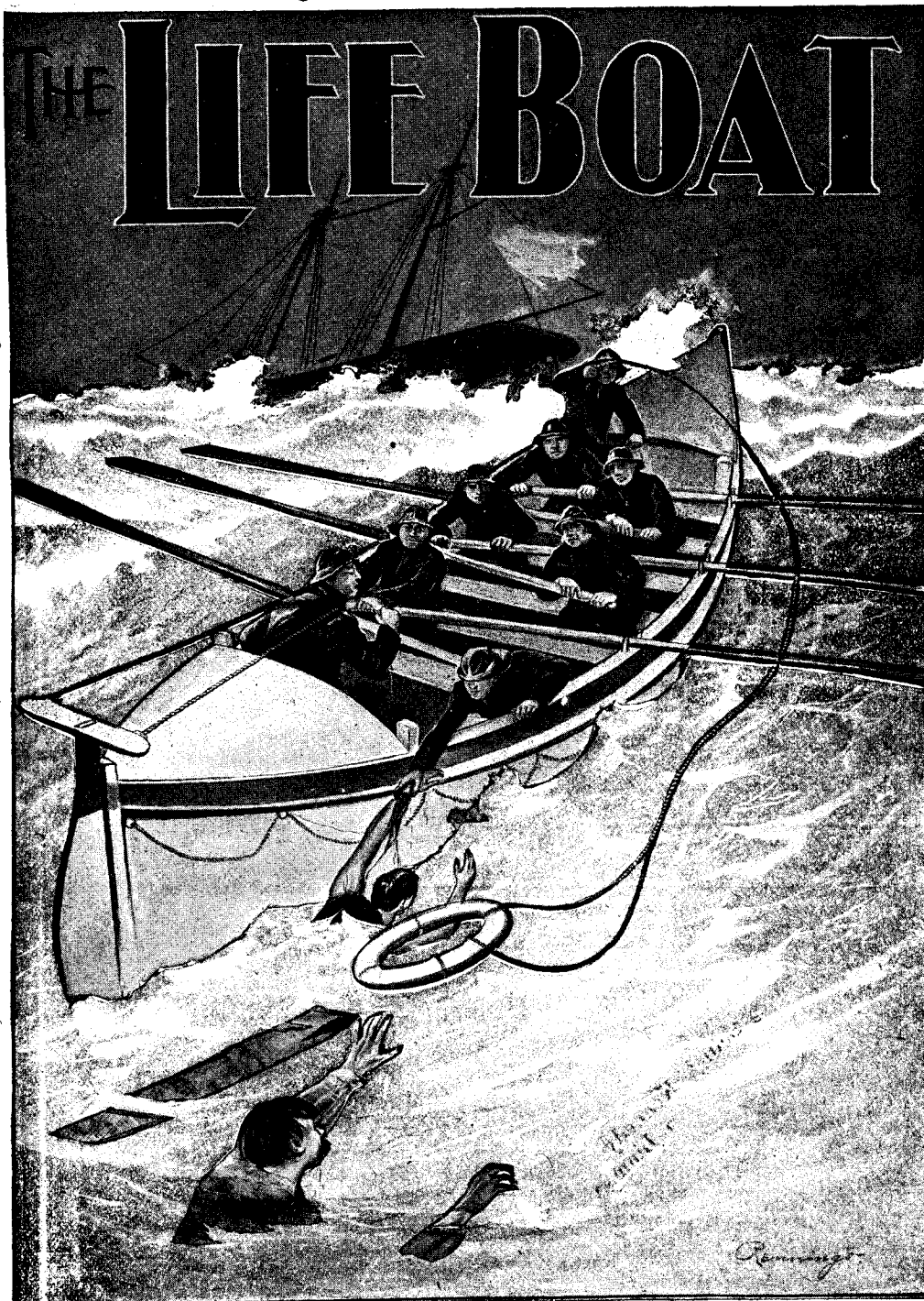


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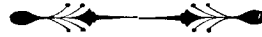
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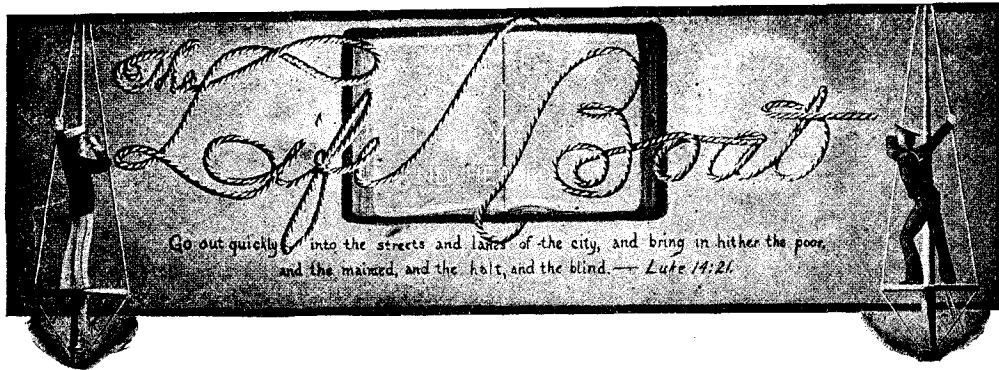
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Volume 5

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1902

Number 3

Life in a Look.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

The Alpine traveler sometimes slips
On yonder height
Where mighty eagles build their nest.
And take their flight,
But if the guide securely grasps
The safety rope
The climber feels that it is well
For he has hope.

'Twas long ago that Peter lost
His hold on God
And thrice denied the Holy One—
His loving Lord,
But Jesus held the safety line,
A look was sent
Into the darkness of that heart
And life it meant.

The eye expresses what the lips
Would ne'er reveal—
It lifts the veil from sacred things
We'd fain conceal.
And other eyes oft tell to us
Their secret sin,
When we have power to read the life
That throbs within.

The "Christ in us" with gentle power
May use, perchance,
Our eyes to send to other eyes
A searching glance—
A glance to reach the stubborn heart
Making it weak,
Bringing to mind the cherished wrong,
Flushing the cheek.

Then let us live so near to God
That windows bright
Will outward open from our souls
To shed a light
Upon the line that's cast with love
From heaven's wall
To save the weary, struggling soul
About to fall.

*"In Tune With the Infinite."

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

THE human body represents an instrument,
a harp of a million strings, at which two
players preside, the one human, the other
divine, the one fallible, erring, the other in-
fallible, unerring. When these two players
move in harmony, the song of life is sweet and
melodious, a symphony; when the human
player strikes even one discordant note, the
harmony is broken, the melody spoiled.

The one thing needful for success, for happi-
ness in life, is to live in harmony with God, to
keep "in tune with the Infinite," to make the
human will conform in every voluntary thought
or act with God's order of life as revealed to us
by the inspired instruction of Holy Writ, the
gathered, winnowed, wisdom of the ages.

To live in tune with the Infinite is to walk
with God; it is to be in harmony with all the
the laws of our being, physical and mental; it
is to live at peace with one's self as well as with
the world about him. "Her ways are ways of
pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."
(Prov. 3:17.)

The man whose stomach is the seat of fer-
mentations and putrefactions and gaseous com-
motions and chemical reactions, suffers burn-
ings and pains and pangs, aches, depressions
and miseries of various sorts. He is out of
tune. He is not in harmony with God. He is
at war with him, either consciously or uncon-
sciously.

The man whose mind is full of forebodings,

*From the forthcoming volume entitled, "The Living Temple."

worries, doubts, and suspicions, is equally out of tune. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." (Isa. 26:3.) To have one's mind stayed on God is to be ever studying his will as revealed to us in the Bible and the book of nature, and especially in ourselves. We are not competent to care for the temple of our body unless we study it, unless we seek earnestly to become acquainted with all its parts, and to know their several needs, and to find the divine method of satisfying them.

We are often out of tune with heaven because we foolishly attempt to draw a line of distinction between physical duties and spiritual duties, forgetting that everything physical which has a relation to the well-being of the temple, has a spiritual significance.

Life is a unit, not a duality. It is impossible to divide life into a spiritual and physical part. There is but one life, and that is the life of God. As manifested in man, this life presents various phases which we call physical, mental, and moral or spiritual, but these all spring from one foundation and are as necessarily related as the several branches of a tree.

Nothing could be more absurd than to imagine that the highest welfare of one can be secured while neglecting the interests of the others. As well might two players at a single instrument expect to produce melody by taking care to harmonize a portion of their chords while striking discordant notes in others.

All the notes must harmonize. The whole human life, physical, mental and moral, must conform to the great decalogue which is written upon the human constitution itself, and which is revealed to us through nature, the inspired Word of God, and human experience. The highest of all human attainments is to reach a state of absolute harmony with the Infinite, to bring the truant human will into perfect accord with all the principles which govern mental, moral and physical action, including eating, drinking, exercise, and every other physical relation of life as well as those obligations which are commonly denominated Christian duties.

Every intelligent human being who recognizes this great truth, the universal dominance of law, the absolute and incessant dependence upon the infinite indwelling presence, will no longer be able to call some things sacred, other things common. All things become sacred. Every eating and drinking is a sacrament, a partaking of God's substance sacrificed for our

sustenance. Every action would be an act of worship, for every nerve impulse sent to a muscle is but an appeal to God for help, a request for power, and there should be at the same moment a consecration for service.

Man has no power of himself. Every particle of energy which he exhibits in his actions, comes to him direct from the source of all energy, is loaned to him by God. That he is able to direct it, thus making God to serve in his conduct whether it be good or bad (Isa. 43:24), is due to the fact that the Creator of all the universe bows his neck to the yoke of labor, carries all the burdens, performs all the toil for all his creatures in order that each may fulfill his mission in the world as representing some divine thought or purpose, and for man especially that he may be a fit representative of the God who made him, a true witness to the world and to the Universe of the power that dwells within, a noble image of the personality which conceived him and modeled him from clay and animated him by making him the temple of the living God.

An Incident at the Workingmen's Home.

E. B. VAN DORN.

DURING a recent evening service at the Workingmen's Home while we were singing some of the familiar hymns, a man came into the room who was evidently under the influence of liquor. He made his way to a front seat and sat there listening intently to all that was said. When we bowed in prayer, he knelt with us and seemed to be very much impressed. At the close of the meeting a gospel invitation was given, and this poor man fell upon his knees and began to cry aloud to God for mercy.

After the last song had been sung I took him to another part of the house where we could be alone, and there we read from the Word of God and prayed for forgiveness. The assurance that the Lord had forgiven him was given by the Scripture, 1 John 5:14, 15. When we arose from our knees he took from his pocket the weapon and ammunition with which he had intended to end his miserable, misspent life, and with tears flowing freely, he handed them to me saying, "I have no further use for these things." There is nothing in the world that could change the course of a man in this desperate condition but the power of the gospel.

