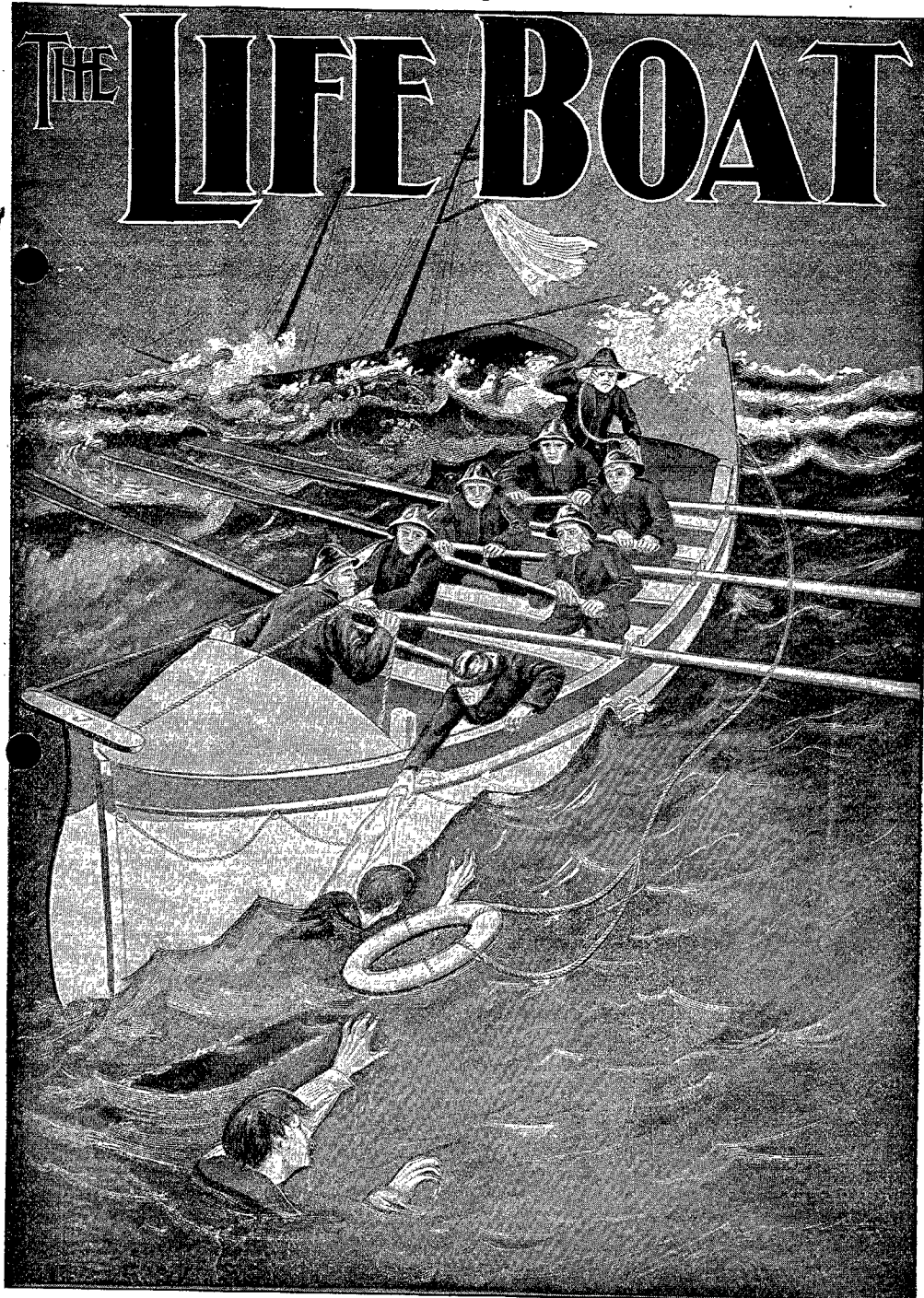


Published Monthly

November, 1903
Thanksgiving Number.

Price, Five Cents



Volume Six
Number Eleven

28 33rd Place, Chicago
An Ideal Thanksgiving Day.

25 Cents
a Year



A GROUP OF LIFE BOAT OFFICE WORKERS.

Gibson Art Gallery.

Daniel H. Madsen.

Ola M. Allee.

Effie Northrup.

Mrs. David Paulson.

Clyde Perry.

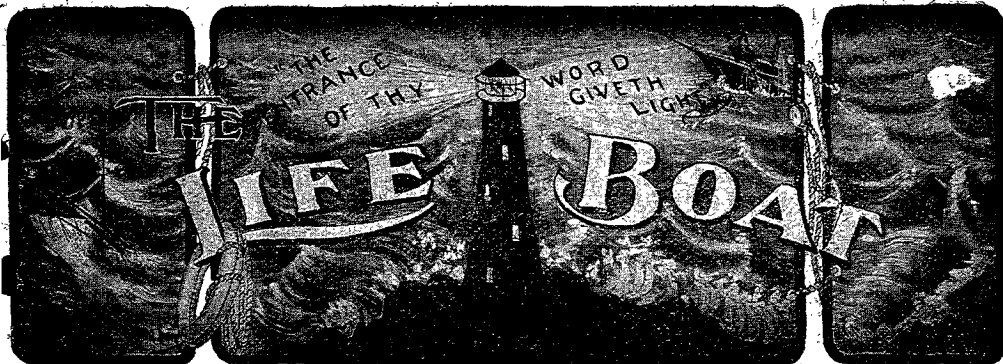
David Paulson, Editor.

Lura Collins.

N. W. Paulson.

Lura Lawrence.

Lillie M. Holaday.



**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
Health and Soul-Saving Work**

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

Volume VI

CHICAGO :: NOVEMBER, 1903

Number 11

HE CARES FOR YOU.

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

Did you never in the forest
Where paths were seldom trod?
List to the pine-tree voices?
What did they whisper? God.

Did you never from your homeland,
Sail forth upon the sea?
What did the mighty billows
Utter eternally? God.

When after heat and toiling
Night spreads her canopy,
Bringing its calm and quiet,
What say the stars to thee?

Varied the flowers that gladden,
Still they speak forth one word,
Thundered in ocean's caverns,
Whispered by breeze and bird.

"God is my Maker," say they,
"God is your Father, too."
List and thy heart finds solace,
Knowing He cares for you.

**A FOUR HUNDRED PER CENT
INVESTMENT.**

DR. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, M. R. C. S., F. R. G. S.
General Director of the China Inland Mission.

In the first part of Dr. Taylor's book, "A Retrospect," he relates how he was delivered from skepticism and gloriously converted in answer to his mother's prayers, then he tells how he received his call for China, and then he relates some of the experiences that God al-

lowed him to pass through, before he was fitted to begin his fifty years of service at the head of the China Inland Mission:

To encourage every reader of THE LIFE BOAT to secure this book, we have made arrangements to offer it for five new subscriptions. We quote the following from chapter three:

I soon found that I could live upon very much less than I had previously thought possible. Butter, milk, and other such luxuries I soon ceased to use; and I found that by living mainly on oatmeal and rice, with occasional variations, a very small sum was sufficient for my needs. In this way, I had more than two-thirds of my income available for other purposes; and my experience was that the less I spent on myself and the more that I gave away, the fuller of happiness and blessing did my soul become. * * *

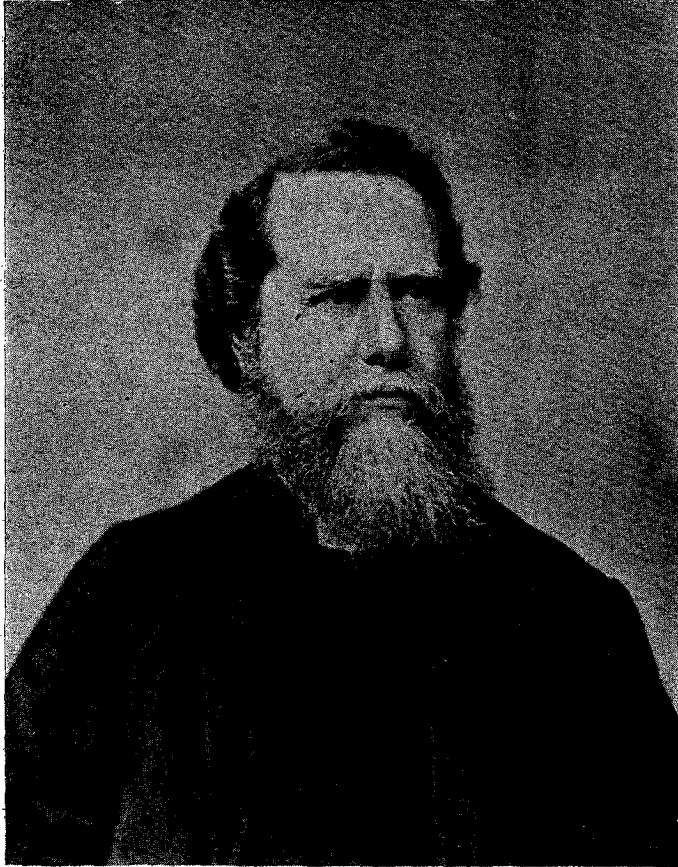
It was to me a very grave matter, however, to contemplate going out to China, far away from all human aid, there to depend upon the living God alone for protection, supplies and help of every kind. I felt that one's spiritual muscles required strengthening for such an undertaking. There was no doubt that if faith did not fail God would not fail; but then, what if one's faith should prove insufficient? I had not at that time learned that even "If we believe not, He abideth faithful, He can not deny Himself," and it was consequently a very serious question to my mind, not whether He was faithful, but whether I had strong enough faith to warrant my embarking in the enterprise before me.

I thought to myself, "When I get out to China, I shall have no claim on anyone for anything; my only claim will be on God. How important, therefore, to learn before

leaving England to move man through God, by prayer alone."

On settling up my weekly accounts one Saturday night, I found myself possessed of only a single coin—one half-crown piece. That next Sunday was a very happy one. As usual my heart was full and brimming over with blessing. After attending divine service in

world was the solitary hair-crown, and that it was in one coin; moreover that while the basin of water gruel I usually took for supper was awaiting me, and there was sufficient in the house for breakfast the next morning, I certainly had nothing for dinner the next day * * * "Ah!" thought I, "if I only had two shillings and sixpence instead of this half-



DR. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

the morning, my afternoons and evenings were filled with gospel work in the various lodging houses I was accustomed to visit in the lowest part of the town. After conducting my last service about 10 o'clock that night, a poor man asked me to go and pray with his wife, saying that she was dying. I readily agreed, and on the way to his house asked him why he had not sent for the priest, as his accent told me he was an Irishman. He had done so, he said, but the priest refused to come without the payment of eighteen pence, which the man did not possess, as the family was starving. Immediately it occurred to my mind that all the money I had in the

crowd, how gladly I would have given these poor people one shilling of it!" But to part with the half-crown was far from my thoughts. I little dreamed that the real truth of the matter simply was, that I could trust in God, plus one-and-sixpence, but was not yet prepared to trust Him only, without any money at all in my pocket. * * * *

Up a miserable flight of stairs, into a wretched room, my conductor led me; and, oh, what a sight there presented itself to our eyes. Four or five poor children stood about their sunken cheeks and temples all telling unmistakably the story of slow starvation; and lying on a wretched pallet was a poor,

exhausted mother, with a tiny infant, thirty-six hours old, moaning rather than crying at her side, for it, too, seemed spent and failing. "Ah!" thought I, "if I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of a half-crown, how gladly should they have one and sixpence of it." But still a wretched unbelief prevented me from obeying the impulse to relieve their distress at the cost of all I possessed.

It will scarcely seem strange that I was unable to say much to comfort these poor people. I needed comfort myself. I began to tell them, however, that they must not be cast down, that though their circumstances were very distressing, there was a kind and loving Father in heaven; but something within me said: "You hypocrite! telling these unconverted people about a kind and loving Father in heaven, and not prepared yourself to trust Him without half-a-crown!" I was nearly choked. How gladly would I have compromised with conscience if I had had a florin and sixpence! I would have given the florin thankfully, and kept the rest; but I was not yet prepared to trust in God alone without the sixpence.

To talk was impossible under these circumstances; yet strange to say, I thought I should have no difficulty in praying. "You asked me to come and pray with your wife," I said to the man, "let us pray," and I knelt down. But scarcely had I opened my lips with "Our Father, who art in heaven" when conscience said within, "Dare you mock God? Dare you kneel down and call Him Father with that half-crown in your pocket?" Such a time of conflict came upon me then as I have never experienced before since. How I got through that form of prayer, I know not, and whether the words uttered were connected or disconnected I can not tell; but I arose from my knees in great distress of mind.

The poor father turned to me and said, "You see what a terrible state we are in, sir. If you can help us, for God's sake do." Just then the words flashed into my mind, "Give to him that asketh thee" and in the words of a King there is power. I put my hand into my pocket and slowly dragged forth the half-crown, gave it to the man, telling him that it might seem a small matter for me to relieve them, seeing that I was comparatively well off, but that in parting with that coin, I was giving him my all; what I had been trying to tell him was indeed true. God really was a Father, and might be trusted. The joy all came back in full flood tide to my heart. I could say anything and feel it then, and the hindrance to blessing was gone, gone, I trust, forever.

Not only was the poor woman's life saved, but I realized that my life was saved too. It might have been a wreck probably, as a Christian life, had not grace at that time conquered, and the striving of God's Spirit been obeyed. I well remember how that night as I went

home to my lodgings my heart was as light as my pocket. The lonely, deserted streets resounded with a hymn of praise that I could not restrain. When I took my basin of gruel before retiring, I would not have exchanged it for a prince's feast. I reminded the Lord as I knelt at my bedside of His own word, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. I asked him not to let my loan be a long one, or I should have no dinner next day; and with peace within and peace without, I spent a happy, restful night.

Next morning for breakfast my plate of porridge remained, and before it was consumed, the postman's knock was heard at the door. I was not in the habit of receiving letters on Monday * * * so that I was somewhat surprised when the landlady came in holding a letter or packet in her wet hand covered by her apron. I looked at the letter, but could not make out the handwriting. It was either a strange hand or a feigned one, and the postmark was blurred. Where it came from I could not tell. On opening the envelope I found nothing written within; but inside a sheet of blank paper was folded a pair of kid gloves, from which, as I opened them in astonishment, half-a-sovereign fell to the ground. "Praise the Lord!" I exclaimed, "four hundred per cent for twelve hours' investment, that is good interest." * * * I can not tell you how often my mind has recurred to this incident, or all the help it has been to me in the circumstances of difficulty in after life. If we are faithful to God in little things we shall gain experience and strength that will be helpful to us in the more serious trials of life.

