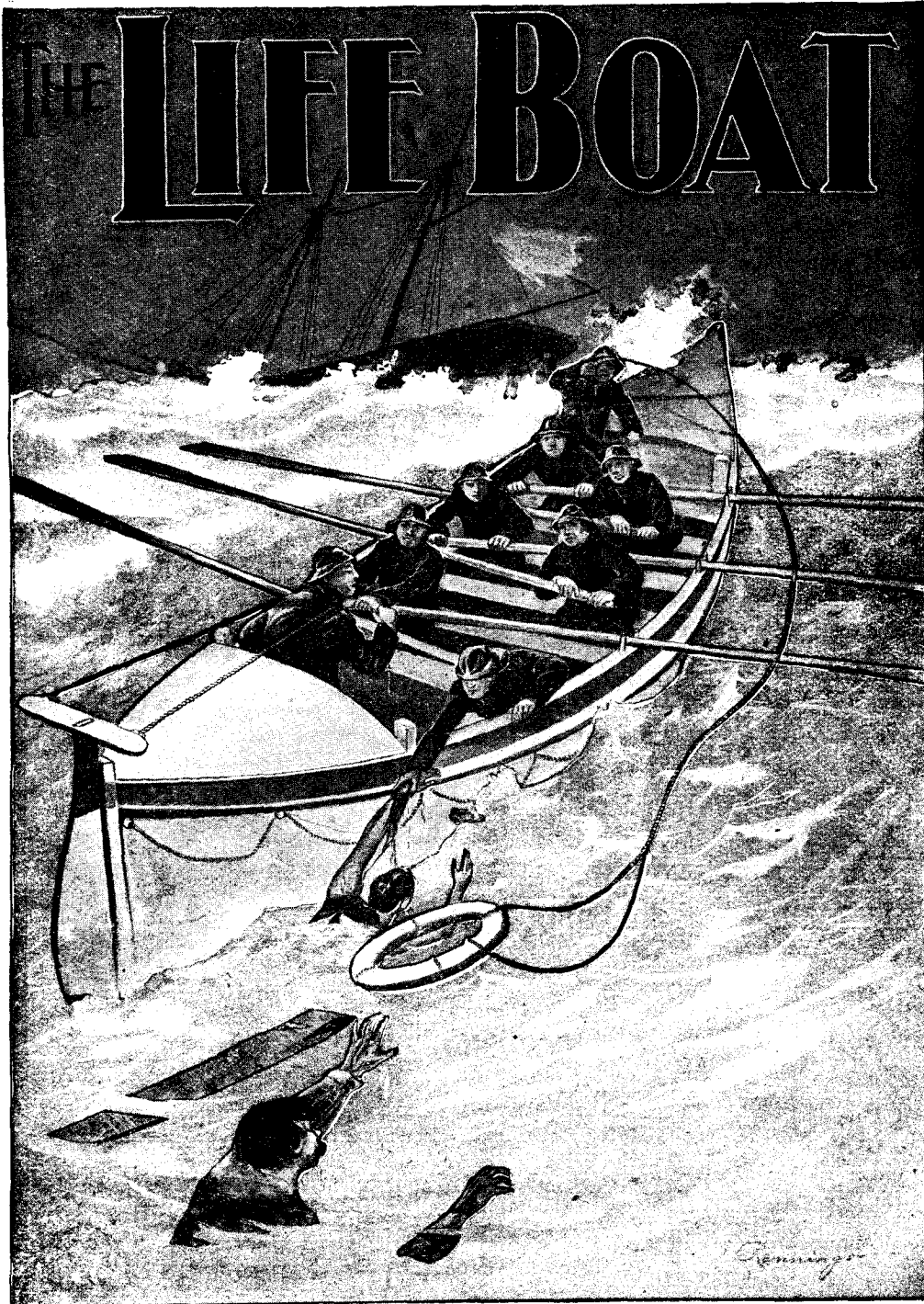


FOURTH ANNUAL PRISONERS' NUMBER

Published Monthly

April, 1902

Price Five Cents



Volume Five
Number Four

28 33d Place Chicago

25 Cents
A Year

The Good Health Adjustable Waist



THE GOOD HEALTH ADJUSTABLE WAIST has been developed in two styles, which are spoken of as—

The Short Waist
.... AND
The Long Waist

The Short Waist ends at the waist line. The Long Waist ends five inches below the waist line.

THE ADJUSTABLE FEATURES are A Shoulder Piece, which may be shortened or lengthened, and the Under-Arm Lacing.

Material.—The waists are made in two kinds of material; a good grade of sateen, and jean, a lighter weight twilled goods. Each quality is supplied in either white or drab. The black only in sateen.

Measurements. The bust, waist, and hip measurements (carefully taken) must be sent with order.

Sizes. The regular sizes are from 30 to 42, bust measure.

Prices. The waists will be sent, postpaid, at the following prices:—

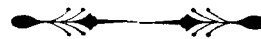
White and drab Sateen, size, 30 to 38 bust measure, -	\$1 75
Size 40 -	2 00
Size 42 -	2 25
Black sateen, size, 30 to 38,	-
40,	-
42,	-

Jean, 30 to 38 bust measure (not made in large sizes)..\$1 50
Write for circular with full information. Agents Wanted.



GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Dress Dept. Battle Creek, Mich.

Health Confectionery.



Food Candy,

Malt Honey Caramels.

Wholesome Sweets of
which all can eat as
much as they please
without ill effects.

SEND TEN CENTS FOR SAMPLES.

Sanitas Nut Food Co.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

“SHALL WE SLAY TO EAT?”

A LIVE BOOK ON A LIVE SUBJECT.

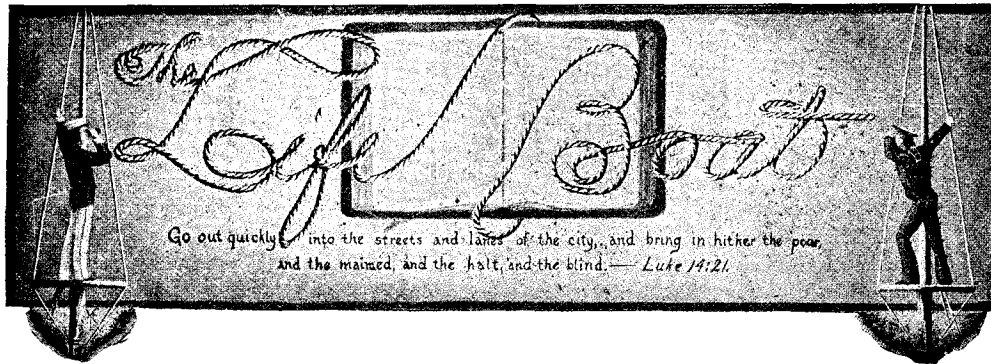
Discussing the question of flesh-eating in all its phases. The strongest defense of the natural or vegetarian dietary which has appeared.

PRICE, POST PAID

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Good Health Publishing Co.,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Volume 5

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1902

Number 4

Does this Happen by Chance?

DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

Supt. of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

THE stomach makes gastric juice, but how is it able without brain, intelligence, or reasoning faculties, to do more than we ourselves can do with our brains and mind? The stomach has the power to discern the kind of food that is eaten, and then makes a digestive juice that is exactly adapted to it. This juice is a new creation. It is a manifestation of creative power just as the creation of man originally was. So every time we digest a meal we are brought face to face with a miracle, just as if we saw a man created before our eyes.

Various kinds of food, as bread, beets, parsnips, turnips, nuts and fruits, all of various colors, are taken into the stomach, and becomes red blood, of one color and one character. This is as great a miracle as the turning of water into wine, and it requires the very same power; It cannot be done by an effort of the will. It would be as easy for you to transform the food on your plate into red blood, with a touch of your finger as it is for you to do it after it reaches your stomach. It is done by divine, not by human power.

There is no living person who is wise enough to explain how the stomach can digest a dinner and yet not digest itself. This gastric juice will digest even a live oyster, and yet the stomach is preserved intact. The same power that performs the miracle of digestion is at the same time performing another miracle of the very opposite kind in the preservation of the stomach.

The daily work of the heart is equivalent to lifting 124 tons a foot high. Do not imagine that the heart is simply a mechanism wound up like a seven-day clock, and that it keeps going from the motion that was originally given to it, for it beats fast or slow according to the needs of the body. When you run up stairs it may beat 120 times a minute; when lying down perhaps only sixty times a minute. Here is a clock that ticks according to the needs of the body, and you cannot control it by the will, even if you try. It would be a very dangerous thing if our hearts were under our own control. We are not wise enough to manage a heart; it has to be taken care of night and day. If you were managing it, when you fell asleep it would stop. Your hand may have ever so much cunning, but the moment you go to sleep it loses its cunning because it needs an *intelligent* will behind it. It is exactly so with the heart. It needs an intelligence and a will that never sleeps, to take care of it. So in every heart-beat there is evidence of divine power *within* the body, that can intelligently direct it. God dwells in the body. No man is so wise that he can tell why the heart beats if he eliminates God from his philosophy.

We breathe when we are awake, and keep right on breathing when we are asleep. Furthermore, it is utterly impossible for anybody to hold his breath till he dies. He might possibly hold it till he became unconscious, but the moment he became unconscious he would breathe again, because when he is unconscious, his will ceases to hold his breath. The will that commands your chest muscles to contract when the

body is in danger is a stronger will than yours. The human will often does things that are harmful to the body, but there is another will that is working on the side of the body, its interest, and is taking care of it, often even against our own will, for it knows better than we do how to take care of our bodies.

The liver is a sort of inspection station where all the food substances that go into the blood are inspected before they are passed on. And this work is carried on night and day, without a moment's rest. An organ that must conduct business in that way, must have wonderful recuperative powers. It is a self-sacrificing organ. To compensate a little for its service it is endowed with more vitality than almost any other organ of the body. A German scientist once opened a rabbit's abdomen, cut off a part of the liver, then closed the wound, and let it alone for several months. Then he opened it again, and found the other part grown on. He then cut off the other half, and later, upon opening the abdomen found that it had reproduced this half, so that rabbit had an entirely new liver. In the liver itself resides a power that can create livers, and this is the same power that made Adam in the first place.

Eight million blood cells die every second in our bodies, and there are eight millions created every second of our lives to take their places, and every one of these cells is a living organism. How can some people imagine that they can get along without God? We could not live a second without Him, for he is at work in our bodies creating continually, just as he created the first man who ever lived.