Ancient Description of a Modern Drunkard.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THREE thousand years ago these questions were asked: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath quarrels? Who hath complaints? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of the eyes?" and this is the explanation for these sad conditions: "They that tarry late over the wine; they that come to seek for mixed drink."

It was just as true centuries ago as it is to-day that midnight dissipation produces a prolific crop of midnight brawls and even then it was recognized that mixed drinks produced particularly harmful effects upon those who indulged in their use.

The next verse contains the following wholesome advice: "Do not look on the wine when it looketh red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it *glideth down so readily*." The terrible effects of intoxicating liquors are portrayed in these significant words: "At last it will bite like a serpent, and as a basilisk will it sting."

Delirium tremens, which so frequently marks the last stage of the poor drunkard's career, and which always strikes terror to the soul of the most confirmed inebriate, is vividly described with modern exactness in these words: "Thine eyes will see *strange forms*, and thy heart will speak perverse things." The unsteady condition of the drunkard's nervous system, which causes him to stagger and reel to and fro, is outlined in the next verse: "And thou wilt be like one that lieth down in the heart of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast." To the confused mind of the drunkard the earth seems to rock under him just as a position on the top of a mast would seem to a sober man.

That awful condition of profound and complete intoxication, which allows its victim to sustain the most severe injuries without being in the least conscious of the same, is described in the following words: "They smote me, but I suffered *no pain*; they struck me hard, I felt it not." It would seem as though such a bitter experience would be sufficient to lead the most abject victim of the liquor habit to attempt to secure deliverance from its terrible slavery. But it is evident from Solomon's words that the wine cup possessed three thousand years ago the same bewitching influence as it does to-day, for he makes the drunkard say: "When I shall awake I will *continue to seek it again*." Prov. 23:29-35 (Jewish Translation).

The Day and Night of Human Opportunity.

W. S. SADLER.

"I MUST work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." (John 9:4.)

Every work, every opportunity, every opening for human effort or human co-operation with God, is represented in the Bible under the figure of day and night. The budding of the opportunity is represented as the dawn of day. The climax of the opportunity is represented as noontide. The decline of the opportunity is represented as the fading of the day. The passing of the opportunity as eventide. The opportunity past, as the darkness of night.

Jesus said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me *while it is day*." This does not mean merely the physical daylight; for sometimes our greatest opportunities come after sunset. No; the text does not imply that the work must be done before the sun sets. But it is quite evident that the reference is to the day and night of opportunity.

The trial of a soul is our opportunity. The blacksmith must do his work on the anvil at just the right time. One stroke at the right time will be worth a thousand at any other time. The Lord has placed human beings in a fire, as it were, where, by trial and trouble, if we may use the illustration, they are heated sometimes almost to the last point; and if we can but take the gospel hammer and make a few telling strokes then and there, a great work will be done. If we can take God's hammer of truth, and strike on the anvil of human opportunity at the right time, much can be done for the soul's salvation. But if we let the opportunity pass, we may labor long and hard, and yet meet with but little success.

Reverses, trials, and afflictions, serve as a furnace, into which the Lord puts souls for the purpose of bringing them to a proper temperature, in order that his Word, when brought to bear upon them, may have the desired effect. There is a time above all others when it is possible to make an effective stroke. When hearts have been touched and softened by the Spirit of God, and a spiritual atmosphere pervades the place, and the man who is longing for help can almost feel the touch of Jesus' garment as he passes by, then is the opportunity for helping that man at its glorious noontide. Afterwards the possibility of reaching him is as the lowering of the sun through the hours of the

afternoon, until its final disappearance behind the horizon in the eventide of life. If a stroke can be made at the noontide it will do more for him, perhaps, than otherwise could be done in all his life. Let us not wait till the day of opportunity has begun to decline. If we could see the condition of men as heaven sees it, we would realize that many are hanging in the balance.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES WILL JUDGE US.

In Gal. 6:10, we read: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." It seems clear that our responsibility is measured by our opportunity. In the judgment, all is determined by what we might have been and might have done—in view of the opportunities placed within our reach—the talents with which we were entrusted.

We are prone to think that when we have what we call "bad luck," the devil is managing things; and that when we have "good luck," God is managing us. But there are no accidents in this world; every opportunity is sent to us by God. The opportunities sent depend upon our ability to receive.

Progressive and Corrective Opportunities.—Opportunities resolve themselves into two classes: progressive and corrective. The opportunities for physical health, moral advancement, and higher intellectual attainment, are progressive ones; these are the opportunities that the world calls "good luck." Corrective opportunities are a divine probation, giving us the privilege of atoning for misused and neglected opportunities. To-day God sends us an opportunity to progress. If we do not take hold and make use of it, to-morrow that opportunity may be hedged about by circumstances that will make it very difficult to make any use of it. It is the use we make of our opportunities to-day that acts as food for spiritual, mental, and physical growth and qualifies us to meet and improve the opportunities of to-morrow. If faithfulness characterizes the manner in which we meet to-day's opportunities, we will be the better prepared to grapple with the more important ones to-morrow. If we ignore an opportunity to-day, to-morrow's opportunity will come as a divine correction.

"Whatsrever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."—Eccle. 9:10.

How Seamen Value The Life Boat.

C. G. MARCHUS.

A COMMERCIAL man delights in reporting any favorable impressions produced by his line of goods, to the house he represents. If this is a good policy in the business world, with dollars and cents, why not adopt it in religious work, where men's souls are at stake? The Christian worker who distributes religious literature to a certain class of individuals often finds one publication better suited to the conditions they are in, and therefore more appreciated by them.

Handling THE LIFE BOAT daily on behalf of seafaring men, I have a personal knowledge of the value of this paper in encouraging this much neglected class of men to lead a better life. I am not willing that commercial men shall monopolize the habit of reporting good words from the trade, so to speak, and therefore I venture to give below a typical expression of appreciation on the part of sailors who have learned to look upon THE LIFE BOAT as a special friend of their class.

"Good morning, Captain, I represent the International Tract Society, and have just stepped aboard your ship with a supply of good profitable reading matter, which I will be glad to leave with you."

"Thank you sir, I believe in good reading for a ship's crew, and I shall put your papers into the hands of the men."

"Captain let me suggest that it might be better to keep these papers under lock and key until you are out at sea; then they are more likely to be duly appreciated by your men, both officers and crew."

"Very well; I will leave them with the steward, and give him instructions that that shall be done."

"How many men have you on board, Captain?"

"Twenty-six before the mast; and four officers; thirty in all. Do you belong to those people who publish the little paper called THE LIFE BOAT?"

"Yes, sir; every package of papers left aboard a ship contains a number of LIFE BOATS."

"I knew I had met the paper before, the the moment my eye caught the picture of a life-boat in a storm."

"Yes, I usually put a LIFE BOAT on the outside of each package, as it does for my reading

matter what a display-card in a store window does for the business men; it catches the eye, and often secures patronage."

"What you say is borne out by my observation. When I left New York some one brought aboard a lot of reading matter, and the steward, in handing the papers out, chanced to come across a bundle of LIFE BOATS. The cover picture of a life-boat in a storm at once found favor with the crew, and to a man they all read the copy. There was something about the paper which had a wholesome effect on my men. I noticed that they improved in ready obedience to orders, and a better spirit prevailed among themselves. All I can say is, that I sincerely wish the friends of sailors would select more of this kind of matter, which is so well suited to the needs of men at sea. I believe in Christianity, and wish to speak a good word for your little paper. It shall always be welcomed on board this vessel."

"I thoroughly appreciate these words of encouragement, Captain, particularly what you say regarding THE LIFE BOAT. I hope to see you again, and may God bless you with a pleasant voyage and a safe return. Goodby."

The conversation reported above gives a clear indication of the adaptability of THE LIFE BOAT in reaching the souls of the toilers of the sea, as well as in helping those of any other calling. Friends who desire to benefit sailors can not do much better than invest a sum of money to provide for a supply of copies of THE LIFE BOAT for distribution by the Ship Mission of San Francisco. Any papers sent to C. G. Marchus, 1219 Buchanan street, San Francisco, will be much appreciated and properly distributed.

Some Problems That Demand Serious Reflection.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THIS nation expends \$1,172,493,445 for liquor annually. It is estimated that 1,800,000 persons derive their support directly from the liquor traffic. It would be interesting to know how many millions of people the same traffic causes to lose their support, either partially or entirely.

An eminent Philadelphia physician is authority for the statement that, exclusive of the prescriptions of physicians and other legitimate sales, the inhabitants of one small New Eng-

land state used 3,000,000 doses of opium last year.

It has been stated on good authority, that there are produced from 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 cigarettes of one brand alone, each working day. Nothing but the Day of God can reveal the extent of the physical and moral evils that the consumers reap from their consumption.

Dr. Sturgis believes that there are 50,000 new infections from syphilis in one large eastern city each year.

There are at present half a million criminals in the United States.

There are nearly a quarter of a million insane, feeble-minded, and imbecile persons in this country.

At the rate at which tuberculosis is now claiming its victims, 10,000,000 of our present population must die from this disease. The majority of these will, either knowingly or ignorantly, have cultivated and invited this disease by violation of physical law.

Pneumonia and consumption are now responsible for nearly one-half of the deaths that take place in this country; yet in nearly all cases, a man must allow his vitality to become lowered by wrong habits of living before the microbes of disease can begin to prey upon him.

Nearly half the children born into the world die before the age of five years; the real cause, in most instances, being lack of intelligent feeding, improper care, an insufficiency of pure air, and a scarcity of genuine love.

Dr. Jacobi, one of the most eminent physicians, estimates that we spend \$200,000,000 annually for patent medicines and quack remedies. In most cases, they only alleviate the *symptoms*, while the destructive causes continue to undermine the system, and prepare it for the reception of some death-dealing microbe.

The world needs another John the Baptist to show the people how to lay the ax at the *root* of their troubles. The genuine gospel recognizes the causes of physical as well as spiritual decay.

A brave and courageous health officer in one of our American cities of 400,000 inhabitants instituted such thorough-going reforms a few years ago that the death rate was at once reduced 2,400 per year.

Suppose every reader of THE LIFE BOAT should become thoroughly in earnest in learning how to cultivate health for himself, and then endeavor to instruct others, how many lives might be saved that are now being sacrificed!

Meat Eating and Cancer.

[Extract from a lecture to the patients of the Battle Creek Sanitarium by J. H. Kellogg, M. D.]

