything, from the beautiful upright piano, down to the smallest article necessary to furnish seven or eight rooms was generously donated by friends of this work.

Some of the richest blessings I have ever enjoyed were received while sitting beside a heart-broken girl and pointing her to the Lamb of God who was slain that she might be redeemed.

Another phase of the work in which I was much interested was the prison correspondence. THE LIFE BOAT found its way into thousands of prison cells. A department especially devoted to prisoners was created in the little paper, and this brought scores of letters which it was my privilege to answer. God wonderfully blessed this work. Tracts, New Testaments, papers, etc., were sent to them. It was not an unusual thing to receive a letter from some prisoner saying that he believed God had sent him to prison, there to receive the gospel. He had time to think, and to reflect on the past; which perhaps he would not have done while outside.

I firmly believe that on the other side it will be my privilege to shake hands with many a man who was redeemed from a prison cell as a result of THE LIFE BOAT correspondence. The tender sympathy shown me by the prisoners in the Joliet, Ill., penitentiary when I met with an accident there, will never be forgotten. As I lay upon my bed awaiting recovery, the letters of Christian sympathy from those men brought gladness to my soul.

It was not without regret that I laid down this beautiful work, bade good-by to Chicago friends, and came with Mr. Sadler to the Pacific coast.

The work among the boys in prisons was again taken up in San Francisco. We find the same Lord present in our prison meetings, to touch hearts, that we did in Chicago. A number of these prisoners are well acquainted with THE LIFE BOAT. One man who is still in prison has been at the Life Boat Mission and

well remembers the old workers and recognized Mr. Sadler.

The months roll on, each bringing in its turn, new blessings, new duties, new trials, and new victories. Looking back upon the past, we thank God for the blessed opportunities three and one half years' work in Chicago, brought to us; and we close, praying God to keep us faithful and so help us to diligently perform the work our hands find to do.

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What Rescue Work Means.

FANNIE EMMEL

(Matron of the Life Boat Rest for Girls.)

IT is very evident, from letters we are constantly receiving from readers of THE LIFE BOAT, that many have only a vague conception of the real character of the work which the Life Boat Rest for Girls is seeking to accomplish.

No girls are received here who have not given positive and definite evidence that they intend to abandon their lives of sin. We stand by this class of girls, and help them in their efforts towards complete restoration in much the same way that a mother patiently trains a child, day by day, to a life of usefulness. Only those who have a special interest in these poor wanderers can possibly have the patience required to give them the necessary sympathy and help.

It is necessary to get in personal touch and come in direct contact with a large number of girls in order to discover the few who are eagerly waiting, and in some cases, even praying, for the Lord to send some one to extend to them a helping hand. Many of them come to us, but we certainly do not wait for them to do so, for the gospel command to us is, "Go ye into the highways and compel them to come in."

In an area of more than one square mile, in the very heart of darkest Chicago, there is scarcely a saloon, den of iniquity, or haunt of vice, that has not been visited by our little handful of Christian workers, and they have become more or less personally acquainted with the inmates. When it is remembered that there are several thousand places of the character above mentioned, in this district, some idea of the extent of this work can be obtained.

The next question which naturally arises is, how do we secure admittance. In all this dis-

tict, we have been refused admittance less than a dozen times. It is not human wisdom that secures for us these openings. We have a definite conviction that God is with us in this work, and when he sends forth his sheep he goeth before them.

How do we introduce our errand? Each month, as soon as THE LIFE BOAT is issued, we proceed to sell them in as many places as it is possible for us to reach. Then we keep our eyes open to discern the opportunities which this work ordinarily develops for us. If we have a chance to have any conversation with the girls we tell them that we have nurses as well as physicians, who are interested in the same work that we are doing; and we ask them, if at any time they are sick, to send for us. It is gratifying to note how careful many of them are to remember this, and in this manner we have secured a number as patients. Thus we are afforded opportunities to accomplish much good, even in places that are considered fashionable resorts.

How do they treat us? Almost without exception we are treated in a most cordial manner, although naturally enough, some manifest an almost absolute indifference both in regard to our work and in reference to their own salvation.

The plan which we ordinarily follow is to secure permission from the landlord, landlady, or matron to sell LIFE BOATS and to talk with the girls.

The idea which is so prevalent that the inmates of these places have been taken there by force, we have failed to verify in our personal experience in coming in contact with several thousand of these girls. That such things frequently occur there can be no question; but what has led the majority of these girls astray is the cunning, insidious, and winsome manner in which the devil veils his hellish purposes.

To successfully engage in this rescue work, the gospel worker needs as one of her qualifications the genuine, persuasive, attractive power that so marvelously drew the multitudes to the Master when He walked among them. While the agents of the evil one have the cunning art of leading souls astray we must have the *genuine* art of leading them back. We always carry with us various appropriate tracts suited to the needs of this class, and often they are eagerly read and stored away for future re-reading.