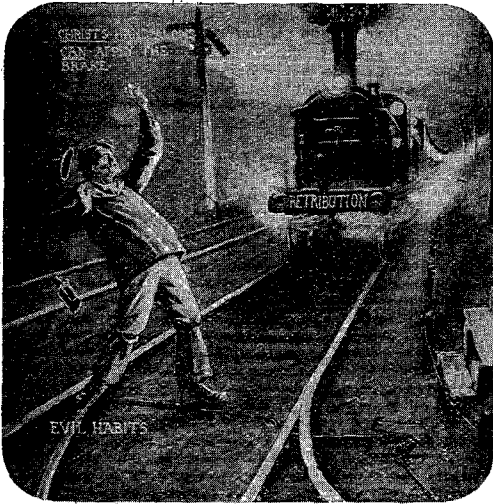
THE EARTH WAS FILLED WITH VIOLENCE.

As you read of the many murders, suicides, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, etc., are you not reminded of the description of the social and moral condition of society in the days of Noah, given in Gen. 6:1-13? Twice it is stated that the earth was filled with violence. Christ said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man." Luke, 17:26. Murders, suicides, strikes, lockouts, boycotts and riots are becoming startlingly common. Did it never occur to you that perhaps violence is again filling the land as it did in the days of Noah, and it is, therefore, an indication to the observing mind that the long reign of sin has about run its course? Inspired Writ declares that in the days of Noah they ate, drank, etc., and that they knew not until the flood came and took them all away. Are you heeding the solemn admonition to take heed, etc.? Luke, 21:34.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A few years ago while I was walking with a friend on a railroad track in a Western city, he pointed out to me the place where a man had recently been killed. This man was walking along the track in a careless and unconcerned fashion when suddenly his foot was caught in the frog of the switch in such a way that he could not extricate it. A moment later



SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE.

a lightning express train came thundering around the curve, and he was instantly crushed beyond all recognition.

Every time I see a young man indulging in an occasional glass of liquor; puffing away at a cigar or cigarette; or doing other questionable things, "just for fun," that he does not want his mother or sister to know about; I know that he is taking the first steps in a downward career and I am reminded of this awful railroad accident, and I can almost fancy I hear the train of retribution thundering down upon him. Many who read this article and look upon this picture are already in the condition of this young man, and to these I wish to say that the same power that keeps their hearts beating and has kept them alive to the present day can apply the brakes to the terrible train of retribution that is bearing down upon them. It requires divine power to save your life from the power of evil habits. "If the Son therefore

shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36. Will you, right now, before you lay down this paper, earnestly ask the Lord to do this for you, or will you remain where you are until it is too late?

We should be glad to hear from those who are willing to heed the words: "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" Ez. 33:11.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

W. S. SADLER.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccl. 11:1.)

It is now about two and a half years since I left my field of labor in Chicago, in connection with THE LIFE BOAT, the Life Boat Mission, and other departments of the work of the Chicago Medical Mission. During this time I have met with numerous encouraging instances which prove the truthfulness of Ecclesiastes 11:1. During my stay in Chicago it would sometimes appear that the efforts put forth produced little result. But I am beginning to learn that if we do our best to help our fellow-men we can safely leave the results to God. If we sow beside all waters, in His own time He will see to the fulfillment of His promise that His Word shall not return to Him void. One or two instances of this may interest the readers of THE LIFE BOAT.

Two of our sisters were recently working in Los Angeles with THE LIFE BOAT. In their work in that city they came across a gentleman who inquired who was connected with the medical missionary work in California, and remarked that he had recollections of meeting the writer years ago at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. In a letter written by the sisters from Los Angeles they said: "One man asked if you had ever been in Battle Creek, and said you used to take hot water to him when a patient there, and he wished you all success." At the close of a public meeting I recently met a lady who told me her heart was first touched by the gospel at a meeting to which she had been taken in a wheel chair thirteen years ago.

While visiting the government reservation for soldiers here not long ago, our workers met a man who is doing splendid evangelistic work among the soldiers in the Presidio. He told these sisters while in conversation, after

learning that I was in San Francisco, that he remembered the name well, having met me in the Life Boat Mission; in fact, he was converted there, and had joined the army with the sole purpose of helping his fellow soldiers to live better lives. He has given himself wholly to the Lord and expects to go on in the good work.

To my fellow workers who are now on the ground in the wicked city where I used to labor I would say, Keep right on with your good work; strive to live near the Lord; do all you can to lift up the fallen, to point them to a better way, and a living, loving, keeping Saviour; and when tempted, as sometimes no doubt is the case, to become discouraged and think but little is being accomplished, remember the Lord's words about casting your bread on the water and finding it after many days, and take courage.

ONLY A NEWSBOY'S TEAR.

Years ago a young man who had just graduated from medical college stood on a street corner in Minneapolis. He had been earnestly appealed to by his friends to devote his life exclusively to medical missionary work, but worldly ambitions seemed to be gaining the mastery.

A little newsboy came up and asked him to buy a paper. He handed the boy a dime and refused to take any change. The little fellow's eyes filled with tears as he tried to express his thanks. The young doctor walked away, but he could not leave behind him the sight of that little newsboy's tearful eyes, and he made up his mind that he could not use his life for worldly, selfish ambitions, but must devote it entirely to the service of humanity.

He changed all of his other plans and today he is one of the most active and influential of medical missionaries. Nobody knows where the little newsboy is, and he will never know in this life how Providence used him to change the entire course of this young doctor's life.

Perhaps today there is a kind word or a smile or a little thoughtful act that you may do, and the result will be just as far reaching. Will you not put yourself in the Lord's hands and let Him use you, even though you may never know the results until you stand on the other shore?

A CHICAGO LIFE BOAT WORKER IN A FOREIGN MISSION LAND.

MARCELIA E. WALKER.

Padang, Sumatra.

My thoughts often turn to the Chicago workers with love and prayer for the success of the work there. I have been quite busy from the start, as there were several patients awaiting my coming. The Lord has wonderfully blessed the work and given me success where I trembled in fear to undertake the cases. I felt that I could not refuse to step into any opening the Lord made for fear of losing some soul that would otherwise be helped. One night I had three cases which I did not know how to treat and we sought the Lord for wisdom before retiring. During the night I dreamed that Dr. Mary Paulson went with me to each case and gave me full instructions in regard to what to do. I awoke and wrote the orders down, then administered these treatments daily, and now all three patients are well. One of them had sought for relief for over a year without avail.

The work here is harder because of meeting with diseases peculiar to this country, but the Lord has given me success where others have failed. I never undertake a case without prayer before the family by the bedside of the sick. We are the happiest set of workers on all the earth, but do not think we have no trials. First I sprained my ankle, then met with an accident which injured my spine. The doctors said I would have to leave or never be strong again, but praise the Lord, I am recovering very quickly again. I average giving about ten treatments each day, which is as much as I care to undertake, with my language study, sewing, etc.

In some ways the people here are less heathen than those in America. They have no old people's or orphans' homes, as those nearest of kin always care for their helpless, or if they have no relatives, there are plenty of doors open for them, even where the family is large and the food is very scarce.

Some of them believe it is sure death to eat pineapple or acid fruits, and I have quite a time to get them to let me give them a bath, as they believe it is fatal for a sick person to be touched with water. Some plan so far has come to me by which to meet every emergency. I have often undertaken them with fear and trembling, and then succeeded far beyond my

highest hopes, but how often I wish I had taken the medical course before leaving America, or had a doctor to take all the responsibility.

I enjoy THE LIFE BOAT each month and look forward to its coming with longing.

A GENUINE THANKSGIVING.

H. W. KNERR.

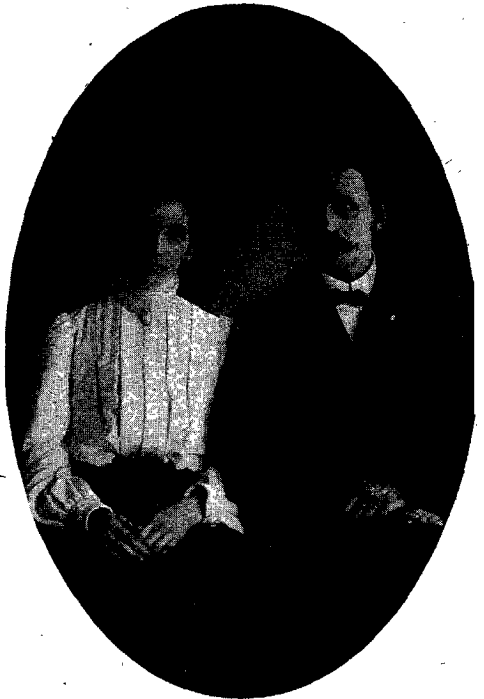
[Our readers will remember that the author of this article was rescued and brought back to his family through reading THE LIFE BOAT. Are you making it possible for many others to have the same experience?—EDITOR.]

At this time of thanksgiving I can not refrain from writing to THE LIFE BOAT, because it is one of the greatest things for which I am thankful. Last Thanksgiving Day I was in Modeste, Cal., without anything (I then believed) to be thankful for, alone, friendless, destitute. Now I recall the beauty of the day and town, the happy expression of thanksgiving upon the faces of the people as in contrast to my own unhappy mental and physical condition. It was not until nearly five months later that, through THE LIFE BOAT, as it was thrown to me by the hand of God, I grasped the "life line" and held on, and am today a living proof of the absolute certainty of His word: "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Isa. 35:8. I am now on that "way," and by the infinite love and strength of my Saviour I shall stay on.

In a letter from the Editor of THE LIFE BOAT he said: "Don't let the devil tree you." No! He had me up for eighteen years and I have had enough. In the words of Byron, the devil led me

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

And in the words of Job, "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came." Job 3:26. And now, at this time for annual thanksgiving, I am so thankful that all is changed and past; that through the infinite mercy of my heavenly Father and by the leadings of His holy spirit I now live in the light and am a new being in Christ Jesus. My brother, you who do not know the great reality of a new and changed life, who and whatsoever you are, a saloon-keeper, a soldier, an exile, a drunkard, a wanderer, despised and in the streets, or you whom God has made a man of affairs, or has intrusted you with money and concerns, and you have proven a poor steward, has He given you opportunities for good to your fellows and to yourself and have you neglected them, or have you in any way wronged your family, and is your home broken? Brace up! About, face! Be a man!



MR. AND MRS. H. W. KNERR.

The transformation will be so great, the results for good in your life so marked, that not only you, but all those whom you know (as those who know me) will be astonished at the miracle of your life, which is really no miracle, but simply finding and knowing one's self to be a creature of God—a man. This is what you want, brother, and all you need to do is to jump clear away from your devil-treed condition and take His word for it, and God will do the rest. Here it is: "Thou hast shewed thy people hard things: thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment." Ps. 60:3. "I have showed thee new things from this time, even hidden things, and thou didst not know them." Isa. 48:6. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Ps. 84:11. "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:22.

"Tis neither fame nor wealth I ask,
Only some plain and simple task,
By which my fellow's way to ease,
And thus the Master's will to please."

It is important that we should get at the bottom of things. There is such a thing as absolute truth.

HOW TO ORGANIZE LIFE BOAT CREWS.

NINA NEWELL CASE.

When we think of a life boat crew our mind usually pictures the Life Saving Station by the sea and the crew of brave men who stand ready and willing to risk their lives to save others, facing, if need be, with stern, set faces, the cruel storm as it dashes the waves high and threatens every moment to engulf

a. Throwing out the line on that side, drawing out a man here, calling cheering, hopeful words to others—what tireless energy and courage they display.

The Gospel Life Boat Crew has a greater and more glorious work than even these. They are soul-savers. There are multitudes of shipwrecked and storm-tossed souls on every hand who are calling, "Throw the line this way." Many find in *THE LIFE BOAT* a safe and sure transport to the harbor of peace and rest.

GENERAL PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Who admitted—Every person, young and old, who has within him the soul-saving spirit, a burning desire to tell to others the blessed truth which he has learned.

The constitution and by-laws of this organization are the Word of God.

Meet together and seek the Lord earnestly and study to know what God would have you do. Souls can not be saved by an *organization*.

Select a leader and secretary and hold a consecration meeting every morning, or, if impossible to do that, meet bi-weekly or weekly. Divide your city into districts and systematically canvass every man, woman and child. You will see the importance of this statement more and more as you work. Go out as the disciples did, two and two. It will prove an inspiration and encouragement to you.

Dress plainly and neatly, "Walk softly before the Lord," keep your heart and mind in the attitude of prayer—this is the secret of success. It is the oar of your boat. Never go out without an earnest season of prayer. Many lines of work will open up before you as you work in this spirit. A few lines of work and suggestion about starting them might be mentioned here.

1. Cottage meetings.

As you canvass from house to house, meeting, as you will, souls longing for the peace and joy that you have, you will find many who will be delighted to have you come back some afternoon or evening and hold a little study with them and their intimate friends and neighbors. When you return to them for the meeting, take with you several others who can sing. Put your soul and energy into it, and with the blessing of God you may see souls converted.

2. Children's work.

In nearly every house you will find children. Seek for a chance to hold a children's cottage meeting in every neighborhood. Organize them into "Busy Bees," "Sunshine Bands," "Junior Life Boat Crews," etc. Teach them the truths of God as revealed in the written word and nature. Teach them the sacredness of the body or living temple, and the dangers of cigarettes and intemperance in every form. There is no limit to your opportunities in this direction.

3. Singing for the sick.

In many homes you will find sickness, and many times old ladies, invalids, cripples, and others who never get out to church and have little to cheer them. Singing by musical members of the Crew would be much appreciated by these.

4. Hospital and prison work.

One of the most interesting branches of *THE LIFE BOAT* work is the work among the sick in the hospitals. Take them a paper. Raise a fund among yourselves and *LIFE BOAT* readers with which to supply the hospitals and prisons. Sing to them; talk cheer and hope; be full of sunshine. God will teach you each time what to do. There are many other kinds of work, and in each of these God must guide. Be sure He places the burden upon you before you move. When you know, move out without fear, and God will bless you "above all that you can ask or think."