DR. JOHN BELL, who was, about a hundred years ago, professor in a leading college in London, wrote that a careful adherence to a vegetarian dietary tended to prevent cancer. He also stated that in some cases persons who had already acquired cancer had been cured by the adherence to a non-flesh dietary. When I first read this book I did not agree with the author; I thought he was mistaken; but I have gradually come to believe that what he says on this subject is true.

I have often had occasion to remove cancers of various kinds and varieties and have invariably said to the patient, "You must adopt a careful vegetarian dietary," and I have found that in a large number of these cases where my advice was heeded, the cancer did not return.

I met a lady some time ago whom I did not recognize. She said, "You saw me ten years ago and removed a large cancer for me, telling me it would very likely come back and that I would probably die of cancer of the stomach; you did not think I could recover." However, she had adopted and carefully adhered to a pure dietary, and thus by acquiring pure blood and a strong body, her system had been able to fight off this dreadful disease.

The most remarkable case of this kind that I have yet met came to my notice a few years ago. A gentleman who lives in this town had a cancer on his neck for four years. When he discovered it he quit eating meat, and continued to adhere closely to a pure food dietary. He soon began to recover; after a time the cancer was reduced to a small growth, and finally disappeared and healed up. There is now only a small white scar on the neck where the cancer was, and during the two years that have elapsed since that time, this man has been perfectly well. He believes, and I believe, that this cure was due to a careful adherence to a vegetarian dietary.

I sent a specimen of this cancer to an eminent professor of pathology in the Cornell University, and after an examination he pronounced it a case of cancer in its most deadly form. Thus was proved conclusively, at least to my own satisfaction, that there is a definite relation between meat eating and cancer, and as Dr. Bell has said, that cancer can sometimes be cured by a strict adherence to a non-flesh dietary.

"Now I am Happy."

J. EDGAR COLLORAN.

DURING a recent gospel service at Harrison Street Police Station, I invited all those who desired the prayers of God's people to raise their hands. A number of hands went out through the bars. One man who was half drunk put out his hand and then took it back again, saying as he did so, "Say, let up there young fellow, we want no more of that." I said, "All right, brother, let's pray." We knelt and prayed, and afterwards shook hands with all the men, this one included.

About two weeks afterwards I was walking along State street and met this man. He recognized me at once and stopping me, said, "I got hold of the Lord at the Police Station that Sunday, and now I am happy." What an encouragement to us as Christian workers to constantly sow the seeds of the gospel beside "all waters;" for we know not 'whether shall prosper, either this or that.' (Eccl. 11:6).

The Work in Our Hospitals and Dispensaries.

ELMER F. OTIS, M. D.

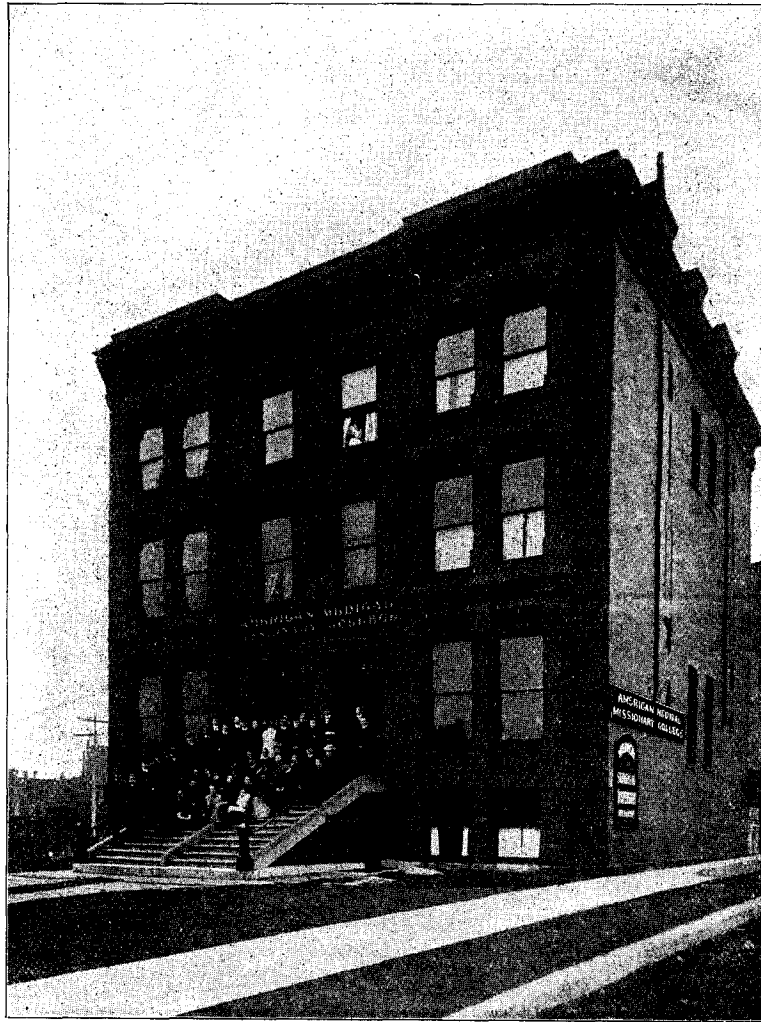
IN Isaiah 41:6, we read, "They helped every one his neighbor and every one said to his neighbor, be of good courage." This plan of every one helping his neighbor has proved a blessing in the various lines of charitable work in Chicago.

In the several dispensaries we plan never to serve people for nothing, and yet we never turn one needy soul from our doors. Every one seems to join heartily in the idea. Those who are able, pay any sum from 5 to 25 cents. The patients who are more favorably situated, pay more—50 cents or \$1, or whatever they feel disposed to give. These larger sums help to pay the expenses of treating poor persons who have nothing with which to pay for what they receive.

Those who are too poor to pay anything are allowed to show their appreciation of our services in some other way—polishing a bath-tub, mopping a floor, etc. If they are sick and not able to do any work, they are given an opportunity to help by telling some neighbor or acquaintance of the benefit they have received. In this way many a poor soul has been helped who otherwise would have been utterly friendless, and these in turn tell others. Thus every one has a chance to help in some way.

In our hospital many a patient is cheered and comforted who otherwise would be left to die a miserable death. I have just come from the bedside of an outcast who is slowly fading away. His relatives have cast him off. There are many instances as pitiable as this case.

Many needy and suffering souls are cared for in the women's medical and surgical wards; also in the maternity ward which so often shelters the poor outcast in her time of greatest need.



OUR MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL—2 AND 4 33RD PLACE.

Do you wonder it takes means to maintain these various charitable enterprises? It costs only a few cents a day to care for one poor sick person, but there are *many* needy ones in this great city; and we might do much more than we are doing at present if we only had the means.

The Lord would have us to be co-laborers with him. He does not need our aid but he would have us "help every one his neighbor" that we may receive a blessing—the blessing of service. Let us all give of our means as the Lord has prospered us.

One More Encouraging Providence in Our Chicago Work.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

FOR several years it has been apparent that we needed suitable headquarters in Chicago for our Medical Missionary College; and, during the past year, considerable time has been spent in endeavoring to find a favorable location for such a building; but we failed to discover anything within our means that seemed at all suitable.

A few months ago, Mr. C. B. Kimbell, one of Chicago's leading citizens, who felt that his life had been saved by the benefit which he received from a stay at our Chicago Branch Sanitarium several years ago, came to us and kindly volunteered to give ten thousand dollars worth of his city property, on which to build our Medical College. However, these lots were not situated in a locality suitable for that purpose, and as they were not in the business portion of the city, there was no immediate prospect of disposing of them for cash at their full value; but Mr. Kimbell said he would like to make us the gift anyway, and we were indeed grateful and glad to accept it, and trusted that God would open the way for a disposal of the property to good advantage.

We had wished for some time to secure the land immediately adjoining our Sanitarium for a building site, but it was held for cash at such a high figure that it, too, was beyond our reach, and we saw no way of accomplishing it. But a few weeks ago, Mr. Kimbell again came to our rescue and began negotiations with the owner of this property with a view to securing it as an even exchange for the land he had given us. He succeeded in doing this, and a few days ago the transfer was effected, thus putting us in possession of the most desirable land for our purpose that we could possibly select in the city of Chicago. Such an indication of God's care for our work fills our hearts with joy, and encourages us to press on in this work that has already been visited with so many signal providences.

DEAR EDITOR:—THE LIFE BOAT is a good one. I like to read it and then hand it to others. Hoping that the life savers and the lives saved may meet in the new earth, I pray the dear Lord to bless you all.

HENRY S. STYCH.

The Possibilities in Medical Missionary Work.

E. J. HIBBARD.

IN the month of June, 1895, it was my privilege to visit the Medical Mission, then located on Custom-House Place, Chicago. This was my first visit; and, although the work was then in its infancy in that place, I was fully persuaded that it had come to stay, and that there were possibilities of saving men through this channel which were unequaled in any other. I noticed that this method of work was able to reach men and women of any and every grade of society, and administer to present needs. It appealed to me as being the nearest like the work of the Master of any thing I had yet observed.

Three years later than the date just referred to, through the providence of God, it was my privilege to connect for a time with this work. I saw men and women, steeped in sin and crime, whose consciences were seemingly dead in every influence for good. These people had no confidence in mere talk. Their hearts were not touched by the gospel sermon. The testimonies of redeemed men and women they discounted fully ninety-nine per cent. But their hearts softened when aches and pains were relieved, when bodies were clothed and stomachs fed. The man who, on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, was in no condition to listen patiently to theological dissertations. Had he been able to do this, the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side, would no doubt have had plenty of time to stop. Talk, unaccompanied by works, is very cheap. It was the Samaritan who had the gospel of "present truth" to the man who was naked and wounded.

As a preparation for the teaching of the gospel to those who are in training, I regard my three-years work among the medical missionaries as the best I ever obtained. It will always be my most joyful privilege to carry out the practical Christian acts which I learned more full than elsewhere, among the medical missionaries.

The Healdsburg College, (California), where I am now located, is well filled with earnest Christian students. The Lord is helping us to work for those who need help. The students are ready and willing to engage in this work for humanity. Let us pray that it may become to them as natural as breathing.

Our Dispensary Work.

LYDIA E. KYNETT, M. D.

ONE cold morning in January a widowed mother came into the Dispensary on Halsted street, bringing her two children for medical attention. Her visage gave evidence of years of toil and care which made her appear older than she really was, and for years she had been able to walk only with the aid of a crutch.