The temperature of the body must be regulated continually. When the temperature of the room falls five degrees, there has to be an adjustment of heat-making processes in the body. So this delicately-balanced adjustment of safety-valves and governors within the body is constantly operating. Is our will doing this? It takes place without our will. Sometimes even in opposition to our desires. There is something beyond the human will, caring for the body every moment. It is higher, greater, stronger and wiser than the human will.

You remember the old house where you were born; perhaps you see the sheds, trees, the barn, the haystack, and all the various things about the old farm-house—they are all in your mind just as distinctly as though you were looking at them. It is thought that when we can

recall a picture in our minds, the picture is actually reproduced in the eye when we think about it. But if you look into an eye you will see these pictures are all upside down. Examine the eye of a freshly killed ox and place an object in front of it and you will see the image of the object is upside down. Yet the brain sees it right side up. So we have something beyond ourselves to take this picture that is formed in the eye, and turn it right side up in the brain. There is an infinite and divine intelligence that enables us to see things right side up. We of ourselves are so constructed that we are very likely many times to see wrong side up, and we constantly need divine help to get things right side up in our minds.

One of the most wonderful things in the body we can possibly conceive of, is the so-called instincts of the body. For example, a "homing" pigeon taken five hundred miles out at sea, flies straight home when it is let loose. Put that pigeon asleep in a box, and shut it up; then take it out to sea six hundred miles, and when it is released it will go straight home. Put it under the influence of chloroform,—for such a thing even has been done,—and make it insensible, and then carry it out to sea, and still when it is let loose it goes straight up into the air, makes a great circle, and then makes a bee-line for home. Can you account for that? We cannot understand how the pigeon knows that it should go this way instead of that way. The instinct of the pigeon is God speaking to it, saying, "This is the way." What a comfort it is for us to know that this same voice *is speaking to us*, if we will hear. The pigeon is not a very intelligent bird, but it does what God *tells* it to do, and he leads it home. This "homing" instinct is *in every man* drawing him toward his true home. *Are you listening to it*, or are you trying to smother it? These instincts are all divine voices within us, and they prove that God is not a long way off from man, but dwells *within*, even though he is a *wandering* child. God stays with him, and follows him in all his wanderings. He said, "Ye have made me to serve with your sins." Even when a man is sinning, God still stays with him.

When man is abusing his body, God remains by him, and keeps working for him. He becomes our servant that we may become Godlike. Man could never have a character if he did not have *power* to do wrong as well as right; and God goes with him even in the wrong-doing. He allows man to use his power

for a cruel deed perhaps. He lets him use his voice perhaps to curse his Maker, and gives him the very breath that he needs to do it. But man is responsible. God does all this so that man can have a character.

Sometimes we get near enough to God so that we can think his thoughts, and then we think aright. Every true and right thought is a divine thought, no matter who thinks it; and the only way we are led astray is by the human will being set in operation to pervert ideas and construct them into wrong thoughts. When a man makes up his mind to do a thing, and is unable to do it, if he has done the best he can he need not sit down and be discouraged. God is such a good designer and planner that He can get a man where He wants him to be, and no power on earth or in heaven can hinder him. The devil is not out-witting the Lord most of the time, as some people think. The thing we need to do, is to have our brains "in tune with the Infinite," and then we can think God's thoughts all the time, and then our thoughts will be God's thoughts.

Let us be persuaded that God dwells within us, that our bodies are living temples, and let us surrender our temples to God, to be the Master of the house; then we will have no trouble in settling a thousand questions that come up. We will simply say, "What does God desire?" and that will be the *only* question for us to answer.

Can the Ex-Convict Rise Above the Past?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE way in which many regard the ex-convict whether he has thoroughly repented or not, or regardless of what his prison record has been is wholly unreasonable. A striking illustration of this has recently come to light in the case of Mr. Robert M. Wolf, president of the Wolf Shoe Co., Columbus, O. When a young man of seventeen, under peculiar and in many respects mitigating circumstances, he violated the law and was sentenced to prison for five years. By his good behavior he shortened his term, and had the one advantage that he had now acquired the shoe trade. Single handed and alone he began work at the shoemaker's bench. Later he entered a shoe factory. At every step he proved trustworthy until he finally secured control of the establishment.

But during all these years there were a few who had a knowledge of his old misfortune, and these were continually threatening to expose the history of his prison career before the public eye with the probable result of ruining his business prospects.

After satisfying himself that his record as a faithful and successful citizen would gain more for him in the public estimation than the public knowledge of the disgrace attached to his prison history could harm him, he voluntarily decided to personally make public this dark chapter in his experience; thus, forever, depriving a number of individuals of any hope of securing "hush" money from him to bribe them to keep secret what they knew in regard to his prison life.

A Word From Dick Lane.

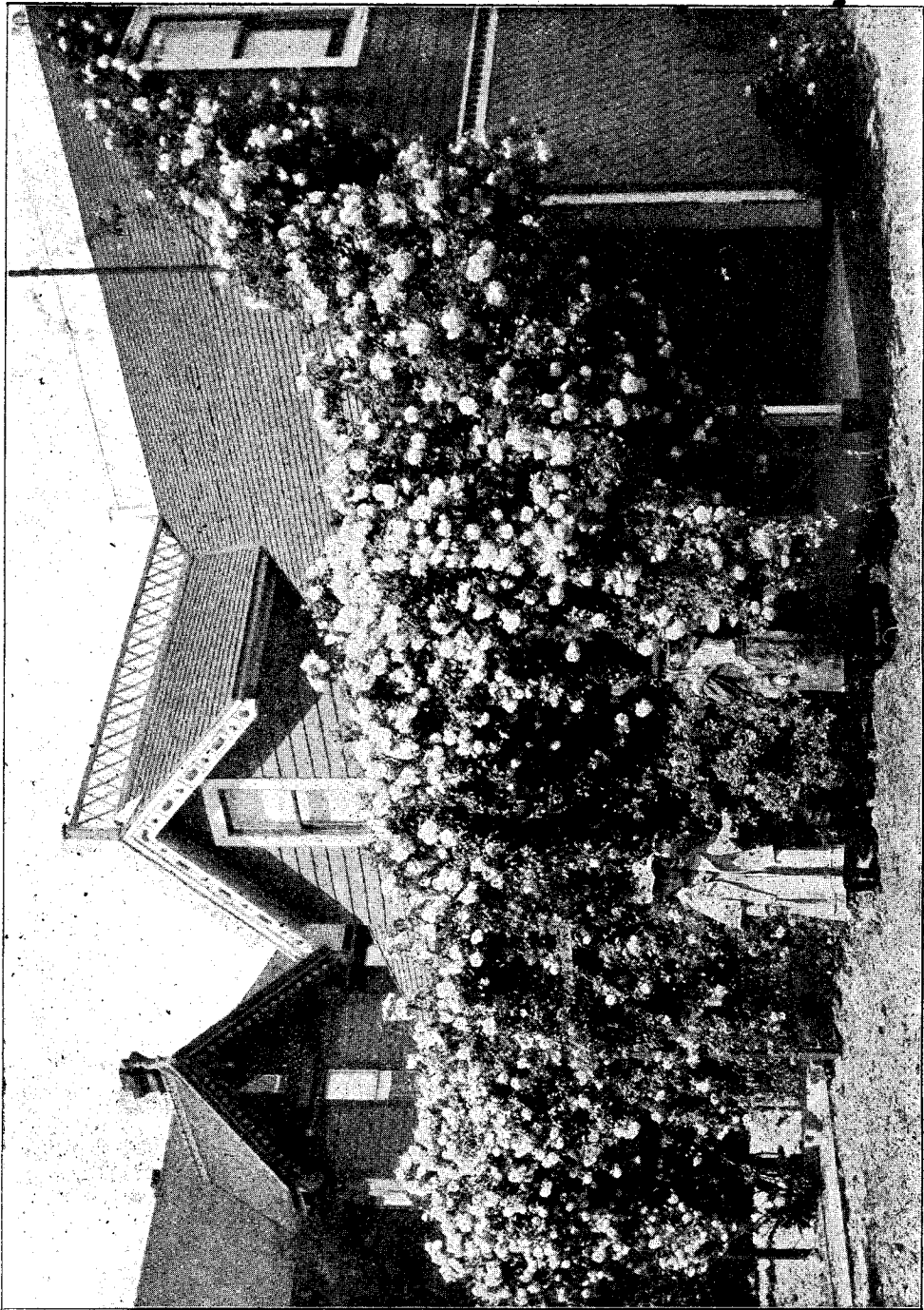
The majority of those who read this know something of Dick Lane's career. He spent forty years of his life as an expert criminal of national reputation. During this time he served time in seven different prisons; but when he left prison the last time he went to one of the leading business men in Chicago and said, "I am tired of the life I am living. I am disgusted with myself and I want you to furnish me a situation." The gentleman gave Dick Lane an opportunity, and he soon had a position of responsibility where, most any day, he could have carried away thousands of dollars, but the Lord had implanted honesty where dishonesty used to flourish. At our request he wrote the following for the Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT.—Editors.

March 22, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I told you in a previous Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT how I was converted, or rather, transformed from a life of sin and crime. It is six years and three months since this happened and it has been the sweetest six years of my life. I did not think it possible for a man who had lived a criminal life as long as I to ever be saved from it.

When I commenced this new life I had nothing behind me but a life of shame. Now time would fail me to tell you all that God has done for me. Then I had nothing. Now, I have a good wife, a pleasantly furnished home, and a position of trust; and I have several hundred dollars. When I came to God I had nothing, but now I am entrusted with thousands of dollars.

I am often asked if I am not afraid that I will go back into the old life. I answer, "No, God has kept me six years, and he will keep me until the end."—DICK LANE.



THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS

The Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers.

Southern California has long been known as the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers. Thousands of tourists flock to Los Angeles each winter in quest of health, and to enjoy the mild climate and admire the wonderful scenery in the immediate vicinity, and to feast their eyes upon the rich profusion of flowers and tropical plants to be seen on every side.

The accompanying cut is from a photograph of a home in Los Angeles, showing a mammoth rose-bush in front, fairly loaded down with beautiful roses. Although we do not all have the privilege of daily being brought in contact with such scenes of loveliness, we may all permit God to work such a constant miracle upon our lives, that we may finally live forever in a land that will far surpass in splendor, beauty and happiness, anything that we have caught a glimpse of upon this earth, marred and stained as it is, with the curse of sin.