As soon as we step into the door, our uniforms at once designate our purpose in being

there. We do not consider that the extent of our usefulness is measured by the length of time we stay in such a place, only as special Providence may indicate that we ought to remain some length of time. We depend more upon what the Spirit of God shall accomplish by what we leave behind us than anything we say while there. Quite frequently, the way is open for us to sit down and have a real heart to heart talk with one or more of these girls, thus establishing a personal acquaintance which we can frequently follow up with very satisfactory and encouraging results.

The Lord has used us to effect reconciliation between these girls and their parents and relatives in quite a number of instances, so that the way was opened for them to return to their homes, where before there was no such opportunity. At least six cases have been in such a hopeless condition physically that we could only send them to the County Hospital, but we have every reason to believe that all were soundly converted before they died. Timely surgical operations in our Training-School wards have saved the lives of several of these girls who are now developing into beautiful Christian characters.

Another class, those who have no home open to them, we take into our Life Boat Rest, and try and surround them with a wholesome personal influence to inspire them onward, and we teach them all we can of the Lord's ways. Three of these girls, to-day, have happy Christian homes of their own, and we have found Christian homes for others.

The girls who live with us in our rescue home are taught the intimate relation that exists between vile food and a vile life, and they soon learn from experience that deviation from principles makes it much more difficult for them to maintain their new life,

How is our work supported? First, we get a commission on all the LIFE BOATS that we sell. Second, the readers of THE LIFE BOAT, from time to time, send us very much appreciated donations, and we feel sure that if they could see the good that is being accomplished, and how appreciative these girls are for what is done for them, none of those who have sent in donations would ever regret in the least the sacrifice it has required. We practice the *closest* economy. None of the workers in this department receive any salary, the donations being used entirely to meet other expenses connected with the work. Some of the merchants of the city kindly send us, from time to time, various donations of foods, which never fail to come just when they are most needed. The clothing that our friends send in is always helpful. Last year the Lord moved on the hearts of the managers of a great coal concern here in the city to supply us with all the coal that we needed for the season. This year we have not been so fortunate in this respect. Such work must necessarily be largely a work of faith. When the actual necessities crowd upon us we earnestly seek God, and he has never failed to help us.

A Glimpse of the Life Boat Mission Work.

E. B. VAN DORN.

THE city of Chicago is divided into three great sections, known as the North, South, and West Sides. The population of nearly two millions is quite equally distributed among these three divisions. The Life Boat Mission is situated on the South Side about three blocks from the business center of the city in the district known as the "levee." In its immediate vicinity, sin and iniquity abound on every hand.

The various lodging houses located within a radius of two blocks from the Mission, accommodate perhaps five thousand men every night. On either side of State street are dens of vice, haunts of iniquity, pawn shops, cheap restaurants, and low theaters extending for several blocks both above and below the Mission.

At the midnight hour, mingled with the incoherent mutterings of the drunkard, can often be heard the cries of the drug fiends, as they go from place to place seeking to obtain more of the drug that will plunge them into deeper despair, although it temporarily smothers the painful clamorings of their outraged nerves.

From six to ten o'clock in the evening, about a thousand people pass the large plate glass front of the Mission each hour, and the attention of each is arrested by some of the workers who stand out on the side walk to invite the passers-by to come to the gospel service which is being held within. In this way we are presenting the gospel invitation to thousands who do not heed it, and while God by his spirit is inviting them, we are obeying the Scripture which says, "Let him that heareth say, *Come*. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of Life freely."

The Mission has a seating capacity of one hundred and fifty, and fifty more can be crowded in when occasion demands. Its doors are open from nine in the morning until about eleven at night. A meeting is held in this room every night of the year, and as often as possible the workers distribute in the lodging houses in the vicinity, little Scripture text cards on which is printed an invitation to come to the Mission meeting, where there are gospel workers who are glad to sit down and teach the gospel more fully.

The attendance is good, ordinarily averaging one hundred and fifty during the evening. We always try to have a number of good singers present who can lead in the singing of the soul-inspiring songs with which we always begin the service. Then follows a short, stirring talk in which the gospel is presented in an attractive

manner. Then, others, who perhaps themselves have been saved from the depths of sin, testify not only to the saving, but also to the keeping power of the gospel. Such testimonies are always a great help in mission work, for there are nearly always those present who, like doubting Thomas, cannot believe simply from the Word, but must have the living object lessons before them before they can fully comprehend that when the gospel gets hold of a man it has power to transform.

Then in a few short words, the unsaved, who feel in their hearts a desire to be prayed for, are asked to raise their hands, and by so doing manifest their wish to live a better life. Frequently a dozen or more raise their hands or stand upon their feet, as the case may be. Some one offers an earnest prayer for these individuals, then as the closing hymn is sung gospel workers quietly make their way to the sides of those who have raised their hands, so that they shall not slip out unobserved, and thus fail to receive the ministry of personal labor, for this is more important than the meeting itself. The gospel service simply helps to discover these men; the real work must be done at closer range. It is not unusual to see a number of these on their knees with gospel workers at their sides, earnestly seeking God while the rest of the audience is leaving the room.