After giving the children the needed attention we listened to an interesting history of herself. Her only means of support is a little store and restaurant which she keeps near the Dispensary. She has taken into her home and cared for six children besides her own, and intends to take another homeless little one. She has also been able to furnish a home for two old persons until their recent death. Though her means are limited, she is always ready to share with those less fortunate. Many a hungry one has received a meal free of charge at her back door. In this locality such hospitality is rare. How many "diamonds in the rough" we daily meet unnoticed; but with the love of God in our own heart, and a sincere desire to help humanity, we may be able to recognize and help to develop the same spirit in others.

The severity of the weather and numerous accidents have brought many patients to our Dispensary this winter. Some days we are kept as busy as can be. Patients with frozen ears, cut and bruised fingers, sprained joints, scalp and face wounds, fractured bones, abscesses and ulcers; children with throat, lung and eye troubles together with a variety of other maladies are daily filling our records.

A better locality for dispensary work could scarcely be found in the city than the "Stock Yard District."

The people of this locality seem to greatly appreciate the help we give them. We are able to relieve many who would otherwise suffer from cold, by the clothing which is sent us by our friends.

Twice a week an eye specialist, and specialists in medical and surgical work, give us their assistance and there is usually a large number of patients waiting to meet them when they come. The senior medical students assist in caring for these patients, and two nurses (a man and a woman) give their entire time to this work.

Lectures on health topics illustrated by stereopticon views are occasionally given and talks on healthful dress are given to the women. We hope with God's blessing to make this a grand center of light to this community.

An Experience in Dispensary Work.

MAUDE A. THOMPSON.

ON reaching the Dispensary, Christmas morning, one of the students informed me of an outside call that had just come in, and while preparing to go, another call was received from the same place, saying the woman was very sick.

Hastening to the friend's house where the woman had fled for refuge, we found her in a most pitiful condition.

The previous night she had been beaten in her own home by a boarder who tried to kill her. She had escaped through the window half dressed, having no stockings on, and nothing around her, an old shoe on one foot and a rubber on the other. Her hair was matted into one mass with blood, and her face was covered with blood which came from a large ugly wound just above the left eye.

Her breath was strongly scented with whisky and upon closer observation we found her to be completely under the influence of liquor.

After some persuasion she was induced to come to the Dispensary, and with the help of a nurse we gave her a warm bath, and a shampoo to the head, when we discovered that there was but one wound about two inches in length at the back of her head.

We told her it would be necessary for us to cut off a few locks of hair around the wound to prevent infection. She willingly gave her consent, saying, we could cut it all off if we wanted to, but later, upon realizing what was being done, she objected, and grasping my hand, struck me and ran out of the bath-room saying she was going home. But one of my colleagues came to the rescue and blockaded her way of escape. After striking him two or three times, she ran about the Dispensary as one crazed for about ten minutes when by persuasion we finally succeeded in getting her into the bath-room again, and while one shaved the portion of the head that was necessary, the other repaired the wound.

She drowsily sat there making little resistance and swearing most of the time, while we took two stitches in the back of her head and one over her eye.

When all the bandaging was done and she was about to go, she came and pressed my hand in appreciation of what we had done and said she felt a great deal better. She left much pleased and promised to return the next morning to have the wound dressed.

My First Month in Visiting Nurses' Work.

CARRIE ERICKSON.

AFTER spending two and a half years in the Training-School at Battle Creek, I was asked to come to Chicago and engage in the work. At first I refused as I had other plans that I wished to carry out, but somehow that call followed me wherever I went. I was unable to throw it off, and at last I laid the matter before the Lord and told him that if it was really my duty to go to Chicago I was willing to go, but to make the call plain. I told Him if he would send Dr. Paulson to ask me to engage in the work there that I would consider it as an indication that that was my field of work. That very day, what was my surprise to hear that the doctor had arrived in the city! However, I found myself avoiding him as much as possible, for when it came to the test, I felt that the responsibility of a visiting nurse's work in Chicago would be almost more than I could bear. But the very next day he walked right into the room where I was at work and asked me to come to Chicago and help them. I did not dare say no, after my promise to the Lord, and so two days after I was on my way to Chicago.

I began my work the next day, visiting a few families. A few days later I was sent to a place to give treatment. The room was so dirty and filthy that I could not find a place to lay my coat and bonnet while I cared for the poor child which was very ill with pneumonia. I visited the place twice daily for a week, and thank God, they saw something in my work that was an inspiration, for the place became wonderfully clean before I was through there. The floors were scrubbed and the old clothes all washed; the last few days I was there the woman washed every day besides attending to her other work. I also noticed that the men would not get out their beer and tobacco while I was in the house. Nearly every time I went, two or three of the neighbor women gathered in to see how I treated the child. They did not think that the treatments I gave could cure such a disease as pneumonia, but they were happily disappointed.

I went to answer another call a short time ago, that of a poor mother who was suffering with a raging headache. She lay in a dark room where the light of day never shone. In an adjoining room were three small chil-

dren, one of them crying with hunger. They came to me and said, "Papa drinks beer and him gets drunk." I made my way to the bedside of the poor mother who said, "Have you some medicine for my headache?" I said, "No, but I have something better." Then I got two dishes, one containing cold and the other hot water, and set to work to try to relieve the pain. I had worked about fifteen minutes when she looked up, and said, "Oh my head feels perfectly all right now." I then explained to her the effect of sedative drugs on the system, and she said, "Any way the natural remedies are many times the best."

While talking to the people about their spiritual welfare, my own soul has been watered, and my month's stay here has been one of the most satisfactory of my life.

The Personal Element in Bible Study.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE Bible not only outlines the history of the past, but it also illuminates the present pathway of humanity. But it does something more than this. As long as we regard the Bible as addressed to mankind in general, we are likely to read it much as we do the editorials in a magazine.

The Bible contains a distinct message for each individual living upon the earth. When this thought becomes firmly impressed upon our minds, we shall find things in the Bible that are as much a *personal* message to us as those contained in the letters we receive from our dearest friends. We shall find when we grasp this precious truth, that it becomes a real fascination for us to search out those things in the Bible, that would not have been written if it had not been for us, and some other people just like us who are living upon this earth, or have lived upon it in times past. We may not at once discern these personal messages, but God knows where they are, and he is willing to impart to us his Spirit to guide us into all the truth that we especially need. We shall then find texts in the Bible which are inexpressibly sweet to us.

Those places in the Bible which before seemed like a "wilderness and a solitary place" shall then "blossom as the rose." When we learn to appropriate these truths as personal messages, they will stimulate us to do all in our power to lead others to a study of the Bible, so that they may receive the same *personal* inspiration from its pages.

The Sheltering Rock.

J. H. KELLOGG.

I REMEMBER an experience I had while in the Rocky Mountains. Desiring to climb to a very high peak, I worked my way up to a certain point, but found that the rest of the way was simply bare rocks. However, I climbed patiently on until I reached the topmost rock; and as I stood there I suddenly observed a snapping and cracking all about me. Thinking something was wrong with my gun I drew it out of its case to ascertain what was the trouble, but was surprised to find it apparently all right except that there was a queer sparkle about the metal. Presently I began to experience a peculiar feeling on the top of my head; my hat seemed to be twisting about, and, reaching up to find what was the matter, I discovered that my hair was standing on end and was raising my hat off my head. Then it dawned on my mind that an electrical display of some kind was going on, and looking across the valley I observed a dense cloud coming my way.

My position was perilous, for I was on top of a lightning rod, so to speak; the mountain was the lightning rod and I was the tip of it. I knew the storm would burst upon me in a few moments, but I had my pony with me and it was not an easy matter to get down. I had gotten up by zigzagging backwards and forwards, but there was no time to go down in that way; so hastily making up my mind, I grasped my pony's bridle and started headlong down the mountain, the pony stumbling after me.

It was impossible to get down before the storm broke, but just as the most terrible hail-storm I ever saw came thundering down, I reached the shelter of an enormous rock. Within a few minutes the ground was covered ten inches deep with hailstones as large as a man's fist, and I should certainly have been injured and perhaps killed had I not reached this place of safety. However, as it was, this great rock hung over me and protected me from the storm. There was just enough room for me to hide myself; the hailstones piled up at my very feet, but I was perfectly safe; and I said to myself, "what a beautiful thing to have a rock to hide under," and right there I thanked God for his protecting care.

When the storm was over, I started back. Some of the campers, fearing that I had been severely injured or killed, were out looking for me, but were amazed to see me making my way back unharmed. I was not even wet. I explained to them that I had found a rock to hide under.

My friends, this life is a storm. Every day we live we encounter worse things than hail storms or lightnings or thunder storms. We have conflicts in our souls that are worse than all these. What a comfort to know that God is a rock in which to hide! The psalmist says, "Thou art my rock," and if we are only willing to yield to His will, willing that He shall guide us, ah, my friends, we are perfectly safe! We cannot be any place on earth where we are not perfectly safe. It is true, our bodies may be destroyed, but of what consequence is that? This world is such a little moment compared with all eternity, what does it matter whether we stay here a short time or a long time? We are only here to settle the question whether we are wheat or whether we are tares; and when it is positively decided that we are wheat and not tares, that we are on God's side, the side of all that is good and true, all that is sweet and beautiful; if we are on that side of the question and not on the side of evil and error and iniquity, why then, my friends, of what consequence is it if our bodies are dissolved? We know that we have "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." All that is necessary to secure this is to simply live in God's "secret place," in harmony, in communion with God.

She Sends The Life Boat to a Prisoner.*Dear Friend in Christ:*

Please send me THE LIFE BOAT for one year as I don't want to lose one number; I think it is splendid. I want you to send one year's subscription to Mrs. ———, to the Detroit Prison. She was sent there for life; she murdered her children, but she has a soul to save. I never saw her, but I hope she will repent.

I earned the money washing; am sixty-five years old but God has blessed me with health, so I will try to do something for others. I wish I could send more but use the money where it will do the most good. Mrs. ———

Do not fail to send a liberal donation to enable us to publish a 50,000 Special Prisoners' Edition next month.

✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

Extract From a Talk Given at The Life Boat Mission.

By Eld. J. E. WHITE.

THERE was once a man who went to his servant girl and said, "You seem to be dissatisfied; how much money will it take to make you perfectly happy?" She answered, "Oh, sir, if I only had \$300, I would be perfectly satisfied!" Said he, "Well, here is the money." "Oh," said the girl, "why didn't I ask for \$600?" And so it is the world over. The riches and pleasures of this world do not satisfy us. Everybody is dissatisfied—striving for something more.

Why is it we are in this condition? It is because when God created this beautiful world and placed man in it, man broke the laws that were necessary to preserve harmony in this wonderful place, and he had to be driven from the beautiful garden which had been his home.