5. Street work.

In the early evening the streets of a city are crowded with people, many aimlessly walking about. An earnest word, a pleasant smile, and a *LIFE BOAT* might mean a change of life for many souls. Keep close to the Lord and each other and the Lord will give you a rich experience.

Neighborhood Gospel Work

HOW A SALESMAN MAY SPEND HIS EVENINGS.

REUBEN PINNELL.
Baltimore, Md.

[Are there not many business men who will be willing to use some of their spare time just as this traveling salesman does? If so, they would be certain to reap some of the same blessings.—EDITOR.]

For the encouragement of those who are holding back from entering THE LIFE BOAT work I will relate a few incidents in my experience, as it may help some who may be hesitating because they think it a very small work and of little importance.

I am a traveling salesman, earning a good salary, so I did not take up this work for worldly gain, but I felt that I needed a better Christian experience, and I have found that one excellent way to develop it is by selling this little messenger of the gospel, THE LIFE BOAT.

I left Pittsburg, Pa., for a western trip, selling goods during the day for my company and in the evenings I sold LIFE BOATS in the streets and in business places that I found open. Although I have had an extensive experience in selling goods and have been thrown in contact with some of the best business men in this country, yet I found that it was a great trial for me to begin to sell THE LIFE BOAT, but I asked God to help me and help those who bought it to receive help from it. In three hours I sold thirty or thirty-five papers. For several nights I worked that way, and although I had read so much about the splendid experiences and talks of those who are selling THE LIFE BOAT, yet I did not have any special personal experiences, but I went on doing my duty, trusting God to bring the good in His own time and way.

In Columbus, Ohio, on a Saturday evening, I went out in the market with thirty-five papers and soon disposed of them, but had no special experience. Sunday morning I got up early and had a long talk with Jesus before I started out and asked Him to especially bless my work and to give me a chance to do some definite good that day. I then went down Main street and how many rough faces I met that morning coming out from the slums and dives with haggard faces and blurred eyes. I sold them this little messenger, THE LIFE BOAT, and many seemed glad to get it.

After dinner I again asked God to bless my

work, as we can do nothing unless He strengthens us, and again I started out. I soon came in contact with a class of people who had not gotten so far in sin but were careless about their soul's salvation and the hereafter. I walked up to three young men who were looking in a show window and showed them THE LIFE BOAT and told them of the work in Chicago, and explained that the book was full of splendid religious reading. One of the young men looked around at me with a sneer and said, in a cross way: "I think you have struck the wrong bunch, sir." I gently laid my hand upon his shoulder and said: "My brother (for indeed he was), the Lord Jesus is coming soon in the clouds of Heaven, with thousands of His angels, and then you will not think I have struck the wrong crowd; you will then call upon Him to have mercy and then it will be too late." I took my Bible from my pocket and showed them from Christ's own words that His coming was near. I then read the gospel to them, and I never saw men more hungry for a meal than these three were for a spiritual meal, and they just drank it in every word. I read to them at least twenty minutes. When I left all said, "Brother, we are so glad we met you. You have done us good. If only more professed Christians would do this kind of work more of us young men would be saved." They asked me to remember them in prayer. I had a number of similar experiences that day, but I will not take the space to relate them. In the three hours that I was out I sold only ten LIFE BOATS, but the Lord had a message for me to give that afternoon and he used THE LIFE BOAT to open the way for me.

Brother salesmen and others who read this, are you wasting any precious moments around hotels and other places, telling jokes and listening to foolish yarns? Does not the Word say we shall give an account of every idle word, and it also tells us that our conversation is written in Heaven. Brother, sister, what kind of a record have you in heaven? Do you wish to meet it in the judgment? If not, start now to help lost souls and make some one else happy. Write for some LIFE BOATS and begin selling them in the spare hours you are now wasting at the place of amusement and I can assure you you will soon have a better experience and a different record to meet in the judgment.

THE LIFE BOAT is a little thing, but the selling of it has helped me to grow spiritually more than anything else I ever undertook. How much my work has helped others I do not know, but God does, and I am leaving it all with Him to take care of results.

THE LORD'S CARE FOR HIS WORKERS.

C. E. HALLIDAY.

[There are hundreds of good people who are engaged in ordinary occupations, where their missionary opportunities are very limited, who if they only could get started in THE LIFE BOAT work would actually in most instances do better financially and besides would be developing an excellent missionary experience that would be of priceless worth to them in the near future. We would be glad to open up correspondence with many of this class. We furnish THE LIFE BOAT in greatly reduced rates, in quantities. The following extracts from a recent letter will illustrate the point.—EDITOR.]

I was working at thirty dollars a month with room and board, but was not satisfied, as I wanted to be in the Lord's work. But I needed the thirty dollars, so I made an agreement with the dear Lord that if he would give me enough success in selling papers so I could pay this amount and give me food to eat and a place to sleep, I would work for him in that way. And bless the dear Lord, He has done so, and enough more so that I have extra money to help the poor, and put the papers in the jails and prisons and help in many other ways. In the three months, I have sold a little over 3,600 papers. I work seven hours a day and am fifty-seven years old. And, oh, what blessed experience I have every day. I find so many people that are in sorrow and unrest, and often I have an opportunity to go in and pray with them, and at such time the dear Lord comes very near by His spirit and soothes the troubled soul. People are hungering for a change or something, and are not satisfied with their life and their present experience, but are not willing to give up the pleasures of the world.

One lady said as she looked at me, "I see a restful look in your face," and to the other lady she said, "In yours, there is unrest, anxiety and worry. I would like to find that same rest and peace." But some are not willing to count the cost and pay the price of giving up their guilt and sin; in fact, they can not believe that Jesus has paid the price for them.

People often ask me if prayers are answered, and why theirs are not answered, and at such times I pray for wisdom to speak words to them that will show them the way to eternal life. God is calling for consecrated workers to go into His vineyard, leaning on His strong arm, depending upon Him for help, and such will find that "as thy day so shall thy strength be."

Hold fast to your best ideals if you wish to succeed.

TORN AND COVERED WITH MUD.

[We hope that the following extract from a letter recently received will be as great a source of inspiration and encouragement to every reader of THE LIFE BOAT as it has been to us. The Lord lives and works today in just as remarkable ways as he did in the days of old. Those of our readers who have been extending the circulation of THE LIFE BOAT will have their faith strengthened by this cheering echo from far away Honolulu.—EDITOR.]

"As I went out one day distributing reading matter, I discovered a LIFE BOAT behind a water tank. It was in rather a dilapidated condition, so much so that I could not find any date. Some parts of it were gone and others covered with mud, nevertheless, I picked it up and placed it in my receptacle for papers and carried it home with me. I read it, or what I could of it, until I came to the article, 'Our Hospital Wards,' and then I read on to where it said, 'Will not those who are well and strong be glad to make a donation for the purpose above stated?' I said to myself, 'That means me, for I am well and strong,' although in my sixty-fourth year. I am thankful to the Lord he has given me strength each day to go out and earn something to help my fellowmen, and so herewith you will find a postoffice order for ten dollars, which you may use to help some poor unfortunates.

"Yours in the hope of eternal life."

Miss Camilla Sanderson, of the Haven Prison Gate Mission, Toronto, writes: "THE LIFE BOAT is doing good work. I shall be happy to be able to ply an oar in it if only for a few minutes now and then."

If you are really a gospel leader in your neighborhood, then you will be found doing more than any one else toward developing a true family spirit in the homes in your community.

No one can prevent you from occupying as wide a field of usefulness as you will permit God to give you.

Hosts of people are spending a little time each month selling Life Boats, why don't you try it? Write for special rates on Life Boats in quantities.



Visiting Nurses



DISPENSARY EXPERIENCES.

MAUD A. COLLORAN, M. D.

Every one who read the article by the editor in the October issue on Doctor Barnardo's work among the slum children of London must have been stirred with pity at the thought of so many little helpless, homeless souls cast adrift on the great sea of life, with no kindly guiding pilot at the helm to steer the frail little crafts to safe anchorage.

The same conditions which exist in London are prevalent in this great metropolis of the west, and it is with a view to relieving them that our Life Boat Mission, Rest and Dispensaries were established.

At the Halsted Street Dispensary we have many opportunities for meeting "somebody's children"; and in many instances they seem almost as unfortunate as the little London waifs because of the dense ignorance in regard to physical needs shown by the so-called "caretakers."

A few days ago a young girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, brought in her five-months-old boy. The little one's mouth was in a very bad condition—just a mass of sores, and on inquiring if his mouth was ever washed, the mother said, "Oh, yes; I wash it every other day." I thought, "Every other week" would have expressed it better. On further investigation, I found that he was allowed to suck pickles and unpeeled bananas, and to eat anything offered. She seemed surprised when I gave her a few facts about the capacity of an infant's stomach, and why it could not eat "strong meat," and she was still more surprised when I said, that babies as well as grown folks needed to have their mouths washed.

Another pitiful case is that of a two-year-old child, who has spasms as the result of a fall some months ago. The mother came to us as a last resort, hoping we might help the little sufferer. One of our nurses and an assistant physician answered a call one night to attend a sick woman. On reaching the home, they

found the woman terrorized by her brutal, half-drunken husband, who was brandishing knives and sticks, and throwing the furniture around at a great rate. Finally they took her to her mother's home. Since her recovery she visits us nearly every week, seemingly feeling that we are her true friends. At her last visit she was much discouraged, but a rousing gospel talk by the young lady who was acting as house physician, gave her new courage to take up life's burdens.

Another sad case was that of a little woman about twenty-two years old, who brought her six-months-old baby to be treated. At home was another child only twenty-one months old, and her husband who had been stricken with paralysis three weeks before. This family is in destitute circumstances, the only income being the small sums earned by the mother, who goes out washing. One of our visiting nurses found a family of four motherless children, uncared for except as the father, "who sees snakes," so the little nephew said, can care for them.

Every day some call for help comes in. Our nurses find those who are in need of spiritual and physical healing. Many calls come to us for clothing, and this fall finds our clothing stock at low ebb; scarcely a garment fit to wear remains in our supply room.

Can not some of our LIFE BOAT readers send us help in this line? Infants' and women's clothing, shoes and stockings, all are needed. Please send things that *you* would not be ashamed to wear if you were obliged to depend upon the bounty of others for your clothing. It is hardly worth while to pay freight charges on garments which are fit only for mop rags, though, of course, we need such things too.

Could you realize the needs of these suffering unfortunates, we know you would respond heartily to this call.

Mark the boxes or barrels plainly (enclosing name of sender) and address to the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary, 3558 Halsted street, Chicago.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

CLYDE LOWRY.

"What a busy life the Saviour led! Day by day He might be seen entering the humble abode of want and sorrow, speaking hope to the downcast and peace to the distressed. He went about doing good, and none who came to Him went away unhelped. He clothed His divinity with humanity that He might stand among human beings as one of them—a sharer of their poverty and their griefs. He prefaced the giving of His message by deeds of love and benevolence, and today in the person of His children He visits the poor and the needy, relieving woe and alleviating human suffering."

With these stirring words a woman of God portrays the life work of the Master, and seeks to inspire us to follow in His steps. "Deeds as well as words are needed," she continues, "and feeding the hungry and clothing the naked (and healing the sick) will have a stronger influence for good than the preaching of sermons."

How accurately these words describe the work of the visiting missionary nurse, many a poor family in this suffering city can testify. Who, of all Christian workers, enjoys to a greater extent the blessed privilege of getting into the homes and hearts of the people? She must relieve the sick and preach the gospel just as the Great Physician did, and in many cases she must be a mother to the children, a housekeeper, and a counsellor—truly a friend in need. Many times our nurses have entered homes where there was nothing to eat and little children were crying for bread. Sometimes they have been able to solicit food from the neighbors, but in many cases they have been compelled to take money from their own slender salaries and send a child to the nearest store to buy food. Hundreds of little children have been supplied with comfortable clothing because sympathetic friends have sent it in, and these earnest workers have distributed it where the need was greatest.

No one knows the extent of the work which has been done, and no one is able to count the blessings derived from it, but in reality the work has but begun. There is no limit to the field, and truly the harvest is ripe. The winter is at hand, and it will bring suffering, sickness and death to many who might be saved and led to the Master if those who love the

Lord and His work would rally to its support. All the good that has been done by these sacrificing nurses could never be recorded on these pages, but who will doubt that it is written in the books above? The names of those who in times past have had a part in this work are also recorded there, and though the part may seem small to human eyes, is there any doubt that they will hear the welcome words: "Ye have done it unto me"?

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF A VISITING NURSE.

BERTHA BARTLETT.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," were the words of a dear soul who had not always known what it was to trust the Lord. A few weeks before she had sent to the visiting nurses for help in time of need and sickness and we had done what we could to give her treatment for her spiritual and well as her physical illness.

The first time I went to the house I found the mother and four hungry children. The father was out looking for work, but could not find any. I had prayer with the family and then directed the father to a man who gave him work. I also gave them a LIFE BOAT.

Since that time I have held a number of cottage meetings with them, and they have definitely decided to take the Lord for their strength and fortress. It does my heart good to see them drink in the truth and hear them give thanks to Him who careth for them.

In our visiting work we find many people who are ready and anxious to hear the word of God, and we have several cottage prayer meetings, where God is opening the hearts of the people to accept His love and be at peace with Him. We realize that the full results of our work will never be known until we stand at the bar of God, but we have so many blessed experiences and see so many good results that we are encouraged to press on and do our small part of His work.

"My means are very limited, but I desire to send one dollar for the purpose of sending a missionary nurse to London. If that appeal goes to other people's hearts as it did to mine, there will soon be enough to send the nurse to that needy field."



PHYSICAL REDEMPTION



HOW TO STRENGTHEN WEAK ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

Superintendent Battle Creek Sanitarium.