After this they are ordinarily given a New Testament, or some other helpful literature. But this is not all; inquiry is made concerning their physical condition, and they are asked whether they have a home or lodging place for the night. Provision is made for immediate necessities and plans are laid whereby they can themselves provide for their future needs.

They are encouraged to come back to the Mission again the following night so that we may keep in touch with them; but in many cases as they go out, such a chain of circumstances surrounds them that we never come in contact with them again. But having the assurance that we have done what we could we can trust them to the One who we know is able to take care of them and water the seed that has been sown, and finally bring them to their desired haven. Last year we gave away to such individuals 1809 Testaments and Bibles, and 374272 pages of literature. There were 2867 requests for prayer, and 782 public services were held in the Life Boat Mission.

The workers who attend the Life Boat Mission night after night feel that they are repaid for attempting to hold up the gospel light amid all this moral darkness. We ask the prayers of THE LIFE BOAT readers as well as their financial support, to assist in our efforts to throw out this gospel life line to perishing humanity.

When making Your Christmas Donation do not forget the Chicago Medical Mission.

Our New Medical Missionary Center.

THOMAS EVANS, M. D.

OUR Halsted Street Dispensary is not located among the wealthy or the aristocratic of Chicago, neither is it in the slums or entirely destitute portion of the city. We are in the midst of a densely populated district composed largely of the poorer classes of working people. The families for the most part are large, and occupy tenement houses which are small, scantily furnished, and poorly ventilated; few, however, are reduced to absolute poverty, for the husband or some member of the family is usually employed in the neighboring Stock Yards and Packing Houses. The children are sent to school, but the tired mothers have no time or inclination to read, and they know little of the One who says, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

There is no other dispensary for many blocks in either direction, and ours is conducted on altogether different principles from any other institution of like character. Our object is not merely to treat the sick and suffering, but to teach the people how to become physically and spiritually well, and how to remain in that condition.

We have a large waiting room, six treatment rooms, and a nicely equipped bath-room, where we can give the full bath, hot and cold spray, and different forms of electricity, including an electric light bath which is now being put in. A few weeks ago, almost immediately after our work was begun, we met with a serious accident. Our carpenters and painters had just completed their last work when the large boiler in the building exploded, raising a portion of the floor, tearing down some of the partitions, and breaking the large plate glass in the front window. This not only necessitated the expenditure of more means, but also caused a delay in properly organizing our work. However, we can now say that the institution is in every way fully prepared to do thorough work.

Two nurses are constantly kept busy giving treatments in the building, while our four visiting nurses attend to the outside treatments, and visit the people in their homes in this neighborhood. Plans are also being laid for a series of mothers' meetings, boys' classes, etc., to be held in the evenings. Our dispensary family, consisting of two physicians, one student, a nurse, and four visiting nurses, occupy

rooms on the second floor of the same building. This is a happy family, as we are united in heart and purpose, and we feel it a great privilege to be co-laborers together with Him who is mighty to save both soul and body.

—:O:—

The Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School,

The class instruction and training of this school is conducted under the supervision of the Chicago Branch of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. The same general line of instruction is maintained during the first year as is carried on at the parent institution, and it is planned for the workers to take their second year's work in the Battle Creek Sanitarium Training-School.

Instruction is given in the different lines mentioned below, by the following instructors:
Bible Study and Missionary Methods, Dr. David Paulson.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, Dr. W. B. Holden.

General Nursing, Dr. Mary Wild Paulson.

Hydrotherapy, Dr. Elmer Otis.

Practical Nursing, Miss Edna Langley.

The Fall Class is not so far advanced but that a dozen earnest, consecrated young men and women could yet enter, and thus secure, not merely the benefit of efficient class instruction, but also have a part in the unparalleled opportunities that a great missionary effort in such a large city as Chicago necessarily affords.

Those who anticipate coming should write at once for application blanks, giving the names of several responsible persons to whom we could refer for further information in regard to their general fitness for such a work. Applicants for admission to this class should be at least twenty years old. They must possess a definite and positive Christian experience, and must already have engaged to some extent in soul-saving work.

Several young ladies who feel no call to take up the Medical Missionary Training-School work, but who have a fair education and good tact in meeting people can secure employment at once in our University Hygienic Dining Rooms on small salaries. None need make application for this work unless they also possess a genuine missionary spirit.

Applications for either the Training-School or for positions in the Dining Rooms may be sent to the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School, 28 Thirty-Third Place, Chicago, Ill.

What Can Be Done With the Fragments of Humanity.*

BY H. L. HENDERSON.

(Chaplain of Indiana State Prison.)