Nothing worldly will perfectly satisfy us, but the Lord Jesus Christ has set up a branch kingdom of God in this world, and it is our privilege to belong to this kingdom. You, friends, who have left the ranks of Satan's government, cut loose from it entirely. If you are continually looking back to the enjoyments of the world, by and by, you will be going back to that kingdom. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." We will never reach the wonderful country to which we are journeying unless we can prove to God that we will make good citizens there. The commandments that God has given you and me are the very foundation of the government of God. The law of heaven is the same law that is in the branch kingdom here on earth; and if we obey this law here, it is proof that we will be good citizens over there.

Perhaps sometimes you have built air castles and dreamed of what you would like to be or have; you have heard and read vivid accounts of beautiful homes and wonderful countries; you have seen God revealed in nature; yet anything you have seen or heard is absolutely *nothing* compared with the glory of that better world. It is utterly impossible to imagine the beauty and loveliness of it; for, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither *have entered into*

the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. 2-9.)

How do we know that this home is being prepared for us? In the fourteenth chapter of John we read: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me: * * I go to prepare a place, for you." A mansion is being prepared for every soul who will accept Jesus and prove faithful. What a blessed thought that God is preparing a mansion for *me!* If he is doing this for me, he thinks about what kind of a mansion I would enjoy, and he will arrange it to please me. The Lord wants us to form such characters that we may be taken to this wonderful place he is preparing for us, for "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." This is no shadow. Let us get the reality in our minds. Let us realize that this is something for us, and that just as sure as we shall separate to-night and go to our different homes after this meeting, Jesus will by and-by come and take us to those mansions he is preparing for us.

One of the Many.

E. B. VAN DORN.

IT is very difficult to put into words the experience of dealing with a soul that has been bound with the cords of sin. It is impossible to give any prescribed rule by which all or any class of men may be reached.

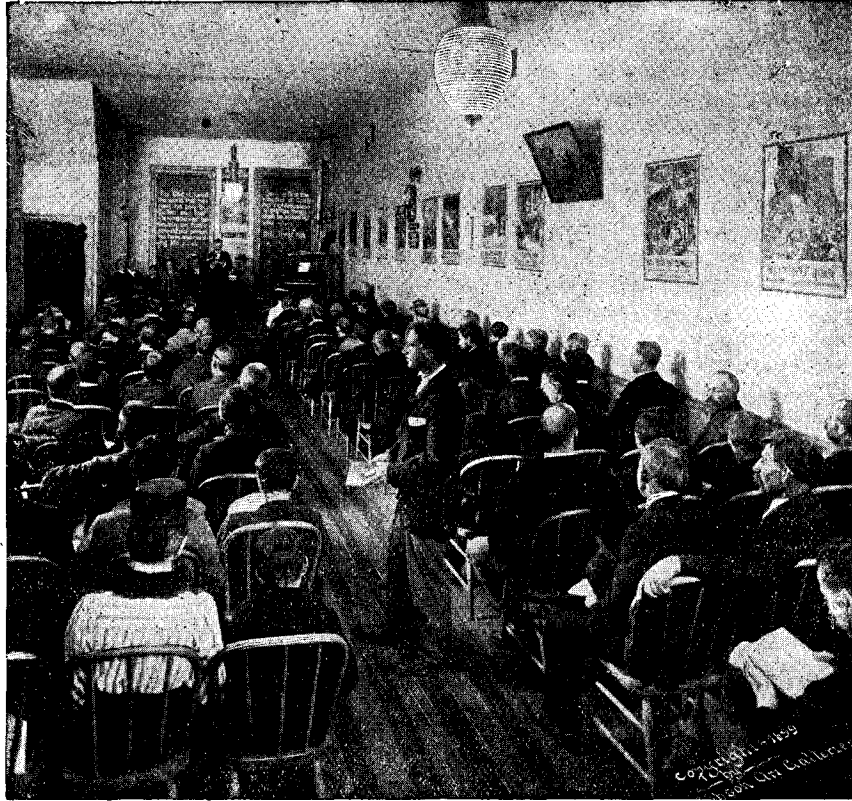
The Master of earth and sky adapted himself to individual needs. To the man at the pool he said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" (John 5:6.) To the women of Samaria he said, "Give me to drink." You know what followed; the whole country was stirred by her testimony. The young ruler said to Christ, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God," etc., but the Master saw his need and told him he must be born again. (John 3:2, 3.)

He says to us to encourage us in little acts of kindness, that whosoever shall give a cup of water in His name shall not lose his reward.

The following incident tells how one young man was brought to the fold. This young man

possessed a fair education and ability and had had a good early education. The father and mother were dead; the brother and sisters were scattered. This boy seemed to be the black sheep of the flock. A feeling of indifference is manifested toward him. He has a little money and friends—professed friends—as long as he has money. When he has spent all he awakes to the fact that his supposed friends have disappeared. He feels that he has disgraced the memory of father and mother and what is there

surroundings. Perhaps some policeman accosts him, asks him who he is, where he is from, where he is going and what is his business. The answers are not satisfactory, and the patrol wagon comes up the street at full speed and he is hurried off to the city jail where he must stay till he appears before the judge, and the chances are that he will be sent to the workhouse. Here he meets men who have had a similar experience and others who have had years of experience in crime, and soon he



A GOSPEL MEETING AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

to live for? He determines to get what pleasure he can out of life at any cost. He takes the few trinkets from the mantel in his room, and bidding farewell to the old associations, the place that once knew him knows him no more. He hurries to the station for the night freight will soon be there; he sees it coming; fearfully he creeps into an empty car. He is unnoticed, and the train rolls away.

He comes to one of our large cities where he knows no one. He is a stranger amid strange

knows all they can tell him about it. He thinks every man's hand is against him. When he is released he knows where to go and thus a criminal life is begun.

Sometimes a whole lifetime is spent in this way and the God-given energies are spent in the service of Satan—in trying to drown the haunting memories of the departed innocence of youth. Brought at last in contact with some one who speaks the "word in season," the smoldering flax is fanned into a flame, he

yields to the convicting power of the Word of God. He begins a new life. His testimony is heard in the mission and it stirs the hearts of sinners. All seems to be bright when suddenly there is a cloud on the horizon. The cheerful face wears an anxious look, he is restless, and the meeting is scarcely begun when some temptation snatches him away. Our hearts are filled with anxiety. We pray God to keep him; he does not return and we go from place to place, seeking him in the haunts of sin. At last we hear his voice above the sound of revelry and we step inside. In the rear are men and women half crazed with whisky and every abomination. As we enter, this young man turns to see who it is. He buries his face in his hands, and then makes an effort to "brace up" and finish his song, but he trembles like a leaf in the wind. We speak to him; we say "God loves you, but not your sin," and "If you ever want a friend, you will find one at the Life Boat Mission." He brushes us aside and tells us to leave him alone. We leave him but not "alone" for we ask God to so trouble and convict him that he will return. Our prayers are heard and he comes and voluntarily surrenders all to the one who has loved him with an everlasting love and drawn him with loving kindness.

The experience of this young man is only an illustration of how each one of us has wandered from God, for "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Reader, where do you stand just now? "Come now let us reason together saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

An Achan in the Heart.

A. C. SELMON.

LAST winter I met a man who had recently been converted at the Life Boat Mission, and in looking after his physical ailments I became very well acquainted with him.

He was working at the time in a place where there was special need of the Lord's power to keep him from the temptations about him, but he was so earnest in his efforts to do right that his future looked very bright and promising.

I did not see him again until the next

November when I met him at the Mission, but such a change! Instead of being clean and well dressed, his clothes were filthy and torn; his grimy face was disfigured by two ugly scars, and his breath was foul with the odor of whisky and tobacco.

I did not at first recognize him as the same man, but as I talked with him he told me that he had given up everything and "gone to the dogs," and he did not have any faith in Christ's keeping power.

I learned from him that for several months after his conversion he had lived a straight life, but he had never been able to entirely give up his tobacco, but would, as he expressed it, "occasionally take a nibble at it." He used very little tobacco for a long time, but as the old appetite came back, he had to use more to satisfy the craving for drink that came with it, and in a very few weeks he was back in the old resorts of sin and vice.

At the time of the destruction of Jericho the Lord told the Children of Israel that "the city shall be accursed, even it and all that are therein," and "keep yourselves from the accursed thing lest ye make yourselves accursed, when ye take of the accursed thing and make the camp of Israel a curse, and trouble it." But Achan took some of the spoil and hid it in his tent and as a result, when the Children of Israel went out to battle with the men of Ai they were defeated, and the Lord tells Joshua the cause of the defeat, "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O, Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies until ye take away the accursed thing from among you."

And so it was with this man; he had an Achan in his heart, he had not taken the accursed thing out of his life, and this one sin clung to him, and unconfessed, paved the way for his fall.

If Satan controls one avenue to the human heart, he will sooner or later be master of the whole man.

A Paying Investment.

A convert of the Life Boat Mission needed some money to set him up in business. A collection was taken and \$1.53 was raised, which was a little more than was necessary.

Two weeks later found this man living an honorable and upright life. He had procured a new suit of clothes and had helped to support another man. Should this be considered a paying investment?

A Testimony.

HENRY HANSON.

I WAS brought up by Christian parents, but refused to accept their training, and drifted into the depths of sin. I was once converted and joined the church, but I yielded to the temptation of Satan and drifted back again farther than before.

The drink habit fastened itself upon me, and while still young I became such an habitual drunkard that I seldom drew a sober breath.

Although my home was right in town, often I would not go near it for a week at a time, spending all my time in saloons and lodging houses. On my return home mother would ask me where I had been, and I would say that I had been to the country, or perhaps away visiting some place. I often promised her I would quit drinking; in fact, I made so many such promises that she lost all confidence in me.

I went on in the very depths of sin and misery for four or five years, until one morning, after I had been on a five days' drunk and was just recovering from the effects of it, in the mean time not going near home, my mind began to dwell on the experiences of the past. I felt remorseful and thoughts like these came to me: "What a wretched life I am living!" "Am I such a sinner that the Lord cannot forgive?" Then I remembered the time when I rejoiced in the love of Christ, and I then and there made a vow that if God would help me I would never drink again. The Lord did help me and it was eight years ago the seventh of March, 1902, since a drop of liquor passed my lips.

Through all the years of my wild career, my mother's prayers followed me; she never forsook me and gave me up, and neither did my blessed Saviour; and to-day I know something of what it means to be "rooted and grounded in love" and to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ, for I am a living witness of his saving power.

Fuel For the Poor.