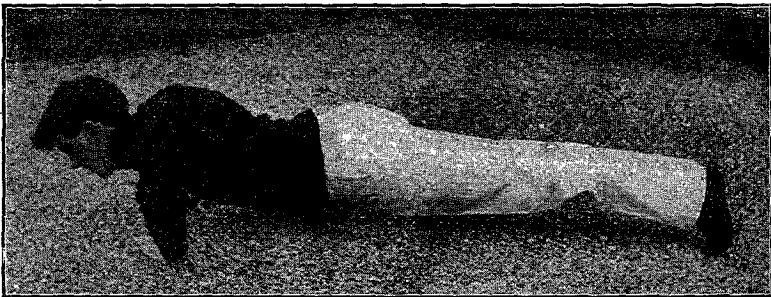
The far-reaching results of relaxed abdominal muscles is rarely appreciated. Weakness of these muscles necessarily implies a weak diaphragm, which means impaired respiration, and that results in starvation of the blood for oxygen. When the abdominal muscles lose their natural firmness and become soft like the folds of a sack, they permit the prolapse of important abdominal organs, and this greatly stretches the blood vessels and nerves that are attached to them, and pain and various other disturbances are produced. One of the most common of these is backache experienced when a person remains long in an upright position; annoying headaches, and pains at the back of the neck; other disturbances such as palpitation of the heart, nervous depression, general sense of languor and exhaustion after the slightest effort.

When the abdominal muscles are weakened and relaxed, the walls of the stomach are likely to be in a similar condition, and so it does not promptly empty itself, and this results in

percentage of girls who have reached the age of fourteen.

This condition in men is generally produced by the stooping position assumed by students and professional men while engaged in their work at their desks; while in women the unchievous results of a sedentary life are aggravated by tight bands, heavy skirts, corsets, and the rigid support of stays which prevent normal muscular development. In the majority of chronic diseases weakness of the abdominal organs plays an important part, and special means must be employed for their development before a cure can be effected. Abdominal muscles often become relaxed as a result of sitting in a relaxed or stooping position and because of the relaxed and flabby condition of the entire muscular system. The chopfallen facial expression of the drunkard is an illustration of this condition of lowered muscular tone.

Cold applications are the most effective of all means for increasing muscular tone. They may be made by means of a cold towel spread over the abdomen for several minutes once a day. Another valuable procedure is a wet girdle, which is a towel wrung out of cold water and wrapped around the body and cov-



fermentation and the formation of gases. As these poisons are absorbed they produce a variety of general disorders.

Weakness of the abdominal muscles is found in nearly all civilized women who have reached the age of twenty years, and even in a large

ered with several thicknesses of flannel pinned very snug and close.

Voluntary exercise is perhaps the most important of all means for increasing the strength of the abdominal muscles. The following exercises are specially useful:

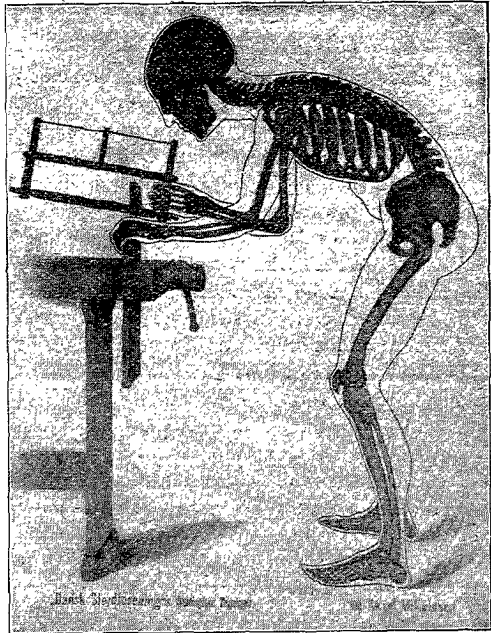
1. Lying flat on the back, both limbs are raised and lowered together. The movement should be made slowly in both directions.

2. Lying on the back with the limbs extended, raise the head and shoulders as far as possible, taking care not to assist with the arms.

3. Still more vigorous action may be secured by raising both the head and limbs at the same time.

4. Toe and elbow lying (see cut No. 1), in which the trunk is supported in a horizontal position by the toes and elbows, and raising and lowering it from the floor. This brings all the principal muscles of the trunk into active play.

5. Sitting on the front edge of the chair, place the hands upon the hips, raising the chest well forward, drawing the chin well in. Make the whole body rigid. Sway the trunk back, at the same time lifting the knees. Tilt forward and backward this way a dozen times, several times during the day.

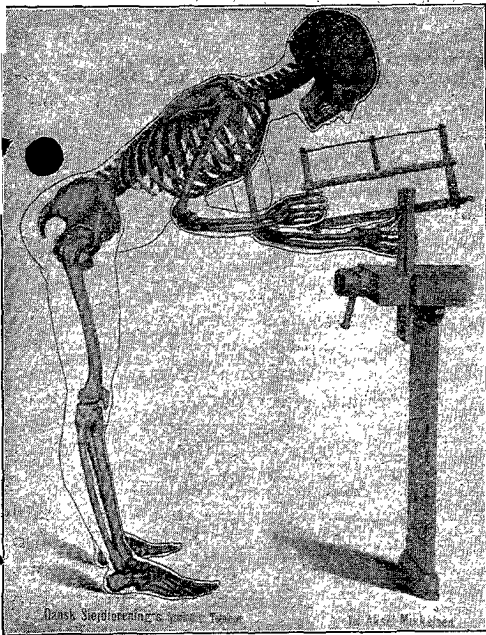


The above illustrates the position which children are very likely to take at their work, and thousands of grown up people bend their bodies from the small of the back instead of at their hips. This brings the ribs and hip bones so near together that the abdominal muscles are constantly relaxed and this encourages a prolapse of the abdominal organs. From a health standpoint a dislocated kidney is far more serious a matter than a dislocated shoulder.

Will our readers carefully observe if they are inclined to take these wrong positions while about their ordinary work, and if so they should correct them. Ed.

Another excellent means of increasing the strength of the abdominal muscles is the shot compress. This consists of a quilted sack filled with shot. It should be made large enough to cover the abdomen, and may weigh from ten to fifteen pounds, according to the strength of the patient. The patient should lie down, then breathe slowly and deeply as possible, repeating it a number of times.

It may seem somewhat troublesome to employ these various measures, but those who will make a systematic practice of the simple means here suggested will soon be repaid by seeing the results which they had previously labored in vain to secure.



Bend the body down from the hips instead of the small of the back. By so doing the abdominal muscles are kept tense, and the abdominal organs are kept in their proper positions. Will our readers observe this fact and correct the wrong positions which they have assumed in performing their daily work?

The Signs of the Times is a helpful religious weekly, published by the Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal. Price is \$1.50 per year.

BOY KILLERS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Suppose a man should apply the brakes to the wheels while driving a heavily loaded wagon up a steep hill, we would naturally conclude at once that he was insane. Is there any more sense in a boy while climbing up life's hill, and having a hard time to reach the top, to set the brakes on his progress by smoking cigarettes? There is no chance for him to reach the top if he becomes a slave to cigarettes. Prof. Seaver, physical director of Yale, who has examined thousands of young men and studied the effects of tobacco upon physical development more thoroughly than any other living man, says that cigarette smokers never attain to a high scholarship. They have a far less chest expansion, which means a shorter life, and they are more or less dwarfed in body and crippled in mind. A boy needs all of his nerve energy to spend in growth and in work and in study, and he can not afford to squander it on cigarettes. The use of cigarettes is filling our insane asylums, reformatories and prisons. Over ninety per cent of the boys in the Illinois State Reformatory have been inveterate users of cigarettes. Just as a sack of bricks would weigh down a drowning man, so in the same way cigarettes drag down a boy mentally, morally and physically. Tobacco has in a little less degree the same influence on the mind as morphine. The boy that gives up the use of cigarettes will find it much easier to obey his mother, life will be much sweeter and his mind and body will be much more vigorous.

There are one million morphine fiends in this country. I have never successfully treated a morphine slave when he persisted in the use of tobacco. There is a frightful increase of Bright's disease, tuberculosis, pneumonia and insanity; and tobacco, by decreasing the vitality of the tissues, invites the inroads of these diseases.

If you should save a boy's life today by snatching him from before a locomotive, tomorrow thousands of people would read glowing accounts about it in the newspapers. You all remember the account of the little girl in a Western town who flagged a train and thereby prevented a terrible disaster. The state granted her a medal and the grateful passengers made up a liberal purse for her. For

weeks the papers contained references to her heroism. Is it not as heroic to save an army of boys from the frightful results that sooner or later follow the use of the cigarette? If I should go out to the graveyard tomorrow and raise someone from the dead, the next day it would be heralded from one end of the earth to the other, but if instead of this I should give someone a few words of advice and instruction that would enable him not only to save himself from death, but to live longer and better, mentally, morally and physically, is this not a greater deed?

The human body is not merely a lump of clay, it is a temple of God. After laboring in vain to get a business man to give up the use of tobacco, I asked him if he would smoke in a church. He said, "No, indeed; that is God's house." Then I explained to him that his body was a habitation of God in a sense that a pile of brick and stone and mortar could never be. He threw his cigar away, and said that he had not thought of that, and promised that he would never smoke again.

What would you think of a boy who would take a sharp knife and slash his face and hands and body in such a way that each cut would leave horrible scars? Yet every boy that smokes cigarettes is just as surely slashing his lungs, his stomach, his liver, and ruining his nerves.

What would you think of a boy who would take an axe and smash a beautiful piano or ruin costly statuary? Yet it would not be nearly so insane a thing as for him to smash his health. Every one who has had his eyes opened to the evil results of tobacco ought to be a genuine, aggressive, health missionary, and he ought to improve every opportunity to acquaint tobacco users with what it means for them to continue the habit.

Recently in a park in Kansas City I observed two boys smoking cigarettes. I felt impressed to speak to them about it, but the thought came to me that perhaps they would not listen. While I was debating the subject in my mind the boys started to walk away. I hurried after them and asked them to sit down for a few minutes. In a simple manner I explained to them how cigarettes would shorten their lives, and even help to make them wretched while they did live. I told them how I once took a pinch of tobacco and, after soak-

ing it in water for a few minutes, I injected some of the fluid under the skin of a large, healthy cat, and how that, in exactly twenty minutes, that cat died in horrible convulsions. I then told them that what would kill a cat in that length of time, certainly could not be very good for them. Both of them promised me they would never smoke again.

[Extract from a talk given in Willard Hall, Chicago, at a meeting of the Anti-Cigarette League.]

DO YOU OBJECT TO WEARING SECOND-HAND CLOTHING?

Most people object to wearing second-hand clothing because they dread what sometimes accompanies it. For the same reason, they should object to eating second-hand food in the form of flesh foods. It is certainly preferable to eat the clean, pure and nourishing natural food products first-hand, direct from the lap of nature, rather than after they have been used as building material in one of the lower animals. Second-hand clothing is likely to be contaminated with vermin or disease. Second-hand food always contains waste products and sometimes contains disease germs, tape worms, trichina, etc.

Again, many who object to wearing second-hand clothing do not at all refuse to breathe which has already been used by some one else, and yet it is a much more repulsive thing to do than the wearing of second-hand clothing. The indifference shown to the importance of securing an abundance of pure air both day and night is appalling, and, as a consequence, our graveyards are filling up with the victims of consumption and other diseases invited by a disregard of nature's laws.

LOST.

Have you worked faithfully for Christ's sake? Have you stuck to it when others have fainted and faltered? Perhaps you have even prided yourself about your steadfastness or your devotion to the cause. Listen to what God says concerning you: "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Rev. 2:2-5. "Remember, therefore from whence thou art fallen." All that could happen to the reformed drunkard is to fall. Repent! What you? a well known worker in the Lord's cause. Do you need to

repent? Yes, and if you do not, are you aware of what will speedily happen to you? "I will come unto thee quickly," not to punish you, but to "remove thy candlestick out of his place." This means that instead of being able to shed light upon the pathway of others, you will be left to stumble on in darkness yourself, just as you have seen so many others do. Perhaps you have already begun to have some of this experience. If so, earnestly ask God to furnish inspiration from above. Study your Bible diligently and begin to cultivate a new and deeper love for your associates and fellowmen, or in other words, "do the first works" (5th verse). Will you do them, or are you willing to risk yourself in the condition in which you are drifting at present? If so, remember that while you are hesitating someone else is perishing whom you might be helping.

OFF FOR THE HEART OF CHINA.

Six of our Chicago medical missionaries have heard from across the sea a plaintive voice and have said, "Let me go; I can not stay." Doctors Miller and Selmon and their wives; Carrie Erickson, our head visiting nurse, whose articles on experiences of visiting nurses have been read with such interest by thousands of our readers; and Charlotte Simpson, formerly a nurse in our Life Boat Rest; have left us to build up the medical missionary work in the heart of darkest China. We wish the entire LIFE BOAT family could have been present at our farewell meeting and could have heard from the lips of these devoted laborers how they had appreciated the many opportunities which they had enjoyed in connection with our Chicago medical missionary work.

Where are the six noble, consecrated young men and young women who will take the places which these have left vacant, and dedicate their lives in a similar manner to the service of perishing humanity either at home or abroad? Several have come and feel they are having the opportunity of a life time. We believe there are many others to whom God would open the way if they would make it a special matter of prayer. We should be glad to answer letters of inquiry from even those who do not at present see the way for them to come.

Prisoners' Department

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN EX-PRISONERS?

[Shall we endeavor to hold out a helping hand to the several thousand men who leave our prisons each year, or shall we turn them a shoulder and virtually invite them to a life of crime? "Once a criminal, always a criminal," is undoubtedly true of certain men, but we are glad to be able to say, from a personal experience with ex-prisoners, that it is not true of all. Some whom we had befriended at the expiration of their sentences several years ago are living today strictly upright and Christian lives. Who will be a friend to some deserving prisoner and help him to secure employment at the expiration of his sentence? The following extract is a sample of many letters that we receive.—EDITOR.]

"You say that you are anxious to keep in touch with every prisoner who needs a helping hand. Well, that includes every prisoner in every prison in every country in the world. I never saw a prisoner in my life who would not respond to friendship if he really believed that friendship was intended.

"Every man should have an opportunity to earn a living if he wishes to, yet every man should have congenial employment to be content. How is this to be done? That is why I first wrote to THE LIFE BOAT. Your idea of finding, or trying to find, individual employment for disheartened men is the only really good proposition that has ever been presented to a prisoner."

WHAT PRISONERS WRITE.