Some copies of THE LIFE BOAT came into the prison at Michigan City. In this paper were several stirring articles from prisoners themselves, an article from Dr. Paulson and one from Mr. Sadler, and also one from the pen of a prisoner who had been paroled, a man for whom I have such profound respect that I feel like taking off my hat to him every time I meet him. I selected the men to whom the copies of this paper were to be given and they were distributed. Soon after this, a colored man, a well educated and capable man, called me to him, and reaching up to his shelf he took down a little package. I imagined it was some keepsake or perhaps pictures of relatives or beloved friends that he was treasuring so carefully, as many do, but after he had unwrapped the several papers that were around it, out came THE LIFE BOAT that had been given him a few days before. Opening it, he pointed to an article in which it said that if any prisoner would come to Chicago upon his release, he would there find personal help. It was the *personality* that appealed to the man. There were no dollars or Scripture texts offered, but here was a hand reached down to *help* him. Some one was virtually saying, "Here, brother, is my hand," and he felt no longer friendless and alone.

We like the parable of the Good Samaritan, but somehow I believe we reverse it to-day. We say to the fellow who is down in the ditch so deep that he can never get out alone, "Serves you right, I guess you'll know better next time." And to the next man a little better than the first, we say, "Sorry to see you down; can't do anything for you though. Well, so long, hope you'll get out." But then comes the true missionary worker, and he does not say one single word in reproach of the man's condition, but goes to him and gives him his hand. If his clothes are muddy, he gives him clean ones; he sees that his hunger is satisfied, and he gives him courage by his own personality. He teaches him the correct principles of life. He says to him, "You are my brother, and from henceforth all I have is at your command."

Forty per cent of the men who are discharged from prison go off into crime again. Why is it? Our land with its schools, churches, col-

leges, good men and women, ought to correct a condition of this kind. Take for instance a man from our own prison, when he is released from his sentence he is given ten dollars in money, a ticket to the point from whence he came or to one equally distant, and a good suit of clothes. Why cannot that man get along in life? There is no reason, you say. However, notice this man's history, and his is the history of hundreds of others as I have traced it. He goes to some one for work and says, "I have been in prison. You know I have been there, but can't you give me something to do? I must have work of some kind."

But Mr. A. says, "I can't put you to work. It would soon be found out that you were from prison and the others would leave, or if anything should happen you would be blamed. No, I can't employ you."

He goes elsewhere, but by that time he has spent one dollar of his ten for lodging and meals. He meets refusal every place because he has been in prison, and when he is confronted with the fact that his money is gone, what is he to do? He does not want to steal. He has said to the prison officials and every man with whom he talked when he left the institution, "I want to live a square life; I want to be honest and intend to be, and here is my hand." These men never beg. When the last cent is gone and they cannot make a living they feel that they have no appeal but to prey upon other people. With such a condition before a man, is he entirely responsible, or does society make him a criminal the second time? The state can take care of such a man while he is behind prison bars, his daily needs are supplied while he is in prison, but when he is released and gone out into the world it is only to find that although he has freedom, he has *no* friends. Many of them never rise above the obstacles they meet, but come back again and again to the prison until there they meet their death.

I remember a man of about forty-five, whom I asked how many times he had been in prison, this having become a stereotyped question with me, so many of them returning the second and third time. He laughed and said, "This is my seventh sentence." I asked him what the trouble was and why he had not succeeded in life, to which he replied, "I have a good family; my brother is a wealthy manufacturer. I am the only black sheep in the family. I was tempted to go astray once and when I was released from prison, my family disowned me.

This discouraged me and I was filled with a feeling that as no one cared for me it made little difference whether I was in prison or out of it; and so I preyed upon society because society persecuted me." I showed some interest in him, and after I had talked with him a little while and asked him if he were not tired of living in this way and would not like to make a new start, he said, "Yes, if you will secure me a parole, I will do all in my power to show you and my family that I can live a straight life." After that he showed me a Bible a friend had given him, in which he had written his resolves and promises. I told him I would see that he was paroled, but one morning shortly after this, I was called to find that he had been stricken with heart trouble and died before he could be taken from his cell. "Registry No. —," is buried in the prison burial ground *because his friends would have nothing to do with him.* I did not send his Bible to his brother but kept it myself, and as I turn to the marginal statements once in a while and read there this poor prisoner's profession, I promise God if there is anything I can do for other men similarly situated, my every effort will be given. I believe that the soul of this man was saved and that I will meet him on the other shore. It pays sometimes to bring your personality in touch with these "fragments" of humanity.