Why should we be so shortsighted in our calculations that we should finally miss this much-to-be-desired existence?

"The Last Chance."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

IN the summer of 1864, a party of discouraged miners had spent an unsuccessful season in fruitless prospecting for gold. They camped in the gulch where the city of Helena, Montana, now stands, and determined as their *last chance* to once more dig for gold. They found it in abundance. Nearly fifty million dollars' worth of gold was taken out of this "Last Chance Gulch," for that became its name. This area now constitutes the main street of Helena, which is lined on either side with massive brick blocks.

This rich find almost immediately converted the valley into a populous mining center. It made Helena the capital of the state, and was responsible for a hundred other far-reaching results.

Suppose, the other day you had, as a *last chance*, performed one more kindly deed; spoken one more inspiring word to some disheartened associate; given another encouraging smile to some struggling human being; then perhaps the records of eternity would have a different showing in the Judgment Day.

Loving Ministry.

A. G. DANIELLS.

A MINISTER went on to a battlefield to talk the gospel to the wounded and dying. Finding a poor soldier half dead, he stooped down with open Bible, and said, "My good fellow, do you love the Lord?" The dying man looked into his face, and said with a faint voice, "I wish that my head could be raised out of this hole and placed on something soft." Not finding anything about the ground that was suitable for a pillow, he took off his overcoat and placed it under the poor man's head. Then a second time he stooped down with his Bible in hand, and asked the soldier if he loved the Lord. This time the response of the poor fellow was, "I wish I could have a drink of water; I am so thirsty." The preacher laid his Bible down, and went in search of water. When it was found, he brought it to the dying man, and placed it to his parched lips. This done, he picked up his Bible, and again asked the soldier if he loved the Lord. "I wish I could be covered," said the soldier, "I feel so chilly." No wrap could be found, so he took off his undercoat, and wrapped the man up the best he could. Coatless, the minister picked up his Bible, and bent low to again ask the soldier if he loved Jesus, but before he could speak, the dying man looked into his face with a smile and said, "Sir if there is anything in that book that will lead a man to do for another what you have done for me, please read it to me."

That man had preached the gospel to the dying soldier. He had preached it with a convincing, saving power; not by what he said, but by what he did for the man. And yet he had not supposed he was preaching the gospel. No, he thought that he must talk about it in order to preach it. The Lord knows that the gospel cannot be told in words alone, so he sends us to teach it by loving ministry.

When we remember that the gospel is Christ in us the hope of glory, and that the preaching of the gospel includes ministering Christ to others by loving service, then we shall understand that whoever would preach the gospel to the world must have Christ abiding in his heart. Such a one cannot help preaching the gospel. The gospel will be preached by his life. The great need of the hour is men and women in whom abides the living Christ.

Liberty for the Captive.

(Is. 61:1)

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

Wouldst thou have liberty, prisoner?
List, I proclaim to thee
Pardon—if thou wilt but claim it thine,—
Freedom eternally.

Know that the sigh of the prisoner
Came to our God of love,
And to release thee he sent his Son.
Down from the courts above.

Were but the bars of thy cell removed
Thou mightest e'en rejoice,
Yet couldst thou not 'mid the throng dispel
Thine own accusing voice.

Though in a dungeon cell with Him
Thou art at liberty;
Jesus alone can redeem from sin,
Jesus will set you free.

Then will earth's fetters no more afflict
Though in captivity,—
Thou art a "prisoner of hope,"
Saved for eternity.

The Prisoner's Friend.

A. T. JONEE.

ALL mankind were prisoners. They had been taken and enslaved by a merciless oppressor, who was determined that this imprisonment and this oppression should be perpetual, for of him it is written, that he "opened not the house of his prisoners," and that he would "not let his prisoners loose homewards." Thus he intended to hold them while they lived, and even when they died he shut them up in his prison cell, intending that there they should be held perpetually.

But God did not create man for such a destiny as that, and he pitied the prisoners in their bondage. It is true that these prisoners were in great measure responsible for their imprisonment. They had committed evil deeds which gave to the oppressor opportunity to make them prisoners and to exercise his cruel power over them. Yet, responsible as they were, guilty as they were, God "looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to *hear the groaning of the prisoner*; to loose those that are appointed to death." (Ps. 102:19, 26.) He determined that the "captives of the mighty" should be taken away and the prey of the terrible oppressor should be delivered.

God sent his only begotten Son, and that Son, who dwelt near to the heart of God, freely

came to this land of the enemy, of the oppressor, and of the forlorn prisoners. He came to meet the oppressor upon his own ground and in his own kingdom to break the power of the oppressor, to break every yoke, to deliver the prisoners and let the oppressed go free. He came proclaiming "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." He came to the prisoners just where they were. He submitted himself to the same trials as themselves, the same sufferings, the same temptations. He did this in order that he might know in truest experience the real nature of their bondage, and that so he might be a complete deliverer. So completely did he make himself one with these forlorn prisoners in their experiences, that he gave himself up to death, and allowed himself to be shut up in his prison cell by the oppressor who had the power of death. For, inasmuch, "as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

And so, though He was in the power of him that had the power of death, shut up in his prison cell, yet by his majestic power, He broke the bands of death, burst the prison cell and came forth triumphant, exclaiming, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of the grave and of death;" and leading at the same time from their prison cells "a multitude of captives."

Now there is this unfortunate circumstance that some of those who are already prisoners become yet further prisoners. A second imprisonment falls upon them, beyond the original imprisonment. Unfortunately there are thousands of these to-day, and to them this number of THE LIFE BOAT is especially addressed, confidently bearing a message of hope. For though those in this double imprisonment may be in great measure responsible, though they may have committed evil deeds, which has brought upon them this additional imprisonment; yet, when the merciful, pitying, sympathizing God looked down from heaven to hear the groaning of those prisoners who were imprisoned but once, how much more will he the same merciful, pitying, and sympathizing God, hear to-day the groaning of those prisoners who are doubly imprisoned; how much

more gladly will he deliver those who may be doubly appointed to death.

Every soul who has known the bitterness of the hard bondage and the cruelty of the imprisonment inflicted by the oppressor can sincerely sympathize, and does sincerely sympathize, with those who are in the bondage of a double imprisonment. And, of all things those who have known the bitterness of the hard bondage and the cruelty of the imprisonment of that terrible oppressor, and who know also the blessedness of the glorious *deliverance from all bondage*, that there is in the great Deliverer the perfect liberty with which Christ makes free—of all people *these* can sympathize with those who are doubly imprisoned, and can longingly hope that all who are thus doubly imprisoned, as well as those who are in prison at all, may know that blessed deliverance, that glorious liberty of those who are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. And all these can, in sincere sympathy, join in the prayer indited by the merciful God, the prisoner's truest friend: "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die." (Ps. 79:11.)

Can the Lord Save Hopeless Cases?

M. J. PRICHARD.

I was arrested when I was sixteen years of age for stealing, and was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for one year. Since then I have have been in prison twenty-six times in different states for different crimes. I drifted into Chicago the week before Christmas, and hung about the levee district, drinking vile whisky and alcohol that we call white line, and chewing stumps of cigars that we call snipes.

On Sunday I was given a ticket by some one to go to the Studebaker where Mr. Newell was preaching on the book of Romans. After the service I started to go out when a lady who sat next to me during the service asked me to sit down, as she wanted to talk to me. I didn't want to stop, as I was very shabby and unclean; and half demented from dissipation.

The night before that I was crossing the Madison Street bridge on my way to the free municipal lodging house; I was tempted to jump over and end the whole business, but I

was afraid to meet God. I knew that I would be lost and I was in no hurry to get there.

After this lady talked to me awhile, we knelt in prayer. I felt no different when I arose from my knees, but I had resolved to do better.

I had made the same resolutions many a time, and tried to keep sober, and live right. But each time I fell and became worse than before. The next night I went to the Life Boat Mission, and there I heard Tom Mackey speak, and was impressed by his talk. I then gave up trying and put my trust in God, and asked him to save me. I believed he would, and—praise his name—he has taken the desire of drink and tobacco and sin out of my life. I am happy in the knowledge that God loves me, and I love him. Praise his name forever and ever. Altogether I have been prison fourteen years. I don't know how many times I have been arrested and acquitted.

She Wants The Life Boat Sent Regularly.

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER:—It gives me great pleasure to write to you as I am a sister in Christ Jesus. I received one of THE LIFE BOAT books and read it through. It is one of the finest in this place. If you will send me one each month until I get out of here I will pay you for it. I have not got the money in here, but I think I will be paroled before long. If I get paroled I will write and tell you. I have two girls to go to if they will let me come home. I do want to live a true Christian life what little time I have to live. I have been here four years and eight months. I have been sick for the past three months, but if I could get out maybe I would get well. May the Lord's will, not ours, be done, and if I do not get out, I hope he will help me to do my part in here. MRS. — —

She Found Something Real.

One of our workers was talking with a young lady who comes to the Mission often. She said there was a time when she did not care for the Bible or meetings, but now she loved her Bible and liked to go to the Mission because she found the "real thing" there. Jesus says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Let us lift Him up more faithfully that men may look and live.

The Harmonious Life.

BROSE S. HORNE, M. D.,

State Prison Physician, Michigan City, Ind.

FOR the sake of convenience we divide the mind into two parts, namely: the objective and the subjective. The first is the one which we use in ordinary life; the last, the one which seems to have unlimited possibilities. Some have termed the latter the "all-powerful memory." Others call it the *soul*. No matter what we term it, we know that it exists. It is the purer self, the *conscience*. Were it not for this pilot we should certainly wreck ourselves upon the shoals of sin.

It has been said that a bad man is simply a good man gone wrong. We can see how true this is when we understand that deep down in the mind of the vilest sinner a spark of purity yet burns.

In our travels through life many of us neglect the most important part of our education, perhaps because our attention has not been directed to it and we often fail to listen to this inner voice.

When we look about us and see the great mass of people who are discontented, we cannot help but appreciate the great necessity for a change of the mental state. One cause, my friends, of the depraved condition of the mind is due to the absence of knowledge on the part of the average individual. He does not understand the process of controlling his mental machine.

Worry, anger and fear produce criminals, and they lower our physical and mental vitality and thus fill our asylums. We need but to eliminate these poisonous agents from our minds, to have everlasting peace and happiness.

There are people who have neglected themselves so far that anger takes possession of their minds at the slightest provocation,—in fact, after suffering a from a spell of worry, they apparently become angry at themselves and, while under this spell of madness, they give vent to their worst feelings by attacks upon other persons. How we all fear the man who permits personal malice to control and direct his actions!

Worry causes us to become old before our time, drains our vitality, makes us suspicious, miserable, and in the end robs us of that which we live for,—happiness. Violent emotions are

but the results of the thoughts we have manufactured in our mental laboratory. Mental influence is a wonderful thing; it can take the vilest character and produce a loving disposition.

What we need as individuals, is self education along the lines of mental culture. Discontent must be displaced by content. Anger and worry poison the mind and should be antidoted by love, charity, and content.

"Keep your conscience clear," is an old saying and a good one; and if followed, life becomes a pleasure, so that when we meet the storms of adversity we pass through safely.

We form our own world, and life is what we make it. Circumstances may place the pure-minded man in contact with the lowest forms of human life—yes, may even confine him amid the flames of a living hell, but despite all this, he is the victor; for by self culture he has schooled himself to be tolerant, and when in the hands of even a persecutor he commuer with his purer self and forgives and forgets.

It is the law of life that the truth shall have everlasting life. We need only to place ourselves in harmony with truth to have happiness. The man who permits worry to exist in his mind is robbing himself of the possibilities of a greater life.

We may suffer defeat for a time, but if we are right we shall win in the end. As one great man has said, "Because a thing is temporarily defeated is no indication that it must always stand defeated. Many things that are right are being condemned just now, but they must eventually triumph. The right is always the easiest way, and Nature asserts herself in this direction just about so often."

This is an age of reform. We are our "brother's keeper," but sometimes we do not appreciate that our happiness depends upon the help we give others.

In closing, permit me to ask you to eliminate from your mind these disease producing agents, anger and worry. The remedy is simple—just quit tolerating them. While they exist, both mental and physical growth are suspended. Without them, no matter what your past life has been, you will become a moral man, a useful citizen. You will live for those who love you, and down deep in your soul you will constantly feel the presence of the One, who, when on this earth, was the personification of true mental culture,—that loving Character who died for us, but *lives* for us now—Jesus of Nazareth.

Lend a Helping Hand.

MRS. E. J. POPPLEWELL.

The Jericho road is beset with snares
Of robbers and thieves to-day.
There are priests and Levites in saintly attire
Who formally sing and pray.

There are lonely travelers along this road,
With no money to pay their fare.
Their good name taken, friends fled and gone;
Their hearts heavy-burdened with care.

The priest passes by with a look of disdain;
"He has spent his money for naught.
Why should we try to lessen his pain?
He's a miserable drunken sot."

The Levite must have a chance to do good,
So he too goes by to see
This object of pity without clothes or food;
But *he passes by* with the plea,

"'Tis wasting our time to feed and to clothe
And work for such people as these.
There are nobler ones waiting our message to hear,
And for them we can labor with ease."

O ye Levites and priests, Jesus traveled this road;
He sought you all bleeding and sore.
He bids you help carry a worn brother's load—
It will lighten your own, I am sure.

Go give a kind word and a shake of the hand,
'Twill help them along the rough way;
For hearts are bleeding and souls wounded sore
On the Jericho road to-day.

Sunday Morning Service at the San Francisco Jail.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It was recently my privilege to attend the monthly Sunday service which our San Francisco workers conduct at the County Jail. Spirited gospel songs were sung while the prisoners filed into the chapel. I was glad to be able to assure these men that the same God that so often brings up a physical wreck from the very brink of the grave is as willing to take a shattered character, and though its rare beauty may be forever marred, yet He will so far restore it that it may become strong for true service.

A growing plant rises *upward* in spite of the law of gravitation which is constantly pulling it down. So we may develop a beautiful character in spite of the unfavorable surroundings which tend to drag us down.

Each worker spoke some encouraging words and we then had a few words of earnest prayer. Copies of the LIFE BOAT and other suitable literature were handed out, and eagerly received. We then shook hands with this company of needy men, one of whom told me that

he had been sick for several weeks in our Chicago Medical Mission wards. After this service our lady workers went to the Women's Department of the prison, and held a meeting with them.

As we stepped out into the balmy sunshine which is so characteristic of California, we felt thankful that we had been able to improve an opportunity to help in this small way our fellowmen who have been so unfortunate. The thought came to us more strongly than ever, if, instead of being brought up in a Christian home and learning to pray almost in our infancy, we had had no better opportunities than many of these men have had, and if these men had enjoyed the opportunities we have had, what might have been the difference. The Lord alone knows.

A Prisoner's Appreciation of the Life Boat.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am glad to tell you that I received the literature all right, and was very glad to get it. I tell you THE LIFE BOAT is just the thing to read when a man wants to find out just where he stands. The way I do with them; I read them and then give them to some fellow. When he reads them I get them back again and give them to some one else. That way, you see, I keep them going as long as I can get any one to read them.

I suppose some people think this is a poor place for a man to try to perform the duties of a missionary, but I tell you it is the best kind of a field on earth for that kind of work. If things go on here the way they have started I do not think my work is going to be all in vain. I want you to pray for me that I may live so that my brother-convicts may see that iron bars cannot keep Christ away from a willing heart. I wish the Life Boat Mission God's help, and I pray for you every night.

When you can conveniently do so, I wish you would send me some more of THE LIFE BOATS, for I tell you, you do not know how the boys appreciate them and with your prayers and God's help, I will do all the good here with them that I can. I enjoy this kind of work and I know there is a great harvest to be gathered here.

Trusting that the blessings of God may rest on all THE LIFE BOAT people, and that they will remember me in their prayers, I will close. God be with you and help you all is my prayer.

In Harmony with God.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

SUPPOSE a father, an old, experienced sailor, takes his boy out on the ocean for the purpose of teaching him to become a sailor. He says to him: "My son, take the helm; I will hold the tiller rope and watch the sails, but you hold the helm." Why does he do this? Because he knows that the boy, in order to become a proficient sailer, must feel that he has absolute control, himself; he can never become a good sailor as long as he is simply a passenger; and so the father lets him steer the ship along.

Perhaps the boy gets into trouble. He has started to London, but the father observes that he is persistently steering in the opposite direction, and so he begins to manipulate the sails so that the boat will be turned aright; for it is possible to manage the sails of a boat so as to finally guide it in right in spite of mistakes in the steering. But as the father does this, the boat rocks backwards and forwards, heaves up and down, and dips water, and the boy perhaps becomes greatly frightened because of the apparent imminent danger of drowning; but the father is watching all the time, and as the boy really wants to go to London, he sees that he does not get overwhelmed.

It is just so with us. If we were simply passengers and God took control of everything, we could never be free moral agents; we could never get character. God gives us sufficient control to enable us to develop character, *but he is all the time standing by*. Even in our troubles he is with us, and in these we are given an opportunity to develop character. We do not need to have somebody that is very, very good pray for us and *persuade* God to be favorable to us, for he is no "respector of persons;" and he is in each of us—with us constantly. Man is the "temple of the living God," (2 Cor. 6:16) and God is in the temple, anxious to do for us all we will let him.

The man whose attitude of mind is that of willingness to surrender his will to the Divine will, willingness to let God do for his voice and arm just what he does for his heart and lungs, willingness to let God to control all his plans as He controls his digestion; in short the man whose will is in harmony with God's will so that in spite of his human inclinations and desires he

will steer his craft as God wants him to, such a man dwells in God's "secret place," in the place of communion with God; (91st Psalm) and the storms may rage, and the winds blow, and there may be troubles of various kinds, but they only serve to send the boat along faster in the right direction.

Can the Lord Help.

*H. L. HENDERSON.

Chaplain of the Indiana State Prison.

EVERY Sunday morning for several years, it has been my privilege to look into the faces of nearly a thousand men who have made more or less of a failure in life. I have learned to love these men and it was not a hard lesson either. I have learned that no man wants to make a failure of life. We all want to be on the winning side. When we look back over years that have been spent in sin we are not satisfied with them. We are reaching out trying to get something more substantial.

An old woman said to us when we were in the war in Porto Rico, "I am glad that you have come. All these years I have been praying that some one would come and make life easier for us." The Lord Jesus Christ is standing by ready to make life easier for each one of us if we will only let him into our hearts and love him and trust him.

What is it that stands between you and God? Is it a besetting sin? Don't look at it; for God says, "I will blot it out, and remember it against you no more forever." Is it a lack of ability? He will not fail you in any circumstances. Is it that you are ashamed to confess Him? I do not believe it is that. I rather believe it is the fact that you do not know God. *Any man who knows* God will love him and serve him.

The difficulty with us is that we limit the power of God; we never want to hear of God except when a time of trouble comes, and then there is the cry, "Oh, Lord, save us!"

If I had a thousand tongues with which to speak, I could only tell of this Jesus Christ, whose mercy toward you is as boundless as the sea if you will only avail yourself of it, and whose power is *your* power if you will but command it

*Extract from an address given at the Life Boat Mission. Chicago Oct. 4, 1901.

Jail and Prison Work in San Francisco.

MRS. W. S. SADLER.

AT 9 o'clock one Sunday morning, eight of the workers arrived at the Branch No. 3 of the County, Jail, just outside the city of San Francisco. This little company went to conduct a service for the prisoners. After meeting the officials, we were at once shown to the chapel, and began the service by singing. In the meantime, the prisoners from the different wards filed in, in sections. Among them we recognized a few familiar faces that we had met before in the Life Boat Mission in Chicago. The prisoners heartily joined in the singing of a number of songs after which a short prayer was offered, and then Mr. Sadler told them how God had wonderfully helped men in the same condition that they were in, during his experience in Chicago. In particular he told of the way in which God had especially blessed one poor fellow. He had recently come from a similar institution and had obtained positions, but each time he had been asked to leave on account of being an ex-convict. Finally, however, he went and told his story to a friend, who helped him to find a position, and also gave him a letter of introduction; and the result was that he not only held his position a year and more, but also won the respect and good will of his employer. He afterwards gave his heart to the Lord, and to-day is enjoying a bright experience.

The talk was short, and the men enjoyed it because it was the story of the success of a man who had once been in a place like the one they were in then. With the thought fresh in their minds, of what Jesus did for this man, one of the workers arose and asked them if they would not like to become better acquainted with the same Jesus? Fifteen or twenty men came forward for prayer, and the first to leave his seat was one whom we had met before in the Life Boat Mission in Chicago, and he was well acquainted with THE LIFE BOAT paper. It was not the first time he had heard the gospel, and we pray God that the seed sown that morning may sink deeper into his heart and take root.

After a few individual talks by the workers with the prisoners, in which appeals were personally made to the men to accept the Saviour, we bade them good-by, and at once left for the woman's ward, which occupies a separate building about a hundred yards away.

The matron met us at the door, and told us

that they were all ready and waiting for us. The entire party went in and sang a number of beautiful selections, the keynote of which was Christ's love for the sinner. We noticed that one of the inmates had a beautiful alto voice, so we invited her to sing a duet with one of our lady workers, and this she appeared to enjoy very much.

After prayer had been offered, the gentlemen retired, and we who were left had personal talks with the girls, and out of twenty-five, all but two raised their hands for prayer. Each worker took two or three and personally talked with them about their troubles, sorrows, and heart-aches and it was a happy scene to look into their faces and behind their present woes, catch a glimpse of a gleam of hope shining through their sad countenances.

As we turned to leave, they followed as far as circumstances would permit, entreating us again and again not to forget them, but to visit them again. Several of the girls sent messages to their outside friends, and after assuring them that we would return, we left the institution. We had asked the Lord, before leaving home, to especially bless us that morning, and as we stood witnessing for him, He not only permitted us to be the channels through which God's blessing flowed to these poor captives, but our own souls were greatly refreshed and each of us felt that we had come into closer contact with the Saviour of those who seek salvation.

Dear friends, would not you like to share the joy of thus carrying the glorious news of Him who came to bring liberty to the captive? If you would, you may. How? By visiting the jail or work-house near you in your own locality. Although there may be but one prisoner, visit him or her, and your call will be appreciated; and if discretion is observed during a visit to such an institution, in all probability it will happen in many instances that you will have the privilege extended to you of going there again.

You may never come to be regarded as an educated man, a great public speaker, a wonderful physician, or a noted writer, but God is willing to so flood your life with the life of Christ that you will have something that will prove a blessing to your associates.



MINNEHAHA FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

Minnehaha Falls.

This charming bit of picturesque scenery is one of the most celebrated natural curiosities of the Northwest.

A thin sheet of water plunges over a cliff and then rushes down through one of the most delightful glens imaginable. Let us ever bear in mind, that the same master Artist which produced this lovely scene is constantly at work upon our lives, anxious to produce characters equally grand and beautiful if we will only give him the opportunity.

How An Ex-Convict Was Led to the Saviour.

T. F. MACKEY.

SOMETIME ago a man came into the Life Boat Mission, who, although only twenty-seven years of age, had gone very low in sin. He had served a year or so in the Bridewell, a four years' and a half sentence in one state prison, and a short time in another.

This young man, having just been discharged, was walking along State street in an intoxicated, miserable condition. He was met by a girl passing along the street in nurses' uniform. This girl was from Battle Creek, and happening to pass through Chicago thought she would utilize the few hours between trains in distributing mission cards. She handed this poor fellow one. On one end was a Scripture text, and on the face of the card was printed, "You are invited to the Life Boat Mission, 436 State street." He jeered and laughed in derision for a moment, but anyway he came to the Mission, and while there heard the testimony of a redeemed thief.

He was so impressed that at the end of the service he raised his hand for prayer. A young physician who was studying here and who had come to the Mission after a hard days' work, went to him and after praying with him he took him to the Workingmen's Home and spent the greater part of the night caring for him. The poor fellow was in a pitiful condition, his stomach all out of order, brain on fire, but the young doctor worked hard for him, giving him baths and medical attention, and then saw him safe

in bed. The next morning he was at his bedside to pray with him and talk with him, and that man gave his heart to God.

It cost something to bring that man to Christ. But then, after all, what is this compared with the golden opportunity of saving a human soul? What is it compared with what it cost heaven to save us? It cost the precious blood of Jesus, the best gift of heaven. How empty heaven must have been when Jesus came to this sinful world and walked the path that led to Calvary! Friends, you who have been bought with a price, don't stop telling it. Let some unfortunate one, that perchance knows nothing about the love of Christ, hear the old, old story of redeeming love, "For it is the power of God unto salvation."

The Battle Creek Sanitarium Fire and The Chicago Mission.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE nurses and other workers connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium have, for several years helped to support the visiting nurses' work, have assisted in maintaining a dispensary ward, and have helped to defray other expenses connected with our Chicago work. The fire which recently destroyed this noble institution led all the workers connected with it to voluntarily sacrifice their wages until the institution can be rebuilt. This cuts off this source of financial assistance, and we appeal to our friends everywhere to assist us in maintaining the work we are doing for suffering humanity in this needy city. We trust that some of our wealthy friends will send us liberal donations, and that others will not forget that even the smallest sum is acceptable. As you are reading this ask the Lord if he would have you to respond to this call.

If we place the smallest object under a microscope we will find in it the same perfection that we find in the stars. The Lord is looking after the minutiae of creation. The smallest things in our lives do not escape his notice any more than the great things. If he cannot help me in life's little daily duties, he cannot help me save a soul.

For 25cts. you can receive The Life Boat for a year. Why not Suscribe?

Rescue Work in Police Stations.

BY FANNIE EMMEL.

The police station work is one phase of the work we are seeking to do, and in this we are assisted by other gospel workers of the Chicago Medical Mission. We always open our services at the police stations by singing, giving the prisoners an opportunity to make their own choice of hymns if they desire to do so. Their selections are usually among familiar hymns, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Alas and Did My Savior Bleed," "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and many of the other dear old songs that perhaps a Christian mother has sung in their childhood. Then we have a short season of prayer with them, and how many times their hearts are softened and the tears flow down their cheeks.

While some of the workers carry the service to other parts of the building, others remain behind to do personal work with the prisoners. After all, there is nothing like personal work; life coming in touch with life, heart with heart, exchanging experiences, comforting them "by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." There is nothing that comes so close to the hearts of others as to let them hear what God has done for you personally.

God has honored this work at the police station. At every service we have the privilege of seeing sinners turn to Christ, and those who are helped by our efforts there come to the Life Boat Mission after their release and tell what the Lord has done for them.

We have found in our rescue work here that there is not a heart, however sinful, but loves to be loved, and it seems that they are hungering for a love that is deep and broad. Parents do not begin to realize their responsibility if they do not show their children that they love them however far away they may go. If they do not give them an object lesson of the deep and unselfish love of Christ, the devil will send along a counterfeit that will seek to beguile them into the ways of sin and iniquity.

We, in our work in this wicked city, have a wonderful opportunity to serve God and humanity; but you, if you are good children of the Lord, have just as great an opportunity in your own community. When the disciples were called for service, they *began* at Jerusalem, It is a great deal better to spend a few weeks or months in seeking to save a member of your own family, or perhaps some of your friends,

from going to destruction, than it is for some one to have to go to the prison or to South Clark street and rescue them because you have neglected to do your duty.

A Source of Encouragement.

DEAR FRIEND: With pleasure I write you these few lines. I have read one of THE LIFE BOAT papers since I have been in here, and I think it is the best little paper I ever read. I think the Prisoner's number is a great help to a man that has fallen by the wayside. I have been here since March 9, 1901, and my time expires June 4, 1903. I would be very much pleased to hear from you Christian people. There are three other men in the cell with me, and they are very much pleased with THE LIFE BOAT. I have not the means to subscribe, and I would thank you very much if you would send me the next number.

I had a dear loving mother, but she died two years ago in Chicago. We lived on the West Side and after she died I became a total wreck. I am in my twenty-third year and with God's help I intend to be a different man. I have been in your little mission on State street several times and I enjoyed the meetings very much, and I pray that God will help you all in your grand work, and when your time comes to leave this earth may He reward you in that heavenly kingdom. I will close by asking the prayers of you good, Christian people.

Yours in Christ,

Harrison Street Police Station.

J EDGAR COLLORAN.

HARRISON Street Police Station in Chicago is to the West what the Tombs in New York City is to the East, and perhaps no one police station excepting The Tombs cares for so many criminals as does this.

For over a year it has been the writer's privilege to make weekly visits to the Station House, with other workers from the Chicago Medical Mission, to talk, sing and pray with the inmates. We have had many interesting experiences. Frequently at the Life Boat Mission we hear the testimonies of those who

have received the gospel while in the Harrison Street Police Station.

From six to twenty raise their hands every Sunday, indicating a desire in their hearts to do better. God, alone, knows the hearts of these men and women and will surely help the honest seeker. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." A seeking Jesus and a seeking sinner will soon meet and something will happen to cause rejoicing in heaven.

Probably some of the reader of this number of the Life Boat will remember the little band of workers who talked and prayed with them. Maybe you raised your hand for prayer. If so, God heard and has answered. The prayer of the publican was, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and the record tells us that he "went down to his house justified." We are still praying for you and trust that God may do a lasting work.

The Deliverance of a Tobacco Slave.

A. G. DANIELLS.

THE grandest experience that can ever come to men in this life is to be set free from the slavery of evil habits and give up everything that holds them down.

When I was in New Zealand I met a man who had been an officer of the British army in India. He was told by physicians that he must give up whisky and tobacco. He attended the first series of meetings that I held. I was talking one night about the power of Jesus Christ to deliver from sinful habits. I said, "If there is any man here who is a slave to tobacco he can find deliverance in Christ." That man went home feeling that he would like to find the Deliverer. He had never been able to give up the tobacco habit. But, after hearing the subject presented in that light, he went home determined to find deliverance. Instead of going to the smoking room he went to his bedroom and prayed to God most earnestly: "I ask you to deliver me tonight." And God did set him free from that slavery the minute that he made the request. He went out into the room with the others, but did not smoke. His wife said, "Are you not going to smoke before going to bed?" He said he did not care to. The next morning he felt no desire to take his pipe for his accus-

tomed smoke. He had a plug of tobacco in his pocket, but he went all day without touching it. His wife said to him, "Why, father, are you not going to smoke?" He told her that his appetite for tobacco had been taken away. He carried that tobacco in his pocket two weeks and never wanted it at all. He finally took his stock of tobacco back to the grocer and said that he wanted to trade it for soap.

Though he belonged to a proud English family, yet for over ten years he and his wife have been telling thousands of people what God has done for him.

At the Harrison Street Police Station.

J. F. BLY.

WHILE doing personal work with prisoners at the Police Station one morning, five men gave me their names and signified their desire that the people at the Life Boat Mission pray for them. These men were criminals, but they wanted us to remember them in our prayers to God. One of them had held up a man and robbed him of all that he had, another had beaten a man senseless, and another was guilty of burglary. Some who expected to be sentenced to prison asked that the Christian people of the Life Boat Mission remember them in their prayers during their sentence. One expressed a desire to come to us after his release from prison, and was anxious that some of our workers ascertain the length of his sentence, pray for him, and then befriend him when he had regained his freedom.

Sometimes it seems that the only way to keep a man a Christian is to be telling him all the time that if he does not do right he will be lost. This should not be. In some cases it may be all right; it is part of the alphabet sometimes; but it is time for us to be doing right *because it is right*. We should have a higher motive for serving God than simply our own selfish interests.

The hands of a clock are always to be seen; the wheels are seen but seldom. Each is a part of the clock. Some of us are brought face to face with the public; others work silently in comparative seclusion, but all are alike a part of God's plan, and each has his part to perform in keeping the work going.

Thoughts for a Quiet Hour.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

God will make grow in our lives everything desirable that we will plant and water.

Do a thing when you know it is right whether you feel like it or not. That is walking by faith.

If God has let us pass through fiery trials it is because there is dross in us to be consumed.

One day in heaven with its flood of glory and peace will pay for all life's little troubles here below.

God does not leave a man; he stays right by him, but the man does not always recognize his presence.

The people who are doing the most for others are those who are finding sweet and precious things in the Bible.

This world is a school; the graduation is over on the other shore. Let us learn each lesson as it comes to us.

If a man falls down seventy times seven, if he has a disposition to get up again, he will be saved in the kingdom of God.

The self-sufficient worker may seem to be moving the world, but it is the humble, praying worker that moves heaven.

Circumstances can only bring out of us what is already in us. You cannot draw water from a well if there is no water there.

Begin each day with prayer, and do not let a day pass without doing some active soul-saving work whether you feel like it or not.

God is in the saving business. He desires to carry every one of us through, but he cannot save us against our wills.

God is able to save to the uttermost. The Lord has no favorites. He did not love Daniel, who was "greatly beloved," any better than he loves us.

The best way to help a careless and indifferent sinner is for you to be neither careless nor indifferent in dealing with him.

Trouble is an effectual remedy, and when everything else fails, sometimes the Lord has to apply this remedy in order to save us.

Our Father looks after his children, and being infinite he can look after the smallest things as well as the greatest things connected with our lives.

We can never do a great work unless we put into it a part of our lives. Extract of soul must be mingled with every work that is to go into eternity.

If God has put into your soul a desire to work for humanity, remember he will help you to carry out this desire, for God never trifles with a man.

Let us search for the simple truths that God wants us to know, and having found them, let us cherish them forever.

The very difficulties which we daily encounter, if patiently borne, help us to become so well qualified, so well trained, that we will be better able to work for the Master.

If God can make a beautiful flower out of a handful of black earth, he can take our useless lives and so transform them that they shall become beautiful and helpful. It is the same process exactly.

Religious meetings are not simply for the purpose of stirring up emotion, but they are places where God reaches human hearts so that they may make decisions for eternity.

The Lord is giving us just the experiences that will best fit us for that which the future will bring. Let us accept and make the best of what he sends us.

I have known people who have had trouble for ten years simply because God has been trying to do for them what he could have done in ten minutes if they had only been willing.

We pass over this road just once. There is a tremendous significance in the thought that these days that are now passing, each one laden with infinite possibilities, will *never return*.

Much fruit is yet to be borne in our lives. There is unoccupied territory, and if we do not let the Lord plant something there the devil will. Let us throw open the chambers of our heart to the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

If we can only learn that every circumstance that arises, God permits for our good, then life will be more settled. We can live a day at a time, and strive to make some one better for our having lived that day.

Suppose you go to a person who has jaundice and say, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for looking so yellow." That would be a cruel thing to do, but haven't you seen people treat those who had spiritual jaundice in just that way?

Patients have to take treatment whether they feel like it or not, and it is just the same with our souls. If we allow ourselves to drift along where it seems the most pleasant we will never become staunch soul-savers.

After Elijah had brought down fire from heaven he had the darkest and most discouraging hour of his history. If, after God enables you to make a master-stroke, it is followed by a dark hour of depression, remember Elijah's experience.

God never sends us trouble but that he first sends us some truth that would have saved us from the trouble if we had only accepted it. But failure to appropriate truth always results in loss. Beware how you neglect your opportunities.

It is better to know that the Lord has helped us to say something that has made some human soul happier and better, and that will stay with him throughout all eternity, than it would be to possess unlimited wealth without this knowledge.

The gift of a cup of cold water, if prompted by a true desire to help humanity, is just as acceptable in God's sight as the gift of a prophet. Just to the extent that we *are willing* to serve in the humblest capacity we are preparing to do a great work for God.

Sometimes we are greatly disappointed when our carefully laid plans miscarry, but when we reach the other shore we shall see that the only plans which were frustrated were those that, had they been carried out, would only have harmed us. The closer our relation to God, the nearer will be our plans to the Divine plan.

If it were not for the dominating sin that has warped us out of shape we would have heaven here and now; but just as a piece of timber has to be soaked and put under pressure before it is ready to be used as a spoke in a wheel, so we all have to pass through some trying experiences before we are ready for heaven. There is a great deal of creaking and groaning in the straightening-out process: but is all for our benefit and is just as much God's working in our behalf as when he gives us of the water of life on the other shore.

He Heard the Gospel at the Police Station.

E. B. VAN DORN.

THE following letter was written by a man who some time ago was arrested and taken to the Harrison Street Police Station. Here he and his wife, who was with him, heard the gospel message, believed and asked the Lord to help them to live a different life, and they began to practice right there. They cleared up the differences between themselves and refusing to be let out on bail, they served a ten-days' sentence in the city Work House. When they came out he was met by his old friends who offered to lend him money; but he said, "Thanks be to the Lord Jesus Christ, I am a free man, and though I go with bread and water, I am going to do what is right." Three weeks have gone by, and the wife says, "I see that you are a different man, I thought that you would fool me as you did before."

They are on the way, and Jesus has said that he will guide them with his eye.

"DEAR BROTHERS IN SIN:—I write the story of my life because I love you, and because the Lord Jesus Christ loves you and me, and wants to save us every one. The Lord Jesus Christ has saved me, and I know that he is willing to save you. Now I have peace and happiness, and if the richest man in this world would give me any amount of money, I would not be happier than I am now; and if the Lord Jesus Christ has given happiness to me, why, he will not refuse the same to you, dear brother, if you will only go to him with open heart and beg for his forgiveness.

I was born in eastern Russia, and of Russian Catholic parents. Six years ago, at the age of eighteen, I came to this free and beautiful country, leaving in Russia my father and mother in tears because their only and beloved son was leaving. Before departing for this country I promised my parents to send help and to notify by letter about my health etc. But I never wrote and my parents do not know whether I am alive or dead. I met good friends during the first two months I was here, but one day one of my friends took me to a saloon in Chicago where I got acquainted with drunkenness. I had about five hundred dollars in currency, and my friend had brought me to Chicago so I could enjoy myself. I led a wicked life for a number of years. Every cent of my earnings (sixteen to

eighteen dollars a week) I spent on amusements. I was intoxicated every day, and at night I always went straight from my work to places of amusement and wickedness.

One morning when I was at my work perfectly drunk like a beast, one of my friends told me that he had dreamed that I fell from a three-story frame house and got my foot crushed and three ribs broken; and he said, "Willie, pray to God and beg his forgiveness, and go home and quit everything that is not good." But I cursed and swore because I didn't care for anything good but was a servant of the evil one.

After my friend left me I climbed upon the ladder to the third story of a building and after three or four hours' work, painting, I fell to the ground and got my foot crushed and three ribs broken. Then I prayed and cried to God to save my life. The ambulance came and took me to the hospital where my foot was amputated. At the time of my accident I had been married only a few weeks but my wife never knew where I was at night, but she was still loving me and she treated me very good. When I left the hospital I was very weak and was homeless, penniless and without support, and I didn't know what to do for a living. After awhile I sold newspapers on the street and my wife worked for board and room, and I saved a few dollars every week to get an artificial limb. When I had paid for it I had left only a few dollars, but I was so happy that I forgot everything, and we went to see our friends one Saturday night and I got drunk, and when we came back to our room we could not get in. Then a police officer came by and took us both into custody and landed us at the Harrison Street Police Station. The next morning (Sunday) I was sick and some missionary workers came to the station to have gospel meeting with the prisoners. After a while one of the workers came near the cell where I was and passed his hand between the bars and said "God bless you, brother." At that time my heart was as the hardest rock, but after a few words of conversation I got a very good feeling in my heart, and when he asked me to pray and beg of our Lord Jesus Christ forgiveness, I did so. I believe God sent that police officer to rescue me and my wife from sin in which we were shackled as in irons. From the police station I was sent with my wife for ten days to the House of Correction. When we left that

place I came straight to the Life Boat Mission to attend the praise meeting, and I feel to-day that I am the happiest and wealthiest man on the face of the globe. So, brothers, come to Jesus. He will do you good. I beg you, every one, to give your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have a great hope that you will be so happy as I am. Most every hour I ask the Lord Jesus Christ to bring us away from sin that we may be his good children so long as we live in this world."

Only Twenty-four!

Feb. 26, 1902

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your kind and most welcome letter and was truly glad to hear from you. I will let you, yourself, guess my joy at making a correspondent when I tell you that you are the only one that I have. I really believe that I haven't a friend in the whole wide world. Even my own people have turned me down since I got into trouble. I have not received a single letter from any of them. I know that I have not been the fellow that I had ought to have been, neither have I been such a one as my parents taught me to be; but I can truthfully say that this is the first and only trouble that I was ever in, and I believe truly by the help of God, that it will be the last. Just to think that the whole world has turned its back on me and I cannot hear from one of my people! I cannot tell whether they are sick or well, dead or living. I tell you at times it makes a man study to tell whether life is worth living. But I guess it is worth living or my heavenly Father would take it away. My sentence expires next September. I do not know where I will go when the time comes, but I want to go somewhere and go to work, for I am sure that I do not want any more of this place. I have always worked and this is the first time that I have ever been arrested. Whisky was the cause of it all. But I am still a young man, only twenty-four years old, so you see I can build up; but I expect in the eyes of the world I will always remain an ex-convict. But I have a clean heart. I got religion almost two years ago in the ——— jail before I came here, and by the grace of God, I will always have it. Our chaplain is a true Christian gentleman and is doing lots of good in this place. The officers are very good to those who behave themselves. Your brother in Christ.

Never Complain.

[Composed by a Prisoner.]

Why, my brother, art thou repining?
On God's Word thou art reclining.
Heed the blessed words from above,
"In mercy I chasten those I love."

Let this bring joy to thy troubled breast,
And by thy woes know thou art blest.
Surging billows that cross thy path
Are sent in love and not in wrath.

Recall the scene—dark Gethsemane
And the cross where Christ was slain for thee;
And martyrs whose names have ne'er been told;
God sends fire to purify his gold.

Grieve not, my brother, but bear thy cross;
As God purifies, throw off the dross.
Let angels rejoice through Satan may frown,
Shun not the cross—strive for the crown.

A Helpful Gospel for Needy Men.

DELLA HINSHAW.

DURING a recent Sunday morning visit, at the Harrison Street Police Station, after the usual song service with the prisoners in the criminals' corridor, one of the workers told in a most impressive manner the old story of the prodigal son. He closed by saying: "Now, friends, we cannot open these bars and give you liberty; we cannot give you what is perhaps the desire of your hearts; but we have come to offer you something better. Peter of old said to the poor cripple who held out his hand for alms, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And so this morning we bring you this loving Saviour, and invite you in his name to 'rise up and walk.' We can not come and talk with you personally, but we shall be glad to pray for you. Is there not a man here who will hold out his hand as an indication that he desires the prayers of God's people?" With one accord, and, as it seemed, moved by a single impulse, five hands were extended through the bars; and then, amid the audible sobs of these men, some one began singing:

"O soul! has thou forgotten the tender word
and sweet,
Of Him who left behind him the print of bleed-
ing feet?
I never will forsake thee; O child, so weary
grown,
Remember I have promised never to leave thee
alone!
No, never alone! No, never alone!"

He has promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone."

A copy of THE LIFE BOAT was, as usual, left in each cell; and as these men pass to the state penitentiary, as will no doubt be the fate of some of them, it is to be hoped that this little paper may serve as a message of constant goodwill and fellowship from the Christian workers who stand at the head of this missionary effort.

Does the Bible Seem Dull to You?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

IN the Bible are to be found principles which have inspired thousands of men to rise above unfavorable surroundings. How do you know but that you may find something in this Book which shall prove to be an inspiration in your life?

The Bible was written for all classes of men living in all ages, so there is sure to be something especially adapted to just your situation. If it seemed dry and uninteresting when you last looked into it, perhaps it was because you were trying to get interested in something which was written particularly to help an altogether different kind of man. You would not condemn a clothing store because the first coat you chanced to pick up did not fit you perfectly. If you will use the same good sense in dealing with the Bible as in dealing with a clothing store, you will soon find something in it so perfectly adapted to just your needs that you will wish you had read it years ago.

We cannot tell you just what part of the Bible will best fit your case any more than we can tell without seeing you, what kind of coat would exactly fit you; but the time you spend trying to find something in the Bible that will especially fit your case will not be wasted.

The 107th Psalm has helped thousands to understand some things which have come into their lives and have shown them how to get the most good from their experiences. Perhaps you have known some men who read the Bible a good deal and yet did mean things; but just bear in mind that they would have done still worse things if they had not read the Bible. The evil was in them, not in the Bible. You will find the thirty-seventh and also the thirtyninth to the fortyfifth chapters of the first book of the Bible interesting and helpful unless you are different from most men; and there are some things in the Gospel of John that you can never know too well.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

Do you Wish to Correspond with Us?

We should be glad to carry on correspondence with prisoners who are interested in the LIFE BOAT, or with those who are not in touch with their friends or have any reason to think that we could be of service to them. Address all such letters to the Editors of the LIFE BOAT, 28, 33d Place, Chicago.

Would You Like to Receive The Life Boat Regularly?

Every article in each number of THE LIFE BOAT is prepared especially for this paper. Each issue contains extracts from letters that have been received from prisoners, and also accounts of such incidents as we believe the majority of prisoners are glad to read. The subscription price is only 25 cents per year. We should be glad to have all those who can afford it to become regular subscribers, but if there are those who do not have the small sum necessary to pay for a year's subscription, and yet would like to receive the paper, if they will write us in reference to the matter, we will see what can be done towards raising a fund for the purpose of sending it to this class.

When Your Sentence Expires.

WHAT plan have you in mind with reference to yourself at the expiration of your sentence? Of every hundred to whom the prison doors swing open, about sixty re-enter them sooner or later. Do you intend to be one of the sixty who must return? or will you be one of the number who are co-operating with an unseen power which will enable them to repair the past and rise above the present obstacles?

It is certainly true that society in general will treat you coldly when you go out in the world again, and business men will regard you with some suspicion; but just as the power of

growth enables a plant to rise in spite of the continual downward influence of the force of gravitation, so you may rise above the obstacles that you meet. There is a divine declaration: "A man's gift maketh room for him," (Prov. 18: 16,) and this law is just as universal in its operation as is the law of growth in the plant. There is a divine force within each of us, and a divine instinct, which will guide us ever upward to higher attainments if we will only yield to it.

We are anxious to find a sincere friend outside the prison for every man on the inside who is co-operating with God in making a true man of himself. If you belong to this class you may need a helping hand extended to you upon the expiration of your sentence, and if so we shall do what we can to put you in touch with some one who will take a genuine interest in helping you to secure a foothold on a right basis. We shall be pleased to open up correspondence with this class of prisoners, and as we learn about their cases will do what we can to enlist the interest of some person in behalf of each, who will be ready to befriend him upon his release from prison. Address The Life Boat Prison Department, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

Shall Any of Our Chicago Institutions Be Closed?

The work of the Chicago Medical Mission has inspired thousands all over the world to do more for their fellowmen. No matter how self-sacrificing our workers are, all of these lines of work cannot be entirely self-supporting, and must be maintained in part by the generosity of the friends of this work.

The Life Boat Mission which holds up a living gospel to perishing souls night after night in the most needy portion of the city, costs us \$100.00 a month for rent alone, and those who give their entire time to this part of the work must be supported.

The Life Boat Rest for girls, which holds out a helping hand to those who have been led into a life of sin, and who have an earnest desire to reform, costs \$25.00 a month for rent. Sister Emmel and her corps of workers are struggling on without any salary, securing their board and other expenses of the home, from donations from those whose hearts are touched by this loving ministry for others.

In our free dispensaries the poor sufferer may receive physical relief as freely as he may receive spiritual relief in the Life Boat Mission. While we receive pay from those who can afford to pay a trifle, yet this is not sufficient to cover even the rent.

Our visiting nurses who freely go into the most neglected homes in the city to relieve pain, and to instruct the mothers how to make the best of their wretched condition, must necessarily be supported from outside help. The same can be said of the four or five free beds in our hospital. We have not the heart to turn away a poor mother who pitiously appeals to us to have some surgical operation performed so that she may be enabled to again toil to save her children from nakedness and starvation.

Our friends in the Battle Creek Sanitarium have been assisting us to the extent of several hundred dollars each month to maintain these various lines of work. But now this source of help is largely cut off on account of the disastrous fire which recently consumed that noble institution. Nearly all the workers in that institution will devote their time until it can be rebuilt. We do not believe God will forsake us in this trying hour, but that he will put it into the hearts of his children everywhere to rally to the support of this work. How many will donate some substantial sum immediately? How many others will set aside \$5.00 a month or any smaller sum so that no branch of this important work shall have to be closed.

Address:

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION,
28 Thirty-third Place,
CHICAGO, ILL.

He Took Our Advice.

JOLIET, ILL., Sept. 15, 1901.

DEAR FRIEND:—I again take pleasure in writing to you. I have taken your advice to read a verse of the Bible each day and I find it a great help to me in my prison life, saving me from a great deal of trouble. I not only read a verse each day, myself, but I have induced my cell-mate to do the same. With God's help, I will continue to do so after I leave here. May God bless you for this inspiration, which will cause me to lead a better life hereafter.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,
Yours respectfully,

Interesting Brevities.

NATHAN AALBORG is taking a vacation at home in Viborg, S. D.

Dr. Silas Yarnell has connected with the Medical Missionary work in Chicago.

C. A. Marker, of Battle Creek, visited with friends in Chicago a few days recently.

Dr. W. B. Holden was recently called to College View, Neb., on professional duties.

Mabel Grinolds, of New York, and Juniata Brickey, of Minnesota, have joined the Medical Missionary Nurses' Class.

A cooking school and a Sunday school have been started at the new medical missionary center on Halsted street.

Col. H. H. Hadley, the New York evangelist, recently gave an interesting and instructive discourse at the Life Boat Mission.

Rosa Ziegler stopped for a day's visit with friends in Chicago while en route from Battle Creek to her home at Argonia, Kan.

Dr. Lydia Kynett, who has so faithfully assisted in our hospital and in our dispensary at Halsted street during the last six months, has returned to Battle Creek.

Dr. Jean Vernier has connected with the work at the Halsted street dispensary, and will assist in the educational work at the Training-School and Medical College.

Mrs. Carrie Clough, of Minneapolis, Minn., has connected with the Chicago Branch Sanitarium for the purpose of opening up a hygienic dress-making department.

On the night of March 14 our hospital caught fire; but the efficient work of the fire department checked the flames before any serious damage was done.

The freshman class of the American Medical Missionary College has returned to Battle Creek, after five weeks' work in Chicago. The seniors have also gone to Battle Creek to complete their medical course.

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.

SAN FRANCISCO HELPING HAND MISSION

641 Commercial Street

Established Feb. 27, 1898. Telephone Main 5793.

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

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.

THE LIFE BOAT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED
(Entered at the post-office in Chicago)

Published by the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association, at 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

PRICE 25 CENTS A YEAR

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, AND IN CHICAGO, FIFTY CENTS

To Subscribers

Write names and addresses plainly.

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

Do not send Canadian coins or currency. Please do not send postage stamps, unless for very small amounts, as they often stick together.

Make all Orders and Drafts payable to THE LIFE BOAT, not to the editors, or any other individual.

Expired Subscriptions

All subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT are promptly discontinued when the time paid for has expired.

Special Terms

Special terms are granted to those who use large numbers of THE LIFE BOAT for free distribution, to missions, and to clubs.

Sample copies sent free on application.

Change of Address

When writing to have the address of your LIFE BOAT changed, be sure to give your old address, as well as the new one.

Special Notice

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

Address all communications for this paper to THE LIFE BOAT 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

X X X

Expired Subscriptions

If there is a blue pencil X marked on this space it means that your subscription has expired. Please renew at once.

X X X

TO THOSE SENDING DONATIONS:

Clothing, food etc., should be forwarded by freight, prepaid, to the Chicago Medical Mission, 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Illinois. Do not fail to mark each box or package with the full name and address of the sender. Compliance with these suggestions will save much delay in acknowledging receipt of your donations.

Cash donations should be sent by P.O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft on Chicago. If money is sent, the letter should be registered. Make all orders or drafts payable to the Chicago Medical Mission, and address to 28-33rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

**Monthly Summary of the Work of the
Various Institutions and Depart-
ments of the Chicago Medical
Mission**

Treatments given.....	1,193
Examinations.....	383
Outside calls.....	29
Office treatments.....	29
Surgical operations.....	46
Admitted to surgical ward.....	20
Garments given.....	450
Days nursing.....	225
Meals served (penny lunches).....	14,391
Lodgings given.....	6,096
Used free laundry.....	4,218
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	5,250
Gospel meetings held.....	98
Testaments and Bibles given.....	300
Pages of other literature distributed....	35,070
Requests for prayer.....	130
Testimonies given.....	700

**Donations to the Chicago Medical
Mission and Allied Charities.**

THE PRISONERS' FUND.

R. D. Benham.....\$ 50	Mrs M. E. Beck.....\$ 25
Mrs. W. H. Bennett . 25	John Bulow..... 1 00
Willie Braekney..... 25	A. J. Bristol..... 25
Louisa Bjurstrom.... 25	Nancy J. Cady..... 2 0
R. G. Clark..... 25	E. E. Coulson..... 4 25
E. H. Crampton..... 2 00	Mrs. Wm. Dries..... 1 00
C. E. De Wolf..... 25	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Daves and son..... 1 00
Mrs. J. E. Davies and friends..... 17	James Davis..... 10
John Davis..... 10	R. Eden..... 25
Flora E. Fitch..... 10	Mrs. L. Fronabarger. 25
Farnsworth Brothers 15 00	W. M. Foster..... 25
A friend..... 25	A friend..... 15
T. M. Froquer..... 25	A friend..... 50
Ellen M. Gardner.... 1 00	Mrs. H. B. Hayward. 1 75
M. C. Heilson..... 5 00	Mrs. Martin Harmon 50
Mrs. Mary Jorgenson 15	Mrs. Mattie Kelley.. 55
Grand Island (Neb.) church..... 65	Mrs. La Sage..... 25
Mrs. Lasing Losey... 75	Mrs. M. J. Lamb.... 50
Mrs. S. Mortenson... 1 00	Mrs. A. M Mortenson 1 00
Mrs. Susanna Meyers 25	Electa Moore..... 50
Mrs. M. C. Moss..... 1 00	Eld. L. G. Moore.... 1 00
Sara C. McClelland.. 50	Mrs. W. H. Morris... 50
Laura Newman..... 1 00	F. J. Nesmith..... 75
Robertus Reeseaman. 50	Susanna R. Paine... 50
W. W. Shepard..... 88	J. E. Rankin.....45 00
Alta Stoner..... 2 00	A Michigan friend... 2 00
Mrs. H. B. Thomas.. 1 00	Mrs. Charles Sanford 1 00
James Taphouse.... 25	Lilie Trontfetter.... 25
M. H. Wilson..... 1 00	Mrs. E. M. Vincent. 1 49
Elleston Warner.... 25	Miss Rose Wart..... 1 00
Mrs. C. S. Webb.... 50	Glenwood Mich chur. 25
Mary E. Beach.....1 00	Mrs. Hilda Wright... 1 00
Margaret E. Young.. 60	Mrs. J. A. Benham & Eva Jones..... 75
	Total.....\$111 19

THE LIFE BOAT REST.

Nancy J. Cady.....\$1 00	A friend.....\$1 00
A friend..... 1 00	Mrs. E. G. Farnsworth and family..... 2 50
A friend..... 1 00	Laura Newman..... 1 00
Mrs. Mamie Howell.. 25	B. O. Empey..... 6 00
Miss Watson..... 1 00	Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Hurd 2 00
Mrs. J. B. Marthier.. 3 00	Mr. Keith..... 2 00
Mrs. B. M. Heald.... 25	Mrs. T. J. Moore.... 25
Sister Miller & daugh- ter..... 1 50	Mrs. D. Hazen..... 50
Mr. Mattlebaum and friends..... 1 65	A brother (Dundee).. 5 00
Mr. Donaldson..... 3 00	Mrs Worth..... 3 00
Miss Rich..... 1 00	Mr. George..... 50
Sister Doer..... 50	Dr. Hunter..... 9 00
Chas. Ailbright..... 1 00	Mr. Rogers..... 1 00
Miss Westbrook.... 2 00	Mrs. R. Cheuley.... 2 00
	Total.....\$53 90

South Water Street friends:—Five bushel apples; 7 doz. oranges; 3 bushel potatoes; 2 quarts cranberries; 2 boxes radishes; lettuces: 8 dozen eggs. Battte Creek:—40 lbs. crackers; 20 lbs. Caramel Cereal.

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Mrs. A. C. Clawges...\$5 00	Iowa Conference....\$1 00
Mrs. E. G. Farnsworth and family..... 6 25	Neenah (Wis) church 1 78
	Total.....\$14 03

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION.

Mrs. A. C. Clawges.....\$5 00

DONATIONS OF CLOTHING AND FOOD.

A friend, Council Grove, Kan.; Helping hands; Helping Hands Society, Grand Ledge; Mrs. J. M. Sampson; I. J. Cheseboro. Mrs. Carrie Finch; Mrs. V. Sell; Mrs. S. E. Hubin; Eliza Bronson; Mrs. C. Jacobson; Mrs. Wm. Banks; D. M. Potter.

FREE BEDS.

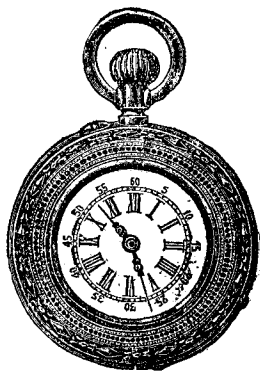
Mrs. S. Bausford....\$ 10	Edith Babe.....\$ 10
Blanche M. Belding.. 10	E. L. Cooper..... 10
R. C. Clay..... 10	Ella Coglizer..... 10
H. A. Dike..... 10	Mrs. Mary A. Dunn... 10
R. Eden..... 50	Mary A. Edwards.... 10
Alice Edwards..... 25	Miss Jennie E. Gates 10
Mrs. M. Greenman.. 10	Mrs. Ida Hall..... 10
E. J. Harvey..... 10	Alice M. Holmes.... 10
Mrs. Mamie Howell.. 50	Mrs. Della Jorgenson 20
Eunice D. Kelley.... 10	J. F. Lewis..... 10
S. J. Morris..... 10	Wm. Morris..... 10
Eld. L. G. Moore.... 1 00	M. L. & Wil. McCahe 20
Mrs. Sadie Potter... 10	M. J. Patton..... 25
Florence Powers.... 10	Lydia Rishel..... 10
Nina Ransom..... 10	M. C. Turner..... 1 00
Mrs. Chas. Thornton 75	Mrs. Nel. Towelpiece 10
Mrs. Joseph Ternahan 10	M. H. Wilson..... 3 00
	Total.....\$10 05
Grand total.....	\$184 17

VISITING NURSES REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

Number of days' nursing.....	16
Number of garments given away.....	834
Number of treatments given.....	230
Number of poor needing help.....	8
Religious talks.....	12
Health talks.....	8
Individuals visited.....	306
Donations from the Elkhorn chuch, Iowa.....	\$8 50

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.

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



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

The Life Boat Advertising Dept., 2 and 4 33rd Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

For Fifty Yearly New Subscriptions at Twenty-five cents each, we will furnish a copy of Dr. J. H. Kellogg's HOME HAND BOOK, latest edition, full leather binding. This magnificent work contains over eighteen hundred pages of the most valuable and useful information. This book sells at \$5.50.

Considering the low subscription price of THE LIFE BOAT, this is one of the most liberal premium offers ever made. Subscriptions may be sent in as they are received with an accompanying statement that those sending them intend to secure the fifty subscriptions.

Battle Creek Sanitarium Foods

SANITAS NUT FOODS

SANITARY SUPPLIES

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

Has recently established a

HEALTH FOOD STORE

AT

3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

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

Toasted Wheat Flakes The new
Health Food

Granose Flakes

Nuttolene

Protose

Granola

Bromose

Granose Biscuits

Nut Butter

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

“TELL THEM,” or “The Life Story of a Medical Missionary.” A splendid book, by George D. Downkott, M. D., who opened one of the first Medical Missions in this country

This book contains some of the most remarkable answers to prayer, and some of the most interesting experiences in mission work that have ever been written.

The Word  

== CABLE ==

Has Become Synonymous With all that is Desirable in High-Grade, Up-To-Date

PIANOS

THE CABLE, CONOVER, KINGSBURY, WELLINGTON.

MANUFACTURED BY



A WONDERFUL QUARTETTE

Which cannot fail to please the most critical. Our 1902 styles are unsurpassed in beauty of design, tonal quality, durability and construction. Fully Guaranteed. Catalogue free upon application.

GENERAL OFFICES AND RETAIL SALESROOMS:..

CABLE BUILDING, WABASH AVENUE and JACKSON BOULEVARD CHICAGO

FACTORIES:

CHICAGO & ST. CHARLES, ILL



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

SIMPLE
DURABLE

ALWAYS
RELIABLE

A dollar of service for every dollar of cost. That is the record.

.... Illustrated book free....

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,
115 CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.