To give our readers an idea of the extent of our prison correspondence it is only necessary to mention that we have received about a hundred letters this month within two weeks. Most of these contain words of appreciation for the real benefit received through THE LIFE BOAT and personal correspondence. The following are short extracts from a few of their letters:

"If you will spare the time to mail me some of your advice and spare literature, I assure you that it will certainly be appreciated."

"Some of us have a few friends and those we have prefer to remain in the background I have not lost faith or hope. I realize when it seems darkest, that I am only passing temporarily through a tunnel and will in time reach the open country again."

"I receive one copy of THE LIFE BOAT each month. It has been a great help to me. I never did read the Bible much, until I began to read THE LIFE BOAT. I would like very much to have a few copies of it sent to me to distribute when I get home among my friends to show them what an interesting little paper it is. I have been a very wicked man for ten years, but I wish to do right when I am turned out into the world again. My time expires the 20th of next month, then I will try to help you in your good work as much as I can."

"When but a small boy of ten years, my mother died, and I was left all alone in the world to do as I pleased and to go where I pleased, with very little schooling. I would be very glad to have you write to me as often as you like, for I never write to anyone nor do I receive any letter from anyone, and a letter from you full of good cheer and hope will help to drive dull care away. When I come out, I will accept your kind invitation and cut away from old companions and start a new life, and make new friends."

"I am unworthy of asking any favor of you, therefore I hope you will think of me as a poor, unworthy, disobedient servant, asking only one little favor, and that is to continue sending me THE LIFE BOAT. I have changed my mind as to the way I mean to live if life lasts or the good Lord spares me to get my liberty once more. In reading THE LIFE BOATS they are not only consoling to me, but also to others in my cell who are interested in them as well as myself."

"Your plan to get your friends to help a prisoner while in prison is the only way to make a success of your endeavor to reform a prisoner. I have even been forsaken by my own mother and other relatives since I got in here, and they profess to be Christians. Now if this happens what can a person believe in Christianity as a rule?

"If you know of any friend or one whom you know to be a Christian in the true sense of the word, I wish you would get him or her interested in me and have him or her write to me and I will do the same in turn."

"I am in prison at this writing, but expect to go home tomorrow. I will tell you how I was converted in my cell on September 14, 1903. They had services for the benefit of the jail and one of the young ladies came up to my cell and that is where I was converted. You don't know how much better and lighter the days are to me. My heart is like a feather and before it was like a stone. That lady brought me some papers, and there was a LIFE BOAT in with them, and as I wish to take it right along, I would like for you to send me the price of it for a year and I will send it right away. Write and tell me all."

"If you know of any one who would like to help a poor fellow along to a better life by sending him good religious matter, I should be pleased to hear from such a one. I am wasting some good, valuable time, which I could put to some good study. For instance, if I had a Bible with references, or a concordance with which I could study the scripture, when I get out once more to face the world and fight life's battles, it would be a great help to me. I am without means or friends to whom I can look for anything like that, so seeing that you are interested in such men as I, I thought I would mention it in my letter, so if there is anyone who feels interested enough in my spiritual welfare to donate me such a book, I shall appreciate it very much."

"I find many men here who, had they a hand to give them a lift on the expiration of their sentence, would lead a better life. When I first came here, it seemed to me that everything and everybody was against me, but as I have studied and thought over the great truths in my Bible, I have found the peace which I firmly believe will endure forever. Since I have found that there is hope for me, my time does not worry me and everything seems to go right. My sentence expires April 2, 1904, and on my release I am going to work at the first employment I can obtain and stick to it until I can feel that I have once more won the place in the world which I have lost by foolishness and dissipation."

A PRISON EXPERIENCE.

MRS. F. H. BRADLEY.

London, England.

In the autumn of 1889, the W. C. T. U. convention was being held in the beautiful city of Auburn, N. Y. On Saturday, the chaplain from the prison called to ask me to speak at the early morning service for the prisoners. When I heard that I should meet about twelve hundred I declined, but the chaplain urged his request, and so I very unwillingly

consented to do the best I could. I asked him what subject he could suggest, and his answer was, "Anything except the story of the poor thief on the cross, or the prodigal son, for most of the speakers who come choose one of these two subjects, and the men do not always like to be reminded of their wrong doing."

It was a great help to know what they did not like, but it was not so easy to decide what so big a company would care to listen to from an English woman. In talking to my Father and your Father, about this matter, the answer came clearer and clearer, "Tell them how you were saved yourself, and that the same Saviour is their Saviour, too."

So I just asked the Saviour to help me to tell the story simply, so that all who heard might see Him, and forget the speaker.

I was taken to a small gallery to wait while the men assembled in their places. Just enough to fill the front seat marched up on the left side, and just a minute later, the same number filed up in the same manner on the right side, and filled the second seat. Immediately after these were seated, there was another file on the left, and so on until the large floor was silently and rapidly filled. I was then conducted to the platform, where the governor and the physician in charge of the adjoining lunatic asylum for women, and some other gentlemen were introduced to me. At the other end of the platform was a fine organ, and several musicians and singers, all prisoners. As they tuned their instruments—two or three violins, a flute and clarionet, I glanced at the sea of faces on the floor. Every eye was upon the stranger who was to be their speaker for that service. I knelt by my chair and just reminded my Lord and your Lord of His promise to be with me, and to help me right then and there. A hymn book was handed to me, and I found that the choir-master had chosen "Rock of Ages" for the first hymn. I have heard the grand old hymn many times, but never a grander volume of sound echoed these restful words than within those prison walls. The music was in perfect harmony, each instrument being in skillful hands, and the voices that led that company might all have been trained voices, for not a false note was heard. And from the floor, so it seemed to me, everyone sang with the heart

as well as the voice. When the hymn was done, I offered a short prayer, and all joined with me in offering the Lord's prayer as with one voice, gentle, yet deep. A short scripture lesson was read, followed by the second hymn—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Then all sat in perfect silence, while I told them the simple story of my conversion in substance.

"I am not here to remind you that you are all sinners, but to tell you I am a sinner saved by grace. If I had not been cared for when a child and led to the Saviour's feet, I might have been as some of you are today.

"When I was a mere child, there was a great revival in the small town where I lived, and among those who found pardon through faith in Christ were several boys and girls and my older sister. One evening at this time, I was playing with other children in the churchyard, and a little girl came and told me they were having a prayer meeting in the chapel, and then turning to me she added, 'And your sister is there,' as if she thought I ought to be there too, and I promptly said, 'Let's all go!' One of our Sunday school teachers admitted all who would pass in and sit down. For some reason he took me by the hand, and when my companions were seated, he stooped down and said, 'Do you want to find Jesus?' 'Yes, please,' I answered quickly. He led me up the aisle and told me to kneel at the communion rail. As I knelt there, with my hands on the rail, an old man with white hair came and lifted up my sunbonnet. I looked up into his face and knew he was a stranger, as I was acquainted with every one in the town. The old face had no touch of sympathy in it such as children understand. Rather sternly he said, 'What are you doing here, little girl?' I answered, 'I want to find Jesus.' The grave old face looked more stern, as he asked, 'Do you feel yourself to be a great sinner?' My answer was quick enough, 'No, sir.' At this honest truth he said, 'Then what do you come here for?' I needed no second hint to go, for Satan whispered, 'Go; they do not want you until you are bigger.' So I rose and quietly walked from the place where Jesus was waiting for me. That old man was like the disciples of old, and he forgot that Jesus invited the little ones before they could be great sinners. With a very sad heart I went, and for ten years I did not

try to find Jesus again; but Jesus did not lose sight of me. He cared for me all these years. Then the old longing to find Jesus came up again, and to my sorrow Jesus seemed much farther away than when He was seeking me, a little child, in the old Methodist chapel. I was in London, and I went about from place to place to hear this great preacher and that often going into the inquiry room with other penitents, but could not find Jesus. Nobody seemed able to help me. Satan told me that I had gone too far away, that I ought to have found Him ten years before. Just like Satan, as some of you know. Four weeks after my sister sailed as a missionary to Fiji, I could bear my sorrows no longer.

I knew that I was a sinner then, and that my only chance of salvation was in finding Jesus. As no minister or anyone else could help me, I resolved that I would not sleep another night until I had found Jesus. So when everybody else in the house had gone to bed, and without a light for fear of disturbing my mother, I knelt down and told the Lord that I must find Him, and asked Him to help me. Soon I felt impressed to light the candle and look at what my Bible said, maybe there was a message for me from Jesus. So quietly I struck a light, and opened my Bible, and the first words I saw were, 'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God.' Lam. 3:26. Whatever they meant to others, these words meant to me that Jesus had heard my prayer and pardoned my sins, and that I had found Him.

That same Jesus is as willing to hear each one of you no matter how you may have grieved Him, and you may each find this day that He will whisper the same joy to each of you, and help you as He helped me. Will you try Him?"

The choirmaster passed up the last hymn: "There is a fountain filled with flood," and the choir and congregation sang it to the old tune with the chorus, "I do believe, I will believe," etc., as though everyone believed it.

A few words of prayer and the benediction closed the service. Many of the prisoners had tears on their faces that morning and I felt as they filed out that perhaps this simple story might lead some of them to seek the same Jesus who had found me those years before, and kept me all the time.



Life Boat Mission



ONE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

E. B. VAN DORN.

It was six-thirty when the Lord awakened us to see the light of another day. After breakfast, worship is conducted in the Sanitarium parlour, where we seek divine guidance for the duties of the day. From here the workers scatter to their work, some to the kitchen to prepare and serve food for patients who are seeking health of body as well as soul; some to go from house to house to scatter the printed page; others to minister to the wants of the afflicted, the clothe the naked, feed the hungry, to visit those who are in prison and in the hospitals. It is a blessed ministry. All day these messengers go from place to place, from the lowest hovel of the drunkard in the gutter, to the mansion—all for the same purpose, to carry the glad tidings—"Jesus saves."

As the day begins to close, some workers start out to hold a cottage meeting, while others go to the Workingmen's Home. Here they find about one hundred men to listen to the songs and the exhortation, and many hearts are touched, and often they may be seen bowing the knee at the feet of Jesus, with determinations to lead better lives. After a song and prayer, we leave them and go to the Mission still farther up the street, where there is a nice hall, well lighted and made as attractive as possible; where is heard good singing and live, earnest testimonies from those who have found that God is good.

This evening a young lady who has devoted her life to the cause of temperance is speaking. Following her talk several arose and related their experiences. Among these was the testimony of a woman who had been a drunkard for ten long years, having taken her first drink with the young man who afterwards became her husband. She went down in her career until she was finally an outcast; some of her children had died for want of care, and others were in a charitable institution, as she was not able to care for them. All this is now changed; her children are with her; she has been sober, and has been earning an honest liv-

ing for eleven and a half months. Another woman who had been a morphine fiend stated she had been freed from this awful habit by the grace of God.

An elderly business man, who had been an infidel nearly all his life, said that the only regret of his life was that he had not become acquainted with God years and years ago. Since his conversion his business has been more prosperous and his earnings have increased twenty-five per cent.

After others have spoken the meeting closes, the crowd disperses—except a few who stay to seek God, and when they know they have the approving smile of God they go on their way rejoicing. The day is done, and we kneel down and thank God for another day of service.

What will a day of seed sowing like this bring forth in the kingdom of God? Dear reader, are you helping to sow the seed? If not, say not "there are yet four months and then cometh the harvest," but work while there is opportunity.

"One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me;
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
That yesterday to me.
His love and light
Fill all my soul tonight."

RESCUED FROM SUICIDE.

E. C. WIDGERY.

One of THE LIFE BOAT Mission workers went out on Saturday evening distributing invitations for the evening meeting to the men in the lodging houses on State street. Among others, a man came who was under the influence of drink. The vigilant superintendent, Brother Van Dorn, paid special attention to him, and although he tried to leave several times before the meeting started, he was urged to stay, and while the meeting proceeded he walked boldly up to the platform, asking for prayer, stating that he did not want anyone

to know where he came from, but he was determined to live a right life. After we prayed with him he was noticed to pull a small package from his pocket, and after a struggle placed it back again. The writer had some personal talk with him when the meeting closed, urging him to make a brave stand for Christ. He then stated he had just come out of jail, having served four years, but was determined to do the right. As he was leaving, a big struggle took place, and he turned back and gave the leader a package of poison, which he had purchased to put an end to his miserable career.

We praise God for a soul rescued from the whirlpool of sin and despair. This is one of the many trophies of grace won for Jesus by our mission work. Pray for us.

A WANDERER COME HOME.

E. B. VAN DORN.

A few days ago a man came into the Mission who listened very attentively to the words that were spoken and at the close of the service when the invitation was given for those who desired to lead a better life to raise their hands, he was among the first to do so, and afterward was prevailed upon by one of our workers to kneel down and ask God to be merciful to him, a sinner.

We afterwards learned that this man was from a good family, but he was the "black sheep." He had left his wife and family for sin. With some of his associates he had partaken of the social cup, had been robbed of his money, and, becoming disgusted with himself, had given up all hopes and surrendered himself to a life of dissipation. He came to the Mission, homeless, and friendless, feeling that every man's hand was turned against him and expressing himself somewhat as Cain did, that he was a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He left the Mission that night to master the situation if it were possible. He believed that God could do this work for him as well as for others. The forenoon of the next day found him at the Mission hall again. One of the workers met him and after talking with him took him to a noonday service in the city. From there he was taken to a place where Christian friends cared for him.

It was a source of comfort to see this man changed from the dejected looking creature that he was, into one of the finest specimens of manhood that I have seen for some time. I saw him nearly every day until one day he could not be found. About a week later he came back and returned the means that had been expended in his behalf in helping him to get a start in life, stating that he was reunited with his wife and children.

This incident calls to mind the words Isa. 61:4, "They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations." And they shall be "called trees of righteousness the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified." Those men and women who have wasted their substance and life's opportunities in riotous living and revelry, whom we have had the opportunity of helping into the kingdom of our God shall be trees of righteousness planted by the rivers of water.

Do you desire an opportunity to become a co-laborer with God in behalf of your fellow men? If so, we will be glad to correspond with you and offer suggestions whereby you may gain the confidence of your fellow men and help them to live a better life in the community where you are.

There is no greater work in the world than to uplift the fallen, bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives, and open the prison to them that are bound.

It requires the same musical knowledge to play either a keyed or stringed instrument, but it requires a different adaptation of that knowledge; so it requires the same gospel to work for all men, but it requires a different adaptation of the gospel for each individual.