We have a work to do and it takes all the courage there is in a man to do it. It takes something else, it takes faith in Almighty God. It may be that what we thought were failures *here*, when we get over on the *other side*, will be found to be successes; but it takes faith, and it takes patience. I remember one time, we were climbing a very steep mountain. It was so steep that we had to stick our sabers into the mountain to assist us in climbing. Suddenly, we were enveloped in a mist so dense that we could not see each other. Our position seemed, indeed, perilous, and we knew not what to do. But some one said, "It is possible to get above this mist. Let us keep straight ahead." We struggled patiently on, and by and by, we got above the cloud, and then the sun shone out in marvelous brightness and beauty. It was certainly a magnificent sight. We climbed to the top of the mountain, and there found an old woman bent with the weight of eighty years. We told her about our trip up the mountain and how we had been enveloped by the mist, but had been impelled to go on by the thought that it would be clearer higher up. And she said, "There you have the principle of my life. When I am passing through a dark place, I remember that it will be brighter higher up." Then I took off my hat for I felt that I stood on holy ground, and I said to God in my heart, that I would that this might also be a principle in my life, "It will be brighter higher up." Remember that His grace and strength are sufficient for every need.

*Extracts from an Address delivered to the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School Class.
(Continued from the November number.)

Some Experiences not Easily Forgotten.

LUTHER WARREN.

AFTER attending the Medical Missionary summer school at the Battle Creek Sanitarium I was invited to go to Chicago to assist in mission work. Fifty of us arrived in September, 1897. The large building at 1926 Wabash ave., had just been secured. A few workers had preceded us and one room had been cleaned and fitted up. Here we gathered for counsel and prayer. I do not think that anyone who was present that day will ever forget the occasion. As we bowed together to seek God's guidance and blessing, the gentle dews of heaven's grace came down upon us. Even now my heart thrills at the memory of that Bethel.

It was my blessed privilege to be connected with the work for several months, and never in the same length of time have I seen God's power and love revealed to such a degree. But were there no trials, no temptations, no difficulties? Never have I been more severely tried. Sometimes a whirlwind of difficulties would almost sweep us off our feet; but the strong hand of the Mighty One was always a very present help. We were certainly in the forefront of the battle; for Satan claims the great cities as his strongholds. It is a thrilling experience to be present when God is "doing things." I shall never cease thanking God for giving me the blessed experience of that winter. It lifted me completely out of the old rut of my ordinary experiences, and life has been a new thing to me ever since.

As I recall that year, I can almost see again the loved faces of fellow workers. I recall many names, and connected with each one are various "happenings" of those days. Some Bible promises that we had only known in theory before became actual facts to us that winter. One experience especially stands out in raised letters on memory's page. Mrs. Warren and I were coming back to the Training-School after a night meeting at the down town mission. In a dark corner, in the shadow of a house, a man was murdering a woman. As I heard the short, smothered screams of the victim, without any thought of what the consequences might be, I rushed at the murderer and demanded what he was doing. Then his rage turned upon me. I saw the glitter of the steel in the upraised hand as he turned upon me; but suddenly he found himself unable to get any nearer to me, and he was obliged to turn away. So great was his anger that with curses and threats he tried to reach my throat, but each time he was baffled. I saw no visible barrier, but I *knew* that the "angel of the Lord" was there, "a very present help."

THE LIFE BOAT

W. S. SADLER
DAVID PAULSON, M. D. } EDITORS

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

E. B. VAN DORN
A. J. REED
E. J. HIBBARD

MRS. W. S. SADLER
MRS. E. H. WHITNEY
JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

Will You Adopt this Plan for Christmas Giving this Year?

We ask every reader of THE LIFE BOAT to give some one as a Christmas gift a year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT. Can you think of any trinket which you could purchase for twenty-five cents that would begin to equal in value, either in this world or in the world to come, the twelve monthly visits of this paper; filled as it is from cover to cover with accurate accounts of the mighty triumphs of the gospel, that are so much stranger than fiction that they frequently fascinate and interest even the most indifferent and careless?

Why not change your ordinary plan of Christmas giving this year, and place in the hands of your friends, and even some of those whom you have not regarded as your especial friends, a gift from which you may reasonably hope to see results over on the other shore.

Every reader of THE LIFE BOAT is under obligations to be a missionary. There will be no starless crowns in the new earth. If God impresses you to act upon this suggestion, then do not put it off until you have forgotten it, for in the doing of it you may be unfolding a great missionary opportunity.

—:O:—

Our Immediate Needs for this Month.

As you have your happy family reunion on Christmas Eve, remember the needs of the work that is helping others in darkest Chicago.

Do not fail to read Sister Emmel's article in this issue of THE LIFE BOAT. That department will need donations for fuel and rent even if Sister Emmel and her faithful co-laborers continue to work without any salary.

Distressing cases come to us needing surgical operations and a few weeks in our wards. Shall we turn them away, or will our friends help us to maintain a few free beds for these cases? Next month we will tell the readers of THE LIFE BOAT some of the encouraging results we have seen from this department during the last few weeks.

Are the members of your family blessed with health and strength? If so, will you offer a thank offering by assisting in the support of our four missionary visiting nurses, who are carrying the gospel of healing for both soul and body to the hundreds of homes in the most needy portions of this dark city?

We present our needs to the readers of THE LIFE BOAT, and we have faith to believe that the Lord will move upon human hearts to respond to our appeal.

—:O:—

Who Will Help to Support Another Free Bed?

Very often in the after meeting of the Life Boat Mission we find some poor fellow who has had just enough moral courage and scarcely enough physical strength to stumble into the Mission. He needs to be sent to our medical wards for a few days for medical care and attention; we need another free bed for this class of cases. Why not send in a Christmas donation for this purpose, rather than spend the money for some useless present for some of your friends who have never known such need as we are compelled to see night after night. Four dollars per week will maintain such a bed.

—:O:—

The Next Life Boat.

An interesting historical article from W. S. Sadler which was intended for this number will appear in the January issue.

The next number will also contain a valuable article from the pen of Col. Hadley. To those interested in soul saving work the January number alone will be worth the price paid for the entire year's subscription. Copies of the November LIFE BOAT will be furnished at one cent each until the supply is exhausted.

The *Youth's Instructor* for 1902 will contain several new features, which will serve to make it a still more valuable magazine for young people. Special attention will be given to the latest developments and new discoveries and the most recent inventions. This paper does not cater to the sensational, nor attempt to feed the abnormal mind, but aims to supply wholesome literature in a pleasing form for the young. Price seventy-five cents a year. Address *Youth's Instructor*, Battle Creek Mich.

Seen and Heard.

DR. JULIA WHITE has gone to Battle Creek Sanitarium, and Dr. Lydia Kynett takes her place in the Chicago Medical Missionary work.

Miss Madge Rogers, who spent several years in the Chicago mission work in its earlier days, has returned to take the superintendency of the visiting nurses' work.

Joseph Kilgore has gone to Battle Creek to complete his course of training, after spending nearly one and a half years in the Chicago Training-School.

Dr. Alfred Olsen, who is now connected with the medical missionary work in England, spent a day in Chicago and gave an interesting talk to the medical students concerning the various missionary openings in the European field.

Mercia Morse, formerly bookkeeper at the Nebraska Sanitarium, has connected with the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School.

Miss Minnie Thornton, after enjoying an extended vacation at her home in Dixie, Washington, has resumed her work as visiting nurse.

Miss Anna Burke, who recently completed her course of training in the Deaconess Training-School, has taken up work in connection with the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School.

A number of the senior medical students have recently delivered health talks in various cities near Chicago.

Louise Peters paid a short visit to the Chicago work when en route to her new field of labor in the West Indies.

Mae Howard and Vida Young have connected with the Chicago Medical Mission to assist in stenographic work.

One of the most interesting occasions of the past month was the Union Meeting of the Students Volunteers of Chicago, which was held in the chapel of the American Medical College. William E. Blackstone gave a stirring missionary address. Afterwards the College Branch Sanitarium served a banquet.

Brother Tom Mackey speaks in the Life Boat Mission four nights a week, and the Lord is using his work to the salvation of many souls.

Several of our workers have recently given talks to the three hundred boys in the Chicago House of Correction.

The Sunday morning jail service which is conducted by some of our gospel workers is much appreciated by many of the prisoners. As a result of one of the recent services there were five who confessed conversion.

The Life Boat Rest recently served a dinner to a number of the citizens here in Chicago who are contributing to its support. It was a very interesting and profitable occasion and we were especially glad to have Dr. Kellogg with us at that time.

The Lord is giving Brother Mackey many excellent opportunities to present the saving gospel. During November he held sixty-nine public services, with an estimated attendance of 8800. One hundred and ninety-seven raised their hands for prayer. Out of personal gospel talks 138 of these were converted. Food, lodging and clothing were supplied to 110 needy persons. This is only an evidence of what God is willing to do for others if they are willing to plunge in to the great needs that everywhere exist for just this kind of work.

—:o:—

What Are You Doing With Your Old Clothes?

Have your children outgrown their clothing? There are children on the streets of Chicago these cold days, just the size yours were last year, and their cast-off clothing will fit them beautifully.

Men's clothing, even though quite badly worn, can be well used. Sometimes when a man is cold and shivering and half naked a suit of clothes is more acceptable to him than a Testament would be.

What a beautiful missionary work you who are reading this might do if you would gather up some of these clothes from among your neighbors, pack them into a box or barrel, and send to us by freight, prepaid. Address all such boxes to THE LIFE BOAT, 28 Thirty third Place, and write us what you have done. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

—:o:—

Our Directory.

American Medical Missionary College, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 33rd Place.
Chicago Medical Mission, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.
Life Boat Rest for girls, 442 S. Clark Street.
American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5750 Drexel Ave.
Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

How the Lord used The Life Boat to Deliver a Drug Slave.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

TWO years ago a lady came to us from a small city in an adjoining state, bound down not only by the opium habit, but the tobacco habit as well. The Lord blessed the treatments as well as the work of the faithful nurses who attended her, and in a few weeks she was a new woman. How the Lord used THE LIFE BOAT to direct her attention to our Chicago work is told in the following letter which was recently received:

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—I will try to tell how I became acquainted with the work in Chicago. I got copies of THE LIFE BOAT to read, and my prayer is that God may ever bless it, for when I was reading the copies, I received such a wonderful light. They showed me just what a slippery foundation I was standing on and I was aroused from that sleeping stupor which I was in and was set to thinking about my condition. I asked the Lord to show me what I should do and I was led to sing a hymn, and there was a verse in the hymn that had these words in it, "I have given all for Christ, he is my all, he is all," and the Lord said, "No, you have not. You drink tea and smoke and you use opium. You might as well go to the saloon and drink whisky as to indulge in such habits." Well, I prayed over it and wept more than once. I had used tea from a child, and the habit of drinking it had become so firmly fixed that I could not go without it for two meals without having the headache. But when God took my case in hand, he cured me of the habit. I quit drinking tea two years ago the twenty-second of this month, and I have not had an attack of sick headache since. This is what God has done for me. Praise His name forever! and may he bless that dear LIFE BOAT for what it has done for me. And then came my pipe. I said, "Lord, do help me to make a full surrender of everything," and he did, he helped me to lay everything on the altar and to take him at his word. And then came my opium, and God helped me in that. I had used it for twenty-four years and had gotten so I could not do without it, but bless God! I can now. I have not taken any of it for nearly two years. I bless God for what he has done for me. It is wonderful how He helps his children when they try to do as he wants them to. Dear reader, as you read these words, I do hope they may be a help to your soul and it may be the means of saving some poor soul. I cannot tell half.

SAN FRANCISCO HELPING HAND MISSION

641 Commercial Street

Established Feb. 27, 1898. Telephone Main 5793.

Under the supervision of the California Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association.

J. A. DOLSON, Superintendent.

E. E. PARLIN, Secretary. G. B. DOUGLAS, Chaplain

R. A. BUCHANAN, M. D., Physician.

EVANGELICAL SERVICES

Gospel Meetings Every Night at 7.30.

Good Music. Short Talks. All Welcome.

HELPING HAND HOTEL

643 Commercial Street

A Temperance Home for Working Men and Boys. Good Clean Beds, 10c. and 15c.

Free Baths. Free Laundry.

Free Employment Office.

HELPING HAND RESTAURANT

641 Commercial Street

MENU:

Bean soup.....	1 cent	Wheat mush.....	1 cent
Pea soup.....	1 "	Corn mush.....	1 "
Rice & tomato soup	1 "	Dish tomatoes.....	1 "
Cup coffee.....	1 "	Dish protose.....	2 "
Cup milk.....	1 "	Dish beans.....	1 "
Bowl rice.....	1 "	Dish cabbage.....	1 "
Bowl stew.....	1 "	Dish cauliflower.....	1 "
Nut roast.....	2 "	Dish peas.....	1 "
Dish macaroni.....	1 "	Dish pudding.....	1 "
Dish potatoes.....	1 "	Half pie.....	3 "
Dish fruit sauce.....	1 "	Dish nut butter.....	1 "
Dish sugar.....	1 "	Dish dairy butter..	1 "
Plate of crackers...	1 "	Plate zwieback.....	1 "
Plate bread.....	1 "	Plate granose.....	1 "
One bun or roll.....	1 "	One apple.....	1 "
One banana.....	2 "	One orange.....	1 "

Everything neat and clean.

Meals served on the European plan—pay for what you get.

HELPING HAND FREE DISPENSARY AND TREATMENT ROOM

641 Commercial Street, Ground Floor

Physician's hour, 12 to 1 P. M.

Yearly Summary.

Treatments given.....	6,120
Examinations.....	948
Medical prescriptions.....	168
Office treatments.....	800
Surgical operations.....	119
Admitted to surgical wards.....	179
In Children's home and branches.....	431
Days nursing.....	2,799
Testimonies given.....	6,789
Pages of literature distributed.....	417,500
Garments given away.....	2,173
Meals served (penny lunches).....	323,081
Lodging provided.....	75,732
Used free laundry.....	64,622
Gospel meetings held.....	782
Testaments and Bibles given.....	1,809

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Missionary Needle Work.

A lady in New York sends us ten dollars to be used "in that branch of the Chicago work where it is most needed." She says:

"Every time I think of the brave men and women who are giving their lives to their fellow men 'I thank God and take courage;' and as I cannot join with them in active work, I have taken pleasure during the summer in earning the amount I send, by needle work."

—:O:—

Can't Afford to Miss a Copy.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE LIFE BOAT:—As my subscription expires with the August number, I will renew at once, as I feel that I can't afford to miss a single copy. I have been a reader of THE LIFE BOAT for several years, and am much interested in the different lines of work represented by it, especially the work for the children; and I have sometimes thought I would like to help by taking a dear little child into my home. However, my circumstances have kept me from that so far, but my heart goes out to God in their behalf. May the Lord bless you in your work for the Master, is the earnest prayer of, your sister in Christ,

MRS. _____,

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

Treatments given.....	600
Examinations.....	75
Prescriptions.....	6
Office treatments.....	75
Surgical operations.....	5
Admitted to surgical ward.....	6
Garments given.....	200
In Children's Christian Home and Branches.....	30
Days nursing.....	250
Meals served (penny lunches).....	13,196
Lodgings given.....	5,722
Used free laundry.....	3,061
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	7,060
Gospel meetings held.....	66
Bible classes conducted.....	25
Testaments and Bibles given.....	54
Pages of other literature distributed....	1,612
Requests for prayer.....	180
Testimonies given.....	550
Tracts distributed.....	8,000
Letters to converts.....	15

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Donations to the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities.

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION.

A. J. De Vinney..... \$ 25	F. E. Endriss..... \$ 50
John Mackin..... 5 00	J. Van Norman..... 4 00
Mrs. M. H. Wilson..... 25	
Total..... \$10 00	

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

H. M. & M. J. Brown \$2 00	F. E. Endris..... \$ 50
John T. Luyster..... 2 50	Mrs. A. J. Morse..... 25
Meenah, Wis. church 2 66	
Total..... \$7 91	

THE PRISONERS' FUND.

Mrs. M. E. Dollarhide \$ 25	A California Friend. \$ 25
Helping Hand Mission 5 00	D. W. Nichols..... 2 00
Total..... \$7 50	

THE LIFE BOAT REST.

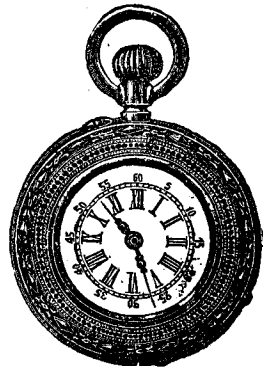
John T. Luyster..... \$10 50	Mrs. Huber..... \$1 60
Arthur Rice..... 1 00	Mrs. Clarke..... 2 00
Mrs. Fannie Miller.. 1 00	Miss Etta Miller... 50
Miss Weller..... 25	Mrs. M. C. Bevens.. 50
Miss Lucy P. Gaston 50	F. E. Endriss..... 1 00
Mrs. Carrie Dodge.. 25	Mrs. B. M. Heald... 25
Gustav Engle..... 25	E. M. Ferron..... 1 50
Rhoda Harrison..... 1 00	H. & Jane Le Fave.. 1 00
Miss Jean Hurd..... 1 00	J. L. Hurd..... 1 00
Eleanor C. Nelson.. 25	Mrs. W. H. Parshall. 1 00
Louis Riess..... 50	Augusta Schramm .. 1 00
J. Van Norman..... 4 00	
Total..... \$31 85	

VISITING NURSES' FUND.

J. Van Norman..... \$4 00	
Grand total..... \$61 26	

PREMIUMS

For Life Boat Subscriptions

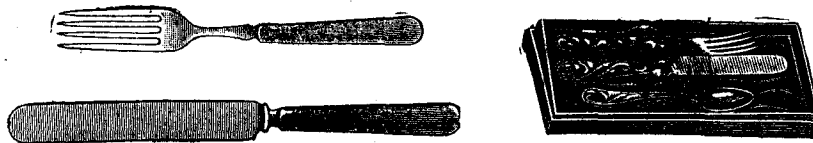


Anyone sending us 50 yearly subscriptions, at 25 cents each, will receive a Ladies' Silver Case, richly engraved, open face, good jeweled movement Watch; or Boys' plain polished, open face, good movement Watch, either of which is worth, retail price, \$5.00.

For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Knives and Forks, retailed at \$2.50.

For 10 subscriptions, a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Nut-Picks and Nut-Cracker; retailed at \$1.00.

For 5 subscriptions, one set Sterling Silver-Plated Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon.



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SANITAS NUT FOODS

SANITARY SUPPLIES

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

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AT

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WHERE A FULL LINE OF THE FOLLOWING
FOODS ARE OFFERED FOR SALE

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Health Food

Granose Flakes

Nuttolene

Protose

Granola

Bromose

Granose Biscuits

Nut Butter

Health Confectionery, consisting of

Food Candy and Malt Honey Caramels

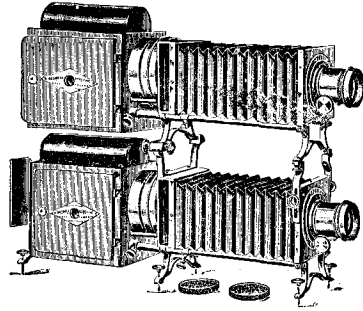
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The Leading Health Foods

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AT SPECIAL PRICES



MOVING PICTURES AND

STEREOPTICON

EXHIBITION

For Public Entertainments in Halls and Churches

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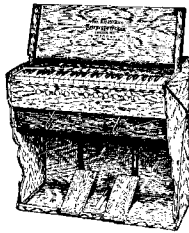
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from catalogue price to any one who will purchase between now and Jan. 1, 1902, and mention this ad.

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