H. W. ROSE.

Warmth is essential to life, and fuel of some sort is necessary to provide warmth. Many thousands of the poor have not enough money to enable them to lay in a supply of coal dur-

ing the winter, so they perforce must make other efforts to obtain the material that helps to make life comfortable. Very many of the unfortunate ones resort to railroad tracks, city dumping grounds, and any places that have piles of ashes. It is along the railroad tracks that the richest finds in fuel are made. Silence on the part of the railroad officials may be taken as giving consent to the fuel-seekers to ply their calling on the right of way of railroad lines. Objections are made only when overzealous, or less honest, coal pickers go beyond their limits and take pieces of coal from loaded cars. Tiny children are frequently to be seen gathering bits of coal, and an explanation of this is found in instances, for example, where a wife is left to provide for a number of little ones, none of whom are of earning age. Food and shelter must be provided. Too poor to buy, and too proud to beg, strenuous efforts are put forth to obtain the needed food and warmth. As soon as a toddler can carry a basket it is sent out to pick up coal. Those of us who are not in such straits should feel very thankful.

A Twelve-Year-Old Missionary.

The following letter accompanied a good list of new subscribers:

"My papa received a letter and a copy of THE LIFE BOAT from Dr. Paulson a short time ago asking him to speak to our church about subscribing for THE LIFE BOAT. But as papa did not have time then, I thought I might try, so have done the best I could.

"I live in a very small place and have no chance of getting outside of our own town. I am twelve years old, and go to school every day.

"I am glad I can do this much for the Lord. We are going to keep our copies nice and clean, and I am going to write to the sheriff and ask him if he will let us put some copies in the jail for the prisoners to read.

Yours truly,

HALLIE MCINTYRE."

Pittwood, Ill.

DEAR BROTHERS:—Inclosed please find twenty-five cents in stamps for the renewal of THE LIFE BOAT. It is the best paper in the world, and I cannot be without it. I thank God that your work is such a success in Chicago, and I hope that the Lord will always bless you. Your sister in the Lord,

[MARY MARTIN.



Extracts from a Talk on Rescue Work.

BY FANNIE EMMEL.

IF we are to have the blessed privilege of turning sinners from the error of their ways, we must be willing to do just as the Lord did, while here on earth, to go through hardship if necessary and to go to people where they are. Realizing this, I promised the Lord when I began rescue work in this dark city, that every condition and circumstance should be recognized as coming from his hand of love. Many times we have had to feel keenly the extent of our human weakness and helplessness, yet just to that extent has he verified His Word and fulfilled his precious promises to sustain and support us by his everlasting arms.

In our work, we often go into the houses and care for the girls who are sick, and the landladies, having learned that we are glad to help the girls, sometimes send for us. More than a year ago, the nurse who was with me then, happening to pass one of these houses, saw the landlady standing in the door. She beckoned the nurse to come in, and then explained to her that there was a girl in her house, a Jewess who was sick and miserable, and that she had said she wanted to get away and do right if she had to live on bread and water.

The nurse went in to see the girl and finding her anxious to be taken away, brought her to our Home. I talked with her, asking if she would like to be a member of our family and love the Lord as we did. She told me that she would, and that for two years she had continually prayed to God for help to get away from her old associates and out of the old life, and that during that time she had cried almost day and night because her life had become so miserable.

We then knelt and prayed together, a little company of three or four, and she seemed to yield herself entirely to the Lord. After we had ceased praying she said, "But I don't know anything about Jesus!" Being a Jewess, she had never been taught to believe in Jesus. But after we had told her of the Christ as we knew him, our loving Saviour, she said: "Yes, I will

take Jesus." How my heart went out to this friendless girl who was so weary of the world and sin, and who seemed to feel so keenly her loneliness, and I said, "You recognize God as your Father?" She said, "Yes." He is *our* Father too, so we are your sisters, and Jesus is our Elder Brother. What a lovely family we have!" A new light shone in her face and she was at once content and happy. She remained sick for a long time and at last had to be sent to the hospital. This was months ago, but I heard from her recently and she is still living an upright Christian life and the Lord is blessing her.

It has occasionally been our privilege to reconcile a mother and daughter after the poor girl has become such a physical wreck that nothing can be done for her. I remember one girl who was found lying near a door-way. She was in the last stage of consumption and was, I believe, the most pitiful looking object I ever beheld. We sent for her mother. It is not an easy task to write and tell a mother of the condition in which we found that girl! But the Lord gave grace and the mother came and took her daughter home. We praise His name that this girl found her Savior and that his love was shed abroad in her heart.

We thank the Lord for kind friends who have been willing to help us in this work even though they have not had the privilege of seeing, as we do, the wonderful results that the Lord sometimes gives. But the reward will be to you who have helped just as much as to us, for the Lord honors the work of all who are willing to do their part. In our efforts here, there has never been a soul won from a life of sin and misery to whom any one person can point and say that it is a result of his or her individual effort, for the men and women who have so kindly aided us have had their share in the good work. We need your help, and we need your prayers that we may have wisdom to do this work in such a way that it will stand in the Judgment.

Just as it requires repeated applications of a remedy in order to effect physical restoration, so it demands almost endless repetitions of inspiring talks, regular attendance at the place of worship, and the continual performance of loving service in behalf of the needy to favor the building up of a genuine and permanent missionary experience, and a substantial, well developed character.

The Last Help we Can Give in Rescue Work.

MARY F. SMITH.

SOMETIMES we are called when it is too late to help our poor sick sisters to a happier life here, and the only thing we can do is to tell them of the home in heaven. We always hear the same words: "I do not want to die in this place." We move them to the different hospitals in the city and visit them often, sometimes every day. Often they have no one in the world to care for them but us, and no money to buy the many little things that a sick girl needs to make her comfortable. If you were ever away from home, sick and friendless and without money, you would understand what our visits to these poor girls mean. How often they say, "You people are the only friends I have in the world," or, "I have no one in the world but you."

Often we are so tired and do not have care and sometimes we are tempted not to go; but when we have prayed with some poor girl and helped her to feel that God is nearer and the world a little brighter, how glad we are that we did not consult our own feelings, but did our duty, even if we had to walk home in the dark. I thank God for his keeping power and that he not only gives the promises of the future, but that to-day we have health and friends and the blessings that come from serving him.

Five of these poor girls have died since I have been at the Rest. The first was Elsie, who lived four weeks after we met her. How anxious she was to live and work for the Saviour who forgave all her sins; but she said if her life was over and she could not live for him here, she would sing his praise in heaven.

Another woman who died, trusting in Him who forgives the darkest sins, had murdered her husband and ill-treated her little child until it died, and had been so cruel and selfish and wicked that no one in all the world would speak a kind word of her. How earnestly she prayed, "God forgive me," and how glad we were to tell her where to read, "Though your sins be as scarlet," (stained with blood) "they shall be as white as snow." The nurses and patients all spoke of how different her life was after she had accepted Christ.

When we told poor little Nellie, with her longing for mother and mother love, of God's great love for her and how he had sent us to

her to tell her of the home he had prepared for her, she said, "Do you suppose he will take any one as bad as I?" And when we told her how he had left his home and come down here and died for her and was pleading for her to come and have rest, she cried for joy.

Then there is Dolly lying at home in a Christian grave. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God that he allowed her to come to us. She was a blessing in the Home, although her sad life and early death proved that "the wages of sin is death."

When May lay dying at Dunning Hospital, the last time I called to see her I asked her if there was anything she wanted. She said, "I want to go home to Jesus. I have been away from him a long time, and he says I may come home."

Dear reader, we hope that you or any of your friends will never be away from home, sick and alone. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If you cannot visit these poor girls in their last days on earth, send us means so we can go.

Why Girls Go Astray.

MAUD ATHERTON.

A GREAT many people do not realize the difficulties and dangers that attend the girls of our large cities. We hear a great deal on the subject of what young men have to encounter who come to a large city, the temptations that they meet and the snares that are likely to entrap them, but we do not hear so much about what girls have to meet. However, it is just as true of girls, and it seems that very often the temptations that come to them come in a way that is more insidious, more attractive, and more deceptive than do those that come to young men.

The greatest temptations come to the girls who come from small country towns and are trying to earn their living in the city. I recently met a case that very forcibly illustrates this. The parents of this girl had tried to start her in the right way, had given her a fairly good moral training, but had allowed her to come to Chicago to make her living. She began working with one of the large business firms of the city at five dollars per week. This does not mean much in Chicago, for in a city of such dimensions as this, her car fare would amount to at least sixty cents per week, prob-

ably more; a decent room would cost from a dollar and a half to two dollars per week, leaving little more than two dollars for board and clothes. A girl who works in a store or restaurant must have something more than a calico dress to wear, naturally she must find some way to get it. This is true in almost every line of commercial life; the wages are starvation wages, and it is next to impossible for a girl to earn her living in a city like Chicago and still maintain integrity and purity of life.

Having had no Christian experience, this girl was naturally led in the ways of temptation. She soon began to frequent the dance halls; and just here I may say that the dance is partially responsible for most of the downfall that comes to these girls. Step by step, she was led downward until, although she is still young, the last ten years of her life have been a living death.

There are many things that combine to cause the downfall of these girls; the reading of impure literature in early girlhood, and disobedience to parents, besides the things I have already mentioned, are factors that work toward destruction. Many times we hear girls say, "I thought my mother didn't know what she was talking about; I thought I knew better than she did;" just as a man often thinks that the first glass of beer does not amount to anything, that he can stop when he chooses.

We hear a good deal about girls who are forced into a life of sin and misery through the instigation of fiends in the form of men and women; and this is no doubt true in some instances; but I volunteer to say that in nine cases out of ten, it is the first yielding to little temptations that is the potent factor in leading these girls down. Just one little yielding to temptation, slight though it may be, is the starting point for them. There was, perhaps, a prick of conscience at first, but finally the voice of conscience is hushed. That is why these girls are so hard to reach; they realize that their will power is shattered, and that everything is lost. It is man's province to be strong and upright; woman looks to him as her natural protector; but too often the one who should have protected has been the chief instigator in dragging down, and so, many of these poor girls have lost confidence in themselves and in every one else.

However, some have stepped out in the strength of Christ and have become object lessons of his power to save the fallen. In the history of the Life Boat Rest, girls have come there as a place of refuge and have been told of the Saviour's love and how he died that they might live, and they have left all and followed him. Last year within a very short time eight girls were brought to the Rest, and I think out of that number, all but two reformed and are now living upright Christian lives. I have one girl in mind who afterwards married, and is now living very happily in a little home of her own, and is really trying to live a true Christian life. Her testimony is that the Christian life is the only life to live.