When you are visiting in Chicago or passing through the city, be sure to spend an evening at The Life Boat Mission, located at 436 State street, just south of Polk street.

If you have the necessary time we would be glad to have you visit all branches of the Chicago Medical Missionary work.



Children's Department



"USED TO IT."

LURLINE LAWRENCE.

In our work with children in Chicago we meet many interesting cases. Recently in talking with several of these boys, it was remarked

Johnny was going away the next day to a new home that had been secured for him. A lady turned to him and said, "Why, Johnny, where are your mother and father; don't you hate to leave them?" "No, ain't got none," was his prompt reply. "Why, isn't it awfully hard to live without mother and father and no home?" Johnny turned to the other boys and said, "Tain't hard when you get used to it, is it, kids?"

Oh, the pity of it, *getting used* to living out under back stairs, under sidewalks, on door-steps, anywhere, where they find room, and no one molests them! Do you ever feel that you are not receiving enough of this world's goods? Do you envy those around you who have more than you do? If so, stop and think of these poor little "sleep out" boys, who are "getting used to it."

One little boy with whom I am acquainted, sleeps out in the streets and filthy alleys. He is a bright little boy and has special talent in art. His parents are living, but will not be bothered with him. They abuse him and drive him away from them when he comes home. His mother said she would be glad if he would go and drown himself in the lake.

In our work at the Boys' Club we come in closer touch with the boys than in the Sunday school, for here we work with them in their play and studies. Though they fight and quarrel among themselves, they are always watchful that no one cheats teacher in a game, and will always seek to give her the advantage of a doubt.

Do you have clothes that you have out-grown? Then why not send them to us for these little "sleep outs."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto me."

EVERY PENNY FOR MISSION WORK.

"During each of the last six months our little girl has sold ten LIFE BOATS. She has sent in all the money which she received and one dollar more; half of it to pay for THE LIFE BOATS and the other half to be used as mission money.

"We pray that God may accept this offering, as Lenore has been so happy in the work. She



LENORE.

has zealously saved every penny, never for a moment wishing to buy anything for herself. She would say: 'I have plenty of sunshine and lots of green grass and a good home, and the poor children in Chicago haven't any of these things, and so I want my pennies to help them.'

Our Children's Department wishes to correspond with every children's missionary society and with all who are willing to organize societies to do something for the poor children of Chicago.

We will be glad to give you suggestions to aid you in carrying on this work and cooperate with you in it.

Address Clyde Lowry, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.

Hospital Life Boat Work

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

Do not spend your time in fretting;
Spend it rather in forgetting
Little things that wound you so.
Do not let the whole world know
That you'd rather sit a-grieving
When you might be out relieving
Pain and care. Rise up, be true!
Just find something good to do.

When your days are full of sighing,
Don't give up, but keep on trying
Some good cause to help along.
You will soon forget the wrong
That the dismal days are bringing,
If you time your work to singing.
When your skies are dark in hue,
Just find something good to do.

When your life seems full of trouble
Pain and care will always double
If you talk about your woes;
Also will your skies disclose
Brighter tints upon the morrow,
When the lessons taught by sorrow
Help instead of hinder you.
Just find something good to do.

Spend no time in dull repining;
Everywhere the sun is shining,
And the future ways are bright,
If we only see aright.
Life is what we make it, truly,
And 'twill seldom go unruly
If the right course we pursue—
Just find something good to do.

SINGING IN THE HOSPITALS.

BESSIE YOUNG.

A few days ago I had the privilege of accompanying Mrs. Odell to one of the largest hospitals in Chicago. We were very cordially received and told that the patients would be only too glad to have us visit them and sing to them, and that *THE LIFE BOAT* would also be welcomed.

First we visited the surgical ward, on the sixth floor. Before we had passed many beds we came to one on which lay a young girl about sixteen years of age, who was waiting to be taken to the operating room. Mrs. Odell handed her a *LIFE BOAT*, asking her if she had

ever seen one. "No," was the reply. She then added, "Will you please pray for me?" Of course we were only too glad to comply with her request, so we knelt right there and had a season of prayer with this dear one. O, how much she realized that she needed divine help at such a critical moment! Then is when we need a firm foundation upon which to stand. Earthly help is not enough. We must have power from a higher source. How happy we were that we could point her to that Great Physician who never lost a case. Before we left her bedside she put her trust in God and felt secure.

We then sang:

"Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear;
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
Moment by moment I'm under His care."

And as we continued our visit in this ward we noticed tears streaming down the cheeks of many. After visiting several private rooms, in which we sang and left copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*, we went to the ward on the fifth floor. Here *THE LIFE BOAT* was joyfully received, as it always is. On this floor we visited patients in private rooms also. Some of these told us that they had seen and read *THE LIFE BOAT* before. We visited the wards on the remaining floors, speaking words of comfort and cheer, but did not singing, for there were some very sick ones here, but we could assure all the sufferers that "Jesus knows all about our struggles" and that "He will guide till the day is done."

We had a grand experience, one which we shall never forget. Let us each be faithful till the end, that we may share in that glad day when the inhabitants shall not say "I am sick" (Isa. 33:34). May it be said of us, "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." How precious to know and realize that soon Jesus is coming and all sorrow and sickness will be forever in the past.

INCIDENTS IN HOSPITAL WORK.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

Through the articles in *THE LIFE BOAT* and through conversations with friends we find that the minds of very many people are drawn to thinking about what is being done to bring good cheer to the "shut-ins" in our hospitals and to desire a part in the blessing that is coming to us in the work of distribution. Some are giving of the silver and gold which belongs to the Lord. Hag. 2:8. Others are going with the little gospel messenger. Invitations come faster than we can accept to visit different churches and to present the hospital work to the people. We meet persons every day who wish to know more about the work than what they learn through simply reading *THE LIFE BOAT*. We daily thank God for giving us the "tongue of the learned" in a personal experience, and the opportunity to "speak a word in season to him that is weary."

Our second visit to one of the hospitals was very gratifying. The head nurse, whom we met on our first visit and who became very much interested in what she saw and heard of the work, was taking her vacation; but the one in charge during her absence said, as soon as she learned the object of our visit and saw the little book in our hands, "Oh, yes; I was away when you came before, but I saw one of those when I came back, and the nurses and the patients told me about your being here. It is a good thing for the patients, and they enjoy reading it so much and look for you to come again, as you said you would."

Asking if there was any one here who received it at our first visit, she replied: "Yes, one man; he lies in the farther ward. He will be glad to see you, for he has been talking about it and hoping the paper would come." When we handed him a paper he said: "O! I am so glad you are bringing me another *LIFE BOAT*. I enjoyed reading over and over again the one that was brought me before."

In another hospital a woman was moaning because of her great suffering. We approached the bed and asked her if we could do anything for her. Replying that she was in such pain, we called her attention to the Great Physician and asked her if she was not willing to let him

bear them for her. Being one of his children, she knew how to do this and asked us to pray for her. We passed on to the other beds and it was not long before we noticed the absence of sounds of moaning which had been continued since entering the ward, and, glancing around, we saw her reading *THE LIFE BOAT* and heard no more signs of extreme suffering.

One day one of our nurses who could sing went with us. Nurses and physicians gathered in the halls and rooms to listen while she sang, and a lady from one end of the long corridor asked us to come with her and sing "There's only One can help us" to a patient in another part of the building. This patient said, "O, it is just like heaven, isn't it?"

In our visits in the hospitals and everywhere we constantly are meeting people who have passed through life without the peace and joy that comes only in service of the Master. One such whom we met in a hospital was, as he said, cradled in the church, yet had never had the assurance of sins forgiven. He had now been in one or two of the city hospitals for several months. He is not a sinner more than others, although he acknowledges his lack of harmony with God's just law. When the text, "If we confess our sins," etc., 1 John 1:9, was quoted, he asked where we found that—if it was in the Bible just that way, or did we put it together for the occasion? Surely the people perish for the lack of knowledge.

The superintendent of Billingsly Hospital, Statesville, N. C., writes: "We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of several copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*, which we read and place in the hands of our patients. I speak for all when I say that we derive both benefit and pleasure from the bright and helpful pages."

The crowning evidence that God's children are now repeating the work of Elijah is not by bringing fire down from heaven. There is a greater proof of possession of divine power, and that is that they are turning "the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." Mal. 4:6.



Rescue Service



WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

Gen. 4:9.

CAMILLA SANDERSON.

What are you going to do, brother,
For the man who fell today?
He worked by your side, but you failed to
guide

Him out of the tempter's way.
He sighed and you heard, but you spoke no
word,

Did you think? Did you feel? Did you
pray?

Your heart is beyond my reading,
God only may judge your case
When He bids you tell why the man who fell
Held only a stranger's place.
Why you gave no heed to his spirit's need
Of a brother's love in your face.

What are you going to do, sister,
For that girl friend gone astray?
Thoughtless and wild, she was only a child,
And the tempter was keen to betray.
You were petted and glad, she was lonely
and sad,
Did you brighten her lonely way?

If you found her tonight, my sister,
The fallen—my sister, too,
Would you stand aside in your virtuous pride,
And say she was naught to you?
Or would you dare with sisterly care
To win her back to the true?

WHAT THE LORD IS DOING FOR US.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Matron Life Boat Rest.

We are extremely grateful for the practical help many of our friends have been to us, for our supply has been very scant and this help has come at the time of our actual need. We feel that the Lord has a great work for us to accomplish this winter since He is so wonderfully providing for our present and future needs. Our prayer is that He may make us faithful to the trust He has given us.

We feel we should make special mention of the help our friends in Battle Creek have been to us. The following extracts from a recent letter from Mr. J. M. C. Johnson, of

Battle Creek, will explain how energetically they are working to provide for our needs. May God bless these workers and may He save the girls which they have made it possible for us to reach:

"We are conducting a little campaign for the Rest. We have about three hundred and twenty-eight gallons of nice apples canned and that is not quite all of them. We have a few gallons of pears also and about fifty or sixty bushels of tomatoes which will make perhaps two hundred gallons in all. We expect to get some nuts also. As soon as we are through with the canning I can let you know more definitely about it.

"If you will let me know your wishes and needs and the proportion of foods you will probably use, I can manage it more satisfactorily."

WHY SHE LEFT HOME.

From a woman in a distant state, we recently received a letter containing these words, "For God's and humanity's sake, do look up my daughter in Chicago." Fortunately we found that she was earning an honest living, and upon further investigation, we heard this same heart rending story over again, that a home among strangers was actually more congenial than the parental roof.

It is possible for the Lord to help us fill our homes with such a sweet fragrance that whatever the devil may hold out will seem tame and flat because it lacks the heavenly quality that belongs to the home. Some offer as an excuse for their children's drifting away from them, that nowadays the world gets up so many attractions that it is next to impossible to keep the children at home. This is virtually admitting that the devil's counterfeits of one of God's institutions is more fascinating than the real thing; but who ever saw an imitation of Niagara Falls that could eclipse the real thing?

In every home, Mary's box of costly ointment should be broken daily, and then the

house will always be filled with its fragrance. The same gospel that will make heaven by and by can give us a foretaste of it now. While Christ is making those wonderful mansions for us over yonder, he is equally anxious to let such a degree of His peace hover over our earthly homes that they may become wonderful objects of admiration equal or eclipse its majesty and beauty?

A WILLING GIFT.

The old lady, who is eighty-eight years old, writes that she is very feeble, but she has dried a flour sack full of apples for the Rescue Home, and she has gotten ready two barrels of clothing to send. She also sends her shawl to keep some old lady warm. Words can not express our gratitude for the gift from this dear sister. If she can do this much to help her sisters who have gone astray or anyone else who needs help, what may not the young and strong do? If you are forgetting that you owe a duty to humanity we trust this will remind you.

The other day we received from a distant state a package of jewelry which was considered very valuable by the sender, as it was a rare collection of souvenirs and art works from foreign countries. She wishes to sell and the proceeds used to help this work along.

THE LIFE BOAT REST SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Since writing our report last month we received from the gentleman in Michigan who had offered to send us some furniture an order on a wholesale furniture house in this city. We selected the furniture and it is now in the Home. Other friends have helped us in other ways: one gentleman sent us a good supply of singing books, others have sent us vegetables, dried fruit and clothing. A gentleman in this city has donated a large heating stove. We want to extend to each one of these our thanks for the help they have been to us in this work. We have had trials of our faith during this last month, but just at the time of our great need the Lord has provided a friend to help us out, and we feel more certain than ever that God is in this work. We still hope that there are others who feel impressed to help, not for our sakes, but for the sake of the girls who will be lost eternally unless we come to the rescue. Dear reader, shall we fail to do this? It lies within your power to make it possible for us to do this work. We need carpets; rag carpets will do very nicely. We need sheets, and we shall need food and clothing for the girls. We hope, as soon as we get this work going, to make it self-supporting. We simply ask you to help us get it started.

Help of any kind will be appreciated. Possibly some one has a sewing machine that they could easily dispense with. If so, write to us about it.

We expect to teach the girls how to sew, and so earn their way by taking in plain sewing. Any question concerning this work we will be glad to answer by correspondence. Address the writer, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.



LIFE BOAT REST SUBURBAN HOME.

This is a good thing for you not to forget: "All the world is a camera—look pleasant, please."

Editorial Department

David Paulson, M. D.

THE NEXT NUMBER.

The December Life Boat will be a special Christmas number. Order a liberal supply to sell, lend or give to your friends and neighbors. The good that a single copy of The Life Boat may accomplish with the blessing of God, can not be estimated. Life Boats will be furnished in quantities at reduced rates.

We are not too busy to appreciate the host of encouraging letters that we are constantly receiving from our readers, and we are always glad to answer any letters of inquiry, even from the most discouraged and disheartened member of our great Life Boat family.

AN IDEAL THANKSGIVING DAY.

Will you not resolve to make the coming Thanksgiving Day a never-to-be-forgotten occasion of blessing and happiness to others, rather than a day of gluttony and self-pleasing? If you will do this, you will discover that the happiest Thanksgiving Day of your life is the one that is spent in giving others cause to be thankful.

Is there anyone in your neighborhood who is sick or otherwise unfortunate? Can you not devise some way of making that day a little more cheerful and bright for them? Are there not some children in your community in whom no one seems to take any special interest? Why not invite them to your home and treat them so kindly that they will wish Thanksgiving Day came every week in the year? Is there a prison or jail in your vicinity? Get some LIFE BOATS and give one to each prisoner. If you live near a hospital and have not yet become interested in supplying it with THE LIFE BOAT, make arrangements to do so on that day, and you will wish you had begun sooner.

These are only little things to do, but the doing will bring a blessing to you and you will never know until the judgment day how much good has been accomplished. As never before endeavor to make every member of your family thankful that you are living in the same

house, and give them good reason to think they will continue to feel so during the year.

If you want a Thanksgiving Day you will never forget, deal your bread to the hungry; bring the poor that are cast out to your house (not to the poor house); cover the naked, satisfy the afflicted soul. Isa. 58: 7, 10.

We hope to hear from some who shall have had a blessed experience in the carrying out of these suggestions.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

How much more are you saving each month because you do not use tobacco? How much are you saving each month by staying away from theaters? How much did you save last year by not buying jewelry and needless ornamentation? How much are you or could you save in confectionery, tea and coffee and other useless or harmful things?

Have you not as good an earning capacity as your neighbor who indulges in any or all of these things? If so, what are you doing with the money that your neighbor is worse than wasting?

Will you compute the amount of your savings in these lines and then will you not devote that amount as a thank-offering to the Lord for having taught you how to dispense with these things? Will you use it the coming winter to help us do the work that God has given us to do in this great sin-cursed city? If you can not leave your comfortable home to give the gospel to the city, will you help hold up the hands of those who have responded to the call of God to take up this work? Will you not make this suggestion a matter of earnest prayer and then act upon it if God impresses you to do so?

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU?

Do you know that there are five hundred people who go insane each week in England and that one out of every two hundred and ninety of the population of England are lunatics, and the increase of insanity has been most rapid during the past ten years? Do

you know that the rate of insanity is increasing with us three times faster than that of the population?

In Manchester, England, out of twelve thousand men who volunteered for military service in South Africa, only three thousand could be accepted and half of these were below the standard. Consider what this means, then note these words from the director general of the army: "If a man is not fit for military service, what is he good for?"

Do you know that if the death rate from consumption continues as at present, that ten millions of the people now living in this country will die of tuberculosis? And we have every reason to think that it will increase. Do you know that the amount of liquor used in this country is nearly twice as great as was used in 1880? Do you know that our fathers and brothers smoked seven billion cigars last year and that our boys smoked ten billion cigarettes?

Are you so constituted that you can sit down calmly and say with Cain "Am I my brother's keeper?" Each LIFE BOAT, to be true to its name, must contain something that will help to save men and women from some of these terrible conditions. Will you pray for it? Will you lend your copy to your neighbors? Will you ask them to subscribe for it? Will you carry a copy with you when you are traveling to show to strangers whom you may meet? If you will only cast your bread upon the waters it will be sure to come back with blessed results, for the Lord only knows how much the world needs these soul- and body-saving truths.

By encouraging your children to sell THE LIFE BOAT, you will be introducing them to practical experiences in self-supporting missionary work. If you are paying no attention to these conditions and are caring nothing about the world becoming better *because you are living* in it, then Christ is weeping over you as He wept over Jerusalem, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace." Luke 19:42.

AN APPRECIATIVE RESPONSE.

Our "best offer yet" has met with such an appreciative response that we have decided to continue it. That is Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's book, "A Retrospect," which gives the expe-

riences that led him to give his life to China, and also some of the most remarkable chapters of the early history of the China Inland Mission. Just the book to fire young men and women with missionary zeal and enthusiasm, and we offer it for five new subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT. If some can not secure the full number, they can send us the names that they get and we will quote them special terms to cover the difference. We wish every one to read this helpful book.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

Why will you allow us to use money that would pay for LIFE BOATS for some poor invalid in notifying you that your subscription has expired? Why not, right now, as your attention is called to the matter, wrap a quarter in a piece of paper and send it to us, with your name and address. *Be sure to state that it is for a renewal of your subscription.* The date opposite your name tells you when your subscription expires. You certainly do not wish to part with the regular visits of THE LIFE BOAT in order to save twenty-five cents, but if you are really so poor that you can not get the money, write us and we will send it to you anyway.

DO YOU KNOW A BETTER WAY?

The best way for you to prove how much you would appreciate your parents if they were alive is to get other young people to appreciate their parents while they are alive. Every young man and woman has a definite command from God to see that the declining years of his parents' lives are made bright and comfortable.

Try and think as kindly of your parents today as you will when you stand by the side of an open grave and see their lifeless bodies lowered into the tomb.

DO YOU WANT YOUR HOME TRANSFORMED?

God can transform the most bitterly disappointing marriages into something helpful and noble, for, "in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." Isa. 35:7. The more desperate the situation, the greater the curse, the more blessing God has to impart, for "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33:25. God has the power to transform the greatest curse into the grandest blessing.

IS THIS ONLY A DREAM TO YOU?

Can you conceive of anything more beautiful on earth than a happy home, where the husband loves his wife as Christ loved the church (Eph. 5:25) and where the hearts of the fathers are turned to their children, and the hearts of the children are turned to their fathers (Mal. 4:6)? If this is not true of your home, and you could only realize how much sweetness you had missed in your life, you would begin at once to arrange to have it so. Your rent, grocery bills, and other running expenses would in no wise be increased thereby, but your life would be ten times richer and fuller than it is at present.

Sometimes a business man can not open his safe because he has forgotten the combination of the lock, and he must wait until it is sent him from headquarters. If you have forgotten or have never learned the combination necessary to be known to open this storehouse of blessing, then send up an earnest prayer to the Author of all true love and happiness, and he will freely teach you how to secure access to all this and much more. Why continue to have so little when you might have more? God intends that we should have a large installment of heaven here below, so that we can hand out samples of it to those who are entirely unacquainted with its character.

THE LIFE BOAT OFFICE.

During the past year we have received from twenty-five hundred to five thousand new subscribers each month. This remarkable growth of our LIFE BOAT mailing list has compelled us to abandon the ordinary methods of handling our list and we are just now installing in our office the latest and most perfect device that has been developed for addressing our mail, thus not only securing speed but also a degree of accuracy that we never could have hoped to attain under the usual methods. But we shall continue to ask all our friends to call our attention to all mistakes that come to their attention.

When a missionary goes to spending all his time taking care of things instead of looking after people, he will soon lose his ability to take care of the things. When we take care of humanity, then God will send us the things.

READ THIS.

We feel impressed that THE LIFE BOAT should reach the superintendents of missions, the matrons of rescue homes and other active gospel workers. Those who have become acquainted with it write to us that it is very helpful to them, and some of them occasionally send some excellent suggestions. Will you not send us the names and addresses of all the gospel and rescue workers that you know of and we will send them LIFE BOATS and personal letters calling their attention to it. Do not forget to enclose a few stamps to help us do this. This will require some effort on your part, but do you not think it worth while?

THANKSGIVING TRIBUTES FROM OUR NURSES IN CHICAGO.

[Several consecrated young men and women have connected with our Chicago work, most of whom have joined our nurses' training school. The following short articles will give the readers a little idea of how these workers feel and will show that many appreciate these opportunities. We believe there are many others to whom God will open the way to come and we shall be glad to answer letters of inquiry from any who are interested in this department of our work. If you are planning to come, write us beforehand. Address all correspondence to Mrs. David Paulson, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.]

I am thankful I came to Chicago, because, first, it was here I found my Saviour in the Life Boat Mission. In the second place, because I was led into the Life Boat Training School for Nurses, and here I have learned the true principles of living and am thankful that my character has been somewhat moulded and fitted to do a little for my Master.—*Samuel Coombs.*

Called by the Lord, I came here from Sweden about two months ago, and am one of the happy workers in the Medical Missionary work at the Chicago branch of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. I praise the Lord for His goodness to me. As He in the past led Israel, He will now lead us. I feel closely connected with the Lord's people and His work. My desire is to be a servant whom the Lord when He cometh shall find doing His will. Matt. 24:42-46.—*Anna Svalgren.*

Words can not express my gratitude and thanks to God for His blessings to me and for the privilege of being a worker in His vineyard. I am so thankful He has brought me to this place. We do not have an easy time here and all the luxuries of life, but we *do* have the Spirit of God poured out in rich measure upon us, and day by day we feast upon the good things He provides from His bountiful store. This is a great, wicked city, with sickness and sorrow and crime and anguish on every side, and it is our privilege and duty to take to the sinful and sorrowing the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—*Susie M. Die.*

There are many reasons why I am thankful that I came to the Chicago Training School. If I had not come here I never could have sung salvation in the Life Boat Mission. I would not have had an opportunity to see that poor, old woman who thought she was sick and needed medicine, when what she really needed was some food beside tea and crackers. It did my heart good when, after calling on a patient one morning, she told me how much good the text I gave her the previous day had done her, and also how her husband had decided not to use any more tobacco, because I had asked him not to smoke in the house while his wife was sick. Every day in the Lord's work is a thanksgiving day for me.—*Lura Collins.*

While attending school at Union College I became deeply interested in the study of physiology and often felt as though I ought to get a more thorough knowledge of what God can do for us by using the means He has intrusted us. Returning home that summer, I earnestly prayed that God would direct my feet in the right way. I went to camp-meeting that fall, not knowing just what I should do, but while attending the different meetings I became convinced that the Lord would have me become a nurse. One morning I told mother I would remain in our tent, and do the morning work, and I shall never forget how I prayed that God would open the way for me to enter the work which I felt He had called me to enter.

I noticed Dr. Mary Paulson receiving callers in her tent and felt impressed to have a talk with her, and I was glad when she invited me to join her party, who were to leave for Chicago that evening at six. I never felt so contented before in all my life.

Since arriving in Chicago I have had many wonderful opportunities to see the workings of God while giving our treatments. I thank Him I am here, for I know I am where He wants me and where I can best serve him. I praise Him for a part in this work.—*Katie Mourer.*

It would be impossible to tell in few words the many reasons I have for being thankful

that I came to Chicago to take up the nurse's work. There are numerous institutions for training nurses, but very few which combine with their training any instruction which teaches one how to minister unto the hungry soul as well as to the diseased body. I am thankful that ours is one that teaches us both lines and also offers abundant opportunities for reaching suffering humanity in all walks of life, from the gouty aristocrat to the drunkard in the gutter.

To be able to go to the bedside of the sick and give treatment that relieves their pain, and then to see the look of relief and gratitude on their faces as they say, "Oh, nurse, that feels so good!" is a pleasure too deep to be expressed in words. Who knows the joy felt in the depths of our hearts when, after treating and praying with a poor, sick soul, they say, "Oh, nurse, I am so glad you came! I've always wanted to be a Christian, but now my burden feels lighter, and I thank God for His love to me. I'm willing to suffer a little."

Each individual in our class here has the privilege of getting scores of rich experiences in one or all of the various lines of work—the Dispensary, visiting nurses' work, the Mission, the Life Boat Rest, and nursing the sick, holding cottage meetings, and one work, the best of all, canvassing work with THE LIFE BOAT.

Every line of work affords an opportunity of coming in touch with the Master's work, and the memory of these experiences will be to us an encouragement and source of pleasure in years to come when God has called us to distant fields and we are scattered to the ends of the earth.—*Alice M. Burghart.*

ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER.

Our special offer last month was accepted by so many splendid people that we have decided to renew it again this month to encourage a thousand of our readers to spend at least a little time each week in selling The Life Boat. We offer to send ten Life Boats free to those who will take up this work for the first time, and will earnestly ask God to help them to do something each month. Hundreds of our readers who are no brighter, wiser or better than you, have started in this work and are delighted to find how grateful people are that some one called their attention to The Life Boat; at the same time these workers are securing a splendid missionary experience. Of course we would not expect any one to take advantage of this offer in any selfish way.

We have on hand a few copies of the October LIFE BOAT, which we will furnish at one cent a copy. Send in your order early.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole and Geneva Bellinger have joined the fall nurses' class.

Miss Bell Rame has gone to Peoria, Ill., to get *THE LIFE BOAT* work started there.

Don't forget to make just as many people thankful on Thanksgiving Day as you can.

The senior medical students are now in Chicago. We appreciate their help in the work.

The December number will contain a full account of *THE LIFE BOAT* workers' convention.

Dr. David Paulson has been in Washington, D. C., for two weeks attending an important meeting.

Miss Selma Just, who has been absent from Chicago over a year, has returned to finish the nurses' course.

Dr. Mary Hunter has returned and has again taken up her work in connection with the Branch Sanitarium.

Misses M. E. Christopher and Cora Cole have returned to take up their work after a few months' vacation.

Dr. A. W. George passed through the city the other day on his way to Turkey, where he goes to work for the souls and bodies of those who need help.

We have inaugurated a cottage meeting campaign in this city this fall and we hope in this way to reach hundreds of homes with the gospel. Mr. Widgery has charge of this work.

We regret that Mrs. Musselman and Mr. Abbott were not with us when the picture of our office help was taken. Mrs. Musselman is our proofreader and Mr. Abbott assists in the business management of the paper.

It was our privilege to serve a health banquet at the Union Suffrage convention, which was held in Joliet, Ill. About one hundred and twenty-five representative women of the state of Illinois partook of a vegetarian dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Widgery and their son have recently connected with the Chicago work. Their experience for nearly twenty years as leaders in the soul-saving work enables them to render valuable assistance in the work here.

When this number reaches our readers *THE LIFE BOAT* workers' convention will be in session. We trust you are praying that God will

teach us at this time how to more effectively carry on the great work He has committed to us.

Mary Smith and Lillian Hall have started for St. Louis, selling *LIFE BOATS* on the way to pay their expenses. It is their intention to look up a suitable location to begin rescue work in the city before the opening of the World's Fair.

If you are anxious to learn how to study the Bible we know of no better help to recommend to you than the *Bible Training School* published at 896 Eighth avenue, New York City.

Don't fail to send for a sample copy of the most valuable journal on questions pertaining to health which is published. It is the *Good Health*, published monthly at Battle Creek, Mich.

OUR PREMIUM OFFERS.

Those who have taken advantage of our premium offers are wondering how we can afford to offer such valuable premiums. We feel that most of those who secure these new subscribers will so thoroughly interest them in this work that many will become staunch friends and substantial supporters of it ever afterward.