Sometimes these girls are really longing to live differently, and a simple word of sympathy and encouragement will melt their hearts; and the work of those at the Life Boat Rest is simply to be so truly led of God that, as they come in contact with these girls, they may drop just the word in season that will help them to get out of the bondage that enslaves them.

"What Shall I Render Unto the Lord for His Benefits Toward Me?"

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

LAST Thanksgiving Day was a happy day for me—a day of prayer instead of feasting. In my morning prayer, I asked the Lord to put into my heart what he would have me to do in my home to help my unfortunate sisters who come to the Life Boat Rest in need of clothing. The Lord answered my prayer by impressing me with the thought of starting a donation box, and he is wonderfully blessing the efforts I am thus putting forth to help this good work along.

The Lord touched the hearts of those who are rooming in my flat, and several of them have gladly made donations and others have promised to do so. A neighbor's little girl, four years old comes to see me every day. She is such a bright little presence that I call her "Sunshine." I was showing her the box and telling her what it was for, and to my surprise she went home and told her mother that I had a "box to put money in for poor girls,"

What you may do for your jail. See page 68

and her mother sent a donation of twenty-five cents. Also other girls have said that they would give, and every day I put in a penny, so I already have a nice little sum. God is good. I pray that this will encourage others to aid in this grand and noble work of helping our fallen brothers and sisters.

I have a flat of nine rooms and God sends roomers in answer to prayer. I now have eleven roomers. In every room I keep a Testament and tracts and the Lord is blessing the reading of them and he gives me many opportunities of talking to these my "neighbors" about their soul's salvation. One has given his heart to God and is now working to save others. It does my soul good to know that the Lord can use me in my home to work for Jesus. Pray for me that I may be more earnest and anxious for the salvation of others, and at last be ready and waiting to meet my Saviour in peace.

What The Lord and a Visiting Nurse Did for Me.

FOUR months ago I came to the Life Boat Rest. I was brought here by a nurse who had cared for me during a serious illness. My knowledge of God and his great love was very limited. I had led a life of sin and shame for more than nine years. I became sick in one of the vilest houses on Clark street, and it was there Miss Smith, our nurse, found and cared for me. She told me of the Life Boat Rest, and about the Savior who died for me. When I got well I got work to do. I tried in my own strength to do right, but failed after one day's trial. I tried the old life again for about ten days, and then decided to come to the Life Boat Rest, where I knew I would get the help promised me. I was willing at last to ask for and receive the mercies of the Lord. I have been living the new life now for about four months and find that there is rest and peace in the higher atmosphere of God's love. I find it a pleasure to do his will, and find that I am better fitted to become a worker for him since I have observed health principles in regard to food. I now love to go to the poor and take them what little comforts I can, and leave them a message from God's Word; for if some one had not thought to leave his truths with me I could not say to-day that "All things are become new." My only desire in writing this is that some fallen sister may read and be benefited by it. MAY.

She Could Not Understand Why the Child was Ill.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

RECENTLY, while traveling, I was asked to step into the next Pullman car to see a sick child. The anxious mother explained to me that she had done all she could for it and given it every advantage, having placed it under the constant care of a trained nurse; and the nurse went on to explain that she could not understand why the child was sick as she had taken the precaution to give it what she called preventive treatment, consisting of a liberal dose of calomel and a moderate dose of some milder drug. She also said that she had fed the child beef-tea, which she had prepared herself, so she knew it must be good (?).

Those who know that beef-tea does not contain a particle of nourishment and that it is nothing but a solution of the waste products of the animal's flesh, will not wonder that the child was to a certain extent poisoned by it.

She further explained that the only other food she had given the child had been oatmeal and sugar. The oatmeal was undoubtedly only cooked enough to convert it into good paste, so that it would ferment much more readily than it could digest, and the presence of sugar would of course encourage this process of fermentation.

This mother undoubtedly understood just what course to pursue to procure for herself suitable recognition as a leader in society, and the father gave every evidence of being not only an intelligent, but a successful business man; yet here was a helpless infant which had been entrusted to their care to rear and train for God and humanity, and they were pursuing such a course in reference to its case that it will be a miracle if it does not ere long require the services of an undertaker.

Some people are in such a hurry at meal time that they do not have time to eat a meal properly, but such people have ample time to be sick for months at a little later period in their lives.

Some one asked a tobacco using man if he would smoke in a church, to which he promptly replied, "Oh no! that is God's house," while it had never occurred to him that his body was in reality the temple of God.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

If You Love Your Fellowmen Read This.

THE Lord looks down from heaven "To hear the groaning of the prisoner." (Psa. 102:20). Has the Lord touched your heart to such an extent that you, too, have heard these cries? If so, will you help to defray the expense of publishing a fifty-thousand special prisoners' edition of the next number of *THE LIFE BOAT*? We desire to send a liberal number of *LIFE BOATS* to every state prison in our land. They will be judiciously distributed by the prison officials.

Many a prisoner is "groaning" more because of the slavery of sin than he grieves over the loss of his liberty. Will you help us to send such an one a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*, which will contain a gospel message calculated to cheer him and inspire him to look to Him who alone is able to deliver from this bondage?

There are many prisoners who were not habitual criminals, but who, in an unguarded moment, fell under some terrible temptation; and many of these have, in their lonely cells, repented of their crime a thousand times over. If you appreciate a monthly visit of *THE LIFE BOAT*, will you aid us in furnishing such prisoners with a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT once a year*?

Send us a liberal donation if you can, but even the smallest sum will be appreciated, and the Lord will reward you for your generosity. Address, Prisoners' Department, *THE LIFE BOAT*, 28 33d Place, Chicago, Ill.

The *Sentinel of Christian Liberty*, which is published at 11 W. 20th St., New York City, is a wide-awake and aggressive journal, dealing with the great question of the proper relations of Church and State. Price, One Dollar per year. Sample copies free.

Recommend the *Youths' Instructor* to your young friends and subscribe for it yourself. It is a clean, wholesome, up-to-date magazine for children and youth. Price 75 cents per year. Address Youth's Instructor, Battle Creek, Mich.

What is Your Purpose in Life?

Do you expect to drift along in life, content with simply *existing* as so many young people are thoughtlessly doing, or are you determined to *accomplish something* for God and humanity? If you make a success of your life work, you will need preparation and training. Are you willing to sacrifice and toil for it? If so, a splendid opportunity is offered in our Chicago Medical Missionary work. We would be glad to correspond with young people who desire such training at once. Address Chicago Medical Missionary Training School, 28, 33d Place, Chicago.

Will You Do this for Your Local Jails?

Will you undertake to supply every prisoner in your county or village jail with a copy of the April *LIFE BOAT*?

We shall try to put a copy into the hands of every prisoner in the state institutions, but our friends must supply the local prisons. We will furnish as many copies as you wish of this special number at one cent apiece. Send in your order at once.

If *you* were in prison you would appreciate such kindness and interest shown by others.

If you do not wish to distribute these papers yourself, send your order to us with the name of the sheriff or jailer, and we will mail them direct to him.

How One Brother Responded.

"On reading your appeal for help to put *THE LIFE BOAT* into the prisons, appearing in the Week of Prayer Reading, I decided to send you \$1.50 which will I believe place it in six prisons for one year.

This money is saved from a vow made some few months ago, that when tempted to buy needless things for gratification of appetite, I would double the amount thus spent or tempted to spend, and give it to the needy.

Please put *THE LIFE BOAT* in as many prisons as you can with \$1.50, and kindly acknowledge receipt of this,

Sincerely your brother,

_____"

How You May Help Us.

Have you not some friend or acquaintance who would be helped by receiving THE LIFE BOAT? Can you not afford to invest 25 cents in behalf of his soul's salvation? *Let every reader of THE LIFE BOAT act upon this suggestion.* The larger the subscription list the more good we can do, and the easier it is to publish the paper at such a low price as 25 cents per year. The circulation of THE LIFE BOAT can easily be doubled if all our friends will do their part. Eternity, alone, will reveal the good that you may thus accomplish.

In addition to the large number of persons who have been sending several subscriptions, the following persons have sent us the list of new subscribers set opposite their names. We hope we shall be able to extend this list very materially in our next issue:

Subscribers	Subscribers
C. P. Kimbell..... 50	Mrs. T. Mulqueen..... 5
Pearl V. Hoyt..... 50	Mrs. W. R. Booth..... 5
Alma Moore..... 36	Mrs. Mary Hubbard..... 5
Mrs. Elin Myrberg..... 36	Ella Reith..... 5
Mrs. N. P. Hills..... 35	Miss Margaret Fisher..... 5
Mrs. A. J. Thompson..... 34	Mrs. S. A. England..... 30
Edna Cockrell..... 25	Birtie Gipple..... 5
Mrs. Kate Brink..... 25	O. W. Van Doran..... 5
Mrs. Jane Le Fave..... 13	Martha Young..... 8
Mrs. Rhoda Sneeman..... 14	L. E. Johnson..... 5
Mrs. C. A. Smith..... 11	Anna C. Anderson..... 10
Charles E. Hall..... 10	Hughie Gipson..... 5
Delia Walker..... 10	Ada Crowe..... 5
Mrs. S. M. Bennett..... 10	Miss Jessie Boist..... 5
E. B. Hodgins..... 9	Amy Woodruff..... 5
Samuel F. Shafer..... 8	J. P. Yates..... 5
Mrs. C. Ellis..... 7	Lottie Leavitt..... 5
James Woolsey..... 6	Golden Covert..... 5
Sarah E. Bolte..... 6	E. R. Morrison..... 5
A. B. Jernegan..... 5	J. B. Weaver..... 5
Mrs. E. Coggsell..... 5	Mrs. Alyra L. White..... 5
Miss Violet Armitage..... 5	J. J. Blair..... 5
Jessie Bigelow..... 5	Susie C. Stevens..... 5
Mrs. Dan Hazen..... 5	Libbie M. Olmstead..... 5
Mrs. Mary Jorgensen..... 5	Miss Florence Putnam..... 5
Mrs. E. E. Farnsworth..... 10	Mrs. H. O. Duff..... 5
Jennie Down..... 10	Jens Jensen..... 25
J. C. Glasgow..... 25	Carrie Artress..... 5
C. G. Allen..... 5	W. C. Wales..... 35
Fritz Johnson..... 5	E. H. Silsbee..... 10
Mrs. E. M. Giddings..... 5	Mrs. J. M. Newlan..... 6
Harry Corwin..... 5	Miss Neva Buckridge..... 10
Mrs. Hattie M. Nichola..... 5	C. W. Noyes..... 10
Mrs. John F. Anderson..... 5	Mrs. Isaac Laurin..... 7
V. Sell..... 25	Eva M. Davis..... 5
Emma Hamilton..... 10	W. M. Miller..... 7
Miss Annie Le Fave..... 50	Rebecca Stont..... 25
Mrs. Carrie Swope..... 50	Myrtle Brown..... 5
Hallie McIntyre..... 11	Mrs. A. P. Hitch..... 10
Bessie Snowden..... 5	Samuel Shaffer..... 5
Roy Luchenbill..... 5	Mrs. H. C. Harper..... 10
Seth T. Walker..... 28	Lucy Goodwin..... 12
Sarah J. Davidson..... 7	Rhoda L. Gibson..... 10
W. R. McMinds..... 26	O. P. Norderhus..... 5
Mrs. W. H. Huffman..... 9	Flora E. Fitch..... 5
Mrs. Myrtle Brown..... 5	Mrs. C. E. Holmes..... 7
Mrs. Asa Champlin..... 25	A. G. Gotwals..... 10
Miss Annie E. Hay..... 8	Mrs. A. L. Davis..... 10
Olina Hanson..... 7	Mary E. Peterson..... 12
J. C. Glasgow..... 25	P. Magoon..... 5
Minnie M. Jordan..... 5	Laura Neuman..... 6
Belle Hickox..... 50	

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, 5759 Drexel Ave.
- Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

Our Advertising Department.

We have decided to enlarge our advertising department. It will be our aim to admit nothing to our advertising pages that we cannot cheerfully endorse. The money which is earned in this department assists in maintaining the expense of publishing the magazine. R. Eason has charge of THE LIFE BOAT advertising department. All applications for space and inquiries regarding any articles advertised in its columns should be addressed to him, care THE LIFE BOAT.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One full page, one month.....	\$15.00
“ “ three months.....	30.00
One-half page, one month.....	8.00
“ “ three months.....	16.00
One-fourth page, one month.....	5.00
“ “ three months.....	10.00

The above rates are for space in advertising pages only. For advertisements to be inserted on other pages, special rates will be quoted upon application.

Dr. Gould, one of America's leading physicians is authority for the statement that one-half of the present number of deaths are wholly preventable. The *Good Health Journal* shows how to make such a success of promoting health that we may avoid many of these unnecessary sicknesses and deaths. Price \$1 per year. Address Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Boy is the official organ of the National Anti-Cigarette League. Those who wish to put into the hands of boys something that will impress them strongly in reference to the cigarette evil, can give them nothing better than a copy of *The Boy*. Price 50 cents per year. Address Room 1119 Women's Temple, Chicago.

SAN FRANCISCO HELPING HAND MISSION

641 Commercial Street

Established Feb. 27, 1898. Telephone Main 5763.

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

G. B. DOUGLAS, Superintendent and Chaplain.

E. E. PARLIN, Secretary.

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.

What the Life Boat May Do.

MAMIE WILD PAULSON, M. D.

Several months ago a card came to our notice addressed to THE LIFE BOAT, asking us to call and see a sick girl in need. Accordingly we did so, and found a young girl greatly in need of friends and medical aid. She told us this story, that two years previous a woman was around selling LIFE BOATS, and when she came to their house she told them that if they ever needed help to send word to THE LIFE BOAT. A *little* word to say—it only took a little time to say it, and yet it resulted in so much good. These people kept the address for two years because they believed in the sincerity of the worker who left it.

I praise God that he put it into our hearts to help this poor girl just as the worker had promised. We took her to our hospital and took care of her during her illness. While she was recovering the Lord sent joy and light into this poor girl's heart, and she learned to know the Saviour as her personal and true friend, whom she had never known before. Since then she been living a new life and we have had the blessed privilege of seeing her develop into a good and noble young woman.

Just the other day we received a letter from her, and among the many good things that she said, were these words, "My life and thoughts and deeds are not centered on this life, only to make others happy." She says further that she is trying to earn money to give her a chance to go to school so that she will be better fitted to work for the Lord.

Friends do you not think that little effort was worth while? Would it not be worth the while for you to spend a little time each week or month in distributing a few LIFE BOATS among some of God's needy ones, and calling their attention to the fact that a hand is held out to help?

Sends The Life Boat as Missionary.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE LIFE BOAT:—It has been impressed upon my mind to have THE LIFE BOAT sent to three young men in this neighborhood who drink and use tobacco. I have stood it as long as I can without doing something to show them where they can find One who is ever ready and willing to help all who call upon his holy name.

I desire that the brothers and sisters will pray for them. My own prayer is that THE LIFE BOAT will show them the error of their way.

Personal Items.

Mabel Hebard, of Battle Creek, is visiting friends in the city.

R. C. Christopherson, of St. Paul, Minn., has connected with the work at the Training-School.

Maud Ross, of Lafayette, Ind., has recently joined the Medical Missionary Training-School class.

Ruth Hartman, of Williamsport, Pa., has connected with the work at the Hygeia Dining Rooms.

Charlotte Simpson, of Battle Creek, has joined the corps of workers at the Branch Sanitarium.

Clara Anderson, after a vacation of several weeks, has returned and resumed her work at the Branch Sanitarium.

Sarah Bolte, after spending some time in Battle Creek, has returned to Chicago to resume her work as visiting nurse.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg and Dr. David Paulson have been spending a few weeks on the Pacific Coast in the interest of medical missionary work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kimball, who recently donated a valuable piece of land to us, are spending the winter in our Sanitarium in Mexico.

Eld. J. E. White of the Southern mission field, recently visited the Life Boat Mission and gave an interesting talk, which was much appreciated.

Laura Neilsen, Edith Miller and Margaret Reed, of Madison, Wis., stopped in Chicago for a short visit on their way to fields of labor in the West.

J. M. Keichline, Jr., and Miss Eulala Sisley, of the senior medical class, and Mabel Howe, of the junior medical class, are in attendance at the International Students' Volunteer Convention at Toronto, Ont.

The sophomore class of the American Medical Missionary College has returned to Battle Creek, there to continue their studies; and the freshman and junior classes have come to Chicago for a few weeks' work.

Col. H. H. Hadley recently addressed the patients and helpers of the Branch Sanitarium, giving a thrilling account of the burning of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He spoke of the Christian heroism manifested by the nurses and other helpers in rescuing from the burning building the patients, several hundred in number. More than fifty of these were in a helpless condition, and all can but recognize with deepest gratitude the over-ruling providence of God in this miraculous deliverance.

Donations to the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities.

THE LIFE BOAT REST

Weber & Co.....\$2 00	Mr. and Mrs. Rice... \$1 00
J. W. Gossard..... 1 00	Sister Doer..... 1 00
Mr. Frazer..... 1 00	Mr. Neindorf..... 1 00
Keith, Donaldson, & Northth..... 4 00	Mrs. & Miss Miller... 1 50
Miss Rich..... 1 00	Mrs. Abrams..... 50
Mr. Rumsey..... 1 00	Mr. and Mrs. Hurd... 4 00
Mr. Eason..... 1 00	Mr. Pearson..... 1 00
A mission friend..... 25	Mrs. Garthofner..... 1 00
Mrs. Daniel Hazen... 1 00	Kankakee church... 1 00
Mr. Ransom..... 5 00	Sister Floyd..... 1 00
Mrs. Gaskill..... 50	Mrs. Mather..... 1 00
Mrs. B. M. Heald... 1 75	A mission friend..... 25
A. C. Clawge..... 2 00	Mr. Kelso..... 50
Dr. Kynett..... 25	Mr. Burley..... 3 00
Mrs. Rachel Shane... 1 00	Miss Moore..... 5 00
Wm. Banks..... 3 50	Beth Atkinson..... 75
Mrs. A. J. Morse.... 25	F. E. Endriss..... 50
Wm. H. Olmsted... 7 00	D. W. Nichols..... 2 00
Mrs. M. A. Livingstone 50	Mis. Dept. Iowa Con. 2 25
	Total.....\$65 25

Mrs. Amos Davis, Princeton, Ind., fruit.

MATERNITY.

Miss Rachel Weitzel... \$ 10	Mrs. Rachel Shane... \$2 00
H. A. Dike..... 10	Katie Ambrecht..... 10
Mrs. Anna Evans.... 10	Mrs. McMapen..... 10
Edith May Pangburn 25	Katherine Runk..... 10
Emma L. Runk..... 10	Elizabeth Runk..... 10
Mrs. Emma Runk... 10	Agnes Stewart..... 10
Mrs. J. Ternahan... 10	
	Total..... \$3 35

THE PRISONERS' FUND.

Mrs. M. M. Boger... \$ 25	Mrs. Wm. Dries.... \$1 00
Mrs. L. S. Drew.... 2 08	Mrs. Mary Daughette 10
A friend..... 25	A friend..... 25
A friend..... 25	Lenore Galloway... 50
Alice Goodman... 25	Lucy Goodwin..... 25
S. Heath..... 1 00	J. P. Hansen..... 7 75
F. M. Hills..... 1 00	Lars Hanson..... 20 00
L. S. Kinch..... 5 00	Mr & Mrs. Little... 10 00
Mrs. Livingstone... 75	J. N. Loughborough 2 23
Clarence Montgomery 50	Mrs. E. L. Merry... 75
D. W. Nichols..... 2 00	Mrs. C. M. Potter... 1 00
Herman Rust..... 25	Mrs. Rachel Shane... 1 00
W. D. Russell..... 26	H. W. Rose..... 45
Alice Rick..... 15	Mrs. M. J. Ross..... 50
Henry Riechelt... 75	J. C. Sorenson..... 50
Mrs. J. B. Spencer... 75	W. C. Vou..... 1 00
George Wagner.... 5 00	Mrs. N. J. Winston... 1 75
Mrs. M. H. Wilson... 25	Miss Rose Wart.... 1 00
Mrs. H. C. Zoerb... 75	
	Total.....\$70 51

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

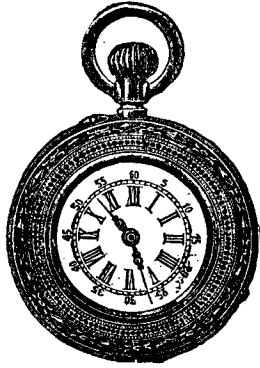
Mrs. A. C. Clawges... \$5 00	F. E. Endriss..... \$ 50
Mrs. L. J. Davies... 50	Mrs. Eliza Davies... 50
Clara Sorenson... 1 42	Anna Zoerb..... 25
	Total..... \$8 17

VISITING NURSES' FUND.

atic Zoerb.....	\$ 75
Grand total.....	\$133 07

PREMIUMS

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.

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