A NEW BOOK.

"Our Paradise Home" is a new book just issued. In this volume its author, Pastor S. H. Lane, presents in an instructive and direct way facts relative to the establishment of the kingdom of Christ and the final restitution of all things.

The book treats of the permitting of sin, the fall of Satan, the promise of God to Abraham, the three heavens, the three worlds, the two Jerusalems, the two kingdoms, of grace and glory, the transfiguration, the rest that remaineth, the two resurrections, the millennium, the description of the kingdom of glory, and the new Jerusalem.

The work is so interesting and entertaining that when one commences to read he will not want to cease until the book is finished. The book contains 128 pages. It is finely illustrated. Price, bound in board, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. Postpaid. Address *LIFE BOAT*, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.

OUR DIRECTORY.

American Medical Missionary College, 2 and 4 Thirty-third place.

Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 Thirty-third place.

Chicago Medical Mission, 2 and 4 Thirty-third place.

Workingmen's Home, 1339 State street.

Life Boat Mission, 436 State street.

Life Boat Rest for Girls, 425 South Clark street.

American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 258 Halsted street.

Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel avenue.

Life Boat Mission Dispensary, 436 State street.

Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove avenue.

Swedish Medical Mission, 209 Oak street.

North Side Treatment Rooms, 76 Hill street.

FIVE DOLLARS EASY

Send as many names as possible, members of your church or others who ought to be selling books of Truth for this time referred to by Christ as being like the days of Lot and the days of Noah. I will keep a record of the names you send, and if any of them sell fifty or more copies of "Plain Facts for Both Sexes," by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, you receive \$5 cash for simply sending the names.

The world needs the truth in this book; and with Dr. Mary Wood-Allen's name as Superintendent Purity Department World's W. C. T. U. recommending it as Examiner of Literature, agents find *all doors open*, and average \$100 sales per week. For full description of the revised and enlarged edition of "Plain Facts," just issued, see August number of GOOD HEALTH, or send 2-cent postage stamp for circulars and our special offer. If you sell fifty books yourself for us, you get \$5 cash besides one-half the retail price, and we pay freight on every shipment of twenty or more books (100 lbs. or more).

A resident agent cannot start with anything better, for he is backed by W. C. T. U. workers, pastors, priests, and all reform leaders, and reaches the people through them by our *natural method*, instead of rebuffs at the door. The old way is hard; the new is easy. Ask for it with 2-cent stamp.

Address **F. E. Belden, Manager Health and Purity Library, Battle Creek, Mich.**

SUMMARY, SEPTEMBER, 1903.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Cottage Meetings	60
Other meetings attended	71
Number baptized	5
Prisoners visited	4
Written requests	8
Lodgings given	142
Meetings conducted	76
Attendance	3,800
Testimonies	760
Requests for prayer	476
Testaments given	338
Meals given to the poor	180

HALSTED STREET DISPENSARY.

Examinations	80
Outside calls	183
Outside treatments	80
Bathroom treatments	114
Office treatments	65
Prescriptions filled	32
Certified vaccinations	4
Nights on duty	4
Vaccinations	5

LIFE BOAT REST.

Public meetings held	65
Aggregate attendance at meetings	8
Pages printed matter distributed	1,200
Scriptures distributed	30
Articles clothing distributed	90
Calls made	63
Medical services rendered	20
Treatments	42
Free baths	75
Free lodgings	83
Free meals	215
Positions secured	3
Number admitted to Rest	4
Number in Hospital	1
Number professing conversion	8
Requests for prayer	54
Girls returned home	1

WORKINGMEN'S HOME.

Number using the laundry	3,177
Penny lunches	19,200
Lodgings given	5,340
Number of meetings	20
Average attendance	20

HOSPITAL WORK.

F. L. Anderson, \$3.

VISITING NURSES.

C. R., \$1; Mrs. S. C. Harlan, \$2.

CHILDREN.

Mrs. A. C. Clawges, 25c; Children's Missionary Band, \$4.65; Benj. G. Keich, \$1; Mrs. Morey, 20c; Mrs. Stringer, 50c; L. W. Witmore, 75c.

LIFE BOAT REST.

Clyde L. Balkwell, \$6; R. Eden, \$5; Mrs. H. L. Horn, \$1; S. Jacobson, 60c; Mrs. Kreamer, \$2; M. J., \$3; R. W. Miller, \$1; F. Nelson, \$1; Mrs. S. C. Peterson, \$1; Mrs. Rhodes, \$2; Mrs. Kershau, \$2; Mrs. Brooks, \$5; Anna Ryan, \$1; Helen Braun, \$1; a friend, \$1; Mrs. Alliance, \$5; Mrs. Vietch, \$1.06.

RESCUE HOME.

Melissa Cookendorfer, \$2; Mrs. A. C. Clawges, 50c; Mrs. Ella Granthum, \$1; Mrs. K. E. Guthrie, 43c; M. C. Heilson, \$12.60; Mrs. M. K. Heilson, \$5; Mrs. C. E. Halliday, \$2; Mrs. Lamb, 75c; F. Newton, \$1; Nellie Ramsey, \$2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. B. to Hamburg, Germany, \$1; North Side Treatment Rooms, \$10; a friend, 25c; Calvin Green, 30c; Daniel Nettleton, \$5; O. Olsen, sack of clothes; W. M. Sprocil, \$1; Upper Columbia Tract Society (Army and Navy), 50c; Charles Wagner, \$1; Jesse E. Warner (London visiting nurse), \$5; H. C. Zoerb (L. B. to Germany), \$1.

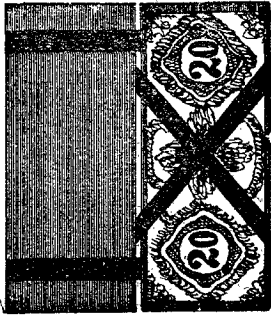
PRISONERS' FUND.

Lucy Ballinger, 75c; Mrs. F. A. Bush, \$2; Mrs. Martha Caldwell, 50c; Sophia Cline, 25c; Y. P. Society (Bauer, Mich.), \$1; M. A. Clark, \$1; Mrs. Mary Washburn, \$1; Elizabeth Desch, \$1; Upper Columbia Tract Society, 25c; Mrs. A. Hammond, 75c; Mrs. O. T. Howard, 25c; Miss Estella Huff, \$2.50; Mrs. Mamie Howell, 25c; Anna Johnson, 75c; Mrs. Helen Jewel, 25c; C. W. Kellogg, 50c; E. Umlandt, \$2.75; Mary Larson, 50c; M. J., \$2; Nettie Miles, 25c; Herman Trice, \$1; Mrs. Riley, 25c; Mrs. Alex Rodgers, \$2.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Miss J. R. Archibald, 50c; T. S. Anderson, \$1; Harry Anderson, \$2.50; J. A. Burkey, \$3; Josie Brown, \$1; Mary E. Brown, \$1.20; A. Bly, \$1; Battle Creek Sanitarium Helpers, \$1.20; Bethlehem Evangelical Church, \$1; Mrs. A. M. Clayton, 75c; Mrs. Curtis, \$1.50; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dennis, \$5; Mrs. George Davis, 50c; Agnes Floyd, \$5; a friend, \$1; Mrs. Foy, \$1; Mrs. Sarah Gatten, \$2.50; Fred Glockner, 75c; M. Horne, 50c; E. F. Henry, 75c; Miss Estella Huff, \$2.50; Miss R. C. Hanson, \$1.50; S. Jacobson, \$1.15; Mrs. Charles Main, 25c; A. W. Maynard, 75c; J. A. Orcutt, 50c; Lucy A. Phillips, \$5; W. B. Payne, \$1; Cyrus Smith, \$2.50; M. V. Taylor, \$1.75; Mrs. Jennie Westing, \$5; J. L. Weller, 70c; J. A. Williams, \$4.75; Mrs. Wilbur, 10c; Flora Wickline, \$1.50; Mrs. R. A. Wheeler, 75c.

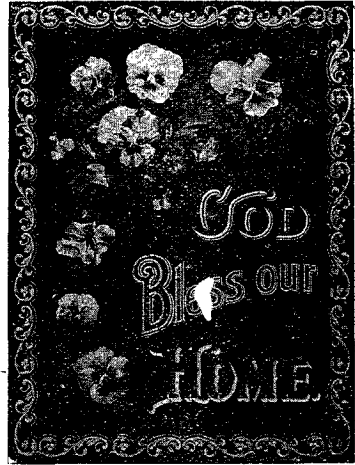
MAGIC BILL BOOK.



Latest novelty out, opens from either side, open up book, place bills inside turn book over and open up and they are held secure. How it is done is a mystery. One by mail 15 cents or two for 25 cents with wholesale prices. If you are not able to do hard work here is a swift money getter, only has to be shown to make sale. My big Catalogue of Novelties mailed with first order. Send stamp. A few dozen of these can be sold in every place.

J. F. POWELL, Waukegan, Ill.

WANTED: AGENTS!



Six beautiful mottoes, size 12x16 inches; from eight to fourteen colors in oil with up-to-date lettering making a beautiful picture. Sell for 25 cents. Sample sent post-paid for 15 cents; 80 cents per dozen. Easily sold and profit large. One canvasser writes:

"I have averaged five dozen per week for weeks at a time."

All profits on mottoes sold by LIFE BOAT readers given to the LIFE BOAT work. Order a roll of two dozen at once. You will meet with splendid success between this and the holidays. Address,
MRS. O. E. CUMMINGS, College View, Nebr.



Lucky Old Shoes Stick Pin.

Two Shoes on a Pin.

2 Pins by mail for 10 cents, silver or stamps, or 12 Pins for 50 cents.

These old shoes are one of the best sellers out. Will make you price by the gross, \$2.25, delivered so you can sell for a nickel.

SEA SHELLS.

25 varieties, by mail for 25 cents, with Engraved List. Shells for making Wire Jewelry, Tools, Gold Wire, etc. For beginners a good paying business, easily learned.

Large, showy Sea Shells for Dealers, Florists, etc. Send for catalogue of Shells and fast selling Novelties, etc.

J. F. POWELL

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS



To the West

The North-Western Line is the only double track railway from Chicago to the Missouri River.

The double track is now completed between Chicago and Council Bluffs. Four fast trains each way daily between Chicago and Omaha, three trains daily to the Pacific Coast and two to Denver.

A double track railway across the western prairies means a great deal of history-making, empire-building, American energy.

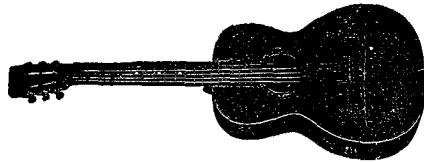
The story of the western country and of the Pioneer Line that has played so great a part in its progress is interestingly told in a booklet which will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

**W. B. KNISKERN, GEN'L PASS'R & TKT. AGT.
CHICAGO**

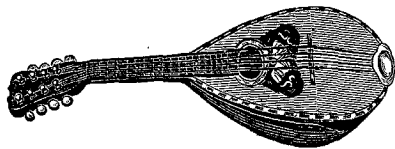
..Premium Offers..



FOR FIFTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a seven-jeweled, gold-filled watch, ten-year guarantee case, beautiful design, with famous Seth Thomas movement. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case.



FOR FORTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer "The Jupiter" Guitar, standard size. Dark Mahogany finish back and sides, hand polished, spruce top; fancy colored wood inlaying around sound hole, edge inlaid with fancy colored woods and bound with celluloid, neck Mahogany finish, finger-board with pearl position dots, nickel-plated patent head, metal tail-piece, nickel-plated, strung with steel strings. **Price, \$7.00.** Express charges extra.



FOR FORTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer "The Jupiter" Mandolin. Ribs, dark Mahogany finish with black inlaying between, broad, fancy colored wood inlaying around sound-hole and edge, celluloid bound, high varnish finish, spruce top, Mahogany finish neck, rosewood finger-board and tortoise celluloid guard plate, pearl position dots, nickel-plated patent head, nickel shell pattern tail-piece. **Price, \$7.00.** Express charges extra.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a beautiful set of sterling silver-plated knives and forks.

FOR FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a first-class gold-pointed fountain pen.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer a handsome set of nut picks and cracker.

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, a complete stamping outfit, consisting of complete alphabets, numerals, etc., of rubber type. It will be found useful for marking linen, printing cards, etc. Something all children will appreciate.

FOR FIVE SUBSCRIBERS we offer a child's set, consisting of a knife, fork and spoon, and a small pair of scissors.

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS we will give a year's subscription to *THE LIFE BOAT*.

THE BEST OFFER YET.

To make it possible for every reader of *THE LIFE BOAT* to secure Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, describing some of the most interesting incidents and most remarkable answers to prayer, in the founding and development of The China Inland Mission, we have decided to furnish this book for only five new subscribers to *THE LIFE BOAT*.

Be sure to get this book, and after you have read it, then lend it to your friends. You can easily interest five of your friends and neighbors in *THE LIFE BOAT*.

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

**SOLID
THROUGH TRAINS**

BETWEEN

**CHICAGO, BUFFALO, NEW
YORK AND PHILADELPHIA**

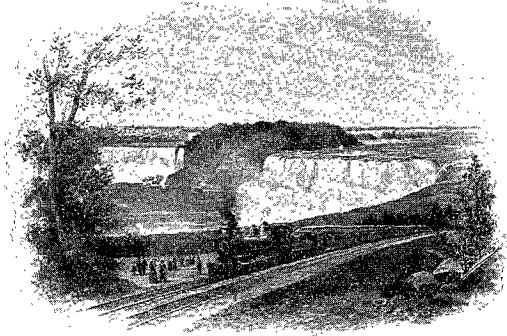
VIA BATTLE CREEK.

Also to **BOSTON** via the important business
centers of **CANADA** and **NEW ENGLAND**.

For Information, Time Tables, etc., apply
to any Agent of the Company, or to

GEO. W. VAUX,
ASST. GEN. PASS. & TKT. AGT.,
ROOM 917, 135 ADAMS ST.,
CHICAGO.

Chicago, New York and Boston,



**There is but one Niagara,
There is but one Road**

running directly by and in full view of the cataract. It is the **MICHIGAN CENTRAL**, "THE
NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE." Through trains between Chicago and the East, stopping
at Battle Creek.

Send three red stamps for Niagara book and through folder.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO